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Convention Recollections

Now that the U.N.A. Convention is over and we are back once more in our office, amidst familiar surroundings and—if you please—the odors of a nearby soap factory, we can begin to unravel some of the tangled impressions the convention left in our mind and draw from them certain clear recollections and conclusions.

I

One main recollection that we have of the convention is its striking portrayal, through the medium of officers' reports, of the remarkable growth the Ukrainian National Association has undergone since its previous convention four years ago at Washington. In both membership and assets the U.N.A. has advanced far since then. About eight thousand new members, making an approximate total of 38,500, and an increase of a million and one-half dollars in assets, raising them now to about six and one-half millions in all—these are the gains the U.N.A. made during the past four years. That's certainly something to be proud of.

Noteworthy, too, are the gains the U.N.A. made in other fields, as in culture. Here its sponsorship of publication of Hrushevsky's History of Ukraine by the Yale University Press, or of the lectures on Ukraine at Columbia University, are cases in point, as well as its publication of the various books and booklets in English concerning our national and cultural heritage, as well as present-day political problems.

II

The second clear recollection we have of the U.N.A. Convention at Harrisburg last week is the highly democratic spirit that animated it. Here was democracy, with all its virtues and all its faults, at work. For example, everyone of the 415 delegates attending it, had a right to a voice in its proceedings, and very few failed to avail themselves of this right. Some, of course, abused it—unintentionally in most cases we are sure—by using it not for constructive but destructive and delaying purposes; but that is to be expected, for democracy in practice is no more perfect than those who practice it.

On the whole it was indeed a heartening sight to see the convention conducted in such a democratic fashion. It reminded us so much of the old town-hall meetings of our American pioneers, or, to go even further, of the ancient Ukrainian "viche" form of government, which existed when America was just a wilderness while practically all of Europe was in a feudal state. It was in keeping with such American and Ukrainian democratic traditions that the U.N.A. Convention last week was conducted. And in this manner it should always be held.

III

The democratic way in which the convention was held, however, should not blind us to the fact that the convention as a whole was very unwieldy, and therefore time, energy and money wasting. The mechanics of U.N.A. conventions that were good ten, twenty or thirty years ago are no longer good now. For one thing, last week's convention was much larger than any of its predecessors. For another, our people as a whole, especially their youth, are accustomed to more business-like ways of conducting such gatherings than they were then. Therefore, the coming U.N.A. conventions must be brought up to date and modernized. Otherwise they will have even greater difficulty in accomplishing their purposes than last week's convention had. For example, entirely too much time was wasted on the nomination and election of convention committees last week. The discussions, too, were highly time-wasteful and they, too, should be improved to great extent.

Some improvements in this respect have been incorporated into the amendments to the U.N.A. By-Laws passed at the convention. Other improvements, will certainly have to be made before the next convention.

Convention Elects New Officers

The sixth and last day of the Twentieth Regular Convention of the Ukrainian National Association, held last week at Penn-Harris Hotel in Harrisburg, was brought to a close late last Saturday with the singing of the American and Ukrainian national anthems by the 415 delegates attending it from various parts of the country and Canada as well.

Election of a new governing body of the U.N.A., the Supreme Assembly, and the passage of various measures, were the highlights of the closing day of the convention.

New Officers

The following is the new Supreme Assembly of the Ukrainian National Association:

Supreme Executive Committee: President, Nicholas Muraszko; Vice-President, Gregory Herman of Wilkes-Barre; Vice-Presidentess, Maria Malevich of Pittsburgh; Secretary, Dmytro Halychyn; Treasurer, Roman Slobodian. All of them were re-elected.

Supreme Auditing Committee: Dmytro Kapitula of McAdoo, re-elected; Dr. Walter Galan of Philadelphia; Dr. Ambrose Kibzey of Detroit, re-elected; Roman Smook of Chicago, re-elected; and Stephen Kuropas of Chicago, re-elected.

Board of Advisors: Paul Duda of Windsor, Ontario, Canada; Stephen Slobodian of Philadelphia, re-elected; John Romanition of Newark; Taras Shpikula of Chicago, re-elected; Walter Didyk of Detroit, re-elected; Genevieve Zepko of Akron; Nicholas Dawyskyba of Boston, re-elected; Eugene Lacho-

witch of New York City; Antin Shumeyko of Union, N. J., re-elected; Dmytro Shmagala of Cleveland; and Julia Bavoliak of McAdoo, re-elected.

Measures Passed

As the supreme legislative body of the Ukrainian National Association, the convention passed various measures which empower the Supreme Assembly of the U.N.A. to (1) raise the rewards of branch secretaries and other officers for new members as much as the Administration Fund permits; (2) issue two new kinds of certificates for juvenile members, 20 payment life and 20 year endowment; (3) take steps leading to the merger of those Ukrainian fraternal benefit societies in America which have completed the same insurance reforms which the U.N.A. underwent within recent years; (4) purchase properties and facilities which could serve as summer camps and sport fields for young peoples and shelters for the aged; (5) continue the present U.N.A. sports program along the lines followed up to now; (6) draw up a new agreement, at the expiration of the present one, with the Ukrainian Press and Book Company for the publication of the "Svoboda" and the "Ukrainian Weekly," and make in it any changes and improvements that conditions warrant, including the possible enlargement of the "Weekly."

(Concluded on page 4)

IV

Still another clear recollection of the convention that we have, is the unprecedented number of the so-called youth delegates attending it. Of course, hardly any of them, if at all, could rightfully be called youth, for most of them are at least twenty-five years of age and some in the early thirties. Still they are all American born and raised and have participated in the Ukrainian-American youth movement which began about ten years ago. Though for most of them this was their first U.N.A. convention, they conducted themselves well at it, and took a constructive part in its proceedings.

One of them, Michael Piznak of New York, was chairman of the convention. Another, John Evanchuk, of Detroit, was vice-chairman. Three of them were elected by the convention to the Supreme Assembly, namely, Genevieve Zepko of Akron, John Romanition of Newark, and Antin Shumeyko of Union, N. J., as Advisors. And then quite a number of them served on the various convention committees, including Dr. Stephen Kulik, Walter Shevchuk, Stephen Kurlak, Andrew Smith, and Theodore Lutwiniak. Finally a young man, American born but raised in the old country, Michael Guzylak, acted as the second convention secretary.

All in all, the young people acquitted themselves quite creditably at the convention. It's only fair to add, however, that that would not have been so very possible without the fine cooperation they received from the other delegates, especially the professionals.

V

Very noteworthy, too, is the fact that for the first time in U.N.A. history a Canadian-Ukrainian has been elected to the Supreme Assembly. He is Paul Duda of Windsor, Ontario, a member of the Board of Advisors.

Such, then, are some of the main recollections we have just now of the convention, together with that of the fine fraternal spirit that prevailed among the delegates both inside and outside the convention hall—which was as it should have been, for the U.N.A. is a fraternal association.

The Story of Ivan Franko

(Concluded)

By STEPHEN SHUMAYKO

(2)

IN 1893 Franko published the second edition of his poems, *From Heights and Depths* (Z Ver-shyn i Nyzyn), which was met with considerable enthusiasm. The collection definitely showed that Franko's poetry compared favorably with the best of other countries. His beautiful stanzas and flowing rhythms intertwined to form truly artistic creations, with none of the stock situations and over-colored images of most of his predecessors. From the linguistic viewpoint also, the second edition was significant in that it clearly demonstrated Franko's mounting success in fashioning the popular speech of the people into a truly worthwhile literary medium, in place of the previously fashionable but now entirely inadequate Church-Slavonic language.

The Torn Coat

All this output of literary works together with his journalistic and public activities, did not prevent Franko from pursuing his formal studies. In 1894 he received his Ph. D. from the University of Vienna. He had expected that this degree would enable him to realize his long cherished ambition to teach at L'viv University. When the chair in Ukrainian literature became vacant there, the faculty recommended him for it. This recommendation was usually equivalent to a direct appointment, for though subsidized by the state, the universities then had complete autonomy. Great was his disappointment and equally great was the popular indignation, therefore, when it was learned that the Polish governor of Galicia, Count Badeni, had prevented the confirmation of this faculty recommendation by the Imperial Government. It is said that some of Franko's Ukrainian opponents also had a hand in this. "For God's sake!" one of them is reported to have exclaimed. "How can you permit that man to teach at the university! Why, just look at the torn coat he wears!"

This rank injustice to Franko had quite a boomerang effect upon his enemies, for it brought him many new supporters and friends, even from the older generation. The latter were gradually becoming appreciative of his ideas and talents. His continued unsparing criticism of them, however, kept this appreciation at low ebb. Nevertheless, his leadership became more and more recognized, especially when he began to remove himself from active political life, with its attendant friction, and lead the people by sheer force of his principles, ability and personality.

The Beautiful "Withered Leaves"

In 1896, Franko wrote his immortal *Withered Leaves* (Zivvyle Lystia), a series of short poems, subjective in tone, each of individual character, yet all linked by the theme of unrequited love. He divided it into three clusters. The first expresses a cry of pain. The second constitutes resignation to pain and makes a cult of it; here Franko attains the heights of lyricism, creating poetry of unusual intensity of emotion, mostly of a melancholy nature. The third cluster represents liberation from pain, wherein the poet, goaded beyond all endurance by the pangs of unrequited love, bows before Budha and aspires to emerge from the turmoil and torment of Samsara to the shores of that quietude and freedom of all conditions of existence—Nirvana. Such final apathy is strange for Franko, but quite understandable in the light of his sufferings. This symbolic bow to Budha, however, together with its accompanying seeming approval of suicide as an escape from life's misfortunes, brought down on Franko's head a storm of criticism, especially from the clergy, with the result that for awhile Franko was bereft of some of his growing popularity.

The Philosophical "Emerald"

More philosophical and moralizing in tone, was *My Emerald* (Miy Izmarahd—1898), a sundry collection of poetry, bound into an organic whole not by any one religious or aesthetic dogma, but by a diaphonic combination of one's emotional and intellectual tendencies. A good portion of these verses were written under great difficulty in a darkened room with closed and paining eyes. "Perhaps this physical and spiritual suffering of mine," wrote the poet in the foreword, "has left its mark upon the physiognomy of this work. For in sickness a man wants to be treated very gently, and as a result he becomes gentle and tolerant himself. He becomes imbued with deep yet delicate feelings, a desire to love and feel grateful to someone, to press close and trustingly to such a person, like a child to its parents. I do not know how much such feelings have found reflection in this book, but I do know that I wanted to make of it a work that would be clearly moralistic in tone. It is certain, of course, that my morality is markedly different from that catechistic and dogmatic morality which among us is advanced as the only Christian morality. . . . It from these poems there enters into your heart at least one drop of goodness, gentleness and tolerance not only for opposing doctrines and opinions but for human mistakes, failings and sins as well, then this work shall not have been in vain. . . ." What follows this foreword, however, does not at all times agree with this expressed intention. Perhaps this is because various parts of it were written at different times. Nevertheless, with all its varying moods—of gentleness, of sympathy for the suffering, of scepticism and irony, of despairing reflections upon the conditions of that time—*My Emerald* is a valuable addition to Ukrainian literature.

At about this time there appeared on the Ukrainian cultural horizon a new monthly, the *Literary-Scientific Messenger* (Literaturno-Naukovy Vistnyk), patterned on West European models. Accepting an invitation to join its editorial staff, Franko helped to make this journal not only a veritable treasure trove of Ukrainian literary achievements of that period, but also a scholarly review encompassing a wide range of subjects based on Ukrainian national, cultural, political, economical and social development.

His Quarter-Century Jubilee

What hold Franko had obtained by this time on his people, was clearly illustrated in the autumn of 1898 when various Ukrainian organizations and parties united to celebrate the quarter-century jubilee of his literary career. One such celebration was held in L'viv, ancient capitol of Western Ukraine. Among the many gifts he received was a book of 127 pages containing naught else than the titles of his numerous works, Ukrainian, Polish, and German. Many eulogies were showered upon him on this occasion. When all had finished, Franko rose and delivered a brief address, famous to this day on account of the insight it gives into his character and motives.

His Philosophy

"At the very outset," he began, "I wish to express my thanks to all those who arranged this affair and who are taking part in it, especially the youth."

"I also desire to take this opportunity of thanking my opponents too. Throughout the twenty-five years of my work, fate has provided me with plenty of them. By their opposition they have spurred me onward, never allowing me to lag. Since I realize very well the importance of struggle in human progress, I feel very grateful to them, and have the highest respect for those who fought me fairly.

"As I cast my eyes about this large and illustrious assemblage, I ask myself: what is the reason behind it. It certainly cannot be my person. For I do not regard myself as any highly talented individual, or any sort of a hero, or any kind of a great man."

"As a son of the soil, nourished on the coarse fare of the peasant, I felt it to be my duty to devote my life's work to the cause of the common people. Raised in a hard school, already as a child I adopted two mandates: the obligation of duty, and the necessity of unremitting toil.

"While yet a child I also perceived that our peasants could obtain nothing without working hard for it; later, I realized that the same is true of us as a nation, that we should not expect any favors from anyone. Only that which we shall win by dint of our own efforts, will truly be ours.

"I attached the greatest importance to the winning of elementary human rights, for I realized that a people winning these basic rights would thereby win for themselves their national rights.

"Above All—A Man"

"In all my activity, I sought to be neither a poet, nor a scholar, nor a publicist; above all, I sought to be a man.

"I have been charged with diffusing my work and activities, with leaping from one line of endeavor to another. That is true, and a direct result of my aspiration to be a real man, an enlightened man, a man for whom no basic problem of existence is a stranger. . . . I tried to encompass the whole round of human interests and experiences. Perhaps this lack of concentration harmed me as a writer, nevertheless among us there is a greater need for such as myself, engaged in building the foundations of a finer and nobler life."

"Undoubtedly I have made mistakes; but that is natural of anyone who strives to accomplish something. Today I look upon these mistakes with equanimity, for I know that for both me and others they serve as warnings and as lessons in wisdom."

"I care not if my name perishes," he concluded, "as long as the Ukrainian nation grows and flourishes."

This, in essence, was the basis of Franko's philosophy of life and work. By it he guided himself to the very end.

Its public pronouncement at the celebration honoring him, was well-nigh concurrent with the people's full realization of it, so that now he encountered practically none of the bitter opposition of former years. He could now press un hindered towards the attainment of his aims. The fecundity of his talents, as a result, became all the more great. His accomplishments in the field of scholarly work and research, for example, were not only instrumental in winning numerous honors at home and abroad, but also, with the cooperation of Prof. Michael Hrushevsky, famous historian and President of the later-day Ukrainian National Republic, —in gaining due recognition throughout Europe for the Shevchenko Scientific Society. Meanwhile his writings continued to enrich Ukrainian literature with fresh poetry (*Semper Tiro*), new novels [*Crossed Paths*—(*Perekhrestni Stezhki*)] and short stories [*The Khoma With and The Khoma Without a Heart* (*Khoma z Ser-tsem i Khoma bez Sertala*), *Thorn in the Foot* (*Teren v Nozi*), *Patrimony*, *Jay's Wing* (*Soychene Krylo*)].

His Greatest Work—"Moses"

During this period, too, Franko produced what is generally considered to be his finest work, *Moses* (*Moysey*—1905), a poem that is regarded by many as being worthy to stand besides the great creations of world literature. Through the medium of the biblical Moses,

Franko poignantly portrays in this poem his own bitter struggle to lead his people into their promised land of progress and freedom.

The Array of Personal Misfortunes

And so, in every manner possible Franko pursued his labors dedicated entirely to the progress and freedom of his countrymen. Yet as the years advanced, he contemplated the frightening possibility that he would not finish his work in time. The thought would cause him to plunge into feverish activity. Still he was unable to accomplish as much as his ardent spirit demanded of him. This was partly because of the dire financial straits in which he usually found himself, and then, when rescued from them by several gifts raised by public subscription, because of domestic unhappiness. His wife, who bore him four children, had become subject to nervous attacks, which greatly interfered with his creative work. But this misfortune was comparatively small to the one that followed. In 1908 he fell victim to a malady that steadily sapped his life away and brought about his death eight years later. The illness took away the use of his hands, and also made him subject to psychological disturbances, which caused him to hear what he described as voices of spirits. His sturdy peasant constitution, however, together with his indomitable will, caused him to resist this array of misfortunes to the very end. When, for instance, there was no one about to whom he could dictate, he would take a pencil in his fist and scrawl out his verse and prose in big capitals. It seemed as if some unseen power was driving him to the completion of his life work, for the amount of literary work he produced in the closing years of his life, when the malady had practically disabled him, is truly amazing.

Just before the outbreak of the World War, in 1913, the Ukrainian people, together with many eminent foreigners, united once more to honor Ivan Franko. It was very fortunate that they did give this chance to Franko to see that his work had not been in vain, that his people, like the stone-breakers of his early poem, were hewing their way out of servitude and oppression. For the remaining years of his life coincided with one of the blackest periods of Ukraine's history. Following the outbreak of the war, both Russia and Austria-Hungary imposed upon the Ukrainians a rule far more harsh and suppressive than ever before. It seemed for awhile that all the national gains the Ukrainians had made up to this time had become nullified as a result. But as it turned out, this was the darkest part of the night just before dawn, before the collapse of both imperialistic oppressors and the rise of the Ukrainian republic, comprising both eastern and western parts of Ukraine, with a Ukrainian population close to 45,000,000. This republic, as is known, lasted but several years, and collapsed before the combined might of her many powerful enemies and the decisions made against her at Versailles.

Franko, however, did not live long enough to witness those in-spring days when after centuries of foreign misrule his people attained that which he had predicted. Nor was he fated to see how this brief renewal of their ancient liberties gave them a new lease upon life, and the determination to win permanent freedom in the near future. He missed all this, for he died in the Spring of 1916; conscious to the very end, his death hastened by the sufferings inflicted upon him as a result of the Russian occupation of his native land.

His Service to Ukraine

And thus passed away a great Ukrainian, a man who did so much to awaken in his countrymen an appreciation of their heritage and a consciousness of their destiny, and a man who could justly say unto them:

"I have given you my life and all it meant
With an unshatterable zeal;
You will progress through centuries
to bear
The imprint of my inner seal."



THE above is a reproduction of "Going Home," a canvas by Nicholas Britsky, young Ukrainian-American, who is an art-instructor of the University of Illinois.

The painting was the hit of the recently held 17th annual art show of the University of Illinois faculty.

Britsky painted "Going Home" entirely from his memories of Western Ukraine, formerly under Poland and now under Soviet Russia. He made a whirlwind three-day visit to that region at Easter time in 1939, with the American consulate hustling him feverishly

GOING HOME

By NICK BRITSKY

out of the country before the German invaders should roll in. He considers the Ukrainian district in the Carpathian foothills the most beautiful and yet the most poverty-stricken one could imagine. In his painting, Britsky endeavored to portray some of the purely decorative aspects of the landscape, using a technique almost like that used in mural work.

Murals are the young artist's chief interest. His major at Yale, from where he graduated in 1938, was mural design. He is working at present on the design for a telephone office decoration. Clay has reliefs of his design are prominent in his studio in the Architecture building of the university, and he will next enlarge it in a plaster on a foundation more than seven

feet high. It will be placed in Waterloo, Iowa.

Britsky, according to a local newspaper account, will forsake mural work again when his telephone design is completed, in order to paint a large character interpretation of Abraham Lincoln as a young man. He intends to spend some time in New Salem gathering background for the picture before he turns to the work itself. He has made some interesting preliminary sketches of his plans for the portrait.

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BY THE SEA

By MICHAEL KOTSIUBINSKY

(Concluded)

(4)

NURLA went ahead, after him limped the butcher, followed by a long train of enraged relatives. The sun was high and hot. The Tartars were climbing the mountains along familiar paths, stretched into a long line like marching ants. Nurla walked with the movement of a hound which smells the hunted game. Memet was red and gloomy. Although it was early in the morning, the gray stones were already hot. Their bare projecting sides, round or sharp as the combs of bewitched waves, were covered with the fleshy leaves of poisonous ~~some~~ and bright green ivy which crept among the blue masses of stone down to the sea. A narrow path, unnoticeable as the trail of a wild beast disappeared at times in the stony desert or hid under the projection of a rock. It was cool and moist in such places and the Tartars took of their red caps in order to refresh their heads. Then they continued along the hot gray road under the scorching sun.

Stubbornly they climbed on, their bodies bent forward, passing narrow black pitfalls, touching the sides of the rocks with their shoulders, and stepping on the edge of an abyss with the sureness of mountain mules. The farther they went, the harder it became to overcome obstacles, the hotter burned the sun above and the stones beneath them, the more revengeful looked their red perspiring faces. The spirit of these wild useless naked rocks dead each night, but as warm as body in the daytime, had entered the soul of these outraged people, and they were going to defend their honor and rights with the resoluteness of the stern Yaila.

The Tartars hurried on. They had to seize the fugitives before they could reach the neighboring town Suak and escape by sea. Both Ali and Fatima were strangers here, did not know the mountains paths, and could be easily lost in their labyrinth. This was the sole hope of the Tartars. But Suak was near—and no sign of anyone. It was getting close, for the moist sea-breeze they were accustomed to did not reach here. Pebbles fell under their feet, irritating the tired perspiring men crowd of men. They could not find what they were searching for, while everyone of them had left some work home. But Memet rushed ahead with unseeing eyes and the look of a wounded

goat. It was evident that Nurla was late in bringing the news, and the men were losing hope, but they went on. Many times the gray sandy shores of Suak appeared and vanished before them.

Suddenly, Zekeria, one of the leaders, exclaimed something and stopped. All eyes turned towards him, but he said nothing, only pointed to a sharp horn-shaped rock which hung over the sea. There, behind a stone they caught sight of a red kerchief, which immediately disappeared. Memet groaned, while the other men felt their hearts throb. They all clung to one thought: to encircle the rock, where they could take Ali barehanded.

Nurla had a plan. He ordered the men to be silent, then divided them into three groups, and directed them to surround the rock from three sides. The fourth one faced the sea. The Tartars started out stealthily like on a hunt. Soon a part of a green veil became visible from behind the stone, after it climbed the lithe Turk. Fatima was ahead of him, all wrapped in green like a bush in spring. Ali in his high yellow trousers, blue blouse and red kerchief, tall and lithe as a young cypress tree, looked like a giant against the background of the blue sky. When both of them reached the top, a flock of birds noisily flew from the rocks and covered the blue sea with their wings.

Evidently Ali had lost his way and was now consulting Fatima about it. They anxiously looked about at the steep mountains searching for a path. Before them at a distance lay the quiet bay of Suak.

Suddenly Fatima shuddered and screamed. The veil fell from her head. She saw the insane bloodshot eyes of her husband behind a stone. Ali turned around and at that moment all Tartars rushed upon the rock—Zekeria, Jepar, Mustafa,—all those who used to drink coffee with Ali and listen to his music. They were no more silent. Together with their hot breaths they uttered wild cries. There was no escape. Ali, his feet set firmly on the stone, one hand on his short knife, stood erect and waited. His handsome pale and proud face had the fearless look of a young eagle. In the meantime, Fatima mad with despair fluttered above the abyss like a sea-gull. On one side was the hateful sea, on the other the still more hateful butcher. She saw his sheepish eyes, cruel blue lips, the short leg, and the sharp butcher's knife, the one with which he slaughtered sheep. Her soul flew over the mountains... her native village... blind-folded eyes... the music plays while the butcher leads her from there towards the sea, like a lamb to its slaughter. She closed her eyes and

lost balance. The blue robe with yellow crescents flew down and vanished among cries of frightened seagulls...

The Tartars were startled. This simple unexpected death drew their attention away from Ali, who did not see what had happened behind him and wondered at their delay. Were they afraid of him? He saw burning eyes, red murderous faces, white teeth, and this wave of savagery rushed upon him like a billowy sea. Ali defended himself. He stabbed Nurla's hand and scratched Osman, but at that moment was thrown off his feet. As he was falling, Ali saw the big knife lifted above him. Memet kept on plunging his knife into Ali without aiming, with the heartlessness of a butcher, although Ali's breast heaved no more and his handsome face was quiet and calm.

The deed was done, the honor of the race saved. On the stones, under their feet, lay the body of the Turk and near him the torn soiled veil.

Memet was drunk, he shook unsteadily on his lame feet and swung his arm in a senseless manner. He pushed aside the curious men who stood around the dead body, grabbed one of Ali's legs and started to drag the body along. The crowd followed him. And as they proceeded back along the familiar paths, the magnificent head of Ali with the face of Hanimed struck against the stones at every step and spat blood. On hilly places the head bounced and seemed to nod acquiescence. The Tartars walked after him and swore. When the procession entered the village all flat roofs were crowded with women and children. Hundreds of curious eyes followed the procession to the sea. There on the white hot sand lay the black boat like a delphine with a broken side thrown out by a stormy sea. A delicate blue wave, pure and warm like the bosom of a maiden, threw white foam upon the shore. The sea and the sun merged into a merry smile which reached far over the Tartar rocks, gardens, the black forests,—to the gray masses of Yaila. A happy smile lay on everything. Silently the Tartars lifted Ali to the boat and, among the excited shrieks of the women on the roofs and cries of frightened gulls, they shoved the boat into the sea. It grated against the pebbles and drifted away...

The wave played about it, splashing against its sides, spattering foam, and quietly, unnoticeably carried it out into the open sea...

Ali met Fatima.

The End.

(Translated by R. V. Orlans)

AND CHRONICLE SMALL BEER

By ETAION SHRDLU

SHRDLU'S SERENADE

I sing beneath your window, love,
A serenade in praise of you;
The moon is getting rather high—
My voice is, too, my voice is too.

Ah, love, the lake in shadow lies
Where frogs make much hulla-
baloo;

I fear they sing a trifle hoarse—
And I do, too, and I do, too.

The blossoms in your garden, love,
Are weeping diamond tears of
dew;

'Tis warm, the flowers are wilting
fast—
My collar, too, my collar, too.

The sombre cedars watching stand
With silver moonbeams dancing
through;

The air is very drowsy, love—
And I am, too, and I am, too.

Ah, could I soar on loving wings
And at your window gently woo!
But then your window you would
bolt—

So I'll bolt, too, so I'll bolt, too.

ASK-ME-ANOTHER DEPT.

Is it true that unmarried men
commit most of the crimes?

Ans.: Could be, but I'll bet they
aren't told about them so often.

* * *

In how many lives does Love
play a dominant part?

Ans.: Are you kidding? The
average tax payer is no more cap-
able of a "grand passion" than of
a grand opera.

NOT IN WEBSTER'S

BUSINESS: Other people's
money.

CIVILIZATION: The condition
in which one generation pays the
last generation's debts by issuing
bonds for the next generation to
pay.

HAPPINESS: 1. Something that
might have happened yesterday,
but which will never happen to-
morrow. 2. A post-prandial state
of mind, which is most often a
presage of acute gastritis. 3. A
loving-cup, the bottom of which is
like a sieve. 4. A mental state
compounded of wine, women and
tobacco. 5. The exploitation and
final triumph of an instinct in the
individual that society has branded
as wicked or dangerous. 6. For-
getting self in useful effort. 7. A
thing we possess at times but don't
know about it until we lose it.

SOTTO VOCE

...The dollar may not go as
far as it did before the war, but
its acceleration is much better de-
veloped.

...Many a man who seems to be
on Easy Street is only on Easy
Payment Street.

...It may be possible for a man
to have more money than brains
—but not for long.

...A fool and his money are
soon parted.

...Money does not always bring
happiness, but it enables you to
enjoy your misery in comfort.

...Money profiteth not in the
Day of Judgement but it helpeth
mightily in the meantime.

...The wave lengths of the radio
stations have been changed but
"Jeannie With The Light Brown
Hair" and the stale old gags of
the radio comedians still have
the same old frequency.

...Too much of the white man's
burden is carried at the waist line.

...In the case of the average
healthy small boy, cleanliness is
not next to godliness—it is next to
impossible.

...His clothes may make the
man, but her's oft break him.

...At the close of the day she
was so tired she could hardly keep
her mouth open.

...People who live in glass
houses shouldn't throw parties.

...Better yet, people who live in
glass houses shouldn't.

YOUTH and U.N.A.

The Get Acquainted Club

Club member number 33 is 16
years old, 4½ feet tall and has
brown hair. Her name is Ann Lit-
win and she is a member of Branch
455 of the Ukrainian National As-
sociation, which is located in New
York City. Ann goes in for swing
dancing, especially the "Lindy,"
and has had training in Ukrainian
folk dancing. She also has a fancy for
sports, particularly baseball, and is
a Brooklyn Dodgers fan. Ann likes
to snap and collect pictures, so it
is only natural that she should ask
the reader to send his or her pic-
ture when writing to her. Ann
hopes to receive many letters in
the near future.

Ann's address will be given on
request to all readers who are
U.N.A. members. All 33 club mem-
bers' addresses will be supplied on
request. To join the club, simply
prepare a letter for publication,
and your name will be added to
our list. Communications pertain-
ing to the club should be addressed
to **Theodore Lutwiniak**, P. O. Box
88, Jersey City, N. J.

ACTIVE U.N.A. MEMBER WEDS

After a five-month betrothal,
Miss Tillie Hudyma became Mrs.
William H. Juzwiak at the altar
of the Ukrainian Catholic Cathed-
ral on May 11. They were married
by Father Basil Feddish in the
presence of a large gathering.

The ceremony was highlighted
by a beautiful heart-warming ren-
dition of Ave Maria in Ukrainian
(Gounod arrangement). The solo
was very capably interpreted by
Ann Matkowski who was accom-
panied by an organ and the entire
Cathedral Choir. A grand recep-
tion was tendered the couple at
the spacious Ukrainian Hall on
North Franklin Street, Philadel-
phia.

Bill Juzwiak is well known to
U.N.A. sports fans and players as
a star basketball player and diplo-
matic manager. A member of
Branch 45 in Philadelphia, Bill al-
ways does more than his share to
maintain the U.N.A. sports reputa-
tion that the Quaker City has es-
tablished, reports Dietric Slobogin.

BASEBALL MEETING IN NEWARK

The initial meeting of the Newark
U.N.A. Baseball Team will be held
Tuesday, May 27th, 7:30 P. M., at
the Ukrainian Center, 180 William
Street in Newark, in the 4th floor
library. Members of the former
Newark U.N.A. team, as well as
new candidates, are requested to
be present at this meeting. Any
U.N.A. member who is unable to
be present, but is eager to partici-
pate in the U.N.A. Sports Pro-
gram, should communicate with
John Zwarycz, 53 S. 16th St. East
Orange, N. J.

EXTRA—EXTRA

HAPKA THE BOLSHEVIK

A 3 act comedy

will be presented by the

NEWARK DRAMATIC CLUB

on SUNDAY, MAY 25, 1941

AT THE UKRAINIAN CENTER

180 William St., Newark, N. J.

Commencing at 7:30 P. M.

Admission 45c incl. tax.

Connecticut Youth Executives Meet

The summer schedule of the Uk-
rainian Youth Organization of Con-
necticut was the main topic of
discussion at the Executive Board
meeting held on April 27, 1941 at
the home of Miss Stephanie Sala-
bay in Southington.

Among the topics discussed were:
the semi-annual meeting; the Uk-
rainian Radio Hour, Ukrainian
Courses for Adults in our state,
Ukrainian Youth Day, and a Straw-
berry festival, besides the regular
reports of officers.

Semi-Annual Meeting.—Replac-
ing the usual May convention the
Connecticut youth will convene on
May 25th at 3 o'clock at the Y.W.
C.A. Social Hall, located on the
corner of Ann and Church Streets.
The program will consist of a
business meeting starting prompt-
ly at 3 o'clock, followed by re-
freshments, films, music, and a
few surprises. Every young Uk-
rainian of Connecticut should make
it his or her duty to attend, as
efforts are now underway to en-
roll every little community into
the organization, adding to its
strength and usefulness. The full
year's program will be outlined
and a complete report of the pres-
ent standing of the organization
will be heard.

Ukrainian Youth Day.—A com-
mittee was formed to make tenta-
tive plans for the coming Ukrai-
nian Youth Day which is to be held
at the German Park in Glaston-
bury on July 20, 1941. The mem-
bers of this committee are Michael
Gurbel, Peter Lukasevitch, Taras
Cymbalisti, all of Hartford; Mary
Blahitka of New Haven, Mrs. A.
Salabay of New Britain, and Ste-
phanie Salabay of Southington.
The price of admission will be 35c.
(tax included). The findings of
this committee will be made pub-
lic at the semi-annual meeting.

Ukrainian Radio Hour.—A Uk-
rainian Radio Hour was brought
up for discussion as many requests
have been received to take this
matter under consideration. Mr.
Peter Lukasevich volunteered to
serve as a committee of one to
investigate all prices of the Con-
necticut radio stations and make
a report at the semi-annual meet-
ing. Any further steps to put this
matter into life will depend on
how it will be received at the meet-
ing.

A lengthy discussion was held
on the suggestion to start a Uk-
rainian course for adults in the
state. Miss Mary Blahitka was ap-
pointed to investigate and present
all findings at the semi-annual
meeting. It was believed that a
professor, most likely from Colum-
bia University, would be engaged
to instruct the classes if enough
students could be found that would
take the course. A summer course
was also suggested for all begin-
ners.

Plans to hold a Strawberry Fes-
tival sometime in June were
brought up. All its proceeds would
be turned over to the Bulletin.
This also will receive more atten-
tion at the following meeting.

Ukrainian Affairs Bulletin
of Connecticut

U.N.A. CONVENTION

(Concluded from page 1)

By-Law Amendments

The convention also amended a
number of U.N.A. by-laws.

One of them provides that here-
after a branch will have to have
at least 35 members, in place of
the previous 25, to have the right
to send a delegate to a U.N.A.
convention.

Another amendment forbids any
person to hold any supreme office
in the U.N.A. "who believes in,
advocates, or teaches or practices
or who is a member of any or-
ganization or group that believes
in, advocates or teaches the over-
throw, by force or violence, of the
Government of the United States,
of all forms of law."

An Appropriation For Publications

A sum of \$3,000 was appropri-
ated by the convention for publi-
cation purposes in the English
language dealing with Ukrainian
cultural traditions. Besides, several
thousands of dollars were distri-
buted by the convention as student
aid to young U.N.A. members.

Banquet

Thursday evening a banquet was
held and attended by most of the
delegates and guests. Dr. Ambrose
Kibzey was chairman. Michael
Holynsky was soloist, with Vera
Stekewicz at the piano. Among
the speakers were Nicholas Mu-
raszko, Dmytro Halychyn, Michael
Piznak, Major Darmopray, and
State Senator Coleman. A dance
followed.

(More convention news will appear
in coming issues)

NICK BRITSKY

(Concluded from page 3)

A Horatio Alger Story

Born in Ukraine, Britsky came
to this country at an early age with
his parents and settled in New York.
While only at Junior High School,
both his parents died, during the
same year. Despite this loss he man-
aged to continue his high school
studies. He then took up art at
Yale, working his way through the
university. In his last year at
Yale, however, he became serious-
ly ill, with the result he had to
leave the university just as he was
within sight of graduation.

Undaunted by this disaster, Nick
returned to Yale as soon as he re-
covered, and in June 1938 he
graduated from it. But that was
not all. He also won the already
mentioned \$1,200 art scholarship,
which included an eight-month
tour of Europe. Upon his return
he was appointed instructor in art
at the University of Illinois.

DANCE

— sponsored by the —

ST. VLADIMIR UKRAINIAN CLUB

— at their —

CLUB ROOMS, 334 E. 14th ST.,

NEW YORK CITY

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1941

Music by NICK ANTON and

His Orchestra

Commencing at 8:00 P. M.

Admission 35 cents

NEW YORK CITY

SUNDAY, MAY 25, 1941

FIRST BANQUET and MAY DANCE

— sponsored by the —
UKRAINIAN BUSINESSMEN'S ASS'N.
at WEBSTER HALL, 115-119 E. 11th ST., NEW YORK CITY

DANCING from 5 P. M.—BANQUET at 6 P. M.

TWO ORCHESTRAS for Dance

DANCE TICKET 40c incl. tax

BANQUET & DANCE TICKET \$2.50

GOOD MUSIC PLUS SPECIAL FEATURES

GUARANTEED ONE GRAND AND GLORIOUS TIME

Write for information and banquet reservations to:

UKRAINIAN BUSINESSMEN'S ASS'N, 53 ST. MARKS PL., NEW YORK CITY