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A GREAT CHARACTER AND LEADER

Unlike most other peoples the Ukrainians observe the anniversaries of the death rather than birth of their great men and women. And so for the Ukrainians yesterday was an important date. It marked the 25th anniversary of the death of Ivan Franko (May 28, 1916)—a man of amazing fecundity, a poet whose works, differing greatly in character from those of the Bard of Ukraine—Taras Shevchenko, rank among the finest in world literature, a good short story writer and novelist, a scholar of high rank, a great believer in democracy, and above all a great character and leader of his people.

As such Ivan Franko and his works should be well known among our younger generation of Americans of Ukrainian descent. He is one of the finest elements of their cultural heritage. That is why we featured on these pages during the past two weeks the "Story of Ivan Franko," and that is why we publish in this issue other material pertaining to his life and works. We only hope that our readers make good use of it all. It's not light in content, that's true. It's serious. But so is this life of ours.

By way of summing up all this informative and interpretative material concerning Franko, we print below two vital passages. The first consists of excerpts from his inspiring address delivered at the celebration of the 25th anniversary of his literary career. The second is the concluding part of Prof. Clarence A. Manning's lecture on Ivan Franko at Columbia University. Reading both these passages carefully will give one a good idea why Franko was such a great man.

What Franko Said About Himself

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

"I also take this opportunity of thanking my opponents. Throughout the 25 years of my labors, I have had plenty of them. By their opposition they have constantly spurred me onward, never allowing me to lag behind. Realizing the importance of struggle in human progress, I feel grateful to them, and have the highest respect for those who fought me fairly.

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

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

"While yet a boy I also perceived that our peasants could obtain nothing without working hard for it; later, I realized that the same is true of us as a nation, that we should not expect favors from anyone. Only that which we win by dint of our own efforts will truly be ours.

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

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

"I have been charged with diffusing my work and activities, with leaping from one line of endeavor to another. That is true, and a direct result of my aspiration to be a real man, an enlightened man, a man to whom no basic problem of human existence is a stranger. . . I tried to encompass the whole round of human interests and experiences. Perhaps this lack of concentration harmed me as a writer; nevertheless among us there is a greater need for such men as myself who are engaged in building the foundations of a finer and nobler life."

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

"I care not if my name perishes, as long as the Ukrainian nation grows and flourishes."

Prof. Manning's Eulogy of Franko.

"... In all this work, Franko was always himself. The people recognized the greatness of his mind and of his knowledge and yet there were moments when he felt himself alone and forsaken as did Moses. Amid the difficult and ignorant villagers and the even more difficult and no less ignorant intelligentsia, Franko was often almost in despair but he never wavered in his work.

"He ended his life as he began it, a man devoted to the cause of liberty and of freedom and of progress. He condemned somewhere and at sometime almost everything that was deserving of condemnation. His literary work ranges over the whole of Galician life from the time of the Berkuts in the early thirteenth century to the very beginning of the twentieth. It is a long range of interest but if we add to this the publicistic and journalistic works, we must marvel at the breadth of interest and of the vision he showed.

"He died about the age of sixty. Had he lived but a few more months, he would have seen that the impossible had become possible, for he would have seen the startling collapse of the old Empires and the new and more optimistic change in the Ukrainian situation. Then came the reaction and Franko can well be glad that he did not live

UKRAINIAN-CANADIANS DEMAND FREE UKRAINE

A deputation of Western Canadian M. P.'s, headed by the Ukrainian-born Anthony Hlynka, M. P., informed Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King on May 22nd that an independent Ukrainian state in a free, reconstructed Europe is the goal of the Ukrainian people.

The deputation handed to the Canadian Prime Minister a memorandum on the subject of Ukrainian national freedom, prepared by the Ukrainian Canadian Committee which represents all Ukrainian organizations in Canada.

Besides Mr. Hlynka the delegation included three other members of the House of Commons: J. T. Thorson, Walter Tucker, and Robert Fair, in whose ridings on the Canadian prairies there is a great number of residents of Ukrainian descent.

The memorandum, signed by Dr. W. Kushnir, president, and J. W. Arsenich, secretary of the Ukrainian-Canadian Committee, was read by Mr. Hlynka. According to last Friday's (May 23) Toronto Evening Telegram, the memorandum recalled that during his recent visit to Canada, General Wladislaw Sikorski, premier of the Polish government-in-exile, made a declaration that it is proposed after the war to set up a Polish-Czechoslovak federation with a population of 50,000,000.

Oppose Gen. Sikorski's Plan

In this memorandum, the Telegram continues, it was stated that the combined population of Poles, Czechs and Slovaks does not exceed 35,000, hence it may be assumed that General Sikorski proposed the inclusion within the boundaries of the new Polish-Czechoslovak state a substantial part of Western Ukrainian territories adjoining the ethnographical boundaries of the Polish and Czech peoples.

"The incorporation of such Ukrainian territories within Poland or Czechoslovakia or the Polish-Czechoslovak federation, without the express will and collaboration of the Ukrainians, will be strongly opposed by the Ukrainians and will remain a source of constant troubles and painful misunderstandings dangerous to European peace," the memorandum stated.

"The declaration above referred to, contemplating such incorporation of Ukrainian territories within the Polish-Czechoslovak federation, is contrary to the basic principles and efforts of His Majesty's government directed against all forms of aggression.

Ukraine's Right to Freedom

"The Ukrainian Canadians respectfully submit to His Majesty's Government that in the plans of the reconstruction of Europe, evolved by the democracies under the leadership of the British Commonwealth of Nations, the claims of the Ukrainian people to an independent free state in a free Europe should be included in any just and permanent settlement of Europe.

"Loyal to the great country of their adoption and conscious of the benefits of the democratic government and personal freedom en-

to see the defeat inflicted still later upon the Ukrainian aspirations. He would have seen, however, had he lived, the correctness of his views that more progress and more hard work, the raising of the general level of culture and of efficiency were necessary and he would have driven himself hard in his field of work.

"Ivan Franko is an author of whom the Ukrainians may well be proud. He is a man who deserves to be far better known abroad than he has been in the past. As a poet, as a citizen, as a critic, he stands out in that little group which worked to forge close and common bonds between all parts of Ukraine. He was inspired in his youth to do this and he continued the task to the end of his life. He did more than that, for he was a great character, a great leader and a man who merits whatever his people can find in the way of honor for him and his work."

DENY REPORT NAZIS TO GET UKRAINE

A Berlin dispatch early this week in the Helsinki newspaper Sanomat stated that the Soviet Union has agreed to hand over Ukraine to Germany.

A United Press dispatch from Berlin last Monday reported that authorized Nazi quarters had categorically denied the existence of any such deal.

FOREIGN DIPLOMATS IN SOVIET RESTRICTED

According to press dispatches early last week, the Russian Foreign Commissariat has published regulations forbidding diplomats accredited to Moscow to travel in border zones and key centers without official authorization.

Included among the areas entirely closed to travel by foreign diplomats were Western Ukraine and the Kiev region.

The announcement was sent to all embassies and legations.

N. Y. BUSINESSMEN HAVE BANQUET

About four hundred persons attended the banquet given by the Ukrainian Businessmen's Association of New York last Sunday evening at Webster Hall on East 11th Street. Several hundred others attended the dance given in conjunction with the banquet.

The banquet was formerly opened by Platon Stasiuk, president of the businessmen's association. He pointed out that although the association had been founded quite a number of years ago it had shown no life until during the past year, and that now it is beginning to show signs of rapid progress.

William Selnick presided at the banquet as toastmaster. The speakers included Roman Olesnitsky, the association's secretary; Bishop Ivan Buchko; Congressmen Michael Edelstein; Edward Harris, representing the New York Chamber of Commerce; Assemblyman Stephen Jarema; Dr. Luke Myshuha, editor of "Svoboda"; and Michael Krawchuk.

Entertainment was furnished by Olga Zadoretzky, soprano; Peter Ordynsky, baritone; John Moroz, violinist; and Olga Pasichnyk, dancer.

joyed by Canadians under the British flag, the Ukrainian-Canadian committee, composed of five Dominion-wide organizations, which in their entirety, represent all organized Ukrainian-Canadians, deem it their duty to express their unflinching belief that the present struggle against the aggressive violence of the totalitarian dictatorship is a struggle for the rights, freedom and equality of all men and nations, including the Ukrainian nation of nearly 50,000,000.

King Praises Ukrainian Loyalty

According to the Telegram, Mr. King gave the delegation a courteous hearing and mentioned their loyalty to the British cause at the present time. If he were so fortunate as to be a participant in a peace conference, he would bear in mind the representations of the committee, he said.

Ukraine Under Soviet Misrule

(An excerpt from a lecture delivered by Stephen Shumeyko at Columbia University on "Modern Ukrainian History." The lecture was one of the series of public lectures on Ukraine at Columbia given weekly late last Winter and early Spring under the auspices of the university's Department of East European Languages in conjunction with the Ukrainian National Association.)

Treaty of Riga

NOW, as to Soviet Ukraine, we find that by the Treaty of Riga between Poland and the Soviets on March 18, 1921 the Soviets fastened their hold upon 450,000 square kilometers of Ukrainian territory, containing approximately a 35 million Ukrainian population. Two years later this territory was incorporated as an integral part of the Union of the Socialist Soviet Republics, its strong national feelings preventing the Reds from robbing it of its national identity.

"From the very start," wrote the "Cork Examiner" (Ireland, May, 1938), "the Ukrainians were of all people under the Soviet the least amenable, the most strongly individual, the most fiercely nationalistic, therefore the most atrociously suppressed."

Failure of the Cultural Sop

Despite the use of terrorism as a weapon of rule, the earlier years under the Soviets were characterized by certain cultural concessions granted to the Ukrainians, as a partial offset to the violent political repression of them. That this cultural sop failed in its purpose was evidenced by the Ukrainian peasantry's opposition to the government's requisition of foodstuffs which forced it to give it up and introduce for awhile the "Nep," or New Economic Policy, with its security of individual farming and freedom of private trade.

With the passage of time and growth of the Soviets in power, however, even these cultural concessions began to be taken away, and the government policy aimed directly and systematically at the complete political, economical and cultural subjugation and denationalization of the Ukrainian people. Although some Ukrainian cultural institutions were permitted to continue their existence, they found themselves emasculated of any real progress by being forced to proceed only along channels of Communistic ideology. The same is true of Ukrainian writers in the Soviet Union. Those who rebelled against this policy or showed even the slightest trace of nationalist sentiment, were branded a traitors to the Russian Revolution, summarily tried and executed, or sent to the notorious prisons camps in the north.

Concerning one such trial, the London "Saturday Review" (January 18, 1930) correctly pointed out that "the real reason for bringing a charge against Yefremov, Chekhivsky and others is the desire to destroy the Ukrainian intelligentsia by getting rid of its chief representatives... Realizing its failure, Bolshevism has taken to its alternative weapons,—terrorism and provocation. By this means it seeks to kill the creative efforts of Ukrainian culture and that is the real significance of the present trial"... and, it might be added here, of all subsequent such trials.

Red Reprisals

Even these weapons, terrorism and provocation, failed to subdue the Ukrainian resistance, especially to the Soviet economic policy. Such opposition was usually followed by mass reprisals on the part of the authorities, which included the forcible shifting of hundreds of thousands of Ukrainian

population from their native habitat in order to artificially populate the vacated areas with alien peoples.

The Great Famine

In 1932 and 1933 the Bolsheviks by their economic policy, and especially by their ruthless enforcement of rural collectivization, brought about an acute state of famine in Ukraine, which took a terrible toll, conservatively estimated by such conscientious observers as William Henry Chamberlin, former Moscow correspondent of the "Christian Science Monitor" (Boston), to be well over four million lives. And although (to use the words of the resolution submitted in the House of Representatives of the United States) the Soviet Government was fully aware of the famine in Ukraine and although having full and complete control of the entire food supplies within its borders, it nevertheless failed to take relief measures designed to check the famine or alleviate the terrible conditions arising from it, but on the contrary used the famine as a means of reducing the Ukrainian population and destroying the Ukrainian political and cultural rights.

Stalin Fears Ukrainian Movement

Despite all such mass reprisals and terrorism on the part of the Soviet rulers, the national spirit in Soviet Ukraine burns as brightly as ever, a fact which Stalin as well as some of his lieutenants themselves have admitted. At the 17th Congress of the Communist Party, held in January 1934, for example, Stalin declared: "Only very recently in the Ukraine the deviation towards Ukrainian Nationalism did not represent the major danger but when we ceased to fight against it and enabled it to grow to the extent that it joined up with the interventionists this deviation became the major danger."

His Purges In Ukraine

This nationalistic spirit in Ukraine has been one of the chief worries of the rulers in Kremlin. That is why the purges in Ukraine have been especially severe, directed against the so-called separatists. At the January 1938 session of the Moscow Party leaders, for instance, it was revealed that at the last Party purge preceding that meeting of 100,000 persons, no less than 40,000 were in Ukraine, and that 3,422 persons were ejected from the Party in Kiev alone. In June, 1939 another great purge took place in Ukraine, where, as reported by Harold Denny, Moscow correspondent of "The New York Times," "anti-Soviet sentiment and activity has been intensely stubborn since the first days of the revolution," and which "has been the field of strong nationalist movement from the beginning of the Bolshevik revolution." That is why, to quote M. Butenko, the ex-Soviet Charge d'Affaires at Bucharest, "the Ukraine is entirely administered by men faithful to Stalin sent from Moscow. The slightest sign of Ukrainian nationalism is repressed by ruthless methods so that the region is seething with hatred against the Bolsheviks."

Especially drastic are the purges of the Red Army in Ukraine. Out of 18,000 officers of the Kiev and Minsk districts, for example,

more than 50% were "liquidated" late in 1939. From Tukhachevsky down there have been executions and banishments for separatist activities. The secret Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists, which operates on all Ukrainian territories, is especially feared by the Soviet authorities, so much so that its leader, Colonel Eugene Konovaletz, was assassinated in Rotterdam, on May 23, 1938 by a Soviet agent, a fact which the Rotterdam police itself confirmed.

"Something Wrong In Ukraine"— Herald-Tribune

"That something was fundamentally wrong with the situation in the Ukraine," an editorial of the "New York Herald-Tribune" declared (December, 19, 1938), "has been proved by the fact that during the recent months even Stalin's most trusted lieutenants have failed him when sent to Ukraine, and he has had to dispose of those in the Ukraine in more rapid succession than in any other parts of the country..."

Soviet Occupation of Western Ukraine

All this trouble that Stalin has had with Ukraine, did not deter him in the least in absorbing Western Ukraine in the opening months of the present war, when he invaded Poland and occupied its Ukrainian areas in the autumn of 1939.

As a so-called justification of its invasion, the Soviet Premier-Commissar, Vyacheslav Molotov, declared that the "Soviet government deems its sacred duty to extend the hand of assistance to its brother Ukrainians and brother Byelo-Russians inhabiting Poland." Such sudden solicitude for the Ukrainians under Poland fooled no one of course. The Soviet purpose in occupying Polish Western Ukraine, as the New York Times stated editorially ((September 27, 1939), was prompted by a "determination to bolshevize Western Ukraine and thus destroy forever the focus of Ukrainian nationalism."

Same Tactics

The tactics Moscow used in occupying Western Ukraine, and, within more recent times, Bukovina and Bessarabia, are strongly reminiscent of the tactics she used some twenty years ago when Red hordes invaded the Ukrainian National Republic. Then, as now, Moscow displayed great solicitude for the poor and oppressed Ukrainians, recognized them as a nationality, and promised them practically everything under the sun. But when the Ukrainian republic was destroyed by the combined might of Red and Czarist Russians, and Red troops occupied its territory, all such solicitude and promises vanished, to be replaced by an oppression so severe and a reign of terror so terrible as to make the former Czarist misrule appear benignant in comparison.

Situation In Ukraine Obscure Today

On the whole, it is very difficult to assess the value and significance of the events that have vitally affected the Ukrainian situation since the beginning of the present war. These events are too close upon us to obtain a proper perspective of them, and their consequences, like the widening ripples caused by a stone thrown into water, have not yet lost their momentum. Moreover, the most vital of these events, centered of course in Ukraine, have been screened from our view by censorship. Still certain deductions can be made from those apparent to us.

Unrest Rising

One inevitable deduction is that a spirit of unrest in Soviet-occupied Ukraine is on the rise. It was certainly rising before the war; it is safe to conclude that the people have become more restive since then.

That conclusion is inescapable in the case of Western Ukraine. For, as we know, Western Ukraine has always been the hotbed of Ukrainian nationalism. That is why the Red invaders were so careful with it at first, treating the Western Ukrainians with most tending solicitude for their welfare, addressing them as "blood brothers," reopening their schools which the Poles had closed, promising to distribute the big estates among them, and in every way playing the role of noble liberators. But once they obtained a strangle-hold upon Western Ukraine, all this solicitude disappeared, to be replaced by an oppression and denationalization so severe, an economic poverty so bad, and a reign of terror so merciless, as to stun even those who had all along expected just that.

Revolts Reported

During the past year revolts were reported to have taken place in various parts of Western Ukraine, as in Lviv and in the Tarnopol area, as well as in northern Bukovina. It is illustrative of the understanding the Reds and the Nazis have over the fate of Ukraine, that German Gestapo units were reported by London to have aided the Soviet troops in quelling these Ukrainian revolts near Tarnopol. Undoubtedly many other revolts and uprisings take place in Soviet-occupied Ukraine about about which no reports reach the outside world. Their presence merely indicates that which history has demonstrated over and over again, that no amount of oppression and terror can quell the Ukrainians.

Democracies Bound to Aid Ukraine

But that is something which the warring powers refuse to recognize. Otherwise they certainly would take public cognizance of the plight of Ukraine. Of course, no one but only the naive look towards Nazi Germany to help the Ukrainians win their freedom and democracy, for these principles, needless to say, are inimical to the Nazi concept of "a new order" in Europe. Yet it is sensible and right to expect of those who are fighting the Nazis and those who are opposing them by methods "short of war," to include among their declared aims the liberation of Ukraine, too, just as they have done in the case of Poland and other countries.

For Whose Freedom and Democracy Is This War Being Fought?

That, however, they have not done thus far, Ukraine has been completely ignored by them. All those noble and beautifully phrased utterances about freedom and democracy that fill the press and the radio waves, contain nothing at all about the forty-five enslaved Ukrainian nation, or about its valiant struggle to free itself of the most despotic domination the world has ever seen. And yet we are asked to believe that this war is being fought for the preservation of freedom and democracy. Well, perhaps it is,—for the benefit of a chosen few. We only hope that coming events will prove we are wrong in this respect, that this war is being fought to free the enslaved Ukrainian people too.

(Concluded on page 3)

Ne'er Forget

By IVAN FRANKO

Forget not, ne'er forget
The days of youth, of spring;
All the path they brighten,—
The dark, dark path of life.
Golden dreams, quiet joys,
Heartfelt words, loving thoughts,
And every impulse chaste,—
Ne'er be ashamed of such.
Soon they pass, then comes toil
In dreary loneliness,
And corded veins appear
On hands and on the soul.
But only he who loves,
Whose blood is quick to throb,
In whom hope heals all wounds,
Whom battle doth allure,
Who weeps for others' woe,
Rejoices in their good,
He only, is a man.
All through thy life, perhaps,
It may not be thy lot
A man like this to be.
Yet be thou such, e'en though
But for a single hour.
And then, when ill days come,
With grief and sadness fraught,
When hope doth fade away,
When passion glows no more,
When from the broad highways
Of love and keen contest,
Thy way through bypaths leads,
Deserted, narrow, steep,
When cares wither the heart,
And thorns pierce wearied feet,—
Then shalt thou life's springtime
With gratitude recall:
And those bright dreams shall shed
A light o'er thy dark path.
Forget not, ne'er forget
The days of youth, of spring.

Translated by Percival Cundy

U.N.A. PERSONALITIES

Thumb-Nail Sketches

Nicholas Muraszko, President.—Medium height; heavily built; looks unapproachable at first, but has an engaging smile; deliberate in movement and speech; believes in keep cool—if possible. From Jersey City.

Gregory Herman, Vice-President.—About the same build as Muraszko, though younger in age; reserved and reflective; like the Kozak of song is rarely without his pipe; American war veteran. From Wilkes Barre.

Mrs. Maria Malevich, Vice-Presidentess.—Tall; blonde; keen eyes; a quick friendly smile; hands never still; husband, Volodimir, engineer, formerly a U.N.A. vice-president. From Pittsburgh.

Dmytro Halychyn, Secretary.—Tall and well-built; swarthy like a Hutsul; persuasive; in conversation adopts confidential tone; in World War officer in Austrian and then Ukrainian armies. From New York City.

Roman Slobodian, Treasurer.—A strapping figure of a man; looks like a well-to-do farmer; business-like and precise in financial matters; otherwise quite a sentimentalist. From Elizabeth, N. J.

Dmytro Kapitula, Auditor.—An aged Lemko, but has the sturdy figure and elastic step of a much younger man; features seem carved out of mahogany; keen eyes; veteran U.N.A. officer. From McAdoo.

Dr. Ambrose Kibzey, Auditor.—

Tall and long-boned; small features; boyish smile; banquet chairman and toastmaster at convention. From Detroit.

Dr. Walter Gallan, Auditor.—Medium in height; unassuming; looks like a bank official, which is what he is; officer in Austrian and then Ukrainian armies in World War. From Philadelphia.

Roman Smook, Auditor.—Medium height; somewhat bald; lively eyes and features; highly sociable; youthful in spirit. Reserve officer in U.S. Army. From Chicago.

Stephen Kuropas, Auditor.—Serious of mien; reticent; has longish face with high cheek bones; medium compact build; author of excellent "Chicago Chronicle" column in "Svoboda." Ukrainian war veteran. From Chicago.

(To be continued)

"Svoboda" Policy Endorsed By U.N.A. Convention

Among the resolutions passed by the U.N.A. convention was one endorsing the democratic policy of the "Svoboda" and the "Ukrainian Weekly" and their championing of the right of Ukraine to national freedom.

Another resolution endorsed the foreign policy of the Administration at Washington, and called upon all Americans of Ukrainian descent to give their government their utmost support, especially in its defense program.

SOVIET UKRAINE

(Concluded from p. 2)

Whether it is or not, the fact remains, as H. Hessel Tiltman, British author and journalist, who will lecture in this series, wrote in his book on "Peasant Europe" (Jarrolds, London, 1934.)

"For six hundred years they (Ukrainians) have fought to remain Ukrainian. They have preserved their own distinctive language, their own Church, their own clothes, their high state of husbandry. And, at the end of that fight for centuries, as at the beginning, they face the world undaunted alike by poverty, persecution, and repression—demanding the right of 43 millions of people having a common stock and a common life to rule themselves. That demand may be resisted for a year, or a hundred generations. But at the end of that time the Ukrainian people will still be asking for freedom. And there will be neither lasting peace nor the reign of justice in Eastern Europe until that right is granted, and the alien troops withdrawn, leaving the Ukraine to control its own destinies and enrich all the peasant lands by its example."

WINS \$50 SCHOOL AWARD

Peter Kurlak of Brooklyn, N. Y., an engineering senior at the University of Illinois, was recently presented the Baker award, highest honor a civil engineering student can win at the university. The award carries with it a \$50 prize.

Peter is a member of the Friendly Circle, Branch 435 of the U.N.A.

FRANKO'S "MOSES"

By WALDIMIR SEMENYNA

WHEN we think of a poet we should think of the man that is reflected among his own words as if he was writing them on an indestructible mirror. But every man is part of a social group and therefore the genius of a poet lies in his art of portraying on that mirror-like background as much as possible of the society of which he is a part: of the people's problems and their aspirations.

Since we are human we follow the natural law of least resistance: we always enjoy the thoughts that are pleasant—pleasant dreams, pleasant times, pleasant lyrics and music, in short: "all's well that ends well"—than thoughts of struggle, thoughts of "stark reality" which discomfort us. In settled nations where peace prevails that is very true of poets who have produced masterpieces supplying the needs of those human cravings for pleasure. But all in life is not peace, however, and there are those who must battle for the fulfilment of their dreams, who although loving peace, have to fight for it. And, so, it is inevitable that in the outstanding representatives of an unsettled nation we get portrayals of physical and spiritual struggles.

Ivan Franko is such a representative figure of the Ukrainian nation.

Forty years of hard unappreciated work devoted to his people left Franko broken down in health, at times almost broken in spirit, but never in his faith in the young people and the future of his nation. It seems, therefore, most befitting that he should have taken the theme of that biblical figure, Moses, as the medium through which to portray his own life-long struggle for the betterment of his people. That is the background of his poem "Moses."

Outside of the stirring "Prologue" or rather dedication, the poem could well be divided into two sections: the physical and spiritual. The material obstacles that he fought all his life are depicted in the first half and the spiritual struggles that encountered him are beautifully portrayed in the second half of the poem. Although a thorough review of "Moses" would entail a great deal of biographical comment, it may be advisable to point out some salient features of the poem.

After the first three chapters devoted to the setting of the stage we begin to feel the atmosphere of a father scolding his children. The children are Franko's contemporaries who constantly were placing obstacles in his way—who constantly grumbled when he attempted to wake them up from their lethargy which permeated his era. But like Dathan and Abiram, the leaders of the opposition were crushed and the people eventually were led on by Joshua, the followers of Franko, in the direction pointed out by their teacher.

The scolding begun in the fourth chapter grows to a sharp reprimand in the ninth. This transition between the ninth and tenth chapter is a very touching scene. It shows the man behind the pen; it shows the outstanding characteristic of the writer—the power which enabled him to sacrifice his life for a cause, and that power was his love for his people. Knowing all their faults, but understanding all their virtues he leans upon them for support and solace in the darkest moments of his life—he has a trust in his people, believing that their common sense will prevail at the end.

It is certain that Franko was the guiding hand at a crossroad in Ukrainian history. Whereas the elder opposition refused to be guided by him, to listen to him—the youth flocked to him for guidance. So we hear him advising the youth in the eleventh chapter.

It is from the twelfth chapter on that we get to understand and appreciate the man in all his misery and glory.

Devoting all his life to his people who, dormant under the spell of foreign propaganda, resist all his efforts to be led in the right direction, Franko begins to question himself—begins to doubt as to whether he, himself, was following the right road. Could it be that his opponents were right? If only he was certain. At times he felt so depressed in spirit that he was ready to accept the opposition's views venerated with logic. He almost gave up struggling—in fact, admitted defeat.

Thus we find him the end of chapter eighteen.

Yes, he felt defeated—but only for a while. He realizes that what appeared to be logic was nothing but alibis for self-satisfaction coming from those who are willing to sacrifice everything and everyone for their own gain. And so he picks up in spirit and carries one the banner of a cause which drew the youth in his footsteps bearing the imprint of his spirit; his idealism and love for his people.

Accused of impiety (to say it mildly) we see here a man of such strong devotion to his Master, the inner guiding hand, that religion, as practiced and propagated by some, pales in the light of his creed. If love and understanding is not the basis of our religion then it is time that we discard whatever poses as such.

It is said that when the original manuscript was submitted to the publishers it was without a prologue. At the suggestion of the publishers that some kind of an introduction would be appropriate, Franko brought back, the next morning, the "Prologue." If there ever was anything written with the sincerity that Franko poured into this dedication, I have yet to see it, is worth one's while to read it in the original.

(From the preface to translation of "Moses" by W. Semenyina.)

¹ Caucasus Mountains

² Mount Beskid of the Carpathian Mountains.

PROLOGUE TO "MOSES"

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

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

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

Are you forever destined with this vial
Of hidden anger, meekness, resignation
To those who have betrayed you in your trial,

Who swore you into treacherous alliance?
Are you not fated with that precious moment:
The day of your unmeasured might's defiance?

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

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

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

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

Oh, no! You are not doomed just to dejection
And tears! I still believe in will, its power,
In your uprising day and resurrection!

If one could but create a moment's fraction,
And then a word which would in such a moment
Inflame the people into life and action!

Or just a song with fire and living passion
Which would grip millions and lend them wings
For action leading them to self-expression!

Yes, If! . . . But we on whom all worries settle,
And torn apart with doubt, with shame inflicted,
We are not fit to lead you into battle!

But the time will come, once obstacles are
hurdled,
When you will shine among the greatest nations:
Will shake the Caucas' while with Beskid²
girdled.

Black Sea will echo with your liberation
And you'll behold, once being your own master,
A home of joy and fields of consolation.

Therefore accept this song, which, although
cheerless,
Is full of faith—and frank although not
pleasant;

A debt to your great future, though not tearless.
To your great genius this is my humble present.

FUNNY SIDE UP.

PUB-LINKS ENEMY NO. 1

WHEN I didn't show up around town last week, the fellows didn't worry about it, but, I understand, the gals all made inquiries as to my whereabouts (they're usually in the laundry).

No, girls I haven't been drafted... yet! I went up to the Fresh Meadow Country Club last week with all intentions of winning the Goodall Golf Tournament... AND the \$5,000 1st prize, but alas, my golf ball, like some of you gals, wouldn't stay where it was putt!

In the tournament I followed a fellow who must have been a dentist. Everytime he got on the green to putt, he'd look at the hole and say, "Open a little wider please!" The caddies must have thought I was a good player, for when I approached the green to tee off, I heard one caddie say to the other, "Now watch, here comes a real whack!" Well, I took one swing, and then I took another swing, and another, and then a gopher came out of the ground, looked up and said, "Fergoshakes, will you go away? My wife's taking a bath and you're causing a draft!"

Finally I hit the ball and it landed in a sand pit. Up and down went my club and finally after a 10 minute session the ball shot up. "How many strokes did you take?" asked a spectator. "Oh, three strokes," I lied nonchalantly. "What?" cried one of my opponents. "How can you lie that way? With my own eyes I saw you swing 11 times!" "Don't get excited," I stated, "you can take my word for it... I was killing a snake!" "Well," said he, "you could make a swell Foreign Legionaire... and you could give this sand trap as a reference!" "All right," I said, "let's leave it up to the caddies. I'll ask them how many strokes I took." "Sorry," interrupted one caddie, "I only went to grade school! But, if I could slice like you," he added, "I'd open up a butcher shop!"

You know, when anybody hits a ball in your direction, they're supposed to yell "four." Well, when I got to the 5th hole, a woman stood in the way about 50 yards ahead, so I yelled "four!" Still she stood in the way. I yelled "four" again, and again, until I was just about hoarse. Then finally in one supreme effort, I cupped my hands around my mouth and yelled, "three ninety-eight" and believe it or not, the woman turned around immediately and stepped out of the way!

Coming up to the 9th hole another golfer caught up to me and said, "Pardon me, but do you mind if I play through? I've just learned that my wife's been taken seriously ill!" Well, after he went through, I took one look and the next green was 300 yards away, over numerous hazards. I shut my eyes, took a healthy swipe at the pill and sent it sailing for the green. It bounced directly into the cup for a hole in one. "That drive," said my adversaries, "was a nice accident. Are you finding out we're playing golf instead of croquet?" "G'wan," I said, "if I could do it once, I could do it again!" "I'll give you \$100 if you can do it again," said one opponent as he flourished a roll of bills... "Only this time" he demanded, "you've got to make the shot with your eyes open!"

Well, to make a short story shorter, the reason you didn't see my name in the final standings, is because the judges disqualified me. They claimed the caddie helped me illegally. What's wrong with holding a funnel over the hole? However, I went around the course in 99 strokes... including my sun-stroke, and contrary to other's opinions, if I do say so myself, I'm a pretty good golfer. (Note: "Yes, Bromo! You MUST say so!")

BROMO SELTZER

YOUTH AND THE U.N.A.

AT HARRISBURG

THE Twentieth Convention of the Ukrainian National Association, Inc., was undoubtedly the largest in the history of the organization. Still more impressive, though, is the fact that out of the 400-odd delegates we had 75 young people. But even this is topped by still another fact... a great many of the young people represented branches in which the older folks had a majority of the membership. This was the most surprising thing about the convention. This observer had figured that practically all of the young delegates would be those from youth branches. As things turned out, however, it seems that there was almost an equal number of youth from both the older and younger types of branches.

This alone is very significant. When the old folks pick youth to represent them at U.N.A. conventions, it is an indication that the youth are being prepared for something important. It was not a mere coincidence that several young delegates were elected to the various committees at the convention, and there are now three youth advisors in the Supreme Assembly. True, these successful youth candidates had all the youth backing them... but 75 young people alone do not stand much chance against more than 325 older people. It is obvious that, were it not for youth-conscious older folk, few if any youth would have been elected to important positions. The older folk cooperated beautifully with the youth. And that is probably one of the main reasons why the convention was such a huge success.

Youth was on trial at the convention. Perhaps that is why some of them were elected to important positions. No one, however, can say that the youth did not live up to all expectations. Young committee members performed their duties admirably. Youth passed the test in grand fashion. Still on trial, though, are the three young advisors that were elected. For the next four years these young people are obligated to take active part in U.N.A. affairs. They must have very impressive records and reports at the end of the four years, for they represent all the youth of the organization and what they do will reflect on youth in general. They will be watched by both the younger and older generations, but particularly the latter. Youth's chances at the next convention depend on our three young advisors.

I know, both through personal contact and observation, that the youth appreciated the chance to take active part in the U.N.A. convention. They were thrilled to be a part of a body that was making history... and changes that would affect all U.N.A. members for the next four years.

From their very behavior it was not difficult to see that the young delegates were taking their responsibilities seriously. It was a grown-up, intelligent, and educated youth that spoke and voted at the convention. If any person ever doubted that the youth would become a vital and important part of the U.N.A., he must be convinced, as a result of the convention, that the youth have a definite place in the fraternal order.

Speaking generally, the youth made a fine impression. Big things were expected of them, and they lived up to these expectations. Bigger things are expected in the years to come.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK.

HARRISBURG MEMORIES

It's a little late to do anything more about the 20th Regular U. N. A. Convention except sit and reminisce—and what memories! Four hundred and fifteen convention-minded delegates shouting and gesturing. As some wit put it, "There were six arm gestures for every four words." Opening day bedlam broke loose. After officers had been installed, restoring order was assigned to Michael Piznak, chairman, of New York City. Prevalent were the cries of offended delegates who demanded to be recognized by the chair, and clamorous shouts of the back seat delegates who insisted the ones in the front seats had all the say. There were only 109 candidates for seven positions on the Election Committee; there grew, among the guests, a feeling of a secret admiration for the lucky seven who survived. They evidently must have had something. By adjourning time, however, the delegates had sized themselves up pretty well; new friendships were springing up like weeds, and old ones were reviving. The hotel lobby seemed to establish the fact that "auld acquaintance shall not be forgot."

The only thing lacking at the sessions were ice-cream vendors; they had everything else. Disputes from anything to what time to convene in the morning to what time to adjourn for lunch were in order. The only time lunch had to crawl into an obscure corner, was when the "sharovni delegati" were deciding how much to pay themselves.

If you came across an especially nice delegate, with an especially nice manner, and an especially nice smile, he was a candidate. The campaign literature could have covered the walls, but instead, it covered the floors, being politely dropped there by the delegates.

After the elections were over, everyone breathed a sigh of deep relief, and became friends again. With Saturday came the "diyeta" (delegate's expenses), and off were our good friends to where they had come from.

The head captain at the Penn-Harris marveled at the "well-behaved, quiet crowd," as he called them. Huh! He wasn't in the convention hall.

CONVENTION ITEMS

... Vera Malanchuk, one of the guests, was one of the few people who knew more of Harrisburg than just the restaurants and hotel. She managed to get in a trip to Gettysburg and to the Italian Gardens; but come to think of it, a lot of people did quite a bit of sight-seeing in that part of town between the Penn-Harris and the Hotel Bolton with its Bolton Grill, dancing and floor-show.

... An item a la Winchell might read: What group caused what secretary's tardiness at the next day's meeting and why?

... Tony Shumeyko did active campaigning to be re-elected, hustling around with his cards. But Genevieve Zepko's technique was more becoming—she smiled, and they succumbed. Both of them came through as Advisors.

... John Romanion made an excellent showing, polling third for Advisors; all this despite his ac-centric dancing, too.

... And Omer Malitsky looked like a harbinger of spring tossing those flowers at the banquet.

... We wonder if Stella Palivoda's trip by plane to the convention didn't spoil her—she'll never travel any other way now.

... All of the older generation marvelled at the large number of delegates among the youth. They are even afraid that the next convention will be all youth. Youth marches on! See you in Detroit at the UYL-NA convention!

IRENE BARBER

LAST CALL FOR U.N.A. SUMMER SPORTS

May 31st is the last day for registration of baseball or softball teams. No registrations will be accepted after that date, as no team will be considered capable of surviving the season unless it has been organized and registered by that date.

At least fifteen members to a team must register in order to receive financial assistance from the U.N.A. This number of players is necessary in order to provide for losses that may occur during the season by reason of enlistments.

Registration blanks have been mailed on request only. If any manager of last year's team did not receive the blanks, he should write for them immediately.

If interested in sports, other than baseball or softball, write to the U.N.A. Athletic Director:

GREGORY HERMAN
261 Madison Street
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Eternal Revolutionist

By IVAN FRANKO

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

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

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

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

Wherever misery and tears are
there;

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

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

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

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

Trans. by Dr. Arthur P. Coleman

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IT NOW!