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"TRANSLATED FROM LITTLE RUSSIAN"

In its March 6th issue, the "Russkij Vistnik" of Pittsburgh, Pa. published an English translation of Bohdan Lepky's short story, "A Peaceful Death," without mentioning, however, that the story was reprinted from the "Ukrainian Weekly" or who its translator is.

That of itself is not important enough to merit editorial comment here. What does give it such importance is the fact that beneath the title of this reprinted Ukrainian story the editor of "Russkij Vistnik" wrote: "Translated from Little Russian."

"What does this mean?" our average reader is bound to ask in amazement. After all, he knows there is no such nationality or language as "Little Russian."

The answer is simple. The term "Little Russian" represents a die-hard attitude on the part of certain elements who still deny the existence of the Ukrainian people, and claim that the people known as Ukrainians are in reality "Little Russians," just a branch of the Great Russian race.

The people who make this claim are generally known as "Russophiles." The term "Russophile" is unfamiliar to our young readers. Yet during the 19th century it was quite a bugbear for the Ukrainian national movement. It represented a rigorously pursued policy on the part of the Tsarist Russian Government and its agencies to confuse Ukrainian national identity, by holding out to the world that the Ukrainians were in reality but a branch of the Russian race, and that there was no Ukrainian nationality, language and culture at all.

The whole idea, of course, was fantastic. Its collapse was hastened not only by the Ukrainian national development but by Russian historians and scientists themselves, who by disproving it showed that, unlike many of their predecessors and some contemporaries, they were more interested in truth than in the arrogantly imperialistic ambitions of their tsarist rulers.

Before it collapsed, however, it managed to dupe some credulous souls even among the Ukrainians, especially among those who lived in the isolated and backward sections of Ukraine, notably in the sub-Carpathian regions. And when some of the latter emigrated to America, about fifty years ago, they brought with them these false and long-disproved conceptions of the relations between the Russian and Ukrainian peoples.

Where these emigrants settled and lived among their more enlightened kinsmen, they soon recognized their mistake and returned within the Ukrainian fold. But where they settled by themselves, and especially where they became exposed to the influence of their more rabid members, particularly their priests and agitators—subsidized for a long while by the Tsarist government, they remained "Russian," refusing to heed clear evidence to the contrary, that they were actually Ukrainians, and that the language they use in the belief it is Russian is in reality not Russian but a hodge-podge of Ukrainian, Church-Slavonic, Russian and what-not.

Only a few years ago, for example, one of these "Russophiles," a Reverend Peter J. Kohanic, published a ponderous tome of some 800 pages entitled "The Most Useful Knowledge for Orthodox Russian-American Young People." In it he seriously claimed that "Ukrainism is a senseless political invention imposed upon the Little Russians by the Austro-Polish-German politicians in cooperation with the Archbishop Sheptycky, Metropolitan of the Uniat Church in Galicia." He further emphasized that "Ukrainism was originated by the Poles," that Ukrainian history is "non-existent" (poor Hrushevsky, all that work for nothing!), that the Ukrainian language is a "jargon" which "Hrushevsky compiled" as a "linguistic scheme to denationalize the four million Little Russians in Galicia."

It is worth noting that the above "ideology" of the Russophiles was written at a time when Moscow itself, the most implacable enemy of Ukrainism and the original moving force behind Russophilism, had long ago been forced to recognize the Ukrainian people as a distinct nationality, with their own national traditions, culture and language. It was written, furthermore, in the face of the various pronouncements of leading Tsarist Russian institutions, such as that

LECTURES ON UKRAINE AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Lecture No. 4

The fourth in the series of lectures on Ukraine at Columbia University will be given tonight, beginning at 8 o'clock, Room 305, Schermerhorn Hall.

The lecturer will be Professor Alexander Koshetz, world-famous conductor of Ukrainian choruses and composer. His topic will be Ukrainian music. He will speak in Ukrainian.

SHEVCHENKO ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATED BY CONNECTICUT YOUTH

An inspiring illustration of what young people can do was offered last Sunday in New Britain by the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut in form of a grand celebration in honor of Taras Shevchenko, the great Ukrainian poet, patriot and martyr who was born in March (9th, 1814) and died in March (10th, 1861).

The celebration, attended by well over 1,200 persons, was graced by the presence of distinguished guests, among whom were Governor A. Hurley of Connecticut and Mayor George J. Coyle of New Britain. Both of them spoke on the subject of Shevchenko and Ukrainian national aspirations. The governor's speech revealed that he was well acquainted with the Ukrainian struggle for freedom and deeply sympathized with it.

The principal address was delivered by Stephen Shumeyko, editor of the Ukrainian Weekly. Speaking in Ukrainian and English he reviewed the life of Taras Shevchenko and then pointed out how it can serve as an inspiration to the younger generation of Ukrainian-Americans in their efforts to make better Americans of themselves and at the same time help their kinsmen in Ukraine win their freedom and independence.

The introductory address was delivered by Andrew Melnyk, while John Seaman acted as master of ceremonies. Proceeds of the entire affair went to the organization's scholarship fund.

The musical program of the celebration was especially attractive. It was presented by the Ukrainian Choir of New Britain under the direction of B. M. Hoptiak; the Sts. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Choir of Ansonia under R. Hwozdewich, director; Mary Burbella, soloist, accompanied on the piano by Helen Brezicky; and L. Opalka and P. Budnick, of Bridgeport, in a violin duet. Three striking tableaux, representing successively Freedom, Enslavement, and Freedom in America, and the singing of the American and Ukrainian national anthems, concluded the three-hour program.

One of the best features of the celebration was the recitation of a poem in Ukrainian about Shevchenko by little tot of a girl, Vera Kozyra. Her delivery would have done credit to an adult.

MAKE SEMI-ANNUAL U.N.A. AUDIT

In accordance with the By-Laws of the Ukrainian National Association the Supreme Auditing Committee of the association examined last week its books of record, audited its books of account and inspected its real and personal properties. The results of its examination were published in last Monday's issue of the "Svoboda."

The report states that since the committee's last semi-annual audit, 1,298 new members have joined the Ukrainian National Association. The report further reveals that since the Reform of 1914 the year 1940 has been the best in membership growth. This growth has been especially noticeable in Canada, particularly in Ontario, where sixteen new U.N.A. branches were organized last year.

The Supreme Auditing Committee consists of: Dmytro Kapitula of McAdoo, Pa., chairman; Dr. Ambrosius Kibzey of Detroit, vice-chairman; Omer Malitsky of Cleveland, secretary; Stephen Kuropas of Chicago and Roman Smook of Chicago, members.

CULTURAL PROGRAM AT COLUMBIA A HIT

As a sort of a divertissement between the lectures on Ukraine being currently given Friday evenings at Columbia University, last Friday evening's program of Ukrainian Melody and Dance proved to be highly entertaining and educational to the large number of students and members of faculty and to the many young and old Ukrainian-Americans who crowded the beautiful Earl Hall auditorium to the point where many had to stand in the aisles.

For quite a number of these university folk this was their first introduction to the beauty of Ukrainian songs, dances and costumes, and how welcome it was could be readily ascertained by their ardent applause.

The choral numbers of the program were presented by the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of New York and New Jersey, under Stephen Marusevich, while the vocal solo pieces were sung by Mary Polyniak, accompanied on the piano by Vera Stetkewicz.

For the dances, three groups combined to present a kaleidoscopic picture that will be long remembered at Columbia. They were the Ukrainian Folk Dance Circle, Michael Herman, director; Dance Ukraine, Walter Rybka, director; Ukrainian Dance Circle, Semen Wintoniak, director.

Still another colorful and educational feature of the program was the Ukrainian fashion show presented by Mary Ann Herman with the aid of a number of girls acting as models.

The program was opened by Dr. Arthur P. Coleman of Columbia's Department of East European Languages. In closing he noted that the program as well as lectures were being conducted under the joint auspices of his department and the Ukrainian National Association. Stephen Shumeyko acted as master of ceremonies.

of the Russian Imperial Academy of Sciences, at Petrograd in 1905, to the effect that Ukrainian is a language independent of Russian.

Yet in the face of all this we have here in America people of Slavonic extraction, who still deny the existence of the Ukrainian nationality and language and who apparently agree with all such twaddle and muddled nonsense as contained in the "work" cited above. Otherwise the "Russkij Vistnik" of Pittsburgh would not write that the Ukrainian story "A Peaceful Death" is "Little Russian."

THE SOVIET "RIGHT" OF SECESSION

From time to time one may hear of the "right" that the component "republics" of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics have to secede. That "right," say the Reds and their "fellow travelers," is guaranteed by the new Soviet Constitution (adopted several years ago). Actually, however, that is not so.

Article 13 of the new Constitution declares: "The Union of Soviet Republics is a federal State, formed on the basis of the voluntary union of the Socialist Soviet Republics with equal rights; while Article 17 repeats the condition contained in the former Constitution: "Each Union republic retains its right freely to secede from the U.S.S.R." The method by which such a right could be exercised is not defined in the Constitution. It might be supposed that secession could be effected by the passing of an appropriate resolution by the Supreme Council of a Republic, which is described in the Constitution as "the supreme organ of State power." But article 60 of the Constitution which sets forth the powers of this Council does not include among them the power to secede from the Union.

Nor is it lawful under the Constitution for citizens of a Republic to advocate separation from the Union. It is true that under Article 125 freedom of speech, of the press, of assembly and meeting, and of street procession and demonstration is guaranteed to the citizens of the U.S.S.R., but in the same Article it is implied that such freedom is only permissible when it is utilized "in the interests of the workers for the purpose of strengthening the socialist system," and that only on this con-

dition being observed will the State, the owner and controller of all property in the U.S.S.R. "place at the disposal of the toilers and their organizations, printing presses, supplies of paper, public buildings, means of communication, and other material conditions."

It is clear that, under Article 125 of the New Constitution, there is no freedom in the U.S.S.R. to advocate nationalist separation; for Soviet courts would no doubt hold that such advocacy is against the interest of the workers and weakens the socialist system. Equally repressive is Article 133 which stipulates that: "The defense of the Fatherland is the sacred duty of every citizen of the U.S.S.R. Treason to the Fatherland; violation of oath... impairing the military right of the State... is punishable with the full severity of the law as the most heinous crime."

CHYHYRYN

By Taras Shevchenko

Hetmany, hetmany! If you would arise now,
Rise and look about you at that Chyhyryn
Which you have been building, where you have been reigning!
You'd weep in despair, for you'd see nowhere,
In the humble ruins, the ancestral fame:
The fame of the Kozaks—in those tumbled walls.
The bazaars, where armies like a sea of crimson
Once stood in formation like a honey-comb,
And the hetman, sitting on a steed so raven,
Would flash with his sceptre—and the sea would foam:

Foam and overflow the prairie
And the winding gorges
Where the foemen dared not tarry...
And after the soldiers—
But what's the use? That's grown yellow;
And what time has parted—
Do not mention, my good fellow.

Translated by W. SEMENYNA

OUR FINE ARTS

THE centuries-old oppressive policies of Russia toward Ukraine caused many Ukrainian artists to express their native talent through the medium of Russian forms.

Among them, Losenko (1737-73) "must retain a place of honor in the history of Russian painting," according to A. Benois in his work on "The Russian School of Painting." "Russia may take pride in Levitsky and Borovikovsky," also Ukrainians, who depicted "with perfectly convincing vividness the courtiers of Tsarina Catherine II." Another Ukrainian was Ilya A. Repin, whom Benois calls the "biggest artist of the 'eighties.'"

The father of Russian "perspective painting," according to the Great Russian Encyclopaedia, was Zaryanko, a Ukrainian. Ukraine also produced the best of the sea-

scape painters of Russia—S. Sudkovsky. Another such "Russian" artist, one of the leaders in the field, is Vrubel. Gay, though of French extraction, claimed Ukraine as his motherland. Levidan and Kuindzhi were inspired by the Ukrainian sky. Pimonenko and Vasilivsky led in genre painting; Trush of Western Ukraine in landscape painting; while Khoiodny and Novakivsky headed the school of impressionism. Then there is a host of other Ukrainians who have won recognition for striking talent in the various fields of painting.

Of the Ukrainian etchers the leading figure is George Narbut (died 1920) who is also known for his great services to the development of graphic arts in Russia. An etcher of considerable promise whose career in this field was brought to a sudden stop by Russian imprisonment, was the poet Taras Shevchenko (1814-1861). Among the other noteworthy figures in this field are Olena Kulchitska, V. Krichevsky, I. Mozelevsky, L. Lozovsky, M. Kinarsky, P. Omelchenko, and P. Kovzhun, the last being especially known for his beautiful book covers and book-plates.

Although Martos and Litvinenko are well known Ukrainian sculptors, the greatest of them is Alexander Archipenko, who is generally considered as a chief representative of the school of modernism. In plastic art, wrote Professor B. Ternovez of Moscow, Archipenko has had the same influence as Picasso in painting.

A-Zaporozhian Kozak Trial

[An excerpt from the novel "Chorna Rada" (Black Council) by Panteleymon Kulish. Translated by Stephen Shumeyko.—Twentieth in the Series of Translated Select Ukrainian Stories]

(Kulish's "Chorna Rada," written in the middle of the last century and dealing with Kozak life during the middle of the 17th century, is extremely idiomatic in content and form, to a degree that would be incomprehensible to an English reader without lengthy and wearying explanations. For that reason the following translation is quite free.

In it the reader will often encounter the terms "father" and "brother." They must not be taken in their exact sense, denoting family relations. "Father" was usually applied to the elders among the Kozaks, whose counsel was greatly respected; "brother" was synonymous with comrade.

Other explanations:—"Otaman"—Kozak military leader. "Hetman,"—the Kozak Commander-in-Chief. "Bulawa"—the Hetman's scepter. "Kobzar"—troubadour. "Kobza"—a lyre-like instrument.)

THE trial of Kyrylo Tur was opened by father Puhash. Stepping forward from the massed circle of the Kozak council, he bowed low to all four sides, adding extra bows to the otamans and the Hetman. Then, clearing his throat stentorously, the old warrior spoke, loud and clear:

"Sir Hetman, elders, otamans, brothers and comrades! Wherein does the power of the Zaporozhe lie if not in the maintenance of the old ancestral customs. No one can say when Kozak knighthood began. Yet we can trace it back to the ancient times; to the Varangians, who on field and sea won undying fame for themselves. And since then no one has sullied this golden fame; neither the Kozak Bayda, hung by the Turks on an iron hook on the walls of Tsarhorod, neither Samiyla Kyshka, tortured for four and fifty hours in Turkish dungeons—no one; save one loafer, one ruffian,—this scoundrel that stands before you now!..."

Seizing the powerful figure of Kyrylo Tur by the shoulders, the speaker swung him around roughly, so that all could view him.

"Look well, knave," he cried, "into the eyes of these good people, and be an example to all!"

"What has this wretch done?" he continued, addressing the silent crowd. "He has done that upon which we can only spit. He has tried to abduct a maiden. Tchfu! He has shamed the Kozak brotherhood for all times. Sir Hetman, and you elders, and you brothers, think well, what shall we do to wipe off this dishonor laid upon us? What punishment for this good-for-nothing loafer do you decree?"

No one replied; all awaited to hear what the Hetman had to say. The elders urged him on:

"Speak, father Hetman. Your word is law." Hetman Brukhovetsky said:

"My dear elders? In your gray heads lies all wisdom, and not in mine. My duty here is but to wave this bulawa to see that your decree is obeyed. Decide in accordance with the ancient customs, which you know best. Judge and punish, and I shall not hinder you."

"Well, if that is so," spoke up one of the elders, a bewhiskered scarred veteran of many foray and council, "then why wait any longer? To the post and rod with him."

The Hetman waved his bulawa, in command that the elders' decree be carried out. The council broke up. All streamed to a post imbedded in the ground nearby.

The rascal Kyrylo Tur was quickly bound and led to the post. They tied the poor fellow to it in such a manner that he was free to turn in any direction he pleased; even his right hand was left unbound, so that with it he could help himself to a tumbler of mead, a keg of which stood within his reach. For such was the custom of those days that when a culprit was about to be punished by being beaten with sticks at the whipping-post, a keg of mead and a basket of rolls were placed alongside the post: so as to becloud his head and dull his senses, and thus make him bear his punishment better, and secondly, to give more willingness to those wielding the stick. At the foot of the post lay a bundle of sticks of good-sized thickness and length. And thus every Kozak passing by, would pause at the post, take a drink of mead, follow that with a piece of roll, then pick up a stick, lay it strongly across the culprit's back, and then proceed on his way. Only one blow was allowed each Kozak. And yet "such was the cursed custom in those days," recall very old people, "that seven such blows and the culprit rarely was able to eat bread anymore." It was the finish for him.

Rarely, but very rarely, it so happened that where the malefactor was greatly esteemed among his comrades for his warrior or comradely qualities, they would then pass the post by without stopping to partake of the mead and bread, as if they did not even see the bound figure. The latter would stand out his time and then be let loose without even a scratch upon his back. But in order to win such mercy from the Kozak brotherhood; one had to be goodness knows how fine a Kozak.

Although Kyrylo Tur was popular among his comrades, yet his sin was one of the most grievous that a Kozak could commit, that of trying to abduct a maiden. And thus while his comrades sympathized with him secretly, yet to prevent this sin from being adopted by younger Kozaks, they hastened to partake of the mead and bread and go after the stick. And yet of such stuff was the Kozak made of that the sight of Kyrylo Tur, bound and helpless quietly awaiting the blow, would soften his pitiless heart. Perhaps his mind would flash back to some adventure the two experienced together, the facing of death together, some act of kindness; at any rate his hand would drop the rod and unobtrusively he would withdraw, without striking the blow.

And this was exactly just what Kyrylo Tur's bosom friend, Bohdan Chornohor, the tall young Kozak, was striving for. Hovering around the post he would ward off one with an entreaty, another with some reminder of Kyrylo's services, and still another with even a sharp word and a scowl; and such was his reputation that the latter would draw away like a cat from fat, even though he would fain have a drink of the inviting mead. Begging an otaman to refrain from punishing Kyrylo young Chornohor even wept copiously, and this display of emotion for his friend was so touching that the otaman withdrew. Such friendship was most highly respected in those days.

But here comes father Puhatch himself. Before his advance Bohdan Chornohor gives way like a puppy before the approach of a mastiff. There is no use of attempting to dissuade him, even if he dared to. The pitiless elder comes to the post. With one gulp he downs a tumbler of mead.

"This is indeed fine mead," he comments, smacking his lips, and ignoring the hapless Chornohor. Dipping into the basket he pulls out a chunk of bread, eats it, then reaches down for a stick, the heaviest he can find.

"Turn around," he says to Kyrylo Tur, "you ne'er-do-well!"

Kyrylo quietly turns around. A swish through the air, and he receives a blow so heavy that his very bones crackle. But he shows himself to be a good Zaporozhian, for he neither wince nor groans.

"Know well, you wretch, how Kozak honor to uphold!" says father Puhatch, laying down the stick, and going his way.

Gazing at the scene from a distance, young Petro, whose sweetheart it was that Kyrylo Tur had attempted to abduct, realized that a few more of such blows, and that would be the end of Kyrylo Tur. His sympathies aroused, for he was a kindly lad, he walked over to Tur, wishing to find out whether he had any last message to deliver to his mother and sister.

But Bohdan Chornohor thought otherwise. Thinking that Petro, too, would fain try his strength on Kyrylo's back he jumped in front of him, drawing his sword.

TARAS SHEVCHENKO

IN the minds and hearts of all Ukrainians the name of Taras Shevchenko is inseparably connected with the revival of Ukrainian cultural life and rebirth of their national aspirations. He appeared at the moment when it seemed as if there were no hope for national survival, when the forces hostile to Ukraine seemed to have won a definite ascendancy over the cause of the people, and when he died at the age of forty seven, he had already laid foundations that cannot be broken down and had set his people on their modern course.

This is a splendid achievement and it is all the greater when we remember that he was born a serf and that after a few short years of freedom, he fell into the hands of the Russian government and was sent as a private to serve on the distant and barren shores of the Sea of Aral where he was forbidden to write or draw. His life knew few joyous moments and he could sympathize from his own experiences with the hard fate of his people.

Yet when we think of Shevchenko, we do not dwell upon those sides of his existence. It is rather of his spirit and his courage and patriotism that we remember, for in all his works there breathes the consciousness of the greatness of the past of his people and of the part that they will play in the future. To him the spirit of the Kozaks was still alive and merely waiting for a favorable moment to reassert itself. To him the glories

of the past were a living inspiration in the dark hours of the present and a portent of the future that would come some day.

Taras Shevchenko was one of those rare spirits who are able to sum up and personify the spirit of their native land, to set it on a new path, and to maintain all that was good and progressive in the old. He truly lived for his people and though his life seemed a failure and full of tragedy, yet he remodelled the Ukrainian language and made it a modern instrument for the expression of modern ideas. He strengthened the democratic spirit among the Ukrainians, he restored to them their courage and pride in their own achievements and he left them with the proud conviction that they would regain their liberty and be restored to their rightful place as a great people.

A century and more have passed. The happiness for which he hoped has not come to Ukraine, but with each passing year the lessons which he taught are sinking in more deeply, the hearts and wills of his people are being more surely inspired, and we can only hope that in a few years the wheel of fate will turn and the old spirit of the Kozaks and Ukraine will win over all the forces of ignorance and autocracy and Ukraine will be once again free and respected among the nations of the earth. When that time comes, then will the whole world recognize the greatness of Shevchenko and he will be recognized as one of the

THREE YEARS OF U.N.A. SPORTS

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Prior to each season the U.N.A. teams received a sum of money in the amounts determined by the U. N. A. Executive Committee. League teams received additional allotments to help them with the traveling expenses. As it never was the intent of the executive committee to outfit the teams completely, the sum received from the U.N.A. amounted to about one half of the team's expenses. The other half was the team's headaches, from which the new teams suffered most. Contributions from the public were meager because of small attendance at the games, which in turn was due to such reasons as the lack of advertising, diamonds removed far from Ukrainian settlements, and inconvenient hours at which the games were played. Very often the branches helped the teams they sponsored. Teams were instructed and encouraged to provide additional funds by their own resourcefulness and initiative. Where this advice was followed the teams became financially firm and capable of taking care of their needs. The players developed a feeling that the team was their

great poets of the nineteenth century even as he is today by Ukrainians of all parties and of all classes and of all creeds.

Prof. Clarence A. Manning,

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(Reprinted from program book of last Sunday's Taras Shevchenko celebration by the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut.)

own and remained loyal in spite of games lost. Due credit should go to the few leaders on each team for handling the financial situation skillfully. Their experience ought to be further utilized in their branches.

The problems connected with sport did not end with the distribution of funds, but continued with the course of the season. Teams that did not play in the League had to be followed up to ascertain if they used their funds for sports. In the League there were always two or three teams that required prodding in order to play their scheduled games, and many stopped playing as soon as it became evident which team clinched the championship. It seemed that playing for sport's sake alone did not always appeal to some boys, and therefore the financial assistance given to them, became a loss.

Sportmanship is being taught in schools, and the athletes as well as student body are brought to task by the school authorities when it becomes necessary. The U.N.A. teams observed the rules of sportmanship without such authority, being guided by the common ties of nationality and the bonds of brotherhood which characterize the U.N.A. The few instances, where lack of sportmanship became evident, were exceptions for which non-Ukrainians were mainly responsible. Such occurrences were brought to the attention of all teams, the guilty were admonished while those who observed the rules of sportmanship were encouraged. Good sportmanship prevailed generally, and this was reflected in the

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"Sometime I doubt whether you have any sense in that head of yours!" spoke up Kyrylo Tur to the glaring Chornohor. "Let Petro go. He is a good lad. He is such that would not push you further into the quicksand, but pull you out." "Hello, comrade!" turning to Petro. "See, how warmly guests are treated among us here. Come, let's have a drink together."

"Drink yourself, brother," said Petro, "for if I were to drink then I am afraid that your elders might force me to show my appreciation of it by beating you."

"Well, here's to your health, comrades!" said Kyrylo Tur. "I shall have to drink alone."

"What message do you want me to give to your mother and sister?" asked Petro, after the latter had drunk.

The mention of his mother and sister caused Kyrylo Tur to lower his head. Obviously he was moved. Then at length he raised his head and gave his message, in song:

„Ой котрий, козаченьки, буде з вас у місті,
Поклоняться старій нещі, нещасній невісті:
Нехай плаче, нехай плаче, а вже не виплаче,
Бо над сном, над Кирилом чорний ворон краче!"

"That is just exactly what is going to happen to you, you scoundrel!" interrupted one of the elders, approaching him. He was followed by three others. "Don't place too much hope on the fact that young Kozaks pass you by without giving you what you richly deserve; we elders ourselves shall give you a full measure. But first let us have a drink."

And taking the tumbler he filled it dripping full, drank it down, smacked his lips in satisfaction, then picking up a stick, said:

"What do you say, fathers? My opinion is that I knock him one over the head and let him perish, the wretch!"

"No, brother," replied gravely the other elder, "tis not a custom among us to beat a miscreant over the head. The head is made in the image of God, and it would be a grievous sin to lift a stick against it. The head is not to blame; tis from the heart that wrongdoing and wanton passion flow."

"Very true, brother," interjected the third elder. "But you cannot reach his cursed heart by beating him with a stick, nor can you fell this oak by beating him over the shoulders even with an ax head. It would indeed be a shame to let loose such a sinner."

"Listen to my counsel, fathers," spoke up the fourth elder. "If Kyrylo Tur can last out this drubbing, then let him live: such a Kozak will be useful."

"Useful?" exploded father Puhach, approaching. "For what? Beat the scoundrel! Tis only too bad I can't swing the stick once again. I would keep on drubbing him until all the mead was gone. Beat him father, beat the rogue!"

One by one the elders took a drink, picked up a stick, and belabored Tur heavily over his shoulders. There was enough strength in their hoary arms to make the bones fairly crack on Tur's back. Another in his place would have been felled to the ground like a stricken ox by the first blow, but Kyrylo managed to suffer the four of them without even wincing; in fact, when they were through he even joked as they were leaving:

"They certainly laundered me well, there is no denying to that!" he exclaimed, humorously. "After such laundering I believe I won't ever feel any pain."

"What shall I tell your mother?" Petro asked once more.

"And what could you tell?" replied Kyrylo Tur, snorting. "Tell her that her Kozak perished for such a noble cause as a hilly-goat's soul, and no more—so there! And as for the division of my spoils, my comrade Chornohor will attend to that. One third of it he shall give to my mother and sister, and the second third he shall take to Kiev, to the Mohila Brotherhood. There sin tempted me, so there let them pray for my soul. And the third part let him take to the Black Mountain for the good mountaineers to buy themselves lead and powder, so that they will have something to remember Kyrylo Tur's soul by at the Kozak hertz dances."

"A bit more endurance, comrade," cheered Bohdan Chornohor. "No one will dare to lift a finger against you from now on. Soon the dinner gong will sound. They will then let you loose, and you will be a free Kozak once more, as free as the wind in the steppe."

Although impatient to leave for home, Petro decided to wait until noon. Perhaps Kyrylo would survive. Then he could depart with a more cheerful message than the one given him. Sauntering through the Sitoh grounds he noted that Kyrylo Tur had not only Chornohor for a defender, but many others. Kozaks would pass one another near the post, each one with his hand menacingly on the hilt of his sword, as if to say: "Just try to covet that mead, and see what you'll get from me!"

At last the dinner gong sounded! Kozaks swarmed around Kyrylo Tur. Quickly he was untied. Congratulations, embraces...

"Let me loose, you loafers!" roared Kyrylo Tur, seeking to free himself of their embraces. "Were you tied to that post you would soon lose all inclination to embrace."

"Well, what have you to say now, you devil's offspring!" said father Puhach, elbowing his way through the crowd. "Were the sticks tasty? Do your shoulders hurt much—as much as those of that devil who had to carry a monk on his shoulders through the streets of Jerusalem? Here, you good for nothing ne'er-do-well, take this salve and these leaves and apply them to your back. Tomorrow you won't even have a bit of pain. We used to get good drubbings

in our youth, too, so we knew what's good for it."

They undressed Kyrylo Tur. The condition of his back made Petro's blood run cold. The white shirt was all bloody, and stuck tightly to the raw flesh. When it came to pulling it off, Tur had to clench his teeth to keep a groan from escaping his lips. Father Puhach himself applied the healing salve to the raw, bleeding flesh, and then applied large leaves over it. He then gave him a fresh shirt to don.

"Well, now," he said at length, "you are all right now. But don't get into similar trouble again, for if you do, that will be the end of you..."

The Kozaks then, with shouts and laughter, led Kyrylo Tur to dinner.

The younger Kozaks ate their meal under the spreading branches of the oaks nearby, each command separate from the other, under its own otaman. The elders ate in the Hetman's quarters; all but one. For father Puhach came over to the group where Kyrylo was eating. This was indeed a high honor for the younger Kozaks. Kyrylo Tur quickly jumped from his otaman's place and gave it to the elder, himself sitting down alongside of him. Soon the tinkling of the kobzas broke into the talking and laughter. Everyone grew quiet, to better listen to the two old kobzars who, sitting near them, sang, to the accompaniment of their instruments, poignant dumi of Kozak life and knightly fame, of Netchay, Moroz, the Broken-Nose-One, and other immortal Kozak heroes. They sang about the Kozak wars and forays, of the wide steppe, turbulent Black Sea, sufferings in the Turkish galleys, of captivity, fame of Kozakdom,—of all they sang, so that the Kozak soul would be inspired.

Father Puhach blessed the food, and all fell to eating, the kobzars continuing their playing and singing. Each Kozak pulled out a spoon from his pocket. For a Kozak to be without a spoon or his pipe was unthinkable.

Very little meat was eaten, mostly fish. The good lads, like monks, disliked meat. All eating utensils were wooden, and they made enough clatter. Eating, the Kozaks took long draughts upon the mead, and beer, but no one got drunk, for they knew how to hold their liquor.

Kyrylo Tur drank more than any of them. No doubt the poor fellow was trying to forget his pain, but apparently this did not help. He grew light-hearted and animated, and when at the conclusion of the meal they all arose and began dancing to the throbbing strains of the kobza, he leaped up with a wild yell and broke into a furious dance, the likes of never seen before, turning, twisting, whirling, leaping high into the air. One would never have imagined that but a short time ago he had been tied to the punishment post.

THREE YEARS OF SPORTS

(Continued from p. 3)

good times had by the opposing teams after the game. The friendships formed among players of many teams, which included even the older folks, have more than fulfilled the expectations of those responsible for introducing sports in the U.N.A.

A basic principle underlying the U.N.A. sports program is that the financial help given to teams is one of the benefits given by the U.N.A. to its members. This was often overlooked by the organizers and zealous branch officers. The former often promised to the newly organized branches large donations and a variety of sports, while the branch officers promised a prospective member a berth on the team. The amount of assistance was always fixed by the Executive Committee, while the variety of sports was limited to baseball, softball, basketball and bowling. In the other case, no member could be assured of a place on a team because the manager, elected by the players, was the boss, and he decided on the line-up for each game. The teams enjoyed a complete independence in managing their internal affairs.

DR. COLEMAN TO SPEAK ON SLAVS

Dr. Arthur Prudden Coleman, Instructor of Slavonic Languages at Columbia University, will speak on "Slavs in America: their contribution to the Democratic Ideal," at the International Institute, 645 North 15th Street, Philadelphia, on Sunday, March 16th, starting at three o'clock.

Dr. Coleman's appearance at the I. I., home of the Ukrainian Cultural Centre, will be the first in Philadelphia, and according to advance indications, many of Slav lineage are expected to attend this free lecture. Ukrainians are particularly urged to come.

WASHINGTON CLUB HOLDS DANCE

On Saturday evening, February 15th, 1941, the American-Ukrainian Society of Washington, D. C. had a Valentine dance, at 1716—31st Street S. E. This dance was the first of a series of monthly social activities that will be sponsored by our club. At the last meeting it was decided that such monthly socials would help in stimulating a greater interest in our organization.

At present, our society has monthly meetings and choir rehearsals each week.

All newcomers to Washington are urged to attend our choir rehearsals each Friday evening at 8:00 P. M., on the 3rd floor of the Y.W.C.A., 17th and K St., N. W. Our meetings are held at the same place on the first Thursday of each month.

PETER OLISZUK

ISSUES CITIZENSHIP ADVICE

Full information on how to become an American citizen under the new laws as codified by the last Congress is contained in a thirty-two page pamphlet, "United States Citizenship and Naturalization Procedure," just published by the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, 19 Fifth Avenue.

Copies can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the committee headquarters, and special rates have been provided for quantity orders.

Madame Xenia Vassenko from Moscow Opera House Teacher of Countess Olga Akhuni, Sophie Braslau, Ethelyn Holt, and famous singing sisters. Stella and Mary Bojnar. VOCAL STUDIO, 250 W. 75th St., NEW YORK CITY. Appointment by telephone only ENdicott 2-9711

THE U. N. A. SPOTLIGHT

PHILLY TRIMS N. Y. BR. 423 IN 10th METROPOLITAN TEST

Playing at Philadelphia on March 9th, that city's entry in the U.N.A. Basketball League defeated New York City's Branch 423 team, popularly known as the Long Island 5, by the score of 37 to 28.

The game got off to a rather slow start with neither team able to take a commanding lead in the 1st period. Jerry Juzwiak's goal from mid-court and Myron Bliszcz's foul toss accounted for Philly's 3-0 1st quarter advantage. Philly increased this lead to 13-8 at the half-way mark and pulled away to a 26-15 margin after 3 quarters. The New Yorkers, sparked by Mickey Hamalak, put on a desperate rally in the final chapter against the Quaker reserves, only to fall short of tying the score by 9 points.

Bill Juzwiak was high scorer for Philadelphia with 11 points to his credit, while Mickey Hamalak was high man for both teams with 14 counters.

Mr. Stephen Slobodian, president of the Associated Philadelphia U.N.A. Branches, made the initial toss-up to start the game, and also acted as master of ceremonies at the social following the contest. The teams are grateful to the South Philadelphia Ukrainian Citizens Club for granting them the facilities of the club after the game.

Tomorrow evening, the regular schedule of the Metropolitan Division will come to a close when both Philadelphia and Branch 423 will attempt to halt Millville's bid for the Metropolitan title at Millville, N. J. Sould neither succeed, then a 1-game play-off will be staged the following day (Sunday, March 16th) at South Philadelphia's House of Industry on Catherine St. between 6th and 7th. The opponents will be Millville and New York Branch 343, and game time will be 2 P. M.

On Sunday, March 23rd, McAdoo, champions of the Eastern Pennsylvania Division, will travel to the city of the Metropolitan title winner for the 1st of a 3-game series.

The standings of the Metropolitan Division teams are as follows:

Table with 4 columns: Team, Won, Lost, Pct. Rows: New York 368 (5-1-.833), Millville (5-1-.750), Philadelphia (2-3-.400), New York 423 (0-5-.000)

PHILADELPHIA

Table with 4 columns: Player, G, F, P. Rows: Al Hrynko (1-0-2), Nick Hrynko (2-2-6), Specs Bukata (1-1-3), Joe Zurybida (0-0-0), Bill Juzwiak (4-3-11), Mike Matsik (2-0-4), Myron Bliszcz (0-2-2), Roland Slobogin (1-0-2), Jerry Juzwiak (3-1-7)

Totals: 14 9 37

NEW YORK BRANCH 423

Table with 4 columns: Player, G, F, P. Rows: J. Kosbin (0-0-0), S. Terpy (2-0-4), J. Hamalak (1-6-8), M. Hamalak (6-2-14), B. Trosky (1-0-2)

Totals: 10 8 28

Philadelphia: 5 10 13 11-37
New York 423: 0 8 7 13-28

Sinkowski, referee. Olesh, scorer. Sikora, timer. Dietric Slobogin.

GIRLS WIN BOWLING MATCH

The U.N.A. (Branch 452) girls' bowling team of East Chicago, Ind., won its 1st competition match recently. Pearl Dutezak was high with an average of 140. The averages of the other players were as follows: Stephanie Belo, 120; Helen Shell, 105; Anne Dutezak, 105; Julia Lukachik, 94.

To book matches with the East Chicago girls, communicate with Mike Kluse, 656 Freeland Ave., Calumet City, Ill.

BAYONNE, N. J.

Second Annual BINGO & CARD PARTY sponsored by Ukrainian A. C., SATURDAY Eve., MARCH 23rd, 1941, 8 o'clock at Ukrainian National Home, 33-35 West 10th Street, Bayonne, N. J. Prizes—Refreshments. Ticket 35¢.

YOUTH AND THE U.N.A.

The Get Acquainted Club

The Get Acquainted Club, which is for the exclusive use of members of the Ukrainian National Association, has two new members this week which brings the total to 23. Their letters appear below, and we invite interested readers to write to us for their addresses. Addresses of all 23 club members will be supplied on request. The purpose of our club is to acquaint U.N.A. members with each other. Write letters and make new friends.

Member number 22 is Nicholas Tomchuk of Jersey City, N. J. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Nick is president of U.N.A. Branch 287. He is also a member of the Ukrainian Folk Dance Circle of New York City, and of the Jersey City Lysenko Choir. Nick is a junior in Pratt Institute, studying mechanical engineering. He is interested in aviation, economics, politics, philosophy, and ballroom and folk dancing. Nick would appreciate letters from everybody everywhere. He promises to answer all letters, and is willing to exchange snapshots.

Our 23rd member is John Sefchik of Perth Amboy, N. J. John was born in Perth Amboy in 1918 and is now 22 years old. He has a white complexion, brown eyes and hair, is six feet two and a half inches tall, and weighs 185 pounds. John is interested in all sports, especially bowling and baseball. His favorite big league team are the Yanks of New York. John is a member of Branch 155 of the U.N.A., and bowls with Perth Amboy's U.N.A. bowling team. His favorite hobbies consist of letter-writing, traveling and bowling. In his spare time he reads books, works around the house, and tunes in on the radio. John wants to hear from other members of the U.N.A.

If you're interested in writing to either Nick or John send for their addresses, but state your U.N.A. branch number when writing. To join the Get Acquainted Club simply prepare a letter for publication and send it to us. It'll appear in this column and interested readers will write to you. All communications should be addressed to Theodore Lutwinskiak, P. O. Box 88, Jersey City, N. J.

ROSSFORD CLINCHES OHIO DISTRICT TITLE BY DEFEATING CLEVELAND

On March 2nd, the Rossford Ukrainian National Association Basketball Team defeated the Cleveland team, 48-28, clinching the Ohio District Championship Title. G. Horosko on the losing side topped both teams with 12 points. J. Bobak Jr. and D. Kornowa of Rossford put on a splendid exhibition of combination basketball playing, with the latter scoring 11 points. Rossford's P. Kornowa starred with 10 points to his credit.

The box score:

CLEVELAND

Table with 4 columns: Player, G, F, P. Rows: John Toth (1-3-5), W. Danilovich (2-0-4), G. Horosko (4-4-12), S. Bobeczko (2-1-5), N. Bobeczko (0-1-1), P. Bilyk (0-1-1)

Totals: 9 10 28

ROSSFORD

Table with 4 columns: Player, G, F, P. Rows: A. Kornowa (1-4-6), P. Kornowa (5-0-10), J. Bobak Jr. (2-1-5), P. Bohaczzenko (1-0-2), J. L. Bobak (1-3-5), M. Andryc (2-0-4), D. Kornowa (5-1-11), P. Denko (1-0-2), M. Strahosky (1-1-3), J. Ritych (0-0-0)

Totals: 19 10 48

Cleveland: 10 5 6 9-28
Rossford: 9 10 16 13-48

Brown, Mazur, referees. Joe Boback, scorer. Tony Bobak, timer.

Michael Kushner.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HOW NICE!

How nice it is, dear editor, to read such inspiring letters as those by two of our outstanding boys from Philadelphia concerning the Ukrainian All-American Eleven in one of the most outstanding publications printed especially for the inspiration of our Ukrainian youth.

It is proof of how well one person from a certain city can appreciate the efforts of another from the same city. How well does that certain person understand the mental energy that goes into the creation of an idea such as the formation of a Ukrainian All-American Eleven. How well does he recognize it as the property of its creator. How well does he respect it.

We all know how well. He certainly took no great pains in hiding it from us. Unless you would call its appearance in the Ukrainian Weekly an example of keeping such things from the eyes and ears of the Ukrainian Youth of this continent.

I, for one, don't see eye to eye with him when it comes to this. And, dear editor, I am not only talking from what I read only of this football matter. It so happens that I was in on the very start of all this and I know what it is all about, not just what is written about it.

Come on boys, forget about the whole matter. Neither of you will admit wrongdoing or defeat publicly because neither of your characters will permit it. Yes, I know you both very, very well. Neither of you will admit even to yourself that you just possibly might be wrong, especially the originator of the idea (why should you) but both of you must admit that all of this squabbling will not straighten matters out or that it is doing either of you any good.

Both of you have friends, so naturally your friends will assure you of the righteousness of your course but probably your friends don't read the articles anyway. They only know your side of the story as you tell it to them so why not think of what the strangers reading your articles might think of the matter and the writers in particular. Certainly it will not be complimentary to either because the silly argument is not worth the space it takes up in the paper. After reading it they will probably say "What, that again?"

Wise up to yourselves boys! There are millions of such petty arguments and misunderstandings among our youth today. And many of them are much more important subjects than an All-American Eleven. That is why we have friends, enemies, cliques, clubs and such. One is always trying to outdo the other. That is why we get ahead. But the out-doing of one over the other is done in honorable ways, so let there be no more of those "Letters to the Editor." If there are, dear editor, don't forget you can always black them out in these war times.

Come on Diet, if you have to dislike Al then pick on something that is wrong. You know why Al is all het up about your claiming the rewards for his idea! You'd be all steamed up about it, too, if you had done something more about it than just thinking about it as Al has done. Loads of people have the same ideas, but the actual doers get the copyrights and the rewards. If you don't like Al tell him that in plain words, have it printed in the Weekly again in big black letters and then get it off your chest. Deep down in your heart you are a decent fellow and you dislike the whole affair as much as we do. Call it quits and chalk the whole matter up to experience. That means you, too, Al. Calm down a little and take things easy. Those fingers and that typewriter of yours are apt to be much quicker than your mind sometimes. You can't be sending everything you think about or all of your troubles into the Weekly. After all, there are plenty of such daily columns which take care of people's troubles.

Just because you know that Diet doesn't like you and a few others don't go on making more enemies. Don't forget jealousy only springs from the knowledge that you are inferior to the subject you are jealous of. So forgive and forget. Shake, and when there is work to be done do it together.

Who knows, something might happen to Philadelphia then. Stranger things can happen than the strange things that have already happened.

MRS.