



## SECTION II.

## The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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## MICHAEL KOTSUIBINSKY

THIRTY years ago last Sunday—April 25, 1913—there passed away from this earth one of the most accomplished and finished writers of prose Ukrainian literature has produced thus far, Michael Kotsuibinsky (b. 1864). In fact, insofar as clarity and beauty of expression are concerned, he is absolutely the best, with his prose comparing favorably even with the immortal poetry of Taras Shevchenko, the Bard of Ukraine. What is more, hardly any writer can approach Kotsuibinsky in his ability to delineate the psychological motives that impel human beings to behave the way they do.

Yet, it is interesting to note, despite his greatness as a writer, Kotsuibinsky's works—mostly short stories and novelettes—are not as widely known and as popular as those of perhaps less talented Ukrainian writers. That is indeed a pity, for it is a rare delight to read his works, whether it be the highly modernistic "Intermezzo," the social-study "Fata Morgana," the psychological "Laughter," or the finest of them, the mystico-psychological picture of Ukrainian Hutsul life—"Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (a fragment of which appears in translation on page 2).

In appearance Kotsuibinsky was described as "a man of medium height, slim, in his last years slightly bowed, dressed always modestly yet impeccably, and always wearing a flower in his lapel. Flowers were his passion and pleasure. You could see how his eyes sparkled and danced for joy when he passed by a field overgrown with hundreds of flowers. He loved, too, good people, especially children, and would never pass them by without greeting them and talking and joking with them. Polite to everybody, modest, without a trace of pride, he knew how to imagine himself in other people's position and how to plumb the depths of other people's souls. Unselfish to the point of self-sacrifice, he did everything out of inward conviction, and nothing for the sake of economic gain, and thus he was often taken advantage of. An ardent Ukrainian patriot, he loved his country and his people above all else, and was always ready to give them the best of his strength, knowledge and talent."

Kotsuibinsky's life was meager in outward events. Not much happened to him outwardly, although he was hounded quite a bit by the Russian political police, who sensed his high Ukrainian patriotism. Still, though he had few adventures and striking experiences, he had the innate power to project himself into the life and experiences of other people. It was this power that led him to write.

The first of his stories, appearing in the early 90's, were written in the usual style of those days: their characters were merely convenient props for a picture of the peculiarities of the customs and habits of the Ukrainian people. Though this ethnographic type of writing represented a great advance over the romantic style that preceded it, Kotsuibinsky soon sensed its defects. He grew to dislike portraying just the customs and habits of a people. To him it was meaningless, "fiction with stuffing," picturing only the outward man. Good writing, he realized, should probe the thoughts, feelings and experiences of the people, and bring them out to the light of day. Once he had made up his mind on this, it was only a matter of applying to his writing his unusually sensitive perceptive qualities and his wonderful power of creative literary expression. Soon he was producing stories that equalled the best of their kind in any land.

Aside from their psychological significance, many of his stories are couched in sociological meaning, and each presents a new phase of the author's versatility. He knew, for instance, how to portray with equal skill the social interests of a provincial town and the life of intellectuals, the love adventures of Crimean Greeks and the tragedies of Bessarabian Rumanians; but most of all he liked to probe the feelings and emotional experiences of the Ukrainian peasants of the steppe or the Ukrainian Hutsuls of the mountains, of whom and of whose surroundings he was passionately fond.

In time Kotsuibinsky became known outside the borders of his beloved Ukraine, which in itself was rather remarkable when we consider that modern Ukrainian literature was just in the throes of creation then, while its medium of expression was being subjected to various persecutions at the hands of the foreign occupants of its homeland.

Among the foreign writers who got to know and value Kotsuibinsky very well was Maxim Gorky, the great Russian writer. When Kotsuibinsky died, Gorky was at the height of his fame, known throughout the world. Kotsuibinsky's death moved him so that he wrote a long and moving tribute to his memory. The article was published then in the leading Ukrainian literary magazine, "Literaturno-Naukovy Vistnyk" (Kiev, June, 1913).

## Maxim Gorky's Eulogy of the Ukrainian Writer

"He was one of those rare persons who when you meet them for the first time arouse in you a bliss of spiritual contentment," Maxim Gorky begins Kotsuibinsky's portrait. "This is the kind of a man you had waited a very long time to meet."

"In a world of beauty and goodness, he is at home, a man born to it, and from the first meeting there rises in you a desire to see him as often as possible, to speak with him as much as you can."

Then Gorky attempts to examine the sources of this desire. He finds Kotsuibinsky a man who had thought out every problem and had arrived

## Further Praise For Kolessa

To the New York press comments concerning Kolessa's triumphant American debut at the Town Hall on April 18, which were reprinted on these pages last week, the following one, written by Grena Bennet of the New York Journal-American, should be added:—

Lubka Kolessa, Ukrainian pianist, gave her first New York recital at Town Hall last night and proved to be the possessor of one of the most astounding technical equipments heard this season. She began with Vivaldi's D minor Introduction, Largo and Fugue, which was performed with the utmost facility and grasp.

Miss Kolessa next played Beethoven's C minor Sonata in which she vanquished the most exacting keyboard problems with amazing skill and, in speedy passages, with phenomenal rapidity. But on the other side of the medal were an impetuosity and power that took considerable toll of emotional content and poetic influence.

Of similar remarkable execution was Chopin's Allegro de Concert by nimble fingers and the same economy of poetic insight.

Chopin's "Funeral March" sonata and six Mazourkas, Barwinsky's two Preludes, and Arabesques on themes

## Ukrainian Choir Sings At Radio City Easter Service

The United Easter Dawn Service held last Sunday at the Radio City Music Hall in New York City, attended by close to seven thousand persons and broadcast from 7 to 7:30 over WMCA and over the N.B.C. world-wide network from 7:30 to 8, featured as its chief musical presentation the inspired singing of the Ukrainian Protestant Church Choir of New York, augmented by members of the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of N. Y. and N. J., and the Ukrainian Presbyterian Church Choir of Newark, under the direction of Professor George Kirichenko.

The Ukrainian choir made three appearances, first with "Crist Arose" in Ukrainian—composer unknown; later with "Joy From Heaven," folk song arranged by George Kirichenko, Jr.; and finally "Christ Is Risen," by Nizankowsky.

The service was the fourth held in Radio City and the twenty-fourth of the series held under auspices of the Greater New York Federation of Churches.

from "Blue Danube" waltzes by Straus-Schul-Evler were the other works on the program.

very close to the ideal of goodness. He is organically opposed to everything that is evil. There is in Kotsuibinsky a "highly developed esthetic sensitiveness to the good; he loves the good with the love of an artist, believing in its unconquerable power." Kotsuibinsky understood deeply the cultural importance and the historic value of goodness. Hence, he often spoke about Democracy. He liked it very much for its faith in the man.

"Humanity, beauty, people, Ukraine—these were the most favorite topics of Kotsuibinsky's conversations. They were always with him, as were his heart, his brain, and his kind, merciful eyes."

"He loved flowers, and, possessed of a profound knowledge of botany, he spoke of them like a poet. It was somehow especially pleasant to hear him speak, as he held a flower in his hand, 'Just look how the orchid took the shape of a bee: it wants thus to say that it needs no visit of any insect. How much sense, how much beauty everywhere!'"

"He loved with especial benignance his Ukraine." He often imagined the smell of flowers in Ukrainian fields, even though there was no trace of them. In his walks in the Italian countryside—Island of Capri, where during a health sojourn he met Gorky—he dreamt of his Ukraine, compared the views seen with his eyes with the images in his memory, and often found a complete similarity. How this Italian hut resembles a hut in Ukraine! And isn't that old man sitting by the hut like an old Ukrainian? Maxim Gorky caught him several times greeting Italians in his native Ukrainian.

Gorky writes that Kotsuibinsky often spoke to him about Ukraine, her plight, of her future, people, whom he loved so much, and of her literature.

"He strove to know life and its beauty, without sparing his physical strength," says Gorky. "Likewise he was very strict with himself and his talent." He was a very severe critic of his own work. Some of his best works he considered uncalled-for, uninteresting. "He acted always without mercy towards himself, but with tolerance towards others. In other people's works, even the poorest, he could find something beautiful, a skillful job, a sonorous phrase."

He liked to speak kindly to people even when his life was poisoned by the realization of approaching death. "Death will be conquered," he told Gorky, "when the majority of the people will clearly realize the value of life, will understand its beauty, will feel the exaltation of work and life."

Upon Kotsuibinsky's death, Gorky felt keenly the loss of a very dear friend. "Here withered a beautiful and rare flower; here passed a kindly star. He had a hard life, for to have been a true and honest man in Rus-Ukraine has always been costly, both spiritually and materially."

"Eternal memory to such fine men!" Gorky's eulogy of Kotsuibinsky concludes.

## "Ukrainia Comes To Our Museum"

If you han't already seen it, Sue, you are missing something that is truly excellent!

"The Ukrainians are a peaceful people. Their art—their culture—their beautiful Carpathian mountains—their rich fields and picturesque countrysides—these have always come first to the people of the Ukraine. They are not warriors. They love peace. But they will fight to the last man for a principle. Twice they saved the civilization of Europe. That was in the 15th and 16th centuries, when they stood alone against the invasions of the barbaric Tartars—and held them!"

This is the sort of thing, Sue, you will learn first-hand if you go over to the Joliet Museum (Grover street at Fourth avenue) to pass a delightful hour viewing the exhibit of Ukrainian arts and crafts. If, when you arrive, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kochan, owners of the exhibit, are present, they will take the greatest pleasure in giving you the background and the details of the exhibit which fills two rooms and the hall.

Perhaps you know about the Kochans, Sue—perhaps you do not. They have been Joliet residents ever since that unhappy day when Russia staged its revolution and established the new order. Ukraine was one of its victims, and over two and a half million were massacred thru slow starvation—one of the indirect victims being Mr. Kochan's own mother. As members of the upper class, the Kochans eventually escaped and brought with them some of their fine collection of Ukrainian art treasures. Today one of their greatest joys lies in sharing with anyone interested, their pride and enthusiasm for Ukrainian arts and crafts.

Mrs. Kochan, gentle, cultured, gracious, who devoted herself to teaching in the Carpathian mountain villages, studying the peasant crafts and developing her own talent in exquisite needlework, has an exhibit of national craft and of her own work that leaves one little short of awed. If you've done so much as embroider one guest towel, or an inch of cross stitch or needlepoint, you'll understand why the judges at the San Francisco world's fair, held a few years ago on Treasure Island, awarded Mrs. Kochan the prized blue ribbon award. Such gorgeous table linen, embroidered in vivid threads colored with native dyes, in the most intricate and elaborate designs! Such curtains, blouses, aprons! Even at the cost of triteness, we insist: "They must be seen to be appreciated!"

In another room the Kochans have placed in cabinets collections of peasant bead work, of metal jewelry and hand carved items. Their hand-painted Easter eggs are monuments to patience and skill. Their hand-carved wooden crosses, used in churches and in Ukrainian homes at Christmas time; their hand-woven rugs; their delicate and elaborate modern inlaid boxes and jewelry, are all picturesque, fascinating and delightful.

In the hall are panels illustrating the types of peasant dress in the various districts; scenes of Ukraine; prints of famous art works. In the historical room, a set of superb ecclesiastical oil paintings rescued from a burning church in 1710.

It is no wonder, Sue, that when famous Ukrainians come to this country, such as the world-celebrated sculptor, Archipenko, they find happiness in renewing old ties with the Kochans, and in being house guests in the simple home. Simultaneously they become greater patriots of democracy—and America.

"FOOTNOTES BY IDEE"  
Joliet Herald-News

Joliet, Ill.

## IVAS' AND MARICHKA A FRAGMENT FROM "SHADOWS OF FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS"

By MICHAEL KOTSUBINSKY

(Translated by Stephen Shumeyko)

Hard times came upon little Ivas' family after the death of his father. Trouble nestled itself within the hut forever it seemed, all previous good fortune flowed away, one hay field after another was sold, and the flocks of sheep melted away like snow at the coming of Spring.

Yet within Ivas' memory the death of his father did not linger as long as his encounter with the little girl, who although slapped by him without the slightest justification nevertheless had given him in a most trustful manner half of her candy stick. And so, into his curiously sad nature there now trickled a new element, one that unconsciously drew him into the mountains, carried him over their summits, through forests and valleys, everywhere where there was a chance of meeting her—Marichka. And finally he did: he found her pasturing lambs.

She welcomed him as if she had long expected him. Would he pasture lambs together with her? Of course! Let the brown and black bovines bellow and toll their bells to their hearts' content; he will go and pasture her lambs.

And now they pastured!

The white ewes, bunched together in the shadow of a spruce, gazed with foolish eyes upon the two children rolling in the moss, their ringing young laughter breaking the hushed stillness of the summer mid-day. Growing tired, the two would clamber on the white rocks and from there fearfully gaze into the depths of a gorge, from whose other side there loomed steeply heavenward the black form of a tremendously high mountain, that seemed to exhale into the air all its sombreness. Nearby, a large brook plunged down a fissure cut into the mountainside, its greyish beard cascading over the rocks. It was so warm and lonely there, in the ancient stillness of the forest, that the children could hear their own breathing. Yet their ears stubbornly caught and magnified every forest sound, so that they could hear stealthy footsteps, the dull thudding of an ax, or the panting of heaving chests.

"Do you hear, Ivas'?" whispered Marichka.

"Why shouldn't I? Of course I do."

They both knew that unseen spirits were roaming through the forest.

Fright drove them lower down into the valley, where the brook flowed more peacefully. They made themselves a little dam in one spot where it was a little deeper and, undressing, splashed around in this improvised swimming hole like two young animals who know nothing of the meaning of modesty. The sun's rays caressed their light hair and beat upon their eyes, while the icy water pinched their naked bodies.

Marichka was the first to get cold, and began running about to get warm.

"Wait!" Ivas' shouted, clambering out too. "Where are you from?"

"F-from Ya-vor," she replied, her teeth chattering.

"And whose girl are you?"

"Koval's"

"Well, so long Kovalova!" Ivas' cried, but kept on chasing her and pinching her until both grew tired, but warm, and threw themselves upon the grass.

Along the bed of the brook, beneath the meadow brilliant with its flaming sun flowers, frogs sorrowfully croaked their tales.

Ivas' leaned over the brook and asked them:

"Kuma—kuma—what have you cooked?"

"Burak — borsch. Burak — borsch. Burak — borsch," croaked Marichka.

"Buraki-ki-ki!... Buraki-ki-ki!" both of them screeched, with their eyes tightly shut, so that the very frogs themselves grew silent in surprise.

But when they grew older their play together became different.

Now Ivas' became Ivan, a young man, lean and strong as a young spruce, who kept down his curly hair with butter, wore a wide leather belt and a finely woven hat. Marichka, also, now had her hair done up, which meant she had reached marriageable age. They no longer pastured lambs together, but met only on holidays or Sundays, usually by the church or in depths of the forest, so that the elders would not know of the love affair between the children of two rival clans. At such times Ivan would often play for her on his floyara. Lost in his thoughts, his eyes fastened upon something far beyond the mountains, something visible only to himself, he would place the floyara to his lips, and a most enchanting song, one never heard before, would gently flutter down upon the grass of the meadow in the shade of the spruces. One felt a strange chill at the sound of the first few whistling notes; as if bleak winter had laid itself upon the graves of the dead. But soon, yonder over the hills, rose the sun-god and rested his flaming head upon the earth's surface. Winter stirred uneasily, its power weakening, waters awakened, and the earth became filled with the ringing songs of released rivers and streams. The sun rose higher, diffusing itself into a cloud of flowers. Spirits of the Spring trod lightly over newly sprouting grasses. Spruces wafted into the redolent air their greenness, grasses smiled in their freshness, and

\* ("burak"—beet; "borsch"—beet soup)

throughout the whole world there were now but two colors: green—the earth, and blue—the heavens... Down below sped the rushing Cheremosh, carrying on its broad bosom the green blood of the hills, restless and swirling...

And then the trembita!... Ta-ra-ta... Ta-ra-ta...

The shepherd's heart sang in gladness, the sheep bleated their joy at the smell of new fodder... Rushes in the pastures swayed in the warm breezes, while from his winter's den among the boulders old bruin emerged, and rearing upon his hind legs tested his roar, as through sleepy eyes he already saw his prey.

Spring showers beat down upon the stirring earth, thunder rolled over the summits, and chilly blasts of the evil one came whining down from the black Chornohora... when suddenly there again appeared the sun—the right cheek of God—and glinted upon the swinging scythes mowing down hay...

And so, from peak to peak, from brook to brook—darted the happy melody of Ivan's floyara, so airy, so clear, that you could actually hear the rustle of its wings...

Ой прибігла з полонинки  
Біла овечка —  
Люблю тебе, файна любко,  
Тай твої словечка...

Gently the spruce needles tinkled, softly the forests whispered their cool dreams of summer nights, faintly the distant cow bells tolled, while the gloomy mountains showered down their ancient sadness.

With a roar and crackle a felled tree plunged down, while the earth sighed in sympathy—and again the trembita wailed. This time it heralded death... Someone had gone to his final resting place. High into the air the call of a cuckoo mounted—but no longer could he hear it...

Marichka responded to the playing of the floyara, like a dove to its mate—with songs. She knew ever so many. Where she learned them—she could not tell. It seemed as if they had been cradled with her, had bathed with her, had been born within her breast, as bountifully as the spruces upon the mountains. Upon whatever her eyes fell; no matter what happened anywhere: perhaps a sheep had perished, a young man had loved, a girl had betrayed, a cow grew sick, a spruce rustled—all this poured itself out into song, as simple as those mountains resting there since ancient prehistoric times.

She had no difficulty in composing new songs. Seated on the ground, alongside Ivan, arms wrapped around her knees, she would keep time by gently swaying backwards and forwards. Her rounded calves, burned by the sun and bare from the knees down, offered a striking contrast to her white dress, while her full lips rounded themselves most delightfully when she began singing:

Зозулька ми закувала свина та маленька,  
На все село іскладена пісенька новенька...

Marichka's song recounted an event well known to all: how one Andriy became enamoured by Paraska, how his love grew so strong that he died of it, warning others of the dangers of loving strange maidens. Another was about the sorrow of a mother whose son died in the forest, crushed by a falling tree. The songs were sad, simple and moving, so that one's heart bled listening to them. She usually concluded them with:

Ой кувала ми зозулька тай коло потічка,  
А хто ісклав співаночку? Піванкова Маричка.

She had long given herself to Ivan, when she was yet thirteen. And is it any wonder? Pasturing the goats and sheep she had plenty of opportunity of observing them during the rut-time, and it seemed so simple, natural, as old as the earth itself, and thus no unclean thought ever entered her heart. Of course, from this copulation goats and sheep became gravid; but there was always the sorceress. Marichka had no fears in this respect. Beneath her belt, next to her skin, she carried a head of garlic over which the sorceress had murmured incantations, and so nothing could harm her. The very thought of this made her smile to herself, and she would wind her arms around Ivan's neck.

"My dear Ivanku! Will we always be together?"

"If God so wills, my sweetheart."

"Sometimes I think not. There's too much hatred between our families."

His eyes would then grow dark with anger and his hatchet would plunge quivering into the ground.

"I don't need their consent. Let them do what they want, but you're going to be mine."

"Oh, my—my! what are you saying..."

"Just what you hear, dear."

And just as if to spite the elders he would whirl her about at the dances so fast that their very sandals would nearly fly off.

Ivan's hopes, however, were not realized. The family steadily sank into sorer straits, there was not enough to go around the household for all of them, and someone had to hire himself out.

Worry gnawed upon Ivan.

"I shall have to go up into the downs, Marichka," gloomily he told her one day.

"If you must, then go," she replied humbly.

"Such is our fate..."

And with songs she adorned their parting. A heavy sadness filled her heart at the thought that their trysts in the still forest would have to be discontinued for a long time. Her arms around his neck and her head pressed against his cheek, she sang softly:

Издай мні, мій миленькій,  
Два рази на днину,  
А я тебе издадаю  
Сім раз на годину.

# Why Study Music, Especially Piano

By JOAN MARAZ, L.R.S.M. (London)

"NOW sing it again and give it a real wow," shouted Harry McLean, the president of the Dundee Club. "Sing it again and give it real wow while Johnny bats 'the box' (piano)."

Johnny "batted the box" as he had been "battering it faithfully" every Thursday night for seven years. He had been a member of the Dundee Club for so long that they had almost forgotten his last name. No one ever thought of his name as "Mr." John Spence. Johnny was "odd." Most of what he had to say was said with his fingers on "the box"—as the large ebony piano was technically known to the club.

## What the Intelligentsia Thought

In fact there was suspicion that Johnny might in some clandestine way be connected with the Intelligentsia, the natural-born enemy of the Dundee Club and all other "Yours for a finer life" organizations. Somehow the Dundee Club gave great and deep offence to the Intelligentsia. The club in the first place was prosperous and, in addition to that, they were happy and they were optimists and they stood for the uplift and decency; all of which distressed the Intelligentsia bitterly.

The word "ethics" choked the Intelligentsia. How was it possible that the Dundees could endure such things when they could be so easily inoculated with the virus of moral dyspepsia and intellectual pessimism if they would only join the Intelligentsia.

As a matter of fact Johnny was quite innocent of all contact with the Intelligentsia. He agreed with his friend the policeman who called the Intelligentsia the "ginks." He realized the big purposes of the Dundees and wished that he was a better mixer. He enjoyed the meetings and liked to be known by his fellow men as a brother.

"Ahem," said the President waving his napkin, "You men have made a fine turnout today. I have a disappointment for you, but before I tell you about it I want to get this one over. What does the Scotchman do with his old rusty safety razor blades? Don't anybody know? I'll hand it to you again. What does the Scotchman do with his old rusty safety razor blades? Why, he shaves with them!"

The laughter was respectful but feeble. Allen McPherson turned to Ellen Dowe and said, "If Harry unwraps many more mummies like that I'll drop the club." But, of course McPherson was a Scotchman.

"I thought you'd like that," went on the President. "And now I have a surprise for you. Next week we are to have with us a speaker, Professor George Wilson, Ph. D., who will give a talk on Botany."

"Where's Botany?" said Dan Ludlem.

"Botany? That's the rules and regulations of flowers and vegetables," noted Percy Wilson.

"Yeh—well, how much do you know about it, Perc. The wife told me this morning that the row of roses she set out she got from Botany."

## The Absent Bubble

"And now," said the President, "for the disappointment. The Honorable William Bubble, who was to make our address today, was called out on a law case and sent this telegram saying he'd come some other time."

This was followed by consternation, not unmixed with relief. Bubble was anything but an effervescent speaker and had aired his political ambitions twice before that meeting of the Dundees. But not to have a speaker—that was something else again. No

matter how perfect the fruit cocktail, the chicken croquette, the fresh spring peas direct from the can and the bisque ice cream, a Dundee meeting without a speaker was unthinkable.

"You see," said the President, "every member of the club spoke to us at least twice and I'm up a stump."

"Every member but Johnny," interrupted Molly Daniels. "Why not make Johnny do his stuff? He's talked with his fingers for seven years, but nobody ever saw him get up on his hind legs and peep. Come on, Johnny, you've been batting that box long enough. Why don't you talk on something? Talk about music if you can't talk about anything else."

Insistent shouts of Johnny! Johnny! and the inevitable "He's a jolly good fellow," got Johnny up on his feet.

## Straight from the Shoulder

"Well," said Johnny, "after seven years this is kinda sudden, but, to tell the truth, I often wished I had a chance to tell you fellows something about music as I see it. You've told me often enough. One says that music doesn't mean much to him because it seems to him just like a jumble of sounds. Another says it is a waste of time and money to study music nowadays; because the best music in the world is piped right into our homes by radio like water, gas and electricity, and anyone can have a library of the great interpretations of the finest artist by having the modern player piano and the talking machine.

"Well, there was a time in the world history when music was not brought so close to our homes. The kings and queens of yesterday never began to have such an immense variety of great music in their palaces and courts, notwithstanding the fact that they spent a fortune every year for their music. These marvelous inventions have an enormous educational advantage and have done more to mark this as an age of music than anything else. In fact, by means of these instruments the whole study of music is made vastly more interesting and profitable. If there was a time in the history of the world when one ought to study music, the time is now.

"Now, members, I haven't any speech and I am just going to talk straight from the shoulder and give you my dope on why every child should have a chance to study music. But I want you to help me make the speech.

"First, I'd like to have all you members who have children who are taking music lessons at the present time to stand. That's about what I thought—about 60 percent. Now I'm going to ask Pat Keller why he is giving his son piano lessons."

Pat rose and said:

"We all want children to have the best in life. I started my son in music so that, no matter what society he found himself in, he would not have to take second place. I'm mighty glad I did it now."

"Fine, Pat," said Johnny, smiling, "we'll have a few converts before we get through. Now let Bert Jefferson tell why he is giving his son piano lessons."

Bert, one of the staid members of the club, was listened to with great respect, possibly because he was worth almost twice as much as any other man in the city.

## A Tragic Blunder

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm glad you gave Johnny a chance today because I feel that this subject is one

of real importance. Fifty years ago when I was a boy, it would have been impossible to get a group of men together to listen to the reasons why every child should have an opportunity to study music as anything but a kind of toy, something all right for a little girl, but wholly useless as a part of the education for a boy. Now I have a confession to make. I studied the violin and studied hard, but I am ashamed to say that when I found that my boss looked down upon music and considered it as a detraction from business—I reluctantly gave it up. This I now consider not only as a bad personal mistake, but also as a bad business break. I lived my violin like a friend, and would like to meet the employer who made me give up music and tell him what I think of him.

"Going on with my music would have helped me in so many ways that I have kicked myself many times for giving it up. I was young and didn't know any better. Well, Johnny asked me to tell why I started my Bill taking musical lessons. A few years ago I went to a banquet and met Mr. Charles Schwab, President of the Bethlehem Steel Co., America's Steel King. Did any of you know that Charley Schwab started life as a professional music teacher and organist? Did you know that he has never ceased to state his gratitude for the mental drill he got in music, a drill which has helped him in his great work? Well, the next day I bought the finest piano I could purchase and found the best teacher in town for Bill. But Johnny has real message for you and I don't want to steal his thunder."

"Thanks, Bert! That meant a lot more coming from you. Well, I could go the round with all of you."

## World Leaders

"You, Wallace Bradley, you are in the electrical line. Do you know that Vladimir Karapetoff, Stehmetz's successor with the General Electric, is a practical musician and has given many public recitals as a virtuoso on the piano and on the cello? Do you know that Alfred Einstein, the most famous of European scientists, is a virtuoso violinist? Do you know that Ralph Modjeski, the greatest of American bridge builders, can play a Chopin Concerto or a Beethoven Sonata at request and still practices regularly two hours a day? Do you know that four of America's best known authors, Owen Wister, Upton Sinclair, Rupert Hughes and John Erskine, are practical musicians? Do you know that Cyrus H. K. Curtis, most famous of American publishers, and his daughter, Mrs. Edward Bok, have given twelve million dollars for musical education? Do you know that these famous citizens and hosts of others have time and again emphasized the fact that the training that one gets through the studying of an instrument is of priceless value in any life work? It seems to be mighty significant that men of this type with a musical training have risen to the very top.

## How to Double Your Thinking Speed

"Now, if you will excuse me for being personal, I'd like to tell you as a business man what music has done to me. I studied the piano for seven years and I felt it was the best investment my parents ever made for me. Why? Well, when we have had a course of training in music, our mind is forced to think about four or five times as quickly as the ordinary man's. When you have to play several thousands notes in the course of a few minutes, you are drilled into a kind of super-mental state. I don't want to brag, but I find that in many a business deal I have been able to think all around the other fellow.

"Then music makes for accuracy. When you have to play thousands of notes one after another you have to train your nerves, your muscles and your mind to hit the right note with the right force at the right time. Translate this drill in accuracy to business and think what it means.

"The training in memory that one gets from music beats anything I know. If memory is valuable to the business man this training alone is worth while.

"Poise is another thing that music cultivates—the ability to do at command. That means self-control. It gives you nerve to face any emergency that calls for quick mental action.

## Better Than Golf

"In addition to all this, the study of music gives you a means of refreshment and recuperation in your spare time which is one of the most interesting and delightful experiences in life. When you are playing you think of the music and the music only. It takes one's mind off the daily grind even better than golf. When you know about music, everything you hear at the theatre, at the opera, at the concert, over the radio and through the talking machine takes on new interest.

"Finally, there is nothing that will keep the young person's interest closer to home than music. God knows we need that in this day! The best dollars you ladies and gentlemen will ever spend will be those you invest in the musical education of your children. Every father wants his child to have the best in life—the things that will open the gates of opportunity and lead to real happiness. My idea is that music does this better than anything else.

"The piano has a particular educational value, because it employs all ten fingers and demands a kind of brain training that beats every study in school or college. Professor Eliot of Harvard proved that and shouted it from the housetops. More than this, the piano is an independent instrument—that is, you don't have to have an accompanying instrument. You can play all kinds of pieces on the piano—songs, orchestral numbers, operas and so forth. When you buy a piano, get a fine one. Take pride in it. It is one of the most important things in the home.

"Now, of course, ladies and gentlemen, I don't say that music will make a success of every person. That would be nonsense. What I do say is that a training in playing a musical instrument, in these days when the radio and the talking machine and the player piano have put us in touch with all the great music in the world, will give the student a thrill and an understanding of this great gift of the Almighty that will make what brains he started with far more able and far more valuable to him."

Johnny sat down and Hal Davidson rose. He said, "I don't know what you folks think, but I just want to tell you that Johnny and his speech have kept us ten minutes over our time limit and I haven't even looked at my watch. The wife urged me to buy a new piano this morning. I told her we couldn't afford it because I wanted to get a new straight line eight. I hand it to you, Johnny, you have sold me on the piano. We'll make the old bus do another five thousand miles and my Clarence starts his music lessons next week."

## The Shrine

"Just one thing more," said Johnny placing his hand on the piano. "You call this 'the box.' I call it 'the shrine'—the shrine of the most beautiful art in the world. Before this shrine the great masters have written compositions which brought unending joy to all mankind. It sorta hurts me to hear it called a box when I know how much it has done for the world."

"Canadian Ukrainian Review"

## U.S. Sports Program Goes into Full Swing All Over British Isles

Americans Learn Rugby, Boxing Proves Popular Sport

From the first improvised sports program, carried on by scattered groups of Doughboys in the first batch of Yanks to land in Northern Ireland, the athletic program among the Americans in the British Isles now is rolling in full swing. Helped by the Special Services section of the Army and the Red Cross, equipment and facilities have been obtained in many units and unit centers to allow the men to go at it whenever the time permits.

One division has included an hour of athletics on its regular training program. And this is not the familiar calisthenics business of old. At one time there are four basketball games going, a rugby game, a football game, a soccer contest and 100 boxers training in two gymnasiums while on the range there is small arms competition.

### 8,000 at Wembley Game

The three most popular sports have been baseball, basketball and boxing. Baseball and softball equipment was the first to arrive and teams playing in the parks and fields throughout the Isles attracted many inquiring—and later—interested spectators. Fight thousand turned out at Wembley Stadium last July to watch a

game between an American and Canadian team.

Basketball at first was hampered by the lack of courts, but the demand for equipment was more easily remedied and courts constructed outdoors as well as in.

Touch football has been the most popular form of peculiarly American games to be played here. This has been due to the fact that less equipment is required and free time—a thing a soldier has very little of—does not need to be devoted to long hours of conditioning and practice.

Through the bouts sponsored by The Stars and Stripes Athletic Committee and different units in the field, American boxers are at last beginning to show their mettle. When they first landed, fights were arranged with British amateurs—and the Doughboys were, in most cases, white-washed. They failed to realize that when they met British amateurs, they were meeting some of the outstanding fighters in Britain, a situation that is not true in the States.

### Movements Hamper Sports

All organized sports in an army at war are hampered by the continuous movements of troops and troop units. Considering this, the program for the American forces here has developed, and is developing, in a manner which sports followers must admire. Except in some instances, the Army has come to realize that a well-rounded sports program not only provides its men with a means of relaxation, but it also helps make them better fighting men. As one general put it:

"We have marches to harden a

## THE STORY OF TRANSPORTATION

The battle of transportation in continental United States is now being won... The victories to date, however, are not necessarily permanent!

The Office of War Information believes public understanding of the total transportation picture is necessary to public cooperation in government programs for conserving rubber and car sharing.

In order to bring these facts to the public OWI conducted a comprehensive survey of the nation's military and civilian transportation problems.

Trade associations, trade unions, individual transportation companies, as well as all government agencies concerned with transportation, were consulted in the preparation of this report.

These are the transportation victories of the past few months.

1. Railroad transportation is vastly better than in the last war. The railroads are moving troops and civilians with comforts, without delays.

2. Busses, street cars, passenger cars and even box cars are getting war workers to plants and homes.

3. Refrigerator cars, which used to return empty to the west and south,

man's legs. Field work strengthens his endurance and sharpens his knowledge of tactics. Athletics not only give him the agility necessary in combat, but they also provide a recreational outlet from his routine military duties."

now are carrying back freight.

4. Tank cars are carrying a large part of the oil that, in peace time, would have gone by water. "Big Inch", the pipeline from Texans, is crawling eastward and is already delivering 60,000 barrels of oil a day at Norris City, Ill.

5. Barges, which used to lie idle, now are carrying war freight on rivers and canals.

6. Highway trucks, which used to return empty, now are moving pay loads.

7. Airplanes are still taking passengers, on priority.

On the dark side of the transportation problem, the Office of War Information report points out that:

1. Our transportation equipment, with few exceptions, is being used close to its limits.

2. Railroad passenger equipment, busses, private automobiles, tires, parts and tank cars are wearing out. Few replacements—if any—are being made.

3. Manpower shortage is still serious and may get worse.

Two phases of the transportation problem which remain acute, the report declared, are the transportation of oil and the transportation of workmen to war plants.

The report warned that to continue the present accomplishments it will be necessary to maintain the recently increased efficiency in railroad operation and to increase group-riding in private passenger cars to prevent further strain on local transportation systems.

# "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)

(26)

"THE townspeople have rolled out barrels of beer and mead and are drinking to the mayor's son's memory. The Kozaks have now joined them in carousing, and all of them are now damning all the Kozak gentry. Isn't that trouble enough!" exclaimed Sotnyk Kostomariw.

"So what? Let them keep on damning," said Gvintovka.

"Yes, but all the important people who have come to town to attend the council are as a result afraid to show their noses outside their gates. The Kozaks are wandering around the town in crowds, like herds of bulls, and threatening to break down the doors of the gentry and officers."

"Well, what is the regimental judge doing to stop this?" asked Gvintovka.

"He feels powerless to deal with the situation, for no one knows what will come from this black council."

"What has to happen, will happen," Gvintovka said morosely.

"Are you indifferent to it all?"

"What else can I do?"

"Mount your horse and go and pacify the Kozaks."

"Exactly! Go and try to quiet down the Kozaks when the colonel's baton is in the judge's possession."

"Why worry about such a thing as an insignia of authority! Kostomariw exclaimed. "The Kozaks don't pay a bit attention to the judge anyway. And you they'll listen without the baton. For God's sake, let's go."

"Yes, they'll listen to me, but not just now," replied Gvintovka, arching his brows rather peculiarly. "There'll come a time when they'll listen to me, but now when the baton is not in my possession I am not the regimental commander. Let them turn Nizhen upside down, for all I care; it won't affect me."

"So," muttered Kostomariw to himself, "there must be something to those rumors I heard after all... "Pané Osaul," addressing Gvintovka by his rank, "God forbid, but it looks to me like you're plotting something against our colonel."

"Pané Sotnyk," responded Gvintovka, jocularly. "God forbid, but it looks like you are plotting something against me and my brother-in-law. Here dinner is waiting on the table and you've started a strange kind of conversation. Come let's sit down to it and perhaps it will make us feel better."

Sotnyk Kostomariw sat down to eat, but his mind was not on the food. He attempted to draw out Gvintovka to see what was really on his mind, but the latter parried all such attempts with jokes and light-hearted remarks. In the end Kostomariw had to leave for Nizhen without having learned anything at all.

After he had left, Cherevan's wife turned to Gvintovka. "You know, brother, when you were speaking to Kostomariw I felt a chill run down my spine."

"Isn't that just too awful for words," Gvintovka replied banteringly. "Maybe, sister, he's made an impression on you. They say he's got some eyes and a way with women."

"Such things I can well take care of, brother; it's the things you say that really distress me."

"A woman should not listen in on such things then," Gvintovka suddenly scowled.

"I have a right, brother, for this concerns all of us. I did not venture to interrupt you during mealtime when you talked about Kozak affairs. But now when we're alone it's not for the purpose of angering you that I tell you that I feel very alarmed. We were raised, brother, according to the Lord's commandments... The human spirit is the same in a man as in a Kozak, as in a woman, and once you defile it you'll never gain another..."

"Now I can see what it means to live near Kiev!" Gvintovka interrupted her. "The monks' teaching are very evident here. Here among us near Nizhen, mind you, wise men teach that a woman's place is by the hearth."

With this parting admonition, Gvintovka stalked out of the room.

The day drew to a close, and with the approaching dusk came Petro Shraam. His tale about what he had seen in Romanowsky Kut

caused Mrs. Cherevan and her daughter Lesya to pale, and Cherevan to frown, but Gvintovka merely smiled. His sister, Mrs. Cherevan, could not believe her eyes at the sight of him: here was news bad enough to cause alarm to everyone, yet he was taking it all so lightheartedly, as if what Petro had told him about those traitorous Zaporozhians was some fairy tale.

And—I wish to ask now—why don't Petro and Lesya draw closer and speak to each other. It used to be, even when they were not on good terms, that they would greet one another and talk about something, like brother and sister; but now they're even afraid to catch each other's eye. But 'tis no use to wonder. For firmly implanted in them is a thought, one which they would stifle if they could like some serpent, but which nevertheless they secretly fondle and play with. It's because of this thought that they do not approach or even look at one another...

Lesya's mother was visibly saddened by her brother's strange behavior, and apparently her sadness affected Cherevan as well, for he rose rather heavily from the table. Only the duchess appeared unperturbed by the sadness around her, but like that weeping willow that whether in rain or shine droops wearily she showed no trace of emotion whether anyone around her laughed or cried.

The following morning, Cherevan and Petro rose very early. Just as they had finished washing themselves, one of Gvintovka's Kozaks appeared. "The colonel bade me to tell you to dress in your whitest shirts and your finest cloaks, for the council will be held today. For the occasion his wife is giving you these new ribbons for your collars. The Tsar boyars are already there, also Somko, as well as our colonel with his entire staff."

Petro was surprised by this and ordered his horse to be saddled immediately.

Meanwhile Cherevan was musing over the color of the ribbon the duchess had sent to them: "Blue! And why not red? A Kozak is accustomed to wearing a red ribbon on his shirt collar. This one is probably according to the Polish style. However it really makes no difference whether we wear it or not, for Polish ways are already rampant throughout Ukraine."

The saddled horses were led to them, and the Kozaks mounted them and started on their way, Vasile Nevolnyk riding after his master, Cherevan.

Gvintovka turned back for a moment. "Sister," he called out, "you are the mistress here now, so see to it that the table is well laden when I return, for I do not expect to return from the council without guests."

## YOUTH And The UNA

### CHANGING THE BENEFICIARY

In a newspaper of recent date there appeared a story of how a Union City, N. J., woman lost the right to the proceeds from an insurance policy on the life of her husband, who was killed several months previously.

The husband had taken the policy out before he had married, and it named his father as beneficiary. Both husband and wife had wanted the beneficiary changed, but through a series of unfortunate circumstances this was never done. First the couple moved to their new home in Union City; the insurance agent located them there and had them reinstate the insurance because it had lapsed. The couple spoke about changing the beneficiary, but the agent did not have the proper forms with him so nothing was done about it at that time. The agent explained to the court that they had moved to another agent's district so he took no further action in the matter; the other agent, he said, or the couple themselves, should have followed up the business.

So, although it was agreed that the couple desired to change the beneficiary, the company never received the proper authorization for the change. The policy, itself, had not been turned over to any agent.

The court pointed out that the widow was intelligent and had possession of the policy which contained specific instructions for a change of beneficiaries. The court said it was not fully satisfied she made every effort to have the change made. The insurance proceeds, \$1,529, went to the dead man's father. The father's attorney attempted to levy his fee against the widow, but the court said the father should pay him and a counsel fee should not be levied "against this young woman who is really entitled to the money in fairness and equity and cannot get it because of the strict rule of law."

This sad story is printed here to demonstrate the importance attached to a change of beneficiaries in insurance policies. Members of the Ukrainian National Association who have married but have not changed their beneficiary should do so as soon as possible and thus avoid the possibility of legal complications when the benefit becomes payable.

Branch secretaries have forms for change of beneficiary. U.N.A. members desiring to make such a change should bring their insurance certificates to their branch secretaries; the secretary will fill out the forms and mail them, together with the certificate, to the main office of the U.N.A. The U.N.A. makes the change on the certificate and its records and returns the certificate to the secretary who, in turn, returns it to the member.

Read your U.N.A. certificate and, if a change is desired, see your branch secretary. Always keep your insurance in up-to-the-minute order, and don't allow it to lapse.

### BRANCHES MEMBERS BUY \$2,425 IN WAR BONDS

Peter Cherwoniak, secretary of Branch 214 of the Ukrainian National Association, which is located in Chicago, reported that 15 of its 17 members are buying War Bonds systematically. The branch itself has a \$25 bond, and the members have purchased a total of \$2,400 worth as of April 17th.

Mr. Cherwoniak, the secretary, has an up-to-the minute record on the bond purchases of the members; he also keeps a record of what each member saves monthly toward the purchase of additional bonds. All officers of U.N.A. branches should follow Mr. Cherwoniak's example and keep an accurate record of bond purchases. Only through such records can each branch submit an accurate report on its members' purchases

## KNOW WELL AT LEAST TWO LANGUAGES

By HONORE EWACH

THERE are many superficially educated men now who claim that it is enough to know but one language well for all practical purposes. Such men are right to an extent. There are great men and well educated men who know no other language but their mother tongue. President Lincoln was one of them. But Lincoln had, in the first place, a good understanding of his mother tongue—of the English language as he learned it from the Bible. We know that he spent much of his time in studying English grammar. Such men, however, are rather rare. There are few men, indeed, who read nothing but books and even study grammar of their own free will. That is why it should be mainly the task of the schools to teach how to understand thoroughly the most often used words and how to use them with precision. If the schools did this task well, with less of the school-room formality and with more enthusiasm, we would have more and more of high school and college graduates who could express themselves with power and precision both orally and on the paper. It is a deplorable fact that over fifty per cent of such graduates speak and write very indifferent and slovenly English.

Now, to know thoroughly the meaning of the words and how to use them correctly is the very basis of all education. One cannot learn any subject well without thoroughly knowing the exact meaning of the words and idioms. Of course, there are many ways to learn good English well. One of the best mediums is to read often such books as the King James' version of the Bible and the poetry of such great poets as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Lowell. One could learn a good deal how to use words correctly from Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and John Burroughs. But one could learn even more about the precise meanings of the words and idioms, by studying his English side by side with another language—no matter what other language. If, for instance, one studies

when asked to do so by the U.N.A. or local War Bond committees and other interested parties. Each branch should publicize its members' bond purchases in local newspapers as well as the Svoboda and the Ukrainian Weekly.

Mr. Cherwoniak's detailed report shows that the 15 members bought a total of 46 bonds. William Cherwoniak has 11 bonds totaling \$275, and Paul Stepuzen has one bond worth \$1,200.

### SAILOR ENJOYS WEEKLY

Wasil Plaskonos, RM 1st class in the U. S. Navy, a member of U.N.A. Branch 7 of McAdoo, Pa., recently reported a change of address to The Ukrainian Weekly and added the following message, which speaks for itself:

"Get a great kick out of reading the paper for it helps me to keep up with events concerning the U.N.A. For mail comes after long interludes and there's nothing better than to pass what little spare time we have in trying to keep up with the Ukrainian American set-up. We hope that the war will not last too long and that the time is not too distant when we all can return to our former pursuits and enjoy that for which we are now fighting. One thing gained is that quite a few of us fellows will see what this world of ours is like... and the more we travel the more we appreciate the things that we have left behind."

THEODORE LUTWINIAK

English side by side with Latin, he learns that other people have different ways of expressing their thoughts than those that are used in English. Thus even his own thoughts begin to expand and deepen. Such a student, if he studies his subjects with enthusiasm, will learn how to cast his English modes of thinking into Latin. And during studies of this nature he will certainly have to learn well what the English words really mean, otherwise he would fail to construct good Latin sentences. Then, if, in addition, he also studies such languages as French and German, he will gain more thorough insight into the meaning of those English words that have their origin either in French and German. Should he study also the ancient Greek, his ways of thinking in English will deepen even more.

On the other hand, if the student is of some other racial extraction than the English, it would be well if he awoke in himself keen interest in the mother tongue of his European parents or grandparents. If, for example, he is of Ukrainian origin, there is no reason why he should not revive his interest in the Ukrainian language. He would find in Ukrainian so many different modes for self-expression which would be valuable in supplementing and expanding his English ways of thinking and speaking. In order to learn Ukrainian words well he would have to learn the exact meaning of his English words. In short, he would find that through his knowledge of Ukrainian he also gained new and more profound insight into English. Hence his English would in time become more precise, more charged with meaning, less complicated, and more flexible. If any of our readers have read any English books written by well-educated Jews, who usually know well more than one language, they perhaps have noticed how precise, clear-cut, and flexible the English diction can become in the mind of one who knows all its magic power. Even those English and American authors who are well acquainted at least with French, Spanish, Italian, or Russian use English more precisely and flexibly than those who know nothing but the high school and college English—the dry and formal English of the school text-books.

### CORRECTION AND ADDITION

In the write-up in the Ukrainian Weekly of April 17th entitled "U.N.A. SPORTS RETAIN STRONG FOOTHOLD IN PHILADELPHIA," and the subheading "All Philly Members Inducted Are In The Army," there is one addition and one correction to be made. Stefan Konchak becomes the 15th Army man inducted from the Philly club and Martin Horobowski is not a Private but a Staff Sergeant.

D. S.

### PHILLY BASEBALL PRACTICE

All Philadelphians interested in playing baseball with the Philadelphia U.N.A. Youth Club's team this year are requested to report at Edgely Field, 33rd & Dauphin Streets, Philadelphia, 2:30 P.M. on Sunday, May 2. Field No. 4 has been reserved.

DIETRIC SLOBOGIN.

## Diplomats Among Listeners As Ukrainian Tenor Sings

By ISABEL C. ARMSTRONG

Introduced by George J. W. McIlraith, M.P., and numbering in his audience representatives of the Soviet, Polish, Chinese and other legations in the Capital, Mikhalo Holynsky, known in America as well as Europe as the Ukrainian Caruso, made his first Ottawa appearance in concert last night [April 6] in the Technical school auditorium [Ottawa].

Apparently it was not widely enough known here that an exceptional artist was to be heard. Empty seats at the front are not inspiring to a musician and there were several of these although a substantial attendance was seated farther back. Mr. Holynsky lacked the inspiration of the capacity audience to reassure him for his best effort at the beginning of his recital, but as the evening progressed and particularly after half-time intermission, he warmed up in response to the appreciation accorded him in applause. His final operatic aria, Improviso di Chenier from Andrea Chenier (Umberto Giordano) was sung with dramatic feeling that brought him enthusiastic encore.

Big, resonant and virile and capable of filling a hall several times as large as that in which it was heard last night, the Holynsky voice is well adapted to the heroic type of song. Produced with ease through two or more octaves, with robust volume, glow, roundness and suavity, it has a tinge of wistfulness to make it effective in the threnodies of his beloved Ukraine featured in the program, the Oh! Willow, Willow of St. Ludkevych, bewailing the plight of his country, the drooping of the mighty oak in sympathy with the dying soldier in a M. Hayvoronsky song, or the lyric of the great national poet, Shevchenko, lamenting the days of his youth.

Just as the Holynsky voice differs from the usual conception of "silver voiced lyric tenor," so his program was a change from the conventional, chronological order in its novelty. Offering songs of the Ukraine, folk and by modern composers, and in the Ukraine tongue, with arias from Italian opera in which he specializes—Tosca and Andrea Chenier—it was as much an innovation as one of the Don Cossacks seemed ten years ago. It was a glimpse of unexplored territory presented by an authentic guide and an interesting adventure.

Experience and fine musicianship were revealed by Mrs. Bernard Russell, now of Ottawa, in the authority and sympathy of the accompaniments she provided at the piano.

In a short address welcoming Mr. Holynsky to Ottawa, Mr. McIlraith paid tribute to the valor of the Ukraine where the battle of freedom is waged as no place else in the world today. He referred to the fine contribution to citizenship and culture made by half a million Ukrainian settlers in Canada and to the important place in the world of music occupied by the singer of the evening.

Girls in Ukrainian costume ushered and little Natalka Pooste, aged four, presented Mr. Holynsky and Mrs. Russell with baskets of flowers.

"The Evening Citizen,"  
Ottawa, Ont. April 7, 1943

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



## The Sporting Way

By DIETRIC SLOBOGIN

### THE DEAD BASEBALL

The Reach and Spalding base ball concerns, in an attempt to conserve rubber, decided on rubber cement cores in the manufacture of base balls. This appeared to be satisfactory for the twirlers, but the batters were really swinging at something comparable to those "nickel rockets." Of the first eleven major league games played this season, seven were shut-outs. And most of these games played were low scoring ones. Pitchers had the batters eating out of their palms, so to speak. The managers reverted back to playing for a lone run whereas last year, lucrative innings prevailed. Now the question is: Are these rookie batters as poor hitters as their averages show, or are the pitchers effective. We shall soon find out, because a new stock of base balls is being manufactured, and they will be distributed to all the clubs on the same day. This new stock will be in accordance with the specifications of last year's balls.

### Interest in Colorless Baseball

The dead ball still has quite a few followers, who remember the game played back at the beginning of this century and these avid rooters insist that the dead ball does not make a game colorless. They point to the game in the International League between Baltimore and Toronto this season which went 22 innings and ended in a 2-2 tie. This was an International League record. They also cite smart baseball played with the dead ball. For instance, the battle for a lone run—sacrifice, stolen base, hit and run, and other strategy. We personally believe that the ball in use last year was well-manufactured, and strategy won many a ball game then. A good pitcher can only show his mettle by hurling a low score game in the afternoon with the so-called jack-rabbit ball. It is true that the New York Yankees and St. Louis Cardinals (respective champions of their leagues in 1942) had good hitting, but their pitchers were great, and their infielders were greater. Their outfielders were superb. They rightfully won the championships. With their team intact this year, they would more than likely repeat. But the war has changed things, and teams like Washington and the Brownies have an excellent chance of coming through on top of the heap this season.

### A Page From Our Diary

Thursday, April 22, 1943 (Opening Day at Shibe Park, Philadelphia). Dear Diary: It was a day off from work today, so I went to see the Boston Red Sox and Philadelphia Athletics open the American League season at Shibe Park. I went to the ball park early so as to obtain a good vantage point. It was a cold and a partly cloudy day. It rained intermittently. After paying our \$1.14, cash, including tax, we got a seat right along the first base line. During the entire batting practice, only one ball was hit for what would be called the circuit, and that one was by Bobby Estallela of the A's. A beat-up legion band tried to play some popular songs and entertain the customers before game time. We caught a foul tip in batting practice, but the announcement over the PA stated that balls hit into the stands and returned to the bat boy would be dispatched to service camps and bases, so there was only one thing to do with the ball. About three o'clock the A's stood along the third base line in single file and the Red Sox stood the same along the first base line. The Police and Firemen's band (admission free) stood in formation facing the flag pole and commenced to play the National Anthem as the brand new flag was being raised to the peak of the pole. Finally

## RESTING AFTER GUADALCANAL FIGHTING

Mr. and Mrs. Dmytro Galysh, of 4 Mitchell Court, Norwich, Conn., are a happy Ukrainian American couple nowadays, for they have recently learned, as reported in the Norwich Record, that their only son, a former Ukrainian folk dancer, First Lieutenant Theodore R. Galysh, is "well and resting" after several months of fighting with the U. S. Marines at Guadalcanal.



LIEUT. THEODORE GALYSH

The good news came to the parents in a letter from their son mailed somewhere in the Pacific. To use his own words: "I am now in a position where I can write to you more often. I am now out of the danger zone and in a rest camp where we are getting all we want to eat, drink and sleep. We are also getting a lot of furlough."

### Made First Lieutenant

Aside from the fact that their boy is safe, the recent letters to Mr. and Mrs. Galysh brought them also the glad tidings that during the Guadalcanal fighting last autumn he was advanced to the rank of first lieutenant and now is "making more money."

The increased pay, according to the lieutenant's letter, will enable him to increase his allotment, and, to use his own words, "buy more bonds per month than I am now." In answer to a question asked by his parents in one of their letters as to when he may come home, Lieut. Galysh wrote: "All I can say to that is that you needn't expect me home until the end of the war. And, as to when the war will be over, that is anyone's guess."

### Honor College Student

Lieut. Galysh, the Norwich Record reports, is a scholar as well as a fighter. He was one of the honor students at Villanova college prior to Pearl Harbor and just before he graduated he was listed in the 1941-1942 issue of Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges. In his junior year at Villanova, he made the dean's honor list for three consecutive times, coming out at the head of his class in the final examinations.

While still in college, he attended the marine corps school at Quantico, Va., for two summers and immediate-

ly following his graduation from Villanova he was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the marines. That was in May 1942 and it was only a short time later that he headed for Guadalcanal. Lieut. Galysh was graduated from the Norwich Free Academy in the class of 1938 and during his high school career was a member of the 1936 football team. His many friends are happy to learn that he is enjoying a well earned rest and they rejoice with his family that he is "well and safe."

## BOSTON U.N.A. BRANCH HELPS WAR BOND DRIVE

Corroborating the stand of their heroic kinsmen on the steppes of Ukraine who are giving their lives to keep the Germans off their native soil, 300 members of the Boston branch of the Ukrainian National Association have pledged complete support of the government by all becoming 10 percenters in the Treasury's War Bond drive. The Boston Globe recently reported.

For their whole hearted contributions to the war effort, they recently received from Secretary Morgenthau a testimonial and two white cotton "T's (standing for Top) which they will affix to a Minute Man flag to be hung in their executive headquarters at 136 Allerton st.

"Ukrainian Americans believe that the only way to win the war is to support the government 100 percent," declared Nicholas Dawyskyba, supreme adviser of the fraternal organization.

Other wartime activities of the Boston branch of the U.N.A., as reported in the Globe, included a canteen for service men run by its girl members, while the women gather every Saturday night from 7 to 9 to roll bandages for the Red Cross.

## Care For Your Victory Garden

Don't abandon your Victory Garden. Perhaps the worst waste among gardeners has resulted from neglect and abandonment of gardens planted in a flush of enthusiasm but without adequate means or will to carry each crop through to harvest.

The nation cannot afford such waste of labor and materials when it is at war. Every crop planted should be properly sown at the right time, tended to harvest, then harvested at the proper stage of development, and utilized without waste.

When growing vegetables for vitamins and health, a continuous supply of a few health-giving kinds should be the goal. You should follow up your original planting with other sowings.

- Guard against planting so much of one vegetable at one time that it will result in a surplus and probable waste, only to be followed by long periods without vegetables.
- Some understanding of the behavior of each crop under local conditions is necessary in order to plan the best planning schedule and get the most out of the facilities available.

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## In England

Pvt. Ambrose Kok, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lulka of Sykesville, Pa., all members of U.N.A. Branch 401, was inducted in the army on April 27 in 1942. Last July he landed in England with the United States forces.



PVT. AMBROSE KOK

Pvt. Kok is a graduate of Sykesville High School and Pennsylvania State College and prior to his induction he was employed by the Department of Public Assistance in Brookville, Pa. He was active in young Ukrainian American circles.

## JOLIET MUSEUM FEATURES UKRAINIAN EXHIBIT

The municipal museum of Joliet, Ill. is featuring this month an exhibit of Ukrainian folk art, under the sponsorship of the Parents Teachers Association in conjunction with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Koehan, owners of the articles on exhibit.

The entire exhibit, the Joliet press reports, is so extensive as to occupy a large portion of the gallery at the museum. Hundreds of adults and children have already viewed it and all of them are singing praises of it.

## "COSSACKS IN EXILE" (ZAPOROZHETZ ZA DUNAYEM) 3 ACT OPERETTA

— given by —  
St. Mary's Ukrainian Church Choir  
Sunday, May 9th, 1943  
at 7:30 P. M.  
CHURCH AUDITORIUM  
Clark & Winter Streets  
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT  
Admission 50 cents Tax incl.  
Reserved tickets 75 cents

## MAY DANCE

— sponsored by the —  
UKRAINIAN BOYS' CLUB  
AT THE UKRAINIAN BALLROOM  
214 Fulton Street, Elizabeth, N. J.  
Saturday, May 15th, 1943  
9 till 2  
Music by FREDDY HUSS and his Orchestra  
Ticket 60 cents Incl. Tax & Wardrobe  
Comm. Reserves All Rights

BY POPULAR DEMAND... The

## KEYSTONE CLUB OF NEW JERSEY

sponsors their

## PENNSYLVANIA DANCE

at the UKRAINIAN CENTER

180-186 William Street

NEWARK, N. J.

SATURDAY, MAY 8th, 1943

MARTY AMES 2 — BANDS — 2 JOHNNY FORTAC

And his Orchestra

And his Polka Band

ADMISSION 65 cents

Uniformed Service Men — FREE

CONTINUOUS DANCING 8:30 P. M. TO 1:30 A. M.