



SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

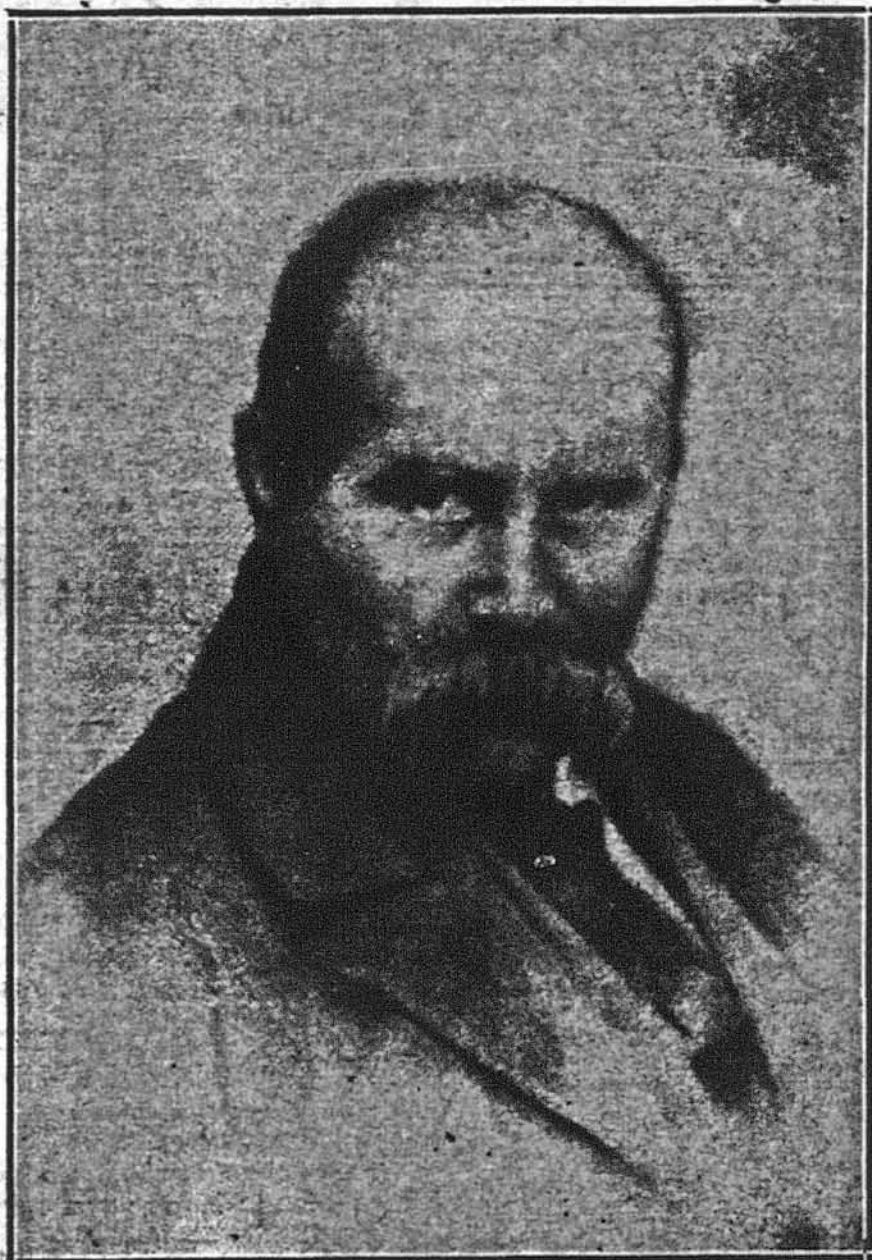
Dedicated to the needs and interests of young Americans of Ukrainian descent.

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VOL. X

A Great Champion Of The Enslaved And Oppressed



TARAS SHEVCHENKO

Born March 9, 1814

Died March 10, 1861

Selections From Taras Shevchenko's "Kobzar"

THE TESTAMENT

Dig my grave raise my barrow
By the Dnieper-side
In Ukraina, my land,
A fair land and wide.
I will lie and watch the cornfields,
Listen through the years
To the river voices roaring,
Roaring in my ears.

When I hear the call
Of the racing flood,
Loud with hated blood
I will leave them all,
Fields and hills; and force my way
Right up to the Throne
Where God sits alone;
Clasp His feet and pray . . .
But till that day
What is God to me?

Bury me, be done with me,
Rise and break your chain,
Water your new liberty
With blood for rain.
Then, in the mighty family
Of all men that are free,
Maybe sometimes, very softly
You will speak of me?

(Trans. by E. L. Voynich)

AT THE ROADSIDE

. . . At the roadside
Not far from where I stood
A girl was picking hemp.
She heard my sighs and sobs
And came the cause to seek,
Then wiped my rolling tears
And kissed me on the cheek.

It seemed as if the sun shone forth,
As if the world and all there was,
The fields and woods, were mine to
keep . . .
And we, with merriment, went forth
To water someone else's sheep.

(Trans. by W. Semenyna)

There are no "rookie" dollars. Send yours to the front! Buy U. S. Defense Savings Bonds and Stamps!

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

UKRAINE AFLAME

. . . The people die —
Within their prisons they are
slaughtered;
Children without a God or friend
The Kozak children — and the
daughters,
The beauty of the native land,
Are held in bondage . . .
* * *

Ukraine is flaming to sky:
Through villages the naked children
Weep for their fathers. —
Faded leaves
Are rustling o'er the lifeless meadows,
The clouds are drowsing, sun's asleep,
And villages draw howling shadows
Which scent the corpse . . .

(Trans. by W. Semenyna)

THE REAPER

Through the fields the reaper goes
Piling sheaves on sheaves in row;
Hills, not sheaves, are these.
Where he passes howls the earth,
Howl the echoing seas.

All the night the reaper reaps,
Never stays his hand nor sleeps
Reaping endlessly;
Whets his blade and passes on . . .
Hush, and let him be.

Hush, he cares not how men writhe
With naked hands against the scythe,
Wouldst thou hide in field or town?
Where thou art, there he will come;
He will reap thee down.

Serf and landlord
Great and small;
Friendless wandering singer,—all,
All shall swell the sheaves that grow
to mountains;
Even the Tsar shall go.

And me too the scythe shall find
Cowering alone behind
Bars of iron; swift and blind,
Strike, and pass, and leave me, stark
And forgotten in the dark.

(Trans. by E. L. Voynich)

His Spirit, Courage And Patriotism

IN the minds and hearts of all Ukrainians the name of Taras Shevchenko is inseparably connected with the revival of Ukrainian cultural life and rebirth of their national aspirations. He appeared at the moment when it seemed as if there were no hope for national survival, when the forces hostile to Ukraine seemed to have won a definite ascendancy over the cause of the people, and when he died at the age of forty seven, he had already laid foundations that cannot be broken down and had set his people on their modern course.

This is a splendid achievement and it is all the greater when we remember that he was born a serf and that after a few short years of freedom, he fell into the hands of the Russian government and was sent as a private to serve on the distant and barren

shores of the Sea of Aral where he was forbidden to write or draw. His life knew few joyous moments and he could sympathize from his own experiences with the hard fate of his people.

Yet when we think of Shevchenko, we do not dwell upon those sides of his existence. It is rather of his spirit and his courage and patriotism that we remember, for in all of his works there breathes the consciousness of the greatness of the past of his people and of the part that they will play in the future. To him the spirit of the Kozaks was still alive and merely waiting for a favorable moment to reassert itself. To him the glories of the past were a living inspiration in the dark hours of the present and a portent of the future that would come some day.

Taras Shevchenko was one of those rare spirits who are able to sum up and personify the spirit of their native land, to set it on a new path, and to maintain all that was good and progressive in the old. He truly lived for his people and thought his life seemed a failure and full of tragedy, yet he remodelled the Ukrainian language and made it a modern instrument for the expression of modern ideas. He strengthened the democratic spirit among the Ukrainians, he restored to them their courage and pride in their own achievements and he left them with the proud conviction that they would regain their liberty and be restored to their rightful place as a great people.

A century and more have passed. The happiness for which he hoped has not come to Ukraine, but with each passing year the lessons which he taught are sinking in more deeply, the hearts and wills of his people are

being more surely inspired, and we can only hope that in a few years the wheel of fate will turn and the old spirit of the Kozaks and Ukraine will win over all the forces of ignorance and autocracy . . . When that time comes, then will the whole world recognize the greatness of Shevchenko and he will be recognized as one of the great poets of the nineteenth century even as he is today, by Ukrainians of all parties and of all classes and of all creeds.

Prof. CLARENCE A. MANNING,
Acting Executive Officer
Department of East European
Languages, Columbia University,

Remember Pearl Harbor! Remember it every pay day! Buy U. S. Defense Savings Bonds and Stamps.

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

Life and Works of Shevchenko

By IVAN FRANKO

He was a peasant's son and has become a prince in the realm of spirits.

He was a serf, and has become a Great Power in the commonwealth of human culture.

He was an unschooled layman, and has shown to professors and scholars newer and freer paths.

He sighed for ten years under the Russian soldiery, and has done more for the freedom of Russia than ten victorious armies.

Fate pursued him cruelly throughout life, yet could not turn the pure gold of his soul to rust, his love of humanity to hatred, or his trust in God to despair.

Fate spared him no suffering, but did not stint with pleasures, which welled up from a healthy spring of life.

And it withheld till after death its best and costliest prize—undying fame and the ever new delight which his works call forth in millions of human hearts.

The Peasant's Entry Into Literature

TOWARDS the year 1840 there appeared in European literature an important and characteristic phenomenon. The simple peasant of the village made his entry into literature. Till then poets and novelists had scarcely seen him, or, if they treated of him in their works, he served them merely as a decoration, as a lay figure, as a colourless mass, or at best as something hardly in touch with deeper human feelings. I only need to mention those sentimental and justly ridiculed peasant figures which may be found in the French and German idyllic poets of the 18th century; or, again, the peasant figures of Shakespeare, so true to life and treated with such powerful naturalism, and yet mere episodes, or those of the German 17th century novelist Grimmelshausen; or, later still Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*; and finally, the tales of Ruthene peasant life which occur in the Polish poet Klonowicz's Latin poem *Roxolania* (1584)—beautiful, but also mere episodes—and the decorative treatment of peasant figures in such Polish poems as Goszczyński's *Zamek Kaniowski* and Mickiewicz's *Pan Tadeusz*. It is only about the year 1840 that works begin to appear in all the various literatures of Europe, in which the peasant figures as the hero, and his life is the main theme of interest. In France this new tendency is identified with one of the most brilliant of women writers, George Sand, whose stories, *La Mare au Diable*, *Francois le Champi* and others, are drawn from French peasant life. In Germany, Berthold Auerbach opens in 1839 the series of his *Black Forest Tales* (*Schwartzwalder Dorfgeschichten*), which have doubtless won more praise than they deserve. At the same time there appeared in Polish such tales as Kra-

szewski's *Ułana* and *Jermola*; while in Russian similar stories appear towards the close of the Forties—notably Turgenev's *Zapiski Okhotnika*, Grigorovoch's *Antony Goremyka*, and Dostoyevsky's *Poor People*. Finally, in Ukrainian literature, then still weak and obscurely buried far from the great world, there appeared as early as 1829 short stories by Gregory Kvitka Osnovyanenko, drawn exclusively from peasant life; and then, in 1840, a figure for which there is no parallel in world literature, with the possible exception of Robert Burns in Scotland—a peasant's son who has spent more than twenty years of his life under the yoke of serfdom. And he does not come forward as the hero of some romance or poem, but as a living creator, working and struggling for the downtrodden human rights of an enslaved peasantry and of the long-neglected Ukrainian people, but also as the champion of all the oppressed. Most interesting of all, no sooner had his poems first been printed than this young peasant, so recently a serf, is greeted by the general opinion of his fellow-countrymen as a spiritual leader and the chief ornament of Ukrainian literature. He who only a few years before had to tremble before the angry looks of his master, and was only saved by accident from the knout of the land agent Prachtel, and who was sold after hard bargaining like a pedigree horse for 2,500 roubles, now becomes the leader of a whole people. Such was Taras Shevchenko, the greatest poet whom the Ukrainians have hitherto produced, and in his own way really unique.

Shevchenko's Life

Taras was born on March 9, 1814, as the younger son of the serf Gregory Shevchenko, in the village of Moryntsi, the property of the Russified German, Engelhardt. He lost his mother early. He learnt to write from the Church cantor, and at the age of eight started wandering to the neighbouring vilages and markets, in search of a master who could teach him to paint. But as he could find none, he returned to his native village and hoped to get the post of herdsman to the commune. Then the old Engelhardt dies, and his son, who had been brought up in a more Polish spirit, gave instructions that a new staff of servants should be collected for him. Thus Taras came into his service, first as kitchen boy, and then as his master's personal valet, and in this capacity travelled everywhere with Engelhardt; then, when his master noticed his eagerness to learn to paint, he was sent to study under the painter Lampi, in Warsaw. But he had hardly been there a year when, in November, 1830, the Polish Revolution broke out and interrupted his studies. The whole of Engelhardt's retinue was sent to St. Petersburg, and here Taras was left for fully eight years in the studio of the painter Shirayev. But Shirayev was really not so much of an artist as a house decorator, and could not teach Shevchenko anything. Of the work that he did as Shirayev's apprentice it may be worth mentioning the *afresco* decorations in the great Petersburg theatre. No wonder that such work and such miserable dependence should have been thoroughly irksome to him. Often he would go secretly into the park in the evenings to draw the wretched mythological statues which he found there. On one such occasion, as he was sketching the group Laokoon, he was found by his countryman Soshenko, and introduced by him to the talented writer Hrebinka, known as the author of Ukrainian fables. Through him Shevchenko's cruel fate came to the

knowledge of the famous Russian poet, Zhukovsky, then tutor to the heir Apparent, the future Alexander II. Soshenko also spoke of his young countryman to Bryulov, a professor in the Academy of Fine Arts, to the Court painter, Venetsianov, and others. This group of highly cultured artists and humanitarians tried to improve the lot of the young Ukrainian, who at the first contact with this new and brighter world was overcome by such emotion and melancholy that he thought of suicide, and then fell into so high a fever that he had to be taken to hospital. Meanwhile his patron succeeded in interesting the Imperial family in Shevchenko's fate, and on the initiative of the Empress a raffle was started for Bryulov's portrait of Zhukovsky, all the tickets being disposed of at Court. Venetsianov negotiated with Shevchenko's master, and for the price of the portrait, 2,500 roubles, he was bought out of serfdom. Now at last he could be received in the Academy, which was not open to serfs: and he soon became one of Bryulov's favourite pupils and lived in his house.

Rise To Fame

At the same time the muse of poetry bestowed her favours upon the poor apprentice. His first efforts date from the period of serfdom, but it was only as a student of the Academy that he laid brush and palette aside and committed to paper the melodious songs which flowed from his soul. In 1840 the young Ukrainian squire, Martos, made Shevchenko's acquaintance during a visit to St. Petersburg, and had his first poems published in a little volume entitled *Kobzar of Taras Shevchenko*. *Kobzar*—which may be roughly translated *The Guitar Player*—had an immense effect upon all educated Ukrainians, and such great personages as Count Tarnowski assured the poet of their friendship and corresponded with him. It is true that in the Russian literature of that period, which was mainly interested in Hegel's philosophy, in Goethe and in art for art's sake, Shevchenko was not favourably received, and his big poem, *The Robbers*, which appeared in the following year, was, severely criticised not only in St. Petersburg, but abroad.

But in the Ukraine the poet's fame grew rapidly, and he for his part, was filled with longing for the Ukraine, which he had not seen for over 12 years. In 1843 he went home during the holidays. It was an almost triumphal return of one who had left his native village in the corduroy of a page boy. The winter of 1843-4 Shevchenko spent in Petersburg and then, after completing his studies at the Academy and winning a gold medal and the title of a free artist, he returned once more to the Ukraine in the summer of 1844.

This period was the high-water mark of his career, and the happiest time of his life. In the Ukraine he wandered freely from one country-house to another, greeted everywhere with great cordiality. In Kiev he obtained a post at the Archaeological Commission. Here he found himself surrounded by the younger generation, which had already, certainly partly under the influence of his poetry, formed a secret society under the name of the "Brotherhood of Saints Cyril and Methodius," with the clearly expressed aim of educating the people and abolishing serfdom. But early in 1847, on the basis of a denunciation by the student Petrov, the society was discovered, and all its members arrested and transferred

* Apparently the "Haydamaki"—not robbers but Ukrainian peasant revolutionaries of the 18th century.

to Petersburg. Shevchenko himself was also arrested, since his poems *A Dream* and *Caucasus* were found in MSS. with one of his acquaintances. These poems Tsar Nicholas regarded as an insult to himself and his consort, and condemned their author to military service for life, without promotion, and with the express prohibition of all writing or drawing!

Persecution and Imprisonment

After three months in prison in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, Taras was placed in a "kibitka" and sent by forced marches to Orenburg, where he was finally transferred to a remote outpost in the Kirgiz country. In Orenburg and Petrovsk his life was by no means intolerable. In the former place he found a number of intelligent Poles, who received him with sympathy, and he also met with much kindness from his superiors and his fellows in political exile. His fate improved still further when the Commandant of Orenburg, General Perovsky, attached him as sailor to the scientific expedition of the learned Academician, von Baer, who was to explore the coasts of the Sea of Aral, and the uninhabited steppes of Raim. He spent over 18 months in voyages on the Sea of Aral, officially as a common sailor, but in practice entrusted with sketching the various landscapes, and treated virtually as the equal of the members of the expedition. When, however, he returned to Orenburg and laid before the Commandant his album of drawings, the latter, with the object of securing an amelioration of his lot, sent a report to Petersburg, and in due course received a sharp reprimand. The album was returned to Shevchenko, and his punishment increased. He was sent to one of the worst penal settlements, Orskaya, on Lake Aral, and here spent six terrible years, in great spiritual oppression and cruel sufferings.

Then Tsar Nicholas died, and under the rule of Alexander II there began a lively literary and social movement. Friends and protectors of Shevchenko, and in particular the President of the Academy of Fine Arts, Count Tolstoy and his wife, secured the poet's liberation from the Kirgiz steppes. After an exile of ten years Shevchenko at last returned to Petersburg, broken in health but unbroken in spirit. Even in these terrible years his muse had not been silent. He wrote a number of prose tales in Russian of which some have perished, but most were printed long after his death and fill a large volume. He also wrote in this period a number of poems, fresh and clear as pearls, many of them treating of their author's cruel experiences, and certainly belonging to the most exquisite lyric poetry of all time.

In St. Petersburg Shevchenko wrote, in addition to his lyrics, a number of epic poems, the best of which is probably *Maria*, treating in simple, popular fashion and in a highly impressive and original form the life of the Mother of the Saviour. But his health was broken. He was still dreaming of a peaceful family life on the banks of the Dnieper near the town of Kanev, where a piece of land was being purchased for him when death overtook him in St. Petersburg on 8 February, 1861.* Thus Kanev, instead of greeting him among its citizens, could only prepare his grave on a little hill beside the Dnieper.

The Four Periods of His Poetical Work

Shevchenko's poetical work may be divided into four periods, which are fairly distinct from one another. The first is from 1838 till 1843, or from his escape from serfdom till his first return to the Ukraine. In this period we see the poet still under romantic influence. He writes ballads and sentimental reflections, and composes historical tales of varying length, which culminate in the epic *Haydamaki*, begun in 1838 and published in

* Old style calendar.

Editor's Note:—In the spring of 1914 the distinguished English scholar in the field of Slavonic studies, R. W. Seton-Watson, was preparing to publish a new quarterly entitled "The European Review," to be devoted especially to problems of nationality and to the lesser-known literature of the Continent. Owing to the World War I, his project was still-born, but he had already won support in many different quarters, and on the eve of hostilities a manuscript reached him from the great Ukrainian writer Ivan Franko, written in honor of the centenary of Taras Shevchenko, the Bard of Ukraine. This article lay unused throughout the war, and its author died before its end. In 1924 R. W. Seton-Watson published it in the "Slavonic Review" (London), of which he was editor, because, as he wrote in a prefatory note to the article, "The 'Slavonic Review' seems to me the most fitting place for its publication." Its translation into English is evidently that of Seton-Watson himself.

OUT OF KOZAK THEY MADE A VALET

And Out of a Valet a Genius Was Made

By VAN WYCK BROOKS

Author

Flowering of New England

Never was there a more exact confirmation of Shelley's belief that poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world than in the life and influence of Taras Shevchenko.

Shevchenko was a serf, born March 9, 1814, near the river Dnieper. While quite young he was set to work as a cook's boy in the village school where he was also obliged to take charge of the Saturday floggings. He ran away, hoping to be able to make his own living as an itinerant painter of icons; then, obliged to return home, he was turned over to his owner's son as a valet. This new master took him along on his journeys about Russia and Poland, and at last, seeing that no amount of brutal treatment could prevent Shevchenko from stealing pencils and paper for his drawing, conceived the idea of exploiting the boy's talent for his own benefit. It was the custom for proprietors to permit their serfs to carry on trades in the towns and in this way earn revenue for them: in the principal cities of Russia there were merchants, singers, actors, musicians who were still serfs and who, belonging body and soul to their masters, raised large incomes for them by the exercise of their gifts. Thus in 1832 Captain Engelhardt took Shevchenko to St. Petersburg and apprenticed him to a painter and decorator. In six years the young artist won his freedom. The dictator of the Academy, Briulov, taking a fancy to him because his face was "not the face of a serf," raised enough money to satisfy his master by raffling a portrait which he had himself painted.

The Ukrainian Dante

Painting, however, soon gave place in Shevchenko's mind to poetry. In 1840 the first collection of his verses appeared; a second volume was issued in 1842. In a little prose work called "The Artist" he tells how one moonlit night in the Summer Garden, where long before in silence and a stolen freedom his other gift had first really come to him, the Ukrain-

1841. From this time also date the beautiful poem *Katerina*, and another poem which has still not been published in its complete form, called *The Nun Mariana*. In the second period, which lasts till his arrest in the spring of 1847, we find such political poems as *Chihirin*, *Subotiv*, *Irshavets*, and others. The poet now passes from the national Ukrainian outlook to the social sphere, and raises his powerful voice in defence of the serfs (*As a serf she cut the wheat*, *To my Sister, Marina*, *A Dream*, *Letter to my Countrymen*, *Living, Dead and Unborn*). Thus he becomes the prophet of his people, tearing pitilessly aside the veil of political and social despotism. Sudden misfortune brought this activity to a close, and even hid a large number of his poems from public knowledge for many decades.

The third period sees the poet reduced a second time to slavery, and is limited to small lyric poems, partly of a personal character, though resting on a broad political and social foundation, and partly containing highly original and characteristic paraphrases of Ukrainian folk-songs. The fourth period reaches from 1858 till the poet's death. His lyrics, begun under military service, are still continued, but grow stronger and broader, until they swell to the rich harmony of the *Hymn*, *To the light*, which may be called an apotheosis of light, progress and freedom. But the most characteristic feature of this period is the turn which his genius

ian Muse whispered in his ear. She had been shy, he says, of the sophistication and the false taste that had clung to him from the ribald songs he had been compelled to sing to his master and the marks that his life in hotels and antechambers had left upon him; and he adds that it was the breath of liberty that restored to him the purity of his childhood and made him a poet. He had already become, through his painting, and like Burns in Edinburgh under somewhat similar conditions, a fashionable curiosity; and again, as Burns had attempted to write in classical English, so he had attempted to write in Russian. His Ukrainian poems, however, instantly created a profound impression. In the history of every literature there is a moment when the speech of the people, stamped by some superior genius, is suddenly lifted above itself and becomes a member of the family of literary languages. This was what had now happened with the Ukrainian tongue, which was commonly regarded as a rude and corrupt peasant jargon: it had found its Dante. Not until 1905 did the Imperial Russian Academy of Science proclaim the full and independent status of modern Ukrainian among the various Slavonic tongues. Shevchenko had given it this position sixty years before. It was not long, moreover, before he discovered that in reclaiming the language he had reclaimed the self-respect of all those who spoke it.

The Awakening of the Free Man

"To make a valet out of a Cossack," Shevchenko wrote in a brief sketch of his life, "is to tame the Lapland reindeer." What he had done in his poems had been to revive, in the first place, in the minds of his countrymen, a sense of the great life their forefathers had known in the days before they lost their freedom. On these very steppes had lived the Cossacks of old whose descendants, sodden in their poverty, scarcely lifted their eyes between birth and death. Shevchenko described their exploits; he described his own life and how he had "squeezed the slave out of himself"; he sang of the miseries of the present and the possibilities of

takes towards religious themes (*The Neophytes*, *Kings*, *Maria*, *Hymn of the Nuns*, etc.)

If the poetry of Shevchenko is to be reduced to a formula, I would describe it as poetry of the yearning for life. A free life, unhindered development of the individual and of all society, such is the ideal to which Shevchenko was true throughout. The sufferings of humanity and injustice towards humanity always moved him with equal force, whether it was the peasant woman driven to the corvée and forced to leave her child under the corn stooks, or the prince's daughter insulted by her own father, or the maiden sold by her mother to a General, or the little Jewess who took vengeance on her own father for the murder of her student-lover. I know of no poet in the literature of the world who made himself so consistently, so hotly, so consciously the defender of the right of woman to a full and human life. The sacrifice of one's own individuality for works of mercy, the surmounting of one's own sorrows and the dedication of all one's strength to the noble dream of the welfare of humanity—this ideal of woman has been left to us by Shevchenko as his dearest legacy. No wonder then that he saw above all in the work of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, the highest moral achievement of mankind, that great idea of human love which is the foundation of Christianity.

May 12, 1914.

the future; he scourged the oppressors of the people for their injustice and their brutality and the oppressed for their self-abandonment and their sloth. Furthermore, he universalized the peculiar situation, the characteristic problems of the Ukrainian peasants, by showing how they had recurred among other nationalities and at other periods; he admonished his people, in opening their minds to the experience of humanity in general, not to surrender to their own experience; he reinterpreted the history of culture in terms of their own lives, so that his work was literally a "popular university." By thus invoking the past he had filled the present with an intolerable dissatisfaction, while at the same time creating values for the social and spiritual life of the individual; and the heaven instantly began to work. The close, dim horizon of the Ukrainian peasant expanded little by little; no longer could his round of days remain in its few circumscribed acts and sensations only a degree above that of the brutes; life began to present itself to him as a fresh and stirring adventure; the free man awakened once more in the serf. In a single poet, and to speak quite literally, a whole people had been born again.

For it was now, during the brief period, 1843-1847, of Shevchenko's residence at Kiev, that the other agencies of an enlightened popular existence in Ukraine began to appear. The historian Kostomarov, inspired on behalf of a people whose former life was the augury of an equally great future, began to recount in a series of monographs the most stirring episodes of Ukrainian history during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: he thus created for his people a genuine past, a human setting, as even our historians might do if they were willing to forget the statistics of American railroading and the sawdust heroes of the public schools and present our Tom Paines as something else than "dirty little atheists." A number of intellectual leaders in various fields formed a society to bring about the emancipation of the serfs, to educate them, to reform the agricultural system and to achieve religious liberty. Just then Shevchenko was arrested and condemned to imprisonment in Siberia. He had been on the point of going to Italy, having been presented with a sum of several thousand roubles to enable him to continue his art studies there; and it is probable that if he had done this he would have entered the sphere of Mazzini and the other leaders of European liberalism and would thus have given the Ukrainian political movement two generations ago the international importance it has scarcely yet attained. On the other hand, nothing he might have accomplished in Europe could have signified half so much in the spiritual life of his people as the legend of his years in Siberia.

Shevchenko had been charged with "composing in the abominable character"; it was observed in the indictment that his reputation rendered his verses "doubly harmful and dangerous," and on the order for his deportation the Tsar wrote with his own hand: "Must not be allowed to read or write." At the first fortress to which he was sent he was treated with leniency; his commanders permitted him to correspond with his friends, to possess drawing materials and even to spend a part of his time away from the prison. In 1850, however, one of the officers informed against him, his cell was searched and it was discovered that he had in his possession a Bible, copies of Shakespeare and Pushkin, a paint-box and portfolios; thereupon he was transferred to the more remote for-

Shevchenko And Whitman As Poets of Democracy

TARAS Shevchenko and Walt Whitman are the greatest poets of democracy. They are the voice and expression of the inmost thoughts and desires of the two most democratic countries of the world—Ukraine and the United States of America. What the Ukrainians thought, loved, and desired most found expression in Shevchenko's poems. His was not just the voice of the Ukrainian intellectuals, but of the common masses of Ukrainians, including the intellectuals. Ukrainians are proud that their greatest poet spoke in defense not only of the downtrodden and oppressed Ukrainian people but of all the oppressed Slavic peoples, in defense of all the enslaved and ruthlessly exploited peoples of the world. On the other hand, Walt Whitman felt proud that he had the honor to be the poet of the democratic thoughts, desires, and ways of living of the American nation.

Shevchenko was a true son of his enslaved nation. His origin was as humble as Abraham Lincoln's. He was a serf, his landlord's chattel, till his freedom was bought by his friends and admirers for 2,500 rubles in 1838. Walt Whitman's father was but a common house-builder. Walt's school education was even more meagre than Shevchenko's. Already at the age of fourteen Walt was earning his own living as a printer. And as a printer he learned the rules of good writing. At fourteen Taras was made his landlord's valet. But at the age of twenty-four, when he was made a free man, he enrolled in the St. Petersburg's Academy of Fine Arts and studied painting there for seven years, as one of the beloved students of the great master—painter Bryulov.

Taras Shevchenko was born in 1814. Whitman was born five years later, in 1819. Shevchenko's first book of poems, "Kobzar," appeared in print in 1840, but the poet's creative genius reached its zenith five years later—in the three last months of 1845. He was then in his prime, thirty-two years old. Nine years later Walt Whitman finally came into his own. His poetic genius burst into full flower when he was thirty-four. A year later he published his "Leaves of Grass." Here was a strong, virile, bold, but plain voice of the average American, singing of democracy.

HONORE EWACH.

tress of Novopetrovsk, with the strict injunction that under no circumstances was he to be permitted the use of pencils, pens, ink or paper. Here, in these "desert wastes of alien snow," he contrived to write a few verses, some pathetic, some filled with undying rage for his lost motherland—

That was beguiled

Into a death-trap with a lie,

Trampled and ruined and defiled.

Then he wrote no more. At last, after ten years, he was released. Forbidden to settle in Ukraine, he returned to St. Petersburg, where he continued to live for a few miserable years as a ward of the Tolstoi family. Turgenev, remembering him, wrote afterward: "We literary men received him with friendly sympathy. But he was cautious and would scarcely ever open out to anyone; he had a trick of slipping past sideways. One seldom saw anything poetical in him; he seemed rough and hardened. The expression of his eyes was mostly sullen and suspicious, but now and then came a delightful smile."

Thus died Shevchenko, as Burns had died; but in every other than a political sense he had justified the tribute of the Polish writer who said concerning him: "When the people give birth to a great poet, the time of their liberation is at hand." ("The Freeman," August 19, 1921.)

TASTY UKRAINIAN DISHES

from the columns of the
"UKRAINSKA HOSPODYNYIA"

Compiled by the Ukrainian Women's
Association of Canada.

Translated by Wilma Hudyma

BORSCH

4 or 5 medium size beets
1 onion
1 parsley
2 cups tomato juice
5-6 tbsp. flour
1 cup dried mushrooms
4 tbsp. Mazola oil
1 small carrot
1 cup chopped celery

Wash mushrooms, cover with cold water and allow to soak overnight. In the morning put on to cook in the same water in which they were soaked. When cooked, salt to taste and bring to a boil. Drain and save this water until borsch is ready to serve.

Peel beets and chop fine. Cover with cold water and cook for one-half hour. Add chopped onion, parsley and carrot. Salt to taste and cook till vegetables are done. Add chopped celery and cook 10-20 minutes longer.

Make a sauce by cooking slowly one cup tomato juice, flour and Mazola oil. Add to borsch and bring to a boil.

Chop mushrooms fine, add 2-3 tbsp. oil fried with onion and season.

Prepare some dough as you would for "pyrohy," cut into squares and put into each square some chopped mushrooms pasting them together like "pyrohy" and cook. Serve two or three of these with each dish of borsch.

MACARONI

Macaroni 1 cup chopped nuts
3 eggs 1 cup milk
1 tsp. cinnamon ½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla ½ cup sugar

Cook macaroni, cover with cold water and drain. Combine eggs, sugar, salt, cinnamon and vanilla. Add milk and nuts. Add macaroni and mix well. Turn into a well buttered pan lined with bread crumbs and bake one hour in a moderate oven (300° F.) When baked cut into squares. Serve hot or cold.

ORANGE LAYER CAKE

1 cup butter 1 egg
1 cup sugar 2 cups flour
1 cup almonds Juice and peel
1 cup milk from one lemon
1 tsp. baking powder

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly and add egg. Sift together flour, salt and baking powder. Add this to the creamed mixture alternately with milk. Fold in the almonds and lemon juice. Turn into two baking dishes and bake. When cool spread with the following filling:

Cook 2 oranges and put through the chopper. Add 1 cup sugar and mix well. Place on stove and let simmer gently. Add 2 egg yolks, 1 tbsp. cream and mix well.

POPPY SEED BUNS

1 cup sugar 1 cake Fleischmann's yeast
½ cup butter 1 qt. warm water
1½ tsp. salt
5 eggs

Combine all ingredients and beat well. Add flour, mix as for bread dough and allow to rise. Cut into small pieces, spread each piece a little and place one tsp. of poppy seed mixture into each piece. Paste

together so to look like a small ball. Put in a warm place and allow to rise. Fry in hot lard or shortening. Sprinkle with icing sugar.

Poppy seed mixture:

2 cups poppy seeds ½ tsp. cinnamon
1 cup sugar 1 cup sugar
½ tsp. salt

Cook poppy seeds, drain and put through chopper.

TEA BISCUITS

2 tbsp. butter 3 egg yolks
½ cup sugar 1 orange
1 egg 12 chopped almonds

Cream butter and sugar. Add juice and peel from one orange, almonds, egg yolks and the egg. Turn into a pan, sprinkle with sugar and almonds. Bake. Cut squares while hot.

CURRANT BUNS

½ cup butter 1 cup sugar
1 cup currants 2 eggs
2½ cups warm water 1 cake fresh yeast

Dissolve yeast in water. Add eggs and flour and allow to rise. Then add all other ingredients, a pinch of salt and enough flour. Allow to rise. Make buns and bake.

Ukrainian Canadian Review

THE BRIDE-HUNTING OF MARMAROSH

By PETER A. POLYANSKI (born 1863)

(Translated from Ukrainian by Prof. Leo Wiener of Harvard University for "The Universal Anthology"—Garnet Memorial Edition, published 1899.)

(Continued)

(2)

Finally Pantil announced that they had thawed out enough, that it was time to don the furs and start out for Father Damyan's, for they had quite a piece yet before them. And again the trotters scattered the snow with their hoofs and proudly carried the bride-hunters over steep roads.

And the roads are bad. You think you are on the way to Sasov, and behold, you are in Plazov, and, and blame whom you please. The fresh-fallen snow has obliterated the track, and all you have to do is to go over well-known eminences. But even here you get all mixed up, for the hills resemble each other like twins. And now there is a ravine, and now a familiar rock, and now again you are tempted to go straight through the woods; in short, there is no lack of allurements.

But worse than that, all of a sudden there bobs up before you an innocent-looking inn, and you know that you have taken a side trip, as if out a picnicking.

And Pantil noticed such a hostelry on the brink of a precipice, and he stopped his horses, and pulled out his pipe from behind his collar.

"What is the matter? Why have you stopped?" asked Tihon.

"Oh, nothing! What's the use of being always in a hurry? A man has got to take things easy. I just noticed a fine tree in the woods that would make a good axle."

Pantil made a motion for his ax, but there was really no such tree in sight.

"Say! what inn is that, Pantil?" Tihon asked again, as he looked inquiringly at the unfamiliar scene.

"Inn?" said Pantil, with a wry look at the hostelry "it's just a hut, not an inn."

"But I never saw it before on our road."

"And it won't be there."

"Pantil, have we lost our way?"

"No, no, we are on the right road. The inn has just turned up for us to refresh ourselves."

The horses stopped of their own accord before the inn. It rested only on one side on the ground; the other three sides were supported by poles. It hung over the precipice like an eagle's eyrie, and it seemed as if a blow would send it to destruction. Near the inn stood a crowd of people in woolen mantles, sheep furs, and sheepskin caps,—all of them Marmarosh peasants, who were smoking their pipes and waiting for a penny to fall down from the skies for a drink and for a bite of something, or for a landlord to hire them to cut timber or drive cattle to Mukachevo.

"Say, men! Anything to be had in there?" Pantil asked the people.

"Yes, Debreczyn whisky, with fresh paprikash." Pantil disappeared in the crowd.

"What village is this?" Tihon called out from the sleigh. But the parliament had passed over to the order of the day.

"Are you all deaf? Which is the way to Prochin?"

The boldest of the parliamentary crowd stepped forward and walked up to the sleigh.

"Are you going to the priest in Prochin?"

"Yes."

"Are you relatives of his?"

"No."

"Sure?"

"Yes."

"Well, you have taken the wrong road. You had better turn back, or else go straight over the mountain."

"You say it is far to Prochin?"

"Far? Well, not exactly. Rhakhmani is what you may call far, but Prochin is just over the hill."

Pantil made his appearance from the inn.

"Got your refreshment?"

"Thank you! You were right, the best paprikash I ever tasted. Now for the bride-hunting! Look, how I have braided my horses' manes. Why don't you say I have the finest steeds you ever saw?"

"You are right. But you must know some charm."

"Nonsense, charms! I just take good care of my horses, and they don't mind mountains."

Pantil cracked his whip, and the horses started to run. But they did not run very long. It snowed as in Siberia, and you could not see daylight. The horses trudged on for a long time, but no Prochin was in sight.

"I guess I had better make inquiries," began Pantil, "but where? There isn't a soul around here."

"Let us turn back, Pantil!"

"Turn back? Where? I can't see a step ahead of me, it's snowing so hard. And it won't do to turn back from bride-hunting. We'll keep on. The horses know the road best. Maybe we'll get there."

The horses sink to their necks in snow, and sink deeper and deeper.

"Pantil, we shall perish. Have pity on us!"

"Then we'll perish all together," answered Pantil, "we and the horses. But no, with God's help, we'll get somewhere. And there we'll hug the warm stove and eat a warm meal. Don't be afraid, I know my business. Well, here we are out of the drift. Don't you hear the horses striking the ground?"

He did not finish his speech. Pegasus and Phoebus and the bride-hunters are having a bath. They have broken through the ice, and there is no getting forward nor backward. It grew clearer. The wind stopped, and the snowfall ceased. Pantil looked up. Behold, there is the same parliament of men. They had evidently taken a round trip.

"What are you doing there?" some one from above asked. "Are you giving your horses a bath?"

"Come, good fellows, give us a lift. What is this ice here for, anyway. What a shame to have a pond right under your house!"

"Well, good man, your horses don't seem

to be good on going up-hill, though you do take good care of them," said a bold fellow in the crowd.

"I was just a little careless."

They pulled out the horses and the sleigh from the crystal water. In the mean time it got dark, and they could not think of getting to Prochin.

"Is it far from here to your priest?" asked Tihon.

"Not far from here."

"Is he old? Is he a young man?"

"Neither old nor young."

"Has he any children?"

"A daughter. But she is pure gold."

"Bravo. Evarist, we will take a look at her."

"Very well!"

And the people had told the truth. The parsonage was near by. In a short hour the guests were in the parsonage of Shabolta.

"Peace be with this house. We are here by accident. We went out to look for a hundred of sheep, for an increase at the estate. So we stopped here too. If we can do some business, we will close the bargain by a potation. If not, we will bid you good-bye and go away." Thus spoke Tihon as he entered the house of the parson of Shabolta; and he inwardly smiled, seeing that the parish priest Dionis had come out to the gate to receive them, and that his wife had met them at the door. That was a good omen, and all promised to go well. In the house all was order, and looked so clean and cozy that you might expect only joy and happiness. And Evarist felt at ease, though his plans were quite upset upon entering the house. He had arranged in his mind the first words and the first subject of his conversation, had selected in his mind the choicest words for the depreciation of city life and for a eulogy of country life, and had recalled an epigram of an elegiac poet with which to greet the maiden. But it all turned out differently. Nobody asked about the city life, and they knew all about the country themselves, and besides, the young woman did not appear.

This latter fact disturbed Tihon. For did not that mean a refusal from very start? But his face soon cleared up. The priest's daughter Mindora came into the room, dressed not brilliantly, but neatly. The eight ruffles on her sleeves, the crinoline skirt of pearly blue bengaline, her hair neatly arranged in a net, and the muslin jabot, went well with her round, full face, rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and blond hair. She talked abruptly, asked no questions, did not hear certain questions, and left them without an answer. She wondered at nothing, looked tired, and hardly made any motions. Yes she seemed to be well inclined to them. Tihon threw side glances on the possible bride. But an unlucky accident happened.

The table was set. The first item in the menu was the customary Markovats wine with marchpanes, such as the city confectioners even cannot manufacture.

(To be continued)

THE BATTLE OF ECONOMIES

REPORT TO THE NATION BY THE OFFICE OF FACTS AND FIGURES,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Silent War

WHILE our sea, land, and air fighters are meeting the Axis throughout the world, action has been joined on still another front. This silent and stubborn battle may well be the most decisive of all. It is the battle of economies. It is a war of commerce and shipping, barter and buying, of loans and agreements, of blacklist and blockade. It is starvation for our enemies and food for our friends.

The term "economic warfare," with all its exciting, if vague, connotations, has become familiar to the average citizen in recent months. Just what does it mean? It means fighting the Messerschmitt before it is a Messerschmitt, fighting the tank before it is a tank, smashing the submarine before it can go to sea. It means preventing the manufacture of Axis from getting raw materials. It means getting raw materials for our own production.

In the days of the Napoleonic wars, indeed of our own Civil War, the technical equipment of armies was relatively modest, and a belligerent nation could furnish its own metal and supply. To prosecute war successfully today—to build planes, ships, armaments—raw materials must be brought from every corner of the earth.

The production of the tools of war is an endless adventure into chemistry and metallurgy. Armor plate for battleships and tanks requires not only steel but manganese, nickel, chromite, tungsten, and vanadium—coming from Latin America, Canada, Turkey, Africa, and China. Armor-piercing bullets and high-speed tools depend upon tungsten that comes from China, Bolivia, and the Argentine. Platinum is needed in manufacture of smokeless powder. Platinum comes from Colombia, Canada, South Africa, and the Soviet Union. South America's bauxite becomes aluminum for airplanes.

For more than 18 months a host of Government agencies, each working in its own specialized field, has been laying the battle lines to see that we get these necessities, and that the Axis doesn't.

The Pre-War Enemy Attack

One of our most important moves in this battle of economies has been to counter the enemy's attacks upon us. He has worked for many years to weaken our military potential. Through patent controls and cartel agreements he succeeded in limiting American production and export of many vital materials. He kept the prices of these materials up and the output down. He was waging war, and he did his work well, decaying important American companies into agreements, the purpose of which they did not sense. Our businessmen were peaceful traders. The enemy's businessmen were and are, all over the world, agents of aggression.

The list of materials affected is long—beryllium, optical instruments, magnesium, tungsten carbide, pharmaceuticals, hormones, dyes, and many more. When you match each product with its military use, the significance of the attack becomes clear. Beryllium is a vital element for alloys that make shell springs; magnesium makes airplanes and incendiary bombs; tungsten carbide is essential for precision machine tools.

Concealed behind dummy corporations, the enemy went unchecked for years, using our own legal machinery to hamstring us. In the summer of 1938 our Government began to fight back. Investigation, exposure, antitrust indictments, and decrees have broken up many of the agreements that bound us. Every product

listed above is now free from restrictions.

Our Government also has worked to break cartel arrangements under which certain of our products were shut off from South America and other markets of the world.

Foreign Funds Control

Not all our action on the economic front has been defensive. Since April of 1940 we also have carried the economic battle to the enemy.

More than \$7,000,000,000 of assets of 33 foreign countries have been frozen in the United States. Such action automatically severs normal economic relations between the United States and these countries.

Foreign funds control helps our friends and harms our enemies. When Germany invaded Denmark and Norway, the President, by Executive order, froze Danish and Norwegian assets in this country. Thus, the assets of these countries are prevented from falling into Axis hands. As other nations were invaded or dominated, the control was extended successively to the Netherlands, Belgium, France, and the Balkan States.

In June 1941 the assets of Germany, Italy, and their satellites were frozen and, shortly afterward, the assets of Japan. The control now embraces all of continental Europe except Turkey. After the fall of Manila the assets of the Philippines were frozen to thwart the Japanese. Blocked assets include bank deposits, earmarked gold, securities, merchandise, patents, business enterprises, and other forms of property.

These things, in themselves, are the tools of economic warfare. The freezing of assets paralyzed German and Italian efforts to acquire vital and strategic materials in the Western Hemisphere. The Axis was using American dollars and American banking facilities to underwrite sabotage, spying, and a propaganda campaign in both North and South America. The blocking of Axis assets abruptly choked this poisonous stream.

Against Japan, the blow was even more telling. Japan's economy is heavily dependent on imports. So is her war machine. Japan's purchases of mercury—vital in certain explosives—increased 240 times in 1940 over the amounts acquired in 1938. Her purchases of zinc increased 60 times. In a 2½-year period she bought 4,350,000 tons of scrap iron steel here. This accumulation of stocks for the war that is now a reality ended on July 26 when the United States, Great Britain, and the Dutch simultaneously applied freezing control.

Approximately 2,500 business enterprises with varying degrees of foreign domination now are operating under licenses granted by the Foreign Funds Control. Each firm is required to file an affidavit giving the organization of the corporation, officers and directors, nature of operations, and principal customers. Periodic reports must also be filed. As a result of this, plus the first comprehensive census ever made of foreign-held property in the United States, the Treasury Department now has in its files strategic information on the structure, activities, and background of Axis-owned and Axis dominated concerns.

All security accounts of foreigners have been frozen. The unlicensed importation of securities from any foreign country has been prohibited. This struck against the Axis, which has attempted to dump into the American market a wealth of securities looted from fallen countries.

The Blacklist

Another powerful weapon in fighting Axis influence has been the Black-

list or, to give it its legal name, the Proclaimed List of Certain Blocked Nationals. First used against Axis agents in this hemisphere, the Blacklist has now been extended to cover the neutral nations of Europe.

The Blacklist is in effect a roll call of individuals and firms with which Americans must not trade. There are now approximately 5,600 names on the list. They represent billions in Axis investment. In one small Central American country alone German firms did an annual business of between \$75,000,000 and \$100,000,000.

The names on the Blacklist—a Who's Who of Axis undercover agents and their dummies—represent months of investigation and intelligence work by the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, the Department of Justice, Treasury, the Department of Commerce, and the State Department's diplomatic missions in the various countries.

Particular effort has been made to prevent dislocation of the economy of the democracies of the Americas, as a result of the eradication of Axis influence. Guatemala is an example. Germans there owned 50 percent of the coffee industry. To have barred this German-grown coffee from the United States would have created a desperate financial crisis in Guatemala. Treasury and State Department representatives arranged for the Guatemalan Government to take over the coffee crop and clear it to this country through a central bank in Guatemala City.

The Blacklist has effectively ended, except for small quantity smuggling, all direct trade with Axis firms. The problem now is to deal with firms serving as cloaks for enemy trading. The profits from dealing in contraband are enormous. Some companies have been offered as much as 75 percent of the value of an export cargo merely for the use of their names as the shippers.

It is now accurate to say that Hitler and his partners will find no further economic aid or comfort in the republics of the Americas.

Other Weapons

Directing our campaign in this battle of trade, the Board of Economic Warfare aids the military in the establishment of blockades. It also is empowered to control exports under a licensing system and to requisition and seize commodities whose export is forbidden under emergency laws.

Recently 590,000 pounds of tin plate were seized in a New York warehouse. Purchased a year ago and kept in storage, the tin plate was consigned to an industrial concern in a nation now dominated by the Axis. Thousands of tons of aluminum and iron and steel products originally billed for similar destinations have been found in warehouses and in rail road yards. The Government is taking over and using these goods.

Control of exports and the Blacklist are inseparable. The shipment of many nonvital commodities to South America and the British Empire is freely permitted under so-called general licenses, but such licenses are not granted until the Blacklist has been consulted. Issuing of licenses has been greatly speeded so that legitimate industry does not suffer. Some 3,000 applications are being handled a day. In most instances a decision is made within 2 days.

The elimination of Axis-controlled air lines in South America is another excellent example of successful economic warfare. The shipment of high-octane gasoline to suspect companies was cut off. Most of the Republics wanted to buy out foreign owners but lacked the means. An 8-million-dollar lending fund was set up to facil-

Memorial Service For Bilyi

PHILADELPHIA, (UNS). — On Washington's Birthday the American Coast Patrol sponsored a Memorial Service at the Central Branch of the Y.M.C.A. for Anthony Bilyi, 21, an American of Ukrainian descent, who was the first man in the historical community of Central Philadelphia to give his life for America at Pearl Harbor on the disastrous day of December 7th.

Bilyi, whose family's residence is at 907 N. Orianna Street, Philadelphia, was the first member of the following organizations to lose his life while serving his country: American Coast Patrol, Philadelphia Cadets, Aqua String Band, Northern Liberties Cadet Band, Evening Bulletin Carrier, and the Y.M.C.A. Neighborhood Club.

Anthony Bilyi enlisted in the U.S. Navy on October 16, 1940 and served on the U.S.S. Shaw 373.

The Memorial services began with a parade which circled his neighborhood, went through his street and continued across Girard Avenue to Broad Street; then down Broad to the "Y."

At the ceremonies in the YWCA, the Patriotic Order Sons of America presented Bilyi's family with an American Flag and the War Mothers made the presentation of a Service Flag. Philadelphia Ukrainians participated in the parade and spoke at the ceremonies in the YMCA.

Let us always remember Pearl Harbor.

DIETRIC SLOBOGIN

itate these purchases. In September of 1939 there were 4,109 miles of Axis-dominated lines in Bolivia; now there are none. There were 5,494 miles in Columbia, 594 miles in Ecuador, 1,210 miles in Peru. Now there are none. The job is virtually complete in other countries.

Not content to block the export of products from the United States to the Axis, we have worked to prevent the Axis from getting strategic materials from any country. We have contracted for the purchase of materials which might otherwise be sold to enemy agents.

Before the end of 1940 agreements had been signed which assured us substantially the entire copper production of Chile, Mexico, and Peru. In November 1940, we agreed to buy almost all Bolivian tin not earmarked for Great Britain. A few months later, in the face of higher Japanese bids, an agreement was made to purchase Bolivia's entire tungsten output. Under the 1941 agreements with Brazil, Mexico, and Peru, we are taking the entire exportable surplus of almost all their strategic materials. We have made similar arrangements for the control of Columbian platinum and Cuban sugar.

Supplying a Hemisphere

Choking off the enemy's sources of materials fitted naturally into our broader efforts to obtain our own stocks. The Government's stock-piling program—to build up reserves of imported war materials which might be cut off in time of war—began in the summer of 1939, but feebly. It was stepped up after the fall of France. These reserves will continue to be bolstered, but their exact size will be kept secret. As users of tires and golf balls are now aware, supplies of some materials are not sufficient to meet both our fighting needs and our civilians desires.

Special studies have uncovered processes for treating low-grade domestic ores, providing new sources of strategic metals. Agriculture research men are working to develop substitutes for materials which we have imported from the Far East. New uses have been found for some of our own most common products.

\$31,000 Defense Bonds Bought At Chicago Meeting

At a Ukrainian American mass meeting held in Chicago, Sunday, February 22, Defense Bonds totalling \$31,000.00 were purchased. This sum, it is reported, represents the initial amount in the Buy A Defense Bond drive the Chicago Ukrainians began with that meeting.

YOUTH and THE U.N.A.

"WHAT WILL I GET OUT OF INSURANCE?"

Anyone who attempted to bring new members into the Ukrainian National Association must have been asked the above question. It is usually asked by persons still in their teen or early twenties. They usually listen interestedly to the organizer's explanations as to what the U.N.A. is, what it is doing, what benefits it offers, what types of branches it has, what it is doing for the youth, and other matters pertaining to the fraternal order... but, when the organizer mentions insurance, they quickly become cautious and adopt a "sales resistance" attitude. Then the organizer finds his work really cut out for him as he listens to the barrage of questions put to him.

"Insurance? What do I need insurance for?... I'm only 18. I don't want to pay money for insurance the rest of my life, because I won't get the benefit until I die, and what good will it do me then?"

In other words, the prospect wants to get something out of his insurance while he is alive.

Many of the young people that are organized take twenty-years endowment certificates, which pay the member the full face value after dues have been paid for twenty years. This type of certificate is popular because it is like a savings investment; the member gets the full face value in cash when it matures but, should he die before it matures, his beneficiaries get the face value regardless of how many payments have been made. After the certificate has been in force two years, the member receives a cash dividend annually thereafter. This dividend represents approximately six per cent of the members' dues, which is more than the money would earn if placed in a bank.

When asked "What will I get out of insurance?" by his prospect, the wise organizer proceeds to explain the endowment form of insurance. In recent years, the U.N.A. has issued thousands of endowment certificates, both juvenile and adult, to young people.

If the reader is a U.N.A. member because he is skeptical of life insurance then he is urged to consider endowment insurance, on which he can benefit while living. Because of existing circumstances, most insurance companies have increased their premium rates about ten to fifteen per cent. The Ukrainian National Association will not raise now its rates, thus offering Ukrainian Americans the opportunity to obtain modern forms of insurance at comparatively low rates.

Adult members of the U.N.A. may receive up to \$1,000 in benefits in the event of incurable illness or permanent disability, the payment of this benefit having no effect on the face value of the members' certificates.

For detailed information concerning endowment certificates and other types of insurance issued by the U.N.A., write to the Ukrainian National Association, P. O. Box 76, Jersey City, N. J. Information about U.N.A. branches and other phases of the fraternal order will be supplied on request.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK

THE U. N. A. SPOTLIGHT

CLEVELAND BEATS ROSSFORD AND AKRON

In a doubleheader played at Cleveland on February 22nd, reports Nicholas Bobeczko, the Cleveland Ukrainian National Association Basketball Team defeated the Rossford and Akron teams by scores of 46-39 and 31-22.

In the 1st game Cleveland took an early lead and kept it throughout the game. Despite this, it was one of the closest games Cleveland has played with Rossford. Starring for the winners was G. Horosko with 23 points to his credit, half of the total scored by his team. P. Denko and J. Bobak were Rossford's high scorers with 15 and 13 points respectively.

The game by quarters:

Cleveland:	12	14	8	12	46
Rossford:	6	7	13	13	39

The 2nd game saw Akron keeping pace with Cleveland during the 1st half, but the Clevelanders rallied in the 2nd half to take the game. J. Hodowancki starred for the winners with 8 points, while his teammates, W. Danilovich and P. Haverlation, scored 6 each. Ichesen starred for Akron with 14 points. The score by quarters:

Cleveland:	6	8	10	7	31
Akron:	3	12	3	4	22

NEW YORK WINS TWICE IN TWO DAYS

The New York U.N.A. Basketball Team practically assured itself of at least a tie for the U.N.A. Metropolitan Division Championship by trimming Millville on February 28th in a 43-40 game, and defeating Philadelphia the following day by a 35-17 count, reports Dietric Slobogin of Philadelphia and Nestor Stadyk of New York. The Manhattan boys were the visitors in both cases.

In the Millville tussle the New Yorkers trailed the South Jersey 5 until the 3rd quarter when they unleashed a scoring spree that totaled up to 16 markers. Millville came back in the final session with a rally of its own, but it fell short by 2 field goals. There was no individual ace in this game and both quints exhibited good team work.

The game by quarters:

New York:	9	8	16	10	43
Millville:	10	8	10	12	40

Sunday saw the Yanks make it 2 in a row when they toppled Philly in what started out to be a rout. The Quaker City combine trailed by 1-6 at the end of the 1st quarter and by 3-19 at halftime. Philly began moving after the intermission but could do no better than hold New York on even terms. Frank Spivak led the scorers with 14 points. Mickey Matsik was the Philadelphia star of the day.

The game by periods:

New York:	6	13	8	8	35
Philadelphia:	1	2	7	7	17

WINS YOUNG ARTISTS AUDITION

As a winner of the Young Artists Series auditions held February 15th under the auspices of the Singing Teachers Association of New York, Miss Stephanie K. Turash, a member of the U.N.A., will give a concert tomorrow evening, March 10, at the Hotel des Artistes, 1 West 87th St., New York City, beginning at 8:30.

Miss Turash graduated last May from the famed Institute of Musical Art of the Juilliard School of Music. She was awarded then a post-graduate scholarship. She is a lyric soprano, age 22, a member of Branch 204 of the Ukrainian National Association, and a constant reader of The Ukrainian Weekly.

1941 GROWTH OF U.N.A. REFLECTED AT SUPREME ASSEMBLY MEETING

Growth of the U. N. A. in both membership and assets was stressed at the regular annual meeting of the Supreme Assembly held during the week beginning February 23, and presided over by Mr. Nicholas Muraszko, Supreme President.

In his report at the meeting, Mr. Dmytro Halychyn, Supreme Secretary, revealed that despite the war U.N.A. membership was increased by 1,500 during the past year. The report of Mr. Roman Slobodian, Supreme Treasurer, showed an increase in assets for the past year of \$400,000. Total membership at close of 1941 was close to 40,000, and total assets were \$6,318,517.77. The ratio of admitted assets to total liabilities at December 31, 1941 was 154.1%.

Among the resolutions passed at the meeting was one directing the U.N.A. not to renew its contract with the Ukrainian Press and Book Company for the publication of the "Svoboda" and "The Ukrainian Weekly," but to publish them itself.

Student aid grants to young U. N. A. members totalling \$2,000 were authorized by the meeting. Other grants made were: \$150 to the Orphanage at Philadelphia; \$100 to the Stamford Seminary; \$100 to the Fox Chase School for Girls, and \$100 to the Home for Aged at Slotsburg, N. Y.

\$100,000 Defense Bonds

In addition, as reported here last week, a purchase of \$50,000 worth of Defense Bonds by the U.N.A. was authorized by the meeting. This purchase is the second of its kind, also for \$50,000. The organization now possesses \$100,000 Defense Bonds.

The meeting also donated \$500 to the American Red Cross, making a total of \$1,000 donated there by the organization. Finally the meeting directed the purchase by the U.N.A. of Canadian Victory Bonds amounting to \$12,000.

Also, as already reported here, in its report at the meeting, the Supreme Auditing Committee, headed by Mr. Dmytro Kapitula, declared that in the light of "the various attacks and calumny in some papers against the Ukrainian National Association," it had conducted a special and thorough investigation of the entire matter, which revealed that "the dissemination of calumny and attacks against the Ukrainian National Association have absolutely no basis."

Finally, the Supreme Assembly meeting directed the withdrawal of U.N.A. representatives from the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America.

LEGION OFFICIAL FEARS REDS IN CIVIL DEFENSE

According to an Associated Press report from Indianapolis, dated February 26, Homer L. Chaillaux, national Americanism director of the American legion, says Communists are trying to work into key posts in civilian defense now with the idea of overthrowing the United States Government after the war.

He said he had obtained handbills passed around by the Communist party in several states calling on members to volunteer for civilian defense work. This activity, declared Chaillaux,

is particularly strong in New York, California, Oregon and Washington.

DNIESTER BRANCH MEETING

The Dniester Society of New York City, U.N.A. Branch 361, is calling a special meeting for both its younger and older members this Saturday, March 14, beginning at 8 P. M., at the Ukrainian Church Hall, 28 East 7th Street.

The younger members of the society are urged to attend the meeting, as topics of special interest to them will be discussed there.

Leb freedom ring on Uncle Sam's cash register! Buy U. S. Defense Bonds and Stamps.

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