

# 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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## MEASURES WORTH ADOPTING

In considering the various measures the coming U.N.A. Convention could adopt for the benefit of the younger generation, we must start from the basic premise that the primary duty of the U.N.A. toward the young folks—aside from providing them with good life insurance protection and fostering Americanism among them—is to keep alive and strong within them a consciousness of their Ukrainian origin and heritage, so that from the latter they could contribute their share to the development of American culture, and at the same time help liberate Ukraine.

That, in brief, is the main duty of the U.N.A. and other similar organizations toward our younger generation, and, of course, to the older one as well. If that duty is not fulfilled, and if as a result our young people lose all feeling for their Ukrainian background, then without any doubt our organized Ukrainian-American life is doomed.

After all, why are we members of the U.N.A.? Just for the sake of the life insurance it affords us? Certainly not. For if that were the only reason, we could just as well take out all our insurance in the commercial companies, to which all sorts of people belong. But there is far more involved here than that.

We are members of the U.N.A., it should be borne in mind, not only on account of the life insurance protection it gives us, but also because of its idealism, because it strengthens the bonds of kinship among us, because, furthermore, it is a great help to us in achieving our mutual aims as Americans of Ukrainian extraction, and, finally, because it enables us, as a group, to be of service to our country, America, and to the country from which came our parents, Ukraine.

These then are some of the principal considerations that have impelled us to join the U. N. A. and be active members of it. As such they constitute the very foundation of our organization. Consequently nothing must be left undone to strengthen this foundation. Every measure that is adopted at the Convention next week must bolster and not weaken it. That should be the test: whether the particular measure that is proposed at this convention will thus strengthen the U.N.A.; specifically whether it will help to develop among the U.N.A. members, especially those of the younger generation, the feeling that they are Americans of Ukrainian background and that as such they have certain duties to America as well as to Ukraine.

Their duties to Ukraine, incidentally, are especially great now, when our country and our President have realized that to safeguard freedom and democracy here we have to champion freedom and democracy in Europe and elsewhere as well. And where else has freedom and democracy been abused more than in Ukraine.

Bearing all this in mind, we can now consider some of the measures that the U.N.A. Convention next week could adopt for the benefit of the younger generation and thus for itself and the ideals for which it stands.

First: Enlarge the Ukrainian Weekly. As we pointed out here last week, the Ukrainian Weekly is the principal medium of communication among our younger generation. As such it has played the leading role in acquainting them with their Ukrainian heritage, in helping them to solve their problems of adjustment as Americans of Ukrainian descent, and in leading them toward the goal of better American citizenship as well as greater service to the Ukrainian national cause. But now its four tabloid-size pages are no longer sufficient to enable it to keep up its work. It needs more space, if only for the reason that its readers want more varied material and greater amount of it. That demand is natural, for our young people have gone far since the time when the Weekly first began to serve them, back in 1893. To meet this demand, the Weekly must be enlarged. One good way of doing it is as we proposed here last week: Don't print the "Svoboda" on Fridays (or Saturdays) but print in its place a Ukrainian Weekly having eight pages, which would be double the Weekly's present size and

## PROGRAM OF THE TWENTIETH REGULAR CONVENTION OF THE U.N.A.

To Be Held in Harrisburg, Pa.,  
Beginning Monday, May 12th,  
at 9 A. M.

1. Opening address by the Supreme President of the U.N.A.
2. Credentials Committee report of approved delegates.
3. Election of Chairman of the Convention, two Vice Chairmen, and two Secretaries.
4. Elections of the following committees:
  - a. Election Committee—seven members.
  - b. Committee on Petitions and Grievances—five members.
  - c. Press Committee—three members.
5. Reports of Supreme Officers (Supreme Assembly) of the U.N.A.:—President, Vice-President; Vice-Presidentess; Financial Secretary-Treasurer; Members of Auditing Committee; Members of Board of Advisors.
6. Discussion on reports.
7. Report of the Constitutional Committee.
8. The fixing of the amounts of the bonds and salaries of the Supreme Officers.
9. The nomination and election by ballot of the Supreme Assembly.
10. Report of the Committee on Petitions and Grievances; discussion; adoption of resolutions.
11. Report on "Svoboda" and "Ukrainian Weekly," organs of the U.N.A.; discussion; adoption of resolutions.
12. Adoption of measures benefiting the U.N.A.
13. Formal closing.

## BRILLIANT PIANO RECITAL GIVEN IN OTTAWA BY LUBKA KOLESSA

Very high praise greeted the first Canadian public recital of Lubka Kolessa, international famous Ukrainian pianist, at the National Gallery of Canada at Ottawa, Monday evening, April 28th.

Isabel C. Armstrong of the Ottawa Citizen wrote that Lubka Kolessa "surpassed most roseate expectations in the brilliancy, sparkle, colorfulness and artistic authority of the concert she gave" that night.

Another music critic, "P.W." of the Ottawa Journal, declared that, "Miss Kolessa's pianism is of high quality and her wide experience on European concert stages as solo performer and soloist with orchestra was evidenced in the sureness and clarity of her interpretations."

The spacious National Gallery was filled to its fullest capacity. Many had to stand against the walls, others sat on the stairs, still others made themselves comfortable as possible seated on the floor of the anteroom. Many, however, were turned away in disappointment. One report has it that Miss Kolessa could have easi-

ly have filled a hall three times the size of the National Gallery. The audience was very warmly appreciative and greeted Miss Kolessa's offerings with much applause.

The major work of the varied program the distinguished pianist presented was Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor, opus 35, generally considered a challenge to a feminine artist. Here, according to the reports, Miss Kolessa's performance was an impressive one. According to the Journal critic, the scherzo was notable for the soft middle passage played with feeling and contrasting effectively with the rest of the movement. In the marcia funebre, the pianist achieved a rich and noble tone gradually rising and falling with the solemn chords of the left hand.

Miss Kolessa has resided in Canada during the past year. Previous to that time she lived in London. She spent her early girlhood days in Vienna studying under the world's famous masters there.

It is reported that Miss Kolessa will visit the United States in a few weeks.

equal to "Svoboda" in space. This means that the "Svoboda" would appear five times a week and not six times as now. The subscribers of the "Svoboda" would on the sixth day receive the Weekly.

Secondly: Appropriate the necessary funds to enable the U.N.A. Supreme Executive Committee to (a) publish from time to time suitable works in English dealing with Ukraine and Ukrainians; (b) sponsor lectures such as the series held recently at Columbia University; (c) encourage the formation and development of U.N.A. youth choruses, and (d) generally promote such other cultural affairs as will benefit the Ukrainian-American people, especially the youth, in the manner outlined above.

Thirdly: Continue the U.N.A. sports program along the lines followed since its introduction four years ago, eliminating, however, some of the abuses that have crept into it in some instances. U. N. A.-sponsored athletics have been instrumental in drawing closer to the U.N.A. many of its sport-minded members. For that reason and because of their general popularity, U.N.A. sports should be further encouraged; but within the present bounds, for to go beyond them would involve a cost higher than the U.N.A. would consider a good investment.

Such, then, is a three-point program which we suggest can serve as a basis of deliberation for the U.N.A. Convention next week at Harrisburg over the question what measures it should adopt for the benefit of the younger generation, and thereby of course for itself and the ideals for which it stands.

# The Ukrainian Literary Renaissance

By DR. ARTHUR P. COLEMAN

(An excerpt from a lecture delivered at Columbia University, on March 21, by Dr. Coleman of the university's Department of East European Languages. The lecture was one of the series on Ukraine presented by that department—headed by Prof. Clarence A. Manning—in conjunction with the Ukrainian National Association)

## 18th Century Writings

THE 18th century did produce, however, a group of important writers from Ukraine in the persons of Kapnist, Bohdanovich and Gnyedich. Since, however, they wrote in Russian, they cannot be considered in the story of Ukrainian literature. The only interest the higher classes had in their Ukrainian tradition during this time was a kind of romantic and nostalgic pride in the Kozak glory of the 16th and 17th centuries, and among the lesser Ukrainian gentry a certain spark of national feeling was kept alive by historical writings concerning the Kozaks, especially concerning Khmelnytsky. The most interesting of the writings of this time was the *Istoriya Rusov*, written, it is now believed, by a Ukrainian official, Gregory Poletika, and circulated in manuscript all over Ukraine (printed in 1846). It told the story of Ukraine from the earliest times to the period of the Hetman Rozumovsky. It demanded autonomy for Ukraine and praised to the skies the Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky, calling him the veritable instrument for the carrying out of the "plans and designs of God."

## Gregory Skovoroda

The 18th century produced, moreover, one of the most interesting personalities in the whole range of Ukraine's literary history. This was the wandering philosopher Gregory Skovoroda (1722-1794). Born of a good Kozak family in Chornokhi in the Kiev district, Skovoroda studied both in Kiev and Petersburg. At first music was his special passion. Later on he turned to the army and was on the staff of General Wisniewski's army, which took him to Budapest and Bratislava. When Skovoroda returned to his native Ukraine he first became a teacher of poetry in Pereyaslav, where he himself wrote a manual of poetry, then he became a teacher in Kharkiv. In spite of good offers to enter a monastery, Skovoroda remained of the laity, because, he said, he had no desire to increase the number of Pharisees. A good many years of his life, when he might have been teaching in the University of Kharkiv, Skovoroda spent as a wandering philosopher, travelling all over Ukraine and calling upon every one he met to become more upright in his living. The basis of his philosophy lay in his own answer to the question, "In what is happiness to be found?" Skovoroda found it in that inner peace which comes from self-knowledge and from the release of whatever talent God has given one. Skovoroda's books, though numerous, were none of them nearly so important as his own living. By his own example he was a force for good, his own way of living taught courage, love of freedom, simplicity and quiet dignity.

## The New Renaissance

We come now to the second Ukrainian awakening, to those years which were the herald of the present day. The date of the beginning of this new awakening coincides almost exactly with the opening of the 18th century.

## Ivan Kotlyarevsky

The founder of the new Ukrainian literature was Ivan Kotlyarevsky (1769-1838), an inspector in the Institute for the Instruction of Children of the Impoverished Nobility in Poltava. Kotlyarevsky's work, though not large in bulk, was noteworthy for two reasons. His themes and his forms were in the strictest Ukrainian tradition

and he used the vernacular instead of the strange hodge-podge that had been the literary Ukrainian of the 18th century.

Kotlyarevsky's two best known works are, *The Travesty of the Aeneid* (printed in 1798 without the author's knowledge) and *Natalka of Poltava*. The former is full of references to social and political events and injustices in Ukraine, the latter rich in details of Ukrainian life. Like the old dramatic interludes both came straight from the people and reflected the life of the people. Here is a fragment of Kotlyarevsky's reflection *On Human Fate* from *Natalka*:

O human fate—fate is blind!  
Serving often men of evil and unworthy mind.  
Letting good men suffer, knock about,  
Lucky in whatever they venture out.  
But whosoever 'scapes false fortune's frown:  
Lives on, like cheese in butter, sleeves rolled down.  
Without a trace of intellect lives pleasantly,  
While brilliant but unlucky men watch life pass fruitlessly.  
O human fate, why can't you play an open game with us,  
Always so kind to others and to us contemptuous!

Through this, as through all of Kotlyarevsky's work, shines the poet's love of truth and of justice.

## Vasile Gogol

Though Kotlyarevsky had many minor imitators most of them are forgotten. Only one of them need be remembered and he simply because he had a famous son. This is Vasil Gogol, father of the illustrious Nicholas Gogol. The father, a true Ukrainian, wrote comedies for the native theatre. Only fragments of his work are extant, one of them, *Prostak* (A Simple Fellow), being not very different from Kotlyarevsky's *Moskal-Charivnik*.

## Unfolding of the Renaissance

The real Ukrainian renaissance was somewhat delayed in spite of the good start Kotlyarevsky had given it. It did not come into full being until the second decade of the 19th century, and then not in Kotlyarevsky's town of Poltava. It was Kharkiv, the first capital of post-war Soviet Ukraine, that became the capital of the Ukrainian renaissance of the 19th century. In 1805 a rich Ukrainian named Karazin gave a great impulse to Ukrainian awakening by assisting in the foundation of a university in Kharkiv. Though at first this pioneer university in the south lacked specialists in all branches, it became, nevertheless, an important center and an inspiration to Ukrainian culture.

At once there arose in the new university an enormous interest in ethnography. Out of this naturally grew the impulse to collect the rich and numerous folk poetry and popular songs of Ukraine. Even to Moscow spread this impulse, so that soon the eminent Slavonist Osip Bodyansky began to scour all of Ukraine, even to Carpatho-Rus', for native songs. In 1837 he wrote an essay on the folk poetry of the Slavs in which he claimed that so far the Ukrainian collection had proved to be of the greatest richness.

## Mikola Kostomariw

In the 1830's the center of Ukrainian life shifted again, back to Kiev. This was occasioned by the founding in Kiev of a university to replace the Polish Lyceum of Kremyanetz and the University of Wilno, both of which the Russian administration had closed. Then in 1845 there came to Kiev, first as teacher in the gymnasium, later as professor in the University, the scholar Mikola Kostomariw. Becoming interested at once in the Ukrainian cause as it formed a part of the great Slavonic cause

in which he was so absorbed, Kostomariw consecrated his life to the task of writing Ukraine's history. Not only did he pursue scholarly research, but he was active also in the Brotherhood of Cyril and Methodius in Kiev, entering wholeheartedly into the formulation of the Pan-Slavonic program for that organization. One of Kostomariw's works, *The Book of Genesis of the Ukrainian People*, idealizes Ukraine and imagines for it a Messianic role. Kostomariw's activities with the Brotherhood were eventually curbed, but his literary and scholarly work went on. His contributions to the history of Ukraine are legion. The most important of them are his *Bohdan Khmelnytsky* (1857) and his *Rebellion of Stepan Razin* (1860), both written with a truthful but lively pen.

From this point on, the story of Ukraine's cultural development during the 19th and 20th centuries should be set down in three parallel columns, since it proceeded simultaneously, though with widely varying degrees of success and intensity, in three different sections of partitioned Ukraine: in Russian Ukraine, with Kiev as its center; in Galicia radiating from L'viv (then Lemberg) and in Bukovina whose cultural capital was Cherniwtsi.

## Markian Shashkevich

Thus, in the '30's, during the very years when the University of Kiev was being established, soon to become under Kostomariw's guidance a nourishing ground for Ukrainian scholarship, there appeared in L'viv a herald of Ukrainian awakening in the person of Markian Shashkevich (1811-44). Born in the Zolochiw (Złoczów on present day maps) district of Galicia, on the high plateau region that overlooks a shimmering blue and gold ocean of hilling grain-fields, Shashkevich early became alive to the fact that something was wrong with his people. Then, having studied in the gymnasium of L'viv philosophy and history, and having read with eagerness the works of such scholars as Dobrowsky and Kopitar, and of folklorists like Celakovsky, and having felt reverberations of the great general Slav awakening, Shashkevich realized that the fate of Ukraine was identical with the universal Slav plight. Thinking through the problem to a solution, Shashkevich came to the conclusion that no one could save the Ukrainian race but itself, that light, as always, must come from within. He turned at once from Polish, the language he and most other Galician Ukrainians used in polite speech and in writing, and began to preach and to write in the native spoken Ukrainian. His sermons and his writings served to arouse the Ukrainian people from their deep spiritual lethargy. His collections of songs and stories and customs of Ukraine, published after great difficulty in Budapest under the name *Eusalka Dnestrovaya* brought him under the censor's ban. Persecution followed him like an implacable Javert all the rest of his brief life and he died of want and misery at the age of thirty-three, a martyr to his faith in the Ukrainian race. During his lifetime Shashkevich was greatly supported in his work as folklorist and publicist by two friends, Yakiw Holovatsky and Ivan Vahilevich, but after his death the two surviving members of the so-called Ukrainian Trinity did not long carry on the work their leader had inspired. But a century later Shashkevich's memory is still green and his life and works are remembered with an almost personal poignancy. His *Spring Song*, sung by thousands of youth of Ukrainian origin who have never seen the land of their forefathers, has become a cherished racial possession, a fragment affectionately repeated from generation to generation:

## YOUTH CHORUS ENTERS UPON ITS FIFTH YEAR

At the recently-held annual elections of the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of New York and New Jersey, directed by Stephen Marusevich, the following new set of officers was elected: President—Antin Shumeyko of Union, N. J.; Secretary—Julia Charuk of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Treasurer—Tillie Parashchuk of Irvington, N. J.; Assistant Treasurer—Bill Chupa.

The meeting marked the beginning of the fifth year of the chorus' existence. Founded four years ago to represent the East in the choral festival of the UYL-NA Congress in Cleveland, the chorus has won for itself since then an enviable reputation.

It won, for example, first prize at every one of the choral festivals the League has sponsored. It has also successfully appeared several times on the radio, including twice on the National Broadcasting Company system—Station KDKA in Pittsburgh and Station WEAJ in New York City; once on the Columbia hookup—from Cleveland; and once over the Mutual network—WOR in Newark. In addition it gained fame for itself several times at the New York World's Fair, especially at the Temple of Religion Concert last summer. Finally it won many laurels by its appearances on the Ukrainian concert stage.

During the past few months the chorus has been rather inactive, though continuing its regular weekly rehearsals, which are held every Thursday evening at the International Institute, 341 East 17th St., New York City. An intensive program, however, is planned for the coming season.

Much credit for the outstanding successes the chorus has won in the field of choral music is due to its director, Stephen Marusevich, a graduate of New York University, where he also received his M.A. Besides directing this New York-New Jersey aggregation, he is the director of two other singing groups: the Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral Chorus in Philadelphia and the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of Philadelphia.

The New York-New Jersey chorus is composed entirely of younger generation Ukrainian-Americans, quite a number of whom are engaged in various professional fields, including law, teaching, accountancy, and nursing. Among them are Stephen Shumeyko, Editor of the Ukrainian Weekly, organizer of the chorus, and the former three-term president of UYL-NA; John Roberts, attorney, and president of the UYL-NA; Helen Slobodian, UYL-NA secretary; Evelyn Kalakura, former UYL-NA secretary; John Kosbin, former secretary of the UYL-NA; and Michael J. Prylucky, the "Bromo Seltzer" columnist of the Ukrainian Weekly. All of them are members of the Ukrainian National Association.

The chorus has also two outstanding soloists as its members: Anna Trocianecky of Irvington, N. J., and Mary Polyniak of New York.

## Spring Song

Wee flow'ret lone,  
Is praying its mother,  
Spring, lovely Mother,  
"Hearken, my own,  
One wish I ask thee,  
One desire grant me:  
Let me but flower,  
Let me once shower  
The meadows with beauty,  
Like sunlight, with brilliance,  
Like starlight, with radiance;  
Let me press tightly  
All earth to myself."  
"Dear little pigeon,  
Could I but help  
My poor little sad one,  
Winds shall whine shrilly,  
Frost shall grip chillily,  
Hurricanes groan,  
Beauty will darken,  
Pale flow'rets blacken,  
Small heads will languish,  
Tiny leaves vanish,  
Blossom buds moan."

## A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

THOSE of us who on Mother's Day are fortunate enough to be able to wear a red carnation or a rose on our breast as a mark of respect for our mother who is still with us, far or near, are happy and wealthy indeed, whatever may be our fortune otherwise. For, we yet have the privilege and opportunity of doing some kind, though perhaps a belated, act in consideration of her sincere and constant care and sacrifices on our behalf from our infancy to manhood and womanhood, so that at her passing we may not depend on tears in the hope that she in her eternal slumber may hear our heart-rending remorse over our shortcomings and attitude towards her during her life, fully realizing that she is gone from us forever. Happy are we to be able to sing in her presence:

"Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair.  
And the brow that's all furrowed, and wrinkled with care,  
I kiss the dear fingers, so toil-worn for me,  
Oh, God bless you and keep you,  
Mother Machree."

By nature a mother is most altruistic, ready and willing unselfishly with great devotion at all times to toil and suffer that her offspring may progress and enjoy the good things and comforts which she denies herself. She is solicitous about their health, welfare and happiness be they young or old, good or not so good, praying for them daily, forgiving even those who stand before the bar of justice on trial on a charge of a most atrocious crime. Mother dotes on us in childhood, singing sweet lullabies over our cradle, often herself wrestling with oncoming slumber, kisses our ruddy cheeks; she encourages and cheers us throughout life, ever fighting the advancing age and the creeping forces of death in order that she may remain near to help and comfort us. And when gone, her spirit still hovers over our heads in a role of a loving guardian angel. This is true of mothers of all colors, creeds and nations.

However, hardly a heavier lot and more responsibility has fallen upon the shoulders of women of any

nation in the history of the world than upon the lives of the mothers of Ukrainian sons and daughters. There was a worthy mission to populate the vast steppes of Ukraina and the "polonini" (downs) of the Carpathian Mountains, so that a nation of God-fearing peasants, shepherds and highlanders may justify its existence by industrious toil and progress in peace and harmony.

In centuries past it was their lot to over and over again take a stand against Turkish, Tartar and Mongolian hordes in defense of their homes, and as a bulwark to save the civilization of Western Europe. There was a cruel fate to see their sons taken away by the invaders and made galley-slaves; their daughters mercilessly torn from their bosoms and loving care, and confined in captivity, in far-off Asia, longing for their homeland and loved ones. It is, therefore, the Ukrainian mothers mainly who are authors of the most beautiful plaintive folk songs which had birth in their hearts rent and humbled by grief and bereavement.

These mothers improvised lullabies mingling beauty with pathos,

singing "lulec" to the infant son or daughter, apprehensive of what the uncertain future had in store for them. Nor did the more enlightened centuries bring the hoped for relief and freedom. Short-lived periods of independence were only followed by economic serfdom and political oppression from which the only escape was a venture across the broad Atlantic to a continent of new liberty.

And so now, while the Ukrainian mothers suffer in the old land under the heel of the dictator, the mothers in the new land are performing their womanly duties creditably by giving their children all the possible advantages for development and progress. Some day history will render them the honor which for hundreds of years they have earned as heroines and martyrs heretofore inadequately recognized, and practically unsung.

Sons and daughters of a Spartan Ukrainian mother to whom great reverence is due, respect her goodness, devotion and divinity, fulfill her hopes, heed her prayers and endeavor to become the sons and daughters she thinks you are.

John Yatchew, M.A., S.J.D.

## BY THE SEA

By MICHAEL KOTSIUBINSKY

(Continued)

(2)

BUT in the distant perspective, beyond the village appeared an enchanting view. Down in the deep valleys, where lay beautiful green vineyards, through the bluish mist, gigantic stony mountains were massed. Some were glowing in the rays of the evening sun, others were dark with thick woods. The round bare mountains looked like huge tents and threw black shadows, while the far-off peaks seemed like pointed edges of immobile clouds. The sun at times would send a few skeins of golden thread from the clouds through the mist into the bottom of the valley. They would cut the rosy rocks, blue forests, massive black tents, and set the peaks afire. On this fantastic landscape the Tartar village seemed just a heap of wild stones. The only touch of life on this desert was a group of slender girls returning from the fountain with tall jugs on their shoulders.

A little brook ran at the end of the village among the chestnut trees. The sea-sand formed a little dam and stopped the water, which spread among the trees, reflecting their green, the robes of the Tartar women and the naked bodies of the children.

"Ali!" called the Greek. "Help us bale out the salt." The roaring sea almost drowned his voice.

A salty mist hung over the shore. The turbid sea was becoming violent. Roaring waves were rushing over the sea with their whitecaps, from which long strips of foam noisily separated and drifted about. The waves went on unceasingly, jumping over the returning breakers, swallowing them up and flooding the shore, leaving there fine gray sand. Puddles of water remained on the shore; everything was drenched.

Suddenly the Tartars heard a crash and simultaneously they were soaked by a wave, which lifted the boat and drove it in their direction. The Greek ran over to the boat and found a large hole in it. He swore and groaned and wept in despair, but the roaring sea drowned his lamentations. The boat was pulled out farther and tied up again.

Although night had already fallen, and Memet called the Greek to his inn, the sad and despondent man remained at the shore. He and Ali wandered about the shore like two ghosts, all wet from the penetrating mist. The moon was high by this time and was leaping from cloud to cloud. By the bright moonlight the white foam along the shore looked like the first downy snow. Attracted by the village lights, Ali finally succeeded in inducing the Greek to visit the coffee-house.

The Greek used to bring salt yearly to the Crimean villages along the shore and often sold it on credit. On the next morning, not wasting time, he told Ali to fix the broken vessel, whilst he went along the mountain path to collect debts. The shore-path was flooded, and

on the side of the sea the village was entirely cut off from the world.

At about midday the waves grew quieter and Ali started to work. The wind played with the red kerchief on his head, while he pattered about, humming a song as monotonous as the rolling of the breakers. As a pious Mohammedan, he would spread a cloth on the ground in the hours of prayer, kneel down upon it, and pray devoutly. At nightfall he built a fire on the shore and cooked the moist rice that was left on the boat. Often Memet invited him to the coffee-house. Only once a year when grape merchants came, was Memet's inn overcrowded. Now it was quiet and roomy. Jepar was dozing under the shiny dishes on the wall near the oven wherein a slow incinerating fire was burning. Often awakened by Memet's calls for coffee, Jepar had to jump up, grab the bellows, and arouse the fire, which reflected gaily upon the copper dishes. The aroma of fresh coffee scented throughout the inn. The long upholstered benches around the tables were occupied by Tartars, who played cards and dice, and drank black coffee out of small cups. The coffee-house was the soul of the village, wherein all the interests of the people on the stones were concentrated. The most prominent persons met there, among them the old gloomy priest Assan, dressed in a turban and a robe which hung like a loose sack on his lean angular body. He was as stubborn as a mule and was much respected for that virtue. There was Nurla, the capitalist—for he owned a red cow, a wagon and a pair of buffaloes; also the police-officer, owner of the only horse in the village. They were related, as were all the other inhabitants of the little isolated village, but this fact did not prevent them from being divided into two enemy clans. The cause for the enmity lay in a little stream which ran from under a rock right in the center of the village. It was the only means of irrigation, and when one-half of the village used the stream for watering their gardens, the other half with aching hearts watched their onions wither. The two most prominent persons in the village—Nurla and the police-officer had their gardens on opposite sides of the stream. When one of them drew the water to his garden; the other stopped the water higher up and used it for his. This enraged the inhabitants of the opposite sides, who forgetting their relationship and having in mind only their onions, split each others heads. Nurla and the police-officer were at the head of the warring clans, but the latter had the priest Assan on his side and was therefore stronger. This antagonism was noticed even in the coffee-house. When the followers of Nurla played dice, those of the police-officer took to cards. They agreed only on one thing—all drank black coffee. Memet, who had no garden and as a business man stood above party differences, limped back and forth from Nurla to the police-officer, pacifying them. His smooth face and bald head shone and a restless fire gleamed in his red eyes. He was always busy counting, figuring, planning and running to the cellar and store. At times he

would run out, lift his face to the flat roof and call, "Fatima"...

A figure of a woman wrapped in a veil would silently like an apparition come out of the house above the inn and approach the end of the flat roof. He would throw up empty bags, or give her orders in master-like fashion, gruffly. The figure would vanish as silently as she appeared.

Ali saw her once...

He stood near the coffee-house and watched the yellow slippers quietly walk down the stone stairway from Memet's house to the ground, and the bright green veil which hung gracefully on the lithe figure from head to the red bloomers. She descended quietly with an empty jug in one hand, holding the veil with the other so as to leave only the large slanting black eyes of a mountain gazelle in view. She held her eyes on Ali for a moment, then lowered her lids and proceeded calmly like an Egyptian priestess.

It seemed to Ali that those eyes stabbed him to the heart and remained there forever...

On shore while fixing the boat and humming his dreamy songs, he looked into those eyes. He saw them everywhere—in the waves, and on the hot stones which shone in the sun. They looked at him even from his cup of black coffee. He often turned towards the village and at times he saw there above the inn, under the solitary tree, the indistinct figure of a woman. Her face was always turned towards the sea, as though she was searching for her eyes...

The village soon got used to Ali. Young girls on their way from the well, upon meeting the handsome Turk casually uncovered their faces, then blushed and walked on faster, whispering to each other. The young fellows liked his cheerful disposition. In quiet cool summer evenings when the stars hung over the earth and the moon over the sea, Ali would take out his Zurna\* which he brought from Smyrna, and would converse with his native land in sad melodies that gripped one's heart. The song would draw young men to him and soon in the shadows of rocks interwoven with blue light, they would sing and dance. The instrument would repeat the same monotonous strain, endless and inexplicit as the song of a cricket, which would give one's heart pangs of anguish and longing. The mystified Tartars would begin to sing to the rhythm of the song "O-la-la... O-na-na..."

On one side dreamed the mysterious world of the giant mountains, on the other, low down lay the sleeping sea. It sighed in its sleep like babe, and quivered and shone in the bright moonlight like a road of gold.

O-la-la-O-na-na...

Those who watched from their stone nests often saw an extended arm which chanced to be in the moonlight, or shoulders that trembled in a dance, and heard the monotonous, annoying refrain of the music—O-la-la... O-na-na... Fatima also listened...

(To be continued)

\* Musical instrument

ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
MOTHERS' & DAUGHTERS'  
**BANQUET**  
— given by —  
ST. ANNE'S SODALITY  
at St. Joseph's Hall,  
303 Madison Ave., Rochester, N.Y.  
SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1941  
3 P. M. Adm. 50c

**MAY DANCE**  
Sponsored by the  
DNISTER YOUTH BRANCH  
UNA 361  
CARPATHIA HALL,  
217 E. 6th St., New York City  
SUNDAY, MAY 13, 1941  
Music by Tony Sal & Orchestra.  
Ticket \$4.9 Time 8.30 to?

**LAST CALL!** RAIN OR SHINE HAVE  
A GOOD TIME AT THE  
**CONSTRUCTION DANCE**  
SATURDAY EVENING MAY 10th, 1941  
214 FULTON STREET, ELIZABETH, N. J.  
EDDIE BENISH and HIS ORCHESTRA  
SPONSORED BY THE UKRAINIAN BOYS CLUB  
Ticket 44c UKRAINIAN BALLROOM

## FUNNY SIDE UP.

### THE LIFE OF BROMO SELTZER (As Told to Anacin)

#### Part II

After I left school I had a number of jobs. When I came to New York I went to see the Empire State Building, then to see Grant's Tomb, and then I was taken to Wall Street... I was taken there once before in 1929! As a matter of fact, one of my jobs was on Wall Street where I sold 60,000, 70,000 and even 80,000 in one day. I sold Jelly Beans! Then because of my experience I got a job in a candy store where I developed a sweet tooth. Her name was Margie but I didn't marry her... thanks to my halitosis and the fact that I hadn't yet begun to use Sen-Sen!

But I left that job. Every Saturday the boss would pay me off with all-day suckers. I didn't mind it so much but he kept giving me only one flavor... he kept giving me the raspberries! I began to suspect something personal and finally decided that the job had me licked! After a few months without a job and a steady diet of 15 cents lunches, I began to get worried. As a result I got bags under my eyes and didn't know whether to wear them inside or outside of the circles! Just when my landlady was ready to give me the heave-to, the unexpected happened... I got another job... as a cab-driver this time. This made my landlady so happy that she put a bed in my room... I would have felt much happier if she had put a mattress on it!

Well, after about three months of steady work I was able to make a down payment on my pawn tickets. Then I quit my job as a cab driver. The reason is simple... my cab had one of those rear-view mirrors, and made my wisdom teeth grow too fast! Then followed a rapid succession of jobs. When I was 20 years old I was a leader of men... I was an usher in a burlesque show! Then I studied the rats and became a sculptor... until my business went bust! I had so many radically different jobs I can't even remember them all... Probably due to my disposition... why I was so radical I even yelled for changes when I was too weeks old!

Well, I rose from obscurity to oblivion and then came my big break... I broke my leg and had it placed in a plaster cast! Accidents, you know, will happen in the best families. Thank goodness, I come from a no account family!

And now you have heard the story of the silent valleys and the wooded hills, of the vast frozen spaces and of a maid's love for a man, and incidentally if you've wondered why I've talked continuously like this, it's because a careless Doctor vaccinated me with a phonograph needle. This life story of mine isn't exactly a "Gone With the Wind" but if you want to bring anything else up, send out for some bicarb of soda! Told as only a zanny could tell it, and found at all news stands for 3 cents a copy. If anything else happens, blame it on the weather. Remember, it's not the heat it's the humidity!

#### OUT OF THE MAIL BAG

Dear Bromo: "I've been reading your column for the past year. Either you're getting better or I'm getting used to you."

P. U. Schmell

Bromide No. 5: Women have two lips. A lip is an edge or a border. A border is a boundary. A boundary is a check, and checks are legal tender in payment of debt. Therefore, a woman is doubly able to pay her own bills. Why in heck can't the girls see that?

BROMO SELTZER

## YOUTH AND THE U.N.A.

### Our Part in the Convention

Today is May 9th. The twentieth convention of the Ukrainian National Association begins the morning of May 12th. From all parts of the United States and Canada, some four hundred delegates will pour into Harrisburg, Pa., the convention site, and spend a week making plans and discussing all conceivable angles of our great fraternal order. Farmers, laborers, miners, doctors, lawyers, grocers, bakers, clerks, and what have you, who represent 474 branches in which over 38,000 members are organized, will gather together on May 12th to voice their ideas and the ideas of the members they represent. Yes sir... over 400 delegates—the brains of the branches they represent... all under one roof to make U.N.A. history.

Taking part in this all-important convention will be about seventy-five members of the younger generation... the largest representation of any convention in U.N.A. history. And yet this representation is small, especially when you consider the fact that not all of the seventy-five can be depended on to be active at the convention. Some of them will be mere on-lookers, just as some of the older folk. But, on the other hand, it must be realized that the youth delegates represent thousands of other youth members. And that is what makes the young delegate an important part of the convention. That is why a good part of the convention program will be devoted to the youth question. Finally, that is why the young delegate has so much responsibility. For it is generally realized that the U.N.A. needs young blood if it is to carry on.

Just exactly what good can our young delegate do while at the convention? He can make quite a good start if he would cooperate with his fellow delegates, particularly the older ones. He shouldn't consider himself a "big shot" and shouldn't make enemies. He shouldn't waste the convention's time with unnecessary arguments, and unimportant and impossible suggestions and ideas. He should strive to be helpful, and this he can do without waiting to be called upon to serve on one of the various committees, for there is plenty to do in the way of useful work. Our young representative should not come into Harrisburg with the idea that he's going to have a "whale of a time painting up the town." He shouldn't miss any part of the daily sessions, and should devote all of his attention to what is being said. He should take notes so that he can present a report to the members of the branch he represents.

That's not all. The young delegate should take an active part in the discussions. He has as much opportunity as any other delegate to be elected a member of the Supreme Assembly. He can present his ideas and those of his branch. He should support the projects he knows will benefit the U.N.A. and its members.

At all times, before, during, and after the convention, the young delegate should strive to be a credit to the organization.

Of course blunders will be made on the convention floor. But no one will jump on our young delegate for making mistakes, and he shouldn't get embarrassed if he is criticized or his ideas are torn to shreds. And he shouldn't lose his head and create a commotion in the event that a heated argument breaks out.

What is decided at the convention will govern the U.N.A. during the next four years. There will be changes in the By-Laws; there may be additional benefits for the members. The youth may get a larger Weekly and a wider sports program. No one can be sure as to just what will be done.

But one thing is certain. What the young delegates say and do at this convention will be remem-

## CLUB UKRAINE PUTS ON FIRST DRAMATIC HIT

BROOKLYN.—It takes the young people to show the old timers how to put on a play! On May 4, Club Ukraine (Branch 20 Youth of ODWU) presented an uproarious three-act operetta bouffe, "Poshylyś v Durni," or "The Misunderstanding," to a full house at the Ukrainian National Home in Brooklyn. For singing, laughs and acting the performance was acclaimed as one of the best the metropolitan area has seen and heard for some time.

There was an able experienced cast in this tale of two wealthy peasant widowers who have 12 eligible daughters between them. Their desire to marry off the eldest girls furnishes the comedy that picked up speed towards the close of the first act and did not let up until the end. The comedy team of Fedor Braznick (who played Kuksa) and Andrew Chupa (as Dranko, the blacksmith) was superb. Michael Melnyk, the tenor, singing the role of Antin, was at his best. Olga Zadoretzky, as Oryshka; her sister, Vera, as Horpyna, and Peter Gural as Basil rounded out the romantic foursome whose singing really was unusual. Paul Slobodian, as Nycheper, the drunk, was especially funny while Eugene Patryk left nothing to be desired in his portrayal of a foppish village pysar.

"The Misunderstanding" was last presented in New York some ten years ago. Mr. Braznick played the role of Kuksa then also. His direction of the present play was evident in the smoothness with which it unfolded. Reversing the usual American situation in which the mothers strive frantically to marry their daughters, Kuksa and Dranko worry about their prolific female offspring (the former has five and the latter seven). They refuse, however, to consider their handsome employees, Antin and Basil, who are madly in love with the eldest girls. But young love is equal to the occasion, and the youths aided by the pysar send letters to Kuksa and Dranko stating that a wealthy suitor is coming to their home the following day. When the suitor turns out to be the drunk, the two fathers are dismayed. Since the guests have already arrived and wedding arrangements have been completed, they "persuade" Antin and Basil to marry their respective eldest daughters, and the curtain finds everybody singing with joy.

Prof. Basil Petroff wrote the special music arrangements and directed the piano, cello and violin trio, which included Vasyl Bilioff and Helen Hapanowich. Basil Sawitzki was the music director and George Proctor the souffler. Michael Kosciw, Walter Werblanski and Mary Soroka handled the technical and business details.

ROMAN LAPICA

bered. It is a sort of an experiment, with youth on trial. The older folks expect much of them. This is youth's opportunity to prove that they have it in them to carry on. By deed and action they must prove that they are cognizant of their responsibilities and that they can and are willing to carry on. They must not disappoint the older folk. If they fail to show the true U.N.A. spirit of fraternalism at the convention, if they fail to impress the older folk with their sincerity and willingness to work, then we'll fall back to where we were ten years ago.

It is obvious, therefore, that, at this twentieth convention of the Ukrainian National Association, the young delegate must not fail to win the respect, confidence, and admiration of the older delegates. "We must not fail!" should be the slogan of the youth representation.

And now, bring on the convention!

THEODORE LUTWINIAK.

## U.N.A. CONVENTION

It is my understanding, from various sources, that the Twentieth Convention of the Ukrainian National Association is going to have a large number of young delegates. I mean, young Americans of Ukrainian descent, those who were nurtured in American culture, and upon whose shoulders will fall the task of carrying on the work of the U.N.A. in the future.

As a delegate to the U.N.A. Convention, and belonging to the above mentioned group of delegates, I believe that the response of our young delegates is not as good as it should be; especially when I compare the articles that appear in the "Ukrainian Weekly" when the youth league conventions are held. There have been several articles with some suggestions, but far from enough. Is it due to a lack of interest, or to the misconception that it is only a convention of the older people, and that the youth will have very little to say about the whole trend of affairs?

Both views, of course, are wrong. Every young delegate should realize that he or she has as much right and privilege as any of the older delegates. And, further, that we should insist upon having certain changes in the organization, so that they will be more interesting and more approachable to our young Americans. Because it is only a matter of a few years before we will have to take over the management of the U.N.A.

We all realize, for example, that the Ukrainian Weekly will have to be enlarged. That our Sport Division will have to be more closely coordinated, and a better program outlined. That we should put more stress on the cultural side, including publications in English about the Ukrainian people.

Fellow Delegates, let us make up our minds that it is our convention, too. Let's get together, put our ideas into a good sound workable plan and put it across at the convention. Also, we should elect to the Supreme Executive Board as many young, energetic people as possible, who are capable and loyal members of the U.N.A.

JOHN W. EVANCHUK  
Delegate of Club Masappa  
Youth Chapter No. 183  
Detroit, Mich.

#### HONOR YOUNG NEWARK ATTORNEY

A testimonial dinner in honor of John Romanition, young Newark attorney, was given last Saturday night by the American Ukrainian Voters Association of Newark, N. J. Over three hundred persons attended it. Guest speakers were Marcel Wagner of Jersey City, Ukrainian, member of the New Jersey State Assembly, and Theodosius Kaskiw, director of the local Boyan Choir.

Others who spoke included several candidates for office at the coming municipal elections, among them being the present Mayor of Newark — Meyer C. Ellenstein, Commissioner Pearce R. Franklin, Reginald Parnell, and Judge A. P. Bianco. Among those attending the banquet was Michael Piznak of New York City, chairman of the Ukrainian Division of the Democratic National Committee. Michael Hynda of Union, N. J. presided as toastmaster. Entertainment was furnished by Maria Palaga, dancer, Luba Kowalsky, singer, and Joseph Snihur's Orchestra.

Thanking the assembled diners, Mr. Romanition stressed the need of greater activity on the part of Ukrainian-Americans of Newark in the political affairs of their municipality, state and nation.

The American-Ukrainian Voters Association is headed by John Romanition, Chairman; Dr. Michael Yankowicz, Vice-Chairman; Michael Krill, Secretary; William Choma, Financial Secretary; Peter Byczek, Treasurer.

The banquet committee was headed by Myron Lytwyn, Newark's Ukrainian undertaker.

S. S.