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# The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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## THE MARKIAN SHASHKEVICH CENTENNIAL

One hundred years ago last Monday, June 7, 1843 there died a young Ukrainian priest, Markian Shashkevich, who in the brief span of his life (born November 6, 1811) and in the face of bitter opposition of the reactionary elements of his day, including some of his ecclesiastical superiors, managed to revolutionize Western Ukrainian literature and set it on its present course by introducing and popularizing as its medium of expression the Ukrainian language spoken then only by the common masses of people but ignored and scorned by the intelligentsia, which favored the then fashionable but hodge-podgish combination of Church-Slavonic and Polish-Ukrainian.

In thus giving Western Ukrainian literature its true and natural means of expression, young Shashkevich gave it the power and beauty hardly possible to it up to then. At the same time he helped to reawaken Ukrainian national consciousness which was quite dormant then as a result of centuries of oppression and denationalization of the Ukrainian people by the foreign occupants of their native land.

For this great service Shashkevich is honored and revered by his countrymen. This year there will no doubt be observances of the 100th anniversary of his death. What promises to be a very notable one, is the Markian Shashkevich Centennial Concert to be held at New York City's famous Town Hall on October 3, under the auspices of St. George's Ukrainian Catholic Church of that city.

In order that our readers may have some idea of Shashkevich's stature in Western Ukrainian literary and national life, we shall publish on these pages next week a fuller account of his life and works than is possible here. In the meanwhile we publish below an admirably succinct sketch of this great Ukrainian by Dr. Arthur Prudden Coleman of Columbia University, being a portion of his "Brief Survey of Ukrainian Literature."

THUS, in the '30's, during the very years when the University of Kiev was being established, soon to become under Kostomariw's guidance a nourishing ground for Ukrainian scholarship, there appeared in Lwiv a herald of Ukrainian awakening in the person of, Markian Shashkevich (1811-43). Born in the Zolochiw (Zloczow on present day maps) district of Galicia, on the high plateau region that overlooks a shimmering blue and gold ocean of billowing grainfields, Shashkevich early became alive to the fact that something was wrong with his people. Then, having studied in the gymnasium of Lwiv philosophy and history, and having read with eagerness the works of such scholars as Dobrovsky and Kopitar, and of folklorists like Celakovsky, and having felt reverberations of the great general Slav awakening, Shashkevich realized that the fate of Ukraine was identical with the universal Slav plight. Thinking through the problem to a solution, Shashkevich came to the conclusion that no one could save the Ukrainian race but itself, that light, as always, must come from within. He turned at once from Polish, the language he and most other Galician Ukrainians used in polite speech and in writing, and began to preach and to write in the native spoken Ukrainian. His sermons and his writings served to arouse the Ukrainian people from their deep spiritual lethargy. His collections of songs and stories and cus-

toms of Ukraine, published after great difficulty in Budapest under the name *Rusalka Dniestrovaya* brought him under the censor's ban. Persecution followed him like an implacable Javert all the rest of his brief life and he died of want and misery at the age of thirty-three, a martyr to his faith in the Ukrainian race. During his lifetime Shashkevich was greatly supported in his work as folklorist and publicist by two friends, Yakiw Holovatsky and Ivan Vahilevich, but after his death the two surviving members of the so-called Ukrainian Trinity did not long carry on the work their leader had inspired. But a century later Shashkevich's memory is still green and his life and works are remembered with an almost personal poignancy. His *Spring Song*, sung by thousands of youth of Ukrainian origin who have never seen the land of their forefathers, has become a cherished racial possession, a fragment affectionately repeated from generation to generation:

### Spring Song

Wee flow'ret lone,  
Is praying its mother,  
Spring, lovely Mother,  
"Hearken, my own,  
One wish I ask thee,  
One desire grant me:  
Let me but flower,  
Let me once shower  
The meadows with beauty,  
Like sunlight, with brilliance,  
Like starlight, with radiance;

## Treasury Department Commends U.N.A.

A letter of commendation of the Ukrainian National Association and its members for their part in the Second War Loan drive was received by Mr. Nicholas Muraszko, U.N.A. president, from Edward B. Hitchcock, Chief of the Foreign Origina Section of the War Savings Staff of the United States Treasury.

An excerpt of the letter reads:

"The Secretary of Treasury has asked me to present to you his report on the result of the Second War Loan drive, in appreciation of what you and members of your organization did to make that effort an out-

standing demonstration of democracy-at-work-for-Victory.

"You will see that in this report the Treasury's emphasis is particularly on the loyal support of the whole American people. This is a People's War and it must continue to be financed through the buying of the People's Bonds by the whole American people. The continued efforts of your organization and all its branches will help insure the ultimate victory and the final triumph of Democracy in this global struggle with the organized powers of evil..."

### SOLDIERS INJURED IN RAID

In the course of a German air raid on a southeastern coast town in England, on Sunday, May 23, when a bomb smashed a hotel, killing six United States soldiers, two Ukrainian American soldiers were injured.

They are Private John Tworyczuk of 1317 Avy Street, Hillside, N. J. and Moosic, Pa., and Private Paul Zayatz of 207 East Fourth Street, New York City.

The Americans were spending a period of leave in the town.

An AP dispatch says that Private Tworyszczuk snatched a woman out of danger from falling debris and took his machine-gunned comrade to a hospital before discovering that he himself had been injured by a falling wall. Lieut.-Col. William Perry of Baltimore, battalion commander, recommended Tworyszczuk for a Soldier's Medal.

### WOUNDED SAVING TRAIN

A Ukrainian Canadian railway section worker, Andrew Kosliuk, was shot and wounded in what was believed to have been an attempt of saboteurs to wreck the Canadian Pacific Railway's Montreal-Vancouver flier on May 30 near Fort William, Ontario, according to an AP press dispatch.

A half hour before the train was due, Kosliuk found spikes removed from the outer rail where the track curves around the seventy-five foot embankment above the Kaministiquia River. Shots from the woods struck him in the shoulder as he started to replace the spikes. Despite his wounds he made his way down the tracks and helped to flag the flier short of the impaired stretch.

Let me press tightly

All earth to myself."

"Dear little pigeon,

Could I but help

My poor little sad one!

Winds shall whine shrilly,

Frost shall grip chilly,

Hurricanes groan,

Beauty will darken,

Pale flow'rets blacken,

Small heads will languish,

Tiny leaves vanish,

Blossom buds moan."

## Ukrainian Flier Sinks U-Boat

A Ukrainian American flier, Lieutenant Thomas Kinaszuc of 141 Court Street, Elizabeth, N. J. sent an enemy submarine to the bottom of the Atlantic by shattering it with depth charges from his Naval patrol plane which he piloted, after a short engagement in which shells from the U-boat's guns riddled one wing of the plane.

A report of the sinking, released by the Navy, appeared in last Monday's papers, together with a picture of the U-boat tossing her bow into the air just before lunging to her doom. The sinking, the Navy said, took place in April.

Piloted by Lieutenant Kinaszuc, the plane sighted the submarine on the surface and dived at it from a distance of several miles.

"The submarine commander elected to fight it out," the Navy reported. "The submarine deck guns opened fire on Ventura, riddling one wing. Undeterred, Lieutenant Kinaszuc pushed the rugged warplane through the shell-fire.

"Then the submarine attempted to crash-dive. Whistling along virtually on the surface of the water, the patrol bomber went in over the nearly submerged conning tower and four depth bombs were released, three creating an in-line pattern just ahead of the submarine's course and the fourth striking just forward of the conning tower.

The plane was then pulled up sharply so that results could be observed by Lieutenant Robert J. Slagle, Jonesboro, Ark., the second pilot. The Navy added:

"The sub was blown to the surface, then settled beneath the waves. A moment later, the bow of the under-seas craft suddenly broke about twenty-five feet out of the water, at a steep angle. The submarine slowly staggered forward in this attitude. More and more of the bow emerged, and in a few moments the conning tower and forward gun broke the surface. All forward motion of the submarine ceased. The bow raised sharply until it was almost perpendicular; then the submarine slid beneath the surface, leaving a 100-foot wide oil slick."

## Why Hetman Bohdan Was Interested in Moldavia

By HONORE EWACH

WHOEVER has studied the history of Ukraine knows that Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky fought two wars in order to marry his son Timosh to the beautiful princess of Moldavia, Rosanda. As Rosanda's father, Hospodar Basil Lupul, was more of a dependent of Poland than of Turkey, he dared not to ally himself with Hetman Bohdan, though it was Timosh with his Kozaks that helped to overcome Lupul's rivals in 1649. So the following year Timosh came again with his Kozaks to Moldavia, but not as an ally. This time he came as an invader. Soon his troops occupied Yassy, the Moldavian capital. Lupul asked Poland for military aid, but Poland dared not to tackle the Kozaks again. There was no choice for the haughty prince of Moldavia but to yield. He promised his daughter in marriage to Timosh. The marriage was to take place next year, 1651.

### The Berestechko Disaster

The next year, however, turned out to be a bad year for the great Bohdan of Ukraine. His brave Kozaks suffered a serious setback at Berestechko. It started when the German artillery of the Polish army scared off the battlefield the thirty thousand Tartars who had reluctantly come to help the Kozaks. As a result, some eighty thousand Ukrainians found themselves facing over hundred and sixty thousand Poles and Germans. During the night Colonel Ivan Bohun, commanding the Kozak army, ordered a general withdrawal to the other side of the Berestechko swamps. By morning only the half-armed partisans and vehicle-drivers were still on the west side of the swamps. The Polish army attacked immediately, striking down the half-armed Ukrainian partisans. The hastily built bridges broke down under the weight of the fleeing partisans. So it was an easy job for the Polish army to massacre some thirty thousands of the drowning Ukrainians. That in itself was a serious setback to the Kozak army. The latter retreated towards the Dnieper, waiting for Hetman Bohdan's reinforcements. By September the Kozak forces had healed their wounds, received adequate reinforcements, and were ready to the fight again. But now the Polish army was too exhausted to fight, and its commander, Potocki, decided to negotiate peace. The resultant Treaty of Bila Tserkva was signed (September 28, 1651).

The setback of the Kozaks received at Berestechko had its effect on the hospodar of Moldavia. He again became very pro-Polish. So Timosh had to bide his time.

When Hetman Bohdan sent a letter to Hospodar Lupul in the spring of 1652, informing him that Timosh was coming to Yassy to marry the fair Rosanda, Lupul forwarded that letter to the king of Poland. This time the Polish king lost no time. He sent his Field Marshal Kalinowski with twenty thousand of the best Polish troops to Podolia, near the Moldavian border. The Poles decided to bar the way from Ukraine to Moldavia.

When Hetman Bohdan learned of the presence of the Polish army near Batih in Podolia he asked Kalinowski to move his troops a little to the north, else the Kozaks of his son Timosh might collide with the Poles. But the warning was in vain. As Kalinowski was himself one of the Polish suitors for Rosanda's hand, he gave orders to his army to be ready to intercept the Kozak army on its way to Moldavia. Kalinowski thought that his twenty thousand Poles would be a fair match for the four regiments of Kozaks advancing under Timosh.

### Kozaks Annihilate Polish Army

When at Batih the Polish and Ukrainian forces collided, Kalinowski found to his surprise that there were more than four regiments of Kozaks. Hetman Bohdan himself had arrived in the wake of his son. Suddenly the Poles found themselves surrounded on all sides by the Kozaks and their Tartar allies. There was no escape for them. The Battle of Batih, fought on July 2, 1652, was more than a defeat for the proud Poles. When it was over, there was no Polish army left. It had been annihilated. Even its commander-in-chief, Kalinowski, had been killed. Most of those slain in the battle were the sons of the Polish gentry and nobles. The battle was more than a revenge of the Ukrainian Kozaks for their defeat the year before at Berestechko.

When Hospodar Lupul heard of what happened at Batih he made haste to invite Timosh to come to Yassy for his wedding, but without his Kozaks. Timosh came to Yassy with just a few of friends and Kozak officers. The wedding took place at the end of August. That year Rosanda made her home at Chihirin, the capital of the Kozak Republic of Ukraine.

Soon reports came to Wallachia and Transylvania that Timosh was to become the new hospodar-prince of Moldavia and that Lupul was to be the new ruler of both Wallachia and Transylvania. That put the rulers of Wallachia and Transylvania on guard. They began to plot. By April, 1653, they succeeded in their schemes. Lupul's chancellor Stephen seized Yassy and made himself the new ruler of Moldavia.

When Timosh came with eight thousand Kozaks to Lupul's rescue he met a combined army of Moldavians, Wallachians, Hungarians, and Poles. The gallant little army was besieged in the town of Suchava. Yet all went well for a few weeks, till a cannon ball mortally wounded Timosh. The besiegers allowed the Kozak army to march out from Suchava with full military honors, and its dead leader.

The sudden death of Timosh cut short Bohdan Khmelnytsky's plans for an alliance between Ukraine and a friendly Balkan confederation of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Transylvania. It was a terrible blow to the old hetman. Timosh was dead, his Balkan plans ruined, and the Turkish sultan was not very eager to give any practical help to the young Kozak State, fearing its growth. No wonder that the aging hetman began to negotiate a military alliance with Russia.

### Bohdan's Plans

Now, let us go back to Hetman Bohdan's interest in Moldavia and Wallachia, the present day Rumania. Why was he especially interested in seeking dynastic alliance with Moldavia? As Rosanda's older sister was married to Prince Radziwill of Lithuania, no doubt, Hetman Bohdan hoped to detach Lithuania from Poland and range against Poland three friendly states—Ukraine, Moldavia, and Lithuania. But this answers our question only in part. Bohdan Khmelnytsky was not the only Kozak leader interested in Moldavia. Hetman Dmitro Vishnevetsky had been invited in 1564 by some boyars of Moldavia to become their hospodar. In 1574 Hetman Ivan Svirhovsky helped Hospodar Ivonya of Moldavia in his fight against the Turks. In 1577 Hetman Ivan Pidkova became hospodar of Moldavia. In 1588 Ukrainian Kozaks made a raid on Moldavia. In 1599 they helped Hospodar Yarema Mohyla in his fight against the Turks. Next year they gave military assistance to both Yarema and Semen Mohyla in their fight for Moldavian and Wallachian thrones.

## A Review of the News

### THE WAR IN THE PACIFIC

The Tokyo propagandists are now complaining that the garrison on Attu was outnumbered. Of course it was—though not so heavily as Tokyo says—which is all to the credit of our commanders. The object of war is to win, and to win as cheaply as you can; and the way to do that is to get there first with the most men. The Japs will have to complain more and more of being outnumbered, as the war goes on.

But just exactly a year ago there was a battle in which the Japs were not outnumbered, in which they had a great advantage of numbers—the air and naval battle off Midway; and our victory there was the real turning point of the Pacific war. A month earlier the enemy had been stopped in the Coral Sea, but he still had great strength, while our Navy had by no means recovered from the disaster at Pearl Harbor. We fought the battle of Midway on a shoestring; and it was a proof of the quality of our naval and military command that they managed to get together about everything they had at the right place and the right time. Till

then, we had been wondering where the enemy would hit us; but at Midway the Japanese Navy lost the initiative and has never yet got it back.

The Japanese occupation of Attu and Kiska was part of the price we paid for the victory of Midway: they sent a relatively small force to the Aleutians, hoping that our commanders would divert our forces from the real objective of the attack, Midway and Hawaii. Our leaders knew better, knew that these small islands at the tip of the Aleutians were of lesser importance, could be recovered in due time. Whereas if we had lost at Midway we might by now be defending our own west coast instead of fighting in New Guinea, and the Solomons. Yet there are people in this country who have been shouting for a year past that the Aleutians—simply because they happen to be American soil, though very few Americans had ever seen them before the war—that the Aleutians were the most important spot in the Pacific and must be recovered at once no matter what we did not do elsewhere. That kind of thinking would lose any war. Fortunately, our chiefs of staff have proved that they know their trade.

### FRENCH UNITY

De Gaulle and Giraud have got together at last and organized a committee which will govern all French territories not occupied by the enemy until France itself is liberated. Then, it will turn over its power to a provisional government which will be established as provided by the laws of the French republic. So the French republic will be restored—that republic whose principles of liberty, equality and fraternity Petain and the rest of the Vichyites thought they had destroyed. The agreements just concluded at Algiers are a victory ever the whole reactionary movement that Vichy embodied, a guarantee that Frenchmen will restore the liberties of France.

So far as can be judged from the information now at hand, the credit for this reunion belongs chiefly to two men—General Catroux, who all along has had the confidence of both Giraud and de Gualle; and Jean Monnet, who was mainly responsible for the liberation of the Giraud regime in North Africa, and its transformation from military and bureaucratic committee to a group of trustees for the republic. But this final agreement was not reached until a good deal of cheap political maneuvering—most by the De Gaullists—had failed. Giraud is now getting rid of some men whom De Gaulle had bitterly opposed—Nogues, Peyrouton, and so on. If the new government is to work De Gaulle could usefully get rid of a few men too—those small-time connivers around him who not only tried some skulduggery in connection with Peyrouton's resignation, but kept hinting that if De Gaulle did not get supreme power he would take it. De Gaulle owes no gratitude to men who tried to make him look like Mussolini.

### Former Ukrainian Rulers of Moldavia

The fact that on several occasions the boyars of Moldavia invited Kozak leaders, as in the case of Dmitro Vishnevetsky and Ivan Pidkova, shows that they had some very close connections with Ukrainians and their Kozaks. Then, what was that connection? The answer is simple. When the Ukrainian Kozaks helped Yarema Mohyla in 1599 to become the hospodar of Moldavia, and next year aided Semen Mohyla to ascend the princely throne of Wallachia they did so because both men were really of Ukrainian descent—descendants of Ukrainian boyars who, after Galicia had been occupied for good by Poland in 1387, took refuge in Moldavia and Wallachia. Besides, the Moldavian principality was founded in 1349 by a Ukrainian noble—Bohdan Voda, after he had expelled the remnants of Polovtsians and Tartars from there.

The principality of Moldavia had been founded on the territory of the Ukrainian kings of Galicia and Volhynia, as all the territory between the Carpathians and the Dniester belonged to the Kingdom of Galicia and Volhynia. Even the present day Rumanian city of Galatz is but an outgrowth of the city of Little Halich (Galich) of the times of Roman the Brave and King Daniel. The Vlachs came into that territory from the Carpathian regions when the Hungarians had begun their expansion on the plains of Hungary. They settled among the Ukrainian settlers, who had been thinned out by the Tartars. Yet for the next few centuries Moldavia remained a Vlach-Ukrainian principality. There were almost as many Ukrainians there as Vlachs (Rumanians). Moldavia's ruling class itself was more than half Ukrainian. Besides, at times the Vlachs of Moldavia were under the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan of Kiev. They used the same kind of church service books as were then in use in Ukraine, and they used the Ukrainian language for the transaction of state correspondence. Even at the time when Bohdan Khmelnytsky married his son Timosh to Princess Rosanda of Moldavia, the population of Moldavia was still about half Ukrainian. No wonder then that Hetman Bohdan wanted to draw Moldavia again into the sphere of Ukrainian life and politics. Perhaps in time the Vlachs of Moldavia would have become Ukrainianized, if the Balkan plans of the great Bohdan had succeeded and Timosh had become hospodar of Moldavia.

Winnipeg, Man., Can.

EVERYBODY SAVING IN  
EVERY PAYDAY 10% WAR BONDS

### COSTS—MILITARY ITEMS

M1 Garand Rifle—\$80.  
Machine guns of various types and calibres—\$500 to \$3,000.  
Heavy case demolition bombs—\$400 to \$500.  
37 MM Anti-tank guns—\$6,500.  
37 MM Anti-aircraft guns—\$20,000.  
90 MM Anti-aircraft guns—\$50,000.  
75 MM guns—\$10,000.  
Light tanks—\$40,000.  
Medium tanks—\$75,000.  
Pursuit plane—\$55,000.  
Light bombardment plane—\$210,000.  
Heavy bombardment plane—\$335,000.

# Life and Works of Ivan Franko

By PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Continued)

## No Longer

He nona

No longer, no longer, no longer,  
Nor the Russ nor the Pole will we  
serve!  
All done with and past are Ukraine's  
ancient sorrows,—  
'Tis the time now for Ukraine to  
live!  
No longer, no longer, no longer,  
For the stranger our blood will  
we shed,  
Or reverence a Czar, who our own  
folk oppresses,—  
Let our love be for Ukraine alone!  
No longer, no longer, no longer,  
Strife and schism in our land will  
we bring;  
Let the spectre accursed of discord  
perish!  
Under Ukraine's ensign let's unite!  
For the hour is great and propitious,—  
So, in stubborn and desperate fight,  
We will venture our lives that free-  
dom and glory,  
We may conquer, our Country, for  
thee!

## The Eternal Spirit of Revolt

Вічний революціонер

The eternal spirit of revolt,  
That stirs up flesh and blood to fight  
For progress, light, and liberty,—  
Is living still, 'tis not yet dead.  
Neither priestly persecutions,  
Nor the autocrat's grim dungeons,  
Nor his battalions trained to kill,  
Nor his batteries of cannon,  
Nor the delator's foul trade,  
Have not brought it to the tomb.  
It is not dead, 'tis living still!  
Though born a thousand years ago,  
'Tis as though yesterday reborn,  
And marching in its renewed strength,  
It shapes its course, and greater grows.  
It hastens to the dawning day,  
It calls in trumpet tones, and draws  
Millions to follow in its train,—  
Millions gladly follow on  
When they hear that thrilling voice.  
That voice resounds in many a place;  
In humble cots, where peasants dwell,  
In busy hives of industry,  
In squalid haunts of misery.  
And everywhere that spirit goes,  
There tears and sorrow disappear,  
High purpose and new strength are  
born,—  
Instead of fear are firm resolves  
To gain, if not for Now, then  
For the Morrow, better hopes.

## The Crucifix

Христос і хрест

In the fields, beside the roadside,  
Stands an ancient crucifix,  
And thereon the Crucified One  
Hung through all the years that  
passed,  
But, with time, the nails grew rusty,  
Blasts of wind the cross tore loose,  
And the Christ that hung upon it,  
From the cross, fell to the ground.  
Straightway, then, the friendly  
grasses,  
That the cross' foot o'ergrew,  
Joyfully in their embraces  
Gave the Christ a welcome soft;  
And the columbines and violets  
Blooming there amid the grass,  
Wound themselves, a loving chaplet,  
All about the fallen head.  
So, on nature's living bosom,  
Blood and wounds all washed away,  
Hid beneath the fragrant flowers,  
There the Christ in peace reposed.  
But some pious eyes observed it,  
Pious hands disturbed His rest,  
Who, with crossings, from the flowers  
Lifted Him on high again.  
And because new nails they had not

To transfix the pierced hands,  
They took bands of twisted wheat-  
straw,  
And thus bound Him to the cross.  
So, devout but narrow bigots,  
Seeing how, in these our days,  
That from Calvary's tree of suffering,  
From vain worship of the saints,  
From altar smoke and worn out rites,  
In a word,—that from the cross  
Christ comes down among His folk,  
And so doing, man becoming,  
Closer, nearer to us stands,  
And by His example holy  
Leads us on to greater goals,—  
They struggle fiercely, once again  
Christ far from the folk to lift,  
And with bands of tying fable  
Bind Him to the cross once more.

## Winter Marvelled

Дивувалась зима /

Winter marvelled greatly  
Why the snows were melting,  
Why the ice was breaking  
On the water's bosom.  
Winter marvelled greatly  
Why she felt so strengthless,  
Whence the breeze was blowing,  
Bringing, new warmth with it.  
Winter marvelled greatly  
Why the earth exhaling  
Heat and fragrance daily,  
Was fresh life disclosing.  
Winter marvelled greatly  
Why the snow not fearing,  
Tiny flowerets boldly  
From the earth were springing.  
Winter blowing fiercely,  
An icy blast breathed on them;  
Like a pall upon them,  
The snowflakes bore them down.  
The flowerets earthwards stricken,  
All troubled, closed themselves,  
But the squall soon passing,  
Heads again they lifted.  
This, of all the greatest,  
Caused Winter to marvel:  
That o'er a tiny flower  
Her strength could not prevail.

## Forget Not

Не забудь

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 other's 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.

## Idyll

Ідилія

Long years ago this was. Two chil-  
dren small  
Were trudging bravely, hand in hand,  
along  
The path that from their village  
across  
The lowland meadows, gay with flow-  
ers, under  
The summer sun.  
The elder was a boy  
With ruddy cheeks, blond hair, and  
deep-blue eyes.  
A stick he carried in one hand, and  
'neath  
His arm, close hugged, a loaf of bread.  
His ragged hat with flowers was  
adorned.  
But 'twas the girl that by the hand  
him led,  
Though younger far. Her eyes, like  
thornbuds black,  
Glowed like two red-hot coals, and  
glances swift  
Darted at all around. Her plaited hair  
Swayed like a mouse's tail. A tiny  
strand  
Of ribbon red was twisted in the plait.  
Some cooked potatoes in a kerchief  
tied  
She swung, and underneath her arm  
she bore  
Some sprays of green pea vine, with  
pods thereon still hanging.  
The boy somewhat unwilling  
Seemed, and timid looks cast all  
about.  
The little maid with ne'er a pause  
talked on,  
And strove her comrade's courage to  
maintain.  
"Aren't you ashamed! So big a boy  
as you,  
And yet you want to cry! A boy,  
afraid!  
Why should we be afraid? When I  
tell you  
It's so, it must be true. Our grand-  
mama  
Would never tell us anything untrue.  
Come see, it cannot be so very far!  
Just to that hill, and then Dil is  
quite close,  
Then up and up Mount Dil until we  
reach  
The very top. And then we'll rest  
awhile,—  
But maybe not. Why should we rest  
at all,  
When we're as close as that! we'll  
shout "Hurrah!"  
And with a rush we'll race right up  
to where  
Those iron pillars are, which hold  
The sky, and hide ourselves so  
quietly  
Behind them till the evening shadows  
come.  
And don't you dare to grumble or to  
sulk,  
Or shed a single tear! Give heed, or  
else,  
I'll make you howl! And then, when  
evening comes,  
And Father Sun comes home to spend  
the night,  
And at the great gate knocks,—as  
quietly  
As mice, behind him we'll just tiptoe  
in.  
And you remember what our grand-  
ma said?  
He has a daughter, oh, so beautiful.  
One never saw the like! She keeps  
the gate,  
And lets her father in and out each  
day.  
And she loves children, just like us,  
more than  
The whole wide world! But stern old  
Father Sun.  
Will ne'er let any in, for fear that  
she  
With them might run away from him.  
But we  
Will creep in after him as still as  
mice,

And snatch her by the hand, and run  
so fast.  
He'll soon be left behind. Don't be  
afraid,  
And don't you dare to cry! It's not  
so far,  
(4) And we are well provided for the way.  
I'm sure that when we see her, the  
princess  
Will give us anything we care to ask.  
Say, what will you ask for?  
The little chap  
Laid finger to his lip, then looked  
at her,  
And said: "Maybe a splendid hobby-  
horse."  
"Ha, ha!" the maiden laughed in sil-  
very tones.  
"Well, then, I'll ask her for a nice  
new hat."  
"All right, you ask for what you like,  
but what I shall ask!"  
"What is it, tell!"  
"Oh no, I shall not tell."  
"Tell me, or else,  
I'll start to cry!"  
"All right, cry-baby, cry!  
I'll go myself, and leave you here  
alone."  
"Why can't you tell me?"  
"Stupid, don't you know,  
What grandmama told us. The sun  
princess  
Has golden apples that she gives  
away.  
And those who from her such a gift  
receive,  
Their whole life long shall happy be  
and strong  
And marvellously beautiful besides.  
But only girls can get these golden  
gifts."  
"I want one too!" the boy burst into  
tears.  
"Don't cry, you silly! Ask, and I will  
try  
To manage it, somehow, to get you  
one.  
And when each one of us has got  
a gift,  
We'll go straight home, and never  
say a word  
To anyone. You won't tell?"  
"No, I won't tell."  
"Remember, if you do, she'll take it  
back.  
Agreed?"  
"Yes," said the boy.  
So on they went.  
Since that day, many years have  
passed, and far  
Beyond all that their childish minds  
that day  
Conceived, the path more and more  
long-drawn seems  
That to the Sun's home leads. The  
earth, the sky,  
The sun, in many an alternating  
change,  
The boy has seen. Yet in his com-  
rade dear,  
No change, no alteration can he trace.  
Her same heart-lifting speech and  
merry song,  
Her hopefulness unquenchable, her  
smile,  
Flow as a living stream, that in the  
heart  
Links yesterday, tomorrow, with to-  
day.  
Nor has her goal changed with the  
passing years,  
But only larger grown, more glorious.  
So on they fare, along the great high-  
way,  
That humankind still traces, meeting  
pain  
And disillusion harsh, yet in their  
breasts,  
They guard their chiefest treasure,  
childlike hearts.  
The fool with pride inflated, rushes  
by,  
And mocks at them. The haughty  
magnate deigns  
Them not a glance. But when some  
humble soul  
Meets them, he slakes their thirst  
with water cool,  
Or points them out some easier path,  
or else,  
Beneath his roof, bids them to spend  
the night.  
And so, still clasping each the other's  
hand,  
Without nor care nor fear they on-  
ward march  
In quiet joy towards the setting sun.



THE IDEAL GRADUATION GIFT

## 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.

(Concluded)

WE suggested that Italian American editors play upon these basic themes in their newspapers:

1. Italian Americans should unite for American victory. Italian Americans are full-fledged Americans, and thousands upon thousands of them are contributing as Americans in the war plants and on the fighting fronts.
2. Mussolini is not Italy. Italy is not Mussolini. The Fascists enslaved Italy—smashed unions, wiped out youth, lowered living standards. Then Fascism betrayed Italy to the Nazis. Italians will never be free from Nazi-Fascist domination until the United Nations win.
3. The United Nations are fighting Nazis and Fascists, not Italians.
4. To assure fair treatment of Italian-Americans and a fair peace for Italy, Italian Americans must support the American war effort. If they refuse, they build up dangerous hostilities.
5. The overwhelming industrial and military strength of the United Nations assures us of eventual victory.
6. The United States government opposes all discrimination, in employment and otherwise, against loyal Italian Americans.
7. The other United Nations are making vast contributions to the war effort. Great Britain, Soviet Russia, China and all the rest are our gallant allies, and should be treated as such.

### Government Needs Foreign Language Press

The American government devotes this special care and attention to the foreign language press because it considers it one of the nation's vital channels of communication. It knows that without the foreign language press, millions of Americans would be unable fully to understand and contribute to the winning of the war. Thus the attitude of the government is far from one of mere tolerance of the foreign language press. If a foreign language press did not exist, the government would virtually be compelled to invent one:

There are no completely accurate figures on the circulation of the foreign language press, but Ayers' Newspaper Directory states that 176 foreign language newspapers published in the United States have an individual circulation of at least 10,000.

These papers represent a total circulation of 4,000,000. It is safe to say that the combined circulation and readership of the entire foreign language press is at least 10,000,000. The figure may actually be several million more.

These figures demonstrate that a huge segment of our population can not be reached effectively through the English language. A vital portion of our population is practically inaccessible except through foreign language newspapers and other foreign language media.

The foreign language press is much more than a mere medium of communication. The foreign language press of America, publishing as it does in German, Italian, Japanese and 32 other languages, the languages of friend, foe and neutral alike, is a symbol of the very freedom for which we are fighting. It is a common ground for all who struggle for the defeat of tyranny.

The great role played in the American war effort by the millions of Americans who read the foreign language press cannot be overestimated. The foreign born and the native born who still speak foreign languages in New England alone do much to make this one of the great arsenals of the United Nations. In these seven states the hands of more than a million New Americans are molding the arms for democracy. The minds of skilled draftsmen, many of them born and raised abroad, are here sketching plans for new weapons, the blueprints for victory. Without the New England foreign language newspapers—brought together in a strong, loyal association under the leadership of that well-known Italian American, Joe Borgatti—these vital workers in the arsenal of the United Nations would find it difficult to keep posted on the progress of the war. Without these papers the wives, sisters, sweethearts and mothers of the New England foreign born who are bearing arms on more than a score of battlefronts where American armies are fighting would find it far more difficult to understand the war their loved ones are waging.

Of the 22,000,000 people in this country who were born and raised in homes where English was not spoken, and who thus still depend to a large extent upon some foreign language for their information, only 12,000,000

were born abroad. Thus actually 10,000,000 people born in the United States were born in homes where English was not spoken. This vividly demonstrates how foreign languages thrive in the United States long after the people who speak them have entered this country.

### The Foreign Language Groups

According to the Bureau of the Census, the German speaking group is the largest in the United States. There are 4,949,000 German Americans born and raised in homes where German, not English, was the spoken language. The OWI reaches this group through 149 German language newspapers printed in all parts of the country.

The second language group is the Italian American. There are 114 Italian American newspapers, serving 3,766,000 Italian speaking people.

Third comes the Polish group, consisting of 2,416,000 people, served by 75 Polish language newspapers.

You may be interested in a breakdown of the other foreign language groups in the United States. Let me emphasize that the population figures given are not the total figures for that nationality group in the United States. For example, there are many more than 2,416,000 Polish Americans. But only that many Polish Americans are listed by the Bureau of the of the Census as born and raised in homes where Polish was spoken instead of English.

There are 1,861,000 Spanish speaking people in the United States, and 140 Spanish language newspapers.

There are 585,080 Russian speaking people in the United States, and 17 Russian language newspapers.

There are 453,000 Hungarian speaking people in the United States, and 58 Hungarian language newspapers.

There are 1,751,100 Yiddish speaking people in the United States, and 193 Yiddish language newspapers.

There are 830,000 Swedish people in the United States, and 42 Swedish language newspapers.

There are 83,600 Ukrainian speaking people in the United States, and 14 Ukrainian language newspapers.

There are 153,000 Serbo-Croatian speaking people in the United States, and 16 Serbo-Croatian language newspapers.

There are 520,000 Czechoslovak speaking people in the United States, and 59 Czechoslovakian newspapers.

There are 484,000 Slovak speaking people in the United States, and 31 Slovak language newspapers.

There are 230,000 Finnish speaking people in the United States, and 21 Finnish language newspapers.

### DETROIT VIOLINIST HONORED

Appointment of Taras Hubicki, Ukrainian Canadian violinist and teacher now residing in Detroit, as honorary representative of the Royal Academy of Music in London, England, was confirmed in a letter recently received by him, the Detroit press reports.

Hubicki is a member of the faculty of the Detroit Conservatory of Music, a member of the Detroit Chamber Orchestra, the Detroit Music Guild, the Bohemians' Club and the Siegl String Quartet. He holds the degree of L.R.S.M. (Licentiate of the Royal School of Music) and formerly played with the Detroit Symphony, the Winnipeg Symphony, and performed with outstanding Canadian orchestras over the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. networks.

Satan: What are you laughing at?

Junior Devil: I just locked a woman in a room with a thousand hats and no mirrors.

There are 1,412,000 French speaking people in the United States, and 39 French language newspapers.

There are 272,000 Lithuanian speaking people in the United States, and 26 Lithuanian language newspapers.

There are 658,000 Norwegian speaking people and 38 Norwegian language newspapers.

There are 273,000 Greek speaking people in the United States, and 27 Greek language newspapers.

There are 178,000 Slovene speaking people in the United States, and 13 Slovene language newspapers.

There are 126,900 Japanese speaking people in the United States, and 3 Japanese language newspapers.

There are 77,500 Chinese speaking people in the United States, and 12 Chinese language newspapers.

There are 65,000 Rumanian speaking people in the United States, and 5 Rumanian language newspapers.

There are 215,000 Portuguese speaking people in the United States, and 17 Portuguese language newspapers.

There are 226,000 Danish speaking people in the United States, and 18 Danish language newspapers.

There are 267,000 Dutch speaking people in the United States, and 15 Dutch language newspapers.

There are 68,000 Armenian speaking people in the United States, and 16 Armenian language newspapers.

There are 107,000 Arabic speaking people in the United States, and 12 Arabic language newspapers.

### Real Newspapers

The 1,402 foreign language newspapers they publish are real newspapers, in every sense of the word. 110 of them are dailies, most of the rest are tri-weeklies, bi-weeklies or weeklies. Some run to 30 or 40 pages every day, and have staffs equal to those of any modest metropolitan daily. They subscribe to the regular wire and photo services, and turn out papers as up to the minute in news content and as modern in format as any English language publications.

In many towns and cities across America they compete with the English language papers on a real give and take basis. They compete not only for readers, but for advertising. I sincerely hope that you, the leaders of the advertising field in New England, will give them their full share. They deserve it, for two sound reasons.

They are loyally contributing to the winning of the war, and the vast majority of them have won the right to all the support they can get from the American community in keeping open their vital channels of communication.

And they give practical access to millions of people not reached by the regular English language press.

(The End)

## Urge Use of All Loyal Aliens in War Plants Present Monument To Legion Post

WASHINGTON.—The full use of all aliens in the United States, irrespective of national origin or citizenship, in war plants was urged in a joint statement issued this week by the War, Navy and Justice departments and the Maritime Commission.

The announcement also shortens and simplifies the procedure whereby holders of government airplane and "classified" contracts may obtain permission for hiring aliens within two weeks or less.

"Even on aeronautical and classified contracts, if a qualified applicant whose services contractor needs is an alien whose loyalty to the United States the contractor has no reason to doubt, the contractor is obliged to cooperate with the applicant in applying for consent to his employment," the joint statement said.

The statement, signed by Secretary of War Stimson, Attorney General Biddle, Secretary of Navy Knox and Maritime Commissioner Chairman Land, further stated that failure by a contractor to employ such an alien is a breach of the contract anti-discrimination clause and contrary to national policy.

Furthermore, the statement emphasizes that an employer is not subject to penalty resulting from loss or damage if he has obtained in good faith, the permission of the government department involved before permitting an alien to have access to the work, plans or trial under aeronautical or classified contracts.

The May issue of "The National Legionnaire" magazine, published by the American Legion, reported the following:

"A great number of Legion posts have erected memorial monuments, but East side Post of New York City had the unusual experience of having a monument erected in memory of its deceased members by an interested, but not affiliated, group. The Ukrainian Production Unit of the New York Chapter, American Red Cross, erected a monument on a plot opposite the post home, fronting a fifty-foot flag pole, and then made the presentation with appropriate ceremonies.

"East Side Post is known as 'The League of Nations Post'; 33 nationalities are represented in its membership. Above (a large picture taken in front of the monument): Mrs. Katerina Georgia, chairwoman of the Ukrainian Production Unit, presenting the monument to Commander Phil Reuling."

The presentation was made on last Armistice Day, November 11, 1942.

Our eyes are placed in front because it is more important to look ahead than to look back.

The man who is a good listener not only is popular, but after a while he learns something.

"Queer looking socks, Pat, one red and the other green."

"Yep, and I have another pair at home just like 'em."

## YOUTH AND THE U.N.A.

### YOUNG U.N.A. MEMBER DIES

The Ukrainian National Association was recently informed of the death of Michael Wasylik of Pittsburgh, Pa., who was very active in U.N.A. youth affairs for several years in the Pittsburgh area. Suffering from a brain tumor, young Wasylik expired on May 27th at the Camp Lee Station Hospital.

Michael was an active member and officer of a Pittsburgh youth branch of the Ukrainian National Association which eventually merged into Branch 96, an older group. He graduated from South High School and also Robert Morris School. After four years of training in accounting he was engaged by an architectural company.

On October 15, 1941, Michael entered the United States Army. After training in Camp Blanding, Florida, he was transferred to Camp Lee, Virginia. He became a candidate for officer's training, and had been getting along remarkably well in his studies up to the time of his illness. His rank was Technical Sergeant fourth grade.

The deceased is survived by his wife, Lucille, his parents, Eva and Metro Wasylik, his brothers, Anthony J., John, and William C. Wasylik, S. K. 3/C, and his sisters, Mary Wasylik, Pauline Popovich, Anna Wasylik, and Julia Wasylik.

The body was delivered to Michael's parent's home with an Army escort.

The burial took place at St. John's Baptist Greek Catholic Cemetery.

### BRANCH SECRETARY JOINS WAAC

On June 2nd, Miss Stephanie Bobersky, secretary of Branch 333 of the Ukrainian National Association, which is located in Berwick, Pa., reported for duty in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corp. Stephanie was an active U.N.A. member, and represented Branch 333 as a delegate at the U.N.A. convention held in Harrisburg, Pa., in May, 1941.

Miss Bobersky is the third branch secretary of her sex to enter the service. Miss Katherine Bodnyk, secretary of Branch 442 of Northampton, Pa., and Miss Sue Hentosh, secretary of Branch 436 of Delano, Pa., have joined the WAVES.

### NEW BRANCH IN NEW YORK

The Zydacziw Society of New York City, which is composed of people from the town of that name in Ukraine, has been in existence for many years. The members of this organization recently decided to join the Ukrainian National Association as a group, and to form a U.N.A. branch under their original name, Zydacziw Society. The new branch, number 393, was formed with 22 chapter members; its officers—John Dubeck, president, Michael Litwin, secretary, and Evhen Balanda, treasurer—hope to admit many additional new members during the coming months.

# "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)

(31)

## CHAPTER XV

HAVING managed to extricate himself from what for a moment appeared like a certain thrashing at the hands of the Zaporozhians, and still breathing heavily from his exertions, stout Cherevan turned to his body servant: "Bwother Vasile, get me a horse right away!" he ordered. "The devil with this council! It was an ill hour that brought me together with that crazy Shraam!"

Vasile went off looking for their horses. But there was no sight of them anywhere. Even if they were near, they could not be seen, on account of the dense throngs through which he had to push his way. Like a chip in an eddy he was jostled and shoved about by the milling crowds of Kozaks, peasants and townsmen.

Cherevan waited impatiently for Vasile's return. "Where the devil is he?" he finally exclaimed to Petro. "You'd better stick by me, Petro, until I get out of this mob and start on my way as fast as I can back home, back to my Khmarische."

Looking around for Vasile, the two noticed that the turbulence of the throngs around them was abating somewhat. Now that Brukhovetsky was definitely Hetman, some were already dispersing. First to leave the council grounds was Gvintovka with his adjutants. They were soon followed by other former Somkoites. Only the Zaporozhians kept swarming around the Hetman's table, like wasps around their nest, while the common people from villages and towns idled about them like drones.

For over a half hour these peasants and townsmen had no idea of what was happening within the council grounds, so thickly was it packed by the Kozaks, but when finally they saw Brukhovetsky with the Muscovian prince proceed with their retinues to church to take the oath of office, they began to cheer: "Glory unto God! Glory unto God! Our side has won! Now we'll have neither nobles nor serfs among us, neither poor nor rich! Hurrah! We'll all be equal!"

"Come, brothers!" others were shouting.

"Let's get moving! The town is full of gentry! Let's start dividing up their belongings!"

"Eh, we've got time for that!" others replied. "Look yonder! The Kozaks are plundering Somko's camp. Those Somko fools brought with them whole wagonloads of red coats and other fine things! Let's go there first!"

"Well, then, everyone off to wherever he likes. There's plenty for all of us, no matter where we turn!"

The mob began to stream off the fields, some going this way and others that way, some into town, others into Somko's camp. All that were left on the fields were small groups cavorting to the strains of folk music.

Cherevan and Petro gazed with astonishment at the dancers. How could anyone, they wondered, be happy enough to dance on such a tragic day. Suddenly they noticed that the crowds hurrying to town and those hurrying to Somko's camp were now beginning to turn back and go in the opposite direction. Soon the van of each was within hailing distance of the other.

"Where're you headed for?"

"And where are you going?"

"We're going to Somko's camp."

"And we're going to town. They say there's plenty of booty there."

"The devil there is!"

"What do you mean?"

"You can't get into town. The Muscovian troops are standing guard around it."

"Can you beat that! And it's the same with Somko's camp. You can't get anywheres near it either! The Kozaks are plundering it themselves, but won't let us, their brothers, help ourselves to anything!"

"So! It looks like the Kozaks have hoodwinked us!"

"Yeah, just about like Wyhovsky hoodwinked Moscow."

Just then another crowd of peasants and townsmen came running up. "More trouble!" they shouted. "Our cause is lost! Did you hear what the Zaporozhians are now saying?"

"What?"

"Some of our men managed to sidle into

several of the gentry's houses, and were just beginning to help themselves to what they found there, when all of a sudden the Zaporozhians appeared and began to drive them out with clubs. 'Get the devil out of here, you unwashed rustics!' they ordered them. Our comrades protested that, 'We are all equal now!' To this the Zaporozhians merely told them to shut up, 'Otherwise we will equalize you with clubs and whips! Go on now, beat it! Else you'll rue this day!'

"So, that's the kind of people they are!" one of the leaders of the crowd yelled. "Stand fast, comrades! If we knew how to help someone to mount the Hetman's table, we know just as well how to pull him off it. Stand fast, men! We'll have a council of our own, and free Somko and Vasiuta! They'll stand up for us!"

Some began to obey this order, but others, more level-headed, began to dissuade them from any such rash action: "Once you've taken the dough out of the oven, it's no use trying to knead it over again. Once it's in the oven, you can't change it. Let's be satisfied that we had a good time here for two days with the Zaporozhians."

"Yes, that's the more sensible thing to do!" others chimed in. "The Kozaks will now forget their differences and re-unite. If we start any trouble for them, we'll be lucky to get home with our lives!"

There were others who had even a better reason to leave for home immediately:

"It's not so bad after all. Do you know what I did? I managed to load on my wagon a lot of fat. It'll last my wife and children until Advent!"

"And I got a whole bag of flour. All I need is someone to help me carry it to my homestead."

"What's your fat or flour. Look at what I got!" exclaimed a third one, pointing at his bloodied hand. "I was about to get me a coat worth two oxen at least, when a Kozak appeared and struck me such a blow over the hand with his poleax that I shall never be able to use it again not even to earn myself a glass of whiskey!"

"Come, let's get moving! Let's get home before they break our legs like they do to pigs wandering into the garden. There's no use cooling ourselves. We made a terrible mistake. We should never have listened to those Zaporozhians. Now we'll be ashamed to show our faces back home. Our neighbors will never cease digging us about this black council!"

The peasants and townsmen began to scatter, homeward bound. Even the strains of dance of music became stilled, for by now no one felt like dancing any more.

(To be continued)

## Funny Side Up

### "THE SAME OLD STORY"

Once upon a time a young man and a sweet young thing got married! It was the same old story. They started out to be good friends and then changed their minds. The following is the way it all started:

HE: Catherine, this is our first real date together since I met you and how I've longed to be with you alone. Could I have just one little kiss?

SHE: I don't cater to the retail trade. But Michael, all my life I've been saving my kisses for a man like you.

HE: Darling, prepare to lose the savings of a lifetime.

SHE: (a few wonderful seconds later) Dear, is it true that kisses are the language of love?

HE: Yes, indeed, and I'd like to be your tutor and find out what an apt pupil you are!

SHE: (still a few seconds later) Gosh honey, I wonder if it's really love that makes the world go round?

HE: Gee, let's give it a whirl and find out

HE: You know, you have the most engaging smile.

SHE: Oh, thank you.

HE: Then how about announcing our engagement tonight?

SHE: I take it, this is a proposal of marriage.

HE: Darling, I want you as I've never wanted a woman before.

SHE: You know, the man I marry must be a gentleman of leisure.

HE: Marry me then. That's always been my ambition! If you don't marry me, I'll hang myself in your yard.

SHE: Oh come now, Michael, you know Pa don't want you hanging around!

HE: It would be easy for us to get married. My pop's a minister.

SHE: Well, let's give it a try. Mine's a lawyer!

HE: (to her pop) Sir, I want your daughter for my wife!

POP: And I, sir, am not willing to trade!

HE: You don't understand. I want your daughter's hand.

POP: Might as well, they're always in my pocket anyway!

HE: Oh, thank you sir!

POP: Then you're really serious about wanting to become my son-in-law, eh?

HE: To be strictly correct, I don't. But if I marry your daughter, I don't quite see how I can avoid it!

POP: I hope you realize that if you marry my daughter, you'll need lots of money!

HE: Then I'm just the man for her!

POP: You certainly couldn't marry my daughter for her money?

HE: Certainly not! But you don't think I would have the heart to let her become an old maid just because she happens to have money, do you?

PARSON: Do you take her for better or worse?

HE: Do you have to know the answer immediately?

PARSON: Naturally. Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?

HE: I—I really don't know. Do you think I'm doing the right thing?

PARSON: (turning to the bride). And do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?

SHE: Gosh! This is a very serious step. I'm just beginning to wonder.

PARSON: That's great. I now pronounce you man and wife... maybe!

SHE: Tomorrow is our 1st wedding anniversary. Shall I kill the turkey!

HE: Why? What did he have to do with it?

## "Sowing Wild Oats"

Have you ever heard an indulgent mother excusing the antics of a "zoot-suit" son or a "rug-cutting" daughter by exclaiming, "Let them have their fun, they're just sowing their wild oats, and they will settle down!"? I have. It has made me wonder just how sane such a parent can be.

Of course there is a lot of this "sowing of wild oats" going on at the present time. Just look in any newspaper and you'll see that it appears to be the favorite pastime of a large number. (I'm sorry to say, an increasingly large number) of our young people today.

"Sowing wild oats" is just a popular phrase for a very serious evil—breaking practically every commandment of Almighty God and excusing it by saying that youth has not yet learned self control. It's going on in New York City, Chicago, Kalamazoo, and on little old Main Street in Hickory Corners; it's going on in every place where our boys are stationed with the armed forces.

"Mugging" in New York City has become a serious problem and law enforcing agencies are finding that this assault is being committed chiefly by teen-age boys. Every district around the Army camps or Naval bases knows the menace of the "Victory Girls," youngsters some of them only twelve or thirteen years of age who are willing to give themselves in exchange for an evening of fun or just to "cheer up a poor soldier or sailor." Robberies, assaults, destruction of property and a serious proportion of sex crimes can not be excused by shrugging our shoulders and saying, "It's all right; the kids are just sowing wild oats and they will settle down later."

Youth is weak, easily misled. When he hears his weaknesses excused or condoned by his elders he is encouraged to go ahead with his wrongdoing. The time of youth is when character is built, just as a foundation is the beginning of a house. Build the foundation carelessly and the finished house will totter and collapse someday.

The youth who begins his life by sowing wild oats will regret his folly. "As you sow, so shall you reap." Ask any of the men in prisons today why they are there. If they answer you truthfully you will learn that an undisciplined youth, the lack of parental supervision and correction, bad companions and the gradual building up of bad habits—sowing his wild oats when he was young, started him on his downward path.

Ukrainian American youth! take serious care that you make a good beginning of your life. Build your will power and self-control so that when you find you must make a decision or choice between what is right and what is wrong you will have courage and strength enough to follow the Commandments of God.

The vast field of your life lies before you. You are the farmer. What will you plant—wild oats that will be useless to you in the future; or good substantial crops that will yield an abundant harvest in this life and in the next?

Get over the habit of excusing

SHE: You beast. When you married me I thought you were daring and courageous.

HE: That's nothing. Name one person who didn't!

SHE: You moron. Since I married you, I've had my nose to the grindstone.

HE: Well, that's the right place for an old battle-axe.

SHE: Oh you ungrateful wretch, but for two things I'd pack up and leave.

HE: What two things?

SHE: Mother and father. Next week they're coming to live with us!

BROMO SELTZER.

## The Sporting Way

By DIETRIC SLOBOGIN

### Ball Players Are Not Purposely Deferred

We have heard and participated in conversations concerning the war's effect on major league baseball players. A fan will go out to the ball park, see a healthy slugger swing for the fences, and instantly make a remark such as, perhaps, "Why doesn't he wear a soldier's uniform instead of a baseball uniform?" When you hear a person make such a statement, you can rest assured that he is utterly misinformed or ignorant of the facts. Ball players are human. They are Americans and, as such, they fall in line with the draft or enlist just as millions of other American men do. Let us cite a few diamond stars, as an example, who at their peak of performance dropped their baseball gloves for field packs: Bobby Feller, at age 16, entered the big show and proceeded to toss various and sundry pitching records out the window. But America entered the war and Bobby, who might have easily become one of the five greatest pitchers in the last 100 years, answered the call. Ted Lyons, at 38, enlisted in the Marines. Hank Greenberg batted Detroit to that surprise pennant and left. Hugh Mulcahy, carrying Gerry Nugent's 50,000-dollar price tag on him, dropped his glove and reported to Camp Edwards in New England. Johnny Rigney, married, and one of the finest Chisox righthanders, enlisted in the Navy. Joe and Dom DiMaggio entered the service along with Ted Williams. We have named but a few who switched uniforms. Many also secured jobs in war plants, immediately after the '42 season and refused to go back to baseball this year, although sacrificing a tremendous difference in wages. Yes, ball players are human. They are Americans and, as such, they do things the American way—the sporting way.

### A Word From Pvt. Peter Peckinsky

Typical of some letters we have been receiving is one from... let's say Pvt. Peter Peckinsky. Briefly, he says "I would much rather see DiMaggio, Greenberg, or Lyons in a baseball uniform than in one of Uncle Sam's and for the simple reason that any of those men and hundreds of other great athletes would do much more on the home front, i. e., sustaining and building morale. But we were sorry to write back to Pvt. Peter and tell him that, although these athletes may realize this, they do not and will not "dodge." Our monthly or bi-monthly statistics in this column bear out this fact.

### A Swing Around the Loops

The American League is still a red-hot battle, with all eight clubs shooting for first place. The A's, who finished last in '42 can go into first place this weekend. Washington is still hot. The National League pennant chase is settling down to another Brooklyn-St. Louis affair, with the other six clubs battling for the third and fourth slots, although a victory run by any of the other six

yourself for your mistakes or your sins. Maybe you are a soldier away from home, lonely, with plenty of time on your hands. But this is no excuse for committing sin. Perhaps you are just a high-school kid out for a harmless good time, and the things you do don't seem very serious. Don't be so easily fooled! Every act you commit has a result either now or in the future. You can't escape the consequences of the things you do. Do evil and you will get back a hundred times as much evil, on your own head. Do good and you will reap a hundred fold harvest of good. What will you do?

("Ukrainian Herald," May, 1943, New York City).

## "The Hour" Folds Up

"The New Leader," Socialist party organ published in New York City, contained in its June 5th issue the following brief notice:

"The Hour," fellow-traveler newsletter edited by Albert Kahn and Michael Sayres, has folded."

"The Hour," as some of our readers recall, continually vilified and libeled Ukrainian American individuals and institutions, such as the "Svoboda," because of their support of the aspirations of the Ukrainian people to have a free, independent republic of their own in their native land Ukraine. "The Hour," however, never had even a word to say against Communists and their fellow-travelers.

Albert Kahn and Michael Sayre, editors of "The Hour," are also editors of the book "Sabotage," which contains much libel of the "Svoboda," its editor, Dr. Luke Myshuha, and its publisher, the Ukrainian National Association.

As reported on these pages last week, Albert Kahn and Michael Sayre, together with Harper and Brothers, publishers of "Sabotage," made a complete and unequivocal retraction of the misstatements in that book libeling the "Svoboda," Dr. Luke Myshuha and the Ukrainian National Association. Text of the retraction appeared on these pages last week. A photostatic copy of it appeared in June 4th issue of "Svoboda."

Since "The Hour" contained much the libelous stuff printed in "Sabotage" and now retracted by its authors, it is quite understandable why that "newsheet" had to fold up.

### SINGS AT FORT DIX

Following up her grand performance reported in the Ukrainian Weekly of June 5, Miss Anne Matkowski, mezzo-soprano vocalist of the Philadelphia Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral Choir, sang for the boys at Fort Dix, N. J. on June 3rd. Miss Matkowski, applauded heartily by the soldiers, sang seven numbers. She already is booked for a return engagement at Fort Dix the latter part of this month, and will undoubtedly visit other camps and bases in the vicinity of metropolitan New York and Philadelphia. D. S.

teams can easily make it a triple tea party. Babe Dahlgren, at the present time leading both leagues in batting, will enter the service shortly, and this will be a big blow to those hustlin' Phils.

### Miscellaneous

Ted Williams, before entering the Navy, had a four-year batting mark of .356 exceeded only by three other stars in their first full four years in the majors—Willie Keeler, Jackson, and Al Simmons... Speaking of Simmons, he is still a good handy-andy to have around as Joe Cronin will tell you...

### What Do You Want To Know...

Although the Sporting Way is almost a year old, we have not solicited your suggestions or opinions as to the make-up of this column. We have received some very helpful criticisms and we thank those who sent them in. Some of our friends have told us that we devote too much space to baseball. To those, we can only say that the national pastime is the major sport in season. Several female fans have passed on thanks from their soldier brothers or husbands stationed on soil where newspapers are not obtainable. They mail our concise survey of the major leagues at all times, together with other parts of the Ukrainian Weekly. The Weekly is your periodical; your suggestions are always invited.