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# The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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VOL. X

## U.N.A. Office Gets War Bond Certificate

The Home Office employees, including officers, of the Ukrainian National Association, received last Thursday from Secretary of State Henry Morgenthau Jr. a certificate stating that over ninety per cent of them are buying War Bonds through a systematic purchase plan.

## LUBKA KOLESSA TEACHING AT TORONTO CONSERVATORY

Lubka Kolessa, world-famous Ukrainian pianist, now living in Canada, where since her arrival in 1940 she has won further laurels, was recently appointed to the faculty of the Toronto Musical Conservatory. She began teaching there with the opening of the semester early this month. The Toronto Musical Conservatory is considered the finest in Canada.

While living in Vienna before the war Lubka Kolessa taught at various music conservatories there.

## SELEMAN DELEGATE AT HARTFORD CONVENTION

John Seleman of New Britain, active in young Ukrainian organizational life in Connecticut, and a member of U.N.A. branch 254, was elected last month as delegate to the Democratic State Convention held in Hartford last Tuesday and Wednesday. He is the first in his locality of Ukrainian descent to attend a major political party State conclave. At the primaries, held August 27, Seleman polled 1032 votes, which placed him among the first fifteen of the thirty-delegates that attended the convention. He was also elected to the county convention in the same primaries. At a pre-convention meeting of delegates, he was elected without opposition to be in charge of credentials for the convention.

## FORMER UYL-NA PRESIDENT ENLISTS

Chester Monasterski, who was elected president of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America at its last convention, held in Detroit, September, 1941, and who resigned from that office several months ago on account of war work, enlisted in the Army on Thursday, September 10. He was sent to Camp Lee in Virginia for classification, from where he expects to be shipped out soon to another camp.

## A FINAL PEOPLE'S VICTORY

Dr. George S. Counts, keynoter of the American Labor Party:

"All over the world men fight and die for the idea of a free world. They are at war not alone against the military power of fascism. Their enemies are Hitler and Musolini and the system that nurtured them; their aim is a final people's victory, which will bring the end of war dictatorship, of hunger and fear all over the world...

"In the last analysis the little people of America are fighting to pre-

(Concluded last column)

## Better Get Them Now

Those of our readers who have not as yet obtained their copies of Michael Hrushevsky's "History of Ukraine" and George Vernadsky's "Bohdan, Hetman of Ukraine," published in English for the Ukrainian National Association by the Yale University Press, had better do so at the earliest possible opportunity. According to the information furnished us by the publishers and our bookstore, the first edition of both these books is pretty well exhausted, only several hundred copies of each being left.

Published exactly a year ago, this history of Ukraine by a great scholar and statesman, and this biography of Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky by a Yale professor and distinguished historian, have enjoyed sales that have made them best-sellers on the Ukrainian American book mart. What is more, we are reliably informed that the sale of these two books during the past year exceeds by far the sale of any other Slavonic historical work in English.

Sales alone, however, do not make a book great. More important in this respect, are the fine reviews both Hrushevsky's and Vernadsky's works have received.

Here are a few excerpts from several of these reviews:

### HRUSHEVSKY'S HISTORY OF UKRAINE

"(It) is a translation of the popular history by the scholarly patriarch of the Ukrainian national movement. It was originally published in 1911, but additional material brings the narrative almost to the present. A popular history in the true sense of the word, it outlines almost every phase of political, social and cultural life; and this together with erudition and mature judgement of the author, and the splendid work of the editor and the translators, makes it one of the most satisfactory national histories in our language."—*Commonweal* (national Catholic weekly).

"(It) is the best statement now available of nationalist Ukrainian history; it is made by a man who himself for a quarter-century was part of that history and contributed vastly to its historiography..."—*Journal of Modern History* (University of Chicago).

"A distinguished piece of work..."—*Raymond Leslie Buell*, author of "Poland, Key to Europe," editor of *Fortune* magazine, former president of Foreign Policy Association.

"A scholarly work by the leading Ukrainian historian, an advocate of Ukrainian independence..."—*Foreign Policy Bulletin* (published by Foreign Policy Association).

"Not only for Ukrainian history but for the whole history of Eastern Europe Hrushevsky's work is indispensable. For example, Dr. Anatole G. Mazour notes in his short but brilliant survey of modern Russian historiography, 'Hrushevsky left a contribution to historical literature which, regardless of political feuds, will always have to be taken into consideration if Russian history is to be seen in its entirety rather than as a series of episodic stages loosely revolving around the Muscovite state.'... Hrushevsky's history is a mine of information..."—*Journal of Central European Affairs* (University of Colorado).

### VERNADSKY'S "BOHDAN, HETMAN OF UKRAINE"

"He (Professor Vernadsky) achieves an admirable combination of scholarship with popularization in the best sense of the term; his work is not so formidably buttressed with masses of detail as Professor Hrushevsky's recently translated history of Ukraine and is therefore more readable and more comprehensible to the average American reader. At the same time the essential facts in the complex East European political picture of the time are all clearly stated, sometimes with analogies drawn from America's own history... Both as a sketch of a strong and colorful personality and as clear study of the complicated power politics of the time, when sides were often changed with bewildering rapidity, this little book is of first-rate interest and importance."—*The Christian Science Monitor*, (Boston).

"Adequate... interesting..."—*Commonweal*.

This is the first comprehensive biography of Bohdan Khmelnytsky to appear (in English). Written clearly and carefully, the work establishes the intimate relation between the "Cromwell of Eastern Europe" and the Ukrainian state..."—*Journal of Modern History* (Chicago).

*Hrushevsky, Michael*, A History of Ukraine; edited by O. J. Frederiksen. Preface by George Vernadsky. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1941. Pp. 629. \$4.00.

*George Vernadsky*, Bohdan, Hetman of Ukraine; Yale University Press. Pp. 150. Illustr. \$2.50.

Both of these works can be obtained at the *Svoboda Bookstore*, 81-83 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

## CONCERT ENDS KOSHETZ' CHORAL CONDUCTING COURSE IN WINNIPEG

Bringing to a triumphant conclusion their third summer course in the art of choral conducting, members of the Winnipeg Ukrainian community, under the auspices of the Ukrainian National Federation of Canada, presented a superb concert at the Playhouse Theatre, Saturday night, September 5, the Winnipeg Free Press reported.

Attended by an audience that left but few empty seats in the spacious house, the program given under the direction of Professor Alexander Koshetz, world-famous Ukrainian choral conductor and musical art supervisor of the course, proved to be one of the finest ever presented in Winnipeg, and won much applause.

After God Save the King had been sung in Ukrainian, the chorus sang the beautiful choral Christmas suite arranged by Mikola Lysenko. Next it sang Lysenko's composition "Yasne Sontse v Nebi Siyaye" or the Bright Sun Shines in the Sky, based on a fragment of the epic poem "Song of Ihor's Legion," one of the earliest and finest monuments of Ukrainian literature.

The Free Press critic wrote that, "The admirably trained and well-balanced chorus accomplished its tasks so well it seemed as though the conductor were playing on some great instrument."

The second part of the choral program consisted of the "Vesnianky," Spring Games, a spectacle arranged and directed by Mrs. Koshetz. Composed of fragments from early pagan times in Ukraine, and typifying the revival of nature in spring, the act was interwoven with singing, dancing and games, "and as all the performers were arrayed in the picturesque Ukrainian costumes," the Free Press critic wrote, "the scene on the stage was animated, colorful and beautiful."

In addition to the choral program, the concert featured a string trio.

"The concert," the critic wrote, "was a great success, reflecting credit on all concerned."

Following the concert, a reception was held in honor of Prof. Koshetz at the Ukrainian National Federation of Canada hall on Euclid Street. Among those who attended and spoke at it were Professor George Simpson, an authority on Ukrainian-Canadian affairs, and Dr. P. Macenko, director of the Ukrainian choral conducting course.

The following Monday night Prof. Koshetz gave a highly interesting lecture on Mikola Lysenko to an audience composed largely of graduates of the course and other lovers of Ukrainian music.

serve a land where every man can walk free with his head high and with a voice in shaping his own destiny. The humblest of those who face death in the front lines of this war deserve to come home to a land where that dream has become a concrete reality.

## A Great Book of Our Times

IT takes time to write a book which time will consecrate as a great book. Great masters of literature sometimes spend years in writing a story or a poem. Tradition says that it took Thomas Gray seven years to write his immortal "Elegy." Goethe worked on his "Faust" for many decades. Robert Browning was satisfied if he wrote thirty lines of poetry a day. Kotlyarevsky's "Travesty of Aeneid" is also a product of long work. Men of genius, however, who write their poems overnight, like Taras Shevchenko, are rare. In fact many of them write their great works "by the sweat of their brows," working long, diligently and patiently at them. We should, therefore, be glad that Ulas Samchuk spent five years in writing the first volume of his now famous trilogy "Volyń." He worked on it continually from 1928 to 1933, and really made a masterpiece of it.

It is now safe to say that the first volume of the trilogy "Volyń" will remain not only Samchuk's masterpiece, but a masterpiece of rural life in Volyń, one of the oldest and exceptionally rich in tradition provinces of Ukraine. It is a detailed biography of a little boy, Volod'ko, or rather the description of life of a petty Ukrainian farmer, Matviy, as it is seen through the eyes of a very intelligent and inquisitive little fellow.

Who does not like Dickens' David Copperfield? The whole world sympathizes with the little orphaned English chap when he ventures out in search of a home. Yet David Copperfield is a little English gentleman, almost a lord, hence it is not possible even for Dickens to make him as simple, natural, inquisitive, and rustically charming as Samchuk's Volod'ko. The latter is a child of nature. He grows up on a ten-acre farm of his father, just half a mile or so from the village of Dermań, "na khutori." When the story opens he is too young to go to school. But at the of the first volume he is a well-read pupil in his class and reliable cowherd.

After one looks on the world for a few hours through Volod'ko's eyes, one feels as if he just had a swim in the pure and refreshing waters of some little lake or river far out in the country, and had washed himself clean of all the dust of the artificial big city life. It is most invigorating to look at the blue sky, the white feathery clouds, flowers, trees, and even the little bugs crawling up and down a leaf, and feel as fresh and content as Volod'ko. Especially admirable is the big, hulking Matviy, Volod'ko's father, who patiently works from dawn till sunset out in his field or in the quarry so as to earn a few more rubles towards buying another little strip of land from his good neighbor Hryhorchuk. He seems to be so brutalized by his hard work, and yet at heart he is really very tender, the best friend that his family could have. In him are all the best qualities of a representative Ukrainian villager. He loves his land. He is proud of what his hands have done. He has an inborn rustic dignity. And he inculcates into his family all the best habits of an experienced farmer.

But even Volod'ko and Matviy, fine characters though they are, are overshadowed by the vast and colorful panorama of the book, especially by its mighty simplicity and sincerity. It is these qualities that enable volume one of Samchuk's "Volyń" to enter the portals of Ukrainian literature as one of its finest and greatest masterpieces, worthy of Nobel's prize.

HONORE EWACH,  
Winnipeg, Can.

Mr. Newlywed: "This blueberry pie tastes queer, dear."  
Mrs. Newlywed: "Perhaps I put too much bluing in it."



### Believe It Or Not

The World's Richest Man Found It Didn't Pay

By ROBERT RIPLEY

Ashurbanipal of Assyria, the richest man who ever lived, was worth a trillion and a half dollars—75 times as much gold as is held in the United States Treasury. Yet it availed him nothing! Neither he nor his son had the sense to use this wealth for good of their people or for their protection. And so it was comparatively easy for Nabopolassar and the King of the Medes to invade Assyria and enslave it. And finally, when defeat stared the great King in the face—when it was too late—Ashurbanipal, in terror, had a tremendous platform built of polished wood, in the city of Nineveh, and on top of this he heaped all of his wealth—142 tons of gold in 2,500,000 bricks (or ingots), each brick 7 by 28 inches in size, and each brick valued at 50,000 dollars. This treasure formed a pyramid of shining gold nearly one-hundred feet high, and in the intervening spaces he placed all of his jewels and personal belongings—his wives on golden beds—his children—even his pet dog.

And then a great quantity of oil was bought from Mosul and poured on top of this golden mass, and when the torch was applied, the King himself walked in and laid himself down among his wives—his family—his pet dog—and everything he valued in life. And so the great Ashurbanipal, the richest man in the world, was consumed in his own wealth—he immolated himself and became part of this great conglomerated melted mass of money—and so ended the Empire of the Assyrians. And it never rose again.

I was in Nineveh a few years ago. Only a few mounds marked the spot that was the glory of Ashurbanipal.

Why?

Because Ashurbanipal, who had practically all the money in the world, didn't do anything with it! And he and his country were lost.

Even his conquerors—the Medes and the Persians—made this same mistake—they came, saw, conquered, and confiscated this great golden molten mass of money that was once the king's and the wealth of the great Empire of Assyria—what did they do with it?

Nothing!

They melted it into money again—and remelted it—and in generations since it has been remelted a thousand times—until, Believe It or Not, it is a mathematical fact that every golden coin used in the world today contains in it some minute particle of Ashurbanipal himself, the King who had all the money in the world but didn't know what to do with it!

What are we going to do with our money today? Enemies threaten us the same as they threatened Ashurbanipal in 626 B. C. The United States of today, like the Assyria of Ashurbanipal, is the richest nation in the World. What will it avail us?

Nothing?

Surely nothing more than it did Ashurbanipal unless we do something with it. And there is only one thing to do—and that is to **Buy Bonds and War Stamps** and make our money directly available to our country—help our country—otherwise it will become a melted molten mass and we the people will be destroyed as Ashurbanipal was destroyed 2600 years ago.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

U. S. Treasury Dep't.

## 150 Stars Fixed on Service Flag

A service flag with 150 stars hangs at the Ukrainian National Home, 214 Fulton street, Elizabeth, N. J., a tribute to Elizabeth young men of Ukrainian origin who are now serving this country in the armed forces, reports the Elizabeth Daily Journal.

Obtained through the combined efforts of St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Catholic parish, the Ukrainian National Home and the Ukrainian United Societies and Clubs of Elizabeth, the flag was dedicated on Sunday, September 6, with the city's entire Ukrainian community participating, the Journal report states.

Proceeds from the entire affair, including contributions, amounting to \$500.00, have been donated to the United Service Organization.

The religious, patriotic and social activities on the day's program began with ceremonies at St. Vladimir's Church. Members of the various Ukrainian organizations attended a high mass celebrated by Rev. Myron Horyshny, a missionary of the Basilian Order, who was assisted by Rev. Leo Chapelsky, the pastor. The Boyan Choir, under the direction of Michael Yadowsky, sang the mass, and the service flag, attended by six men in uniform, was blessed at its end.

A dinner in honor of the men in service, held at the Ukrainian National Home, was attended by more than 500 persons including Mayor James T. Kirk, Col. J. H. M. Dudley, Nicholas Muraszko, president of the Ukrainian National Association, and Councilman Thomas A. Ford, who addressed the gathering. Other speakers were Father Chapelsky, Father Horyshny and Roman Slobodian, treasurer of the Ukrainian National Association. Theodore Ohar acted as toastmaster.

The dinner was prepared by members of three women's club, the Sisterhood of Charity, Branch 37, of the Ukrainian National Association; Daughters of the Ukraine and the Ukrainian Gold Cross.

At a dance in the evening, which concluded the day's festivities, twenty-one men in the army, who were guests of honor, gave a salute to the service flag.

## The Story of Ukrainian Literature

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UP to now we have been dealing with the development of Ukrainian literature of its Middle Period chiefly in the field of religious works. Now we shall turn our attention to lay works, particularly those dealing with history.

These works began to appear more and more as the religious struggles of the Ukrainians began to die down in the latter half of the seventeenth century. As Hrushevsky writes, with the decline of this struggle, "people lost interest in purely religious books, and readers desired to have something new, more lively, and closer to their own lives—qualities which the books of the time did not possess." Historical works proved to be the most popular.

### The Kozaks Chronicles

The chief class of historical works which have come down to us from that period are the Kozak chronicles, dealing with the various wars of the Kozak period in Ukrainian history: wars between Poland and Muscovy (Russia proper), Poland and Ukraine, and Muscovy with Ukraine, besides the ever recurring Turkish and Tartar invasions and raids. In all these wars the Kozaks were the valiant defenders of Ukrainian liberties and interests.

Of these Kozak chronicles only about a score managed to survive to

modern times. They were written in Ukrainian, Polish, and Russian languages. Some of them, following the custom of the ancient chronicles, begin with the creation of the world and come down to the time of their writing.

Most of them, however, concern themselves with the period when Bohdan Khmelnytsky, the greatest of Ukrainian Kozak hetmans, who waged a great war against the Poles for Ukrainian freedom, won it and established an independent Ukrainian Kozak State, only to have all his efforts and the sacrifices of the Ukrainian people nullified by the disastrous treaty of Pereyaslav with Muscovy.

One of the most interesting, although in places inaccurate, chronicles dealing with the Khmelnytsky period was written by Siemila Velichko. He was an assistant scrivener of the famous Kozak order—the Zaporozhians. His work, "The Story of the Wars between the Kozaks and the Poles," is based on various documents, reports, diaries, proclamations and orders of the Zaporozhians, to which he had access because of his duties. On this account it is highly regarded.

Somewhat weaker in style is a similar work by Gregory Hrabianka. He was a Kozak judge, and also Hetman Polubotok's companion during the latter's imprisonment in the St. Petersburg dungeons.

Worthy of mention here also are the Kozak chronicles by Lizohub and Lukomsky, and such general chronicles as the Lviw Chronicle, the Hustin Chronicle, and those by Safonovich and Bobolinsky.

### An Early History of Ukraine

Of the historical works that appeared about then, the most significant was the "History of Rus' or Little Russia," beginning with Volodymir the Great and brought down to the end of hetmancy. The authorship of this work is uncertain. Although it was for long considered the work of George Konisky, a White Russian metropolitan, historians now believe it was written by a Ukrainian, George Poletika, or by him and his son, in any case by someone of extraordinary talent.

It circulated widely among the Ukrainian cultured classes especially during the second decade of the nineteenth century, because of its warm patriotic feeling, and although it was not put into print until the late 1840's, it was distributed in many manuscript copies and had a great influence on the development of Ukrainian literature.

In this work, the author takes the stand that Ukraine is a separate nation from Russia and Poland, and defends the right of Ukraine to autonomy. (To be continued)

# "CHORNA RADA"

(BLACK COUNCIL)

## A Historical Romance of Turbulent Kozak Times After Death of Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky

By PANTELEYMON KULISH (1819-97)

(Continued)

(Translated by S. Shumeyko)

(4)

AND upon this, the match-making was left hanging. Neither Cherevan nor Shraam mentioned anything more about it, feeling that eventually they would succeed in going through with it. Petro's expectations in this matter, however, were quite different, for he immediately had guessed that Lesya's mother had her eye on someone else as a prospective son-in-law, while Lesya herself seemed to scorn him. He felt very much downcast as these gloomy thoughts rushed through his mind. Life for him seemed to have lost its luster as well as aim.

Having thus eluded the attempt to marry her off to Petro, Lesya left the room and did not appear even for supper. Soon after they had supped they all retired for the night.

Shraam and the Holy Man were given the main room to sleep in; but Petro, according to Kozak custom, lay down in the orchard beneath the star-studded sky.

It is not recorded how he slept after having seen his so quickly risen hopes of marrying Lesya so suddenly deflated. When early next morning he rose and went into the house; the Holy Man was no longer there; he had left at daybreak, somewhere in an easterly direction. The others had already donned long traveling coats and were waiting about for Shraam, who was saying his prayers before a holy picture. Both the walls and their shelves were now bare of their richly ornamented weapons and silver goblets; for in those unsettled times it was very risky to leave anything of value around the house when going on a journey; it was usually hidden away in underground cells.

Shraam bade his son to saddle their horses, while around the corner of the house Vasile the Captive drove up in a carriage. The carriage, too, was one of the spoils of war, bearing a gilded coat-of-arms and ornate bas-relief work, indicating that it had once belonged to some wealthy family whose downfall had been brought about by the wars.

Both mother and daughter entered the carriage, but Cherevan, old Kozak that he was, scorned this method of locomotion and mounted his saddled horse. Shraam and Petro then mounted theirs and the party moved off.

Petro had intended to ride alongside the other two horsemen, but somehow he found himself beside the carriage, as if some bonds had tied him to it. For awhile he remained silent, gloomily preoccupied with his thoughts. Finally he turned in his saddle and addressed himself to Lesya's mother.

"My lady," he said, "yesterday the match-making was going along quite well until you came. Really, I do not think that what you did is right. Here I approached you with an open heart, but you used trickery to get the better of me. I would have preferred much more if you had given me a direct answer rather than what you said. So tell me, what is on your mind? Be frank, my lady, do you have any intention of having Lesya marry me? Or is there someone else?"

"There is and there is not, and there is not and there is," she replied, banteringly.

"What are you trying to do, mock me?" he exclaimed in exasperation. "Why don't you be frank and give me a direct answer instead of this riddle-like talk. Tell me, my lady, whom have you in mind as a prospective husband for Lesya?"

"Just a moment, my young sir," she replied, "don't you think that it is rather too early in the morning to go to Confession?"

Petro did not reply, but his face grew white with anger. Even Lesya herself cast a reproving look upon her mother.

Seeing this, her mother smiled proudly and said: "Well, my young Kozak, if you care so much to know the truth, here is the story. My Lesya was born under a lucky star. Just before she was born I had strange dream. So listen well to it and ponder. It seemed as if I saw in the middle of the steppe a large burial mound. On top from here there emanated a brilliant light, like from the sun itself. From all sides there came Kozaks, who I could see had journey from afar, from the various sections of Ukraine. Soon the entire steppe was filled with them, as with poppy flowers. Then a great battle began among them, each one fighting for the hand of this

young woman standing on the mound. For two days they fought over her, until on the third there appeared among them a young Hetman on a horse. At the sight of him they all stopped fighting and bowed low before him. He rode up to the mound and took this girl for himself. Such was my dream, Kozak. One that I can never forget. I went to a fortune teller, and what do you think she said?"

"I do not care," Petro blurted out, "and personally I think that you are making fun of me, and that's that!"

"No, I do not make fun of you, my young Kozak. Listen well and ponder what this fortune teller told me. 'Why, it is very plain my lady,' she said, 'that what you dreamed was about you daughter and her future husband. Your daughter's beauty will be as dazzling as the sun, while your son-in-law will be world-famous. From all parts of the world there will come famous Kozaks and Hetmans, they shall bring rich gifts with them, yet none of them will endow her more richly than the one who is fated to be her man. He will be so handsome that the others will pale into insignificance before him: in place of eyes he will have stars, on his forehead there will shine the sun, while from the back of his neck will shine the moon.' So explained the fortune teller my dream to me. And what this old woman told me seems to be coming true. For a daughter was born to me, Lesya, and certainly she is not backward in beauty. Soon afterwards, Ukraine rose and boiled over in revolt, and into Kiev there began to arrive nobles and hetmans—making true the second part of the fortune teller's prediction. All of them marvelled that I had such a pretty child, and they gave her rich gifts; yet no one among them endowed her so richly as the young Hetman who had appeared in my dreams. Far richer than that of any other was his gift to her, and far more handsome than all the other nobles and hetmans was he: his eyes were like stars, his forehead like the sun, and his neck's nape like the moon. Once again, as you see, what the fortune teller had predicted had come true. Well, this young Hetman said to me, 'Do not marry, my lady, your daughter off to neither noble nor Hetman; I shall not marry until she grows up—and then I shall become her faithful spouse.' May God, and Thou, Virgin Mary, make this part of the fortune teller's prediction come true, too!"

By this time they had rounded a hill, and upon them there burst forth a glittering view of churches—Kiev. The holy city shone like Jerusalem. The sun had not risen far as yet, so that everything, buildings and orchards, was wrapped in golden mist.

The pilgrims crossed themselves and said their prayers. But Petro continued riding, unseeing all this, so troubled was his soul by what Lesya's mother had divulged to him.

### CHAPTER IV

With happiness and with sorrow we look upon thee, oh ancient Kiev, for both fame and misfortune have been thy fate down throughout the centuries. How much glory was won by kings and hetmans warring over thee! How much blood was spilled on thine streets, squares, walls, and cemeteries!

At the time of the opening of this tale, Kiev still bore vivid signs of its burning by Prince Radziwil of the Poles just a bare twenty years ago. Everywhere the eyes looked, the effects of that terrible conflagration could be seen. An oven or a gate was all that remained of many a household. Those that had been rebuilt fairly exuded their newness against the setting of their ancient surroundings, and the wood used in building had not even a trace of any age discoloration.

Sorrowfully Shraam regarded the desolate scene before him as he approached this ancient capitol of Ukraine. All that remained to charm his eye and gladden his heart were the beautiful churches, the patches of red poppies, and the green-covered hills upon which the city lay. Brick buildings then were but few; most everything was wood. The streets were winding and in places seemed to have lost their way, for no one as yet had attempted to repair them. The squares, too, were for the most part de-

solate; their quietude disturbed only by the honking of geese pasturing in them.

Through one such winding and crooked street Shraam's party was slowly making its way into the heart of the city, when suddenly they found their way blocked by a number of wagons that stood bunched up athwart the street.

"Petro!" Shraam called to his son. "Ride ahead and clear the way for us."

Petro spurred forward, and looking over the wagons and the oxen which were yoked to them he perceived a goodly number of people seated outside a house. On the ground before them lay an embroidered rug, upon which stood a decanter, goblets, and food.

Petro immediately surmised that the owner of that house was probably celebrating the birth of a son. He could see that all those present were townsmen; this he could tell by the fact that they wore no sword, just a knife stuck in their belt; only the nobility and the Kozaks wore swords in those times. Then, too, townsmen could be recognized in those days by the fact that they did not wear a belt around their coat nor wear their cloak thrown over the shoulders; only Kozaks did this, and woe betide the townsman who attempted to imitate them in this respect. And finally, the townsmen did not dare to wear the crimson cloth, which was worn only by the Kozaks and the higher classes, but had to content themselves with cloth of blue, green, or pea-green; while the poor people wore basted clothing.

So noisily were those gathered before the house celebrating that Petro had to shout several times before they heard his "Good-day!" Two or three heads turned in his direction.

"Good-people!" Petro called out to them. "Pavolotsky Shraam desires permission to pass through here."

No sooner did he mention his father's name, then immediately a few rose to their feet. The host recognized Petro. "Where is Shraam?" he demanded jocosely. "What's before us is only a tenth portion of old Shraam!"

"A tenth portion?" Several others joined in this good-natured joshing of Petro. "Why he isn't even a one-hundredth portion of old Shraam!"

"And not even that!" the whole crowd roared. "You could lay together a thousand such fine coats and still you won't have Shraam!"

Everybody was in fine humor at these sallies; some roared with merriment—they had drunk a plenty since morning. At this point Shraam himself appeared. No sooner did the throng sight his long grey beard, immediately the wagons blocking the road were removed and the merrymakers crowded around him, with their host, bearing a decanter and goblet, before them.

"Hurrah for our Shraam!" everyone was cheering. "Hurrah for our father!"

"What is this Taras?" asked Shraam of the host, whom he recognized as his trumpeter during the last campaign. "Against whom is this blockade here. I was under the impression that peace prevails in our Ukraine today."

"How could there be peace, Colonel Shraam, excuse me, Father Shraam, or what shall I call you," cried out Taras the Trumpeter. "How could there be peace, I say. Why, this very morning there was born unto me such a Kozak that the very earth trembled at his coming. God has given me a son, just like me, a Taras. If the mice don't chew his head off, then just as sure as I'm standing here he will be a chip of the old block and trumpet charges and countercharges for the Kozaks; just as he is trumpeting now inside. Hear him?"

"May he grow into a big, healthy and fortunate man," said Shraam.

"With what shall I show you my respect for you, Colonel?"

"With nothing, Taras."

"How's that?" asked Taras, astonished. "Have you sworn off drink?"

"No, not that, Taras, but having come to Kiev my first duty, as that of any good Christian, is to attend church."

This, however, did not satisfy Taras. "My good friend," he said, "If I knew that in my old age Colonel Shraam would honor me thus, why, devil take me, if I wouldn't trumpet for him one more charge. Aren't you glad to hear of my little Taras that you don't want to drink a toast to him? You probably don't care whether he grows up into a fine upstanding Kozak or wither away like a Jew!"

"I would be glad to toast him," said Shraam, "and may God send him health and happiness; only it is not the proper time for me to drink and dance just now."

(To be continued)

## OUR ALLY AUSTRALIA

LIKE Britain, Australia has become a fortress of the United Nations, a springboard for attack against the Axis. In her short history Australia has never before been threatened by invasion. Now for the first time enemy bombers are over her homes, enemy ships are skulking in neighboring waters.

Australia is a young and virile nation. For 154 years the Australians fought against the hard facts of their own geography. They conquered a continent, and the continent made a tough and resourceful people.

When Australia declared war on Germany on September 3, 1939, she had no regular army but a skeleton force of about 4,000 commissioned and noncommissioned officers. Her 7 million people, scattered over a continent the size of the United States, were busy raising wheat, sheep, and cattle and shipping their wheat, wool, meat, and dairy products to the markets of the world. A small but efficient heavy industry has been built on rich mineral deposits and cheap sources of power. Since that day in 1939, Australia has beaten her plowshares into swords with remarkable speed and efficiency.

### Conscription of Manpower

All men between the ages of 18 and 65 are now eligible either for military service or for labor corps work. The armed forces have been built up to about 550,000 out of a population of about 7 million. Australian air squadrons have been in active service in Britain, in Libya, in Malaya, and in the Netherland East Indies, and Australian expeditionary forces have fought with the British and New Zealand forces in Greece, Crete, Libya, Malaya, Syria, and Iraq. Ships of the Royal Australian Navy have served with distinction from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean.

The drain of manpower has caused an acute labor shortage. As a result many thousands of women and over-age men have gone into factories, offices, and civilian defense forces.

Although before the war only one Australian in five depended on industry for his livelihood, Australia is now producing quantities of weapons. Her steel works at Newcastle and Port Kembla are among the largest in the Empire and turn out more than 1,800,000 tons a year. But the munitions industry had to be started from scratch. Plants shot up, workers learned new skills, and, with the help of some Lend-Lease machine tools from the United States, Australia is making bombers, fighters, anti-aircraft guns, machine guns, shells and ammunition of all sizes, mines, torpedoes, and precision instruments. Tanks are also beginning to roll off the assembly lines. Warships have been built in Australian shipyards.

The war has changed the pattern of the daily lives of Australian men and women. An outdoor, sporting people, Australians used to take to the roads each week-end. The gasoline ration has long since driven all pleasure cars off the roads. Australians are also doing without most of the clothing, household goods and domestic comforts they used to import. The people are working as they have never worked before, and they have always been a hard-working people.

### What Is Australia?

Like the people of the United States, the Australians tamed a continent—but a continent far less friendly than our own. Our periods of colonization are roughly parallel. Australia has a federal system of government like our own, composed of six states and two territories; she has a written constitution patterned on ours, a Parliament of two houses, the Senate and House of Representa-

tives, whose members are elected on the same principle as our Congress. Her state and local governments run their own affairs much as ours do. But the Prime Minister and his Cabinet follow the British pattern of sitting as elected members of Parliament, with responsibility to that body. The Governor-General of Australia, appointed by the King on the advice of his Australian Ministers, is the personal representative of the British Crown, and like the King has prestige rather than political power.

The English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish pioneers who settled the new continent and whose descendants now make up 98 percent of the population had to travel 12,000 miles from home. They found hospitable harbors and fertile coastal grasslands; but behind these, they came up against a vast plateau, hot, dry, and seemingly without end. Forty percent of Australia is so hot and so dry that it cannot support settlement. On the fringes of this forbidding wasteland, the settlers went to work and made Australia the greatest wool producer, the fifth largest wheat producer, and one of the largest meat, butter, and cheese producers in the world.

These riches pouring from Australia's fine harbors have fed and clothed millions of people in all parts of the world. Six out of every ten Australians live in the harbor cities, handling the great export trade and working Australia's industries.

Today these cities are utterly changed. Their movements echo to the tramp of United Nations troops. Their airports hum with the traffic of United Nations planes. The cities are "browned" out at night, but the war factories and shipyards roar on through the darkness.

## The President's Call To Youth

(Highlights of Address of President Roosevelt on September 3rd Before the International Students' Assembly in Washington) (2)

WE, here at home, are supremely conscious of our obligations to you, now and in the future. We will not let you down. We know that in the minds of many of you are thoughts of interrupted education, interrupted education, interrupted careers, delayed opportunities for getting a job. The solution of such a problem cannot be left as it was the last time to mere chance.

### Help for Future Promised

This government has accepted the responsibility for seeing to it that, wherever possible, work has been provided for those who are willing and able but who could not find work. That responsibility will continue after the war, and when you come home we do not propose to involve you as last time in a domestic economic mess of our own making.

You are doing first things first—fighting to win this war. For you know that should this war be lost, all our plans for the peace to follow would be meaningless.

### What Sort of Victory Is Needed

Victory is essential; but victory is not enough for you or for us. We must be sure that when you have won the victory, you will not have to tell your children that you fought in vain—that you were betrayed. We must be sure that in your homes there will not be want—that in your schools only the living truth will be taught—that in your churches there may be preached without fear a faith in which men may deeply believe.

The better world for which you fight—and for which some of you give your lives—will not come mere-

## "GAS-ALERT" The Making of a Gas Officer

Five hardened criminals had made a successful jail break but had been cornered in a shack shortly after making their break. The men were armed with pistols and were prepared to shoot it out with the trio of peace officers which had come across them in the shack. It was desired to take the five alive, with no casualties to the party apprehending them. The deputy sheriff in command of the peace officers got word of this situation to the commanding officer of a nearby Army post and requested the aid of the military in apprehending the five desperadoes and returning them to jail. A group of soldiers, armed with rifles, shotguns, and tear gas, was soon on the spot and the problem was theirs.

This was the theoretical problem which was recently posed some seventy-five Army officers and non-commissioned officers taking a week-long course in defense against chemical attack. It was the fourth day of the student's course, and the setting was outdoors, in a rough terrain on an Army post with a real shack in which five men, portraying the role of the five escaped criminals, were spotted.

The students had been divided into three groups, each of whom had discussed the problem from all angles and had made its own decision as to the best way to attack the problem and bring it to a conclusion by getting the five men alive without suffering casualties.

Considered were weather conditions, including that all-important element of wind direction and velocity; the "lay of the land," as applicable to undetected approach to the shack and the throwing of tear gas

grenades through the windows of the shack; also the posting of riflemen at spots where the five criminals could be covered when they stumbled out of the gas-filled shack.

This episode—completely worked out by a selected group on the spot—was the dramatic high light of a thrill-packed day in which the class had passed through the gas chamber at that post and had been individually exposed to tear gas for a brief period after having passed through the chamber, masked, and and proven thereby the efficiency of the gas masks they wore at that "dry run."

The students came from various posts, camps stations in the Second Defense Command, and were pursuing the short but intensely interesting course in defense against gas attack, a practical course given by an able staff of instructors. At the conclusion of the course those men who had successfully completed the training, and achieved a passing mark in the final examination held on the afternoon of the last day, were thereby rated as qualified to perform the exacting duties of gas officer, if commissioned, or gas noncommissioned officer.

The writer took the complete course, with the other men of that week's group, and found it engrossing and interesting from start to finish. He heard the same sentiment expressed by every other officer and non-commissioned officer in his group, together with such off-the-record observations as "I never realized before that there was so much to Chemical Warfare" . . . "Boy, will I treat my gas mask with respect after this!" . . . "Now I'd like to go to Edgewood and take the long course!" . . . "Now I'll be knowing just what I'm talking about when I have to stand up in front of my outfit and tell 'em how to adjust a gas mask—and why we have to wear it!"

Daily sessions of the class, except for one day spent at Fort Jay on Governors Island, New York, ran from 8:15 in the forenoon to 1715 (5:15 p.m.), and were conducted in a large classroom in the Federal Building at 641 Washington Street in New York City.

Following registration and the issuance of text books (Basic Field Manual, 21-40, "Defense Against Chemical Attack"; and Basic Field Manual "Volume I, Field Service Pocketbook, Chapter 8, "Defense Against Chemical Attack") and note pad and pencil, lesson sheets and test question forms, Colonel Latimer made the class welcome and briefly outlined the history of modern chemical warfare and defensive measures employed against its various agents.

An outline of chemical agents, going into detail as to the description and classification of each, was then given, and that same forenoon a "Sniff Test Set" was passed around so that every student could gain the necessary knowledge as to the particular odor commonly associated with the different kinds of chemical agents. This writer, for instance, will hereafter never smell garlic without thinking, "Aha! Mustard gas!" or pass a geranium bed without associating that slightly acrid scent with Lewisite (M-1); by the same token, new-mown hay or fresh-cut corn will spell—smell, rather!—phosgene to us, and that once-admirable whiff of an apple orchard in bloom will but serve to bring reminiscent tears to our eyes, for, to the Chemical Warfare Service man, apple blossom scent is only the betraying odor of that devilish lachrymatory agent, Chloracetophenone or, as we gas noncoms would now dub it, "CN," meaning you CRY NOW!

H. E. SMITH

Customer: "To what do you owe your extraordinary success as a house-to-house salesman?"

Salesman: "To the first five words I utter when a woman opens the door—'Miss, is your mother in?'"

# The Lazy Woman

(Ukrainian Folk Tale)

ONCE upon a time there lived a couple, who had one child, a daughter. They were prosperous farmers, their daughter was beautiful and jolly, and they pampered her greatly. She grew to be a big girl, who knew no work, but only how to dance and play.

When the girl grew big enough to be married the parents realized it was their own fault that the girl knew nothing about work, and so they said frankly to the man who courted her.

"We are going to endow our child with all the goods she might need, but you cannot expect her to work at anything in your household as she knows no work."

When the young man heard this, he stopped courting the girl. There chanced another, but when he heard these frank words, he, too, stopped coming around. Naturally they did not care to consent to such an arrangement. And thus for a long time the girl had no suitors.

Once her father met a friend, who said,

"You have in your household a daughter already of marriageable age, and I have a son who could marry, so why should we not become in-laws?"

"Indeed, why not!" the man said. "But only on the condition that my daughter should not be forced to do any work, since she knows none."

"And if she learns to work?" the young man's father asked.

"Good," the girl's father answered, "as long as you do not force her. I do not want her to weep at my failure to have taught her to work."

The other man thought for some time and then said,

"All right, let us shake hands on that!"

"Well, then, send over your match-makers."

The match-makers came, the girl gave her consent. A wedding was held, and a week was spent by the parents and guests feasting now in one household then in another, as was the custom of prosperous farmers.

At last, the wedding celebration was over, and the young woman began to live in the household of her young husband.

Every morning his father rose and gave each member of the household some work to do for the day: one son was sent to do this, another to do some other work, the old mother had to do her work, the daughter had to cook, the other daughter to do some other work. Everybody had some work to do, only the daughter-in-law sat around, doing nothing. When the hour of lunch came, they all gathered at the table, and father asked each of them what he, or she, had done. Everybody answered him, only one daughter kept silent.

"And you, daughter?" father asked her.

"I have done nothing, father," she replied.

"Well, you know the order of the house, don't you," father said.

And the girl rose from the table and sat at a bench near the door all the while the others were eating. The young daughter-in-law was not asked any question: she sat down at the table and ate with the others.

After the lunch they went back to work. At the supper, they again met at the table, and father again started his questioning. This time another daughter had done nothing and she was left without her supper. The young daughter-in-law just watched them and listened to them,—as usually a person new to a family does. She did not know that they had merely planned all this in secrecy. So finally in a low voice she asked her mother-in-law and one of her sisters-in-law,

"Was it always so in your household, my dear?"

"Yes, sister," the sister-in-law answered.

"And why don't they ask me about my work?"

"Because you are still a guest here, sister," the girl answered.

Another day passed by, and still another, and she saw even her mother-in-law being deprived thus of her lunch. One day, rising early with others, she said to her mother-in-law,

"Could I work at something, mother?"

"Take the broom, my daughter," the mother-in-law said, "and sweep the house and the hall."

The young wife took the broom and swept the house. When they came to lunch, father again asked everybody about work, and the young wife, seeing that nobody was asking her, said herself,

"And I swept the house, father."

"Oh, my beloved daughter!" father-in-law said, "I am not asking you. I know you are a daughter of a fine family, of a wise father and mother, and you would not waste your time. Hence I am not asking you."

After the lunch they all went back to work. The young woman again asked mother-in-law what she could do, and was told to fetch water. She fetched water, and when the father-in-law saw how hard she was working, he came over and kissed her on the forehead.

In this manner she did something every day, and slowly she learned how to cook a dinner, and still later how to bake bread. It was easy, with her husband loving her, with the whole family treating her kindly and setting her an example how to work.

A week thus passed. Back in her old home, her mother said to her father:

"Could you, perhaps, go to visit our daughter? I would go myself, but I am not well. We have given her into a strange household, and yet we do not seem to care how she is getting along over there."

"I will do it, indeed," the old man said.

He dressed and went over to the other village, where his daughter lived now. When he came into the house, he found his daughter cooking dinner, all by herself. She was very glad to see him, and rushed to greet him. She then asked him to have a seat, and at once turned back to her work and tending the pots. Her father was astonished to see her handle the kettles so well.

"And how are you, daughter?"

"I am all right, father."

"And this—do you already know how to cook?"

"I certainly do, father," the daughter answered. "There is a rule with us here: who does not work, does not eat."

"Well, daughter, every master has a different rule in his household," father said. "You must have gone about hungry before you learned how to work?"

"No, father. They do not teach you by force here, only step by step, slowly."

"That's fine, daughter."

The young husband's father had seen the old man come into the house, but he did not hurry to greet him, in order to give him time to talk the things over with his daughter. After some time had elapsed, he entered the house. The bride's father, seeing him through the window, picked up a coat, which the men of the household had muddled and left to dry, and started to clean it. The master of the household entered, greeted the guest in a hospitable fashion and sat down to talk. As they talked the visitor kept on clean-

## "What Do You Get Out of Smoking?"

I remember reading in the letters to the editor section of a New York City tabloid a criticism on promiscuous women smokers which ended with the question, "What does anyone get out of smoking, anyway?" A few days later a reader wrote in to say that he enjoyed smoking because it soothed him to watch the smoke curling upward. Whereupon the critic quickly wrote in to suggest that the smoker could be soothed by watching the smoke curling upward from the chimneys in the neighborhood!

It could be safely said that practically every smoker has been asked what he gets out of smoking, not once but many times. The question is asked by the curious non-smoker, or the interested growing youth. It is surprising, in the case of the youth, to note the increasing number of smokers. Grammar and high school students, including girls, can be seen smoking in streets or at public affairs; it is a common sight these days. But how does the smoker of long standing or the youth smoker answer the question, "What do you get out of smoking?"

The usual answer is that smoking allays nerves, pleases, and soothes. Some claim it keeps the weight down, kills bacteria in the mouth, and keeps one from eating too much as it interferes with appetite. Others say they smoke because it is a habit they like; they like the taste of tobacco and enjoy smoking for its own sake.

Surprisingly enough, many smokers fully realize that tobacco is not without harmful effects. They know that tobacco contains nicotine, to which it owes its soothing properties, as well as drugs that yellow the teeth and fingers. They know that some inexpensive tobaccos burn quickly because they are treated with saltpeter, an ingredient of gunpowder, and that cigarette paper is often prepared the same way. They will admit that bits of tobacco are sometimes swallowed while smoking. They know that nicotine is not the only substance in the tobacco to which bad results can be traced.

Fouling the mouth, acidification of the stomach, and dulling of the appetite are some results of excessive smoking. It has been known to interfere with the sight, while the irritating fumes of saltpeter reddens the throat and makes it sore. Persons with high blood-pressure should not smoke too much as the absorbed nicotine in the circulation raises the blood-pressure and makes the heart beat faster. Over-smoking may produce carbon monoxide, a dangerous ingredient in coal-gas, which acts as a stupefying drug. Those who realize these disadvantages of smoking too much are careful in their consumption of tobacco.

Smoking is a comparatively harmless practice if it is controlled by the smoker. On the other hand, however, one can live perfectly happily without indulging at all. Those who have never smoked at all will not miss anything by refraining from tobacco.

It is very difficult for a habitual smoker to give up his tobacco. De-

ing the coat. Finally the master asked him,

"What are you doing, brother? Leave it alone!"

"Oh, no, brother. I would leave it gladly but I have not lunched today yet."

"Oh, yes, yes, brother, that is the rule of my household now, and I find that we are getting along very nicely with it, thank God."

"Yes, brother, every master has a rule of his own in his household," the guest said, "and as long as it is a good rule, why should I break it?"

## PARISH DEDICATES ITS SERVICE FLAG

The Ukrainian congregation of New Britain, Conn., honored its members in the armed services of the nation at the fourth annual observance of the Ukrainian-American Day on Sunday, August 30, at Schuetzen park in Barnesdale, reports the New Britain Daily Herald.

The service flag of red, white and blue, containing 43 stars which represent the men in service was dedicated and presented to the congregation after the 11 a. m. mass at the park celebrated by Rev. Dr. F. M. Danahue, assisted by Rev. Eustachius Pysar, pastor.

The names listed in the honor roll are: Aviation cadets Stephen Bilas and Joseph Kopy, First Sergeant Edward Gerent of the U. S. marines, Staff Sergeant Gontarsky, Sergeants William M. Boyko, Michael Havalis, Andrew Kobela, Michael Melnyk, William Tronosky, Joseph Sinko, Corporals John N. Gerent, Peter Horbachuk, Joseph Tkacz, Stephen Wallack and Anthony Prestach, Privates First Class John A. Gerent, Michael Kerelejza, Andrew Kopy, Adam Kochanowski, Walter Paluch, John Sencio, John Wanko, Joseph Ustanowski and Privates Andrew Clem, Walter Bendza, Michael Kopy, John Mazur, Paul Sieczkowski, John Shutran, Stephen Shutran, John Karbonic, Michael Procko, Joseph Pashkewych, John Nostin, Peter Kerelejza, John Melnyk, William Bindas, John Hanulak, William Oles and Charles Scholar, U. S. Navy, and Stanley Kapustinski.

A choral concert was given by the New Britain Ukrainian choir under the direction of Mr. B. M. Hoptiak.

Senator John L. Sullivan extended his congratulations to the congregation and conveyed the regrets of Lieutenant Governor Odell Shepard who was unable to be present. The program included addresses by Rev. Dr. Donahue and Father Pysar, introduction by Peter Kerelejza and selections by the choir.

spite all his determination to refrain, he finds himself smoking again after a short period of abstinence. Some attempt the rationing method, cutting one or two cigarettes a day until he abstains entirely... but it would be easier to give up tobacco altogether rather than tease one self daily with a few cigarettes. Where some smokers exert sufficient will-power to enable them to give up the habit, other fail in their attempts and become confirmed smokers, even though they are aware of the possible harmful effects of the habit.

With further reference to youth smokers, it is easier to discourage them from the use of tobacco when they are beginners than it would be years later when the habit has taken a hold. Many young people smoke for "show" or because it is considered fashionable; they may smoke because their friends do. In any event it is probable that many boys and girl smoke only when they consider it opportune to do so... they can either take it or leave it alone. This being the case, they should be discouraged from smoking at all, particularly the girls, for, no matter how many arguments there are favoring women smokers, there are many more against them. Years later the young people will be thankful that they were discouraged from the use of tobacco. It isn't everyone who can refuse a proffered cigarette and say, "I don't smoke."

If one must smoke one should control the habit and not let it control him. Non-smokers should remain non-smokers, for it is the non-smoker who isn't taking risks with his health, and spending his money to enable him to take the risks.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK

## FUNNY SIDE UP

### CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT

Dear Editor:

Don't say I didn't warn you but in a few weeks the Weekly will be minus a columnist in the person of yours truly. Last week your star columnist received notice to report to his Draft Board for a physical exam.

When I got down there the clerk asked, "what's your name?" "You know my name darn well," we said. "Why else did you call me down here?" "I said, what's your name?" he barked. So I told him. "Are you an alien?" he inquired. "No," I said. "I feel fine!" "Where were you born?" he continued. "In Pittsburgh," we replied. "And where did you first see the light of day?" he asked. "When I moved to New York City," said we. "That's funny," he quizzed. "You say you were born in Pittsburgh, but your questionnaire reads, New York City." "Well," we endeavored to explain, "we were supposed to be born in Pittsburgh, but the stork wanted to see the Giants play that day!"

"And what about your ancestors?" "Well, my ancestors didn't come over on the Mayflower," we replied. "They came over on an April shower... boy, were they drips!" "And how many generations does your family date back?" he asked. "I don't know about my family," I said, "but I've been dating from the time I was 16!" "Now," said he, "have you any idea of what branch of the service you'd like to be in... the Navy, Marines, Coast Guard, Infantry, Cavalry, etc. etc. Looking at you, I should say you'd make a hardy soldier. "Huh," we interrupted, "Did you say 'hardy' or 'lardy'?" "I said hardy," he explained. "And I know we have a swell place in the Army for you. You should be in the Ambulance corps! Now before you go to the Doctor for a physical just step over here and fill in this application... blank!"

In a little while I was admitted to the examination room. Golly, when I first saw the Dr. I stood up and took notice. And when he first saw me, he sat down and took an aspirin! He took my application form and told me to open my mouth. "Nothing doing," we said. "You're not my type!" "Open your mouth and say 'cluck,'" insisted the doctor. "You mean 'Ah,'" I corrected, "No," said the Dr. "I mean 'cluck'... Aren't you the guy who lays all those eggs in your column?"

The Doctor's next step was to feel my muscles. He felt again, and this time he found them! Then he pulled out a long needle and jabbed it into me. "Are you scared," he inquired. "Scared? Hell, no," we said. "But, you know my red corpuscles? Well, from now on just call them Whitey!" Golly, what an examination the Dr. gave me. He made me sit in a chair and then wheeled it around. You'd be surprised how much loose change he picks up that way! I don't know whether I've got water on the knee or not, but when the Dr. tapped us there, he got a swell bubble bath! The Dr. then looked me over and said, "That reminds me, I must order another tub of butter for the hospital cooks!" If you're referring to this bulge in my stomach," we said, "it's not a pot belly. My bubble gum just back-fired!"

Well, outside of the above I'm in perfect physical condition. I have enough teeth to bite the end off a borrowed cigar. I can see a blonde in the dark, and I can smell what's cooking! I now have only one more examination to take, which will determine whether I report to the Army or to the Smithsonian Institution!"

"Humorously" yours,

BROMO SELTZER.

## UYL-NA Activity During Past Year

(Excerpts of address at UYL-NA Detroit Regional Rally, Sunday, September 6, by Joseph Gurski, League president.)

Labor Day week-end is the period of the year during which in the past the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America held its annual convention. This has been true for the last nine years. Due to our entry into the war last December, however, the executive board of the League decided to follow the wishes of President Roosevelt with regards to conventions that are non-essential to the war effort, and discontinued its yearly conventions for the duration.

So that the League would not remain entirely inactive, its executive board sanctioned the idea of local rallies. The Detroit District Council of the League, which was set up in Detroit after last year's convention, agreed to sponsor this year's rally. Because of unforeseen events, the Council was asked to stage the rally on very short notice. It was able to do so only because the organization was there. What it has accomplished in a short space of time certainly presents a strong argument in favor of having these groups in all districts of the League.

From the standpoint of League activities, the past year started out very auspiciously. In addition to the usual routine affairs which were done, the following major activities were planned and carried out.

1. Sponsoring of a UYL-NA Rally in Pittsburgh last November.
2. Sponsoring of a UYL-NA Rally in Boston last February.
3. Inauguration of the publication of the Bulletin.
4. Publishing of three editions of the Trend. Incidentally, the next issue will be published in Detroit under the editorship of Mr. John Evanchuk.
5. Sponsoring of a bowling tournament in Cleveland in which both men and women participated. A team representing Detroit won second place. These boys are all members of local

Ukrainian National Association branches. The trophy, as you already know, is displayed here in the Ukrainian National Temple.

6. Making plans for the participation of the League's member-clubs in four social events during this year; however, only the first planned event, the Draftee Dance, was actually held by the member-clubs.

7. Promoting cultural interests by making a donation to help finance the recent appearance of a group of talented Ukrainian dancers from Cleveland, Ohio, at the "Festival of Nations" in Washington, D. C.

8. Stressing the importance of distribution of authentic history books on Ukraine so that our American friends would better understand us and appreciate our historical and cultural heritage. Numerous member clubs immediately adopted this idea. For example: the Pittsburgh Rally Committee purchased and distributed ten copies of Hrushevsky's "History of Ukraine" to important officials and college libraries in its district.

9. Making plans to sponsor this year's League Convention in Boston. These plans, however, were later discontinued due to the national emergency and the resultant curtailment of such programs on account of transportation difficulties, etc.

10. Sponsoring the present UYL-NA Rally in Detroit.

(To be concluded)

Servant: "The doctor's here, sir."  
Absent-minded man: "I can't see him. Tell him I'm sick."

Boarder: "I'm leaving Saturday. Such dirty towels, a ring around the tub, and never any soap."

Landlady: "Well, you have a tongue in your head, haven't you?"

Boarder: "Yes, but what do you think I am, a cat?"

"No girl ever made a fool out of me."  
"Who was it then?"

## Folk Festival Impressions

(Concluded)

(2)

We're a little tired of having a speaker open up a festival with the usual words "how wonderful it is to have so many countries represented on this stage, all working in harmony, in tolerance and understanding towards national unity." We say, platitudes! The truth of the matter is that no thoughts of national unity are harbored in the minds of the groups backstage. Each is out to see that his presentation will draw the most applause. Some are out with only one thought in mind, to use their songs and dances as propaganda for their own European country. They are not interested in the other groups or their culture. They do not think of their culture as part of America. To them it still is a part of their old world traditions. The spirit is competitive rather than cooperative.

Again the groups are not to blame. The way festivals are usually planned, each group appears by itself, does its stunt, and off it goes. Once in a while, they'll all join in "Auld Lang Syne."

In the final analysis it would seem that those who participate in festivals learn little about each other's cultures, while those who watch are entertained more than educated. Seekers of authentic, usable material are more often doomed to disappointment.

Perhaps the most commendable festivals we've seen, took place at the American Common of the New York World's Fair. Here folk groups were used only to demonstrate to the audience how the dances were done. Then under the capable leadership of folk dance teachers, the people from the audience were drawn onto the platform to learn the dances with the group members. The actual participation of the people in the dances did more to teach understanding and tolerance than would have been done with an elaborate program of all entertainment. Groups at the Fair had to learn and do the dances of other countries as well.

In conclusion, we hope that those who plan Folk Festivals will set up some set of standards. We hope they will eliminate those groups which cater solely to audience and present distorted pictures of the folk arts; we hope they will plan for more and more participation by the audience in both the singing, the games, and the dancing, even though this may mean giving smaller size festivals; we hope they will squelch exhibitionism; we hope they will provide opportunities for individuals and groups to learn all about each other's culture and bring them up and out of their own little nationality ghetto; we hope that they plan to show how all the contributions of our ethnic groups actually fit into American life. There is much that can be done through a well planned Folk Festival—let's do it!

MICHAEL HERMAN  
("The Folk Dancer")

## Marusia Says:

Are you an "educated" customer knowing all there is to know about furs? Then you automatically come to Michael Turansky's for your fur coat because you know you'll get the most for your money at Michael Turansky's.

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Don't forget to attend the big  
FOURTH ANNUAL  
ALL-AMERICAN DANCE  
UKRAINIAN HALL,  
849 N. Franklin St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Sunday, September 26th, 1942  
8-12 P. M.

A "Miss War Bond" will be selected at this dance as successor to "Miss Nat'l Defense." The Ukrainian Cultural Centre will award a U. S. Gov't War Bond to the winner. A 16" beauty trophy will also be presented in addition to another trophy to the runner-up to be known as "Miss Defense Stamps." The vote of judges and not applause will determine the winners. Entries accepted at dance. Two Orchestras... Two Dance Floors. Admission 50¢. Service men 25¢.