



SECTION II.

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

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CHAMPION OF THE COMMON MAN



IVAN FRANKO

by ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO
(Born 1856. Died May 28, 1916)

On this anniversary of Ivan Franko, Ukraine's greatest son after Shevchenko, perhaps the best tribute we could pay to his memory is to recall what he said at a ceremony arranged in his honor in 1898 on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of his literary and public career. The words he uttered then are not only inspiring but revealing as well. For they show a philosophy of life that combined with his unusual talents made him what he was: a great champion of the common man, a highly-gifted and prolific writer, a distinguished scholar, the leader of the Ukrainian people of his time, and, finally, an inspiration to us today and to those of generations to come.

Said Franko then:

"At the very outset, I wish to express my thanks to all those who arranged this affair, and who are taking part in it, especially the youth. . .

"I also desire to take advantage of this opportunity to thank my opponents, too. Throughout the twenty-five years of my work, fate has provided me with plenty of them. Yet by their opposition to me they have ever spurred me on, never allowing me to lag. Realizing very well the importance of struggle in human progress, I feel very grateful to them. At the same time I have the highest respect for those who fought me fairly.

"As I cast my eyes about this large and illustrious assemblage, I ask myself: what is the reason behind it? It certainly cannot be my own person. For I do not consider myself as any highly talented individual, or any sort of a hero, or any kind of a great man.

"As a son of the soil, nourished on the coarse fare of the peasantry, I felt it to be my duty to dedicate my life's work to the cause of the common people. Raised in a school of hard knocks, already as a boy I adopted two mandates: the obligation of duty, and the necessity for unremitting toil.

"While yet a youngster I perceived that our peasants could obtain nothing without working hard for it. Later I realized that the same is true of us as a nation, that we should expect

U.N.A. PASSES 41,000 MEMBERSHIP AND \$7,000,000 ASSETS MARK

A new high mark in membership and assets was reached by the Ukrainian National Association at the close of last month when its membership rolls showed the figure of 41,050, and its financial report the sum of \$7,023,137.97 in assets.

These figures are record-breaking. They represent a constant month by month and year by year growth of the Ukrainian National Association, in both membership and assets.

Noteworthy, too, is the fact that the U.N.A. has an unusually high certificate valuation—153.5%.

During the current month, the U. N. A. is paying out dividends amounting to \$60,000.

Aside from its organizational activities, the U.N.A. and its members are making an enviable record in purchasing War Bonds, donating to the Red Cross and other similar agencies, and in general doing their bit on the home front. Last April the association purchased an additional \$250,000 worth of War Bonds. Its total investment in U.S. Treasury and War Bonds now amounts to \$1,854,500.00.

Ukrainians Well Represented At Detroit American Day Parade

PANCHUK GRAND MARSHAL OF PARADE

One of the chief features of Detroit's celebration of "I Am An American Day" on May 16 was a huge 2½-mile, 17,000 person parade. Its grand marshal was a Ukrainian American attorney, John Panchuk, former Michigan State assistant attorney general. He rode in a "jeep" furnished him by the Army, and then reviewed the parade together with various notables from the speakers stand.

Many Detroit Ukrainian American societies took part in the parade. Their unit covered three blocks. Many of them were in Ukrainian folk costumes. Besides American flags they carried the Ukrainian gold and blue banners, as well as various organizational standards, such as those of the U.N.A. branches.

The Ukrainian American parade participants also bore large slogans. One of them read: "Here

Come the Ukrainians, They Are Nobody's Minions, As Citizens of U.S.A., They're for Uncle Sam All the Way." Another sign read: "Ukrainians Make Honor Roll on the Battlefields of Pearl Harbor, Bataan, New Guinea, Guadalcanal, Tunisia, Hong Kong, Dieppe, Poland, U.S.S.R., Ukraine!" The Ukrainian paraders were cheered all along the march and got the best ovation when they reached the grand stands.

Here at the ensuing rally attended by 30,000 persons, the Ukrainian "Dumka" Chorus of Detroit appeared, led by Mr. Atamanets, and won laurels for itself by its rendition of a number of Ukrainian songs.

At the rally also, the Ukrainian Federation of Michigan, of which Mr. Panchuk is chairman, turned over to Treasury Department officials over \$10,000 for War Bonds it had sold in connection with the rally.

favors from nobody. Only that which we shall win by the dint of our own efforts, will truly be ours.

"I have attached the greatest importance to the winning of elementary human rights, for I realize that a people winning these basic rights would thereby win for themselves their national rights.

"In all my activity, I sought to be neither a poet, nor a scholar, nor a publicist. Rather, above all I sought to be a man.

"I have been charged with diffusing my energy and work, with leaping from one line of endeavor to another. That is true, and a direct consequence of my aspiration to be a real man, an enlightened man, a man to whom no basic problems of existence are stranger. . .

"I have tried to encompass the whole round of human interests and experiences. Perhaps this lack of concentration has harmed me as a writer. Nevertheless among us there is a greater need for such as myself, engaged in building the foundations of a finer and nobler life.

"Undoubtedly I have made mistakes; but that is true of anyone who strives to accomplish something worthwhile. Today I look upon these mistakes with equanimity, for I know that for both myself and others they serve as warnings and as lessons in wisdom."

"I care not if my name perishes," Franko concluded, "as long as Ukraine lives and flourishes."

UKRAINE--A THORNY QUESTION

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Former Moscow Correspondent of "Christian Science Monitor," Author of "Russia's Iron Age," "The Russian Revolution," and other works.

I RECENTLY received a letter from a Ukrainian in Michigan who had been following my references to Eastern European affairs in The New Leader. He urged me to write something on the Ukrainian question and summed up his own ideas in the following sentences:

"The Ukrainians abhor the idea of being included in a recreated Poland as much or more than they fear to remain under the heel of the Soviet or Nazi dictators. Our object is to be independent and free from all aggressors."

I should be inclined to believe that this is a very general feeling among the Ukrainians in this country and in Canada, where there was a substantial migration of Ukrainians before the First World War. I met a group of these Canadian Ukrainians in Winnipeg shortly after the German invasion of Russia; and their feelings, from the standpoint of their homeland, were obviously mixed. They knew of the man-made famine in Ukraine in 1932-33. In view of this and of other aspects of Soviet rule they could not summon up any enthusiasm for the maintenance of the status quo; their ideal was a free Ukraine. At the same time they knew that Hitler was not likely to bring freedom to anyone.

The Ukrainians are a sizeable people. There may be as many as forty million of them stretched out over a wide area from the Carpathian Mountains to the Don River.

One could not count all these as Ukrainians by race, for there was a considerable number of Russians and Jews in Soviet Ukraine, especially in the larger towns. On the other hand, there are Ukrainian communities in Russia and Siberia, outside the frontiers of the Ukrainian Republic. And there were six or seven million Ukrainians in the pre-

war Poland and in the eastern part of Czechoslovakia.

It has been the tragedy of the Ukrainians throughout their history that they possessed national consciousness without ever being able to establish themselves as an independent nation. There is a striking and ironical parallel between the stormy days of the seventeenth century, when the wild free Ukrainian Cossacks, followers of their renowned leader, Bohdan Khmelnytsky, carried fire and sword into Poland in a great uprising against the Polish "pans," or landlords, and the twentieth century, when Ukrainian national aspirations again found expression.

The Ukrainians of the seventeenth century were constantly wavering between the three most powerful neighboring states, Russia, Poland and Turkey. They were repelled by the autocracy of Russia, by the feudal landlordism of Poland, by the Mohammedanism of Turkey. Finally they were absorbed into Russia. But their independent national consciousness was not extinguished and found glowing expression in the writings of their great poet, Taras Shevchenko.

After the breakdown of the Russian and Austrian Empires as a result of the First World War the Ukrainians tried to create a separate setate. But the story of the seventeenth century was repeated. Largely a peasant people, the Ukrainians did not possess enough experience in state organization, enough trained military leadership to withstand the pressure of the stronger political organism that wished to absorb them.

There can be no doubt, on the basis of the historical record of many uprisings and prolonged partisan warfare, that the majority of the Ukrainian peasants hated both Reds and Whites in the complicated Russian civil war. They hated the Reds because of their requis-

itions, because of their efforts to impose undesired forms of communal farming, because they seemed to represent a new Muscovite domination. They hated the Whites because they wanted to bring back the landlords and to suppress the Ukrainian language.

I made an extensive trip in Ukraine in 1924 and I still remember a talk with a teacher in one of the larger villages. He was a little suspicious and on his guard at first; but when he realized that I was not a Russian and not a Communist he opened up and told of how the peasants in the village had formed guerrilla bands to fight Reds and Whites alike. "The Communists said we were bandits," he remarked, letting slip his own participation in the movement with the indiscreet "we". "But I think we were like Garibaldi," he added defiantly.

But partisan warfare failed in the long run, as it always does against regular police and military power. The Ukrainians were divided, the majority remaining in Soviet Ukraine, while a minority in Galicia fell under Polish rule. There were grievances on both sides of the border. No part of the Soviet population suffered more than the Ukrainians from the brutal measures that were employed to force through the system of collective farming. And while it is to the credit of the Soviet regime that the Ukrainians, like other non-Russian peoples, were granted autonomy, the right to use their own language in courts, schools and public business, the political autonomy of Ukraine was a transparent sham.

"Many prominent Ukrainian Communists committed suicide, like Sripnik and Lubchenko, or simply disappeared during the purges. Meanwhile in Poland the Ukrainians were subjected to various kinds of discrimination and were the victims of a brutal military pacification in 1930. Poland's national leader, Marshal Josef Pilsudsky, apprehended, all too correctly, as the events after the conclusion of the Stalin-Hitler pact proved, that a

Soviet Russia might be as expansionist, as much of a threat to Polish national integrity, as a Tsarist Russia. But neither Pilsudsky nor his successors drew the proper political conclusion from this proposition. They did not realize that if Poland was to become the leader of a coalition of peoples exposed to Russian attack it must forego ideas of domination and organize such a coalition on a federative basis.

Now Ukraine, that naturally rich and smiling land, has suffered a new great calamity. For almost two years it has been under German occupation. It has been a grim ordeal for the Ukrainian peoples. A minority fled or was evacuated into Soviet territory. But the majority, who remained in their homes, are threatened with death by the Germans if they do not collaborate and with death by the Soviet partisans if they do.

The best hope for the future of the Ukrainians, as of all the peoples of Eastern Europe, would seem to lie in the progress of the ideas of democracy and federation on a basis of genuine equality after the war. There are close ties, economic and historic, between Ukraine and Russia, which it would be disastrous to both countries to break.

But the Ukrainians abroad will be justifiably concerned over the fate of their countrymen in the Soviet Union unless and until the Soviet Union becomes democratized in fact, and not only in the fancies of the Red Dean of Canterbury.

When and if the Ukrainians can freely choose their own officials, without fearing that they will disappear as a consequence of some secret decision of an omnipotent police in Moscow, when and if the peasants in the Ukrainian collective farms receive adequate assurances against the state exploitation that has replaced the landlord exploitation of the past, then a happier day will dawn for this gifted and attractive people. The same principles of genuine federalism and political and economic democracy would have to be the basis of any satisfactory understanding between the Ukrainians and the Poles and other western neighbors, if the tie with Russia should be severed.

"The New Leader," May 22, 1943

"BE A MAN!"—FRANKO'S DOMINANT SLOGAN

By HONORE EWACH

IVAN Franko was a living dynamo of a man. Wherever he went, he brought new ideas with him. Whatever he touched bore the stamp of his dynamic spirit. He wrote verses, short stories, novels, plays, political pamphlets, scientific papers, edited other writers' works, and translated into Ukrainian literary masterpieces from many European tongues, both ancient and modern. He was a master of some six languages, and could read, understand, and translate from over thirty other ancient and modern languages. Whatever Franko did, it bears his stamp. His main slogan is contained in every one of his works: "Be a man, if only for a moment!"

Now, some individuals keep on preparing for real life till one day they find themselves bowed down by old age. Others keep on heaping up their material riches. Still others keep on studying and reading in order to increase their knowledge. The inventive minds keep on inventing new ideas and technical devices. All of us are busy or fussy till we are ready to drop into a grave. All of us live for one sake or another. But how few are those among us who understand that the greatest ambition of any man should be TO BE A MAN.

To be a man? To be a woman? What does it mean? It means to

bring forth what is best in us. It means to live a fuller and more complete life than most of us do.

All of us are potentially greater than we are in actual life. All of us have greater potential abilities than we make use of in actual life. In other words, most of us are but partly awake all the time. We see only here and there a person who has realized his potential abilities and made good use of them. We call such men great. They are to be found in every sphere of life—as politicians, as scientists, as educators, as artistic creators, as artists, as strategists, and as philosophers. Ivan Franko himself was a great man because he was more fully alive than the others. His life consciousness was greater than in most of us.

"Boris Hrab"

But there was a time when Franko was but dimly conscious of his inner greatness. It took time for him to wake up to a fuller realization of life. A very fine description of his own awakening into a fuller realization of life, appears in his short story "Boris Hrab". It is a purely autobiographical story. The student Boris Hrab is no one else but Franko himself in his student days.

When we meet Boris Hrab for the first time we look at him as at some

oddity. Only his well-shaped face and intelligent eyes denote him to be an unusual type of a boy. He is excellent in his studies at school, but he is so clumsy, untidy, and uncouth in his manners! It is not until his understanding teacher takes him in hand and awakens him to a fuller life through well selected books, that Franko starts to grow into a real man, to his full mental and moral stature.

Franko's great lawyer and community leader, Rafalovich, in his novel—"Perekhresni Stezhky" (The Crossroads)—is also a man who finally awakens to a full mental and moral stature. So is Franko's "Zakhar Berkut." But one gets even a better glimpse of a fully awakened to life man in Franko's "Moses."

When Franko said, "Be a man!"—he had in mind all of his Ukrainian compatriots. When a man fully wakes up to life, he becomes a great man. It is the same with peoples and nations. A people awaken to a fuller life when they become a nation. The nation has a chance either to stagnate and be swallowed by its aggressive neighbors, or to wake up into a higher and higher type of life which is denoted by great creative urge.

To be a man—means also to be free, independent, and self-respecting. That was the main reason why Franko kept on telling his Ukrainian compatriots to throw off their servility and become free, independent, and happily employed men. This basic

idea of Franko is excellently expressed in his poem "Ne pora!" in which he tells his countrymen that it is high time to stop being slaves and servants to their Russian and Polish masters. "Ne pora" tells Ukrainians to be their own masters in—Ukraine—their own country.

WRITES FOR LAW SCHOOL REVIEW

"St. John's Law Review" of St. John's University School of Law in Brooklyn, N. Y. is featuring in its current semi-annual number an article on joint bank accounts in savings banks, written by John A. Demkowicz, president of U.N.A. branch 471.

"Joint bank accounts are of fairly recent origin," he writes by way of introduction, "but are becoming increasingly important with the tendency toward acquisition of personal property becoming more pronounced. This peculiar new type of holding property in common, however, has many of the characteristics devolved from real property concepts. Because it is of recent origin, the problems it presents are many and the law is by no means settled."

In men whom men pronounce as ill,
I find a lot of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find a lot of sin and blot;
I hesitate to draw the line,
Between the two, where God has not!

Prologue to Franko's "Moses"

My people, tortured, overpowered,
And like that beggar at the cross-
roads
With human scorn, as if with scabs,
all covered!

Your future frightens me and my
soul renders:
From shame, which will incense next
generations,
I cannot sleep—my bed is one of
cinders.

Is it inscribed on some gigantic metal
tables
For you to be the muck off all your
neighbors,
The teams for pulling them all
dressed in sables?

Are you forever destined with this
vial
Of hidden anger, meekness, resigna-
tion
To those who have betrayed you in
your trial,
Who swore you into treacherous
alliance?
Are you not fated with that precious
moment:
The day of your unmeasured might's
defiance?

Have all those many hearts in vain
been burning
For you with love, the noblest they
could offer—
That sacrifice from which there's no
returning?

Have heroes shed their blood just to
be praised in story?
Will not your prairies bloom with
health and beauty,
And everlasting freedom shine in
glory?

Are all your sayings to be thought
as sterile,
When power, mellowness, and wit is
present
And all which any soul needs to be
virile?

And are your songs which ring with
laughter, sorrow,
To be forgotten with their loves'
misgivings
And hopes and rays of a happy gay
tomorrow?

Oh, no! You are not doomed just to
dejection
And tears! I still believe in will, its
power,
In your uprising day and resurrection!
If one could but create a moment's
fraction,
And then a word which would in
such a moment
Inflame the people into life and action!
Or just a song with fire and living
passion
Which would grip millions and lend
them wings
For action leading them to self-ex-
pression!

Yes, if! . . . But we on whom all wor-
ries settle,
And torn apart with doubt, with
shame inflicted,
We are not fit to lead you into battle!
But the time will come, once ob-
stacles are hurdled,
When you will shine among the
greatest nations:
Will shake the Caucasus while with
Beskid girdled.
Black Sea will echo with your libera-
tion
And you'll behold, once being your
own master,
A home of joy and fields of consol-
ation.

Therefore accept this song, which,
although cheerless,
Is full of faith—and frank although
not pleasant:
A debt to your great future, though
not tearless.
To your great genius this is my
humble present.
Trans. by Waldimir Semenyina

* Caucasus; Mt. Beskid of Carpathians.

THE EDUCATION OF HRYTZKO

By IVAN FRANKO
(Condensed)

I

The geese knew nothing about it. Even that very morning, when father had conceived the idea of sending Hrytzko to school, they knew nothing of his intention. And much less did Hrytzko himself. He, as usual, rose in the early dawn, breakfasted, cried a bit, scratched himself, took a willow switch and skipping along drove the geese before him from the pen to the pasture. The white gander, as usual, pointed at him his rather small head with red eyes and a wide red bill, hissed fiercely, and then, cackling something unintelligible to the geese, waddled into the lead. The old goose, also as usual, refused to remain in the moving ranks long and quit them to wander off into a ditch. For this dereliction Hrytzko gave her a smart cut with the switch and called her a "rascal"—the name he reserved for all those who refused to recognize the sovereignty of his rule in the pasture. Clearly then, neither the gander nor the old goose, nor anyone in the entire company—of which there was a full score and five—was aware of the impending transfer of their lord and master to a far less exalted position in life.

And thus, when the final news broke: when father, coming in from the field, called Hrytzko home and gave him into the hands of mother, so that she would wash, comb and dress him, just as God hath ordained, and when father took him by the hand and without e'en a word of explanation led the already-alarmed boy through the pasture, and, finally, when the amazed geese perceived their erstwhile leader entirely transformed into a new being, with new boots, new felt hat and new red belt,—there arose from them a sudden and very loud cry of wonder. A white gosling with its neck outstretched ran up very close to him, as if to see him all better; while the brownish goose also stretched out her neck and dumbfoundedly regarded him for quite some time, without uttering even a peep, until finally there swiftly sped from her: de-de-de-de?*

"Foolish goose!" Hrytzko muttered, scornfully, and turned away, as if to say: "I'm not that far gone that I have to reply to a goose no less!" Or perhaps he did not know the answer himself.

Soon they entered the upper stretches of the village. Neither father nor Hrytzko said anything. Finally they reached a rambling, old building under a straw roof, with a chimney on top. Streaming from all directions to this building were boys, of all sizes, shapes, and age. Beyond the building in the garden could be seen the pacing figure of a tall man, dressed in city clothes, but wearing no jacket.

III

The class began its studies. The teacher was saying something, displaying before him little square tablets, upon which were drawn curiously-shaped hooks and props, and every time he displayed a new one the boys shouted something; but it was all beyond Hrytz's understanding. For that matter, he didn't even pay any attention to the teacher, but found a great deal of amusement in the antics of the boys seated around him. One was assiduously picking his nose with a stubby forefinger, another was trying his utmost to stick a stalk of straw into Hrytz's ear, while the third was most diligently applying himself to the task of pulling out loose threads from his thread-bare jacket; already before him there lay a good-sized pile of threads, yet he kept on pulling more.

"What you pullin' dem for?" asked Hrytz.

"Oh, I'm goin' to take 'em home to eat 'em with my borsch," the other calmly replied; and for quite some time afterwards Hrytz wondered whether the boy was in his right senses or not.

"Hrytz! You're not paying the least bit of attention!" the voice of the teacher suddenly boomed at him, and simultaneously Hrytz felt a sharp pain in his ear, which the teacher had seized and given a sharp tweak. The pain was so excruciating that tears appeared in his eyes. When he recovered his senses the boys were already reading from a set of tablets which the teacher had arranged before them. Untiringly, over and over again, they chanted in a sing-song fashion "a-ba-ha-la-ma-ha." For some reason or other this pleased Hrytz very much, and he too joined in the chorus, his thin piping voice shrilling above the others: "a baba halamaha." Even the teacher became impressed by this, and thinking that he had an apt pupil before him sought to give the boy a further opportunity to distinguish himself by arranging a new combination of the letters, reading "baba"; but Hrytz, not even looking at the new word, shrilled at the teacher: "halamaha." The whole class roared with laughter, not excluding the teacher either. Hrytzko looked around him in a puzzled manner, and then turning to the boy next to him, asked, "Why don't you thay 'halamaha'?" And not until he felt the sting of the teacher's ruler over his back, did he first realize that something was amiss somewhere.

"Well, now, what did they teach you at school?" his father asked him when Hrytz returned home for lunch.

"Oh, we learned to thay 'a baba halamaha!' the boy replied, proudly.

"And did you know it well?" asked father, ignoring for the moment the question what could this strange word possibly mean.

"Of courth," replied Hrytz, loftily.

* "de"—in Ukrainian meaning whither.

"Well then, be a good boy!" admonished father. "When you will finish this village school I shall send you to higher schools, and then you'll become a priest. Woman, give him something to eat."

"Da," said Hrytz.

IV

A year passed since that fateful day. The high hopes of father for his son as a scholar had long since evaporated. The teacher had frankly told him that Hrytz was the "18th sort of a dunce" and that he would do better to take the boy out of school and return him to tending geese. And indeed he was right, for after a year in school Hrytz returned home just as wise as he was when he first entered. To be sure, he had by this time memorized that awe-inspiring "a baba halamaha" so well that even in his sleep he was heard to recite it. But that seemed to be the limit of his education. The other letters of the alphabet whirled about in his mind in such a confusing manner that he could never recognize any of them. And as for reading and writing! . . . Whether all this was because he did not have a retentive memory or perhaps because the teacher was to blame, no one could say; however, one thing was certain,—that the designation as the "18th sort of a dunce" was not only limited to Hrytz but applicable to most of his companions, for all of them dreamed of that day when they would be freed from the constant canings, ear-twistings, jabs, hair-pullings, and once more appear in the full glory of their dignity and importance as lords of the pasture.

Hrytz, of course, longed more to return to this status quo than any of them. The confounded Reader, which a year's hard use had well-nigh reduced to shreds, that confounded "a baba halamaha," and the cursed teacher had wearied him so much that he moved about like some cowed creature. But finally July arrived; his father relented and said to him one morning:

"From today you won't have to attend school anymore."

"Uh!" said Hrytzko, happily.

V

Geese—as usual—are awfully dumb, and again they did not know of the impending change; although it was to be a happy one this time. For during the whole year they had been tended by a neighbor's boy, Luchka, who usually did nothing more in the pasture than dig holes, make mud pies, and cover himself with dust. As for the geese, he didn't even give a hoot, and they were forced to shift for themselves. Misfortune and even tragedy dogged their footsteps at every turn. More than once they wandered off the pasture into some neighbor's farm, and received such a reception they barely waddled out again. Winged danger flew ominously close several times and nearly caught one or two of them. Five young goslings and nine geese were sold in the market (it was indeed a heart-breaking parting). The well-feathered one, wandering into someone's garden, was caned to death there, and then in the most barbarous manner tied to the end of the cane and dragged all over the pasture, to be finally tossed unceremoniously over the fence into her pen. But the cruelest and the most recent blow of them all was when a hawk seized an upright young gander, the pride and hope of the whole flock, and bore him struggling away, never to return. Alas, it was indeed a most unfortunate and tragic year. And yet despite all this the flock had increased in size. Thanks to the white gander and the brownish goose, as well as two or three of her daughters, the flock had increased during the year to as high as 40.

And thus when Hrytz appeared among them that morning, willow switch in hand—the sceptre of his authority, at first they only stared at him and only one faint hiss of surprise was heard. But neither the white gander nor the brownish goose had forgotten their former pastor. With loud cries of happiness and furious beating of wings they threw themselves at him.

"Wher-wher-wher-wher?" gaged the brownish goose.

"Why, in school, of course," Hrytz replied, loftily.

"Oh! oh! oh!" exclaimed the white gander in surprise.

"Don't you believe me, you old fool?" angrily cried Hrytz at the gander, and gave him a cut with the switch.

"Eh, whot-whot-whot-whot?" honked all the geese, swarming around him.

"That is, what did I learn in school?" Hrytz formulated their question.

"Eh, whot-whot-whot-whot?" honked the geese again.

"A baba halamaha!" replied Hrytz to it.

Again a hiss of surprise and wonder, as if not one of the 40 geese heads could comprehend such deep and abtuse wisdom. Hrytzko stood proudly, unapproachable. But not for long. For at last the white gander found his voice.

"A baba halamaha! A baba halamaha!" he cried out in his ringing, metallic voice, raising himself erect, stretching out his neck and flapping his wings. And then, turning to Hrytzko, he hissed, as if to shame him all the more:

"F'shem, f'shem!"

Hrytz was heartbroken, shamed! To think that the gander in the space of one fleeting moment had grasped and repeated all the wisdom that it had taken him one whole year to gain! That was the final straw!

"Why didn't they thend him to thkool?" thought Hrytz bitterly, and drove the geese to the communal pasture.

LIFE AND WORKS OF IVAN FRANKO

A Biographical Sketch

By PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Continued)

(2)

SIX years later, in 1886, on the occasion of a trip he made to Kiev for the purpose of getting support for the founding of a new monthly review, he made the acquaintance of a cultured young lady, Olga Kurynzhynska. The years in between had been times of struggle for the young poet, but in addition to newspaper work, he had published several volumes of verse, an economic-political history of Galicia, and his first novel "Zakhar Berkut." ("Zachary Eagle"). Franko's wooing was brief, and although he failed in gaining the funds he went to Kiev for, yet he brought back a bride with him to Lviv.

Forced to Work For Polish Paper

Franko had made repeated efforts to found a journal on the European pattern, which should be national in scope and aims, and include all parties. All these efforts were finally seen to be useless, because of the asperities between the two parties already spoken of. Faced with the necessity of earning daily bread for himself and his young wife, Franko had to renounce these aims for the time being, and was compelled to take a position on the staff of the Polish newspaper published in Lviv. He continued in this work for a period of ten years, from 1887 to 1897. Franko always spoke of this as his "ten years' serfage". This was undoubtedly a great tragedy for him, a tremendous loss to Ukrainian literature, for it coincided with the very best and freshest years in the development of his genius. The artist was compelled to become a paid artisan and thus could not fail to become somewhat embittered by the experience.

"Death of Cain"

However, during this decade of "hiring out to the neighbors," Franko found time to write in his mother tongue in the midst of his Polish literary toil. Among other things, he produced his poem, "Smert' Kayina," ("Death of Cain"). By this work he called down upon his head the thunders of ecclesiastical censure for venturing to depict Cain other than he is described in the Bible. From many a pulpit the poet was denounced for his impiety. Even in circles where such attacks aroused no sympathy, there was complete mystification as to the poet's aim in the work. Franko's leading motive was to attempt to fathom the goal of existence by harmonizing life or emotion with knowledge or reason. In his leading character, he tries to lay bare what must be the psychological experiences of a soul cursed by God, who, after a long desperate inner conflict, comes to the conclusion that each one carries paradise within himself. After this discovery, Cain begins to preach the truth until a violent death overtakes him. This comes to him from the hands of an old man, full of unreasoning prejudices, a type of the ignorant masses. In the "Death of Cain," Franko continues and develops many of the ideas found in Byron's "Cain." The English poet seems to have exercised a very large influence over Franko, for, in addition to the translations from Byron he had already published, we see him, at a later date, republishing Kulish's version of "Childe Harold" with an introduction and extensive notes.

Imprisoned for the Third Time

In 1889, Franko was thrown into prison for the third and last time. This was a precautionary pre-election measure of the Polish authorities. It was feared that the people might elect a number of radical candidates to the Legislature, and in order to intimidate them, a number of leaders

were wantonly arrested on 'suspicion.' For three months, Franko and others were held in prison, and then liberated without any charge having been made against them. Prison, however, could not put a stop to his never resting industry, and during these months of incarceration he wrote his "Prison Sonnets," some stories of Jewish life in prose, and others in verse, which latter were gathered together under the title of "Zhydivski Melodiyi" ("Jewish Melodies").

Political Ideologist

The last decade of the nineteenth century was a period of general cultural awakening among the Ukrainians of Galicia. This was a fruitage of the ideas which Franko and his fellows, under the influence of Dr. Drahomaniw, had planted twenty years before. This renaissance resulted in action being taken in the political field by the founding of a national radical party. This was the first political party, based on modern European ideas, to exist in Galicia. It was the first party to come forward with a definite political, social, and economic program, and the first to seek its support from the people at large, the masses as against the classes. The program of the party was drawn up by Franko and Dr. Danilovich, and expressed the ideas of a minimum or parliamentary Socialism. In spite of vigorous opposition from conservatives and clericals, the new party took immediate root and spread rapidly among the peasant classes. In everything Franko was the moving spirit of the whole movement.

With all this political activity, Franko's literary work suffered no diminution. Sketches, stories and verses flowed from his pen in a constant stream. Under his early pen-name of "Myron," he wrote a number of poems for children. To these belong his incomparable animal epic, "Lys Mykyta," ("Michael the Fox") based in the old Teutonic epic "Reynard the Fox," a versification of some of the episodes of Cervantes' "Don Quixote," and many fairy tales and fables.

Blazes New Literary Paths

The fame of the poet, prophet, and statesman grew more and more among his people. In 1893 he published a second and greatly enlarged edition of his poems under the title of "Z Verzhyn i Nyzhyn" ("From Heights and Depths"). It was enthusiastically welcomed and diligently studied by all the younger generation. There was a breath of new life blowing all through its varied and interesting contents. It marked a new epoch in Ukrainian literature as to the poetical forms in which the ideas were cast. Forsaking the time-honored folk rhythms and imitation of Shevchenko's versification, Franko wrote in the verse forms of European literatures, beautiful stanzas flowing in musical cadences one after another. Instead of the old stock poetical images and sickly sentimentalities that it had become a convention to use in poetical composition, Franko used fresh and original figures and turn of speech. From a linguistic point of view too, the book bore evidence how successfully he was fashioning and shaping the popular speech into a splendid literary medium. That which only a generation ago had been looked upon as merely a peasant dialect was proving itself to be a magnificent literary vehicle, capable of expressing the deepest and loftiest ideas of universal literature.

This same year also saw the production of Franko's first drama, "Ukradene Shchastya" ("Stolen Happiness"). Later he wrote several other

dramas and comedies, which have become classics on the Ukrainian stage, but none of them excelled his first and best play which is worthy of a place in world dramatic literature.

Polish Governor Blocks University Appointment

Yet in spite of all this activity, his daily-bread journalism in Polish, his writings in his mother-tongue, and leadership in the National party, Franko did not neglect to pursue scientific and philosophical study and research. During the years 1892 and 1894 he made frequent visits to Vienna to the Imperial University there. For a thesis on Ivan Vyshensky, a worthy of the heroic period of the Kozak Republic, the University of Vienna granted him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1894. Shortly after this the chair of Ukrainian language and literature at the University of Lviv became vacant by the death of the incumbent. The opinion was unanimous that only one person could be put forward for the professorship, and when it was learned that the faculty had met and recommended Franko for the post, the action was enthusiastically confirmed by the community at large. Great was the public indignation, however, when it came out that the Polish governor of the province had refused to confirm the appointment on the ground of the candidate's political past. Despite all representations, the Imperial government refused to interfere, and so the decision stood. Another was perforce elected and appointed, and Franko was left without the chair for which he was so eminently fitted.

The Beautiful "Zivviale Lystya"

Franko's ever widening literary and scientific fame was little by little breaking down the prejudices which the older generation cherished against him for his attitude and activity in political affairs. However, the publication of his collection of lyrics, "Zivviale Lystya" ("Withered Leaves") stirred up the forces of clericalism and conservatism to thunder against him once more. The animadversions were directed to two or three of the closing lyrics, a hymn of praise to Buddha and Nirvana, and a seeming approval of suicide as an escape from the burdens of life. These criticisms, of course, were based on a thoroughgoing misunderstanding of the poet's design. This 'lyric drama,' as Franko called it, is a series of short poems, each individual, but threads as it were, like beads on a single thought which runs through the whole. In this for the first time the poet reveals something of his own inner life. Hitherto, all his work had been mainly objective in character, but from now on it becomes increasingly subjective. The poet is looking within his own soul and finding his inspiration in describing the play of thought and emotion he perceives there.

Later came another collection, "Miy Ismarahd" (My Emerald) written under tremendously difficult circumstances. A mild philosophical tone runs through it all, and Franko reveals himself as the prophet of love and truth and righteousness.

Withdraws From Politics

As writer, editor and publisher, he continued to display an extraordinary fecundity. Among other things, he issued a new edition of Shakespeare, as far as his plays had been translated into Ukrainian. Almost a generation before, Kulish had translated ten of Shakespeare's dramas, but with the Russian government's ban on the Ukrainian language in its territory (from 1876), Kulish's work had been suppressed. Franko's edition of these plays, with the addition of introductions and notes from his own pen, is a model of such work. He also re-issued Kulish's version of Byron's "Childe Harold," likewise with editorial helps. In order to devote himself with all his strength to literature and science, Franko began from 1898 on to with-

draw more and more from the field of political activity. By this time, he was coming to be regarded as a personality standing above party, as the common spiritual and intellectual leader and father of the whole people. This attitude became very clear when his friends organized a great celebration in his honor to mark the completion of his twenty-five years of literary activity. With very few exceptions all classes united to do honor to the poet, who, with prophetic vision and self-sacrifice, had never wavered in pointing his fellow-countrymen to the paths of true national and cultural progress.

"Be A Man"

As a memorial of this jubilee, a group of his friends published a book entitled "A Complete Register of the works of Ivan Franko during the first twenty-five years of his literary activity." Then follows one hundred and twenty-seven pages containing nothing but titles of his writings during that time, Ukrainian, Polish and German. Franko's speech in answer to these collective greetings from his friends was striking, in that he not only thanked them, but also his enemies, because they by their opposition had stirred him on to greater efforts. His words on this occasion are worth noting. "As a son of the soil, nourished on the coarse fare of the peasant," he said. "I felt myself in duty bound to devote my life's work to the interests of the common people. Brought up in a hard school, I accustomed myself as a child to give obedience to two commandments: the obligation of duty, the necessity of unremitting toil. I perceived that our peasants could obtain nothing without hard work, and later on, I recognized that the same thing was true for us as a nation, that no help was to be expected from anyone outside at all. Only that which is acquired by one's labor can truly become one's own and so, only that which is gained by hard work from the culture of another people can ever become our own national possession." And Franko goes on to say that, in all his activity, he had sought to be "neither poet, nor scholar, nor publicist, but rather above all, to be a man," that on this account "he had scattered his interests," desiring to take in the whole round of human experiences. The final words of his address gave touching evidence of his deep and sincere patriotism: "I care not whether my name perishes, as long as the Ukrainian folk grows and prospers!"

"Moses" — His Masterpiece

From now on Franko's position in the esteem of his people was secure, yet through all his later works there runs an undertone of melancholy. As he looks back on the past, he confesses that complete happiness has never been his. Though he had worked without relaxation, he yet feels that he has accomplished so little, and he gives expression to the fear that the brevity of life will not allow him "to complete his song." In 1905, Franko published his masterpiece, the epic "Moses," a poem that is worthy to stand beside the great creations of world literature. Under the relations of the Hebrew prophet to the people he led, Franko describes his own aspirations and efforts and disappointments in endeavoring to lead his own people in self-conquest and development.

The final years of Franko's life were not happy and successful ones. His was a hard life all through, but a life heroically lived to the last. There was talk of founding a separate Ukrainian university in Galicia, with every prospect that the plans would become reality. Franko had been already approached with a view to taking the chair of Slavonic literature, when he was overtaken with a malady that lasted for eight years, and which carried him away in 1916—in the darkest period of the Great War, that was then devastating Europe.

(To be continued)

OUR FOREIGN LANGUAGE PRESS AND THE WAR

Address by ALLAN CRANSTON, Chief, Foreign Language Division, Office of War Information, Before the Advertising Club of Boston.

EVERY day, the hard, cruel, dramatic—and sometimes glorious—story of the war comes in from all parts of the world to the Office of War Information in Washington.

It is our task to get this story to the American people, as plainly, simply and fully as possible. Elmer Davis said awhile ago:

"It is the job of OWI not only to tell the American people how the war is going, but where it is going and where it came from—its nature and origins, how our Government is conducting it, and what, besides national survival, our government hopes to get out of victory."

In the Foreign Language Division the OWI, we adapt this story to the information needs of the millions upon millions of people in the United States—aliens and citizens alike—who depend upon foreign language for their information.

I will give you an example. Just two weeks ago a release came over from the War Department headed as follows:

"Additional List of United States Army Personnel Killed in Action"

The release stated:

"The War Department made public today the names of 160 United States Army personnel killed in action. The announcement includes casualties in the Alaskan, Asiatic, European, North African, Pacific, South Pacific and Southwest Pacific areas. The next of kin of the Army personnel of this list reside in 34 states."

The release then listed the dead and their next of kin, state by state, beginning with Texas, Arkansas, Pennsylvania, California, Georgia, Louisiana, and so on from east to west and from north to south.

One hundred and sixty men. After days and weeks of such lists of war dead, the figures become vague, elusive, and sometimes almost meaningless. The unexampled savagery of the enemy has conditioned us to mass suffering and mass death.

The headlines tell us of 3,000,000 Jews slaughtered in Europe by Hitler and his butchers. But be it 3,000 or be it 3,000,000, the figure defies the imagination by its enormity. It is hard to conceive of that many bodies. It is hard to grasp the cold fact that there are whole streets in Warsaw stacked with the dead.

The Personal Angle

It is easier to understand the story of one human being who died for freedom.

We can feel, deep in our hearts, the story of one Jew hanged by the neck in Prague for smashing the spokes of a Nazi's bicycle.

We can understand the story of one American soldier named Henry Morgan bayoneted to death by the Japanese in a foxhole on Guadalcanal after holding off an enemy push for 47 minutes.

When a casualty list comes in to the Foreign Language Division from the War Department, we seldom even note the figure telling the total number of dead listed in the release. We, too, are unable to grasp the full meaning of the total figure. But the individual names mean much to us. And we try—in a sense—to bring those individuals back to life again.

Each man on the list has contributed the last full measure of devotion to America and to this war for freedom. And yet there is still more he can contribute. His name and his brave deeds can inspire those of us still among the living to work and fight the harder.

The War Dept. release, as I read it to you, probably didn't really make

you grit your tooth and resolve to find new and more ways of contributing to an early victory. That figure—one hundred and sixty men—is too far away from reality, too coldly mathematical. I am sure it will strike home, however, when I tell you that included among those listed on Tuesday, March 23, as killed in action in the North African area were Corporal John A. McCormick of North Quincy, Private Thomas W. Oldread of Holyoke, Captain Howard L. Peter of Auburndale, and among those named as fallen in the Pacific area were Private Albert J. Dubois of Lowell and Private Daniel E. McCall of Franklin.

What Is Done With Casualty Lists

Thus, when the March 23 casualty list came in to our office, our news editor quickly passed it on to our Slav expert, who helps cover the war for the 303 newspapers printed in the United States in 8 Slavic languages. He went over the casualty list, checking the names of American dead of Slav origin.

Last Tuesday, our Slav expert found on the casualty list the name of Private Dollak, a Czechoslovakian-American from Pennsylvania who was killed in action in North Africa. He found the name of Private Trotski, a Polish American from Pennsylvania likewise killed in action in North Africa.

The casualty list was then passed on to the man in our office who helps cover the war for the Italian press of the United States. He found the names of many Italian American heroes, some of whom had fallen in North Africa in the battle against the Fascist Italian armies fighting with Marshall Rommel. Among these was Private DiPerna, of the Bronx.

Next, the casualty list was read by our German expert, who found, among others, the names of Technical Sergeant 5th Grade Kartz of Chicago, and Staff Sergeant Sanger of Kansas, Americans of German origin who gave their lives in North Africa in the drive to push Rommel and his Nazi German forces into the Mediterranean.

Thus the list made the rounds of our office. Then, the War Department was contacted for any possible details about how these men died. Finally, we issued stories about them to the foreign language press of the United States.

A few days later millions of Slav Americans, Italian Americans, German Americans, and Americans of other foreign origins whose menfolk are fighting valiantly on all battle fronts found in their language newspapers one more reason why this is their war. They found one more cause to inspire them to do all within their power to speed a United Nations victory in this war. For them, the war took on new meaning and significance.

This is only one example of the many ways the foreign language press of the United States is rendering great aid to the Foreign Language Division of the Office of War Information in its job of telling the story of this war to new Americans.

Importance of Foreign Language Press

There are 22,000,000 people in the United States who were born and raised—abroad and in this country—in homes where English was not the spoken language, and according to the Bureau of the Census there are 2,000,000 people in the United States today who do not understand English at all.

Without the foreign language press and radio, it would be utterly im-

YOUTH And The UNA

U.N.A. SHOWED GAINS IN 1942

In its issue for May, 1943, The Fraternal Monitor, a publication devoted to the interests of fraternal orders, released statistics pertaining to the 1942 business of the fraternal orders and mentioned the Ukrainian National Association several times.

In listing those fraternal orders that have shown "increases in adult departments of more than 500 during 1942," the Monitor reported that the U.N.A. had gained 1,015 members.

The magazine emphasized that the "patriotism of U.N.A. and Canadian fraternal orders is shown in \$106,000,000 War Bond purchases." It mentioned that the U.N.A. owned \$1,825,250 in War Bonds and Government Bonds.

The combined assets of the millionaire fraternal benefit societies totaled \$1,488,274,550.51, reported the Monitor, while the assets of all fraternal orders, large and small, combined was \$1,512,509,554. The assets of the U.N.A. were listed at \$6,871,599.29 at the close of 1942. In another section of its May issue, the Monitor mentioned that the U.N.A. paid \$6,201,786 to beneficiaries since its formation in 1894.

The Ukrainian National Association was advertised in the May issue of the Fraternal Monitor as being the oldest and foremost Ukrainian fraternal order in America, having 41,000 members throughout the U.S. and Canada, organized in 475 branches, and assets of \$7,000,000. The advertisement stated that the U.N.A. issues modern insurance certificates and has 153.5% of the legal reserve. Some of the numerous benefits offered by the U.N.A. were also mentioned.

JERSEY CITY-ITES BUY BONDS

Reporting in The Jersey Journal that more than \$10,000 in War Bonds were purchased during the period ending May 22nd, the Jersey City Ukrainian War Bond Committee says it has reached the grand total of \$123,400.

Many of the buyers of the last \$10,000 worth of bonds were members of various Jersey City branches of the Ukrainian National Association. For example, Genevieve Skoczypiec, who bought bonds totaling \$300, Mary and Theodore Lutwiniak, \$50, Sergeant John Procyk, \$100, and Stephen J. Magura, \$25, all represent Branch 287 of the U.N.A. Other branches were also well represented.

U.N.A. MEMBER TO WED

On Saturday, June 5, John A. Demkowich, a former secretary of U.N.A. Branch 471 of Staten Island, N. Y., will wed Eugenia Kostomacha at St. Nicholas Ukrainian Catholic Church in Passaic, N. J. John is the son of Mr. H. Demkowich and Eugenia is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Kostomacha. John is well known in New York and New Jersey as an interested and active U.N.A. member.

possible to reach many of these people with information about the war. Without the foreign language press and radio, it would be impossible to tell them why we are fighting, what we are fighting against. Without the foreign language press and radio, it would be impossible to tell them why meat and canned goods are rationed, and how they may be obtained despite the fact that they are rationed.

For many years, enemy agents have been spreading rumors and sowing seeds of disloyalty among the foreign born in the United States. Without the foreign language press and radio, we would be powerless to combat this enemy propaganda among this group so vital to the war effort.

(To be continued)

GET RID OF DANDRUFF!

Pityriasis simplex or alba capitis, or scurf, or dandruff, is an accumulation of dead matter that has been cast off from the surface of the scalp. The condition is an indication that the scalp isn't healthy as it might be. The excessive casting of the cells that constitutes dandruff is the result of a very mild and chronic inflammation of certain parts of the scalp. There is no doubt that microbes are involved.

The disorder may pass into an obvious inflammation of the scalp, with perhaps red, scaly patches on the forehead and face; usually, however, the production of dandruff goes on slowly and inconspicuously for months and even years without change. There is an important exception, however, and that is that the hair gradually becomes thinner.

It is not easy to keep the scalp free of microbes as these may be transferred from person to person by hair brushes and in other ways. It is a fact, however, that dandruff can be eliminated if people would take sufficient trouble.

Sulphur appears to be the best remedy; this may be used in a reliable sulphur soap with which the scalp is washed twice or thrice weekly. As a substitute an ointment consisting of the following may be used: 30 grains precipitated sulphur, 10 grains salicylic acid, 1 ounce soft paraffin. This must be thoroughly rubbed into the roots of the hair with the tips of the fingers. The scalp may be gone over properly by covering a quarter of the area each day and washing the head on the evening of the fifth day. The ointment is then resumed and the treatment continued as long as necessary. Colloidal preparations of sulphur are available in drug stores for those who do not care for greasy applications.

Should there be trouble in getting rid of the scales, the head should be shampooed with tincture of green soap and rinsed with several changes of water.

Falling dandruff scales may cause inflammation in other parts of the body. Acne, or pimples, of the back, is often connected with dandruff. In such cases successful treatment of acne of the back depends on the elimination of dandruff.

Dandruff is contagious, causes the loss of hair, and is a cause of baldness. Get rid of it!

T. L.

(Source of information, Doctor Robinson's Modern Home Physician.)

CHOIR SINGS AT AMERICAN DAY PROGRAM

Philadelphia's celebration of the "I Am An American Day" on May 16, featured as one of its chief attractions the singing of the Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral Choir of that city under the direction of Stephen Marusevich. The program was attended by well over 10,000 persons, who vigorously applauded the performance of the Ukrainian choir.

The choir sang Michael Hayvoronsky's "Koval" (Blacksmith), and as an encore number "Prochai Slava"—telling of a soldier bidding farewell to his homeland as he goes off to war.

WHAT A LIFE

If a man runs after money—he's money mad. If he keeps it—he's a capitalist. If he spends it—he's a playboy. If he doesn't get it—he lacks ambition. If he gets it without working—he's a parasite. If he gets it after a life of hard labor—he's a fool who got nothing from life.—Fraternal Monitor.

Grandma says that in her girlhood days, the girls never thought of doing the things they do today, and then, she added wistfully, "That's why we didn't do them."

Eternal Revolutionist

By IVAN FRANKO

"A revolutionist eternally
Man's spirit, driving him to fight
For progress, liberty and right.
It lives, it can not die.
Not popish torture halls
Nor tsarist prison walls,
Nor warlike mustering,
Nor cannon's blustering,
Nor spies, however brave,
Have ever forced that spirit to the
grave!

It has not died. Nay, forward goes!
Though born a thousand years ago
'Twas not till yesterday or so
It flung aside its swaddling clothes
And stood erect and walked alone.
Now hast'ning toward the rising sun,

With trumpet voice it cries
To millions, and they rise,
Those millions, follow and rejoice:
They know that spirit's voice!

You hear that spirit everywhere,
In smoky peasant cot,
'Mongst workmen, at the bench or
shop,

Wherever misery and tears are there:
And when its voice rings out,
Tears vanish, misery is put to rout.
Strength is generated, and the will
To hide your own distress, but still
To win for those who follow you
A better fate, when they the fight
renew.

Revolutionist, the world around,
This spirit, never letting light and
freedom yield

To darkness, nor give up the field,
Nor suffering that itself be bound.
The evil edifice goes down,
Relentlessly the avalanche rolls on,
And where in all the world is there
a force

To stop this avalanche's course,
Or drench the flaming ray
That marks the dawning day?"

Trans. by Dr. Arthur P. Coleman

Forget Not

By IVAN FRANKO

Forget not, ne'er forget
The days of youth, of spring;
All the path they brighten,—
The dark, dark path of life.

Golden dreams, quiet joys,
Heartfelt words, loving thoughts,
And every impulse chaste,—
Ne'er be ashamed of such.

Soon they pass, then comes toil
In dreary loneliness,
And corded veins appear
On hands and on the soul.

But only he who loves,
Whose blood is quick to throb,
In whom hope heals all wounds,
Whom battle doth allure,
Who weeps for others' woe,
Rejoices in their good,
He only, is a man.

All through thy life, perhaps,
It may not be thy lot
A man like this to be.
Yet be thou such, e'en though
But for a single hour.

And then, when ill days come,
With grief and sadness fraught,
When hope doth fade away,
When passion glows no more,
When from the broad highways
Of love and keen contest,
Thy way through bypaths leads,
Deserted, narrow, steep,
When cares wither the heart,
And thorns pierce wearied feet,—
Then shalt thou life's springtime
With gratitude recall:

And those bright dreams shall shed
A light o'er thy dark path.
Forget not, ne'er forget
The days of youth, of spring.

Translated by Percival Candy

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

The Sporting Way

By DIETRIC SLOBOGIN

Baseball Not Ukrainians' Game

Even though we Ukrainian Americans form a definite minority group in America and therefore could not possibly stack up enough names in major league lineups to compete with those descendants of earlier immigrants, it is still rather strange that we have not even a single "big name" diamond athlete. Perhaps the explanation for this lies in the fact that the Ukrainian Americans, like old country-born Ukrainians, gravitate in sports toward rugged, bruising competition. Thus when you pick up a newspaper next fall you will see Ukrainian names galore throughout football lineups. Descendants of Ukrainians also come into the boxing and wrestling limelight. Space would prohibit the naming of rugged Ukrainian athletes—Nagurski, Muha, Moroz, Ketchell, Kabealo and others. Our men relish action, bitter and tough. They're battling all over the world. Every Ukrainian community has given many of its men to the Armed Forces to free the world, including their parents' homeland, of all "isms." But try to find a name with the suffix of ich, sky, etc., in a major league baseball lineup.

Phillies Startle Baseball World

Always a sure second-division finisher, at least during the last decade or so, the Philadelphia Phils, now under new ownership and decorated with castoffs who are getting every chance, are bidding for at least second place as they board a train for Cincinnati after an amazing home stay. Brooklyn, of all teams, has been digging its own grave in the senior loop, so to speak. No fewer than five—Dahlagren, Wasdell, Rowe, Kraus, and Kimball—ex-Dodgers have taken a new lease on life in Philly. Along with the mad dash of the Phils has been the sensational spurt of the Boston Braves, and that of Washington in the junior circuit. These clubs have become drawing cards deluxe. Only recently a new National League attendance record was set in Philadelphia when 37,176 fans jammed Shibe Park to see their favorites split a twin bill with the Pittsburgh Pirates. More than 6,000 other were turned down at the gates. Which just goes to prove that in order to make money, you must invest money. And that is just what the new management of the Phils is doing right now.

Question

How many times have the New York Yankees finished in eighth place? Answer at the end of this column.

Miscellaneous

Art Passarella became the first major league umpire to join the Armed Forces. . . There are now 153 American Leaguers in uniform (as of May 10). . . The Red Sox and A's played 12 innings on April 24 and not a single man struck out! . . . First four A. L. players to get four hits or more in a single game this year were Doc Cramer, Ellis Clary, Joe Gordon, and Johnny Lindell, the Yankee converted outfielder. Cramer got "five for five," all singles.

Don't Be Too Sure

From Luke Sewell, Brownie pilot, comes this story: The Browns' veteran pitcher, knuckle-baller Johnny Niggeling, and Ted Williams of Boston engaged in a friendly verbal duel throughout the '42 season. Williams had trouble with Johnny's knuckler all season, and the last time they met he said:

"There's one good thing about going into the Navy—I won't have to hit at your knuckler next season."

"Don't be too sure about that," replied Niggeling. "I'm 1-A!"

A Review of the News

By ELMER DAVIS

Director, Office of War Information

THE WAR IS NOT OVER YET

Just now, the war is in the sort of period that Hitler used to call a creative pause. That meant, in the old days, that he was getting ready to do something to somebody; this time our side is doing most of the creating, preparing for attacks which may fall anywhere from Greece to Norway or elsewhere. But there are signs that the Germans, too, are getting ready for one more offensive in Russia. It may not be on the same scale as last year; it cannot be on the same scale as two years ago; but Hitler still has several million soldiers and several thousand planes; he can still hit hard.

A Two-Front War

We are fighting a two-front war, with better than half of our strength on the Pacific front. On both sides, we must travel great distances to meet an enemy who is fighting fairly close to home. As Mr. Mark Sullivan wrote recently, in the mere matter of gas and oil—American fleets, armies and air forces probably use up more of it in the mere business of reaching the enemy than we use in fighting him after we get there. Attacking Germany first we have the assistance of two nations that are close to Germany—Britain and Russia—whose logistical disadvantage is by no means so great. For the war against Germany, a great deal of the Allied force is close by. No one can predict the fortunes of war; on general principles it looks as if Germany could be beaten much more quickly, while Japan is still fighting, than could Japan while Germany was still fighting.

We have a choice then between two dangers, and from practical experience the German danger looks much worse. Actually Hitler has exploited his conquests much more successfully than the Japanese have exploited theirs; in a year of occupation they have accomplished a good deal less than might have been expected. The chief reason is that Japan's conquests are all overseas; their products must be brought to Japan by ship, and Japan's shipping is being steadily whittled down by American submarines. But Hitler's conquests lie all around Germany, easily accessible by road and rail. He has already looted the conquered countries of most of their wealth, and now he is trying to loot them of their manpower too, for slave labor in German factories. . . Recent experience would suggest that it is safer to concentrate on Germany first. Which does not mean neglecting Japan, or leaving the Japanese undisturbed to exploit their conquests; they are likely to be in for quite a lot of disturbance before this year is over.

But all this is going to take time, to defeat two great military empires—time and hard fighting, loss of life and expenditure of national wealth. . . As I said last week, what happened in Tunisia gives us the hope that once more, as in nineteen eighteen, the Germans will quit when they conclude that they are licked; but they won't come to the that conclusion without a lot of persuading. It will take hard fighting to persuade them, and hard work—the steady outpouring of American war production, paid for by a scarcity of civilian consumer goods; paid for, in other words, by a somewhat lower standard of living than most of us have been used to, or hoped to get used to.

Answer

The New York Yankees have finished in the cellar only twice—in 1908 and 1912. They have wound up first 13 times; second 9 times; third 4 times; fourth 3 times; fifth 3 times; sixth 4 times and seventh twice.

Funny Side Up

"UNRATIONED GAS"

Being a celebrity has its drawbacks. Believe it or not, before the war when we walked down the street, people would throw themselves at our feet. Today they still do it, but now they steal our rubber heels and run away! There's such a scarcity of rubber that kids now have to catch their balls on the first bounce!

Originally gas was rationed to save rubber, but lately there's been such a shortage of gas, the OPA put a ban on pleasure driving. There may not be any more pleasure driving, but there's still pleasure parking! (hey! hey!) Gas rationing put the country back on its feet, they say, but when shoe rationing went into effect, what happened? Well, there's a *union* and one answers to that question, but they're too corny for this intellectual column! Rationing of gas had far-reaching effects. Everybody in the country is moving to the city. Now they're telling the story about the salesman's daughter and the farmer! If you heard it, write in and tell us about it; we forgot it!

Furthermore, the speed limit in these parts has been reduced to 30 miles an hour, so now drivers can see what they're hitting! One woman driver ran down a pedestrian on Broadway the other day, although she had plenty of room to go around him, "But that was impossible," she told the judge, "I've only got an A card!" Yes, sir, it's getting pretty hard to get gas even for an essential driver. One fellow in our neighborhood almost got caught the other night siphoning gas out of a gas tank with a soda straw. It took us 3 hours to get the taste out of our mouth! Well anyway, the woman who drives that car didn't need all that gas to get around on her broom!

Driving to work last week we noticed that the streets were practically deserted of autos. At first we thought there was a woman driver in town, but then we remembered the OPA's recent ban on pleasure driving! About a few works from work a cop blew his whistle and stopped us. "What's the matter?" we asked. "Oh, nothing," he answered, "But it's been so quiet around here, I just had to talk to somebody!"

Just then Homer Beetlepus whisked by on his bike. He used to drive a car but the day the speed limit was reduced to 30 miles per hour he was driving up 5th Avenue and traffic was so slow that somebody stole his tires while the car was in gear! The guy that swiped them must have been blind. Homer's tires were in shreds. Every time he would drive down the street the sidewalks would get a free brushing! Well, after that Homer rode to work on a horse, but the City made him cut it out. His horse was so sway-back its stomach kept rubbing out the white line in the middle of the road.

Lots of our neighbors belong to "Share-the-Ride" clubs. The fellow next door to us belongs to one. Every day the guy from the Finance Company rides with him! One night he picked up a gorgeous-looking blonde. She sat in the front seat and the motor warmed up by itself! So far we've asked about 30 people to share our car with them. Nobody has said yes yet, so tomorrow we'll start asking men!

BROMO SELTZER

They were training Mandy in her duties as maid. Upon answering the phone the first day, she brought no message, but explained: "Twain't nobody, jes a man says: 'It's a long distance from New York,' and I says, 'Yes sir, it certainly is.'"