



The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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"THE GREATEST MOTHER"

Somewhere, on some distant battlefield, an American soldier will be wounded in action today. He may be your son. Or the laughing, tow-headed kid that only yesterday lived in a house down the street. Remember?

Strong but tender hands will carry him back to an Army dressing station. A blood transfusion may be required to save his life—blood contributed to the American Red Cross by thousands of Americans back home.

He will be brought to a base hospital where Army nurses, recruited by the American Red Cross, will dress his wounds. Sympathetic Red Cross workers will advise his family of his progress, and, as he convalesces, other Red Cross workers will help speed his recovery.

Somewhere tonight an American boy is longing for home. He may be in bomb-scarred London—in far-off Australia, in a Pacific island jungle, or on a North African desert.

But his heart and his mind will be back in States, at the home fireside. He will long to pat the head of that frisky pup; to laugh again with the girl who awaits his return; to live the life of a civilized man.

If he can, he will go to the American Red Cross club. It won't be the home for which he longs. It will be only a substitute—an antidote for loneliness. But there he will find a warm welcome, an American style meal, a comfortable bed. He may sit down to write a letter to the folks back home. He will find entertainment to relieve his mind of the thoughts that pass through the minds of homesick men.

He may be at some distant outpost, far removed from that Red Cross club. But tonight, or the next night, the Red Cross will come to him, bringing with it relief from the boredom and horror of war.

Somewhere, today, an American serviceman needs help. He may be at distant domestic camp or base, on a ship at sea, in an unfriendly prison camp. He may be almost anywhere.

Wherever he is, there also is the American Red Cross, offering him its many resources. Whether his problem is personal, physical, mental or financial, the Red Cross stands ready to assist him and his family. Even the barbed wire enclosures of prison camps are no barrier to Red Cross. Through its affiliation with the International Red Cross Committee, it breaches all hatreds to bring food, articles of comfort, and to re-establish the line of communication between the military prisoner and his loved ones at home.

At the disposal of every American serviceman are Red Cross field directors in the war front, home service workers in the local chapters and millions of volunteers.

Thus, the Red Cross serves the serviceman!

Somewhere, sometime, disaster will strike some community. It may be your town, ravaged by storm and flood—or enemy action.

When that disaster strikes, the Red Cross—your Red Cross—the one to which you always have contributed—will be on the job. It will feed and shelter the suffering. If necessary, it will help to rebuild their town, their homes.

The Red Cross will be there because it is part of the community, made up of people representative of the community. When the period of emergency ends, it will still be there—on the job.

Somewhere, every minute of the hour, every hour of the day, every day of the year, the Red Cross is helping someone.

Won't you help, too?

Know Him

RECENTLY we conducted a private poll of our own among some of our young Ukrainian Americans as to their opinion of Taras Shevchenko, the great Ukrainian poet and patriot whose anniversary is observed annually at about this time. In the course of it we discovered, somewhat to our surprise, that although all of them spoke in highly laudatory terms about Shevchenko, yet quite a number of them know very little about him. Of course, his name and picture are very familiar to them, for in their homes and communal life they encounter both at every turn. They have also heard, sang, read, and even recited a few of his poetic works. And perhaps the chief events of his life are vaguely known to them. But that appears to be the sum-total of their knowledge of him.

Such young people deserve to be strongly criticized. There would be some excuse for them if they lacked source material about this great man. But such is not the case. For those who can read Ukrainian, there is easily available a wealth of material on the subject. And for those who cannot, there has always been *The Ukrainian Weekly*, plus several brochures and booklets. It appears, however, that either through sheer mental laziness or some other reason, these young people have hardly tapped any of these sources. Evidently they have preferred to rest blissfully content in the knowledge that Shevchenko was a great man, and let it go at that.

Such an easy-going attitude does justice neither to Shevchenko nor to them. The qualities that constitute a man's greatness are usually of little consequence if they do not affect others, if they do not inspire a desire to emulate or be guided by them. Of what use Shevchenko's noble teachings, his great courage, and his lofty patriotism, if they do not kindle one's heart and mind. Why wax rhapsodical over the beauty of his poetry, when actually you have read very little, if any, of it. And why arrange elaborate programs on the anniversary of his birth or death, when throughout the rest of the year you will hardly ever give him a thought, much less open his "Kobzar" collection, or even obtain one.

In a word, let's not insult Shevchenko's memory with any such sham and hypocrisy. He is too great a man for that. Either give him his just dues, by really getting to know him, his works, and his significance to the Ukrainian people, or leave him alone entirely. There are enough others who will pay proper respect to him. And even if there were not, he will continue to spiritually dominate the course of Ukrainian life. For, in the words of an American scholar, Taras Shevchenko is the outstanding incarnation of the national genius of the Ukrainian people; he sums up all their past and stands out like a guide to their future.

Let us, therefore, on this occasion of the 129th anniversary of his birth, resolve to learn a bit more than we now know about Shevchenko. Let us also resolve to read, carefully, at least a few of the works that have made him one of the masters of world poetry.

If we do, we will find our senses opened to hidden beauty of a wondrous quality. Likewise we will find ourselves inspired to greater efforts to help our country win this war against autocracy, oppression and servitude, against which Shevchenko waged almost single-handed such a highly courageous and inspiring fight—a fight which is being continued today and which eventually is bound to bring about national freedom for the people he loved and suffered for so much.

Selections From Taras Shevchenko's "Kobzar"

THE TESTAMENT

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

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

Bury me, be done with me,  
Rise and break your chain,

Water your new liberty  
With blood for rain.  
Then, in the mighty family  
Of all men that are free,  
Maybe sometimes, very softly  
You will speak of me?

(Trans. by E. L. Voynich)

THE REAPER

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

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

Hush, he cares not how men writhe  
With naked hands against the scythe.

Wouldst thou hide in field or town?  
Where thou art, there he will come;  
He will reap thee down.

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

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

(Trans. by E. L. Voynich)

AT THE ROADSIDE

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

It seemed as if the sun shone forth,  
As if the world and all there was,  
The fields and woods, were mine to  
keep...

And we, with merriment, went forth  
To water someone else's sheep.

(Trans. by W. Semenyina)

UKRAINE AFLAME

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

Ukraine is flaming to sky:  
Through villages the naked children  
Weep for their fathers.

Faded leaves  
Are rustling o'er the lifeless meadows,  
The clouds are drowsing, sun's asleep,  
And villages draw howling shadows  
Which scent the corpse...

(Trans. by W. Semenyina)

# "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)

(20)

**THE Story So Far:** One Spring day in 1663 in Ukraine, near Kiev, two weary horsemen arrive at the gates of a manor of Cherevan, a lisping and retired old Kozak, now stout, merry, well-off, and loving his ease. The older traveler, severe of mien, is dressed in the robes of a priest; but on his person he bears pistols and a sword. Cherevan immediately recognizes him as Colonel Shraam, an old friend of his, a very devout priest and at the same time a doughty warrior; the young Kozak with him is Petro, his son. The two, as Shraam tells Cherevan, are on their way to see Somko, hetman of Left Bank (left of Dnieper) Ukraine, to prevail upon him to depose by force if necessary Hetman Tetera of Right Bank Ukraine because of the latter's extreme pro-Polish inclinations, and unite all of Ukraine under one bulawa (sceptre), that of Somko, just as it was some ten years ago under Bohdan Khmelnytsky, the greatest of all Ukrainian hetmans, who had liberated Ukraine from the Poles, entered into a disastrous alliance with Muscovy, and then died prematurely, leaving the new Kozak State in a unsettled state, soon made worse by Moscow's machinations and by the strife among Kozak leaders aspiring to succeed Khmelnytsky.

To his dismay, Shraam learns at Cherevan's that beside Somko and Tetera, still another Hetman had but recently appeared, the sly, unscrupulous and demagogic Brukhovetsky, whom the Zaporozhian Kozaks in the lower stretches of the Dnieper had elected as their Hetman and who with their aid was now trying to extend his sway over the domains of Somko and Tetera. Despite this new complication Shraam and Petro depart on their mission, but not before the latter becomes enamoured with Cherevan's daughter Lesya, for whom, however, her ambitious mother has different plans, marriage with Hetman Somko himself; already she has arranged their engagement.

On their way to Somko in Kiev, accompanied by Cherevan, his wife, and Lesya, Shraam and Petro have an opportunity to observe among the people they encounter the antagonism against the landed Kozaks, who are charged with putting on airs and exploiting the ordinary Kozaks and the townspeople as much as did the Polish lords in pre-Khmelnytsky times.

Arriving in Kiev, the travellers find Somko scornful of Tetera and Brukhovetsky and the others who are challenging his authority and who are even trying to enlist the aid of Moscow against him. Likewise he is scornful of the threats emanating from the Zaporozhian Sitch that under the instigation of Brukhovetsky a Black Council would be held for the purpose of deposing him as Hetman and putting Brukhovetsky in his place.

Meanwhile Petro's romantic difficulties become even more complicated. Although Lesya is Somko's fiancée, Petro's love for her shows no signs of abating. Still he keeps it secret, out of loyalty to the Hetman and also because of his injured pride resulting from the rebuff he received when at Cherevan's home he asked for her hand.

The romantic interest in the story, however, takes on a new turn with the appearance on the scene of Kyrylo Tur, a Zaporozhian Kozak, rough and tough and unscrupulous, bold in speech and manners, yet withal a great fighter, highly courageous, contemptuous of death, and one who for a friend or cause would give his life. Although a special friend of Somko, whose life he once saved on a battlefield, Kyrylo Tur does not allow that fact to stand in his way when he becomes enamoured with Lesya. With forthright directness he and his friend, Chornohor, kidnap Lesya one night right from under the Hetman's roof and make off by horseback for the Chornohor (Black) mountains. Petro gives chase and finally catches up with them. Kyrylo Tur turns to give battle. To get at him Petro has to leap over a deep and wide chasm, in which attempt he slips and nearly gets killed, but in the nick of time Kyrylo saves him. In the terrible duel that then ensues with swords and knives both combatants are severely wounded. It is then that Lesya discovers that she loves not Hetman Somko,—for whom she just bore a girlhood infatuation and who

is more concerned with Kyrylo's wounds than with the attempted kidnapping of her—but that she really loves Petro. Still the path of Petro's and Lesya's romance remains thorny, for Lesya remains engaged to the Hetman.

While convalescing at the home of Shraam's brother-in-law, Gvintovka, a newly-rich Kozak landowner, Petro in the course of a stroll comes upon a little hut wherein Kyrylo is being nursed back to health by an aged mother and sister, both of whom adore him, and of whom despite his rough talk, he is very fond. Suddenly on the scene appears a tough old Zaporozhian, Puhach, an elder at the Sitch. He has come to fetch Kyrylo to the Sitch to stand trial on charges of kidnapping Lesya, a heinous crime under the severe Zaporozhian code. Kyrylo realizes the judgement against him may be death by caning at the punishment post. To allay his mother's fears, however, he pretends he is being called to the Sitch on some routine matter. Her fears nevertheless aroused, the mother, after Kyrylo has been taken away by Puhach, pleads with Petro to follow her son and see what fate befalls him and then return to her and tell her of it.

And now we resume the story. The scene now is the huge encampment of the Zaporozhians under Brukhovetsky. It is called Romanovsky Kut, and it lies within the confluence of a small stream flowing into the Oster river (a tributary of Desna, flowing into the Dnieper near Kiev). Attracted by Brukhovetsky's demagogic calls, riff-raff by the thousands have gathered within its confines, drinking and brawling and loafing; only in its center is there any order and neatness, for it is here that the Zaporozhians and other Kozaks are quartered. And it is here that Petro finds that the trial of Kyrylo Tur by the Sitch elders, led by 'father' Puhach, is about to begin.

## The Zaporozhian Trial of Kyrylo Tur

The trial of Kyrylo Tur was opened by 'father' Puhach. Stepping forward from the massed circle of the Kozak Rada (Council), he bowed low to all four sides, adding extra bows to the Otamans and Hetman Brukhovetsky. Then, clearing his throat stentoriously, the old warrior spoke, loud and clear:

"Sir Hetman, elders, otamans, brothers and comrades! Wherein does the power of the Zaporozhe lie if not in the maintenance of our ancestral customs. No one knows exactly when Kozak knighthood began. But we can trace it back to the ancient times, to the Varangians, who on field and sea won undying fame for themselves. And since then no one has sullied this golden Kozak fame; neither Bayda, hung by the Turks on an iron hook on the walls of Constantinople, nor Samiyla Kishka, tortured for two score and fourteen hours in a Turkish dungeon. No one has, except one man, one scoundrel, this loafer, this ruffian who stands here before you now!"

Seizing the powerful figure of Kyrylo Tur by the shoulders, old Puhach swung him around roughly, so that all could view him.

"Look well, knave," he roared, "into the eyes of these good people, and be an example to all!"

"What has this wretch done?" he continued, addressing the silent throng. "He has done that upon which we can only spit. He has tried to abduct a maiden. Tchfu! He has shamed the Kozak brotherhood for all times. Sir Hetman, and you elders, and you brothers, think well. What should we do to wipe off the stain of this dishonor laid upon us? What punishment for this good-for-nothing loafer do you decree?"

No one replied. All awaited to hear what the Hetman had to say. The elders urged him on:

"Speak, 'father' Hetman. Your word is law."

Finally, ingratiatingly the sly Brukhovetsky said:

"My dear elders. In your gray heads lies all wisdom, not in mine. My duty here is but to wave this bulawa to see that your decrees are obeyed. Decide in accordance with the an-

cient customs, which you know best. Judge and punish, and I shall not hinder you."

"Well, if that's the case," spoke up one of the elders, a bewhiskered and scarred veteran of many a foray and council meeting, "then why wait any longer. To the post and rod with him."

The Hetman motioned with his bulawa, as a sign that the verdict of the elders be carried out, and the council broke up. All streamed to the post imbedded in the ground nearby.

The rascal Kyrylo Tur was quickly bound and led to the post. The poor fellow was tied to it in such a manner that he was free to turn in any direction he pleased. His right hand was left unbound. That was to enable him to help himself to a tumbler of mead, a keg of which stood within his reach. For such was the custom in those days that when some culprit was about to be punished by being beaten at the punishment post, a keg of mead and basket of rolls were placed alongside the post: first to becloud his head and dull his senses and thus enable him to bear his punishment better, and, secondly, to give more willingness to those yielding the stick. At foot of the post lay a bundle of sticks of good-sized thickness and length. And thus every Kozak passing by, would pause at the post, take a drink of mead, follow that with a piece or roll, then pick up a stick, lay it strongly across the culprit's back, and then proceed on his way. And "such was the cursed custom in those days," as oldsters are wont to recall, "that seven such blows and the culprit was rarely able to drink or eat anymore." It was the finish of him.

Although Kyrylo Tur was popular among his comrades, his crime under the Kozak code, however, was one of the most odious that one could commit, that of abducting a girl. Thus while his comrades secretly felt sorry for him, yet as an example to young Kozaks who might be tempted sometime to a similar attempt, they hastened to partake of the mead and bread and then use the stick. And yet of such stuff was a Kozak made that the sight of Kyrylo Tur, bound and helpless, quietly awaiting the blow, would soften his pitiless heart. Perhaps his memory would flash back to some adventure the two of them had experienced together, or the time when death stared both of them in the face, or some kindness on Tur's part. At any rate his hand would involuntarily drop the rod and unobtrusively he would withdraw without striking a blow.

This was exactly what Kyrylo's friend, Chornohor, was hoping for. Hovering around the post he would ward off one Kozak with a word of entreaty, another with some reminder of Kyrylo's services, and still another with even a sharp word and a scowl; and such was Chornohor's reputation that the latter would draw away from him like a cat from fat, even though he would fain have a drink of the inviting mead. At one time, begging an Otaman to refrain from punishing Kyrylo, young Chornohor even resorted to copious tears, and this display of emotion was so touching that the Otaman withdrew. Such friendship was most highly respected in those days.

Ah, but here comes 'father' Puhach himself. Before his advance Chornohor gives way like a puppy before a mastiff. There is no use even attempting to dissuade him, even if he dared to. The pitiless elder heads straight for the post. With one gulp he downs a tumbler of mead.

"This is fine mead, indeed," he grunts, smacking his lips in satisfaction, and ignoring the hapless Chornohor. Dipping into the basket he pulls out a chunk of bread, eats it, then reaches for a stick, the heaviest and stoutest of them all.

"Turn around, you scoundrel!" he orders.

Kyrylo quietly turns around. A swish through the air, and he receives a blow so heavy and sharp that his very bones crackle. But he shows himself to be a good Zaporozhian, for he neither groans nor winces.

"Remember well from now on, you wretch, how Kozak honor to uphold!" says 'father' Puhach and goes his way.

Gazing at the scene from a distance, young Petro, whose sweetheart Kyrylo had attempted to kidnap, realized that a few more of such blows, and that would be the last of Kyrylo Tur. His sympathies aroused, he walked over to Tur, wishing to find out whether he had any last message for his mother and sister.

Chornohor, however, misconstrued Petro's intentions. He thought the latter, too, wanted to try out his strength on Kyrylo. Drawing his sword, he leaped in front of Petro.

"Sometimes I doubt whether you have any sense in that head of yours!" spoke up Kyrylo

## SHEVCHENKO AS AN ARTIST-POET

By HONORE EWACH

TARAS Shevchenko's original desire was to become an artist-painter. With that purpose in mind he applied, when yet a boy of thirteen, to several local painters of ikons for training. But as a serf he first had to obtain his master's permission. The latter's overseer ignored the ambitious boy's request and sent him to the kitchen to help the cook. Soon the cook made a complaint that Taras spent more of his time in the secret nooks of the orchard, dabbling there with paint and brush, than in the kitchen. In fact, Taras proved to be even less interested in the art of cookery than in his own previous attempt to become a shepherd. Still the boy looked so intelligent and even refined that the overseer presented him to the landlord as a page. From time to time the landlord would catch Taras lost in his day-dreaming. But more often he caught Taras at his favorite occupation—drawing or studying pictures. Sometimes the capricious rich man would box the boy's ears. But now and then he would ask his page to paint a picture of one of his many mistresses. Some of the drawings were so good that finally this rich landlord, Engelhardt, decided that his talented page should get some training in drawing and painting. He wanted to have his own private artist-painter.

For over a year Shevchenko was trained as an apprentice in the art

of drawing and painting by a guild painter, a Mr. Lampi, at Warsaw. But as the Poles were then preparing for a rebellion against Russia, Warsaw became a dangerous spot to live in for Engelhardt. So he moved in 1830 to St. Petersburg. All his servants went there, too. Like others Shevchenko had to walk most of the distance between Warsaw and St. Petersburg due to the extraordinary stinginess of Engelhardt. There, at St. Petersburg, Shevchenko was apprenticed to a petty painter, by the name of Sharayev, until April 22, 1838, when his freedom was bought for the price of 2,500 rubles. The money was raised by his friends from the sale of a portrait of Zhukovsky, a prominent Russian poet, done by Bryulov, a noted painter and professor of fine arts, both of whom were Shevchenko's friends. From then on Shevchenko studied painting at the St. Petersburg Academy of Fine Arts. He graduated in 1845 as a free artist, with a gold medal. During the next two years he travelled all over Ukraine as a member of the southern branch of Imperial Geographical Society, making drawings and oil paintings of all the noted historical objects in Ukraine. He also painted many portraits of his friends and casual acquaintances.

In general Shevchenko's paintings and portraits are good, but devoid of any mark of a genius. The truth is

Naymychka, Kavkaz, Poslaniye, Kholodny Yar, masterful poetical ver—that Shevchenko loved all that was beautiful more through his heart, as a poet, than through his eyes. He had an intense love for beautiful landscapes and human features. But his genius was not in the power of the artist's visualization and the physical ability to reproduce the visualized pictures with paint and brush. His genius lay in the power to make perfect word-pictures of the scenes or impressions recorded in his mind. There is no other Ukrainian poet or novelist who could make more perfect word-pictures of the beauty of Ukraine. Shevchenko painted masterful pictures of Ukraine and its people in his poems.

Shevchenko was a profoundly emotional man. As a friend and companion he was a very generous and kind-hearted man, though moody and taciturn at times. That is how Shevchenko is described by one of his best friends and admirers—Princess Varvara Repnin. He had not the calmness of an epic poet. He was one of the greatest lyric poets of the world. His greatness as such lay in the fact that he wrote most of his poetry only when he was really inspired. At times he was inspired just for a few days. By studying the dates under his poems of 1845 we notice that he wrote to some very fine poetry during seventy-three days—from October 4 to December 25. It was his longest period of poetical inspiration. In that space of time Shevchenko wrote the following masterpieces: Ivan Hus, Nevolnyk, Velykiy Lyokh,

## Full Moon

Who knows the magic  
Of a moon-lit night  
Black, fringed limbs of trees  
Silhouetted against a brilliant sky  
Enchantment that enfolds the heart  
In the soft radiance of rapture  
So quiet  
That one can almost hear God  
Walking about in His universe  
Lit by moonbeams  
Who can describe  
The delicate colors  
Of a night-time sky?

Theodosia Borecky

Naymychka, Kavkaz, Poslaniye, Kholodny Yar, masterful poetical versions of ten psalms, and ended up that long period of inspiration by writing his memorable "Last Will." It is no wonder that this lengthy period of poetic inspiration used up so much of his spiritual and physical power that he was left a seriously ill man. Shevchenko was so exhausted then that he did not touch his pen again during the next seven months—till July 25, 1846, when he wrote his poem "Lileya."

At the height of his creative power Shevchenko was a master artist with the power to express his visualized pictures and ideas best through words. In short, Taras Shevchenko was at the height of his genius when his soul was rhythmically pulsating with the simple but powerful words of his poems. Then he was a poet-artist of the first magnitude.

Winnipeg, Canada.

Tur to the glaring Chornohor. "Let Petro go. He is a good lad. He is such that would not push you further into the quicksand, but pull you out." "Hello, comrade!" turning to Petro. "See, how warmly guests are treated among us here. Come, let's have a drink together."

"Drink yourself, brother," said Petro, "for if I were to drink then I am afraid that your elders might force me to show my appreciation of it by beating you."

"Well, here's to your health, comrades!" said Kyrylo Tur. "I shall have to drink alone."

"What message do you want me to give to your mother and sister?" asked Petro, after the latter had drunk.

The mention of his mother and sister caused Kyrylo Tur to lower his head. Obviously he was moved. Then at length he raised his head and gave his message, in song:

..Ой котрий, козаченьки, буде з вас у місті  
Поклоніться старій нещій, нещасній невісті:  
Нехай плаче, нехай плаче, а вже не виплаче.  
Бо над сином, над Кириллом, чорний ворон криче!"

"That is just exactly what is going to happen to you, you scoundrel!" interrupted one of the elders, approaching him. He was followed by three others. "Don't place too much hope on the fact that young Kozaks pass you by without giving you what you richly deserve; we elders ourselves shall give you a full measure. But first let us have a drink."

And taking the tumbler he filled it dripping full, drank it down, smacked his lips in satisfaction, then picking up a stick, said:

"What do you say, 'fathers'? My opinion is that I knock him one over the head and let him perish, the wretch!"

"No, brother," replied gravely the other elder, "tis not a custom among us to beat a miscreant over the head. The head is made in the image of God, and it would be a grievous sin to lift a stick against it. The head is not to blame; tis from the heart that wrongdoing and wanton passion flow."

"Very true, brother," interjected the third elder. "But you cannot reach his cursed heart by beating him with a stick, nor can you fell this ox by beating him over the shoulders even with an ax head. It would indeed be a shame to let loose such a sinner."

"Listen to my counsel, fathers," spoke up the fourth elder. "If Kyrylo Tur can last out this drubbing, then let him live: such a Kozak will be useful."

"Useful?" exploded 'father' Puhach, approaching. "For what? Beat the scoundrel! It's only too bad I can't swing the stick once again. I would keep on drubbing him until all the mead was gone. Beat him father, beat the rogue!"

One by one the elders took a drink, picked up a stick, and belabored Tur heavily over his shoulders. There was enough strength in their hoary arms to make the bones fairly crackle on

Tur's back. Another in his place would have been felled to the ground like a stricken ox by the first blow, but Kyrylo managed to suffer the four of them without even wincing; in fact, when they were through he even joked as they were leaving:

"They certainly laundered me well, there is no denying to that!" he exclaimed, humorously. "After such laundering I believe I won't ever feel any pain."

"What shall I tell your mother?" Petro asked once more.

"And what could you tell?" replied Kyrylo Tur, snorting. "Tell her that her Kozak perished for such a noble cause as a billy-goat's soul, and no more—so there! And as for the division of my spoils, my comrade Chornohor will attend to that. One third of it he shall give to my mother and sister, and the second third he shall take to Kiev, to the Mohyla Brotherhood. There sin tempted me, so there let them pray for my soul. And the third part let him take to the Black Mountain for the good mountaineers to buy themselves lead and powder, so that they will have something to remember Kyrylo Tur's soul by at the Kozak herts dances."

"A bit more endurance, comrade," cheered Bohdan Chornohor. "No one will dare to lift a finger against you from now on. Soon the dinner gong will sound. They will then let you loose, and you will be a free Kozak once more, as free as the wind in the steppe."

Although impatient to leave for home, Petro decided to wait until noon. Perhaps Kyrylo would survive. Then he could depart with a more cheerful message than the one given him. Sauntering through the Sitch grounds he noted that Kyrylo Tur had not only Chornohor for a defender, but many others. Kozaks would pass one another near the post, each one with his hand menacingly on the hilt of his sword, as if to say: "Just try to covet that mead, and see what you'll get from me!"

At last the dinner gong sounded! Kozaks swarmed around Kyrylo Tur. Quickly he was untied. Congratulations, embraces...

"Let me loose, you loafers!" roared Kyrylo Tur, seeking to free himself of their embraces. "Were you tied to that post you would soon lose all inclination to embrace."

"Well, what have you to say now, you devil's offspring!" said 'father' Puhach, elbowing his way through the crowd. "Were the sticks tasty? Do your shoulders hurt much—as much as those of that devil who had to carry a monk on his shoulders through the streets of Jerusalem? Here, you good for nothing ne'er-do-well, take this salve and these leaves and apply them to your back. Tomorrow you won't even have a bit of pain. We used to get good drubbings in our youth, too, so we knew what's good for it."

They undressed Kyrylo Tur. The condition of his back made Petro's blood run cold. The white shirt was all bloody, and stuck tightly to the raw flesh. When it came to pulling it off, Tur had to clench his teeth to keep a groan from escaping his lips. Father Puhach himself applied the healing salves to the raw, bleeding flesh, and then applied large leaves over it. He then gave him a fresh shirt to don.

"Well, now," he said at length, "you are all right now. But don't get into similar trouble again, for if you do, that will be the end of you..."

The Kozaks then, with shouts and laughter, led Kyrylo Tur to dinner.

The younger Kozaks ate their meal under the spreading branches of the oaks nearby, each command separate from the other, under its own Otaman. The elders ate in the Hetman's quarters; all but one. For father Puhach came over to the group where Kyrylo was eating. This was indeed a high honor. Kyrylo quickly jumped from his Otaman's place and gave it to the elder, himself sitting down alongside of him.

Soon the tinkling of the kobzas broke into the talking and laughter. Everybody grew quiet, to better listen to the two old kobzars who, sitting near them, sang, to the accompaniment of their instruments, poignant dumi of Kozak life and knightly fame, of Netchay, Moroz, the Broken-Nose-One, and other immortal Kozak heroes. They sang about the Kozak wars and forays, of the wide steppe, turbulent Black Sea, sufferings in the Turkish galleys, of captivity, fame of Kozakdom,—of all they sang, so that the Kozak soul would be inspired.

Father Puhach blessed the food, and all fell to eating, the kobzari continuing their playing and singing. Each Kozak pulled out a spoon from his pocket. For a Kozak to be without a spoon or his pipe was unthinkable.

Very little meat was eaten, mostly fish. The good lads, like monks, disliked meat. All eating utensils were wooden, and they made enough clatter. Eating, the Kozaks took long draughts upon the mead, and beer, but no one got drunk, for they knew how to hold their liquor.

Kyrylo Tur drank more than any of them. No doubt the poor fellow was trying to forget his pain, but apparently this did not help. He grew light-hearted and animated, and when at the conclusion of the meal they all arose and began dancing to the throbbing strains of the kobza, he leaped up with a wild yell and broke into a furious dance, the likes of it never seen before, turning, twisting, whirling, leaping high into the air. One would never have imagined that but a short time ago he had been so terribly beaten at the punishment post.

(To be continued)

## THE STORY OF THE RED CROSS

**T**HE true story of the Red Cross is told not in words but in the lives of those who have known its help. The theme is neither records nor reports, though these have a tale to tell. The theme is service, and it is written in the hearts of all those who faithfully work for the Red Cross and support it in order to help others. A chart will show you the complex organization; a disaster worker will tell you that to understand it you must be on duty at the scene. What the Red Cross means to average human being is what gives life and breath to the Red Cross.

### The Red Cross Movement

The great humanitarian movement had a long past, though the organized work began only eighty years ago. Henri Dunant, a young Swiss noncombatant, visited the battlefield of Solferino in 1859, and did what he could to help both the Austrians and the Allies, France and Italy. Afterward he went home and wrote a book of its horrors, *Un Souvenir de Solferino*, and by the force of his revelation brought the Red Cross into being. Victor Hugo said that he "armed humanity and served liberty." Dunant persuaded European governments to carry forward his idea of reducing what the battlefield costs in torture and in tears. The work was hard: some thought him seeking a Utopia, some thought him prolonging wars by aiding victims of war, but some believed in his idea.

### The International Red Cross

The original purpose of the Red Cross was to care for the wounded in battle. It had no other function at first. The idea of the Red Cross presented a new code. The change was revolutionary, but the code was very simple. It called for two things: that sick and wounded men should be cared for, whatever their nationality; that hospitals, ambulances, and

people looking after patients should be safe from attack.

The Red Cross left off being a movement and began as a working unit in 1864, following the Geneva Convention. Of the twenty-six delegates representing sixteen governments, none signed then and there; but, before the year was out, nine adopted the articles of the Convention of Geneva, and in the next year five others. The ten articles are still the principles of the Red Cross. The original charter of the Red Cross, signed and sealed, still lies at Berne, in the charge of the Swiss Federal Government. It was this which gave the Red Cross legal status and formal standing. Dunant was a member of the International Committee which drew up the treaty, and in honor to his country the Swiss flag with colors reversed was taken for an emblem.

The International Committee which began with five Swiss citizens, though larger now, is still neutral. It has four main functions: to see that the basic Red Cross principles are kept and, when new societies are formed, to give them recognition and place in the group; to see that all civilized states adhere to the Geneva Convention; to see that this international public law is observed, if necessary by means of legislation and military regulation by governments; to create international agencies in wartime for the relief of sufferers, especially prisoners of war, providing information and means of communication between prisoners and their families, visiting prisoners' camps, and the like. The Committee also acts as a voluntary medium in time of peace, war, or armed conflict between governments, peoples, and groups of different nationalities, giving help and relief for victims of distress.

### The League of Red Cross Societies

More than fifty years after this meeting at Geneva, the national societies were welded into a league. Until then, many of the societies had

## Why Can't It Have National Support

Recently we have been made museum-conscious. We have been reading articles and hearing speeches about the Ukrainian Museum in Stamford, Conn., appealing for a sufficient funds to enable this institution to develop.

Finance is the major problem in the promotion of any museum. Without funds a museum cannot be operated properly. As a start it is usually necessary for one or a few people to give generously to it of money as well as time and thought. After that, after a few years have elapsed, the burden may be distributed more widely upon those interested in the institution, upon those for whom it was founded and whom it is to serve.

The story of the Ukrainian Museum in Stamford, is the story of a modest venture, starting from scratch, in a community of diverse views, and striving in all good faith to make itself useful to all. Just as all newly-established museums oper-

ated under the disadvantage of want of funds, want of space and want of objects, so our museum has operated thus far. It is almost a prerequisite to success that every new museum movement make its first public appearance under the leadership of someone who would be free from pecuniary interest in the plan, and be recognized as such. The Ukrainian Museum has been fortunate in having such a person, Bishop Bohachevsky, its founder and chief supporter thus far. Bishop Bohachevsky, however, does not consider the Ukrainian Museum in Stamford as his own institution or that of the people of his diocese alone. On the contrary, he regards it as an institution of and for all Ukrainian Americans. Accordingly he is looking to them to come to the support of the museum, and to develop it into the kind of an institution that would truly reflect their life and culture, and be a credit to them. The Ukrainian Museum in Stamford, is a national institution. Why can't it have national support?

EVA PIDDUBCHESHEN

dropped their work in time of peace. Henceforward, the Red Cross would undertake a continuous program of activity, aiming at the relief of all kinds of suffering and distress. Beyond battlefields Dunant had seen this other work for the Red Cross. The idea was never incorporated in the treaty of Geneva, but the germ of it lay in the third edition of his book: "these Societies could even give great service during periods of epidemics or in disasters such as floods and fires..." Some of the foreign societies were in sympathy with this idea. But it waited a long time to come alive, and then the American Red Cross proposed and promoted it.

The League, which was formed of five nations in 1919, now unites more than sixty. During the present war, League headquarters have been moved

from Paris to Geneva to preserve its neutral character and to cooperate with the International Red Cross Committee. The League today still works to encourage and promote voluntary national Red Cross organizations; to collaborate with these in improving health, preventing disease, and mitigating suffering; to place within the reach of all peoples the benefits of known facts and new contributions to science and medical knowledge, and the application of them; and to furnish a medium for cooperating with national Red Cross societies in carrying on relief work in case of national or international calamities. Each of the international bodies has its own field of activity: roughly speaking, the League is most active in time of peace; the International Committee in time of war.

(To be continued)

## THE UNITED NATIONS

### XV Yugoslavia

Rise, O Serbians, swift arise,  
Lift your banners to the skies,  
For your country needs her children,  
Fight to make her free.  
Rise, O rise, and crush our enemy,  
Rise and fight for liberty.  
Free the Sav and Duna flow,  
Let us too unfettered go.  
O'er the wild Moravian mountains,  
Swift shall flow sweet Freedom's  
fountains,  
Down shall sink the foe.  
(O, Serbia—Yugoslav National Song)

**L**OVE of freedom as expressed in its national anthem is the force that makes Yugoslavia's story one of alternate submergence and revival. Slavic tribes coming to make new homes on the southern part of the Balkan Peninsula in the 5th and 6th centuries enjoyed first prosperity under independent sovereigns, then years of eclipse and foreign domination. Their heroes fought the Byzantines, Turks, Magyars, Italians, and Germans; their exploits are preserved in rich folk sagas.

In the 17th and 18th centuries bands of Balkan peasants called **Hajduks** fought foreign oppressors in guerrilla fashion. Later, as nationalistic feelings were roused, such peasant rebels adopted definite political aims, central headquarters, and a new name—**Chetniks**. They were guerrillas in the Balkan War of 1912 and were very active throughout World War I which began on Serbian soil.

The Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated June 28, 1914, on a street in Sarajevo by a young student. One month later Austrian guns fired on

Belgrade the first shells of the war which was to wreck the Austro-Hungarian empire and fulfill the national aspirations of the South Slav people. On December 1, 1918, the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, later named Yugoslavia (Land of the South Slavs), was born from the voluntary union of Serbia, Bosnia, Slovenia, Croatia, Dalmatia, and Montenegro. Its capital is Belgrade, its area 95,558 square miles, and its population 16,000,000.

In this country, about the size of the British Isles, large, rich valleys of the north change gradually into snowy mountains covered with forests. Nearly a third of the land is forests and through them flow many rivers, including the famous Danube and Sava, which make the soil fertile. More than half of it is cultivated by a predominantly peasant population. Cattle raising, forestry, and farming combined occupy 85 percent of the people.

When his father was assassinated in 1934, 11-year-old Peter II of Yugoslavia became Europe's youngest king. A three-man regency council handled affairs of state. Great national progress was being made when the Yugoslavs began to see despotic powers overrunning the world and Nazi hordes massing at their very door.

Though they had scant military protection, the Yugoslavs' traditional spirit of resistance to oppression rose against the enemy's cruelly persuasive arguments for submission. The regency faltered and a weak cabinet even signed a pact with Hitler, but the people themselves rose swiftly during the night of March 27, 1941, to stage a bloodless revolution which swept the Axis-controlled government

from office, set up a new cabinet under General Simovitch, and gave young King Peter, now seventeen years old, full regal powers.

So the nation, poor in the instruments of war, fought desperately against tremendous odds, attacked not only by Germans, Bulgarians, and Italians but also by Hungarians who a few weeks before had signed a pact of "perpetual friendship" with their Yugoslav neighbors. On the battlefield barehanded soldiers attacked armored tanks, but the enemy rolled relentlessly into hills and valleys. After the Axis occupation came partition. No other European state has become spoil for so many aggressors. Hitler reserved the most important portion for himself; the rest was given to Italy, Bulgaria, Hungary, and a puppet Croatian ruler, Ante Pavelich.

But these new oppressors won only the physical outline of a country whose people, for the most part, are today united in support of their King and Government, now in London. Three months after the debacle the army was reorganized by General Draja Mikhailovitch from troops who, like himself, had fled to the hills rather than surrender. Mikhailovitch's men are modern **Chetniks** who fight where they can, destroying troop concentrations, burning storehouses, wrecking transportation and supplies. Their women and children and old people assist in countless ways, particularly by keeping communications moving between groups of **Chetniks**.

The bold thoroughness of Yugoslav resistance has brought great suffering. A wave of executions by the Nazi followed the invasion and a second wave came in reply to the escape of Yugoslav naval units through the Strait of Otranto. (These units now fight with the British.) German puni-

itive expeditions into Kraljevo killed an estimated 7,000 men and boys—entire classes of high-school students, their teachers, and other townsmen. The Government of Yugoslavia in London reports that henchmen of the traitorous Ante Pavelich and Axis invaders murdered more than 300,000 persons in the Bosnia region; in Nazi-occupied zones hundreds of thousands of Slovenes, including children separated from their parents, were driven from their homes in freezing weather and became wandering refugees. Thousands more were forcibly sent to Germany and Axis-occupied portions of Poland and the Soviet Union.

Whole forests have been burned down by German command to force the **Chetniks** into the open; death is often the penalty for women and children who give so much as a drink of water to these soldiers.

Yet the terror does not stop the fighting. From mountains and forests new sorties go out daily to harass the several divisions of Axis troops which the Axis has found it necessary to keep in Yugoslavia. Mikhailovitch and his men are not too busy to make fun of the Germans. Once a group of Nazis were captured by **Chetniks** in an abandoned factory and sent back to German lines with a large red "V" painted on the seats of their trousers. There is always trouble for the puppet ruler, Pavelich; he is trying to dominate not only the hostile Croatia Peasant Party but also some 2 million rebellious Serbs.

While plundering Axis soldiers keep themselves well supplied, citizens and their **Chetniks** in the hills do without many things. But their ability to get along on practically nothing and their fighting spirit are the two things which make the Yugoslav men, women, and children such good soldiers.

# THE DREAM

By TARAS SHEVCHENKO

(The Dream is one of Shevchenko's long poems. The part that is given below in translation is about one third of the whole. The poem was written in 1844, when the poet was thirty years of age. Being a brilliant satire on the existing order of things, it was not published at the time. It served later as one of the causes for Shevchenko's arrest and ten year banishment to distant parts of Russia. The most significant trends in Shevchenko's writings are revealed here—his love for his land, Ukraine, his compassion for the underprivileged, his witty scorn of the "meek brethren," his denunciation of the brutal, the stupid and the unjust.)

To everyone his own fate,  
And his own wide way,  
This one builds,  
That one destroys,  
While another seeks  
With greedy eyes  
If there be a land  
That he might take with him  
Into the grave.  
This one cracks  
A whistling whip  
Over neighbor's back.  
And still another  
Quietly in corner  
Sharpens edge of steel  
Against his brother.  
And over there  
A meek and sober fellow,  
Pious and God-fearing,  
On catlike paws  
Creeps and waits  
For dire hour  
To sink his claws  
In your entrails.  
Plead not,  
Neither wife nor child  
Will avail you aught.

This one generous and grand,  
Ever building temples,  
Loves his fellowmen,  
Pities them for slaughter  
And drains their blood  
As though 't were water!

While the brethren  
Silently agree,  
Their eyes like  
Those of sheep,  
"Perhaps it is  
As-it should be!"

As it should be! Because  
There is no God in Heaven!  
And ye in chains await  
A paradise on earth...  
There is none! None!  
All your labors  
Wasted, gone!

But take heed:  
For all upon this earth,  
Both tsar's children  
And the little ragged ones  
Are Adam's kin!  
This one... and that...

And what am I?  
Why just this, my good folk!  
I dance and dine.  
On Sundays and  
On weekdays too.  
While you complain  
That you are bored.  
So help me Lord  
I hear you not!  
Don't shout or spout!  
I drink my own  
Not brother's blood.

I  
Walking thus one night,  
Coming back from banquet drunk,  
I mused and made my way  
Until I reached my hut.  
And in my hut  
No children's cries,  
No nagging wife,  
A seeming paradise.  
My hut at peace,  
My heart at ease!  
And so I lay me down to sleep,  
And when a drunk does that,  
You may shoot cannons o'er the sot,  
He'll hear them not.  
He will not stir,  
Not even twitch a whisker.

And what a dream,  
Oh what a dream  
I had!  
The soberest of men  
Would get drunk,  
A stingy fellow  
Give a coin  
To see all that!  
I look—  
And there it seems I see  
An owl on wing.  
Over the meadows,  
Along hedges,  
And the ravines deep.  
Across wide steppes  
And the barrows steep.

While I, right back of her,  
On wing am I  
And to the world  
I bid good-bye:  
Farewell, o world,  
Farewell o earth,  
Unfriendly land below.  
Among the clouds  
I'll hide my lot,  
I'll take my bag of woe.  
To you, unhappy  
Land of mine,  
Back from the clouds I'll fly.  
At midnight hour,  
With morning dew,  
I'll leave the darkened sky.  
A quiet talk,  
A grieving word,  
Our meeting below  
Until daybreak  
When your children  
Shall rise against foe!  
Guard your children,  
Little Mother,  
Guide them to accord.  
Living truth  
Is with the Lord!

On wing am I, on edge of sky  
The dawn is aflame.  
The song of nightingale is heard  
In the darkened lane.  
Gentle breezes greet the sun,  
The steppes wrapped in dream,  
In the valleys by the ponds,  
The birches in green.  
Heavy laden orchards bent,  
And the poplars tall,  
Standing free as though on guard,  
Of the quiet krall.  
And all this, all this  
Wrapped in lovely hue,  
Decked in green, meets the sun,  
Washed in early dew.

Oh soul of mine!  
Why do you grieve?  
My poor heart,  
Why do you weep?  
Why do you mourn?

Do you not see  
Do you not hear the cries of men?  
Then look! And I shall fly  
High, high beyond the clouds,  
Where neither reign of mighty is,  
Nor punishment, nor tears,  
Nor laughter of the crowds,  
But look: In that paradise you leave  
A patched shirt is taken  
Off a beggar's back.  
And that with hide,  
For master's little kin  
To deck himself in

And over there  
A widow crucified,  
Because she failed to pay  
Her rent.  
Her son in chains,  
Her only ray of hope  
Into the barracks sent,  
For he...you see...  
And there—  
Beside the hedge  
A swollen child starves  
While mother cuts the wheat  
On master's field.

And there—do you not see?  
Eyes, oh, eyes of mine,  
What good are ye?!  
Why have they not gone dry  
In childhood years?  
Why have they not been drowned  
In all these tears?  
A mother trudging by the hedge

## Gets Ensign's Stripe "All You Do Is Jump Out"

Graduating in a record-breaking class of 1,270 new ensigns, Walter Chimiak, age 22, son of Mr. and Mrs. Antin Chimiak, 1605 Church street, Curtis Bay, Maryland, and a member of U.N.A. Branch 290, received his commission in the Naval Reserve February 17 last, after completing a



ENSIGN WALTER CHIMIAK

15-week V-7 training course at the New York U.S.N.R. Midshipmen's School.

In the Navy's history this is believed to be the largest group of officers ever sworn in at one time.

Ensign Chimiak and his classmates received their single shoulder stripes at ceremonies held in New York's famed Riverside Church.

Prior to attending the Midshipmen's School in New York City, Ensign Chimiak attended Lloyola University, and before that Technical High School at Curtis Bay.

"Whenever I'm in the dumps, I get myself another hat."

"I wondered where you got them."

With her bastard child,  
Mother, father have  
Disowned her,  
Even beggars shun her.  
While the master,  
The vile chitterling,  
Has beguiled the twentieth  
To drown their souls  
In drink.

Does God from beyond the clouds  
See our tears, our woes?  
Perhaps He does  
But helps like those  
Ageless mountains  
Drenched in human blood!

Oh, my poor heart,  
Woe unto you!  
Let us drain  
The deadly brew  
And lie to rest,  
Send our song  
To God Himself  
To ask:  
Whether long upon  
This earth  
The hangmen  
Shall reign?

Fly away my Muse  
My dire agony!  
Take with you  
All evil and all woe  
All your wicked company!

Reared with them,  
Of them enamored,  
Their heavy hands  
Have wrapped you  
Lovingly.

Let dismal darkness come,  
Let flames blow red,  
Let spew of serpent cover  
The earth with dead.  
I'll find a home to hide  
My heart from care,—  
And in the meanwhile seek  
A paradise somewhere.

Transl. by Mary S. Gambal

The following letter was received from Sergeant Charles Locke, a member of Branch 426 of the Ukrainian National Association, located in Centralia, Pa., and one of the former players of Centralia's U.N.A. Baseball Team. Charles played with the team from the day it was organized, and was an active player for four consecutive seasons.

"Dear Friends:

"I imagine my old friends will be surprised to hear from Charlie, their old pal and team mate.

"I spent most of my time in Alabama, but always tried to get to see some action. The Company Commander would never give me a chance to go with some of the boys we trained. The only way I could leave was to volunteer for the parachute troops. I volunteered, and now I am stationed in Montana.

"I am enjoying the life of a paratrooper. There is nothing like it. All you do is jump out of the plane when the jump master says go.

"Just imagine, I was never in a plane before. The first time I went up in plane I jumped. Yes, and the first time I went up I was certainly scared. My heart was doing a jitterbug!

"We have been up in the mountains skiing for three weeks. That is worse than parachute jumping. It was a tough task learning how to ski, going at it from 7:30 A. M., to 6 P. M. In the morning we would learn the different positions in skiing and in the afternoon we would go cross-country. Sometimes we traveled as many as thirty miles in four hours.

"We trained four days in parachute jumping and made our first jump on the fifth day. As you can see, no time is wasted in fooling around! In our outfit, the first of its kind, there are Canadian and U. S. soldiers,

"Closing now, and wishing you people the best of everything.

"Sincerely,

"Sgt. Charles Locke."

Those of Charlie's friends who would like to write to him are invited to do so, as there is nothing a soldier likes better than letters from his friends. Charlie's address is as follows: Sgt. Charles Locke, 5th Co. 1st Regt., 1st Special Service Force, Ft. Wm. H. Harrison, Helena, Montana.



Two ill dressed women have just escaped across the Norwegian frontier.

"Why do you take such terrible chances to come to Sweden?" a Stockholm correspondent asked the women who had walked 100 miles



to the border which was patrolled by Nazi troopers.

"We have left our homes and our possessions knowing we are leaving our old life for a crowded refugee camp," the older woman answered. "Life is not worth living in Norway today. Our homeland has been turned into an inferno."

Your home has been scarcely scathed by the present war here in America. Do your part to keep actual combat from our shores.

Do your work. Buy War Bonds and Stamps.

WSS 741J U. S. Treasury Dept.

## The Sporting Way

By DIETRIC SLOBOGIN

### Charity Begins At Home

If you are a good American—and who isn't—you have donated to various and sundry charities, and you have saved to save America in the form of War Bond and War Stamp purchases. But during these trying days let us not forget our own institutions as well.

Russians and Germans have practically torn the entire Ukraine up by advances and retreats in that area. Perhaps all symbols of Ukrainian culture in Europe will be literally wiped out before long.

### Stamford, Connecticut

When you preserve and develop Ukrainian culture in America you automatically augment the melting pot of the world with something that is really a definite part of the American way of life.

We visited the Ukrainian museum and library in Stamford last week and were very much impressed with it. But these new additions to the Seminary must have your contributions. We are sure that whether your contribution is a volume, an antique, or of a monetary nature, it will go a long way to preserve that which Axis murderers are unmercifully destroying over there.

### Sports at the Seminary

Sports are to an institution of higher learning what butter is to bread. St. Basil's College, a unit of the Seminary, must follow a planned sports program. Here again funds must be raised in order to equip the teams. Stamford cannot cover teams' expenses through sales of tickets to patrons. They do not have a stadium to draw 50,000 to 75,000 people at a football game. Neither can they yet book games with first-class colleges. Their revenue must be chiefly derived from the donations of Ukrainian people. Let us build up St. Basil's Prep and St. Basil's College to the level of other schools. Send your contributions to Ukrainian Seminary, Stamford, Conn.

### Phils' Shakeup

You probably read about the sale of the Phils to the Cox syndicate from the National League and of the signing of Bucky Harris, former Washington pilot, as manager. There doesn't seem to be much comment that we can make on these transactions because, if major league baseball goes through with its customary 154-game schedule, it won't matter who owns which club or who manages which club. Everything will be conditional, unsettled, and shaky until the last Axis is wiped off of this earth. It's anybody's pennant.

### Miscellanea

Dr. James Naismith, founder of the game of basketball, never patented his invention. For that matter, neither did General Abner Doubleday take out a patent on the baseball game he devised. Joe Haynes, able young relief pitcher for the Chicago White Sox, was born in Washington, Georgia, and now makes his home in Washington, D. C. Ted Williams of Boston, now in the Navy, hit best in 1942 night games with a lusty .485. Detroit took the owl team slugging honors. St. Louis was the only A. L. club to keep with Boston in 1942 season series, winning and dropping 11. Joe Cronin's team edged out the Yanks 12-10.

### Question and Answer Dept.

What are the seating capacities of Madison Square Garden, N. Y., Atlantic City Convention Hall, and Philadelphia Convention Hall?

Madison Square Garden, 18,903; main auditorium of Atlantic City's Convention Hall, 41,000; over 66,000 can be seated in the entire Conven-

## Rochester Group Aids War Effort

One year has gone by since a small group of young men of the St. Josaphat's parish in Rochester, N. Y. turned their thoughts towards doing their bit to help America attain victory. As a result, all Ukrainian American societies in Rochester were asked to send delegates to an organizational meeting which was held March 14, 1942 at the Parish Hall. Activity plans were drawn up by the delegates, and elections of officers held. Michael Wasilyshyn was elected president, William Hussar—secretary, and John Yanus, treasurer.

"Ukrainians of Rochester" was then decided upon as the name of the organization. On May 2 it held its first Red Cross benefit dance, which was very successful, bringing a clear profit of \$666.25. Later, during the city-wide "Keep-Em-Smoking" campaign, the "Ukrainians of Rochester" held another dance, from which \$236.26 was turned over to the campaign committee with impressive ceremonies. Our society was represented by the treasurer, John Yanus, who outlined the aims of the organization to the public through the radio. Last January 16th a war movie was held, from which a net profit of \$35.00 was had.

Plans are now being drawn to hold a Taras Shevchenko concert, March 14, at the St. Josaphat's Parish Hall. All proceeds from this concert will be turned over to the war effort. At a recent meeting of the organization, a suggestion was made to have all the Ukrainians of America unite into similar groups. When this conflict is over we can be organized to lend a helping hand to restore a free Ukraine.

### A MEMBER

tion Hall; Municipal Auditorium in Philadelphia, 13,500 with room for an additional 1500 on the stage.

### Tall-Tales Dept.

George Susce, veteran coach of the Cleveland Indians, is being given a big hand by many baseball observers for the fine work he did with the Tribe's rookies. Which brings to mind a story told on George when he was in the minors—and one of the most aggressive, fighting players in the game. In the final inning of an important contest, with the score tied, George banged out a double—and felt very good. The opposing shortstop was a player famed for the number of times he had caught players with the old hidden ball trick—a trick which has made many a player furious and one which Susce had proudly claimed had never been pulled on him.

It hadn't—up to this time. But George absently wandered 15 feet off the bag, failing to notice the shortstop place himself between George and the sack. Holding up the ball, the shortstop smiled and said coyly: "Oh, Georgie, look what I've got!" To which Susce replied with a below:

"Listen, you little string bean—if you touch me with that ball I'll ram it down your throat!"

And legend has it that the shortstop gulped—then tossed the ball meekly in to the pitcher.

There's only one place you can find success without work—in the dictionary.

### WANTED

### BOOKKEEPER—TYPIST

Apply 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

15 WHITEHALL STREET

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Salary upon agreement.

## Philly U.N.A. Noses Out St. Basil's College

With 8 seconds remaining in the ball game and the Philadelphia U. N. A. Basketball Team trailing by one point, Chester Halchuk of the U.N.A. picked up a loose ball in a wild scramble under the U.N.A. basket and flipped it through the cords to give the U.N.A. club a thrilling 38-37 triumph over St. Basil's College at the Collegiate's gym in Stamford, Conn., on February 28.

The Quakers made an impressive start, taking an 11-4 lead in the first quarter and a 20-9 advantage at intermission. But St. Basil's fought back furiously in the third chapter, scoring 21 points to the U.N.A.'s 9 and took a one-point lead. After an exchange of several field goals, Halchuk dropped in the deciding goal, ending the hard-fought contest at 38-37.

Both teams' high scorers tied, as did the runner-ups. Pistun tallied 16 points for the UNA and Danylchuck registered a like total. Skrincoosky of St. Basil's and Specks Bukata of Philadelphia each scored 10 points.

Philadelphia . . . . . 11 9 9 9—38  
St. Basil's College . . . 4 5 21 7—37

A distinguished audience attended the game, including His Excellency, The Most Reverend, Bishop Ambrose Senyshyn and other members of the clergy. All the boys (and girls) were invited to a dinner after the game, and at this dinner, Father Chemij of the Seminary gave a very good speech in which he mentioned that St. Basil's had been looking forward to this game for some time, and that he was glad to see such cooperation among the younger generation of Ukrainian Americans made possible by the Ukrainian National Association and members of both teams. Other speakers were coaches of both squads, managers of both teams, captains of the quints, and the referee. The meeting was closed with a prayer.

DIETRIC SLOBOGIN

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## NURSE'S AIDE

Fully realizing the grave need for relieving the shortage of graduate nurses in our hospitals, many young girls are enlisting their services in the war effort by becoming Nurse's Aides. With the help of Nurse's Aides, one graduate nurse is enabled to do the work of six who have left to staff hospital bases of our armed forces. To keep hospitals at home functioning normally, the Red Cross is hoping to have 100,000 of them on active duty by the end of 1943.

One of the first Ukrainian girls to enlist as a Nurse's Aide is Miss Mary Ann Wagner, attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wagner of Jersey City.

Miss Wagner, interviewed while on evening duty at the Medical Center, stressed the need for more help and



MISS MARY ANN WAGNER

strongly urged our girls to volunteer as "assistant nurse." She gave the following qualifications and duties for a Nurse's Aide:

"Any woman between 18 and 50, with a high school education, in good health, may register at the local Red Cross Chapter. If accepted, she is given an 85-hour course in lectures and actual training at the local hospital in her spare time. She learns to perform certain duties which are essential to the patient's welfare, but do not require long training, thus freeing the graduate nurses for the skilled tasks. The completed course, which includes hard work in the wards on Saturdays and Sundays, earns the girl the right to wear the attractive blue and white uniform, cap and pin of the Nurse's Aide.

"For any three months of the year, the Nurse's Aide must be willing to serve three hours a day, for five days a week in various hospitals of the city. She may choose her own schedule, but must adhere to it rigidly.

"The pay is just the satisfaction of serving."

Miss Wagner is employed by day in the Public Relations Department of the Western Electric Company.

M. M.

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EVERY PAYDAY WAR BONDS

## PENNSYLVANIA DANCE

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Saturday, March 6, 1943

MARTY AMES & HIS ORCHESTRA

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UNIFORMED SERVICE MEN 30¢

DANCING 9 P. M. TO 2 A. M.