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VOL. IX

HRUSHEVSKY'S HISTORY OF UKRAINE

THE best possible description of the contents of Michael Hrushevsky's History of Ukraine, translated into English and published for the Ukrainian National Association by the Yale University Press, is the book's table of contents itself:

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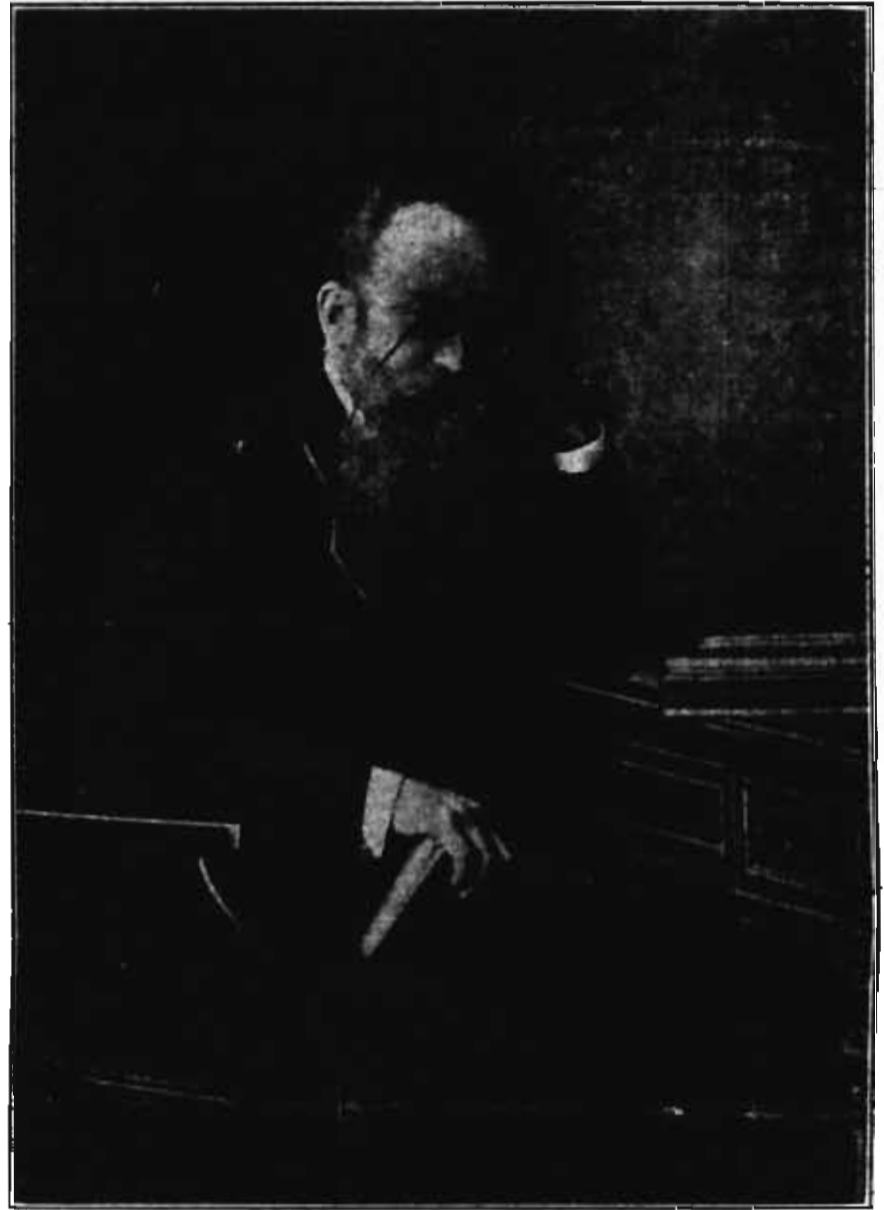
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The book has 629 pages in all, and it is well bound. Price \$4.00.

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81-83 Grand Street, Jersey City N. J.



MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY,

Historian and Statesman, Born Seventy-Five Years Ago Today—September 29, 1866. Died, a Victim of Soviet Russian Persecution, in December, 1934. Read an Account of His Life and Work on Page 2.

MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY

Scholar and Political Fighter

(1)

TODAY marks the 75th anniversary of the birth of a great Ukrainian historian and statesman, Michael Hrushevsky, whose popular History of Ukraine has been translated into English and published last month for the Ukrainian National Association by the Yale University Press.

What sort of a person was this Hrushevsky, this man who, in the words of Professor Vernadsky of Yale University, "combined the spirit of a scholar with that of a political fighter"?

Our young people, especially those who intend to read this newly published excellent History of Ukraine, should know at least something about its author. Hrushevsky is one of the most brilliant exponents of their Ukrainian cultural traditions, and on this account alone they should have some idea of his life, which was, to quote Vernadsky further, "closely interwoven with that of the Ukrainian nation."

The Young Man

Michael Hrushevsky was born September 29, 1866 in Kholm, Russian Ukraine, but grew up in the Caucasus region, to where his father, a school teacher, had removed him while yet a child. The seeds of national consciousness were planted in this future great Ukrainian at home. They sprouted and grew in that hotbed of revolutionary movements, Tiflis, where he attended gymnasium, and where he witnessed and experienced the clash between the rights of nationalities and Russian imperial interests.

The young lad voraciously read every Ukrainian book or any book dealing with Ukraine that he could get, with the result that while still a gymnasium student he had a better knowledge of Ukrainians than many of his older contemporaries. At the same time he began to write, at first fiction, under the influence of Netchuy-Levitsky, father of the Ukrainian novel.

Upon matriculating at Kiev University in 1886, however, young Hrushevsky decided to become a scholar, and dreamed of writing a history of Ukraine. So he turned to historical studies, under the guidance of Prof. Volodimir Antonovych. In 1894 the latter refused an invitation to teach Ukrainian history at Lviv University (in Austrian Ukraine) and recommended Hrushevsky for it. The latter accepted. Shortly afterwards, his talents, ability and industry led to his appointment as editor of the Reports of the Shevchenko Scientific Society. Noting that there was a dearth of source material, he founded shortly afterwards two new publications, Sources of Ukrainian History and the Ethnographic Messenger.

His rise was phenomenal, for in 1897 he was elected President of the Shevchenko society. He remained in this office until 1913, and during that time he modelled the society upon Western European patterns and raised it to a high plane of excellence. At the same time he gathered about it the best talent possible, mostly his students, and from them there emerged a new crop of Ukrainian scholars, including such historians as Tomashivsky, Terletsky, Korduba, and Tripiakovich. He also managed to persuade Ivan Franko, that man of varied and remarkable talents, to join his staff. The latter's entrance into the field of Ukrainian scientific and cultural studies was a great boon to their development.

The Historian

Having thus established himself, Hrushevsky now turned to his real love, the writing of a complete history of Ukraine. He began it early in 1897 and by the close of 1898 he issued its first thick volume. On this history he labored unstintedly from then on, besides devoting himself to a host of other tasks, and when the World War broke out he had already issued seven volumes of it, and the first part of the eighth (up to 1638).

This capital and monumental work alone placed Hrushevsky in the front rank of Slavonic scholars. In its index

of source material published about twelve years ago, for example, the American Historical Society rates Hrushevsky's History of Ukraine very highly.

The entire work can be considered as the first truly scholarly proof of the independence of the national character of the Ukrainian people. It disproves, among other things, the thesis of some Russian historians that the Eastern Slavs formed a pre-established unity from the beginning of time. Hrushevsky showed that the Eastern Slavs had two centers of gravity, one in the north and one in the south, and that the southern group was originally not much more related to the northern one than it was to other groups in the Balkans or in Central Europe. "The sum of evidence," wrote Prince D. S. Mirsky in his history on Russia (1931), "seems to be increasingly favorable to a view that is closer to the Ukrainian than to the Russian thesis."

In addition to this fundamental work, Hrushevsky also wrote several shorter ones on Ukrainian history, and an Outline of Ukrainian History in Russian (published in 1904, other editions in 1906 and 1911), which consisted of a series of lectures he had delivered in Paris at the Free Russian School there in 1903. In 1907 he wrote the popular "About Ancient Times in Ukraine," and in 1911 a larger "Illustrated History of Ukraine," which the Yale University Press published last month in English for the Ukrainian National Association, with a preface to it by Prof. George Vernadsky of Yale University.

But this was not all—he also wrote then many dissertations, essays, literary reviews, and articles of various kinds, besides contributing steadily to many journals. Due to his initiative the Shevchenko Scientific and Cultural Society began in 1898 to publish the Literary-Scientific Messenger, whose staff of contributors was drawn from both Russian and Austrian Ukraine. This monthly can be considered as a treasure trove of Ukrainian scientific and literary works, indispensable to a serious student of them. A year later he founded the Ukrainian Publishing Company, patterned on West European models, and soon it justified the high expectations centered upon it.

The Political Fighter

Aside from his scholarly activities, Hrushevsky also found time and energy to play a dominant role in Galician (under Austria) Ukrainian social, cultural and political life. The centralizing and denationalizing policies of Vienna met in his person a strong opponent. In the election reforms of that period he played a leading part, allying himself for that purpose with the more extreme members of the nationalists. In 1898 he was elected vice-president of the National Committee, but after a few months in this position he resigned, together with Franko, and from thence on contented himself with closely watching the political developments among

his countrymen, and, where he deemed it necessary, strongly expressing his opinions upon them.

As could be expected such great activity on his part, all dedicated towards the advancement of the Ukrainian national movement, was to cause him to run afoul of the authorities, especially in Russia, whose repressive policies toward subject nationalities were far more severe than in Austria-Hungary. As a result, and on the warning of a friend in the Kievan's Governor-General's Office, he had to terminate his many visits to Kiev and his native parts, and it was not until the Russian Revolution in 1905 that he was able to visit Kiev again.

"The Bridge"

From that year he labored unceasingly in bringing about better understanding and closer cooperation between the two sundered parts of Ukraine: one under Russia and the other under Austria-Hungary, and in this he made appreciable progress, at least to the extent where he became dubbed "the bridge between Eastern and Western Ukraine."

The release of Russian liberal movements following the Revolution of 1905, impressed Hrushevsky as a good opportunity to make the Ukrainian cause better known in Russia proper itself. So he went to St. Petersburg and there founded the Ukrainian Herald, a Russian-language journal devoted to Ukrainian affairs.

In 1907 Hrushevsky returned to Kiev, and aided by several young scholars from Lviv, founded a branch of the main library of the Shevchenko Scientific Society. The same year he organized in Kiev a prototype of this Lviv society. Seeing that there was a dearth of Ukrainian scientific and cultural publications in Kiev, he founded and edited, in 1908, several of them, and they became the rallying point for local talent. It is also worth mentioning here, that in 1914, just before the outbreak of the World War, he founded and edited the tri-monthly "Ukraine."

Meanwhile, he spent as much time in Lviv as possible, continuing his lectures at the university there, guiding the Shevchenko Scientific Society, and at the same time taking a keen interest in political developments. The latter prompted him to publish in 1913 a book, "Our Politics." In it he strongly criticized certain reactionary tendencies that he had observed, and for this incurred the enmity of some influential people, who tried to block his re-election to presidency of the Shevchenko Society. Despite their efforts, however, he was reelected.

The World War

Although re-elected again to the presidency of the Shevchenko Scientific Society, Hrushevsky felt disinclined to continue his arduous labors with this institution, which had advanced so far under his guidance, and so he resigned from it, as well as from the editor's post of its Reports, which by this time (just before the outbreak of the World War), had reached the 116 volume mark.

When the World War broke out, Hrushevsky was resting in his villa in the Carpathians. His position became precarious, for both the Austrian and Russian authorities regarded him as dangerous, on account of his Ukrainian activities, and he was in danger of being arrested by either, depending upon where he was at that time, in Austrian or Russian Ukraine. So he decided to go to Vienna, where there was a better chance for him to escape observation and arrest. He felt then that the war would soon be over.

It did not take long for Hrushevsky to realize that he had miscalculated the duration of the war, and feeling lost in the now somber Vienna, he decided to go to Kiev.

His was as unwise a decision as he could have ever made. For he should have known that he would

CHICAGO TO HAVE U.N.A. RALLY IN NOVEMBER

At a meeting held Thursday, September 11, at 2006 West Chicago Avenue, Chicago, writes Mary Bilik of U.N.A. Branch 452, plans were made to hold a U.N.A. Youth Rally in Chicago sometime during the month of November.

The meeting also discussed means of attracting as large a number as possible of young U.N.A. members as well as prospective members.

The next meeting of the rally committee will be held in the near future. Branch secretaries will inform the members of its exact date.

surely be arrested there, especially since Russian mobilization was immediately followed by mass arrests of leading Ukrainian patriots and the banning of everything pertaining to Ukrainian life. Nevertheless, he returned, and, of course, was arrested and jailed.

The Lost Opportunity

His purpose in returning to Kiev was to be on the spot where he felt the Ukrainian cause would soon be decided. Far better, however, it would have been if he had gone to some West European capital and there applied his great publicist talents in the cause of Ukraine, in making her better known to the western world. Had he done so, then perhaps the Ukrainian delegations would not have had to cool their heels so often in the ante-rooms of the Versailles halls during the Peace Conference there. Perhaps they would have been more successful in persuading Wilson and the others that their nation was also entitled to the benefits of the national determination clause, even more than in the case of some others. A brilliant man like Hrushevsky would have been able to do a great deal towards this end.

Nevertheless, Hrushevsky thought it best to go back to Kiev, where he was arrested and jailed. A few months later he was sent to Simbirsk. News of his arrest brought about the intervention, among others, of the Russian Academy of Sciences. As a result, he was sent to Kazan and then to Moscow, where he was permitted to continue his scientific and literary work. This enabled him to finish the eighth volume of his History of Ukraine, as well as prepare a Ukrainian textbook on world history.

President of the Ukrainian Republic

When the Russian Revolution of March, 1917 broke out, Hrushevsky returned to his native land, and to its ancient capital Kiev. His popularity was so great among his people and his prestige among others as well, that he was immediately elected as President of the Ukrainian Central Rada, the newly-created parliament of Ukraine.

When he took office, Hrushevsky sincerely believed that the fall of Czarism marked the fall of the barriers that prevented the Ukrainian and Russian nations from living together in peace and brotherhood. Therefore, in the first proclamations or universales issued by the Central Rada, he advocated the rebuilding of Russia into a federalistic state, with Ukraine as an autonomous part of it. But Hrushevsky soon perceived that behind the lofty phrases of the Russian Democrats, Socialists and Communists there lay hidden the same Russian imperialistic spirit, to which the very thought of a free Ukraine is repugnant. Such belated realization finally convinced Hrushevsky that for the common good and welfare of Russia and Ukraine, for the cessation of further wars and bloodshed between the two Slavs nations it is absolutely imperative that they live apart, that Ukraine be a free and independent state. And so, Hrushevsky drafted and issued in the name of Central Rada its fourth Universal, proclaiming the independence of Ukraine and the creation of the Ukrainian National Republic.

(To be concluded)

IN QUEST OF HIS SISTER

A TALE OF OLDEN KOZAK TIMES

(Newly translated by S. S. from Andriy Chaykivsky's story for young people "Za Sestroyn") (6)

SEMEN rose to his feet breathing hard. The Tartar lay at his feet. Apparently he was coming back to consciousness for he was beginning to stir.

Now that he had captured the Tartar, Semen did not hesitate to call the others.

"Hey comrades! Get up!" he roared out hoarsely. "Look at the guest we have among us!"

The Kozaks began to stir. Some of them sat up, rubbing their eyes in bewilderment. The long ride during the previous night and the hot enervating rays of the sun had made all so sleepy that for awhile, following Semen's call, they hardly knew whether they were awake or still sleeping. Some of them got up on their feet, walked about aimlessly, and then lay down again. Others sat up and gazed around blankly. It was indeed a comical sight.

"What's the matter with you?" cried the exasperated Semen. "Have you drunk something that you cannot wake up? Wake up!"

Old Panas, although the oldest among them all, was the first to come to his senses. He walked over to Semen, waking up the other Kozaks.

"Come, come children. This is no joke," he cried. "We have a Tartar, and there may be many more in the vicinity."

Semen went over to the captive's horse. The Kozaks, realizing at last what this was all about, quickly crowded around the Tartar. The latter, having come to his senses, began to strive to break his bonds.

"The knife for him!" one of the Kozaks cried, pulling out his dagger and waving it in the air. "Why make any ceremonies about him?"

"Aren't you ashamed to kill a bound person?" rebuked old Panas. "Anyway a live Tartar is worth more to us than a dead one. Let him alone."

The other, abashed, and realizing the wisdom of the advice, sheathed his knife.

Old Panas approached the Tartar, from whose nose blood was still pouring and nearly choking him.

"We had better save him if we are going to make any use of him," said Triska. "Come on boys, get some water. And you, Panas, do all that you can to keep the Tartar alive."

Somebody brought water. Panas knelt down by the captive and using the water began to try to stem the flow of blood... The Tartar cursed savagely and ground his teeth in rage.

After the blood had been stemmed, Panas, who knew the Tartar tongue, began to question him. But the Tartar remained dumb to all questions. Perceiving that he would never get any information by gentle methods Panas nodded his head significantly to one of the Kozaks who was standing near the campfire. The latter drew out of the fire a red hot poker and with it approached the Tartar. A few other grabbed hold of his legs and raised them upwards.

"Let go my legs! I'll talk!" exclaimed the the frightened Tartar, seeing that the Kozaks meant business.

The Saddle

Seeing that the Tartar had at last decided to talk, old Panas motioned to the Kozaks holding the red-hot poker that his services were no longer needed. The others crowded around.

"It was like this," began the Tartar. "There were about five hundred of us. Our leader was the famous Mustapha-aha, son of Ibrham, the Khan's Grand Vizier. We came to Ukraine in search of plunder and captives. We attacked Spasiyka during the night. What happened after the

attack I do not know for I was outside the stockade, doing guard duty. And during the attack I went in pursuit after a boy who had escaped."

"You chased all night after a mere boy?" inquired one of the Kozaks curiously.

"It was the order of our leader that no one was to escape."

"How is it that you picked out Spasiyka for your attack?" asked Peter Sudak.

"We had heard for a long time how wealthy that town was," replied the Tartar.

"Tell me," broke in Triska, the Kozak leader, "were many of you killed by the Spasiyka inhabitants?"

"I do not know," answered the Tartar. "Most of the time I was outside the stockade."

Triska remained thoughtfully silent for a few moments. The others seeing that their leader was evidently up to some plan remained silent also. Then slowly a smile spread over his face. He was about to say something...

"Allah! Allah!" an overpowering roar went up on all sides of them. The Kozaks jumped to their feet and reached for their weapons.

They looked around... and what did they see?—Kozaks... About a hundred of them!

"Ha-ha-ha!" a tremendous roar of laughter from the newcomers went up on all sides.

Triska's Kozaks laughed sheepishly in return. The joke was on them, but the joke was not so very humorous in their opinion. They had really thought for the moment that they had been surrounded by an overwhelming force of Tartars.

The newcomers parted, and from their midst rode Captain Andrew Nedolya, their leader. Reining his fleet Turkish horse, he placed both hands on hips and gave vent to a loud guffaw of derision.

"What kind of Kozaks are you?" he cried. "You've bunched yourselves like a herd of sheep. In a few moments you all could have been wiped off the face of the earth. Where are your sentries, your watch?"

"What the devil do we want a watch in broad daylight," retorted Triska, a bit nettled. "We aren't blind."

"Of course you are," replied Nedolya, "and not only blind but deaf as well. Here we rode up to your very camp without being seen. You—Kozaks? Tch-foo!" He spat in disgust. "You would make better herdsmen or traders, but not Kozaks!"

Triska reddened in anger at this insult.

"You shut up!" he cried, clapping his hand to his sabre. "You're not our leader. Go back from whence you came. And may the devil accompany you!"

At these words Nedolya slid off his horse. Hitching his shoulders in an odd fashion he slowly approached Triska. The latter stood his ground, glowering, his hand on his sabre hilt.

"I think I like this place," slowly drawled out Nedolya, "and I think we shall remain here. And if that does not suit you," he added significantly, "you know what you can do."

"We'll see!" roared Triska, furiously, all restraint gone. Like a flash he drew out his sabre. The other jumped back to better draw his sabre.

At this moment, when death seemed inevitable for one or both of the opponents, old Panas sprang in between them.

"Just a minute!" he cried. "This has gone far enough. Are you children, or are you Kozaks? Put up your sabres! Here the enemy is practically on our neck and you two quarrel over nothing. You, Nedolya, welcome to our camp! And you,

Triska, hide your sabre for someone else. I know you both. You're both all right, and I won't permit you to fight. You'll have to cut me down before I do," he vowed determinedly. The two would-be combatants cooled off at the sensible words of old Panas. For a moment they glowered at each other, then slowly their faces cleared.

"There, you don't have to get sore so quickly," said Nedolya to Triska, giving him his hand. The other took it. They shook hands. Old Panas heaved a sigh of relief.

"Very good," he said, smiling to both. "Where were you coming from?" he inquired turning to Nedolya.

"But what's happened here," countered the latter, looking around and espying the bound Tartar.

Panas recounted all that had befallen.

"Why, here is our chance to catch the Tartars," exclaimed Nedolya. "We have work on our hands, but first we must rest our horses a bit." Then turning to Triska he inquired, "What is your name, brother?"

"I am Ostap Triska, the leader of this band."

"Good!" beamed Nedolya. He reached in his saddle bag and drew out a small bottle and a small tumbler. "Here, let us have a drink together for friendship's sake."

Both downed their drinks in a gulp, smacking their lips. Nedolya then passed the bottle to Panas who also gulped one down.

"Brother Kozaks! Join my band, under my leadership!" Nedolya called to all.

"No need of talking about that," said Panas. "We have to unite anyway! Let there be one leader, for a house having two housekeepers always remains unswept. I know Nedolya very well. I say he is a good Kozak."

"Let it be him then," cried the others, "so long as he can lead us well."

Nedolya, taking Triska and Panas with him, went to a nearby tree to talk over their plans.

Meanwhile, the Kozaks began to amuse themselves with the Tartar. The Tartar begged them to give him something to eat, as he had not eaten anything since yesterday. They untied his hands, gave him a little brandy and also a bowl of "kasha." The Tartar after drinking the brandy fell with avidity to the food. Now he felt cheered, and began to talk on his own volition.

Several of the Kozaks who understood the Tartar language translated his remarks to the others.

"Would you show me the boy after whom I had gone in pursuit?" the Tartar asked.

The others, seeing no harm in this simple request, called Paul over. The latter approached hesitantly, and then stopped. After last night all Tartars seemed to be some manner of terrible creatures.

"Come, come lad," one of the Kozaks encouraged the boy. "There is nothing to be afraid of. He is a human being, just like anyone of us."

The Tartar did not say anything, but waved his hand good naturedly toward Paul to come over.

"You see, son," another Kozak spoke up, "such is war. You capture him and you are his master. If he captures you, he is your master."

Paul now lost some of his fear. He began to examine the Tartar captive more closely. Yes indeed, he thought to himself, this Tartar looks like a human being. But how terrible the Tartars looked last night. Nothing could stop them then. And now, here was one of them, trussed up, so helpless...

Paul gathered courage and approached the other closer.

"Did I scare you last night?" inquired the Tartar, smiling.

These words were translated into Ukrainian for Paul.

"Why you devil," boldly replied Paul, "you shot an arrow into my shoulder."

To Hold U.N.A. Young Folk's Rally In New York

At a meeting of young U.N.A. representatives held at the U.N.A. Main Office building in Jersey City last Monday evening, September 22, it was unanimously decided to sponsor a monster U.N.A. Young People's Rally during Washington's Birthday weekend next year, Saturday and Sunday, February 21 and 22, in New York City.

Tentative plans for the rally discussed at the meeting envision a program that in many respects will be highly unique and replete with various unusual features. The social events will be capped by a banquet and dance, to be held in one of New York City's finest hotels.

The dates chosen for the rally coincide with the 48th anniversary of the founding of the Ukrainian National Association—February 22nd 1894.

Among those present at the meeting were several officers of the Association, secretaries of youth branches, delegates to the last U. N. A. convention, and other active young U.N.A. members.

The next meeting of the rally will be held next Monday evening, October 6, beginning at 8 o'clock, at the U. N. A. Home office building, 81-83 Grand Street, Jersey City.

Any young U.N.A. member who desires to work on the committee is cordially invited by it to attend the meeting.

The Tartar laughed. "Well, you see," he explained, "this is war." And then he asked curiously.

"Where is your horse?" "Grazing over there." "And your saddle?" "Over there too."

"Well, suppose you give your saddle and I'll give you mine. We'll exchange and be friends..."

This conversation was conducted by means of an interpreter. Paul hearing the last could not understand and did not know what to do. He had heard of friendship pacts between Kozaks where each one gave the other something, but with a Tartar?

"Go ahead, exchange with him," someone counselled the boy.

"Sure, go ahead," added another. "Perhaps he may help you find your sister."

When it came to finding his sister Paul was ready to do anything. He would even exchange himself to get her back.

He assented. The Tartar eagerly gave him his hand to bind the bargain and seemed quite pleased.

Paul went over to his horse, the one he had stolen from the Tartars in his dash for liberty, took off the saddle, and started carrying it back. He was stopped by Semen the Helpless who inquired of him what he was doing. Paul explained. Semen took him by the hand and accompanied him over to the Tartar.

"Do you want to exchange your saddle for the saddle the boy is carrying," he asked the Tartar, eyeing him closely.

"I have exchanged it already," replied the other.

"No, you didn't," replied Semen, smiling sardonically. "This saddle the boy is carrying is mine. I captured you and therefore the saddle belongs to me."

The Tartar gave him a furious look of sudden anger.

"Listen brothers," Semen turned to the others, "the saddle really belongs to the boy, but—do you know why the Tartar wants it?"

Everyone eyed him wonderingly. "It's because the saddle is full of golden and silver coins, hidden in it," exclaimed Semen triumphantly, enjoying the discomforture of the Tartar.

(To be continued)

A Tribute to Koshetz And Ukrainian Music

(Address delivered by Professor GEORGE W. SIMPSON, at Ukrainian-Canadian choral concert in Winnipeg on August 29th, held in conjunction with the close of the second summer course in the art of choral conducting under Prof. Alexander Koshetz.)

I HAVE come here, on a sort of pilgrimage, to do honor to a remarkable man, and to a splendid tradition. That remarkable man is, of course, Dr. Alexander Koshetz; and that splendid tradition is the tradition of Ukrainian music.

Dr. Alexander Koshetz can now look back on more than forty years of continuous activity in the musical world. I have no doubt, as he views this crowded theatre tonight, that misty wisps of memory recall those early golden years in the mother city of Kiev when waves of applause swept through the vast opera house from floor to gallery, greeting his appearance and his directing there. I have no doubt, he recalls tonight, the magnificent Ukrainian choir which he trained and conducted, after treacherous and tumultuous events had forced him to leave his beloved Ukraine. I have no doubt he recalls the long years of labor, even though it was a labor of love, which he spent writing and arranging Ukrainian music so that it might be known, appreciated and permanently preserved. And tonight we are assembled here to do honor to this outstanding teacher, director and composer of Ukrainian music, and I deem it a great privilege on the occasion of this gala performance, to bring my tribute of respect and honor.

Ukraine's Music Flows Like Her Mighty Rivers

I come here also to do honor to the magnificent tradition of Ukrainian music which was created not by a single man, or a few men, but by a whole nation. Ukrainian music flows like the mighty rivers that water the home land: the two main rivers (like Dnieper and Dniester fed by many tributaries) are folk music and church music. The music expresses the tears and laughter, the tragedy and merriment, of the Ukrainian people as nothing else expresses it. Its chief characteristic is its vitality and verve. The church music is noble and majestic, expressive of the sustained longing and devotion of the human heart.

Tonight we are witnessing another step in a great experiment, the experiment of transplanting to the plains of North America the fine flower of Ukrainian music which has been developed in Europe over a period of a thousand years. Transplantation of such a precious tradition requires infinite care and infinite labor. That work has already begun. Thanks to Dr. Koshetz, and a multitude of earnest, hardworking musical teachers and pupils, whose names deserve high honor though we do not know them, the tradition has already put its roots down into the soil of America. Already there have appeared those who are ready to carry on the work of cultivation which has been started. Tonight we have here two young brilliant directors whose careers are devoted to the carrying on of the work, following in the steps of Dr. Koshetz. I refer to Dr. Macenko and Dr. Kozaruk. Behind these are others and still others. During the last two months some thirty or forty students have been spending their days, and I suspect not a small portion of the nights, mastering the art of directing and the finer aspects of musical technique. After tonight they will be scattered far and wide, each attempting to enlist in his own locality all the musical talent available, for the further cultivation of Ukrainian music. Thus, as we hope, the process will go on, and on. I look forward with joy and confidence to the time

when the musical tradition thus transplanted, will find its full development and flowering in these free lands of Canada and the United States; and when Canadian citizens of all origins, in all parts of Canada may have frequent opportunities to enjoy the masterly performance of Ukrainian music as we are hearing tonight.

To all those who have attended the school of instruction here in Winnipeg I offer my congratulation, because of your ambition, your industry and training. To those who were responsible for establishing this school I offer congratulations because of your courage and imagination. To those who conducted the school, and particularly to Dr. Koshetz, Dr. Macenko and Dr. Kozaruk, let me say, you deserve the warm thanks of all lovers of music and the refined arts.

There'll Always Be A Ukraine

This is neither the time nor the occasion for discussing political matters; but I would like to say one word, especially to Canadians who like myself are not of Ukrainian descent, regarding the interest of Ukrainian Canadians in the tragic events which are taking place in Europe at the present time—and at this very moment in the heart of Ukraine. Last summer when the collapse of France placed the British Isles in the greatest peril of their history and we were compelled to face the possibility—even though we repudiated it in our deepest soul—that Britain might be overrun a song made its way around the Empire, "There'll Always Be An England." I dare say few of you sung it in those fateful months without a strange tugging of the heart. Had the calamity of conquest befallen I am sure none of us, our children or our children's children would have rested till freedom had been restored to our mother land, even though slavery had descended for a thousand years. Passing through these deep waters I think we can appreciate what other Canadians feel regarding their mother lands. By a remarkable coincidence the Ukrainian national anthem expresses exactly the same sentiment as "There'll Always Be An England." If I may be permitted a free translation of its opening line it would read, "Never Shall Die Our Ukrainian Land."

A KENTUCKY BREAKFAST

"Col. Williams, of the Second Kentucky regiment, is universally beloved and respected in the middle southern states," a friend said to us the other day. "I was on my way to New York recently, when I met the colonel at Cincinnati.

"I tell you, sah," said the colonel, "Kentucky is the finest state in the union, sah. There you will find the best cattle, the noblest and most beautiful women, and the finest eating, sah, in all this broad land."

"Eating? Colonel," said I to draw the colonel out. "Now, what do you have for breakfast?"

"Breakfast, sah, exclaimed the colonel. 'Why, I last had a steak and a bottle of whisky and a dog, sah!'

"A dog?" said I. "Seems to me that a dog is rather a queer dish for breakfast."

"You misunderstand me, sah," replied the colonel, with hauteur. "I procured the dog to eat the steak, sah."

LEST THE LINK SNAPS

SOMETHING must be done immediately to strengthen the link between the old Canadian Ukrainians, who were born and raised in the old country, and the young Canadian Ukrainians, who were born and raised or at least educated in Canada. The link that still joins the two generations of Canadian Ukrainians is gradually wearing away and some day it may snap in two, unless, of course, both generations clearly realize before it is too late that they are getting farther and farther apart. The trouble here is that most Canadian Ukrainian leaders, born and educated in the old country, are so used to thinking in terms of the big Ukrainian settlements in Western Canada and of the Ukrainian-language newspapers in Canada that they take it for granted that the present state of things in Canada will be perpetuated forever. On the other hand, there are already many thousands of young Canadians Ukrainians, especially in the cities, who speak nothing but English and who are becoming accustomed to being ignored by the older Canadian Ukrainians, who still most of the time speak nothing but Ukrainian.

Of course, there are still many Canadian Ukrainians who, in spite of their Canadian education, are fluent in both languages, English and Ukrainian. They, however, constitute a minority. And that minority will keep on dwindling. Each year the number of such Canadian Ukrainians who are fluent in English and Ukrainian will keep on decreasing. Each year there will be more and more Canadian Ukrainians who will be perfect and fluent in English, with just a smattering knowledge of Ukrainian, till finally there will be only the English-speaking Canadian Ukrainians left in Canada.

The only thing that can be passed on to the future generations of the Canadian Ukrainians by the present old generation are some of the fine Ukrainian traditions and customs. If the older generation succeeds in this, in making the future Canadians of Ukrainian origin proud of their Ukrainian descent and traditions, they will have a right to feel they have fulfilled their mission. That will be the link that will join them to their Canadian descendants of the years to come. Yet they should see to it that that link is made stronger than it is at present. One way of doing it, is to show more sympathetic understanding of their rising generation, and by recognizing the fact that the sum of the daily impressions their children are getting each day from morning till night is steadily making them lose all consciousness of their Ukrainian descent. For instance, a young Ukrainian who joins the Canadian army thinks and acts like the rest of the Canadian soldiers, though he differs from them in his Ukrainian traditions and customs. He fraternizes with the rest of the Canadian soldiers, having no prejudices against any of them, for Canada is as dear to him as to other Canadian soldiers. Of course, he remembers his origin and his European cousins and wishes them a better lot than they have had till now. Still he knows all the time that it is Canada and not any other country that he is bound to fight for.

It is now the duty of the old Canadian Ukrainians to see to it that the young generation of the Canadian Ukrainians gets all what is best in Ukrainian culture. Yet that best of Ukrainian traditions, customs, literature, and songs, must be given to the younger generation in perfect English translations and suitable adaptations. Otherwise in time it will all become a locked treasure to the Canadian Ukrainians when the last Ukrainian-speaking Mohicans in Canada pass away.

SCHOLARSHIPS

At the ninth annual congress of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, held at the Detroit-Leland Hotel in Detroit during Labor Day week-end, a scholarship was awarded to a promising young Ukrainian high school girl. The award was made by the Ukrainian Graduates, an organization formed two years ago and composed of Ukrainian graduates of Detroit, Windsor and vicinity. The Graduates, therefore, have justified their existence by this gesture whereby one of the principal objectives discussed at their first meeting was partly consummated.

It is my honest opinion that financial and other assistance to worthy students should be encouraged whenever and wherever possible by the various Ukrainian organizations in the United States and Canada. In some instances there is a real need for financial help, in others, it may serve as a pleasant incentive for further good work by way of recognizing the student's ability. Many of us may know of cases where assistance at a proper time would have meant a great deal to individuals who pursued their academic education under conditions of extreme handicaps due to lack of funds and often at the expense of their health.

Though scholarships may be very valuable to undergraduates, however, they are also of great importance where the work of a graduate student is concerned. This is particularly true where a student is willing to make a contribution in some phase of our Ukrainian heritage. Ukrainian history, literature, music, etc., should be known to the world much better than they are known at this time. True, in recent years some attempt has been made to ameliorate the situation in that regard, but the effort put forth is still quite inadequate.

It would, therefore, be advisable for some organization to offer, say, a \$1,000 annual scholarship for a Ukrainian student desirous of undertaking studies towards an M.A. or Ph. D. degree on a definite understanding that his thesis shall be based upon a Ukrainian subject matter. It may be history, literature, music, art, traditions, etc.

If we had two or three such stipends every year, we can realize what invaluable addition to Ukrainian informative literature would be contributed to Anglo-Saxon libraries in the course of the next twenty-five years.

Hence, how about dwelling on this point somewhat seriously at our future conventions of adults and of our youth? If we do something constructive about it, we could more conscientiously enjoy the happy moments to which we look forward with such anticipation at our conventions.

JOHN YATCHEW,
Windsor, Ontario.



If, however, the old Canadian Ukrainian leaders keep on ignoring the fact that even their own children are fast forgetting the Ukrainian language, the link between them and the rising generation is bound to snap, leaving the Canadians of Ukrainian origin even without pride in their Ukrainian descent.

HONORE EWACH,
Winnipeg, Canada

UNIQUE RITES MARK RETREAT IN ROCHESTER CHURCH

FROM August the fourteenth to the seventeenth, unique services were held in St. Josaphat's Ukrainian Catholic Church on Hudson Avenue (Rochester, N. Y.) St. Josaphat's Church is a Catholic Church of the Byzantine Rite for people of Ukrainian nationality. It is under the jurisdiction of the Most Rev. Constantine Bohachevsky, D.D., of Philadelphia, who is the Bishop of all the Ukrainian Greek Catholics in the United States. The Rev. Basil Turula, 303 Hudson Avenue, is the pastor of St. Josaphat's Church.

A retreat was preached there in English for the benefit of the young people by a specialist in Oriental Church sciences, a priest of the Roman rite, the Rev. Clement C. Englert, C.S.S.R., Lic. Sc. Eccl. Orient., now a member of the faculty at St. Mary's College, North East, Pa.

On Thursday evening, August 14, at 7:30 P. M., Father Englert opened the retreat with a sermon on the all-important necessity of saving one's soul. The preacher developed the idea that the only index of successful living is the endeavor to get to heaven. On Friday evening the retreat-master discoursed on the transcendent beauty of the Byzantine Rite, explaining the gorgeous symbolism of its ceremonies and the ancient splendor of its traditions. This topic was especially interesting to the fairly numerous group of people of the Roman Rite who attended the retreat services. On Saturday evening Father Englert spoke of Holy Communion as the divinely given remedy against all of life's woes and trials.

Byzantine Prayer-Service

Each evening the sermon was preceded by a Byzantine prayer-service called a Moleben. On Thursday evening the Moleben was in honor of the Sacred Heart. On Friday and Saturday evenings it was in honor of Our Blessed Lady. After the Gospel of the Moleben (which is patterned on the Mass of the Catechumens), the sermon was preached. Then followed the continuation of the Moleben in the form of a beautiful litany and prayers, and then the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Eastern Rite form was given. The Blessed Sacrament, enclosed in a ciborium crowned with a golden crown, is taken from the tabernacle and placed upon the altar table. The priest then incenses it thrice, spacing each incensation with a profound bow. He then sings the poignantly beautiful "Supplications." These consist of invocations and petitions sung by the priest in plaintive chant and sung in response by the whole congregation in harmony.

They conclude with the invocations to Our Lady, St. Joseph and St. Josaphat; and then the Blessed Sacrament is incensed again with the same profoundly reverential bows.

The priest dons a humeral veil, and ascending the altar, he takes the ciborium in his covered hands, and turning toward the people, he holds it up before his face and sings the words solemnly: "Save O Lord Thy people." The whole congregation repeats it after him. Then he sings it again on a higher note. The congregation repeats it. The third time the priest intones it but continues with the phrase, "And bless Thine inheritance," meanwhile making the sign of the cross over the people three times. As the choir intones a hymn of praise and petition, the priest incenses the Blessed Sacrament again, and places it in the tabernacle. After the Benediction service Saturday evening, a Panachida, or prayer-service for the Poor Souls was sung.

Each evening Father Englert heard confessions in English and Father Turula in Ukrainian. Each morning there was a Holy Mass in the Roman

Rite celebrated by Father Englert, and one in the Byzantine Rite celebrated by Father Turula.

Close of Retreat

The retreat was brought to a solemn close at the services on Sunday morning. At 8 o'clock, Father Turula celebrated the Outrennya or Matins service—in accord with the ancient traditions of the Eastern Churches which hold fast to the liturgical functions of the Mass and the Office as the sources of their devotion. At 9 o'clock Father Englert celebrated Holy Mass in the Roman Rite, and preached the sermon on devotion to Our Blessed Mother as a pledge of salvation.

He stressed the popularity of the world-wide devotion to Our Lady of Perpetual Help and dwelt on the oft-forgotten fact that the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help is an Oriental eikon—a product of the religious culture of the people of the Greek rite, and not of the Roman rite. It came from the East, and is now the most popular picture in the West.

Holy Mass in the Byzantine Rite was sung solemnly by Father Turula at 1 o'clock. Father Englert preached the sermon and closed the retreat by imparting the Papal Blessing with the Redemptorist mission crucifix. St. Josaphat's well known polyphonic choir rendered the gorgeous music of the Slav-Byzantine Liturgy in a superlative fine way.

At the end of the Mass Father Turula made the announcements in Ukrainian and the choir sang the grand anthem "Mnohaya Lita" (Plenitude of Years) in honor of the missionary. Father Englert paid a special tribute to Father Turula's kindness and zeal in calling him to St. Josaphat's Church to preach the retreat.

The sponsors of this retreat—preached by a Catholic priest of the Roman Rite in a Catholic Church of the Byzantine Rite—express the sincere hope that this public example of cooperation between Catholics of two different rites will usher in a new era of mutual understanding and esteem between Catholics of all rites and nations.

("Catholic Courier," Rochester)

BANNER, BANNER, WHO HAS THE BANNER

During the last congress of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, the large banner inviting the 1942 Convention to Boston disappeared mysteriously from the wall. The banner was loaned to the Boston delegation by the Boston Chamber of Commerce. We have reported the loss to them, and they have advised us that although the banner has sometimes gone "astray" it has never been "lost," and they have given us a little time to locate it.

Undoubtedly whoever was responsible for this little deed, was merely taking home a "souvenir" of the convention and didn't realize the seriousness of such a step. However, now that the convention is over, that person certainly should appreciate the embarrassment to which he is putting the Boston delegation, as well as the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America. So please return it. I will be glad to forward the postage of any express charges which might be incurred. I definitely promise that I will not reveal to anyone from what city or source it was received. How about it?

ANNE CHOPEK
117 Greenfield Rd.
Mattawan, Mass.

"IF"

The younger people of this country from whom in ten, twenty or thirty years leaders of this great nation will be chosen, are frequently stopped by that small word but great stumbling block, "if." Though meaningless, it has often been the destroyer and cause of downfall of many great nations whose leaders resorted to it.

So it has been for many years past that great men have become famous because they forged ahead and accomplished what seemed insurmountable, and did not spend their time in dreaming. So it is today and so it will be for all times. "The man who thinks and acts, without unnecessary delay, is the man who will lead his people through every crisis."

Many, many times plans of action have been dispensed with, without any harm to the nation or to the individual. To delay facing a matter may be a wise move for a time, but when the day comes and the question is vital to the races of the world, the man who said, "If we put this off for a short time nothing will happen," is not the man who will be a leader of his people. He will be a detriment to them, because he is not the kind who can rise to heights when the occasion demands intelligent action.

A story points out the destructive effect that the word "If" can have on a person's will power. "Out in the State of Oregon there was employed by an Irrigation Company, several years ago, a young man as a watchman on a dam. The dam overlooked a small settlement of about five hundred inhabitants. One dismal rainy night when it was about time for the watchman to go on his rounds of inspection he looked out of the window and said to himself, 'I will go out in a half-hour if it stops raining.' The rain did not stop and the watchman stayed in his warm hut. About three o'clock in the morning the dam broke and the town was wiped out. Three hundred people were drowned and several hundreds of thousands of dollars of property were lost because the 'If' man did not do his work. So he ruined his life and the lives of many others."

Human nature in every person is much the same and the only way that people differ is by their outward appearances. When the matter is sifted down to a fine point, man will follow the lines of least resistance, that of making excuses and allowances if it is easier than doing the work itself. So it has been for many generations, people laying aside that work which does not appeal to them and only doing that which does.

The world in which we live to-day is very different from that of yesterday, and the affairs of our day will have to be handled in a very different manner. Our generation is responsible for the working out of these problems, not only in our nation but also in all of our organizations. We will have to have leaders who possess strong character and determination to do things. Those people will be the ones who can think and act quickly and surely. They will have an "I will" for their words instead of an "If."

Places are noted for that which comes from them. Let us make the Ukrainian National Association go on forever. Let us follow that ideal plan of life that Kipling gives in his poem

If you can make one heap of all your
winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-
and-toss
And lose, and start again at your be-
ginnings
And never breathe a word about
your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve
and sinew
To serve your turn long after they
are gone

From One President To Another

An Open Letter from the President of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America to the President of the Ukrainian Professional Association

Dear Mr. Charnoske:

It is with the greatest of pleasure that I acknowledge the receipt of your most interesting and enthusiastic letter, which was recently published in the Ukrainian Weekly. I assure you that I am in full accord with the constructive suggestions you have outlined, and firmly believe that with close cooperation and unstinted efforts of all organized Ukrainian American groups, we can hope for many constructive achievements during the ensuing year. I, too, am enthusiastic about the possibilities of uniting the efforts of our respective organizations toward a common goal. The mold for future Ukrainian American relationships was cast on that memorable day of May 24, 1940 at Washington, D. C. when the four great Ukrainian benevolent organizations cast aside their petty bickerings and disagreements and declared a truce, however superficial, in order to unite for a common cause. We, too, must collaborate in order to more fully propagate some of the elements of our Ukrainian cultural heritage which should and will become an important contribution to our American life and democracy.

In the very near future my associates and I will meet to plan action for this coming year. I will immediately inform you of our plan and then we can formulate a program upon which both organizations can concentrate their efforts. The fact that several executive officers of the Ukrainian Professional Association are also officers in the Ukrainian Youth League should tend to promote a better understanding of mutual problems and facilitate greater cooperation in attaining a common goal.

In closing, my congratulations to you. I sincerely wish you a most successful administration as President of the Ukrainian Professional Association.

CHESTER MONASTERSKI
President, UYL-NA

Watch the Married Men go to Town!

BARN DANCE

— sponsored by —
MARRIED MEN SOCIAL CLUB
to be held at
Ukrainian Sitch Ballroom, 546-508—
18th Ave. (cor. 42th St.), Newark,
N. J., SATURDAY Evening, OCTOBER
14th, 1941. Dancing from 8 p. m. till
late. Admission 40 cents. Featuring
the Music of Stanley Kay and His
Orchestra. 218,24

And so hold on when there is nothing
in you
Except the will which says to them:
"Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep
your virtue

Or walk with kings—nor lose the
common touch,

If neither foes nor loving friends can
hurt you

If all men count with you, but none
too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of dis-
tance run,

Yours is the Earth and everything
that's in it,

And—which is more—you'll be a
man, my son!

STELLA PALIVODA,
U.N.A. Assembly 358
Cleveland, Ohio

FUNNY SIDE UP

PLAY BALL

Hi there, folks! We sure feel good today. Yes sir, the Brooklyn Dodgers who had pennants in their pants all Summer, came through to win the National League baseball championship. And why not? With Curt Davis and Kirby Higbe showing their prowess as Philly-busters, and Whit Wyatt with a fast ball that's faster than Hitler's messenger boy, the team is stronger than horse-radish in a phone booth! All we can say is that the Yanks had better watch out!

Last week our good friend Rigor Mortis went out and bought a printing press. Now we won't have any trouble getting tickets for a World Series game! You know, to be a baseball fan is to eat at the table of the gods, and to be a Brooklyn fan is to get a second helping! Anyhow, what a fan this guy Rigor Mortis is! He roots the Dodgers home in the afternoon, and roots 'em home at the night games . . . then his wife roots him home! He's so enthusiastic over baseball that he plays every hit, run and error over 21 beers at the corner bar. And the game is never over until the bartender throws the last man out! Speaking of night baseball, we remember one evening this past Summer when we went to Ebbets Field. Boy, the field was lit up beautifully. . . Rigor Mortis was there . . . and he was lit up too! . . . but he wasn't beautiful!

We had a neighbor who used to play baseball. He's now with the National. No, not the National League . . . he's with the National Guard! He was quite a player. Joe could play any position. He could catch, play the outfield and the infield. All that guy needed was a franchise and he'd be a second division ballclub. Once, just before a tough game, we caught Joe talking to himself. Joe explained he was giving his team a pep talk! Then too, when he was out of action with a leg injury, he received four pay checks from the workman's compensation bureau. He certainly was a one-man baseball team, and his only trouble was that his team didn't carry a pinch-hitter. He'd have something there, if he could pitch, catch, and umpire balls and strikes at the same time. Just think what a strange sight it would be to see Joe hollering, "Kill the umpire!" and then run for shelter!

Yes sir, we're not going to miss that opening game. In fact, we're going to get to the ball park an hour before game time. We hear Dorothy Lamour is going to throw out the first ball, and understand she's got some curve! And you know ball players, . . . they won't let a curve go by without swinging at it!

* * *

OUTCH GAG OF THE WEEK!

"Three men got on a train. Two paid their fare while the third man didn't have to pay. Why didn't the third man have to pay?"

Answer: "His name was Crime . . . and crime doesn't pay!"

(Columnist's Note:—To Helen T. Slobodian of Elizabeth, N. J. goes this week's bundle of boos, Bronx cheers, et al, for daring to pull that pun on us.)

Bromide No. 6: Police are men with clubs. Clubs are places for recreation. Recreation is time out for play. A play is something that flops. When something flops it goes flat. Things that go flat are feet. Policemen are flatfeet!

BROMO SELTZER

The Ukrainian National Association has more young (as well as old) Ukrainians-Americans within its ranks than any other organization. Sign up with them!

STILL WATER RUNS DEEP

The September 22nd issue of The Ukrainian Weekly contained an article by Stephen Kurlak entitled "Silence is Golden," which is apparently in reference to the ideas I expressed in a contribution captioned "Interested But Inactive," which appeared on September 8th.

In my article I brought up two problems, one dealing with the persons who attend youth conventions, sit and listen to the discussions, but never say a word, and the other centering around the fact that, where, certain writers continually contribute to the Weekly, nothing is heard from the majority of readers. I claimed that these inactive folk are really interested in the Weekly and youth conventions, but refrain from writing and speaking because of timidity, lack of time, or lack of self-confidence. I offered two possible solutions to these problems, one being to have the chairman of the convention call on the youth to express themselves, and the other being an appeal to Weekly readers to submit their offerings for possible publication. I also suggested that clubs who send delegates to congresses pick youth who can be relied on to be active.

In his article, Mr. Kurlak makes what strikes me as being a surprising statement. To quote: "Isn't it possible that those few [referring to the persons that are most active at conventions] are the ones with the ideas and the fortitude to rise among the 400 or 500 people in the audience?" If Mr. Kurlak suggests that only a few people out of 500 get ideas at youth congresses, he amazes me. In my offering I stated that the majority of the convention-goers get good and even important ideas, but are too timid to express them before a large audience. Even Mr. Kurlak must have heard of "stage fright" and "mike fright." These timid folk get together after convention sessions in small groups or cliques and discuss their ideas among themselves. . . and some of those ideas are excellent ones, as anyone who has participated in these small group discussions will tell you. So it could not be lack of ideas that keeps so many people quiet at conventions. Mr. Kurlak completely overlooked the fact that I had claimed timidity as the cause of silence on the part of those convention-goers with ideas, else why should he use the word "fortitude" in the sentence I quoted above? We all know it requires nerve to address a convention, and that a considerable number of people lack such nerve. In other words, Mr. Kurlak agrees with me in that few people have nerve or fortitude, but he makes the claim that only the FEW with ideas have the nerve to address a convention! In reality, many have ideas but few have the fortitude or nerve to express them.

Mr. Kurlak asks: "What would be the result if 100 or 200 of the multitude rose to say something with no definite thought in mind?" No convention chairman would be foolish enough to call on hundreds of people to speak simultaneously. One person would speak at one time. If the speaker should happen to express the ideas of others, the latter would not ask for voice to repeat something already mentioned. As for speaking with "no definite thought in mind," very few people are guilty of that. . . and many of them will tell you that they became confused in expressing their ideas, a result of self-consciousness. However, it can be seen that Mr. Kurlak goes to extremes, as hardly anyone would attempt to write or speak publicly without "a focal point to their thoughts."

Mr. Kurlak thinks that delegates sit quietly at conventions to listen "to those who are better qualified to speak," and "to get ideas." "If they fail to speak, one can assume that they are in agreement with the ideas expressed." "Or else they have no ideas" and remain silent so as not to reveal "their lack of knowledge." Mr. Kurlak forgets that a delegate is supposed to take

active part in the proceedings, express the thoughts of the members of the club he represents, voice opinions, submit ideas, and make himself generally useful both to his club and the league. Clubs who send delegates lacking knowledge cannot expect much from such delegates. The gift of making speeches or presenting talks is limited to comparatively few persons, but anyone is qualified to express an idea or an opinion.

"No, let us not have the convention chairman 'call on them to speak,'" writes Mr. Kurlak. Here he gives HIS personal opinion on my suggestion, yet he uses the word "us"! He also says "there is no necessity of pleading for those 'letters to the editor' just so that WE can 'see new names in the Weekly.'" Apparently, Mr. Kurlak does not desire to see new names in the paper; just who "we" is, I can't say. After stating that new contributors aren't necessary, Mr. Kurlak makes the following concluding remark: "The Weekly has kept a standard which might verily become the envy of many other miniature publications, and that's because it has not attempted to sacrifice quality for quantity. Let's keep it so." Does Mr. Kurlak insinuate that the offerings of new contributors will lower the Weekly's standing? . . . that new contributors cannot write qualitatively? . . . in short, that the stuff they may write will not be good enough? How

is it possible to tell if this will prove to be so? . . . On Mr. Kurlak's statement? I am in complete disagreement with such an idea. I believe that new contributors will add to the Weekly's standing and that new names will make it even more interesting. I honestly believe that a large number of Weekly readers, particularly college graduates and students, are qualified to write for this paper. Furthermore, I maintain that, inasmuch as this paper is dedicated to the needs and interests of young American-Ukrainians, all who can write should do so. . . even, as I stated in my previous offering, if they write mere letters to the editor. The editor will decide what is qualified for publication and what is not. As I see it there is no harm in having many writers for the paper. . . In fact, I can only see good results. There would be more competition and the contributors would improve their writing.

"Still water runs deep." Just because people go to conventions and say nothing, and because many Weekly readers never contribute their material, does not necessarily mean that these persons have no ideas or are not qualified. . . not by a long shot. Common reasoning makes it plain that there are many persons who could be active at conventions and at writing, but they are timid, lack time, or lack self-confidence. I feel that we can get more active convention-goers and writers if we encourage them. Mr. Kurlak advocates discouraging them.

What do you think?

THEODORE LUTWINIAK.

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