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

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THE COMING U. N. A. CONVENTION

Harrisburg, capital of Pennsylvania, will be host during the week of May 12th to the 20th regular convention of the Ukrainian National Association, a fraternal benefit order.

This will be the second time Harrisburg has been chosen as a U.N.A. convention site; the last time being 24 years ago, during World War I.

Over 400 delegates will attend. They will represent about 500 branches of the Association throughout the country and in Canada as well. More than one-third of the delegates will be from the Keystone State itself, which stands first in U.N.A. membership. It was in this state, too, that the U.N.A. was founded, forty-seven years ago (1894), in Shamokin.

Reports of the present administration will reveal a high increase in members and assets since the last convention, four years ago in the nation's capital, Washington.

During these past four years, for example, the U.N.A. membership has been swelled by approximately 8,000 new members, making a total of over 38,000 members.

During the same period, the assets of the Association have been increased by over one and one-half million dollars, making the total assets now of about \$6,000,000.00.

The reports will also reveal that the Ukrainian National Association has one of the highest ratings given to any life insurance company—155% of the legal reserve. In addition, the life insurance protection it provides for its members is of the most modern type.

All in all, the coming convention of the U.N.A. will reveal that the position of the U.N.A. as the foremost Ukrainian-American organization remains unchallenged.

This foremost position the U. N. A. owes not only to its membership and assets, but also to its unceasing progress in the field of fraternal activities. These activities are of such a wide and comprehensive character as to make popular the saying that the story of the Ukrainian National Association is the story of Ukrainian-American life.

One of its chief activities has been its propagation of knowledge among the younger generation about their Ukrainian background and heritage. Such a knowledge, the Association feels—in line with the opinion of leading authorities on the subject of second generation Americans, such as Louis Adamic—will make better and more useful Americans out of the young people.

For them and largely for this purpose, therefore, the U.N.A. publishes as a supplement to its daily "Svoboda" (founded 1893), the English-language "Ukrainian Weekly" (established 1933), which has won for itself the reputation as the finest English-language supplement of any foreign-language newspaper in the country.

From time to time the U.N.A. also publishes various books and booklets on various educational subjects. Its latest work will be a translation of Prof. Michael Hrushevsky's History of Ukraine, which the Yale University Press will release this summer. In addition, it arranges lectures, such as the eight public lectures on Ukraine held at Columbia University during the past several months. Especially for its young members, the U.N.A. sponsors athletics with the aid of its national baseball, softball, and basketball leagues.

And at all times, of course, the Ukrainian National Association promotes among its members and

THE LECTURES AT COLUMBIA

Mr. Tiltman's lecture on Ukraine at Columbia University last Friday night, brought to a successful close the series of eight such public lectures given there since the middle of February.

Presented under the auspices of the Department of East European Languages of Columbia University, in conjunction with the Ukrainian National Association, the series consisted of the following: (1) The Kievan and Kozak Periods of Ukrainian History, by Professor George Vernadsky of Yale University; (2) Modern History, by Stephen Shumeyko, Editor of the "Ukrainian Weekly"; (3) Survey of Culture (in Ukrainian), by Professor Mikola Chubaty of Ukrainian Catholic College at Stamford; (4) Survey of Music (in Ukrainian), by Professor Alexander Koshetz, formerly conductor of the world-famous Ukrainian National Chorus; (5) Survey of Literature, by Dr. Arthur P. Coleman of Columbia University; (6) Taras Shevchenko, Torchbearer of Ukraine, by Dr. Luke Myshuha, Editor of the "Svoboda"; (7) Ivan Franko, by Professor Clarence A. Manning of Columbia University; and (8) My Impressions of Ukraine and Ukrainians, by H. Hessel Tiltman, British journalist and author. Between the third and fourth lectures, it should also be noted, there was a program of Ukrainian songs and dances combined with a Ukrainian fashion show, presented at the university; it attracted over 500 persons.

These lectures, as can be seen from the above, were outstanding by reason of their locale—Columbia University, the caliber of the men who delivered them, and finally the comprehensive character of their subject matter. All in all, they can truly be regarded as a great Ukrainian-American cultural achievement.

Especially important is the fact that these lectures made a lot of people inside and outside the university aware of the existence of the Ukrainian people. Judging by the clamor the lectures received from several sources, notably a Communist scandal sheet masquerading as a bulletin of inside information and a certain widely-known gossip columnist who relied upon it, this awakening to the realities of the Ukrainian situation was not particularly pleasant for some of them. On the whole, however, the publicity the Ukrainians-Americans received through these lectures will work to their advantage.

What was very encouraging was that about nine-tenths of the many persons who attended the lectures regularly, were of the younger generation. Evidently they realized that it was mostly for their benefit these lectures had been arranged, chiefly to give them a better understanding and appreciation of their Ukrainian cultural heritage, so that they could cultivate their finest elements and enrich American culture with them.

Discouraging, however, in this respect, was the conspicuous absence at these lectures of some of the "leaders" of our younger generation. By their failure to attend the lectures they certainly set a very bad example to those who regard them as such. Still they should not be judged too harshly for not coming around. After all, had they done so they would have risked the very grave danger of learning something—how little they know about their people. That would have been bad indeed. For one thing, it would have deprived them of some of that aplomb and assurance with which they orate at various public occasions on the subject of Ukraine and Ukrainians. And then, did not some wise man once remark, that where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise?

Undoubtedly these lectures had some faults. Perhaps, too, those who attended them did not gain from them as much as they may have anticipated. But all that was to be expected, for they were the first of their kind. In any event, they were definitely on the asset side of Ukrainian-American activities, and a great credit to the U.N.A. for helping to sponsor them.

We believe that other such series of lectures on Ukraine should be given beginning next fall, not only at Columbia University but at other such high institutions of learning as well. Their value has been proven.

TILTMAN SPEAKS ON UKRAINE AT COLUMBIA

Speaking from the viewpoint of one who has been in Ukraine several times, met its peasants and leaders, and who has written brilliantly about them in several of his books, H. Hessel Tiltman, British journalist and author, delivered a highly interesting talk last Friday evening at Columbia University, New York City, on the subject of "My Impressions of Ukraine and Ukrainians."

If one were to believe the "suave spokesmen of the various governments vitally interested in proving that the Ukrainians were a myth, like the sea serpent," Mr. Tiltman said, "then it was perfectly possible to travel clean through the peasant-lands without finding the Ukrainians at all."

But the Ukrainians, he pointed out, were there—around 40,000,000 of them. "I met them. I lived in their villages. I traveled from end to end of the Ukrainian territories, from the San to the Don." And thus he discovered that the Ukrainians are not a minority but a nation, though a subjugated one. For centuries, he continued, they have been oppressed and denationalized, yet they have "held fast to their own language, their church, their culture, their costumes, and their fierce inner urge for freedom and the right to govern themselves."

"When I first met them," Mr. Tiltman stated, "I found that 95% of them are peasants, tilling the richest soil in all Europe and content with the scant material rewards which are all a peasant gets this side of Heaven."

"I found also that 100% of them still cherish in their hearts the hope that the day of deliverance from alien rule will come. Only in Southern Ireland," the speaker said, "does there exist the same reverence for the historical past, only in Ireland have the common men fought from generation to generation—no matter how dark the night—for freedom as the Ukrainians have done, are doing, and—I predict—will continue to do until they, like you in this favored land, enjoy the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

The lecture was presided over by Professor Clarence A. Manning, Acting Executive Officer of the Department of East European Languages of Columbia University. He explained the lecture was the eight and concluding one of the series on Ukraine presented by his department in conjunction with the Ukrainian National Association.

In introducing Mr. Tiltman, Prof. Manning brought out that Mr. Tiltman has represented British newspapers in forty countries, and is now chief correspondent for prominent London newspapers in the United States. Mr. Tiltman has made a special study of Eastern European problems, travelling extensively off the beaten track between the Turkish frontier and the Baltic. Among his books on international affairs are "Terror in (Concluded on page 2)

their kinsmen the spirit of Americanism, freedom and democracy.

In these crucial times, when the issue of democracy is at stake, it is worth noting here, too, that the U.N.A. itself is a very democratic institution, not only in tradition but also in its structure. This will be well exemplified at its coming convention at Harrisburg, when acting on behalf of the U. N. A. 38,000 members in United States and Canada the delegates will elect its governing body, i.e. the Supreme Assembly.

Hitler's First Major Blunder

By H. HESSELL TILTMAN

(An excerpt from lecture on Ukraine delivered by Mr. Tiltman, British journalist and author, at Columbia University, last Friday evening, April 18th)

DURING the "White war" of nerves in Europe, which preceded the opening of the "Red war" on September 1st, 1939, none of the Great Powers knew very much, or cared very much about the Ukrainians and their grievances. None, that is, except Adolf Hitler.

The dream of an independent Great Ukraine loomed largely in the steadily maturing German-Italian plans to redistribute, without any "by your leave" nonsense, the good things of the earth. Berlin and Rome were, by 1933, "Ukraine conscious," and Europe's lost nation was cast for a major role in the attack upon Soviet Russia, which Hitler was then planning.

I want tonight, very briefly, to touch upon Hitler's plans, and how they went wrong, because I believe history will record that in his dealings with the Ukrainian people the German Fuehrer made first major blunder.

Ukrainian Peasantry Defeated German Plans During Last War

But this was not the first blunder which the Germans had made in Ukraine. During the World War the Ukraine was occupied by a German army commanded by Marshal von Eichhorn. Great hopes were entertained in Berlin that the rich, black wheatlands would enable Germany to smash the stranglehold of the Allied blockade. Germany counted her chickens too soon. The resistance of the democratic Ukrainian peasantry, who refused to allow their wheat to be sent to a hardly-pressed Reich, defeated the German plans. An army of occupation totalling half a million men could not arrange the export of more than 42,000 truckloads of grain.

Marshal von Eichhorn, uncrowned "King" of Ukraine, sought to remedy matters by driving out of office the Ukrainian Rada, (or parliament) which had assumed control following the Russian revolution, and installing in its place a pro-German puppet, General Pavlo Skoropadsky, a former Czarist officer of Ukrainian descent. Skoropadsky was a cold flop; the peasants, furious at the loss of the autonomy they had gained following the disintegration of Russia, rose in revolt, and Germany's first attempt to turn the Great Ukraine into a German colony ended in dismal failure.

Germany Can Never Win Ukrainian Support

During the years immediately preceding the present war, Germany poured tens of millions of marks into the Ukraine, seeking to swing the Ukrainians over into the German camp, in readiness for the contemplated assault on Bolshevism. Germany did not win over any of the trusted Ukrainian leaders and events, to which I will refer in a moment, make it certain as anything can be that Germany will now never win the allegiance or the sympathy of the Ukrainian people—for the good and sufficient reason that the bringing of the Ukraine into any German economic empire would not mean freedom and independence but merely jumping out of the frying pan of Bolshevism into the fire of totalitarianism.

If Germany plotted to use the Ukraine for its own end, the Ukrainians prepared to use Germany. Couriers from Berlin came and went. Arms were smuggled into the Ukraine and buried. A complete "shadow government" came into being in readiness for the chance that would come if the Germans moved against Russia. For

the peace-loving Ukrainians, war in Eastern Europe meant new hope of freedom. Concerning the Red army they had no fears. While as for the Germans, they had beaten them once by passive resistance and believed they could outwit them again if necessary. Or so I was assured during conferences held in lonely Ukrainian farm houses in Eastern Galicia during the years immediately preceding the outbreak of present war. Personally, I always felt a little dubious about the easy optimism with which those Ukrainian intellectuals, living under Poles and Rumanians, dismissed the danger of Soviet Russia making a bid to unite the whole of Ukraine within its boundaries. But the leaders should have known what they were talking about; many of them were on the death list of GPU and all of them were in close touch with Ukrainians inside the Soviet Union and knew the state of feeling there.

Rise of Carpatho-Ukraine

By October 1938 events in Central Europe caused the Ukrainian hopes to rise, and their leaders to assure me that "within six months we will meet at Kiev." Czechoslovakia had been split, under German inspiration, into three autonomous states. One of these was Carpatho-Ukraine, which thus blossomed out as the first quasi-independent Ukrainian nation to be seen in Europe for many generations. Its capital was the one-horse town of Chust. Its Premier was a Ukrainian priest named Augustin Voloshin, who had formerly devoted his life to education in that remote part of eastern Europe and now had the distinction of forming a cabinet composed largely of his own pupils. The formation of that "splinter state" had the same affect as an electric shock upon five million Ukrainians living in eastern Galicia, just across its frontier, who promptly tabled a resolution in the Polish parliament demanding autonomy. The Ukrainians were made bolder by the fact that all-conquering Germany served a clear hands-off warning to possible enemies by the unprecedented step of not only sending a consul-general to Chust, but also a military attaché and more money, in the form of subsidies, than those poor mountain Ukrainians had seen in centuries.

Throughout Carpatho-Ukraine, members of the Sich, the Ukrainian volunteer corps, were training under German instructors. German military automobiles were everywhere. If one wished to get anywhere at that time, the thing to do was to secure a lift in a German official car. It is certain that Father Voloshin imagined, that if anything happened to the rest of Czechoslovakia, a German protectorate would be proclaimed over the small Ukrainian state, and it would be defended by the German army. Why, otherwise, did the Germans stipulate that a military road should be constructed linking Prague with Jasna, at the eastern end of the little Ukrainian state? At this point in the proceedings, after Voloshin had been confirmed in power, in the one and only election held in the state, by the high majority of 95.4% of the total votes cast, strange events happened in Carpatho-Ukraine.

Hungarian Invasion

On the night of March 13th, 1939, simultaneously with the presentation of German demands on Prague, members of the Ukrainian Sich revolted against the Czech garrison which still remained in Carpatho-Ukraine. The rising was a failure; the Czechs had tanks and used them. A few hours later, on March 15th, two European armies were on the march. The Germans were occupying Bohemia and Moravia; the Hungarians were invading Carpatho-Ukraine, which had been Hungarian territory before the first world war. The Hun-

garian army had been massed only 16 miles away and they beat the Germans to it by a comfortable margin.

One cannot altogether blame the Hungarians. They took a tremendous risk in opposing Hitler's plans and, for the moment, got away with it. Faced with the news that Germany was occupying the whole of Czechoslovakia, they saw their final chance of re-incorporating Carpatho-Ukraine within the Hungarian state and achieving that long coveted common frontier with Poland.

The Ukrainians were on the spot, and knew it. Their volunteer forces were only sketchily armed; the Czech garrison could not be trusted to resist the invasion (and, in the event, withdrew without fighting). The only hope in sight was Chancellor Hitler. A hurried defense was organized and the Ukrainians fought fiercely, so fiercely that five days later a large Hungarian army was still held up in the Carpathian mountain by peasant forces.

Voloshin A Victim of Axis Double-Cross

Without aid there could, however, be only one end. The Ukrainian Sich was reinforced by volunteers from Eastern Galicia but there was no way of getting munitions. They had no weapons weightier than machine guns. No air force. Voloshin appealed to Berlin for assistance, but without result. In that bitter moment, he must have known he was the victim of an Axis double-cross.

On the morning of March 16th, 1939, Father Voloshin and leading Ukrainian officials were destroying government papers, ready for flight. Voloshin went to Rumania, from which country he denounced, on the radio, both the Hungarian invasion and the German betrayal.

At that moment, when the Ukrainian government was in flight, and the Hungarians were expected at any hour, a military detachment of Ukrainians, who had formed themselves into a suicide squad, marched out of Chust in the direction of the advancing Hungarians. Led by a Ukrainian poet they went to fight for the capital of free Ukraine—went and did not return. They were wiped out to the last man.

When it became obvious that no force existed to stop the Hungarians from occupying the whole territory, a further urgent SOS was sent to Berlin, asking the all-powerful Fuehrer to speak the word which would save those Ukrainian leaders who had elected to remain in Chust from the Hungarian execution squads. These men—editors, doctors, lawyers—had been guilty of but one "crime." They had supported the lawfully established Ukrainian government and were known sympathizers of the Pan-Ukrainian ideal. Adolf Hitler never replied to that message. The men, whom, three months before, he had assured of his full support, were left to their fate.

Hungarian Brutality

The Hungarians triumphantly captured Chust, parading their tanks and cavalry along a muddy land for the sole purpose of giving a mock salute to the German Consul-General whose nation they had "beaten to it," and then proceeded to round up and execute more than a dozen Ukrainian citizens, only two of whom were taking any part in the fighting. (And they had fought as officers of the regularly constituted Sich volunteers and were entitled to be treated as prisoners of war, whom civilized nations are not supposed to execute.)

So the Ukrainian government went and Carpatho-Ukraine, after an existence of a few weeks, disappeared from the European scene. It isn't called Carpatho-Ukraine any more. Nor are the inhabitants Ukrainians. In accordance with the pleasant Central Eu-

TILTMAN LECTURE

(Concluded from page 1)

Europe," "Peasant Europe," and "Nightmares Must End," in which he discussed at length the conditions under which he found the Ukrainians living—under Soviet Russia, Poland, and Rumania, during the years between the wars.

"Most unfortunately for the Ukrainian people, Tiltman said, 'the area which will be forever Ukraine (about three times the size of great Britain) is among the most fertile and richly endowed by nature in all Europe. Economically, that territory is invaluable to whoever controls it. Strategically, a united Ukrainian nation, even more than a free Poland, would hold the balance-of-power in Eastern Europe. Wherefore, every neighboring government regarded that dream of free Ukraine as a nightmare, and acted on the assumption that they were safe only if most of the Ukrainian leaders and intellectuals were in prison.'

Following the lecture, Stephen Shumeyko, speaking on behalf the Ukrainian National Association and those who had attended the lecture, thanked Columbia University, especially Prof. Manning and Dr. Coleman, for making possible this series of public lectures on Ukraine at the university.

ropean habit of ignoring plain facts they have been rechristened "Ruthenians."

Nothing To Hope For From Berlin

Those events at Chust lost Hitler whatever Ukrainian support he ever had. I was in Poland at the time and the repercussion of Chust upon the Ukrainian leaders in Eastern Galicia was significant. Men who had formerly argued that Germany must be welcomed as the only "ally" in sight, now declared fiercely that "under no circumstances would we ever trust the word of Hitler again." In the Bukovina the Ukrainians threw the weight of their authority behind King Carol and his one-party government at Bucharest. In the Soviet-Ukraine, where Stalin's hold on the population was considered by the Kremlin so uncertain that the Ukrainian regiments of the Red army forming 40% of the total Russian forces, had long before been moved to Asiatic Russia, the feeling spread among supporters of the Ukrainian nationalist movement that they had nothing to hope from Berlin.

Fate of Ukrainians Under Soviets Today

The Ukrainians outside the Soviet-Union, as events were to prove, had nothing to hope for from Poland or Rumania either. For since that date, all of them, with the exception of the half million living in the Carpathian mountains under Hungarian rule, have disappeared into the great sink which is called Soviet-Russia. It is sad to think of what may have happened, since the Red Army rolled into Lwiv, Czernowitz and Kishinev, to those hard-working individualistic peasants in whose homes I have stayed in Eastern Europe. One does not dare to contemplate how many of them have been denounced as Kulaks and walked the well-worn road to Siberia, which is the reward Russia reserves for any farmer sufficiently industrious to secure any standard of living for his family above the poverty-stricken Russian level.

Perhaps the strangest part of this story lies in the fact that, although the move to free the Ukraine occupied the center of the European stage for at least a year before the present war began, and was supported by both Fascist Powers, not one person in ten-thousand in the United States ever heard of it. This amazing secrecy was made possible by two facts—the caution with which the Ukrainians themselves had to conduct their preparations, and the disinclination of those governments controlling the Ukrainian population to admit that there ever was a Ukrainian question.

MOMENTS

By VOLODIMIR VINNITCHENKO

(Concluded)

(3)

"Write the following: Mussia has been killed on the border. She died the death of those, who love life. Nothing else,—do you hear? Will you do it?" she asked.

"Yes," I said quietly. And again that desire to take her hand, just one hand... But...

"And now let us proceed!" whispered the girl decidedly.

For a moment our eyes met, and hers clung to mine in a long kiss... we walked on, slowly, looking at the immobile wall of trees.

"Remember: the death of those who love life," suddenly came her whisper.

I silently shook my head.

The field ended. We were in the woods. Massive old oaks with their branches wide apart looked like extended hands, ready to take us into their fervent embrace. Graceful birch-trees white, as though naked to the waist, hid shyly behind the oaks. Birds skipped from branch to branch, chirping in surprised tones.

"Let us sit down... We must look around," I whispered to the girl.

We chose a place among the bushes, where we could see the woods, and yet not be seen. We sat down. We looked about,—bushes, shadows, sunspots...

"I see nothing," whispered Mussia.

"Neither do I."

"Perhaps further"....

"Perhaps!"

"Let us rest awhile. There is no hurry..."

She smiled to me quietly, sadly. The forest seemed to have forgiven our intrusion and looked at us with less enmity. The oaks looked down at us patronizingly; the nude birch trees peered from behind the big trees, smiling gayly with their white branches. The forest made peace with us and continued its busy life,—the life of love, reproduction, growth... Bees buzzed excitedly on the pale flowers of the bushes. Somewhere high up a woodpecker was heard. Two little birds flew about, looking at us inquisitively and unexpectedly embraced each other. Butterflies fluttered about in pairs, united by a love embrace, or sat on leaves in happy relaxation. In the grass insects swarmed in couples. The great, beautiful process of life!

I love this process in the woods and fields! It is pure and not crippled by human morals, unstained by hypocrisy of carnal desire.—Here it is powerful, open, and simple. I love these insects, birds,—all these little ignorant opposers of the hypocrisy of their older brother-man.

They take part in this process with their energy and strength, or as this brother-man would have it,—with all the cynicism possible,—and it seems as though these insects and butterflies call out to the humans: "Here, look, we do not try to conceal our action. We have no illegitimate offspring, passports, morals, rules and penal codes. We are—healthy, pure, little cynics."

Mussia and I watched these little cynics, while they flew, crept and crawled about us, often interlaced in love-union. The flowers breathed love and passion, the birch trees whispered to each other, the nude white birch tree...

"It is very hot..." whispered Mussia, her bright eyes fixed on mine.

I looked at her, and wondered. Here we are, two persons, harassed and persecuted by other people; we sit here in the woods, and soon we shall, perhaps, fall into the bands of still other humans, who hide in this forest in the midst of this love-process, and await us with death in their hands. We two hunted beings are near each other, our eyes are full of warmth and tenderness to each other, our hearts full of desire to join all this warmth, to become intoxicated with this tenderness, this great gift of life, we two... human beings, not bugs, we have no courage to do as we wish, for... for we know each other but a few hours. We might die at this moment, and all would disappear,—morals, laws, insects, caresses, and warmth,—but we... we do not dare!

"Why do you keep looking at me so keenly?" asked Mussia, tenderly laying her hand across my eyes.

I pressed her hand to my lips ecstatically. Mussia looked at me with an expression of deep sorrow in her beautiful eyes.

"Will you think of me after I am killed?" came her soft whisper.

"They shall not kill you!"

"I shall think of you..."

I moved closer to her and leaned against her shoulder. The coarse cloth of her coat hurt my face, but it felt softer than velvet to me. Her bosom heaved.

"Don't," she whispered.

"Is it displeasing to you?" I asked hoarsely.

"No... Just so..."

"Then—why not?"

She looked at me, smiled and softly, caressingly passed her left hand over my cheek. The birch trees laughed gladly and silently; the old

oaks smiled meaningly; bugs and butterflies fluttered about us encouragingly... But somewhere there, far away, in the mysterious damp twilight of the thicket death awaited us... Oh, let her wait, who cares! Let the black, slimy, hateful death wait!!

"Mussia," I pleaded, nestling closer to her. She looked into my eyes, at my yearning lips...

"No, we must not..."

"Mussia!"

"Come! We must go!" she pushed my head away lightly. "Put on your cap and let us go. It is time!"

The woods frowned. The frightened birds flew off the branches and disappeared into the depths of the forest. The dark depth awaited us. I put on my cap, we got up, and without looking at each other, started out. My left cheek was afe, my hands still felt the warmth of her little palm, but out of the mysterious dampness something cold, strangling, ugly was creeping into my heart.

Our teeth set tight, we walked cautiously, stopping frequently and looking about.

"Where is the path?" asked Mussia.

I shrugged my shoulders. The further we went the more sure did I feel that both of us would be killed. We would unexpectedly run into the guard, attempt to escape, and,—all would be finished. But I recollect that there was neither fear nor sorrow in this fact,—just a feeling of terrible strain and expectation of something fatal. My whole being united into one pool of revolt against the inevitable.

We laid our ears close to the ground, expecting to hear something, but as all was quiet, we would creep along the ground at places where trees were not very close. We would run from tree to tree like two shadows, stopping and listening and looking about with large opened eyes.

The forest silently concealed its mystery.

There were no more white birch trees and butterflies. Here the ground was dark and damp, all covered with decayed leaves and broken twigs, which noisily crackled under our feet. The twilight looked at us with relentless hostility.

"Give me your hand," whispered Mussia.

She was pale. Her large eyes burned with excitement and lent a natural beauty to her face.

"The death of those who love life"—flitted through my mind. I squeezed her hand and she responded. But the next moment we forgot our personal sensations and became absorbed in the approaching unknown,—this unconscious protest against reality.

The woods were thinning.

"Sh-h!" We stopped.

"There!" We silently looked at one another. Another few steps... A woodpecker became audible... A dry leaf, torn from a tree, fell... "Sh-h!"

A few more steps... The opening among the trees grew lighter... The blue sky was seen... My hand trembled, cold waves filled my chest, my heart was pounding...

I released Mussia's hand. We got on our knees, and crept, trying to make no noise. I looked at the girl. With her disheveled hair, great blazing eyes, tightly pressed lips, bent and creeping, she looked like a wonderful, handsome, strong, wild beast.

The opening grew large... The blue sky... far, far away...

A strange sound rumbled in the distance... We turned into stone... We lay listening... The woodpecker pecked at a tree, a bird chirped and flew away from a branch... our hearts beat violently...

We crept further... A few steps ahead of us a path became visible. I motioned to Mussia to get up. Perhaps that was the path... I looked about. Yes! Two poles opposite each other, both surmounted by eagles, both striped; ours larger,—the other smaller. About them reigned mysterious emptiness. Was it really empty? Was not somewhere here a man hidden, watching for his chance to turn this emptiness into wild chaos of death?

"Here!" I shook my head to Mussia. Then I bent over her, clasped her hand and whispered...

"Forward! Shouts or gun-shooting shall not stop us! It is all the same... Come!"

And I leaped ahead. Twigs crushed under our feet, but it seemed as though the entire forest rumbled. Tree-stumps flew by. A picture of a long level vista stayed in my memory for a moment; someone shouted somewhere near; Mussia ran ahead with her pale face turned to one side; deafening noise came rolling along side of me, then another shot... A ditch loomed before me and remained far behind; Mussia's legs flew past, bushes, the sharp wind in my ears... and a great, proud, powerful feeling in my heart,—something light and boundless as the sky, the mountain air, a rushing stream...

We flew, looking back with shining eyes. The dark wall of the woods gloomily moved away from us together with our nightmare and mysteriously slimy death. Mussia stopped. Her

Ukrainians In Yugoslavia

Though not generally realized, there are quite a number of Ukrainians living in Yugoslavia, now in the throes of terrible warfare. Several years ago it was estimated that there were well over 20,000 of them living there.

The Ukrainians established themselves on the territories of modern Yugoslavia some two hundred years ago. The greatest inflow of them into that country, however, took place just before the World War I, when some 10,000 of them settled on free grants of farming land in Bosnia (then part of Serbia), and then immediately after the war, following the collapse of the Ukrainian National Republic, when thousands of Ukrainians emigrated to foreign lands to escape and Polish and Bolshevik oppression.

According to pre-war reports, the Ukrainian immigrants in Yugoslavia have remained Ukrainian in their religion, language, customs and traditions, and have their own cultural institutions and newspapers there.

eyes burned, her face quivered with the great mad happiness of victory,—the victory of life over death.

She looked back and shouted wildly: "We are here!"

"We are here!" she repeated breathing heavily. Her peasant's coat heaved together with her bosom, dark locks of hair encircled her face, her lips were half open and feverish with the fire of happiness.

"We are here!"—she suddenly lifted her arms, embraced my neck and clung to me madly.

"We are here!" my soul responded to her call.

This was the triumph of two big insects! This was the whirlwind of life, which swept away all the trash of: "We must not," "We dare not." This was the happiness of the blood, brain, nerves and bones, this was the the summit of happiness of a soul with its eyes open.

Mussia tore herself away as suddenly as she came to me and looked at me with clouded eyes. Again she clung to my eager lips, and slipped out of my arms.

"Let us sit down," She slid wearily.

We sat down. Breathing heavily, we laughed happily and looked back at the woods. All was quiet there. We sat for a long time, without uttering a word.

We rested and breathed evenly. And gradually a feeling of sweet sorrow welled up in my heart. I wanted to weep. Mussia sat motionless, looking into the distance pensively.

"Listen," she said abruptly and nervously, yet withal determinedly.

I turned to her. She looked at me with eyes full of love and longing. Then said quietly:

"Now we must bid each other farewell. Do you hear? I shall take one road, and you another. And you must never, never search for me. Do you hear me? What is your name?"

I told her, gazing at her in astonishment.

"Never!... More than this neither of us can give. Our... our love must die now, so that, as someone said, it may never die. Do you understand me, dear? There are butterflies which die, while loving... Do you understand?"

I understood, but said nothing. She continued to speak, as though looking into her very soul:

"Happiness is a moment. Further comes triviality, vulgarity. I know that. The biggest happiness will seem miserable in comparison with this. That means—there will be no happiness. I think so, I feel it right here..." She put her hand to her heart.

She looked at me with the beautiful yearning eyes of a wounded gazelle.

I understood her with the sweet, sad sorrow that crept into my soul. My reason wandered, revolted, but I retained silence. The sun was hot, the bushes whispered about us...

Mussia knelt before me, embraced me, and clung to me in a long burning kiss.

"It is better this way!—Good-bye!" she whispered firmly: "I shall carry you in my soul."

I grasped the hem of her dress, kissed it, and released her.

She walked away quietly, while I sat there in agony, my orphan happiness crushed,—aching...

The blue sky spread above me, the bright sun shed its hot rays upon my bare head, while in my soul grew enrobed in the sad, pure, beautiful blossoms of the past, the image of the girl...

Who is she, where is she,—even yet I know not,—yet, she is always with me, in my soul.

The End

(Translated by R. L. Wisotsky-Kantz.)

FUNNY SIDE UP.

THE LIFE OF BROMO SELTZER

(As told to Anacin)

Years ago my folks took out an Accident Policy but I was born just the same... and at the proper age! The day I was born the stork flew over the zoo for three hours before I could make him change his mind! I can't remember the exact day it was. You see I was too young at the time! Of course, some people are of the opinion that the stork should have been arrested... for smuggling dope! My folks told me I was born somewhere in Oregon... in a trailer! If the car was a little faster I'd have been a native Californian. I'm lucky they didn't build the cars too fast in those days, else I'd have been a Mexican!

Well, as time wore on, I became older without effort in spite of popular opinion! I learned to walk when I was five months old... a pretty nurse walked past my crib and I followed her! And at two years I was the smartest kid in the neighborhood. I still have a picture of me and my nurse. She was sitting on my knee. See how smart I was! Then I used to sit on her lap. Ah, to sit on a woman's lap again, without having to buy her a fur coat! Tempus fugit, and in 36 months I reached the age of three... made it in par! Even at that tender age I was on a strict diet... I ate nothing but food... and still thrive on the same diet!

I grew very fast and when I was 13 I was requested to attend High School by the Truant Officer. Then I got my first report card, was requested to leave High School. But that didn't discourage me. I went to Shoe College. You know where that is... that's just one step above Oxford! I played football there. I did all the aerial work... I blew up the football. One afternoon I made 15 passes... and then the Dean came to the frat house and broke up the crap game! As a matter of fact, I played ball at several colleges. I played quarterback at N.Y.U. in 1930, half back at Columbia in 1929, right half back at Fordham in 1928 and left back at P. S. 40 in 1923. But anyhow, I had a lot of fun at college. I must write and thank the principal some time. Come to think of it, colleges don't have principals. Gee, no wonder I had so much fun!

A SPRINKLE OF DUST

We were at a party recently and met Helen Kuziw and Mary Semanchick there. Two Jersey gents, Danny S. and George Z., were monopolizing their time. Having a nose for news, we smelled an item here, so our curious nature got the best of us and when the boys weren't around we cornered Helen and inquired: "Pst... who does Danny like?" "George," she replied. "Quit your kidding," we said. "Who does George like?" "Why, Danny of course," said the Ukrainian glamour girl from Manhattan. "Well then, tell us, who do you like?" "That's very easy," stated Helen, "I like me!"

Speaking of glamour "goils," following last Friday's Ukrainian lecture at Columbia University, we were enjoying a soda with Alice Onufryk, a princess from Queens (N.Y.) when she got up to leave. "I promised my mother I'd be home right after the lecture," explained Alice. "Ah, come on, stay awhile," we pleaded. "Yeah," added Anne Marusevich, "and then you can get home before the lecture!"

Tillie Paraschuk (Irvington, N. J.), Tony Shumeyko (Union, N.J.) and Julia Charuk (Brooklyn, N.Y.) are new officers of the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of N.Y. and N.J. They're the 3 musketeers... one for all and three for five, which adds up to eight, behind which ball we are (if we don't pay up all our back dues).

BROMO SELTZER

YOUTH AND THE U.N.A.

Defense Work

Most of the young people I've met in connection with Ukrainian National Association activity, and this includes non-members, proved to be quite interested in our organization. They asked questions concerning membership, branches, and benefits... and requested informative literature. Some of the non-members are now among the 38,000 people enrolled in the U. N. A. Occasionally, though, one comes across a person, usually a non-member, who doesn't want to be informed about the U. N. A. but, instead, has something to say against it. I met such a person, a friend of mine, after H. Hessel Tiltman delivered his lecture at Columbia University on April 18.

The Ukrainian Weekly was the first subject brought up. It seems that the non-member finds too much U. N. A. material in the paper. Anyway, the insinuation was made that no one but a U. N. A. member, and no non-U. N. A. group, could have anything published in the Weekly. Under the masthead of the Weekly appears the following words: "Dedicated to the needs and interests of young Americans of Ukrainian descent." No one can deny that the Weekly has gained for itself the reputation of being non-partisan and fair to all in the publication of material. Practically every issue contains some non-U. N. A. material... in fact, quite a few issues barely mention the organization. I recall where a few months ago, a complaint was made to me that the Weekly wasn't printing enough U. N. A. news... let alone too much. Any person, group, club, society, church, organization, periodical, and what have you, may submit material to the Weekly with a good chance of having it appear... providing it isn't anti-American or without value.

In connection with the U. N. A. student aid fund, the insinuation was made that the college or university student seeking such aid must have some sort of a "pull" in order to obtain same. This, of course, is far from the truth. Any deserving student may receive financial assistance, and many have. The only essential qualification is that the petitioner be a U. N. A. member. The U. N. A. plays no favorites... all members have rights and privileges under the By-Laws. Almost everyone knows this, and those who do not would profit by investigating the facts before circulating detrimental rumors.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK.

SKERPON REACHES INTERCOLLEGIATE BOXING SEMI-FINALS

William Skerpon, member of the Ukrainian National Association, was the captain of this year's boxing team of Lock Haven State Teachers College. After compiling an enviable record in dual meets, Skerpon was entered in National College Athletic Association Boxing Tournament at Penn State where he placed third among the best welterweights in the country.

Failing to make the weight in the 135 pound class, where he was undefeated in college competition, Skerpon moved up a class to the 145 pound division.

In the preliminaries, Bill defeated Garro, Bucknell's ace, boasting a record of six straight and a pre-tourney favorite. He then pounded out an easy three round decision over Shelby DuPont, Louisiana State's standard bearer. Both Garro and Du Pont were floored twice by the Ukrainian battler's lightning right hand which he used very effectively.

Skerpon met Elton Tobiasson of the California Aggies in the semi-finals. Tobiasson, Pacific Coast Champ, used his weight advantage and aggressiveness to defeat the Lock Haven star.

Tobiasson, later, won the National title, giving Bill Skerpon third and scoring two points for the Lock Haven team.

GEORGE W. BARNES
Sport Editor
Lock Haven S.T.C.

"THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE"

The suggestive title of the newly-published "Music—The Universal Language" (Silver Burdett and Company) itself explains the unanimous appeal a book of this kind arouses. Whether or not it is because music escaping from a simple folk song or an involved symphony penetrates man's emotions, it gives pleasure that is enriched with repeated hearing and understanding. Thus this book intends to insure continuous enjoyment by offering a varied content of music universally accompanying man's struggle and victory, joy and sorrow as well as progress from beginning to the end of his life throughout the ages.

Yet out of the amount of music accumulated through the ages, a well-balanced selection of the most representative type of a period has been chosen for this book. The development of music is illustrated by examples of song, concerto, opera, or symphony with an clear narrative account that stimulates interest and further investigation. For instance, beginning with the lofty choral art, man's spiritual ideals are expressed here by the famed composers, Bach and Handel, in contrast to the music of a lighter vein, typified here by Mozart or Donizetti. Next the man's hero worship is presented through the opera, and in accordance to his constantly changing nature, the romantic spirit in music is then traced.

An outstanding feature in this book is the section devoted to popular composers of modern America. It is in fact the first time "popular music" has been represented in a book of this kind, establishing its place among the permanent music of the world. Again, of the great variety in the field of popular music, the most characteristic selection has been made through the songs of the contemporary Jerome Kern, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin and others. It is a unique experience to come across "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" and then several pages further meet the "Christmas Chorale" by Bach.

A significant element in music is the unaccompanied voice which unsupported by volume depends on line or melody, and utilizes these limited resources to the utmost to achieve musical appeal. This factor is emphasized by Osborne McConathy in "Elizabeth and Shakespeare," another outstanding feature of this book.

In addition to the preceding introduction for each section of music depicting a certain period, there are excellent reproductions of masterpieces of painting and sculpture.

It should be particular interest for us, Americans of Ukrainian descent, to know that Ukraine has also been represented in this book. From the many of our beloved "folk songs," the characteristic "Willows by the River," as arranged by Alexander Koshetz, is here presented, preceded by an introductory note that is historically factual. A little further in the section, "Folk Music Inspires the Masters" Ukraine again appears. This time the vigorous Ukrainian folk song "The Wreath Token," is presented as a source which Tchaikowsky used for a theme in his celebrated piano concerto. Here then is one of the many instances where a famous composer drew his inspiration from a Ukrainian folk song.

OXSANA BEZRUCHKO.

THE DANCER

Supple arms
Heavenly charms,
Delicious curves
That unnerve,
Swan-like grace
Sweetheart face,
Dainty toes
In a pose,
Oh, fairy princess
Upon the stage
You are the human rage.

Michael O. Kurzak

Anthracite Youth League Formed

Meeting at McAdoo, Pa. on Sunday, April the 13th, over thirty five representatives of various Ukrainian-American youth clubs of the anthracite region established the American-Ukrainian Anthracite Youths League. Clubs from McAdoo, Shamokin, Centralia, Mahanoy City, Maizeville, and Delano were represented at the meeting. Michael Petrosky presided as chairman.

The purpose of the league is to promote the mutual welfare of its members and to help needy and worthy Ukrainians in the region. Plans for future activity contemplate a dance, picnic, and a Ukrainian Youth Day program.

The next meeting of the newly-organized league will take place this Sunday afternoon, April 27th, in the Ukrainian Church Hall in Mahanoy City. Youth are invited to attend.

The officers of the American-Ukrainian Anthracite Youths League, elected at the April 13th meeting, are as follows:

President — Harry Hydakaka, Mahanoy City; Vice Pres. — John Timchatin, Hazleton; Fin. Sec'y — Mary Kostuik, Mahanoy City; Rec. Sec'y — Sue Hentosh, Delano; Treas. — Michael Petresky, McAdoo.

Board of Trustees: John Chuba, Maizeville; Helen Kocur, Hazleton; Joseph Sedor, Centralia; Charles Tichonevich, Mahanoy City; John Ferentz, Shamokin; George Pollniak, Shamokin; Mary Suroviak, Shamokin; Mary Petresky, McAdoo.

Auditors: Mary Petresky, McAdoo; Mary Nestron, McAdoo; John Chuba, Maizeville.

MARY SUROVIK,
Acting Secretary
Shamokin, Pa.

Saturday, April 28th, 1941 —
UKRAINIAN JUNIOR LEAGUE
BALLOON DANCE at Ukrainian
Hall, 847 No. Franklin St. Phila.
Pa. Tickets 40¢, incl. tax. Arthur
Murray's Professional Dance In-
structors will perform their dash-
ing dance arrangements. Jitterbug
and Waltz Contest. Winning couples
will be awarded free dance
courses at the Arthur Murray
Dance Studio. Two dance arches-
tras will play all evening. Couples
desiring to enter either contest
submit names and address to A.
Bilyi, 907 N. Orianna St., Phila. Pa.

DANCE

THE FOLK DANCES OF MANY
NATIONALITIES

at DANCE UKRAINE

THIRD ANNUAL OPEN HOUSE

FRIDAY, MAY 2nd — 8:30 P.M.

Webster Manor 119 E. 11th St.

Tommy Eliasson and his Folk Orch.

UKRAINIAN BUFFET

Admission Fifty Cents.

CRITICS SAY:

"A \$5 affair for the price of a movie—44¢."

"Rates four stars in pleasure."

"Nowhere else can you get so much for so little."

It must be good! What?

CONSTRUCTION DANCE

MAY 10th

214 Fulton St., Elizabeth, N. J.

Eddie Benish & Orchestra.

UKRAINIAN BOYS CLUB

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Are You in the Draft? Yes or no, come down and warm up to some good dancing at the Friendly Circle (U.N.A. Br. 435) Conspiration Social to be held at the West Side Y.M.C.A. (63rd Street just west of Central Park) on Friday, May 2nd at 8:30 P.M. Only 35¢ for good recorded music, refreshments and games.