

Easter Customs of Ukraine

THOUGH there is no knowing how Easter is celebrated in Ukraine nowadays, on account of Soviet misrule and atheism, still it is worth refreshing the minds of our readers with an account of how this holiday was celebrated in Ukraine in better and more peaceful times, and how it probably will be celebrated once Ukraine regains her national freedom. Who knows, perhaps in some sections of Ukraine nowadays, Easter is still celebrated as told below. This outline, incidentally is based on pre-war accounts from Western Ukraine.

Great Week

Easter in Ukraine is ushered in by the Great Week, which is this week, for the Ukrainian religious calendar is based on the old Julian Calendar, and thus the Ukrainians will celebrate Easter this Sunday, April 20. Each day of this week has a special significance to them as well as certain traditional ceremonies.

Palm Sunday

Palm Sunday in Ukraine ushers in the Great Week, a week of very intensive preparation for Easter. Instead of the usual palms, which are generally unobtainable in Ukraine, pussy-willows are blessed and distributed in the churches, in memory of Christ's entrance into Jerusalem.

Upon arriving home from church the Ukrainian strikes each member of the household lightly over the shoulder, exclaiming at the same time: "Tis not I but the willow that strikes thee; in one week Easter will be here." The willow is then placed over a holy picture and kept there until next year, when it is burned. Only once before that time is it taken down, and that is on the "warm" St. George Day, when it is used to drive the cattle out into the pastures for the first time. That's supposed to keep them healthy and strong.

Monday

Monday of the Great Week is usually devoted to thorough house-cleaning. Everything is made spic and span. Inside the peasant house the walls and ceilings are white-washed, while the clay floor receives a fresh layer of clay, beaten down hard. Outside, the walls are whitewashed, too, while the abutment running around the wall is plastered, usually with yellow clay. When all that is done the home presents a picturesque sight, all white and gleaming, its roof thatched with straw, set on a green lawn amidst budding trees and bright spring flowers.

This work usually continues well into Tuesday.

Black Wednesday

Wednesday of the Great Week is commonly known as "Black Wednesday" among the Ukrainian people. It is thought to derive its name from the custom among the Ukrainian highlanders, the Boykos in this particular case, of cleaning out the soot that has accumulated from the oven during the winter. No planting or sowing

is done on this day, for fear that the seeds will turn black. Care is also taken not to cut trees or shrubbery on this day, for it is said that they will immediately wither and die. Pruning, however, is allowed.

Another branch of the Ukrainian highlanders, the Hutsuls, bake small loaves of rye bread on Wednesday, known as "kukutsi." These loaves are given to children who come around for them in groups, from house to house. The Hutzuls attach considerable importance to this custom, in the belief that if the children stop coming around for the "kukutsi," and the young men after the Easter eggs, and the Christmas carollers stop going around with their carols,—surely the world will come to an end then.

Maundy Thursday

Maundy ("Zhyzhny") Thursday commemorates the Last Supper of Christ with his disciples, also the washing of the disciple's feet by Christ, which custom was practiced in Ukraine until very recent times and perhaps still is today in some sections.

This is the day when the housewife begins cooking and baking for Easter, with most of it held over till Saturday, for no work is done on Good Friday. This is also the day when the people begin to gather all the eggs they can and paint and decorate them. In the Voronizh section of Ukraine it is a custom to bathe in the river that day, or at least have water from the well poured over oneself.

In the evening the people go to the special Passion ("Strasti") services in church and there burn candles, which is supposed to endow these candles with healing powers. In some remote mountain sections, as among the Boykos, people used to take butter churns with them to church, and when the bell would ring during the reading of the Evangelium they would churn so that throughout the entire coming year they would have good butter. In the Dniester sections, it is said, when the service is over and the people have left, spirits of the departed are supposed to enter the church and have their own services.

Good Friday

On Good ("Velika")—Great Friday, the people fast until Sunday. Many fast on Saturday too. In the evening they begin preparations for the baking of the "Paska"—the large loaf of white, sweetened and decorated bread, without which, in the eyes of a Ukrainian, there would be no real Easter celebration.

Saturday

Saturday is the day when most of the cooking and baking takes place. It is then that the "paska" is usually baked. The housewife watches over it most carefully, for it is a matter of greatest importance that the Easter-loaf should come out well. If a hole appears in it, that is supposed to portend death in the family during the year. If it splits and a piece breaks off, that means that the family

will undoubtedly suffer some heavy misfortune.

The cooking and other work usually extends late into the evening. When time to go to bed has come, however, all is ready. The house is spic and span, the table is laden with the "paska" loaves, decorated eggs, hams, sausages, cheese, butter, horseradish, and other appetizing foods. Their combined aromas are usually enough to drive the fasting young people to near distraction, yet no one is allowed to touch even a particle of the food—not until Sunday morning, when it has been blessed.

The mother packs the little ones off to bed, father follows soon after, and finally the mother, weary from the hard day's work, and making sure everything has been done, retires to bed herself. Only the candle is left flickering by the holy picture, just as in church the flickering candles and the immovable guard of honor stand in silent watch over the "Bozhy Hrib"—Christ's Tomb.

Easter Morn

Early Easter morning, when but a faint glow appears in the east, the family rises. The house is still cold from the night air, but no one pays any attention to that. All wash themselves in a basin of cold water, into which mother has placed a coin and an Easter egg for good luck, and then they dress themselves in their very best.

Resurrection Service

From all parts of the village, fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, cousins, and children, wend their way to church to attend the inspiring Resurrection Service. Soon the church is packed to the rafters. Late-comers have to stand or kneel outside the doorway.

With the sharp knocks of the wooden clapper (for no bells are rung as yet, for He is still in His grave), the Resurrection Service begins, opening on a sad, minor key.

Soon comes the swift removal of the "Bozhy Hrib," there since Good Friday for the faithful to visit and pray at. An air of breathless expectancy arises, as the reverend father approaches the most significant part of the service.

Finally it comes.

"Khristos Voskres!" (Christ Hath Risen) he exclaims.

"Vo Istenu Voskres!" is the fervent affirmation from the entire congregation.

And then the whole church resounds with that soul-stirring song, "Khristos Voskres!" in which everyone takes part.

Bells ring out their joy that He hath Risen!

A surge of exalted emotion sweeps over all. Eyes glisten. The sun, seemingly aware of the sacred occasion, floods the church through the stained-glass windows with a vari-hued light.

Then to the accompaniment of the inspired singing and joyful pealing of bells, the worshippers together with their priest march slowly outside in procession and circle the church three times, and then wind their way inside again, where the services are concluded.

Tiltman to Speak on Ukraine at Columbia

H. Hessel Tiltman, British author and journalist, will speak on the Ukrainian situation at Columbia University tonight, beginning at 8, in room 305 of Schermerhorn Hall.

Mr. Tiltman's talk will be the last of the series of eight public lectures at Columbia University on Ukraine, which have been held weekly under the auspices of the university's Department of East European Languages in conjunction with the Ukrainian National Association.

Here in this country as a British press representative, Mr. Tiltman will bring to his lecture tonight the viewpoint of one who has traveled through Ukraine extensively, meeting and talking with Ukrainians from all walks of life and getting a clear insight into their problems and aspirations.

In several of his books, especially in "Peasant Europe" (Jarrolds, London, 1934), Mr. Tiltman has several excellent chapters on the Ukrainian situation. One of them, "The Nation Nobody Knows," concludes with the following significant comment:

"And there will be neither lasting peace nor the reign of justice in Eastern Europe until that right (of Ukrainians to rule themselves) is granted, and the alien troops withdrawn, leaving the Ukraine to control its own destinies and enrich all the peasant lands by its example."

The lecture tonight is open to all, and there is no admission charge.

THE U.N.A. IS THE SUPREME ACHIEVEMENT OF YOUR PARENTS. BECOME A MEMBER OF IT NOW!

The Resurrection Service in many localities is immediately followed by High Mass. The people then gather their baskets laden with food and delicacies to have it blessed. All then go home to their Easter breakfast. In other places the blessing of the food takes place immediately after Resurrection, then the people go home for breakfast, after which they return to church for High Mass.

Easter Frolic

In the afternoon the entire village turns out into the village green surrounding the church. It is an unforgettable sight: the lovely Easter afternoon in a picturesque Ukrainian village; the grass so green; the trees and flowers budding; the boys and girls gathering; the graceful, swiftly-moving "hahilke" dances they perform with clapping hands, singing their happy, litting "hahilke" songs; the swirl of beautifully embroidered costumes of the girls as they swing around in the intricate evolutions of the mass dances; the older folks, dressed in their very best, standing or sitting around, chatting, singing, watching the dancers and perhaps even venturing a step or two themselves; the little mischievous urchins playing pranks upon the more sedate oldsters, and perhaps getting their best clothes soiled in the act,—all of this forming a beautiful panorama of bright, shifting colors, laughter and singing.

Rambling Through Bookland

(4)

IV. THE CAULDRON BOILS

by Emil Lengyel*

THOUGH dealing mainly with Polish oppression of Ukrainians after World War I, the chapter (26 pages) on "The Chamber or Horrors" in Emil Lengyel's book "The Cauldron Boils," is also valuable for the sidelight it offers on what went on at the Paris Peace Conference when the Ukrainian mission there was trying to persuade President Woodrow Wilson that the Ukrainian nation, too, was entitled to the blessings of his principle of self-determination.

This "apostle of self-determination of nations had left his celestial residence across the great waters," and had come to Paris where "he was called upon to avenge the wrongs of centuries," Mr. Lengyel writes in this chapter about Wilson.

One day Wilson received a letter from "hopeful Ukrainians," appealing to him for their right to govern themselves. "They are desirous of having introduced and established in their motherland, the Ukraine, American ideals of government and the American system of education, in order to perpetuate sound democratic principles among their people."

Mr. Lengyel's description of the "conference" that followed between the Ukrainian mission and Woodrow Wilson is well-nigh classical, and deserves reprinting here:

"The Ukrainian delegation was waiting in the lobby (of Hotel Crillon).

"We have come to the president of the United States to submit to him the cause of forty million people."

"I am sorry," a secretary said. "It is His Majesty's turn," and he looked at a dark-skinned potentate.

The Ukrainians were sent to the president's personal representative, Colonel Edward House. The colonel's apartment in the Rue de l'Université was a pleasant place and the delegates did not mind long hours of heel-cooling. They liked the chairs, which were Louis XV, and the curtains, which were Empire. The lights on the wall were imitation Versailles and the carpets were genuine Kir-Sher. The delegates had ample time to make these observations in the spacious anteroom, and their persistence was rewarded. They saw the colonel and they were admitted to the president.

"We have come on behalf of forty million Ukrainians..."

The president glanced at the representatives. How strange! Instead of depleting Europe's population, the World War seemed to have increased it. He had heard delegates representing more than five hundred million Europeans and he knew that the population of the continent was far from that much. He tried hard to concentrate on the subject, but his attention strayed to the case of Fiume, for he had been stirred by the story of the South Slav delegates and he could not be indignant about two injustices at same time. He listened with mild interest to the Ukrainians, who condensed into ten minutes the bitterness of a hundred years.

"Why should nationalities of barely more than a million persons be accorded," they asked, "the benefits of national self-determination, while a people of forty millions received no sympathy?" They pointed to the Estonians, Latvians, Lithuanians, small people, comfortably established in their own homes.

"The president could not answer their question. He—the apostle of peace—could not tell the delegates that he was powerless to give them independence and that they ought to have taken it by force of arms.

Only a few more minutes were left to conclude the Ukrainian argument. The Poles were occupying the western part of their country, East Galicia, which until the end of the war belonged to the House of Austria. The Poles should be ordered to end their illegal occupation, so that the right of self-determination of all Ukrainians might be upheld.

The president looked at them in disapproval, or so at least the Ukrainian delegates thought. What was wrong with the Poles? Roman Dmowski, the Polish representative, was an able man, and so was Ignace Paderewski, a real genius. What could he do against Mr. Paderewski? Colonel House, too, was fond of the celebrated pianist who often played to a brilliant gathering at his house. The photographs of the colonel and the artist were published in myriads of papers, it seemed, the American looking very detached and the Pole extremely lofty, and yet they were excellent friends. No, Mr. Paderewski must not be disappointed. He surely would not like taking away Eastern Galicia from the Poles and giving it to the Ukrainians.

Mr. Lengyel then proceeds in his colorful style to outline the mistreatment of the Ukrainians by Poland after the Conference of Ambassadors meeting in Paris made Poland their ruler. It is from this mistreatment that the chapter "Chamber of Horrors" gets its name. He also outlines some of the defensive measures the Ukrainians adopted against this mistreatment to which they were subjected by Polish authorities. Concluding he declares:

"From the testimony I have collected on the spot it appears it is not yet too late for the Polish government to propose a new deal for the Ukraine (Western). The peasants are yet in a receptive mood and may side with Warsaw if it takes the initiative in inaugurating a saner policy. Polish intransigence, on the other hand, breeds discontent and leaves the field open to Ukrainian agitators. The peasants in despair meet the advocates of violence more than half-way."

However, "one of the best informed students of the problem, Stanislaus Mornik, takes a less optimistic view. He holds that the Poles have gone too far in antagonizing their nationalities and that they will be paid in kind for their misdeeds. A cataclysm seems to him inevitable, made the more certain by the inability of the Poles to see the writing on the wall and to mend their ways in the interest of harmonious cooperation with all the nationalities of their land."

Of particular interest—especially in the light of Soviet occupation of East Galicia and other parts of Western Ukraine in the autumn of 1939—is the interview Mr. Lengyel had with Metropolitan Andrew Shepitsky and the latter's reference to Ukrainian sentiments relative to the Soviet rule over the Ukrainians:

"The Ukrainian problem is a tragic one," "Archbishop Count Andreas Shepitsky, the most highly respected representative of the Ukrainian cause, told me in his country residence of Podluti. The dark majesty of the Carpathian mountains was the background..."

"Our problem is so tragic," the Archbishop continued, "because our country is dismembered, some 25,000,000 Ukrainians live in the so-called Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, the capital of Kharkov. In reality that republic is entirely dependent upon Moscow. Millions of Ukrainians live in East Galicia, Volhynia, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia. The Soviet solution of an autonomous republic would appear the most liberal on the surface. The Russians like to boast that they have turned to the Ukrainian republic about 75 per cent of the coal in their country and nearly 70 per

SHEVCHENKO and FRANKO COMPARED

One of the several arresting features of the lecture on Ivan Franko given by Professor Clarence A. Manning at Columbia University, Friday evening, April 4th, was the comparison he drew between Taras Shevchenko and Ivan Franko. This comparison merits attention and we present it below.—Editor.

Both Dominant Figures

IF Taras Shevchenko is the dominant literary figure in Ukraine during the first half of the nineteenth century, there can be no doubt that Ivan Franko holds the leading position in the second half of the same century and in the period preceding the World War. He was not as great a poet as was his predecessor but his contributions to the general literary development of his people and his work in all fields of social and economic endeavor assure him an outstanding place in the history of Ukrainian literature and in the political and moral movements of the day.

Shevchenko A Product of Romantic Movement

Shevchenko was a native of Great (Eastern) Ukraine. He was born within the Russian Empire and his life was connected with the great literary movements of the day and empire. He was born and brought up at a time when the memories of the old Zaporozhian Sich were still strong in the minds of the people. He matured during the period when the romantic movement was at its height and when poets of every land were dreaming of the great adventures of their ancestors on the field of battle. His Haydanaki, perhaps the greatest of his works, sang the praises of the Kozaks in their last desperate struggle against the Polish overlords of the land and if it ended with a note of sadness, it at least brought home to the minds of his hearers the fact that the downfall of Poland as a state was directly connected with the last struggle of the Kozaks.

Franko A Product Of Realistic School

Franko commenced to write about a half century later. He was born in a different environment. He was born in a different country, for he came from Western Ukraine, the province of Galicia, under Poland between World War I and II, now occupied by the Soviets, but at that time within the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

At the end of the nineteenth century, the dream of military revolt had faded. It appeared to all the world as if the European order had reached a new period of stabilization and only impractical dreamers and incorrigible optimists even dared to hope that there would come another period when national boundaries would be subjected to a fresh reconsideration

cent of their iron ores. They like to dwell on the fact that the world's largest hydroelectric plant is in the Ukrainian Soviet Republic.

Nevertheless, such a solution of the Ukrainian problem is unacceptable to our people. These autonomous republics are the satellites of the Kremlin. The Ukrainians of Galicia would not endorse such a scheme—apart from numerous other reasons—because of the anti-religious character of the Soviets. Our people are deeply religious. Besides, our agricultural population is opposed to the Russian kolkhozes...

"The Ukrainians are convinced that they have a right to take charge of their destinies. This, naturally, cannot be done under the existing Polish system, either. Our problem can be solved only in conjunction with the problem of the Ukrainians under the Soviets, and as long as the present regime in Russia prevails, I don't see how Ukraina can be made happy and prosperous."

and when opportunities would be at hand for those who were ready and prepared to seize them. The wiser and the more practical leaders were then forced to turn their attention not to dreams of national struggle but to the amelioration of the conditions of the people. Questions of education and of economic and social improvement were then in the forefront of the activities of the patriots. The old alluring problems were forced into the background. The days when there were picturesque and alluring events seemed over and the time had come for steady and unattractive but none the less vital and dangerous work.

Their Different Political Backgrounds

There was another difference also between the two men and this was dependent upon their political nationality. The Ukrainian revival started within the Russian Empire. Here was the seat of the old Sich. Here were gathered the traditions of the past. The religion of the country was predominantly Orthodox, as it had been for nearly a millenium. Across the borders in Western Ukraine, many of the people still called themselves by the ancient name of Ruthenians or Rusins. In religion, after the Union of Brest in 1596, they had become Uniates or Greek Catholics. They had accepted the Papal Supremacy but they maintained the language and customs of the Orthodox Christians. As a result they felt themselves separated from their brothers across the Russian frontier and were not close to the groups living within the Kingdom of Hungary, in what is now known as Carpatho-Ukraine. The people of Western Ukraine were dimly conscious of the progress of the movement in Russia. They felt little direct sympathy and understanding for it and before there could be created a strong national feeling between the various dismembered fractions of the Ukrainian lands, there was needed long and hard work, a long process of explanation and of education. This was started in Kiev by the great scholar Drahomaniw. His works met with great opposition in Austria-Hungary and it was Franko who had much to do with the final unification of the desires and aspirations of the Ukrainians wherever they might be situated.

Franko a Natural Political Leader

Thus whether we look at Franko from the political significance of his work or from the social and economic policies which he advocated, we find that he was a natural and outstanding leader. As might be inferred from the above, he was a radical and this undoubtedly annoyed certain groups, but his radicalism was based entirely upon his realization of the fact that events had passed beyond the theories of the past and that it was necessary to create a new theory on which life could be carried on. His role in literature was the same. He tried his hand at nearly every form of writing. He wrote lyrics, novels, plays, rarely epics, for the period was not friendly to that form of writing. He was the outstanding journalist of the Ukrainians; he was their foremost literary critic. In all these branches he set a standard of high excellence which those who came after would need to work hard to surpass.

This very change of period and of circumstances emphasized from the first the difference between Shevchenko and Franko. Shevchenko was born a serf and acquired freedom only on reaching manhood. Later still after a few brief years, he was arrested and forced to serve as a private in the Russian army. He was forbidden to write or draw and was forced to spend his time in a desolate army post near the Sea of Aral in Western Asia, from which he was released only a short time before his death.

* The Cauldron Boils, by Emil Lengyel, 1932. The Dial Press, 246 p.

The Hobbs Alien Bill

THE first really significant legislative development on the present Congress relating to aliens occurred last month when the House Judiciary Committee on March 19th reported the Hobbs bill (H. R. 3) in much modified form. This followed receipt by the Chairman of the Committee, Rep. Hatton Summers, of a letter from Attorney General Jackson outlining his recommendations for the solution of vital problems facing the Immigration and Naturalization Service and stating, "During the period of world disorder, we must cease to rely solely upon deportation as a protection of our society against undesirable aliens and must adopt a realistic policy based upon the impracticality of deportation."

Hobbs Bill Re-written

The Hobbs bill, as reported, has been broadened to include provisions increasing the discretion, recently granted the Attorney General in the Alien Registration Act, to suspend deportation in the case of deserving aliens, and permitting refugees who entered on temporary visas before January 1, 1941, to change their status to that of im-

migrants admitted for permanent residence. It also provides for the exclusion or deportation of any alien whose activities in behalf of a foreign government, political party or group are "deleterious to the national safety of the United States."

The old Hobbs bill was widely opposed because it provided for the indefinite detention, at the sole discretion of the Attorney General, of certain deportable aliens who could not be deported. Only a limited right of appeal was provided for and its opponents charged that it would set up a system of administrative imprisonment in the U.S., without regard to our traditions of due process of law and the right of every man to a fair hearing.

Old Objections Met

Rep. Hobbs and the House Judiciary Committee have attempted to meet these objections by creating in the Department of Justice a Board for the Supervision of Deportable Aliens, consisting of three members appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate to serve at the pleas-

ure of the President. The Immigration and Naturalization Service, with the approval of this Board, may require any alien against whom a warrant of deportation is outstanding to appear from time to time to give information or submit to examination or treatment, and to conform to reasonable restrictions on his conduct. While the bill empowers the Service to detain without bail any such alien for as much as five months without permission of the Board, no alien can be detained for a longer period unless the Board, upon the application of the Service and after notice and hearing, finds it "necessary to the public interest or public safety." Upon such finding, any alien may be held for as long as fifteen months if his deportation is "based in whole or in part upon conviction, or admission... of a crime not connected with his entry," and an alien may be detained for an unlimited time if he (a) has been sentenced more than once to a term of one year or more because of conviction in this country of a crime or crimes involving moral turpitude, (b) has been convicted of sharing in the earnings of a prostitute, importing prostitutes, etc., (c) has been ordered deported for importing or trafficking in opium or narcotics, or (d) has been ordered deported "because of conviction of treason, misprision of treason, espionage, sabotage, kid-

napping, extortion, robbery of the mails, or of a bank or of an officer or employee of the United States, murder, rape, arson, or seditious conspiracy."

Any detained alien must be released whenever he can depart from the U. S. or whenever the public interest of safety no longer requires his detention. The alien's right to question the validity of his detention, "including the sufficiency of the evidence to sustain the findings of fact," on petition for writ of habeas corpus filed in the district court of the U. S. for the district where he is detained, is expressly affirmed.

These safeguards would seem to meet the objections leveled at the earlier bill, and certainly changing world conditions justify Congress in providing some substitute for the long-standing policy of deporting undesirable aliens. In his letter to Rep. Summers, Attorney-General Jackson revealed that out of 8,091 outstanding warrants of deportation 6,249 cannot be executed because of conditions beyond the control of our government, and that when an attempt was made recently to deport 10 aliens on the S.S. Soemba, the ship went down off Nova Scotia on January 5 and seven of the deportees perished.

(Next week: Validating Entry)

MOMENTS

By VOLODIMIR VINNITCHENKO

(Continued) (2)

"All right," she answered, shrugging her shoulders.

"Wait," said Semen, and left the shack.

We remained alone, surrounded by melancholy and yellow twilight. The girl, those large eyes, that determined expression, the golden straw, over her clothes, looked fantastic. It seemed, as though sadness had left the shack and in its place there now crouched something vile, hostile, and evil to hunt us.

Two voices were heard outside. We strained our ears... It was quiet again... The bee continued buzzing somewhere about the straw.

"Oh! that we may not fall into the hands of the police!" The girl started suddenly from her place and began walking up and down the shack. "No, not that, not that... Have you a revolver?" She stopped in front of me. Her large clear eyes changed in expression and became relentless, had as steel. The chill-like lower lip was pressed tightly against the upper one, and it seemed as though her thin lips had acquired a needle-like sharpness. She became wholly rigid. I handed her my revolver.

"Can you shoot?" I asked quietly and gloomily.

"I shall be able to shoot myself," was her answer, while she hid the weapon in her bosom, in the folds of her waist.

Semen came in, carrying peasant clothes. He handed them to me and said—

"Dress and go straight to the forest. The boundary line is in the woods. I shall try to entertain them here. When you send us literature, return these coats. Hurry!"

Among the coats was a peasant hat for me and a woman's kerchief. We hastily put on the peasant clothes.

"Your feet can be seen from under the coats. But it does not matter," murmured Semen. "Walk along the field... As long as no one recognizes... Today is Sunday, and there is no one in the fields... God help you... Hasten!"

We hid our our hats within our cloaks and started out. The streets were quiet and deserted. The little windows of the house peered out. Birds chirped merrily; the azure of the sky was pure, calm and caressing. We ran, tripping against the high weeds, uncomfortable in our heavy coats. With our lips pressed tightly together, eyes open wide with fear and strain, we helped each other and ran... We hopped over a hole, climbed over a fence, and jumped into a field of sharp-smelling flax. From there we came upon the road. The dark forest could be seen in distance.

I remembered that we stopped, and breathing heavily looked back. Not a soul. We saw the quiet willows and the green, hairy flax. The girl's chin was covered with drops of perspiration. Locks of her disheveled hair freed themselves from the kerchief and hung about her face. The heavy coat weighed heavily down upon her.

"It is stifling," she said hoarsely. "How far are the woods?"

I shook my head in the direction of the forest.

"Let us not run." She pressed her hand to her heart.

We walked on, feeling ashamed, vexed, and sorry for something.

The coat made walking uncomfortable, the fur cap burned like fire, my own hat slipped from my hand. There was no one on the road, and we decided to rest. We sat down. The girl looked at me said, unsmilingly:

"How funny you look in these clothes." Then she took the cap off my head, and put it down near her.

"It is nicer this way," she said with a feeble smile.

Somehow these words brought her very near to me.

"My! You are all wet! Wait!"

She took out a handkerchief and wiped my forehead with a serious and busy mien.

"Now you are all right!"

I did not feel like talking. I looked at her wondering:—Did she know what I wanted to tell her?... I do not know...

We continued our journey. We looked back less frequently, and paid more attention to the approaching woods.

"Is the boundary line within the woods?" she asked.

"I think so. At least Semen said so."

A wagon was coming towards us. We looked at each other and burst out laughing.

"Don't we look foolish!" said the girl laughing.

I looked about helplessly.

"Listen, let us sit down and make believe that we are resting, so that our feet may not be seen."

"A brilliant idea!"

We sat down, hid our feet under our coats and scrutinized each other again.

"No. We look like beggars," laughed my companion. "Let us change our position. Hide your feet in the wheat."

"This is not wheat,—it is rye," I corrected foolishly.

"It is immaterial. All right now."

She grew nearer and nearer to me. It seemed as though we had lived together long, long ago, parted, and had at last met again.

The wagon was coming nearer. It contained three long-haired peasants, with their legs hanging down the sides of the wagon. They all looked at us searchingly and passed by.

"Got away with it!" said the girl mischievously. "Let us go now. But, please, take your cap off. Give it to me!"

She snatched the cap off my head, smiled tenderly and warmly, and put it into the pocket of her coat.

"I will give it to you when you need it. But, don't you think it's fine?" she turned to me laughingly.

Indeed, everything was fine, and I was feeling full of vigor, strength and curiosity.

"What is your name?" I asked suddenly.

The girl looked at me cunningly:

"Why do you want to know?"

"What do you mean? I am curious to know who my companion is."

"Fiddlesticks! Does the mere fact that my name is Halya, or Manya reveal my personality to you? I shall not tell you."

"Why not?"

"I don't care to. It is better this way. I do not care to know your name. I know that you have brown eyes, and,—let's see, what color is your hair?—I think it is blond,—well, then, blond hair, and so on. But the name is a trivialeity. Am I not right?"

She lifted her eyebrows in an amiable manner and smiled. I laughed with her. Now I knew for a certainty that we had once lived

together. Perhaps she had been a jolly little birch-tree and I the wind. Her green leaves had trembled and whispered when I had sung to her the wild songs of the wind on quiet evenings. Who can prove the contrary? Or perhaps we were two blades of grass and grew near each other? Who can tell,—all I know is that I knew her long, long ago...

The forest came nearer and nearer. There was cold hidden enmity in its thick dark wall.

"The woods..." whispered the girl, looking at me with her large eyes.

"We must be careful now," I answered.

You know, I feel no fear..." I am very anxious though, and curious..." She smiled to me.

The girl was unusually beautiful at that moment. I remember, that a wave, a great warm wave filled my heart. You know, the same sort of sensation you experience, when, lonely and forlorn, you enter a church, and with the wave of song—a cloud of associations fills your being, and you feel pensive, said, and warm.

"Do you know,—you are amazingly beautiful now!" These words escaped me against my will. She blushed, looked at me caressingly, and answered:

"I really do not know what I am to answer to this..."

Both of us felt embarrassed and happy at the same time. We continued our walk in silence. We did not converse after that. At intervals we looked back and exchanged short phrases, avoiding each other's eyes. The dark wall of trees was growing higher and nearer.

We did not know where the path was that formed the border. Perhaps it was right near us, maybe miles away. It might be that somewhere the eyes of a boundary-guard were watching us and a hand was trying the trigger... We looked penetratingly at the dark wall, peering keenly into the grove of trees. But the wall hid direfully the thing we looked for, and waited for us...

"I do not see anyone," whispered the girl.

"Not so far..." I responded.

I felt an irresistible desire to take her hand, to clasp her in my arms, to merge into one... But...

The wall was right before us. We had but to cross the road, pass a narrow strip of field,—and we are in the woods. We turned around. The deserted road led far, far into the distance, flowing like a brown rivulet into the green-ocean of fields. All was quiet. It was not the quietude of a city night, where the stones and human sufferings sleep the sleep of death and the night rings in one's ears like the bells of eternity. This was the soft quietude of the fields, where the great, healthy, eternal process of reproduction and birth goes on steadily, where the breezes play and flirt with the flowers; a hawk seems riveted aloof in the blue sky until with one free sweep it flings itself down into the green-field, where worms, insects, and mice are warring for existence.

"Come, whispered the girl.

"Come," I said. And again I was aching to take her hand, but...

We were now walking through the fields. A yellowish blue rye rustled, grass-hoppers pumped from under our feet. The forest stood motionless awaiting us.

"Listen," said the girl, stopping abruptly. "In case I am killed and you remain alive, please, write to the following address," and she repeated the address several times.

(To be concluded).

AND CHRONICLE SMALL BEER

By ETAION SHRDLU

REQUIEM FOR A VERY BUSY MAN

He hadn't the time to greet the day.
He hadn't the time to laugh or play.
He hadn't the time to wait a while.
He hadn't the time to give a smile.
He hadn't the time to glean the news.
He hadn't the time to dream or muse;
He hadn't the time to train his mind.
He hadn't the time to be just kind.
He hadn't the time to hear a joke.
He hadn't the time to write his folk;
He hadn't the time to eat a meal.
He hadn't the time to deeply feel.
He hadn't the time to take a rest.
He hadn't the time to act his best;
He hadn't the time to help a cause.
He hadn't the time to make a pause.
He hadn't the time to pen a note.
He hadn't the time to cast a vote;
He hadn't the time to sing a song.
He hadn't the time to right a wrong.
He hadn't the time to read a book.
He hadn't the time to stop and look;
He hadn't the time to exercise.
He hadn't the time to scan the skies.
He hadn't the time to heed a cry.
He hadn't the time to say good bye;
He hadn't the time to take a walk.
He hadn't the time to stop and talk.
He hadn't the time to greet his friends.
He hadn't the time to make amends;
He hadn't the time to love or hate.
He hadn't the time to choose a mate.
He hadn't the time to lend or give.
He hadn't the time to really live;
He hadn't the time to read this verse.
He hadn't the time to see that verse.

ASK-ME-ANOTHER DEPT.

Question: Is it unlucky to be followed by a black cat?

Answer: In this, as in many other situations, it all depends on whether you are a man or a mouse.

Question: The way things are going now, what will the modern girl be 20 years from now?

Answer: About 3 years older.

SOTTO VOCE

... This European war should make the world safe for Orientals.
... All that the Japs want to do in the Orient is to take orders—and give orders.

... Blessed are the peace makers for they shall inherit the better part of French Indo-China.

... We read that none of the R.A.F. aces plan on getting married until this war is over. One war on one front is their motto.

... Necessity is also the mother of intervention.

... Sure-fire formula for world peace: Pray more and prey less.

... More pax, less tax.
... We will get the navy—and the shipyards will get the gravy.

... Brief history of the last World War, its origin and consequences: draft—draft—graft.

... But the trouble with peace propaganda is that when it is permitted it is not necessary and when it is necessary it is not permitted.

... Heathens are slow to accept the white man's religion, but they see the need of it after they adopt his vices.

... Even if you do wind up in hell, you will derive a certain amount of satisfaction in observing that a number of persons you told to go there, went.

... Of course the fittest survive, as Darwin said. We're all here, aren't we?

PHILLY CENTER PUBLISHES INSTITUTE NEWS

The April issue of the "Internationality News," organ of the International Institute, 645 N. 15th St., Phila., Pa., was published by the "Ukrainian Cultural Centre" which meets at the Institute.

This issue contains much information about Ukraine, and also it sells for five cents, a free copy may be obtained by anyone who writes to the U.C.C. at the above address.

YOUTH AND THE U.N.A.

The U.N.A. Convention

Beginning on May the 12th, the Ukrainian National Association will have its all-important convention in Harrisburg, Pa. News concerning the convention will appear in the Svoboda and The Ukrainian Weekly, so watch both papers to be fully informed.

Indications are that approximately 400 delegates will attend the convention, and the writer understands that many other people will come as guests. It promises to be eventful, particularly for the youth, who will be strongly represented.

We urge the delegates and the branches that are represented to make preparations for the convention. A delegate will have many duties, and he should be fully informed as to what is expected of him. We would suggest that the delegates peruse the U.N.A. By-Laws for first-hand information. Copies may be obtained through the local branches, or from the U.N.A.

It is everyone's desire to see the youth take an active part at the convention, and not just decorate the chairs. There won't be another convention until 1945, so the time to have your say is now.

The Weekly is anxiously to publish convention material, but it seems that very little material has been submitted by the delegates and their branches. The convention is less than a month away, so the time to publicize your ideas is now. Don't delay.

To make the coming convention a success takes cooperation and participation. If you're attending as a delegate be sure to do your share.

The Get Acquainted Club

From Northampton, Pa., comes the following letter:

"I am 21 years of age, have light brown hair, hazel eyes, and am five feet five inches tall. My favorite pastime is reading best-seller books. I am also fond of dancing (not jitterbugging), swimming and other sports, practically every type of music except boogie-woogie, and the movies. What I am chiefly interested in is what the other U.N.A. youth branches are doing to build up interest in the U.N.A., as well as the types of recreation, social functions, etc., that the members go in for. Since I am secretary of U.N.A. Branch 442 here in Northampton, it is only natural that I'd like to know what what is going on in different branches. I am also a business college graduate and at present am working for the Public Assistance Department of the State of Pennsylvania. Young people who are in practically the same age bracket with me are most welcome to write. I like to receive letters and answer them."

The letter was sent by Katherine Bodnick, who is member number 31 of our club. Her address will be sent to U.N.A. members on request. A complete list of all 31 members will be sent on request. To become a member, simply prepare a letter for publication and send it to Theodore Lutwiniak, P. O. Box 88, Jersey City, N. J.

BASEBALL MEETING IN PHILLY

An important baseball meeting of the Philadelphia Ukrainian National Association Youth Club will be held Thursday evening, April 24th, at the Ukrainian National Home, 847 N. Franklin St., beginning at 8 P. M. All who are interested in playing on the Philly U.N.A. baseball team are urged to attend. The team will soon begin practice for its 4th attempt to capture the U.N.A. League trophy. All positions are wide open, so come to the meeting and learn all about the U.N.A. Youth Club's baseball plans for the current season.

Dietric Slobogin.

XPHCTOC BOCKPEK!
UKRAINIAN BOYS CLUB
of ELIZABETH, N. J.
HAPPY EASTER!

U.N.A. TEAM WINS WOONSOCKET TITLE FOR 3rd STRAIGHT TIME

Nick Hladyk Averages 27 Points
Per Game; Martynik Brothers
Make All-City Team

The Woonsocket Ukrainian National Association Basketball Team won the city championship for the 3rd consecutive season. Two seasons ago, campaigning under the name of the St. Michael's Boys Club, the Ukrainians took the local league championship; they repeated this performance last year under the name of Ukrainians. They made it 3 in a row this year under the colors of the U.N.A.

Every member of the team is 100% Ukrainian. All the teams that we have ever entered in the Y.M.C.A. - sponsored league have been completely Ukrainian.

The game that decided the championship in favor of the U.N.A. boys was played on April 9th against the strong P. & Q Shop team at the Y.M.C.A. The Ukrainians let loose what the Woonsocket Call termed "a late spring blizzard of baskets that completely enveloped the P. & Q quintet, 77 to 49." In this game the Martynik Brothers, Mike and Pete, scored 36 points between them. On April 2nd the Ukrainians had defeated the P & Q team before a large crowd by virtue of a basket by Mike Mi-

chaluk in the closing seconds of the game. Mike's shot, which came from the center of the court, gave the U.N.A. representatives a 61-59 upset triumph. This was P. & Q's 1st setback in 11 games, and the game rated headline publicity in the Woonsocket Call. The championship playoff of April 9th rated headlines, a 2-column write-up, and pictures of four of the winning teams' players.

The Woonsocket Ukrainians broke all records this year. The team averaged 67 points per game, won all but 3 games, and was the 1st team ever to win 3 championships in a row. Nick Hladyk, 19, broke individual scoring records. He scored 404 points in 15 games for an average of 27 per game. In a single game he amassed a total of 52 points! In other games he accounted for 40, 36, 34; on numerous occasions he scored 28 and 27 points. Nick was mainly responsible for the victories and large headlines on the sport pages of the local papers.

Nick and Mickey Martyniak made the all-city team while Mike Mi-chaluk made the 2nd team. Steve Weccal, Alec Baryliek, Mike Kocluba, Gene Kwasiwick and yours truly are other members of the team.

METRO KOROLISHYN

BALTIMORE-WASHINGTON GROUPS SPONSOR SHEV- CHENKO CONCERT

On Sunday, March 31, 1941, the Ukrainian groups of Baltimore and Washington celebrated the anniversary of the birth of Taras Shevchenko with a concert at St. Michael Hall in Baltimore. The Baltimore Chorus group was recently reorganized by its versatile director, Mr. John Boyko. This group will undoubtedly attract others who enjoy Ukrainian music. A surprising display of recitative ability was given by the children of the local parish. These girls, dressed in attractive blue and white dresses, recited some of the better known verses of Taras Shevchenko. In many instances, their pronunciation of Ukrainian was remarkably well done. Sister Monika and Sister Myrona of the Baltimore parish taught these girls, and much credit must be given them for this outstanding work.

Miss Elsie Wozdewych sang several selections and provided her own piano accompaniment. We expect more from her at future concerts as her first appearance was very favorably received. As usual, our two song-birds, Mrs. Mary Skotzko, director of our chorus, and Mrs. Mary Mendrich, gave an excellent account of themselves.

Father Basil Maniowsky reviewed the twenty-seven years of toil and sacrifices of the Baltimore Ukrainians, and Mr. Harry Kany read excerpts from the life of Taras Shevchenko.

PETER OLISZUK

MADAME XENIA VASSENKO, vocal teacher of 250 W. 75th St., New York City, thinks that Stella and Mary Bodnar got their first appearance on radio station WBNX through the first advertisement in "Svoboda". For that they are very grateful.

MILLVILLE LEADS METRO- POLITAN U.N.A. TEAMS

The final standing of the teams in the Metropolitan Division of the Ukrainian National Association Basketball League has Millville on the top, with 6 games won, 1 game lost, giving it a percentage of .857.

New York Branch 361 is second with 5 games won, 2 lost, percentage .714. Philadelphia is third with 2 won, 4 lost, .333, while New York Branch 423 is fourth with no games won.

PHILADELPHIA TO HAVE CATHOLIC YOUTH RALLY

The Fifth Philadelphia Regional Rally of the Ukrainian Catholic Youth League will be held June 14 and 15 at the Adelphia Hotel, according to an announcement issued last Tuesday by Miss Elsie Dykan, chairman of the local rally committee.

The committee is expecting the largest turnout since 1937 at this affair, and is preparing a novel and diversified program for the delegates and guests.

RANKIN, PA.

The Tri Boro Branch 450 of the U.N.A. American Ukrainian Youth will hold its first DENEFT DANCE this year, at the Orchard's, one mile past the County Air Port, TUESDAY, APRIL 22nd. Music by Jimmy Gamba's Orchestra and a featured floor show for your entertainment. The admission will be one dollar per couple. The public is invited to attend.

MAY DANCE

— sponsored by —
Ukrainian Youth of Hartford, Conn. at the Foot Guard Hall, 165 High St., Hartford, Conn. SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1941
Music by John Karas and his Rhode Islanders from Woonsocket, Rhode Island. (Return engagement)
BIG TIME FOR ALL

NEW YORK METROPOLITAN AREA AN INVITATION TO A DINNER-MEETING

Ukrainian-American professionalists and holders of degrees from colleges or professional schools are cordially invited by the Ukrainian-American Professionalist Ass'n of the New York Metropolitan Area to attend its DINNER-MEETING, next Friday evening, April 25th, at the Private Dining Room of Child's Restaurant, 119 West 42nd Street (near 6th Avenue), New York City. Time 7:30 P. M.

Mr. Waldimir Semenyha, president of the Ukrainian Professionalist Ass'n of America will address the gathering, on a subject of considerable interest. Discussion will follow.

Reservation for the dinner (\$1. per person) may be made with Stephen Shumeyko (81-83 Grand St., Jersey City) President, Mary Kusy (108 Sussex St., Jersey City) Secretary, or Joseph Lesawyer (357 West 23 St., N. Y. C.) Treasurer, of the

Ukrainian-American Professional Ass'n of New York Metropolitan Area.