

СВОБОДА

Український Щоденник

PIK L Ч. 202.



SVOBODA

Ukrainian Daily

VOL. L. No. 202.

SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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

No. 36

JERSEY CITY, N. J., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1942

VOL. X

Kotlyarevsky And His "Aeneid"

In the course of a recent group discussion on Ukrainian literature, prompted by its story running serially on these pages every week, we discovered somewhat to our surprise that even our better informed young Americans of Ukrainian descent know very little about one of its chief figures, Ivan Kotlyarevsky, "father of modern Ukrainian literature," and author of the famed "Travesty of Aeneid," which Napoleon is said to have taken with him on his retreat from Moscow as the outstanding Ukrainian literary achievement then.

A private tutor, a municipal official, an overseer of a home for impoverished gentry, a soldier, an organizer of a Kozak regiment in the war against Napoleon, but primarily a great writer and satirist, who besides his "Aeneid" produced also that perennial favorite among play-goers, "Natalka Poltavka," Ivan Kotlyarevsky deserves to be better known among our young people than he is at present. The same applies to his "Aeneid," which is as popular today as it was when it first appeared in 1798, as evidenced, for example, by its newest edition published five years ago in the Soviet Ukraine in a very attractive format.

What Prompted Him to Write "Aeneid"

Ivan Kotlyarevsky was born (September 10, 1769) and raised in momentous times. On the one hand, Ukraine as a nation seemed headed for extinction: the last stronghold of her national liberties, the famed Zaporozhian Sitch, destroyed by Tsarist Russia (1775), and her people and culture subjected to intensive repression and Russification. On the other hand, there were then arising throughout Europe, especially in the West, new ideas and conceptions (the Romantic Movement) that were awakening much sympathetic interest in the life and plight of the hitherto ignored and scorned common people, the backbone of nations.

All this strongly affected young Kotlyarevsky, and under its influence he wrote his "Aeneid." Its publication is significant in that it marked the beginning of the modern period of Ukrainian literature. For it was written not in the old bookish Church-Slavonic language, as were most works up to then, but in the vernacular of the Ukrainian people, in the living tongue which Kotlyarevsky had learned to love and appreciate while teaching in the native villages. As such it became the first important work of its kind and a flaming guidepost for all those that followed.

How He Wrote It

In writing it, Kotlyarevsky was faced with no easy task. Of course, he could have written a travesty of Virgil's epic poem along the lines of several others who used the original in order to ridicule the ancient deities, just as did the French poet Scaronne; or criticize religious fanaticism, as did the German poet Blumauer; or attack drunkenness and illiteracy as the Russian Mykola Osypov. What Kotlyarevsky was after, however, was to portray contemporary Ukrainian life in a way that would plant the seeds of protest and rebellion against the forces oppressing it, and at the same time lay the foundation for the use of the living tongue in the creation of a new Ukrainian literature.

At that time, it should be recalled, many of the Kozaks, whose Sitch had been destroyed by Catherine II, were still wandering around the Black Sea shores in search of a permanent home. Their plight reminded Kotlyarevsky of the Trojan soldiers in Virgil's "Aeneid." This idea became the basis of his work, while its main characters became a group of Kozaks wandering through Ukraine. Their experiences, and comments on what they saw, heard, and thought, leavened by a gusty humor, furnished the vehicle for Kotlyarevsky's message to his people.

U.Y.O.C. Distributes Books on Ukraine

After an unavoidable delay of several months the book committee of the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut, has purchased and distributed the following books and booklets among prominent men and institutions in Connecticut: twenty-five volumes of Hrushevsky's "History of Ukraine," ten volumes of George Vernadsky's "Bohdan, Hetman of Ukraine," fifteen copies of Doroshenko's "Taras Shevchenko," ten copies of Stephen Shumeyko's "Ukrainian National Movement," and ten copies of Dr. Luke Myshuha's "Ukraine and American Democracy."

Among those who received copies of these books were United States Senators Maloney and Danaher, Governor Hurley, Lieutenant-Governor Sheperd, Bishop Budlong, and Bishop McCauliff. Editorial offices of leading Connecticut newspapers also received copies of them.

KOTLYAREVSKY'S TRAVESTY OF THE AENEID

(Opening lines:—)

Aeneas was a lively fellow
And quite a Kozak for a lad,
For mischief he was more than mellow
While courage above all he had.
But when the Greeks felt very bitter
And made of Troy a heap of litter
He took a bag, and with a lust—
With some good Trojans whom he
gathered
Whose hides were tough and necks
well leathered—
He showed old Troy a cloud of dust.
He quickly built some boats of timber
Then launched them in the quiet sea
And filling them with muscle limber
He hit the foam where eyes could see.
But cackling Juno, dog-gone daughter,

Ukrainian-Canadian War Contributions Significant

"Ukrainian-Canadian war contributions are significant," writes J. F. C. Wright in his illustrated article on Ukrainian-Canadians which appeared in last August's issue of the Canadian Geographical Journal. "They march with Canada's Army, sail the seas with Canada's Navy, fly with the R.C.A.F. More Ukrainian Canadians from Saskatchewan—in proportion to population—have joined Canada's armed forces than any other nationality group in that province, including the British. As a matter of fact, more complete statistics, which should be available soon, may show this circumstance also obtains in the other two Prairie Provinces (Manitoba and Alberta). Thousands of Ukrainian-Canadians make weapons in Canada's war industries. Ukrainian-Canadian women have come forward in large numbers to work in voluntary organizations making, packing, and shipping comforts for the forces.

"Despite these patriotic activities, it would appear that there is still a certain amount of wartime discrimination against Ukrainian-Canadians. In Ontario, for example, fully qualified technicians and workers have been refused jobs simply because their names ended in a 'chuck' or a 'ko.' This is reminiscent of World War I when many lost their jobs, were refused employment, and were interned as alien Austrians."

Kept cackling like a hen for water;
That's how Aeneas lacked her grace—
A long time she had been praying:
She wished his soul would stop de-
laying

The trip to that unearthly place.

(Trans. by W. Semenyina)

Its Use of the Living Tongue

Realizing that a work written in the vernacular would probably be met with upturned noses by many Ukrainian stuffed-shirts of that period, Kotlyarevsky took pains to write it in a cultured and polished way. At the same time he used in it a half-jesting tone which gained the reader's good humor, often at his own expense. Thus he overcame much of the antipathy of those who regarded the living tongue as too common to be used as a literary medium.

All in all his "Aeneid" proved to be a vivid picture of Ukrainian life at the crossroads of the 18th and 19th centuries, replete with dramatic action, deep emotion, gusty humor, high courage, and presented against the inspiring background of Ukrainian Kozak life as it was in better times, gloriously free, democratic, and independent.

Its Literary and National Significance

The striking contrast in Kotlyarevsky's "Aeneid" between the present wretched conditions under the Tsarist Russian yoke and the inspiring past of the Kozaks—drawn cleverly enough not to offend the censor—caused many of those who read it to become conscious of their national plight. Consequently they began to take a greater interest in it and in the possible ways of improving it. Thus Kotlyarevsky's "Aeneid" started not only the Ukrainian literary renaissance but also the Ukrainian national renaissance, with its goal of a free and independent and democratic Ukraine.

TWO GREAT ARTISTS

THE GENIUS OF KOSHETZ

By William Patuk

The most flattering thing that can happen to a person is to be popularly called by his or her surname. We therefore say Toscanini, not Arturo Toscanini, nor Signor Toscanini. So too, we say Koshetz, not Dr. Koshetz or Professor A. Koshetz.

After the unstinted applause given to Koshetz by a stingily critical world, one might expect that the director would retire to a proud, aloof existence, to gaze down his nose at the world at his feet. But not so Koshetz.

Today, at a ripe but active age, he will grasp your hand and shake it and smile at you as though you were the man who sponsored his world trip two decades ago. That's Koshetz. He has what it takes to make a great man—genius plus a magnanimous soul.

But that's not all. Koshetz is a great director, and that means something. A successful director must be a genius, an understanding uncle, a tolerant father, a teacher, a student, an idealist, wise man, and a practical army sergeant rolled into one. Perhaps you have been fortunate to watch Koshetz keep two hundred people in disciplined obedience to his will for two solid hours; or heard him apologize, one by one, to three of the women members whom he felt he had insulted during rehearsal.

His face is hard to forget. Now his clean-cut features are a model of determination and discipline; now his eyes twinkle with merriment, the curled tips of his moustache raised; now he will speak curtly, with a strong undercurrent of irony to criticize a misdemeanor; now, with the instinct of a true comedian, he will turn a phrase and leave the whole choir laughing heartily.

Other celebrities come, their heads in a rarified atmosphere; they depart and are forgotten; but the personality of Koshetz remains stamped indelibly in one's mind.

His method is simple, but rigidly adhered to. First, know your score thoroughly, its harmonic texture, its history. Then, drill the choir, first in obedience and concentration, then in the correct enunciation, finally the rhythmic structure of the score, the music itself. Pay attention to every detail, every nuance. Then rehearse, and rehearse some more till you have achieved all the 80% of success that is sweat. Every singer gladly obeys Koshetz because he's sure of the remaining 20%—the director's genius.

Koshetz has a passionate love for the songs of his race, and a keen appreciation of nature. He will stand for an hour watching the spectacle of nature at sunset. We must remember that Ukrainian songs are very close to nature: most of them speak of birches, willow, mountains, fields, cuckoos, nightingales, sunsets, rivers, meadows and groves. This is why his interpretations are so vivid and impressive: in them he expresses and transmits his deep love of folk art and of nature.

As he stands before his choristers, able and alert, he seems to remind one of a soldier, on a crusade against the ugly, fighting to produce what is lasting and beautiful. In spite of a severe heart and eye illness, he carries on his work with undiminished vigor. Like a soldier of the first rank, he prefers "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

City Boy: "Say, dad, how many kinds of milk are there?"

Father: "Well, there's evaporated milk, buttermilk, malted milk, and—but why do you wish to know?"

City Boy: "Oh, I'm drawing a picture of a cow and I want to know how many spots to put on her."

LUBKA KOLESSA

By Joan Maraz, L.R.S.M. (London)

LUBKA Kolessa, famous European pianist was born in the Western Ukraine. Her father, Professor Dr. Alexander Kolessa, was a member of the old Austrian Parliament, and Lubka grew up and studied in Vienna. He was a friend of the Czech patriot Masaryk, and at his invitation was given an important post in the Prague University. Lubka Kolessa therefore, had the best continental musical education, and proved her mettle by winning at the age of 14, the highest award—a grand piano—at the Imperial Academy. At the age of 15 she began her European concert tour, and later went to South America. She has appeared as soloist with the leading philharmonic symphonies under such conductors as Furthwangler, Hengelberg, Schneevoght, Keiber and Bruno Walter.

An artist with a European reputation and a fast growing North American one, Mde. Kolessa is now residing in Canada. In private life she is Mrs. Tracy Phillips.

Appearing as guest artist with the Promenade Symphony orchestra of Toronto, Mde. Kolessa played publicly for the first time after the birth of her son. On the following day of her debut, Hector Charlesworth, prominent Canadian music critic of the *Globe and Mail*, wrote, "most people were unaware that a pianist so brilliant as Lubka Kolessa was living in Canada. Mme. Kolessa at once established herself in a city familiar with the finest pianists as one of the most gifted before the public. In one respect, she is unsurpassed by any pianist of the day; it is many a moon since one has heard such entrancing staccato playing, accurate, sparkling and crystalline in purity."

Her solo parts in the Concerto in E Minor, Opus II, of Chopin were like splashes of vivid color on a solid though nave dull background, stated another critic. Then she gave a pair of Scarlatti capriccios, short and contrasting, followed by "Arabesques on the Themes of the Blue Danube Valse," which wove strange patterns from the familiar music. As an encore she gave a bright little fugue, then was forced to repeat twice more for the enthusiastic audience.

Hector Charlesworth commented in a very complimentary style about Mme. Kolessa's performance of "The Blue Danube" (Strauss). He wrote, in part, "so musical her touch and so fluent her style that the effects were entirely lyrical." The Chopin concert she played was given with "song-like abandon," stated the critic, adding, "So remarkable is her staccato that I doubt whether any contemporary can play Scarlatti so well as she. Certainly none better . . . In the Chopin Waltzes her rhythmical genius and taste in use of tempo rubato were captivating."

Soon after her performance in Toronto, Madame Kolessa left for Montreal where she had made her home temporarily. It was not long however, that she made another public appearance under the auspices of the Morning Musicale Club. Rudolf Serkin, favorite artist in Montreal, had been engaged to open the fifteenth season and was unable to appear owing to passport difficulties. Mde. Kolessa took his place on a twenty-four hour notice. The perfection of her preparation, her good sportsmanship, and superb playing won enthusiastic praise of public and critics.

H. P. B. said the following day in "The Montreal Star," "From the beginning to the end of Thursday's recital, Madame Kolessa left no doubt about her tremendous abilities as a pianist with both power and brilliancy."

So instant was the response of the

THE STORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

(22)

Influence of Poletika's Work on Ukraine

AS was pointed out here last week, Gregory Poletika's History of Rus or Little Russia, exerted a profound influence upon the literary works and political thought of the Ukrainian people for quite some time after its appearance. This was so because Poletika took the stand in it that Ukraine is a distinct nation, separate from Muscovy (Russia proper) and Poland, and that the alliances it made in the course of its history, with Lithuania, Poland, and finally with Muscovy, were acts of a sovereign state prompted by the hope—which was never realized—that they would help fend off its enemies. Likewise far-reaching in their influence, were the passages in the book extolling the admirable qualities and fighting abilities of the Ukrainian Kozaks.

All of this was heartening to Ukrainian patriots at a time when Russia and Poland were leaving no stone unturned in their attempts to delude the world and the more ignorant of the Ukrainian people that there was no such a thing as a separate and distinct Ukrainian nation.

It is interesting to note that besides being a writer, Poletika was a political figure. In this position he also defended Ukrainian rights and interests. When, for example, in 1767 Catherine II appointed a commission to codify a new set of laws for Ukraine, one in accordance with the Russian code, Poletika as one of the Ukrainian members of the commission protested against introducing into Ukraine "an order which did not correspond to her rights and privileges and of violating thereby the sanctity of agreements" between Russia and Ukraine.

Quite a number of literary and historical works bore the distinct impress of the wide influence of Poletika's "History of Rus." Among them was Gogol's immortal Kozak novel "Taras Bulba," several works by Kostomarov, as well as the History of Little Russia written by Bantysh Kamienky for Prince Repin. It also left its traces in "Dumki i Pisni" (Thoughts and Songs) of Ambrosius Metlynsky. Finally even Taras Shevchenko, bard of Ukraine and its national hero, was influenced by it.

EARLY DRAMA

Ukrainian drama has its origin back in the Middle Ages when the custom of presenting scenes drawn

critics and audience after Mme. Kolessa's first Toronto Concert as guest concert artist with the Promenade Symphony, that she was asked to return for the grand closing benefit concert given for the War Victims' Fund.

From Toronto had come word that this distinguished Ukrainian pianist was the "surprise of the season," and that a great many people wanted her to revisit Toronto. The conductor for the benefit concert was formerly a Canadian, now in New York—Edwin McArthur. The services of all taking part were donated.

She played Weber's Konzertshuck in F Minor for piano and orchestra. The Saturday Night stated, "It is ideally suited to the style of the superb pianist—Lubka Kolessa. The elegance, brilliance and spontaneity of her art had ample opportunity in the graces of Weber."

Upon her return to Ottawa, Mme. Kolessa was engaged in a series of radio recitals with the CBC. Those of us who have heard her play will undoubtedly agree in saying that Canada is exceedingly fortunate in having a Ukrainian pianist of such superb gift and musicianship.

Now she is teaching at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Ukrainian Canadian Review

from the life of the Saviour and the lives of saints and holy men arrived from Western Europe via Poland.

These ancient religious dramas in time developed to the point where they could be classified as Christmas and Easter dramas.

As they grew in favor among the people the bishops ordered that they be presented on church or cemetery grounds. This made them all the more popular as more people were now able to witness them.

In Poland these dramas based on religious themes were usually presented in the Jesuit schools, while in Ukraine they were shown in the Mohyla Collegium in Kiev and in the school halls in other towns.

In those early times, the higher schools of learning in Ukraine required of their teachers of poetry that they write at least one play a year. From this custom there arose a class of plays which became known as the School Dramas.

On the whole the school dramas were serious in plot, content and method of presentation. To enliven them a bit, therefore, it became customary to present between the acts bright little sketches, humorous in vein. The actors would appear on the improvised stage in the costumes of the various stratas of society of those times, including the peasantry, shepherds, Kozaks, Jews, landlords, Muscovians, and present some entertaining bits of dialogue.

Very often these between-the-acts sketches, known then as "intermedius" and presented in the vernacular of the people, were sharp shafts of criticism leveled against the landowners and ruling classes on account of their mistreatment and oppression of the peasantry.

Besides the school dramas there were also the "Vertep" plays, which can be likened to Punch and Judy shows. Generally these puppet shows were presented by wandering scholars.

(To be continued)

BLACKOUT

The term is descriptive of what is happening in the world today.

Blackout means much more than doing without artificial light. It is a symbol of the gradual destruction of human advancement. It means the breaking up of families, the death of millions of innocent people, the destruction of a free education and religious system. It is the forerunner of a type of government that makes slaves of all the people it touches.

Blackout symbolizes the end of civilization as we have known it. It is an ominous word. In a country like ours imagination cannot conceive of the terror that follows in its wake. Blackout is the forerunner of a new type of enemy invasion that wherever successful, actually does black out, or wipe out individual identity, opportunity, savings, family relations—for the children become mere pawns of the state—freedom of speech, freedom of worship, private enterprise—everything that symbolizes America.

UKRAINIAN YOUTH CHORUS

of N. Y. & N. J.

Stephen Marusevich, director
— presents its —

FIFTH ANNUAL MUSICALE

in honor of Mikola Lysenko

Sunday, October 4, 1942

4:30 P. M.

INTERNATIONAL CENTER

(Y.W.C.A.)

341 East 17th St., New York City

REFRESHMENTS SERVED

Admission 50 cents

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

"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)

(5)

"**W**HY not?" demanded Taras. "There is always time for a good deed like that. Look, see how many wagons are around my house. Nobody refused my invitation and bread and salt. Some of them were going to go to the market, others into the forest for firewood, still others to the mill with grain; but when they heard that they had to welcome the arrival of a new man to this earth, they dropped everything and came, no matter if their pigs run loose through the garden while they're gone, no matter if their wives tear their hair in rage—they all came in order to properly welcome this new man, or else he will have a bitter life, and complain someday that, 'What a father I had! He was too stingy to give my arrival a good welcome, and now I have to suffer so, eating bread mixed with ashes and tears!'"

"For God's sake, think a moment, Taras," said Shraam, growing tired of this drunken harangue. "Is it fitting for a man on his way to church to get stuck at a celebration like this?"

"Why do you cater to him so, Taras?" a tatty voice cried out from among the guests. "Don't you know why they're refusing to join us? It's because they feel themselves bigger than us. Lords, they think they are. That's what is behind it all!"

These words were like a spark thrown into a keg of powder. Anger swept through the throng, for the feeling between townsmen and Kozaks had been running high for quite some time already, and needed but a tiny spark like this one to cause it to flare into an open flame.

"Yeah, that's right!" several others cried out, their anger ignited by this sudden outburst on the part of one of them. "They consider us equal only when they need us to help them drive out Poles!"

"Bosh!" the host himself now joined in this tirade against Shraam and his party. "Why the devil should we cater to them so!"

"The devil with all these Kozak red-coats!" the crowd was roaring. "All they know is how to rattle their swords. Yet where were these sword-rattlers when that pagan Radziwil thundered with his cannon against our city walls."

This was too much for old Shraam to bear, and he boiled over.

"And you, cursed softies!" he roared. "Where were you when the Poles had us surrounded at Berestechko? Where were you then when we were attacked from all sides and lost about one-half of our forces? What were you doing then? I'll tell you. You were rattling then too, but not swords, only the dollars and ducats that you got as your commission for selling rotten shoe leather soles and uniforms full of holes to the Kozaks! Bah! And when Radziwil arrived at your gates, you did not greet him with even one cannon ball! Why, you bunch of cowards! you gave him the city without the slightest fight! All that you did was to beg for—peace! Bah! And when he began to burn the city, when his Poles began to pillage it and attack you, then who came to save you if not the Kozaks? Bidolokha Dzedzeliy, with a handful of Kozaks, dashed into the city to you succor; and you, miserable rabbits, drove him out! What a fool he was for trying to help you out! I would have shown you how to defend that which the Kozaks wrested for you."

"Who wrested the city out of enemy hands if not ourselves!" the crowd shouted back. "Who were these Kozaks who saved the city if not ourselves! It's because of you that today we do not wear our swords nor red-coats. You've seized control of all Kozakdom, you lord everybody, ride about in carriages, while we have to rebuild the walls, the palisades, the towers, and pay for it with what little we have! We could just as well act like you Kozaks, tie a sword to our side, don a red coat, and then sit back and diddle our thumbs!"

"Do you mean to say that the Kozaks sit back diddling their thumbs!" exclaimed Shraam indignantly. "You should breathe so! If it weren't for the Kozaks, the devil would have taken you long ago, the Poles would have swept you off your feet, or the Tartars would have driven you to Crimea as slaves! You fools! It's only because of the Kozaks that Ukraine

is able to exist today! Give them Kozak rights! Bah! You should have told that to Father Bohdan Khmelnytsky! He would have bashed your heads in with his bulawa! Everyone to his own: a Kozak to his sword; you to your scales and weights; and the peasantry to their plow and hoe."

"If everyone to his own," broke in Taras the Trumpeter, wildly waving the decanter, so that its liquor was spilling over, "if everyone to his own, then why can't we call the Kozak sword and Kozak freedom our own? When the Kozaks needed more recruits—we joined them; when the Kozaks needed money—we gave them not only money but also weapons; together with the Kozaks we beat the stuffings out of the Poles, together with them we suffered; and what was the result? The Kozaks retained their rights, while we were put into our old place again! Who are we, after all? Are we not Kozaks too?"

"Yes, are we not Kozaks too?" the crowd caught up Taras' challenge and hurled it at Shraam. "Are we not those who lived and fought with you, and now we are scorned by you?"

Shraam attempted to reply to all this, but he could just as well have saved his breath, for he could not make himself heard above all this tumult.

"Just wait, just wait!" one leather-lunged individual shouted at him. "We'll twist your tail good and plenty pretty soon! You won't be lording over us for long! We're going to get some help soon, stalwart help. We'll fix you. We'll fix a Black Council for you, just wait and see. We'll show you who's got rights here!"

"Oho!" exclaimed Shraam. "So that's the way the wind is blowing!"

"Yes!" the reply came from the heaving throng. "Not all Kozaks just sit around councils and debate. There are some, from the Sitch itself, who will come to our aid."

At these words most of the crowd glanced significantly at a powerfully-built and fore-locked Zaporozhian Kozak seated near the house. He appeared not to be in the least aware of all this tumult about him.

"Ehe-heh!" said Shraam then. "So it's from the lower Dnieper that the ill wind is blowing." He immediately grasped the situation, and realized that everything was just about set for the breaking out of a terrible conflagration of civil warfare throughout the entire Ukraine. His heart sank at the thought. All his anger at the city-dwellers suddenly vanished before it.

"My dear countrymen!" he said to them. "Little did I ever reckon that in my old age I would receive such treatment at the hands of you Kievans. It seems but a short while ago that you were together with us under the command of Father Khmelnytsky. You then came out to greet us with bread and salt and with tears of gladness; and now you so rudely treat one who rode alongside of Father Khmelnytsky."

"Dear Reverend Father, our beloved Colonel," spoke up Taras the Trumpeter, Shraam's words instantly mollifying him. "No one really has treated you rudely. It's not against you that all our talk is directed; you know that yourself. It's against those who oppress and torment us; while you have never harmed anyone. Do not pay attention to the anger of my guests, for most of them are drunk, as you can see for yourself. Ride ahead under God's protection, pay homage to Him in His temples, and do not forget to say a prayer for us sinners."

At these soothing words, Cherevan (who all this while was waiting impatiently for the storm to subside, as he intensely disliked all such quarrels) rode ahead of Shraam and addressed the Kievans:

"It's beyond me why you started all this. Just give me a chance to go to at least one church, and then I shall come back and join you in your merymaking; and I would like to see anyone, outside the mayor himself, to drink me under."

Very cleverly Cherevan struck the right chord in saying this, for they knew him to be a good fellow and a brave Kozak, one who had ridden and fought with them in many a battle, and one who would give the shirt off his back to aid any of them. His words stamped out the remaining vestiges of anger among them.

"There is a gentlemen, if there ever was one!" they exclaimed. "May God give us more like him. He's not the least bit proud, even though he is of high rank."

"That's why he has such a good and handsome wife," others added.

"And that's why He gave him a daughter more beautiful than the poppies in his garden," came from still others.

"Well, then let us through, if that's the case," said Shraam.

At his bidding they parted and let the horsemen and the carriage to go through.

For a long time Shraam rode on without saying a word, buried in his troubled thoughts. Finally he sighed deeply, and half to himself and half to others said: "Why trouble yourself so my soul, have faith in the Lord."

Cherevan, riding alongside, overheard this. "Eh!" he thought. "Evidently those back there have got Shraam worried. I'd better cheer him up." And aloud: "Bwother, dash your troubles against the ground. Why worry yourself over them."

"There's reason enough for my worry," replied Shraam. "You heard yourself what they intend to do: call together a Black Council, the traitors!"

"Let them, bwother. The devil take them and their council!"

"You don't get the point, Cherevan. Don't you realize who's in back of it all. It's Ivanetz, Brukhovetsky, who has banded himself with the steppe bandits. So are we supposed to wait while he kindles the conflagration that is being prepared, a conflagration that will sweep all Ukraine?"

"But why bother ourselves about Ukraine, aren't we well off as it is? If I were you I would sit home in my old age and not go on any distant expeditions, and there lose my head."

"The devil take my soul!" shouted Shraam, his face gone livid with sudden rage, "if I expected hear such talk from you. You're not Cherevan, but a Barabash!"

Cherevan was dumbstruck by Shraam's outburst. At length, in a voice choked with emotion, he asked:

"What was that you just said, bwother?"

"I just charged you with having said what Barabash once told Father Khmelnytsky to do. And you know just as well as I do what that was, that he and his men refused to pay taxes or join Khmelnytsky's forces, for they considered it would be better to live in peace with the lording Polish nobles than to engage in any war with them and thereby lose their lives upon some distant field. And that's what you, Cherevan, are telling me. Let everything perish, let our fatherland perish, so long as we remain alive and well. What shameful words! I can do naught else than to call you another Barabash!"

"Bwother Ivan!" exclaimed Cherevan, trembling with suppressed feelings. "Ten years ago you would had had to answer to me for this insult with bullet and sword. Today I'm different, but the devil take me if I will endure such a rotten name as you have just given me. I will show you that I am not a Barabash. Just as sure as I am seated on this horse, so will I ride with you beyond the Dnieper—together with wife, my daughter, and with my Vasile the Captive; and even if you throw yourself into a river for that fatherland you speak of, I'll follow you even there."

"Ah, that's spoken like a true Kozak!" exclaimed Shraam, all his anger now vanished when he saw that old Cherevan's Kozak heart had not fallen asleep. "Give me your hand, and promise that you will stick to me through everything."

"I do so promise, bwother!" and Cherevan laughed in happiness.

By this time they had arrived at the church of the Sahaydachny Brotherhood, named after the Hetman who founded it. Into it they entered.

HAVE YOU READ IT YET?

Modern Ukraine was born in the throes of the Kozak Revolution of 1648, which was led by the famous Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky, "the Cromwell of Eastern Europe." Bohdan's life and political career were both dramatic and colorful, a strange story of blood and thunder and diplomatic maneuver. Professor George Vernadsky of Yale University gives a striking picture of the rise of the Ukrainian people under this powerful leader, in his **BOHDAN, HETMAN OF UKRAINE**, published for the Ukrainian National Association by the Yale University Press (1941. Pp. 150. Illus. \$2.50) SVOBODA BOOKSTORE, 81-83 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

THE PHILIPPINES

IN the history of man's unending struggle for freedom, there have been defeats greater than any victories. These were defeats of a few fighting against many, fighting to their death without hope but with unconquerable faith. They were defeats, bitter and crushing, but not final. The peoples defeated at Thermopylae, Alesia, Kosovo, Warsaw, and Madrid learned in defeat to know themselves as nations. The latest of these heroic defeats was Bataan.

Bataan is the peninsula which forms one pillar of the gate to Manila Bay in the Philippine Islands. It is a tiny peninsula about 30 miles wide—some 600 square miles of steep hills, deep gullies, tangled jungle. Here the men of the Philippines made a last stand against American forces in 1901; and here in 1942 Filipinos and Americans together made a last stand against the Japanese.

For 4 months after the fall of Manila, 27,000 Filipinos and 9,000 Americans on Bataan kept perhaps 300,000 Japanese from other battlefronts. General Douglas MacArthur, who organized the defense of Bataan, said of them afterward: "No army has ever done so much with so little." They had a few much-patched P-40's—because the United States air force in the Philippines was practically wiped out on the first day of the war. They had a few cannon, a few tanks, a few ammunition dumps. From the middle of January they were on short rations. (Two out of every three supply ships trying to slip through were sunk.) Toward the end they were feverish with malaria, and there was no quinine; they were wounded, and had gangrene, and there was no ether. But for 4 months from their fox-holes, from under the giant jungle roots, they threw back wave after wave of attackers. The Japanese had to send their ablest commander—Yamashita, conqueror of Singapore—new supplies of tanks and long-range artillery, swarms of bombing planes and tens of thousands of fresh troops, before the men on Bataan could be blasted out. They were conquered only when they could no longer stand on their feet to fight. And even then, a few managed to carry on the battle. For another month, Corregidor held out under continuous bombing and artillery fire.

Of the 36,000 defenders of Bataan, 27,000 were Filipinos. The Americans called them all "Joe"—out of affection. "Joe" had other and more specific names. "Joe" was Captain Jesus Villamor, the great pursuit pilot of the Filipino Air Corps, leading five battered pursuit planes against three dozen or so Japanese bombers. He was Major Gregorio Sandiko, who with 28 of the Philippine Constabulary met the shiploads of Japanese landing at Legaspi and fought them until he and 24 of his constables were dead. "Joe" was Father Gtulio Ingal who went into occupied Manila to take news to the Philippine Scouts' families, was captured, and escaped under fire to go back to Bataan. He was Corporal Narciso Ortillano, who was charged in his machine-gun nest by 11 Japanese and killed all of them. He was the nameless wounded Scout who said to his nurse, when he found he could never fight the Japanese again, "I do not want to live now, Mum."

The Islands

The Philippine Islands stretch for 1,150 miles on the far side of the Pacific, some 7,000 miles west of San Francisco. The southernmost islands lie close to British North Borneo; the northernmost is only 65 miles from Japanese-held Formosa. The total land area is about the same as that of the British Isles.

There are 7,083 islands. Only 4,441 have names. Only 462 have an area of as much as one square mile. Some are no more than tiny volcanic rocks in the Sulu Sea. But some are very large: Luzon, in the north, with the capital city of Manila; Mindanao in the south. Other important islands are Mindoro, Panay, Palawan, Cebu, Negros. Their hot, flat little towns have strange and lovely Malay names, known to every sailor in Far Eastern waters: Iloilo Tuguegarao, Zamboanga.

The economy of the Philippines is 80 percent agricultural. Between the high mountain chains, where gold and other ores are mined, and the dense tropical forests of the larger islands, are fertile plains where the Filipinos grow corn and cassava. Banana, coconut, and papaya trees bear fruit the year round. But the great staple food is rice. The rice terraces of the primitive Ifugao people in northern Luzon are among the world's great engineering miracles: 30 to 50 feet high, they are carved out of the mountainsides, walled up with rock and clay, fertilized and irrigated with precise science. Industrial crops are sugar cane, copra, tobacco, pineapple, and abaca or Manila hemp, of which the Philippine is the world's chief source. The rich land could grow many crops besides.

Land, before the war, was the chief Philippine problem, not for lack of it but because it was unequally distributed. Over half of the land is potentially arable; only 15 percent is cultivated. The average Filipino farmer had had only three acres. The population was concentrated in parts of Luzon and the central islands. Before the Japanese came, the Commonwealth Government had begun a resettlement movement from the overcrowded areas to more sparsely settled regions.

The People

There are 16,350,000 Filipinos. They are mainly of Malay descent, with some admixture of Spanish and Chinese. They speak 87 distinct—but related—languages and dialects. One of these—Tagalog—is now the national language and is taught together with English. Some Filipinos, especially in official and social circles, also speak Spanish—the heritage of 300 years of Spanish rule in the islands.

They are small, sturdy people—warm, hospitable, and gay, fond of color, gifted musically. The younger generation has been brought up in the American tradition: they have been taught by American teachers in schools much like those of the United States; they read American books and magazines and use American slang.

The Filipinos are proud of being the only Christian nation in the Far East; 90 percent of them profess Christianity, two-thirds being Roman Catholics.

The Commonwealth

The Filipinos are also proud of having established, with the help of the United States, the only democratic republican government along Western lines in the Orient. In 1872 Filipinos revolted after three centuries of Spanish rule, during which the 43 different tribal groups had come gradually to recognize that they were all Filipinos. In 1896 they revolted again, and yet again—the second time in protest against the execution of their national hero, José Rizal. In 1898, after Dewey had defeated the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, Filipinos revolted after three centuries of Spanish rule, but finally made their peace with the United States. It was generally felt that the masses of the Filipino people were not quite ready for self-government. (To be concluded)

Join The Ranks

Every intelligent man thinks of the future. As head of the family, he wants to safeguard the happiness and well-being of his wife and children. You will ask, "How?" There are several ways. One, for instance, is through insurance—fraternal insurance. Not only are you protected, but also your family. Insurance is a form of saving, and through such saving your son can have a college education, daughter a wedding dowry, and you and your wife a retirement income. Furthermore, as a member of a fraternal organization, you can expand your social life because it centers amidst other members. In time of illness, these members will be only too glad to come and cheer you up, and defray some of the medical expenses from the sick benefit treasury. And, if misfortune should meet you, and you are totally disabled by an accident or some incurable ailment, a weekly benefit will be paid to you by the branch itself. There are many good points about fraternal insurance.

Of course, many companies and fraternal organizations misrepresent the privileges and clauses contained in the policies. As an old Ukrainian adage reads, they promise "hrushky na verbi." This method of obtaining members perhaps is easy, but in the long run creates a distrust. It is much better to sell insurance based on facts as stated in the policy without any glamorizing. Once mistake-

ments are made, further business is out of the question, and instead of a gain for the organization, such action is a hindrance.

The Ukrainian National Association is the oldest and foremost fraternal organization. It issues various policies, endowment, 20-year payment life, ordinary life, special juvenile etc. Whatever policy you choose, that one will be issued. And the first important duty of insured is to read the policy. The privileges are printed on the policy, and must be fulfilled. If you are not entirely satisfied, request one you prefer. The Association is governed by the Insurance Department and must abide by all rules and regulations. A fifty-year record is nothing to be sneered at. It shows that the Association is doing legitimate business in states it holds license.

Statistics number the Ukrainians in the United States and Canada well over one million. Yet only 40,000 are members! Where are the remainder? Surely, they aren't afraid to own up to their Ukrainian descent! Surely, they are not immune to death, and need no insurance! Good business managers always carry a substantial sum of insurance. The Ukrainian National Association offers more than some other organizations or commercial insurance companies. Information will be gladly given without any obligation. Join the ranks today

JOSEPHINE GIBBONS

WAR BOND BEAUTY CONTEST TO BE HELD IN PHILLY

Tonight is the night when Philadelphia's "Miss Ukraine" will be named from among a bevy of American-Ukrainian beauties.

Selection takes place at the popular Ukrainian Hall, 849 North Franklin Street (between 7th and 8th Sts. eight hundred north of Market St.), Philadelphia, where the fourth annual "All-American Dance" will be held as sponsored by the prolific Ukrainian Cultural Centre.

Appropriate to the times, this year's beauty will be crowned as "Miss War Bond" while the runner-up will be designated as "Miss Defense Stamps."

Every single American girl of Ukrainian descent from the Philadelphia Area is eligible and invited to enter this greatest of all Ukrainian beauty contests sponsored annually in Philadelphia. Previous winners were: Clementine Kozak (The Ukrainian Oomph Girl), Sophie Feshuck (Miss Conscript), and Helen Gazdun (Miss National Defense).

Girls interested in entering this contest should contact the Ukrainian Cultural Centre, 645 North 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALEXANDER YAREMKO
Contest Chairman

BEST DEFENSE AGAINST INCENDIARIES

Water is recommended as the primary agent for controlling fires that might result from possible incendiary bomb attacks on American cities, according to a special bulletin distributed by National Board of Fire Underwriters, which quotes a statement authorized for reproduction by Director James M. Landis, of the Office of Civilian Defense.

The statement says: "In recent months a great variety of 'bomb extinguisher' powders have been offered for sale to the public. Based on wide experience abroad and tests conducted in this country, commercial powders, sand, talc, and similar agents are at best considered as limited to use in places where there is little danger of fires of serious nature. Many commercial powders have been tested but none has been found to be materially better than sand, dry dirt or ashes. Therefore, unless cost is negligible,

CIVIC CENTER IN WARTIME

Now that vacation time is over, the girls of the Ukrainian Civic Center of New York City have once more resumed their various activities. The lengthening shadow cast by the present war, has forced them to omit some of their events of former years. A Saturday in November regularly marked the date of their Annual Dance to which day many of their friends look forward. It is with deep regret that this affair has to be dispensed with for the duration. The members, however, intend to celebrate the "eleventh" year by a dinner-dance at the International Center.

Plans are now under way for an extensive Fall program, which will include a Nutrition Course, Canteen Course, handicrafts and sewing for the Red Cross, as well as some of the activities enjoyed in the past.

The club is constantly making efforts to secure additional members and welcomes girls of Ukrainian parentage, over the age of 16, to their Tuesday evening meetings at the International Center, 341 East 17th Street, New York City, where friendship is multiplied. Won't you come down and meet us?

Rosalie Chuma, Pres.

they are not to be recommended. Furthermore, they engender a false sense of security in the minds of civilians, thus endangering lives in event of an incendiary bomb attack.

"The enemy may use any of a number of types of bombs, all designed to start fires. For this reason, fire equipment for civilians must be of the type to fight fire itself and not merely to deal with a particular bomb. The use of water with a suitable device such as a pump tank, stirrup, or other water types of extinguishers is the most effective method for dealing with fire caused by bomb as well as with the bomb itself.

"Devices such as scoops, grabs, and snuffers have also been widely advertised. These have been found to be of no practical value for civilian use, and in most cases equipment improvised in the home is adequate. Such devices are actually made of metals for which there is greater need elsewhere in the war program."

Kostomariu's Letter to Aksakov

ONCE the well-known Ukrainian historian and founder of the Brotherhood of SS Cyril and Methodius, Prof. Mykola Kostomariu, wrote a letter to the Russian Slavophil Ivan Aksakov in which he tried to show the Russians how superficially they understand Ukrainians. "Russians make an error when they think that they know the Ukrainian people," he wrote. "They hardly suspect that at the bottom of every Ukrainian, who is not stupid and can think for himself, there slumbers a Vyhovsky, a Doroshenko, a Mazepa, who will awaken when the destined moment comes." This statement is very true.

Yet even now most of Russians still regard Ukrainians just as Little Russians, a southern branch of Russian people. They like Ukraine, with its genial climate, its rich black soil, and its bountiful natural resources, and they have no prejudice against intermarriage with Ukrainian girls. No, the Russian does not want to let Ukraine go. Ukraine is the sunny bright, colorful, and mild country of the south to every Russian—something like Florida or California to an American. Every Russian youth who reads Gogol's (Hohol's) "Nights at

Dykanka" dreams of paying a visit some day to the author's homeland—to the beautiful Ukraine.

On the other hand, no Ukrainian wants to settle in the dreary and poor land of Russians. No Ukrainian youth dreams of ever visiting the bleak northern lands of Russians. And if any poor Ukrainian families migrate to Siberia they settle together and re-create, even just north of Vladivostok, typical Ukrainian villages, and there they retain and cultivate their Ukrainian customs and language indefinitely. They do not mix and intermarry with Russians, regarding Russians as vulgar and inferior to them. Mixed marriage between Russians and Ukrainians sometimes take place, but only in towns and cities where it is not an easy matter to retain either purely Russian or Ukrainian customs. Yet many marriages are unhappy because both parties want to live according to their age-long national habits and customs. In short, the mixed marriages between Ukrainians and Russian are even more rare than between the Scotch and the English, or between the Irish and the English; hence there is no possibility for fusion

of the Russians and Ukrainians into one people through intermarriage. Ukraine and Russia can live side by side on amicable terms only as two independent Slavic nations.

As long as Russia tries to dominate Ukraine there will be the danger that sooner or later the spirit of Vyhovsky, Doroshenko, and Mazepa, slumbering in the hearts of all Ukrainians, will awake and assert itself as it asserted itself in 1648 against Poland.

Ukrainians have a democratic tradition. It is but natural for them to fight in the ranks of the United Nations in defense of democracy and against tyranny. They like democratic institutions and they would like to see such institutions restored in Ukraine—in Ukraine that had a democratic Kozak system of rule as early as the middle of the 17th century. They desire to liberate Ukraine from the Nazi domination but they want to set it up as a free and independent nation. They want to realize the high ideals of Khmelnytsky and Mazepa. The post-war Ukraine must be an independent nation!

HONORE EWACH,
Winnipeg, Can.

YOUTH AND THE U.N.A.

REGARDING THE SVOBODA AND THE WEEKLY

WHENEVER the opportunity is propitious, this writer attempts to gain new readers of The Ukrainian Weekly by letting his acquaintances have gratis copies. If they are interested enough to want to receive it regularly, they subscribe to it if they are not members of the Ukrainian National Association, or receive a gratis subscription if they are members of the fraternal order.

In performing his duties as a secretary of a U.N.A. youth branch, which includes the organizing of new members, this writer has had the opportunity of meeting a considerable number of young and old people. In introducing the Svoboda and The Ukrainian Weekly to those who were not U.N.A. members, the writer was informed, in some cases, that they were not interested in reading either periodical. Inquiring as to the reason for this, he learned that these persons had read both papers at one time or another, but had discontinued reading them because of the "stale news" in the Svoboda and the "lack of interesting material" in the Weekly. It was interesting to note, however, that the majority of the ex-readers offering these excuses were of the younger generation. Some old U.N.A. members having grown-up children complained to the writer that their offspring showed no interest in either the U.N.A., the Svoboda, or the Weekly, despite their efforts to acquaint them with the facts concerning the fraternal order.

Questioning a number of young people who have read the Weekly for some time, the writer found that many had criticisms to offer. Only recently one long-time reader of both the Svoboda and the Weekly stated flatly that both papers, as they appear today, are "awful." Furthermore, the writer found that in some cases entire families never read the Svoboda and the Weekly although they receive both papers regularly. The writer is convinced that the situation as a whole presents a problem that cannot be casually overlooked or ignored.

In the case of the Svoboda it must be remembered that subscriptions to this paper become automatic when a European-born man who knows how

to read and write joins the U.N.A. The automatic subscription of course, includes the Weekly. Young members whose parents do not receive the Weekly may receive it gratis upon request. It can be seen, therefore, that inasmuch as the subscription to the Svoboda is automatic there is a strong doubt that it is read by all who receive it. Where the Weekly is concerned the doubt is even stronger, for the majority of copies go to the older generation and not many of the older folk read English. Those who have children may pass the Weekly on to them, if they are interested in it.

That the problem is of the utmost importance to the U.N.A. members in general and to the U.N.A. in particular is apparent. It is important to the U.N.A. because the institution depends on its official organ for much of its publicity and business; it is important to the membership because only by reading the official organ will they know of the progress, problems, activities, and affairs of the U.N.A., its branches, and the membership in general.

What most people do not know is that the Svoboda and Weekly have no salaried news reporters or cameramen. In a sense, they are not necessary, as the American press prints all the news and pictures of everything that happens in America. The Svoboda, realizing the majority of its readers are European-born and read very little English, translates the news of the day into the Ukrainian language for their benefit. It concentrates, however, on news from Ukrainian territories, little of it as there may be now in time of war, as the American press and radio report very little home-country news; before the war much of this Ukrainian news was sent to the Svoboda by foreign correspondents. If some of the news in the Svoboda should be what some critics have described as "stale," this is due to the fact that the Svoboda is mailed to U.N.A. members throughout the country, and newspaper mail is necessarily slow. Then, too, there are the usual features and stories, and the inevitable U.N.A. reports and news items in which all U.N.A. members should be interested. The Svoboda should be read by American-born people if for no other reason

than to acquaint themselves with the Ukrainian language.

The Weekly is published for the exclusive use of the youth. Perhaps its main trouble is that it is too mature for many of the youth. Nevertheless it is up to the youth to support it by contributing material for publication, as was mentioned in this column a few weeks ago. The youth can make it a periodical very interesting to them by discussing important problems on its pages, reporting on affairs and activities, and offering ideas and suggestions. Therefore when some readers criticize the supposed shortcomings of the Weekly, they are in actuality criticizing themselves... for the Weekly is what the youth make it. Consequently it can be said that if a reader thinks the paper "awful" it is because of the awful cooperation the Weekly is getting from that reader.

In cases where families do not read the Svoboda although receiving it regularly, very little can be done. The reader will be helping all concerned, however, if he approaches any such subscribers who are non-readers and suggests that they either read the paper or give or send it so someone who will read it, using discreet diplomacy of course. Secretaries and other officers of branches will be performing a valuable service if they bring up the matter at branch meetings.

The newspaper that pleases everybody is not being printed. A paper loses readers even as it gets new ones. The Svoboda and the Weekly have their share of ex-readers like any other periodical. But, unlike American papers, the Svoboda and the Weekly are not sold on newsstands but are mailed to permanent subscribers. Consequently, the subscriber may cease reading the paper although he continues to receive it. Inasmuch as this is so, it is possible to regain the interest of these ex-readers. Branch officers and faithful readers can perform another valuable service by approaching the ex-readers or by addressing them at branch meetings. If it is impressed upon the ex-readers that their continued interest in the U.N.A. and its periodicals means much to all concerned, it is probable that many of them will once again become interested readers. It can be said that most lose interest in a paper when they stop reading it and not as they read, and their interest will return when they read the paper again.

Parents who have difficulty getting

UYL-NA Activity During Past Year

(Concluded) (2)

War Program

One of the most important decisions of this administration was establishing the policy of the League for the duration of the war, as embodied in the following resolution:—

"(a) That the first and foremost objective of every and all activities of the League are, and hereafter during the entire period of the duration of the war shall be, to lend and marshal all individual and combined efforts, resources and capabilities to our Government's program of defense and victory over the enemies of the United States of America.

"(b) That all other activities, affairs and business, of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America not bearing directly or indirectly on our all-out-war-effort are and shall be considered secondary and shall be treated accordingly."

Following the drafting of the above Resolution, a telegram was sent to President Roosevelt notifying him of the stand of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America in the present crisis. It was worded as follows:

"The Executive Board of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, a national organization representing young American men and women of Ukrainian descent, resolved unanimously at its semi-annual meeting held on Dec. 30, 1941, in New York City, that all energies, facilities and resources of the League shall be directed henceforth to the advancement of our country's war effort and its ultimate victory over the brutal forces of aggression and human enslavement. God Speed, Mr. President, to your valiant endeavors in the cause of freedom and democracy for all."

Due to the fact that many members are being inducted into service in every locality, the League and all of its member-clubs are being hit hard. In spite of this, we will carry on to the best of our ability.

We will try to carry out the policy of the League as set forth in the semi-annual meeting by encouraging all member-clubs to engage in some defense activity. To the Boston Rally Committee goes the honor of immediately accepting this responsibility, for they were the first youth group to organize a First-Aid class and station. This should be a challenge to our Detroit and other youth to do as well or better.

In this all out war effort, there is a place for all of us. Those who are not engaged directly in defense work, can buy bonds and stamps, conserve tires and gasoline, salvage materials, keep cheerful and keep silent. For those of us who are engaged in defense industries, our duties are clear. Do all that I have mentioned and do a full day's work besides, no matter what your capacity. Some people have the attitude, "I can take it easy, my job is not so important." That is a fallacy. Everyone's job is important. If it weren't, you wouldn't be there...

If all of us do our part, our country is bound to win this war over the forces of evil and oppression.

JOSEPH GURSKI,
UYL-NA President

their children interested in the Weekly and the U.N.A. should continue their efforts.

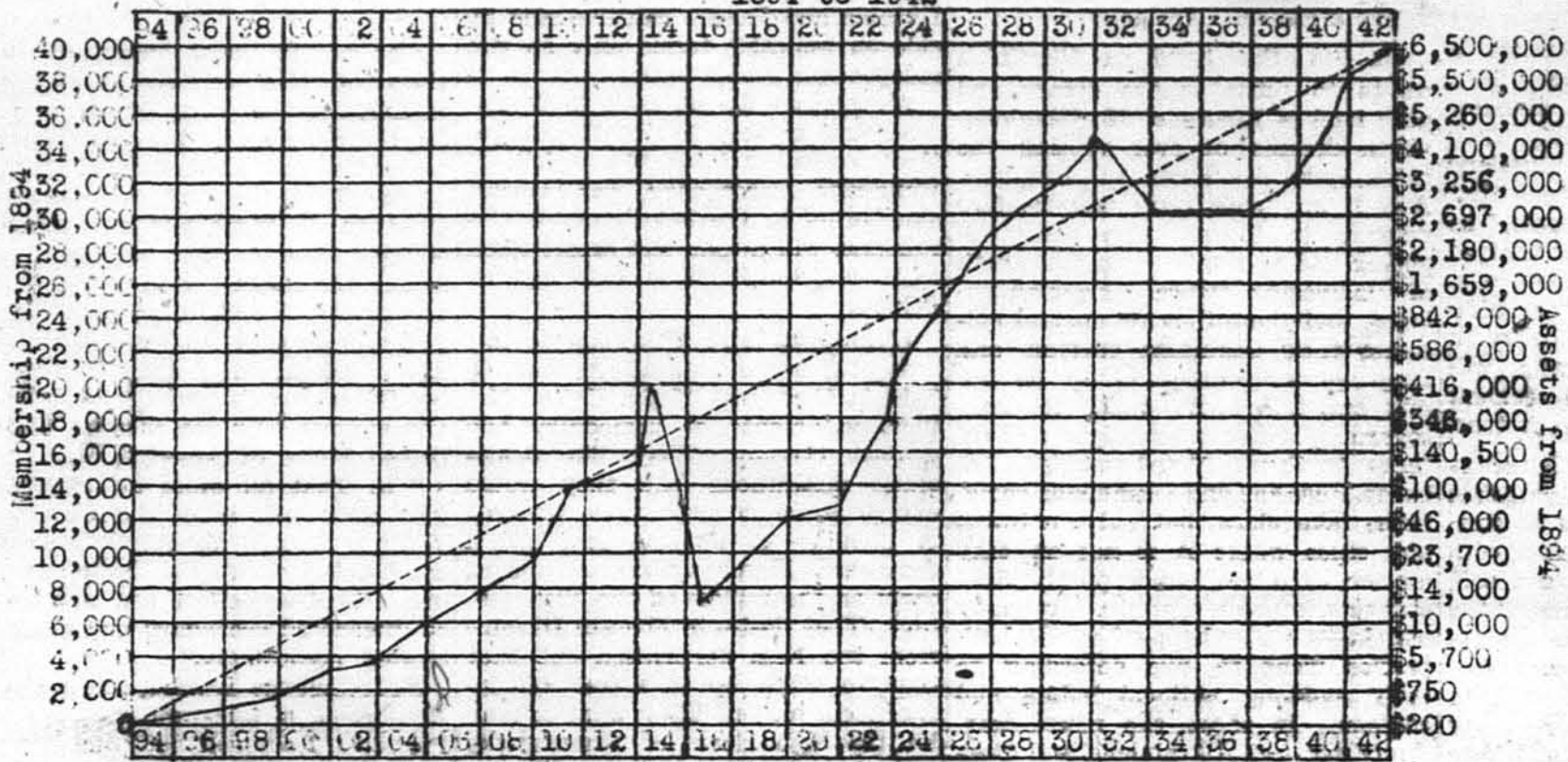
The reader is urged to promote and support the Svoboda and the Weekly to the best of his ability. Circulate the papers among non-readers; contribute material for publication; criticize or make suggestions; bring out the good points of the periodicals when discussing them with non-readers, ex-readers, or unjust critics. Most important... don't stop being a reader yourself.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK

GROWTH OF THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

Membership and Assets

1894 to 1942



The graph shows the steady growth and development of the Ukrainian National Association from the time of its formation in 1894 to 1942, the 48th year of its eventful existence. It is interesting to note that, despite a bad drop in membership (zigzag line) in 1914-1915 and another decrease in 1931-35, the U.N.A. recovered quickly in both cases and went on to attain the all-time high of 40,000 members in 1942.

Financially, the organization has a perfect record, as can be seen from the graph (straight line); not once in 48 years has it suffered any financial reverses. With a beginning of only a few hundred dollars in 1894, the U. N. A. today has more than \$6,500,000.

(Graph by Theo. Lutwiniak of Recording Dept. of U. N. A.)

FUNNY SIDE UP

MELODY IN F... 4F!

TODAY'S tale was inspired by our recent visit a fortnight ago to our local draft board. It concerns a fellow named Woodward Woolcott. Double U, double O, double L, double T, and double chin! First, let's take a look at him. We can get to the story later. Perhaps, after you've had a look at Woodward, you won't want to read this story. And after we've given a peek at him, possibly we won't want to write it. So maybe we'll all be lucky.

Woodward had a torso like a wine barrel. He had an Army physique—a chest which obeyed the command to fall in, while his stomach was at ease! Everything he ever ate all went to the front. He certainly was paunch drunk! If that bulge wasn't a pot-belly, then it certainly was a funny place to keep his laundry! His legs looked like parentheses and he had a head like a new cabbage, a pair of beautiful eyes that sometimes looked into each other, two left feet, and a nose that tilted at a 30 degree angle. We found out later that the reason his nose tilted like that was because the stork who delivered him years ago stayed up all night playing on a pin ball machine!

And we assure you we're being very kind in our description. Now that you've had a look at our hero, do you want to go on? What, you do? Well, that's a surprise, but we're game if you are!

There was Woodward standing before the Doctor, the most dissipated guy we ever saw. He had so many rings around his eyes, that he just wore his glasses as a showcase! The doctor had a personality like a temporary filling and a face like a 100 to 1 shot! You readers have seen him before. His face is on a medicine bottle, the one with the two crossbones beneath it! Finally the Dr. turned to Woodward.

Doc.: Spell your name, please.
D. W.: Double U, Double O, D, Double U, A, R, D, Double U, Double O

Doc.: Wait a minute. Start over!
W. W.: Double U, Double O, D, Double U, A, R, D, Double U, Double O

Doc.: For the love of Mike, I give up! What is your name?
W. W.: Double U, Double O, D, Double U, A, R, D, Double U, Double O, Double L, C, O, Double T. Woodward Woolcott. What's so tough about that?

Doc.: Are you single or do you drive with both hands on the wheel?
W. W.: I'm married!

Doc.: Where were you married?
W. W.: I don't know.
Doc.: What? You don't know where you were married?
W. W.: Oh, I thought you said, "Why?"

Doc.: What's your occupation?
W. W.: I'm a salesman, a writer, a broker. Here's my card.

Doc.: I don't see any card.
W. W.: Oh, I forgot to mention it. I'm also a magician!

Doc.: Mmm, I see from your questionnaire that you broke your leg 3 years ago. How'd you do that?

W. W.: I threw a cigarette in a man-hole and stepped on it!

Doc.: Tell me, how did your legs get so bow-legged?

W. W.: You see, I'm from Texas, and I was born in the saddle. My folks told me the stork had to make an awful tricky landing!

Doc.: Have you any organic trouble?
W. W.: I think I have. I can't even carry a tune!

Doc.: Were you ever bothered with athlete's foot?

W. W.: Yeah, when I was in college. The captain of the team caught me necking with his girl!

Doc.: Now put your hand over your right eye and read this chart.

W. W.: I can't see it. Guess I need glasses!

Doc.: Brother, you don't need glasses. What you need is an education!

Shucks folks, there's no sense going on any further. To make a long story short, Woodrow was rejected and put in 4F... 4F stands for Fat, Flabby, Foolish and Forty!

BROMO (1A) SELTZER

Angry Customer: "These eggs aren't fresh."

Grocer: "Not fresh? Why the boy brought them from the country this morning."

Customer: "What country?"

An appropriate sign for an auto yard: Rust in Peace.

Don't forget to attend the big
FOURTH ANNUAL
ALL-AMERICAN DANCE
UKRAINIAN HALL,
849 N. Franklin St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Saturday, 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 50c—Service men 25c.

FOURTH ANNUAL FALL FROLIC

sponsored by the
PHILA. U. N. A. YOUTH CLUB

The only Ukrainian Basketball Team in Phila. ready to begin their 5th consecutive season.

Saturday, October 3rd
UKRAINIAN HALL

849 N. Franklin St. Philadelphia, Pa.

NICK BOLEY'S CASA DEL DEY BAND—WALTER CHERKAS' Ukrainian Gorch.

Commencing 8 P. M.

50c including tax... Service Men—1/2 Price including tax

Marusia Says:

So you can't make up your mind! Your problem is to get a fur coat that will give you all round service. You have to wear it to the office over your business frocks. Or perhaps you've become a war worker and need a coat to wear over your regulation slacks. Then you'll want the coat to keep you warm on the nights you're on duty as an air raid warden.

Cheer up! Come to Michael Turansky's and get yourself a Hollander-blended Muskrat coat. You can wear it for every occasion. At Michael Turansky's you'll find a wide selection, in sizes from 12 to 44, in the newest styles. Quality, Durability, Budget Prices. Buy with Confidence at



Michael Turansky

350 SEVENTH AVENUE

(Between 29th & 30th Streets)

16th Floor

Tel. Lachawanna 4-0978

Have you bought your Defense Savings Bonds and Stamps?