

THE UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

English supplement of SVOBODA, Ukrainian daily, founded 1893.

Dedicated to the needs and interests of young Americans of Ukrainian descent.

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PLAY BALL!

This is the first call for U.N.A., baseball and softball. As in the former years, the Ukrainian National Association will sponsor baseball and softball teams, giving them financial assistance. Teams must be composed of at least fifteen members of the U.N.A., play under the U.N.A. name, and belong to the U.N.A. Baseball or Softball League. To obtain financial assistance, teams are required to submit the signatures of their players on the registration blanks not later than May 31, 1941. For registration blanks write to:

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

HAMTRAMCK WINS U.N.A. MID-WEST TITLE

By defeating Rossford 50 to 37 in a recent game, the Hamtramck basketball team won for the third consecutive year the Mid Western title in the Ukrainian National Association Basketball League. Its third consecutive title victory gives the Hamtramck team permanent possession of the U.N.A. trophy.

Andy Gay of Hamtramck led both teams with 15 points, while J. Bobak of Rossford rated second with 12.

Playing under the name of the "Ukrainian Democratic Club," the Hamtramck U.N.A. team recently won the Hamtramck BB Championship. It also won the Inter-City Championship in which eight championship teams participated.

CONNECTICUT YOUTH ORGANIZATION FOUNDS SCHOLARSHIP FUND

The establishment of a scholarship fund to assist young Connecticut residents of Ukrainian descent, was announced this week by the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut.

The purpose of this fund is to "assist any young person whose chief characteristic is the quality of determined purpose to make something of his life—a person who realizes that he should use his ability and whatever opportunities are given him, not merely for his own advancement, but for the good of his fellow men."

All persons graduating from secondary schools and desiring to enter college, seminary, or technical school are eligible for the scholarship, the announcement states.

In order to help as many students as possible, this scholarship aid will be limited to only the freshmen year. There will be two scholarships of one hundred dollars each payable toward tuition, according to the announcement.

The basis of the award is as follows: The student must be a Connecticut resident of Ukrainian descent; the aid is to be awarded to a student for whom a freshman year at his chosen school would be difficult but not necessarily impossible because of financial reasons; he must have a high scholastic aptitude; possess an outstanding character; have the capacity for leadership; and must be a candidate for a degree.

Applications for this scholarship aid should be made not later than April 30th, to Miss Vera Malanchuk, Secretary of the Scholarship Board, 453 North Main St., Wallingford, Conn. Write to her for an application form.

BEST DO IT NOW

For many years our people, young and old, clamored for recordings of Ukrainian songs. Especially loud was this clamor following some outstanding Ukrainian musical event, as for example the mass choral concerts under Professor Alexander Koshetz at New York's famed Carnegie Hall and Town Hall, or the concert of symphonic and choral music at Carnegie Hall led by Professor Paul Pecheniha-Ouglitsky.

It was then that the magic beauty of our musical heritage became fully revealed. And it was then, too, that it became clear that this beauty of our songs must be preserved, in a recorded form, so that it could thrill and inspire not only some of us but all of us; not only once or twice but many times; and not only in the concert halls but in the privacy of our homes as well.

This feeling attained its climax at the concert given by the specially picked and trained chorus under Koshetz at the American-Ukrainian Congress at Washington last May. That concert, as some may recall, was indeed one of the finest ever presented in the nation's capital. In some respects it was superior to any other Ukrainian choral concert presented before then. In any event, it created such a strong demand for Ukrainian choral recordings, that soon thereafter the American-Ukrainian Congress Committee had to take action on it.

A special committee of five professional musicians was appointed (Kaskiw—chairman, Koshetz, Sorochinsky, Korolishin, and Ordynsky), charged it with the task of (1) securing enough advance orders (\$10 for a set of 10 records—20 songs) to cover the costs involved; (2) organizing a suitable chorus under the direction of Koshetz, and (3) proceeding with the recording by this chorus of a cycle of songs, drawn from the best in the repertoire of our music.

Astonishing as it may seem, to date the Ukrainian Recording Committee has not been able to emerge from the first stage of its task. The sum raised by it thus far is still far from the necessary amount. In brief, the entire action is proceeding at a snail-like pace.

The fault here lies primarily with our general public. Despite its previous vociferous demands for the recordings, it has now become, on the whole, strangely unresponsive and indifferent to all the appeals for help. Very few people, it seems, care a whit now whether the contemplated recordings of Ukrainian songs are ever made or not. Some persons, in fact, particularly those who have an ax to grind, poke fun and deride the whole action. In the meantime—it should not be overlooked—numerous recordings, some of them very good ones indeed, made by the Don Cossacks Chorus or by the Red Army Choir, and including various Ukrainian songs, are being sold throughout the country like hot cakes.

Though our general public deserves to be condemned for its unresponsive attitude toward this undeniably worthy project, the strongest condemnation, however, should be meted out to our numerous local choruses and their directors. With very few exceptions, they have ignored the entire matter.

One would think that the choristers and their directors would support this action at least from self-interest alone. After all, a set of recordings made by a specially picked and trained chorus under the world renowned Koshetz, would constitute a permanent and always available standard of Ukrainian choral work toward which our church and folk choruses could strive in their localities. Lacking such a standard now, their singing, on the whole, is quite outmoded and deficient in many respects, and, what makes it worse, is the fact that they remain unaware of this.

If such phonograph discs as the American-Ukrainian Recording Committee intends to make were available to our local choruses, there is little doubt but that they would reveal to them their faults and mistakes and thereby raise the level of their singing and interpretation of Ukrainian songs.

The Ukrainian songs, as we all know, have won great fame throughout the world. Therefore the present action to record some of the finest of them, deserves full support from all of us.

Send in your advance orders (\$10 for a set of 10 records—20 songs) or contributions to Stephen Korpan, Treasurer, American-Ukrainian Congress Committee, 524 Olive Street, Scranton, Pa.

PROF. MANNING LECTURES ON FRANKO AT COLUMBIA

Before a very attentive audience of young and older people, Prof. Clarence A. Manning, acting executive officer of the Columbia University's Department of East European Languages, delivered an inspiring lecture on the life and works of Ivan Franko last Friday evening in the university's Schermerhorn Hall.

The lecture was the seventh in the series currently being given at Columbia University under the auspices of the Department of East European Languages in conjunction with the Ukrainian National Association.

More details about Professor Manning's lecture will appear on these pages next week.

The eighth and last of the lectures on Ukraine at Columbia will be given next Friday evening. The lecturer then will be H. Hessel Tiltman, British author and journalist.

SIKORSKI ARRIVAL PROMPTS MESSAGE TO PRESIDENT

Prompted by the arrival in Washington of the Premier of the Polish government in exile, General Wladyslaw Sikorski, the American-Ukrainian Congress Committee sent last Monday, April 7, the following telegram to President Roosevelt:

"The American-Ukrainian Congress Committee, representing two thousand societies, made up of Americans of Ukrainian birth and descent, prompted by the occasion of Polish Premier Sikorski's visit to Washington, takes the liberty to call to your attention that the Ukrainians had strongly opposed the incorporation of Western Ukraine into the Polish Republic at the close of the World War I, and that according to our knowledge of conditions in Western Ukraine they would oppose to the utmost any attempt to reincorporate them within a future independent Poland just as they resist even now their status under Soviet domination.

"We further believe that the Ukrainians who are now under Russian, German and Hungarian domination, would welcome a chance to participate in the reconstruction of that part of Europe which they inhabit, on the basis of self-determination as well as close economic and political cooperation among free and democratic nations.

"We deem it our civic duty to communicate with you, Sir, at a time when broad outlines for a future European order are under discussion, and when leaders of other than Ukrainian nationalities in Europe are submitting their views to you. We do so because the Ukrainian people in the Old World are in no position to express themselves freely."

METROPOLITAN PROFESSIONALS REORGANIZE

The Ukrainian Professional Society of the New York Metropolitan Area held a reorganization meeting Thursday evening, March 27, at which plans were drawn for future activities and the following new officers elected: Stephen Shumeyko, Pres.; Mary Kusy, Secretary; Joseph Lesawyer, Treasurer.

The society will hold a dinner-meeting Friday evening, April 25th, which will be featured by a Town Hall Meeting program.

A Review of Allen's History of Ukraine

By DR. ARTHUR PRUDDEN COLEMAN
(Department of East European Languages, Columbia University)

HERE is a volume with everything in it but the proverbial "kitchen stove." An encyclopedia rather than what its subtitle—*A History*—suggests, it should be called, not *THE UKRAINE*, but *MATERIALS FOR STUDYING THE UKRAINE*, and, since histories are rarely issued from English presses in the inchoate form described by this title—though the practice is common enough among continental scholars—the work strikes one as surprising, if not as something of a shock.

Recalling the brilliant manner in which Slavonic national histories have often been treated by English historians in the past Runciman's dramatic history of Old Bulgaria, for example—one opens Allen's work with whetted appetite, only to be quickly let down as he sees the author carefully noting each one of the trees on the landscape of history and failing, at the same time, to take cognizance of the forest!

There is the possibility, of course, that Mr. Allen might have worked through the forest until he found the forest before giving his manuscript to the printer if he had not been called unexpectedly to "foreign service." But the fact is—he did not, and the work, as it stands, is a thing patched together, evidently, by a number of European translators and scholars after Mr. Allen had gone to war. In its tangled verbiage, its massed battalions of undigested notes, and elaborate attention to minutiae at the expense of a clear, arresting whole, *THE UKRAINE* is a monument to second-rate, pendant scholarship.

If, however, the reader forgets the ideal he had hoped to find realized in a work on Ukraine from the Cambridge University Press, and accepts the book for what it is, he will find it a gold mine of "materials" from which he can weave for himself his own history of Ukraine.

II.

Mr. Allen sees the Ukraine as that "whole area of geographical unity contained within the fluvial network between the Baltic and the Black Sea" (p. 81), or as he defines it in another place, "the fluvial network which constitutes the geographical unity of the Great Euroasian Plain" (p. 104). It is the portion, that is, of the great interoceanic plain of Eurasia drained by the rivers Dniester, South Bug, Dnieper and Donets, sloping toward the Mediterranean and shaped like an ellipse, with the following places ranged in order along its circumference: Kholm, Zamoscia and Peremyshyl; Uzhhorod, Mukachiv and Chernivtsi; Odessa, Perekop and Azov; Putivl, Chernihiv and Pinsk.

The internal "vital nerve" of Ukraine, according to Mr. Allen, is the obvious meridian of the region, the River Dnieper. This "meridial link" has exerted a constant and unbroken influence on the region, just as has also some external "vital centre," Constantinople, at first, then Kraków and Moscow in turn, each "magnetizing" and "tending to consolidate the life" of this fluvial plain (p. 27).

Concerning the destiny of the people of Ukraine, Mr. Allen sees it as simpler than could have been predicted before the present war. It "must be a Russian destiny," he believes, Russian "in the sense that the fluvial network of the Great Euroasian plain is one geographical and economic whole out of which it is impracticable and would be unreal to attempt to carve separate and politically independent national units." (p. 387)

III

Since the Ukraine, according to the powerful and articulate school of historians to which Mr. Allen belongs, derives its very identity from its "fluvial network," it follows that the dates underscored by these historians are those which mark successful efforts either to cement or shatter political unity in a region which the inescapable law of geography has created into a unit.

Between the 9th and 12th centuries "the land of Rus" lived a common life, dictated by the rivers, and when this was destroyed by the Mongol sacking of Kiev, in 1240, the first significant milestone in Ukraine's history was reached. The second was passed in 1653, when at Pereyaslav, south of Kiev on the left bank of the Dnieper, on the very last day of the year, the Ukrainian Rada answered Bohdan Khmelnytsky's call for a policy with the cry,

"We want to go to the Tsar who belongs to the Eastern Orthodox Faith. God help us. God make us strong and united for all time!" (p. 119).

The third date red-starred by Mr. Allen, is 1667, the year which saw the unity achieved as a consequence of Bohdan's spectacular revolution cancelled by the agreement of Andrusiv, when Poland and Russia partitioned the "fluvial network" of Ukraine though fear, shared in common, of Ukraine's characteristic proletarianism. By the same token Mr. Allen makes 1793, 1918, and finally September 17, 1939, milestone dates in Ukraine's history, since each represents either the restoration or destruction of Ukraine's basic, "fluvial" unity.

THE UKRAINE, in a word, is history as written by a "geographic determinist."

IV.

It is enormously interesting to note, as one reads *THE UKRAINE*, which of the many odd and remarkable "characters" produced by the fluvial plain Mr. Allen considers to be "national Ukrainian heroes." The first is Eustace Dashkevich (1455-1535), starosta of Kanev and Cherkassy, and organizer of the so-called Cossacks, the "kresovians," that is, whether Ukrainians or Poles, Catholics or Orthodox, szlachta, townsmen or peasants, who were unwilling to endure restraint. "Crafty, strong, and lucky in everything," he was the very curse and scourge of the Tatars, whom he resembled in looks and could imitate in speech, so that he often was taken for a Tatar. Of him it was said that he "held in an iron grasp the undisciplined elements of the frontier," and he was their hero.

The second Ukrainian hero was Bayda, as his followers called him and as he is remembered in Ukrainian ballads, whose name was Dmitro Vishnevetsky (died 1563). Like Dashkevich, Bayda also was starosta of Cherkassy on the Dnieper, and he too was a leader of the Cossacks. It was he who in 1557 got permission from the Polish King Sigismund August to build a fortress for the protection of those of his turbulent friends who were in the habit of fishing in the lower Dnieper, below the cataracts. He built the fortress on the Island of Khortitsa in the Dnieper, and this became almost at once the refuge for all the bold and adventurous kresovians. No one could tempt him with bribes of money or power, not even the Sultan, who finally cried out in anger, "Take Bayda and hang him on a hook by the rib!" In the end, this founder of the fabulous Zaporogian Sich was tortured to death, as the Sultan had ordered, in Istanbul.

The greatest of Ukraine's national heroes, in Mr. Allen's opinion, is Peter Sahaydachny, Hetman of the Cossacks of the Sich and of

Ukraine from 1614. Sahaydachny was not only an outstanding military chieftain, second in ability and craft only to his contemporary and admirer, Stanislaw Zolkiewski, but he was a great worker in the domain of cultural uplift throughout his Cossack domain. It was in his time that the Cossacks got the name of being the greatest protectors of the Christian faith in the world, and the greatest emancipators of Christian captives.

"No one in the world showers such benefits on Christian captives as they do," wrote Job Boretzky, whom Sahaydachny made Metropolitan of Kiev. "What with other nations ends only with fine words and high-flown speeches, the Cossacks put into action." (p. 93).

Sahaydachny was unusual among Cossack leaders in that he was well-educated, being a graduate of Prince Constantine Ostrogski's famous academy of Ostrog.

Ivan Mazepa does not stand up well enough in the light of his whole career to be a real Ukrainian national hero, says Mr. Allen, but Bohdan Khmelnytsky does, though entirely in spite of himself, for he was as much of a thoroughgoing "King's Man" as ever was Ivan Mazepa. Khmelnytsky fled to the Sich and called on the Cossacks to rise in order to avenge a personal insult. A Pole named Czaplinski got the better of him in a property deal and in matters connected with a certain Ukrainian beauty named Komarowska (curiously enough it is the same name as that of the famous Gertrude, beloved by Szczesny Potocki and immortalized by Malczewski in *Marya!*). Khmelnytsky could get no redress in the courts, though he was a man of high reputation. Arch-bishop, Khmelnytsky loved Komarowska, and intended to marry her on the death of his wife. To avenge the double injury, he had to use violent means, since Polish control of the courts denied him justice.

"We have brewed a strong beverage, but I do not know how we are going to drink it," the Cossack leader of the Haydamaky, Ivan Gonta, is said to have remarked, when he beheld the bloody consequences of his violent uprising in 1768. And so it was with Khmelnytsky. He unleashed a revolution of continental magnitude when he thought he was leading a simple revolt, and because the cause he unwittingly projected into the arena of conflict was an evolutionary one, he achieved through it greatness and the full stature of a national hero.

Two others worthy of national adoration, in the author's esteem, are Peter Doroshenko, the Hetman who favored cooperation with Turkey, as Vyhovsky, Bohdan Khmelnytsky's Secretary and successor, favored working in harmony with Poland and Skoropadsky with Muscovy; and tough old Ataman Sirko, one of the last and greatest and most colorful Cossacks of the Sich.

V.

In analyzing the "national heroes" as nominated by Mr. Allen, we find one attitude shared by them all and this, we decide, is the touchstone by which the author has singled them out. All were by nature or conversion of the "proletarian" persuasion.

One conflict persists in every period of Ukraine's history: the conflict between "proletarianism" and "elitarianism." The people of Ukraine had many leaders but not all of them, though they all claimed to be fighting "for the people," had the same picture in mind of what they hoped society to be like if they achieved what they were fighting for. Ivan Mazepa, for example, and Ivan Vyhovsky, even Bohdan Khmelnytsky himself and certainly his son Yuri, and the

DR. COLEMAN LECTURES IN PHILADELPHIA

Dr. Arthur P. Coleman's first lecture in Philadelphia at the International Institute on March 16 on "Slavs' Contribution to the Democratic Ideal," provided the occasion for the first general assembly of Slavs in Quaker City history.

Ukrainians, Slovaks, Russians, Poles, and Czechs, young and old, gathered to hear the professor of Slavonic Languages from Columbia University greet them in their native languages, compliment them on their cultural contributions to America, and express a hope that Slavonic heroes, such as Ukraine's Taras Shevchenko, would become better known in America. Dr. Coleman said that one of his favorite Slavonic heroes is Taras Shevchenko, whose English translation of "My Dream" he read before the group.

During the "tea" that followed, a spirit of friendship prevailed among the Slavs who were introduced to each other and chatted on the possibilities of forming and solidifying an All-Slav Union in Philadelphia to influence the establishment of a just and fair boundary set-up in Europe after the present war.

Alexander Yarenko

THE LOAD

A peasant, driving to the fair, noticed a heavily burdened woman trudging by.

"Have a seat, mother," said the driver. "Let me take you to the fair as that's where I'm bound for."

The gentle old woman took her seat in the wagon. The driver noticed that although there was a lot of room inside the wagon she kept holding her bundle in her lap.

"Why don't you place the bundle inside the wagon, mother?" he asked.

"God bless you, kind sir," replied the old woman, "but I don't think it's right to burden the horse any more."

"Simple Cossack" Ivan Brukovetsky, probably also Christopher Kosinski, leader of the earliest uprising of the folk, all wished to see the same old social and economic set-up in Ukraine as they had always known, but with "new faces," with themselves, that is, in the positions of power and influence traditionally held by the Polish szlachta.

There existed in Ukraine, at the same time, side by side with this "elitarian" conception of society, a rugged instinct toward rule by the people who tilled the soil and cut down the trees of the forest. The Sich was the focus of the ideal and the place to which people fled when they were desperate of realizing it in the world. In season and out, the Sich generated thunderbolts of proletarian idealism and discharged them through the land. The Sich made Khmelnytsky's revolution a real one, whereby land was torn from the hand of privilege and given to the people to own and till for their own profit.

This is the unique contribution of Ukraine to East European history, a hundred-and more years before the same ideals were strong enough in western Europe to break through into action.

VI.

There are many controversial statements in *THE UKRAINE*.—"The Ukraine was beginning to come into existence" after 1590, for example, and several inconsistencies, like the disagreement between note and text in the matter of Pidkova's and Pavluk's place of execution. There is also the very confusing reference to Sigismund Augustus, when Sigismund III Vasa is clearly meant, and the questionable assertion that the French supported the Confederation of Bar—to which one is moved to reply, "How much?" In general, however, *THE UKRAINE* is a reliable "Concise Encyclopedia" of a great and tremendously important segment of the European continent.

* *THE UKRAINE, A HISTORY*, by W. E. D. Allen, Cambridge University Press, 1940; Macmillan, New York, 1941. 404 Pages, \$4.50.

"Ukraine" and "Ukrainian"

THE oldest monuments of historical life among the Ukrainian people indicate that the name "Ukraina" is of ancient origin and was always applied to the territory on which the Ukrainians have always lived. That name was common to all. Ancestors of present-day Ukrainians used it to indicate the land in which they lived. This is best illustrated by the very old folk songs which have not perished to this day.

For instance:

Ukraina is in sorrow,
For the life that's missing;
Hey, Tartar hordes have crossed
and trampled
Youth and little children.

Or:

A young Ukrainian dear lassie,
The Tartar hordes have carried
her off,
A girl from Volyn of Ukraina.

In both those songs we find a reference to a Tartar invasion of Ukraina.

In a folk song of the 16th century, when Ukraine suffered from invasions and oppressions by Poland, Muscovy (now Russia), and the Tartars—who had settled Crimea, we find the following:

Hey, in our famous Ukraina,
Many were the evils, many fateless
times,
Sickness called quite often, army
had its quarrels,

But the Ukrainians no one would
save, then;
No one sent a prayer for them to
the God,
Only Holy God knew of what he
was thinking,
When dissent he placed unto Uk-
rainian land.

The people called Ukraina that
definite territory inhabited by a
people of common customs and
traditions about which, in times of
peace and under its own govern-
ment, they used to sing:

There is no place better,
There is no place brighter,
Than our Ukraina.

In the oldest times the literary
name of the land was different. In
very old commercial documents the
land was called Rus'. That was the
literal and diplomatic name and
also the name of the dynasty, that
is, the name of the ruling houses.

The Greek writers called it
"Rhos" and the Latin called it
"Rutheni." In the Ipatiev chronicle
of the year 1187 we find men-
tioned the death of a Ukrainian
prince, Volodimir Hlibovich, who
died in battle with the invading
Polovtsi, and about whom the
chronicle ends with: "For him Uk-
raina is grieving very much."

When the Ukrainians lost their
own independence and fell under
the rules of Poland and Russia,
both of these countries tried to
eliminate the name Ukraina, as is
reminded the Ukrainian people of

the times when they were free and
independent. The Polish and Rus-
sian scholars went hand in hand
with their respective governments
and began to eliminate the his-
torical meaning of the name "Uk-
raina" by twisting it around and
defining the word Ukraina as
meaning "the border land"; that
is, the Russians, describe it as the
Russian land bordering Russia and
the Poles as Polish lands bordering
Poland.

Under the tsaristic regime this
misunderstanding was smuggled
into the school texts and different
literary works and encyclopedias so
as to "prove" that there is no
such thing as Ukrainian people or
Ukraine, but only one Russia and
one undivided Russian people. It
was not till the downfall of the
imperialistic Russia, when the Uk-
rainian people began to rebuild
their own government, and the
world in general began to take an
interest in Ukraine and its prob-
lems, that it was possible to draw
the attention to the mistake per-
taining to the name Ukraina as
well as to the fact that the Ukrai-
nian people were always misrep-
resented as Russians or Poles.

It is only within the last twenty
years that the name Ukraina, ex-
istent already hundreds of years
ago, came into circulation again
among the Western Europeans.
That it was used hundreds of years
ago is evident also from the old
French, Italian, and English maps
with the name Ukraina indicating
the land which today is populated
by the Ukrainian people.

In the French National Library
there is a map dated 1580 on which
the Ukrainian lands are indicated
by the name "Ukraina." On the
map of H. L. De Beuplan of 1650,
the map of Ukraina has the name of
"Typus Generalis Ukrainae." The
same geographer in 1650 published
a book entitled "Description d'Uk-
rainie" which was translated then
into all European languages and
published in several editions. In
this book Beuplan gives definite
boundaries of Ukraine and iden-
tifies it as independent of Poland
and Moscovy. (Muscovy is the
same as Russia of today. The geo-
graphers began to use the name Rus-
sia in the second half of the eight-
eenth century). In the same French
library may be found maps of Ital-
ian geographers Sancone and Cor-
netti of the year 1641 and 1657 on
which the territory of Ukraine is
indicated by: "Ukraina a Paese de
Cosacchi" (Ukraine or the land of
the Cossacks). — On the same map
we do not find any Russia but the
name of Muscovy. In the same
library we also find a globe of Cor-
nellius, dated 1660-1670, and which
the Ukrainian lands are called
"Ukraina." Then again on the
English map of Morden, dated
1700, we find the name "Ukraine."

From the above illustrations we
may see that the name Ukraina is
many centuries old and that it was
used from the oldest times not only
by the Ukrainian people but by the
European scholars as well.

MOMENTS

By VOLODIMIR VINNITCHENKO

(1)

AND thus the prison Scheherazade started his story:

"Listen, my friend, opened in Spring. Do you still remember what Spring is? Do you remember the deep, blue, far-away sky? You lounge about in the grass, resting your head upon your arms, looking into this wonderful sky, the sky of Spring... About you the field caresses and loves, whispers and sighs... To whom?—To the sky, the wind, the sun... Everything breathes the budding of new life, happiness of growth and change—joy of Spring..."

I was riding towards the border with a smuggler Semen Poustonne. I had to cross the border that very day; I could not wait till night-fall. But when I told this to Semen, he looked at me gloomily with a forced smile, then turned away and shouted to his horses: "Get up, you!"

I must explain to you that this Semen was a very serious man, who never wasted words, and who looked down upon the other men of his village. He would walk solemnly and slowly, with an expression on his face which never changed. When caught by the border guards, his face would become gloomier, his eyes still smaller, and sharper, his lips deadly white.

"Really, Semen, I must be on the other side today, no matter what you say," I insisted.

He did not even glance at me. A swarm of small, shining, black flies sat on his broad back. Every movement of his body caused them to hover over him like seagulls about a rock. But soon they would settle down again and remain motionless, as though watching me carefully.

"You may be killed," Semen said suddenly, after we had traversed about ten miles in silence.

"Did it ever happen?" I asked.

Semen slowly tore off a slip of cigarette paper, and tumbled in his pockets for tobacco.

"Why should it not happen? Does one need much sense to kill a person?"

"But it does not happen in every case, does it?"

Semen licked the paper, lit a match, and puffed at his cigarette a few times:

"No, it does not always happen."

"Well, when I am not going to be killed," I said dejectedly.

I remember how I laughed at this thought I—dead! Those flies, Semen's back, the horse, Semen's hat and... I—dead! I, lying somewhere in a wild desolate place, with the sky above me. There is a small black wound in my temple and about it are clustered little black flies. They gaze curiously into the wound, where death took abode. My face is hard and greenish pale... black ravens sit on the rocks in silent expectation...

"If you are tired of having your head on your shoulders, go ahead!" came from Semen unexpectedly.

Soon we noticed a village in the distance. Semen stood up on his seat and looked searchingly forward. Then turning into a side road,

he pointed somewhere ahead of him, and said: "The border."

Far, far away I saw a dark thick forest. A chill swept over me, and my heart sank.

So this was the border! And the sight of the sunny field, at the end of which the mysterious forest began, filled me with an uncomfortable yearning and uneasiness.

"Will you take me there immediately, Semen?" I asked.

Semen turned his yellow-brown sharp nose and short mustache to me, and said with an air of amazement:

"Indeed, I do not think I have lived long enough in this world. There are soldiers in those woods. Go right into their hands, if you wish, but do let me live in this world a bit longer."

A matter, which could force so many words out of Semen, must indeed be a serious one.

"Then shall I go right to the forest?"

"Yes, to the forest right into the soldiers' hands!"

We were driving through a valley. Willows bent over us; and somehow I felt sorry for these pleasant, good-hearted, harmless trees. The field and the forest disappeared. The wagon stopped. Semen descended, silently walked over to me, and looking to one side, as was his manner when speaking, asked:

"Do you really want to go immediately?"

"Yes, right away."

"They might kill you."

"No, they will not!"

"Well, then lie down," said Semen, angrily, pointing to the wagon.

I asked no questions, but obediently lay down, smiling to the willows. Semen covered me with a cloth, which smelled of cucumbers, and we proceeded. We must have ridden through a wild place, for the wagon rocked like a cradle, and the horse often stopped to nibble the weeds. I imagined that this was my corpse on the way back from the boundary. We rode for hours. I saw only straw and the gray coverlet. At last the wagon stopped. The coverlet was lifted, and instead of it I saw the blue sky above me, and Semen with his sharp nose and gray-black mustache.

"Get up!" he said.

I sat up. The wagon was near a shack, and opposite it stood a little house.

"Go into the shack," said Semen, looking about him carefully. "I will unharness the horse and take you across."

I also looked about, jumped off the wagon, and ran over to the shack. I opened the door and stopped in astonishment. Right opposite the door, on a heap of straw, sat a young girl. A real city girl,—pretty little shoes, a straw hat lying on her knees, eyes wide open with surprise. And such eyes... Large, pure, radiant, like those of a frightened deer. I had never had any grudge against pretty girls, but in a barn, on straw, in a smuggler's den... I was amazed.

"May I come in?" I asked foolishly.

The girl's eyes opened still wider, then flew all over me, and filled with gay laughter.

"Please do!" she answered pleasantly, making room for me next to her on the straw. Her eyes full of merriment and curiosity continued to scrutinize me.

"Thank you," I smiled, feeling perfectly at ease.

A wisp of straw caught in her dark hair and hung trembling above her; her lower lip pouted slightly, like that of a pretty spoiled child. The shack was dark, and smelled of sheep-skins and damp straw.

"Are you going to cross the boundary, comrade?" asked the girl.

"You guessed correctly. And you?"

"I, too."

We both laughed. A swallow flew in and flew out, chirping. A stray ray of sunlight lay across one of the corners like a streak of gold; outside of the shack Semen swore at some one, perhaps the horse. Through the door we saw swallows flying about like black arrows. The dark shack breathed forth sadness and melancholy. Far off the vexed buzzing of a bee could be heard.

Suddenly a man came in to the yard, called Semen aside and began to speak to him in a low voice, pointing frequently to the shack and the woods. Semen listened silently.

The girl looked down at her clothes and pealed with laughter. Ah, if you knew what a wonderful laugh it was! And we know that laughter is the mirror of the soul!

"Just look at me," she laughed, jumping to her feet and picking off the wisps of straw, which clung to her dress like golden ornaments.

"Do you know that I have been in this shack for the last three days?" she smiled to me. "Really! For some reason we could not start out. But is it not nice here? Just like an Indian wigwam. I like it very much. Semen brought me food here. It is a bit gloomy, but now we shall fight loneliness together. But listen, why do you stand idle? Take the straw off me! What a cavalier you are!"

To tell the truth, I thought her very charming with the straw all over her. In fact, I felt like adding some more to it. I laughingly expressed my thoughts to her. She laughed in response, picked up a handful of straw, and handed it to me: "Here, I dare you!"

I silently took the straw, and before she knew it, her head, shoulders, and chest were covered with straw.

"Now you are beautiful," I said.

At that moment the massive figure of Semen appeared in the doorway. Paying no attention to the straw-covered girl, he looked into one of the dark corners, and said in his stern voice:

"You have to leave this place immediately. The police are searching the houses of my friends, and they will be here soon."

The girl and I looked at each other with startled eyes.

"Whom are they searching for?" asked the girl quietly.

"For some girl. Perhaps, some one who is a spy," added Semen in a low voice. "You must flee from here!"

"Where to?" I asked.

"To the other side. Let the young lady go with you. By the time the police will have reached this place, you two will be in the woods."

Semen's lips were thin and white, his eyes sharp and stern.

"Well?" I turned to the girl.

(To be continued)

FUNNY SIDE UP

GLASSY CHASSIS

Did you ever see a car lumbering down the Avenue as if someone had given a morris chair a hot foot? Well, if you have, you've an idea of the "new" car we recently inherited... for \$40. It's a four-passenger car... one to drive and three to get out and push! The previous owner told us that when the car was new it was imported from England. We can believe that, for ever since we've got the model, it's been back-firing with an English accent! To be technical about it, we couldn't call the jalopy a model... it's a horrible example! Many people have asked us what kind of sedan it was, so we've been telling everybody it's a Gypsy Rose Lee car... everytime it takes off, it strips its gears! Why, the car is so slow that everytime we put our hand out somebody puts a nickle in it... so we keep putting our hand out!

Among its many unique features, the car has an indifferent horn... it just doesn't give a hoot! But it has 8 horsepower. How do we know? We lifted up the hood and counted the plugs! And the motor—it runs like a top... the top of a cement mixer! And the engine smokes all the time. The only thing we can say to that is that it's old enough! Then too, the car has a built-in radio... built in 1926! The other day we parked the car near a gang of WPA workers... and now the radio won't even work!

But in spite of everything, our car has some of the latest improvements. When we come to a pebble in the road, we just have to fasten on our safety belts! But the thing we're most proud of is this: When we see a woman driver coming towards us on the roadway... we just push a button in the dashboard and our car collapses and hides in the bushes! Next week, we're going to equip our car with a long pole... so that when we meet woman drivers we can fight back!

And speaking of woman drivers, we were introduced to one the other day. From her conversation we learned that it didn't take her long to learn how to drive... only about two and a half cars! When the road turns the same way as her car... it's only a coincidence! Now if the road would only turn when she does. Just this past week she took a turn for the worse! But don't get us wrong; she's really a very careful driver... every accident she's ever been in has been the other driver's fault!

In case you didn't grasp it, the previous paragraph has a moral, to wit: It takes about 15,000 nuts to hold a car together but only one to scatter it all over the landscape!

STATISTICAL OBSERVATION:

The boxscore of the Millville-McAdoo U.N.A. basketball game looked like a family affair. Playing for McAdoo were M. Plaskonos, S. Plaskonos, W. Plaskonos, N. Suhena, and G. Suhena. Playing for Millville were S. Romanik, Joe Romanik, M. Romanik, Jim Romanik, P. Romanik AND F. Panczyszyn. By golly, how did Panczyszyn get into the game? On second thought, perhaps he was a relative!

The Circus is in town (and that's a sure sign of Spring). And what with all these strikes of late, their influence is being felt at the Circus. Even the elephants are on strike... seems they're tired of working for peanuts! When we were there yesterday there was a big commotion during the performance of the fire-eater. We learned later that a phoney dentist sold him a pair of celluloid teeth!

Well folks, you're in for a surprise exactly two weeks from today, and don't say we didn't warn you! In the past we've sprinkled a little dust about other folks in this column, and so now the worm will turn, and we will present the autobiography of

BROMO SELTZER

General Practitioner or a Specialist

Medical standards and education in the United States at the present time are the highest in the world. Medical students are chosen very carefully and must be of the highest intelligence, moral character and educational capacity. The average doctor starting to practice medicine spends about 10 to 12 years of rigorous study in preparation for his work.

At the successful completion of study at a medical school, the student is awarded the degree of Doctor of Medicine. At this point all physicians have covered the various medical subjects and specialities (or divisions) of medicine. Following graduation practically all doctors work several years in a hospital as internes. During this internship they acquire practical experience in treating thousands of patients. Most doctors during this period receive experience in every branch of medicine such as medical illnesses, surgery, delivering babies, etc.

Upon finishing his hospital term the young doctor establishes an office and practices his profession, treating all the cases as they come along. These doctors are called general practitioners. A few doctors at this point limit their practice to just one branch of medicine such as surgery, maternity, skin diseases, etc. This type of physician is called a specialist because he only practices one branch of medicine. Why does he want to be a specialist? He may have any number of reasons such as, special interest in this particular branch of medicine, higher fees charged by specialists, etc.

But there is another type of a specialist. This other specialist after finishing medical school receives his practical hospital training not in all branches of medicine but only in one. This second specialist is admittedly somewhat superior to the general practitioner in his particular branch of medicine, but he is weaker in all the others.

There is still a third type of specialist; one who after some years of general practice decides to limit his practice to only one branch of medicine. His reasons for turning specialist may be personal, health, financial, etc.

The term specialist is not a title or a degree. It is merely a common term used to differentiate a general practitioner from a physician who limits his practice to one branch of medicine (or specializes). Usually it is easier for a doctor to specialize because he has a small field in which to study and work, whereas the general practitioner must work very hard to keep up with the progress of medicine because he has such a large field to cover. In general specialists charge higher fees for their work, although many of them have no better training in their particular field than the general practitioner.

The specialist tends to think only of his particular field and sometimes neglects all the other fields so that if a person with an illness outside of his field consults him, the specialist may overlook the illness or be unable to diagnose it thereby giving the person no help and doing much damage. For example: if a person with a cough consults a throat specialist, the throat specialist may only examine and treat the person's throat while the patient is actually suffering from tuberculosis of the lung. Another example: a person may be suffering from pain in the abdomen and he may feel that it is appendicitis and may choose to go directly to a surgical specialist. Now this surgical specialist may be a very good man at his particular work, but he may not recognize that this particular person is also suffering

The Metropolitan Division U.N.A. All-Star Basketball Team

Out of the 39 young men that played under the banner of the Ukrainian National Ass'n on the Metropolitan Division courts, I have selected the following ten to comprise my All-Star first and second teams.

The Millville champions contribute two men to the first squad—the pivot man, Frank Panczyszyn, whom we nominate as captain, and Pete Romanik, the left forward, who was the leading scorer of the league. Pete's running mate is a U.N.A. star of three years' standing—Mike Czarnecky of New

York's Branch 361. Two agile Mickey's—Hamalak of the New York Branch 423 and Matsik of Philadelphia at guards complete the varsity. The reserves are captained by Jerry Juzwiak, veteran Philly forward, who is paired off with Teddy Dusanenko, brilliant "361" ace. Mike Romanik of Millville and Nestor Stadnyk of Gotham's 361 take care of the guard posts while lanky Walter "Specs" Bukata of Philly is the center. Here's how these aces line up:

FIRST TEAM			SECOND TEAM		
Name of Player	Team	Position	Name of Player	Team	Position
Pete Romanik	Millville	Forward	Jerry Juzwiak	Philadelphia	Forward
Mike Czarnecky	N.Y. Br. 361	Forward	Teddy Dusanenko	N.Y. Br. 361	Forward
F. Panczyszyn	Millville	Center	Walter Bukata	Philadelphia	Center
Mickey Hamalak	N.Y. Br. 423	Guard	Nestor Stadnyk	N.Y. Br. 361	Guard
Mickey Matsik	Philadelphia	Guard	Mike Romanik	Millville	Guard

Captain, First Team—Frank Panczyszyn, Millville.
 Captain, Second Team—Jerry Juzwiak, Philadelphia.

Pete Romanik of Millville Wins U.N.A. Metropolitan Division Scoring Title

Following are the ten leading individual scorers in the Metropolitan Division of the Ukrainian National Association Basketball League for the past season. Millville and New York Branch 423 players are only rated for five games because of one forfeited tilt. Points scored in the play-off game between Millville and New York Branch 361 are not included in the tabulation. The courtmen are rated on the basis of average points scored per game. It is interesting to note that both the

highest scorer, Pete Romanik, and the runner-up, Frank Panczyszyn, are from the champion Millville quintet. The former tabbed 65 points in 5 games to average 13 tallies per game, while manager Frank racked up 60 markers for a 12-point average. What started out to be a listing of the "Big Ten" ended up as the "Big Eleven" when a tie for tenth place occurred. The Millville title-holders also walked off with the team scoring title by registering 216 points in five games for a 43.2 average.

Name of Player	Team	G	P.	F.	T.R.	Ave.
(1) Pete Romanik	Millville	5	30	5	65	13.000
(2) Frank Panczyszyn	Millville	5	29	5	60	12.000
(3) Mike Czarnecky	N.Y. Branch 361	6	21	14	56	9.333
(4) Mickey Hamalak	N.Y. Branch 423	5	20	6	46	9.200
(5) Teddy Dusanenko	N.Y. Branch 361	6	20	11	51	8.500
(6) Mickey Matsik	Philadelphia	5	18	5	41	8.200
(7) Stan Terply	N.Y. Branch 423	4	14	1	29	7.250
(8) Walter Bukata	Philadelphia	5	14	6	34	6.800
(9) Nestor Stadnyk	N.Y. Branch 361	6	15	8	38	6.333
(10) Jerry Juzwiak	Philadelphia	6	14	9	37	6.167
(11) Steve Czarnecky	N.Y. Branch 361	6	16	5	37	6.167

DIETRIC SLOBOGIN
 District Athletic Director

at the same time from heart disease and operates on the person without proper attention being given to the heart, thereby producing a disastrous result. This tragedy could have been prevented if the person had originally consulted his family physician, who through general examination would have discovered the heart disease.

The choosing of the proper doctor when one is ill may seem sometimes to be quite difficult. The patient does not know whether to go to a general practitioner or specialist. But this task should not be so difficult. Every family should have its own family doctor who is a general practitioner. One great value of a family physician is that he gets to know you well and this is of great aid to him in discovering your illness and in the application of proper treatment. This doctor has a general knowledge about all illnesses to which the human body is susceptible. You should choose a physician whom you like, whom you can trust, who listens to you sympathetically, who will spend time to teach you how to keep healthy, etc. And then, give him your full confidence. Whatever your illness is, he will endeavor to diagnose and treat it to the best of his ability. If there is something in your illness which presents a problem in its diagnosis or treatment, the right type of family doctor knows where he can receive

expert aid so as to best help you. If your doctor feels that there is a certain specialist who is especially suited by talent and ability to best treat your illness he will refer you to him. Your family doctor knows many physicians and he is in the best position to know where you can receive expert help even if he himself cannot help you. This actually means that through your family doctor it is possible for you to receive the best treatment that medical science can offer.

DR. WALTER HASCHEC
 Newark, N. J.

CHESTER, PA., Holy Ghost Association, Branch No. 237. All members are urged to attend a meeting to be held on Sunday, April 13, 1941, at 3. P. M. in the Ukrainian Hall, 4th and Ward Sts. Please bring your emblem for a photograph will be taken, the purpose of which will be disclosed at the meeting.

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