



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



Supplement to the SVOBODA, Ukrainian Daily

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Vol. 11.

A LONESOME HEART Shevchenko

Though wealthy I may be,
Though pretty I may be,
But having no one for a mate—
What good is life to me!

It is so hard to live apart—
No one to love; and how one
loathes
To dress in silks and fancy
clothes
And yet be just a lonesome heart.

Translated by
W. SEMENYNA.

Read your "Kobzar!"

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF STARVING UKRAINIANS

The Relief Committee for the Starving Ukrainians is making a special appeal to the Young American Ukrainians to join them in their humanitarian work. We know that all young Ukrainians are enthusiastic and willing to help in any worthy cause, but often do not know just what procedure to take.

Up to this time, both in Europe and in America, there have been many protests against the planned starvation in Soviet Ukraine and about the barbarism existing there. And I am sure you all have been following the accounts of these protests with great interest. But, except for the general plea for help very little has been said how each individual can be of service to his less unfortunate countrymen.

Our plan is this:

We will collect money in tin boxes anywhere and everywhere, and will sell tickets for raffling. We have five gifts for this purpose of raffling and they are as follows:

One gift was donated by the Sculptor Archipenko—one of his original bronze works.

Another gift was donated by the Ukrainian Women's League—a beautifully embroidered table cloth.

Mrs. Lysiuk donated a doll dressed in Ukrainian Costume.

Mrs. Avramenko donated a wooden Ukrainian Jewelry Box.

Mrs. Zyblykewicz is sewing a beautiful feather quilt covered with Satin.

All these gifts are very pretty and valuable and no one will have difficulty in selling at least one ticket for ten cents. We all know the cause is worthy of the little effort it may cost you. Come and get the tickets and be of help to your unfortunate Ukrainian brothers and sisters.

You may get the tickets from the committee members at 30 East Seventh Street, Friday Evening after 8 P. M. or from the chairman after 8 P. M., 307 East Ninth Street Wednesday night.

DR. NELLIE PELECHOVICH,
Chairman of the Emergency Relief Committee for Starving Ukrainians.

THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL
WOMEN'S LEAGUE OF
AMERICA.

OUR YOUTH AND THE "DEPRESSION"

The optimistically labeled "depression," through which America is passing at the present time, has affected the American-Ukrainians perhaps to even a greater degree than that of any other nationality. For, the Ukrainian immigration to America is comparatively but a recent manifestation; one that has not had sufficient time to sink its roots in the American soil deeply enough to be able to withstand very successfully the blasts of the terrible economic and social storm which now rages not only in America (where it seems to be letting up a bit) but throughout the rest of the world, as well.

Under the innocent-sounding term "depression," tragedy stalks among many of our people: homes are lost, hard-earned savings gone—either spent or lost in closed banks, children lack food and warm clothing, and family ties disrupted. The desperate father trudges from early morn until night in fruitless quest of a job, while the mother at home fights a losing battle to make both ends meet. Many a man, in a fit of sudden black despair, contemplates upon ending it all with one swift terrible act. But the natural buoyancy of the Ukrainian nature reasserts itself, and he goes back to his daily trek with renewed determination.

Against the dark background of these sorely-trying days it is interesting to contemplate upon the future of our young American-Ukrainians. What manner of a future awaits them?

Assuredly, from the present standpoint, the future looks anything but rosy. We, the younger generation, must not only solve our various individual problems, but we must also, together with the youth of other nations, help solve the tremendous problem of bringing some form of order out of this chaos-stricken world of today. And solve it we must, if we are to prevent the world from plunging into even a deeper morass of greed, corruption, hatred, and poverty; and, incidentally, taking us along with it too.

The question now arises, are we prepared to underfake this gigantic task of solving our individual problems, and also of lending our best efforts to the infinitely greater and nobler task of making this prima facie civilized world really merit its appellation "civilized."

Here we strike a more cheerful note. For, we have with us Youth. And Youth is always attendant with high hopes and enthusiasm. We have, as a result of our American atmosphere, a more or less unprejudiced and open mind. Furthermore, we not only have the courage to face the future unafraid, but we also have confidence in it. For, what greater terrors can the future hold for us than the present so-called depression?

But that is not all. We have other qualities. Thanks to our parents we have in us certain inborn qualities and characteristics which will go a long way in aiding us in grappling with our future.

From our earliest childhood days we have been taught by our parents the virtues of the good, old-fashioned hard work, of thrift (but not penuriousness), and of steady, unremitting application to a task. We have inherited from our parents a rugged individualism and a love of liberty; the hope of today. Our Ukrainian tradition has taught us that life is not only a struggle for existence; but that it is also an object of contemplation, of pleasure and feeling, and that its esthetic aspect must at all times and all places be highly respected. Finally, we have been taught to avoid the so-called "good-time," as it leads only to folly, as witness the post war moral decay. Was it not greatly due to the overemphasis of a "good time"?

All of these solid, substantial qualities of the great majority of our parents have stood them in good stead. They have enabled the Ukrainian people, in spite of the centuries of oppression, to emerge to the plane where they shall have, in the near future, a free state of their own, on their native soil. And today, here in America, notwithstanding the fact that the American-Ukrainians have been buffeted by the present economic storm more violently than other nationalities; yet, the truth cannot be denied that they are—because of these qualities, and in most cases—in a better position than other peoples. In spite of the terrible blows Fate has dealt many of them, they face the future undaunted.

And therefore, it behooves us, for our sake and their sake, to follow their time-tried precepts, their example. The tools which they hand to us—character, hard work, thrift, love of one's country and one's people, faith in the future—should, in our more skilled hands (thanks to their sacrifices in sending us to schools) hew far greater achievements on the Great Rock of Time, than were ever possible to the older generation.

Join the local Branch of the
UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

and help carry on

THE WORK OF YOUR PARENTS!

YOUTH CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE "OLD COUNTRY"

Contributions for the "old country" are beginning to come in from our youth organizations.

The Ukrainian-American Cultural Circle of Youth, a recently organized club of East Chester, Pa. has sent in through its Secretary, Miss Mary Zakorchevny, to the "Obyednanye" the sum of nine dollars (\$9.00); five dollars for the "Ridna Shkola" and four dollars for the Fund for the Freeing of Ukraine.

Elsewhere in today's issue we have an account of the "Ukrainian Catholic Girls Club" of Detroit, Mich. sending to "Obyednanye" for "Ridna Shkola" the sum of five dollars (\$5.00).

PHILADELPHIA UKRAINIAN INSTITUTE TO HOLD RALLY

The Ukrainian Institute of Philadelphia, Pa. announces that it will hold its fifth rally this Sunday evening, February 11, at the Ukrainian Hall, 23rd and Brown Streets.

Mr. J. Connel of Temple University will be the principal speaker. He will tell of his first impressions of the Ukrainian people. Mr. Connel is contemplating the preparation of a thesis on the subject of Ukraine.

Other attractions on the program will be the presence of the Lansdowne Chapter of the D. A. R. as hostesses, and Mr. Snyder, another speaker. In addition there will be a musical program.

UKRAINIAN SCOUT PROGRAM IN PRAGUE

Those of our youth who are interested in the Ukrainian Boy and Girl Scout movement in Europe, we refer them to a very interesting article dealing with the Ukrainian Scouts in Prague, Czechoslovakia, which appeared in Monday's (February 5th) issue of the "Svoboda."

The rather short article reports that within recent times the older Ukrainian Scouts of that locality have been divided into several groups, each group to engage itself in certain lines of work, as for example: educational group, whose task will be to study the history of the scout movement in all of its aspects; the radio group, whose work will be devoted along the lines of radio study and research; and a photographic group—the study of photography in all its branches, including the taking of air pictures. Each group is headed by a leader who is responsible for the work of his group.

All of this work is designed to give the Ukrainian Scouts a better background and knowledge in technical subjects, with the ultimate aim of being good and useful citizens of the near future free state of Ukraine.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

I. Introductory

The term "literature" is derived from the Latin word "literatura" which in turn is derived from the word "littera," meaning letter.

By the literature of a nation we mean, in its broadest sense, the written or printed works of that nation: dealing with religion, philosophy, poetry, drama, history, fiction, education, oratory (certain types), criticism, and other related subjects. But in the narrower and more popular sense we mean particularly those works which belong to the sphere of high art, and which embody thought that is lofty, power-giving and inspiring rather than mere knowledge-giving. "By literature I mean those great works... that rise above professional or commonplace uses, and take possession of the mind of a whole nation or a whole age," says Dean Stanley.

The literature of a nation is the treasury of its finest and loftiest thoughts, ideals and aspirations. It binds the people together with their past and tradition. It serves to mould the people to one common purpose. And it points out to them the road which leads to a better life.

Every nation has its own native literature, just as every nation has its own tradition, spirit,

joys and tragedies, fervent hopes and despairs, greatness and mediocrity. The literature of a nation is but the mirror which reflects all of these phases of national life. Literature is the bottomless and only source from which the nation can draw its spiritual and mental guidance and character.

The literature of a nation does not, however, assume only the written or printed form; but oral form as well. For, the history of literature began long before man learned to write, long before he started to make rude markings and drawings on stone and clay tablets. It begins from the time he began to chant rude ditties as an accompaniment to his savage dances, when he began to offer more or less inarticulate prayers to his various gods and goddesses, when he began to clumsily narrate his real and imaginary experiences. All of these primitive beginnings of the transmission of an idea in some form or other gradually grew into the numerous folk-songs, fables, beliefs and superstitions, proverbs, "dumy" and the like, which were passed on from generation to generation, until man learned how to write, learned how to put them in more or less permanent, stable form, visible to the eye.

(To be continued)

10. Germans establish monarchistic dictatorship in Ukraine

Seeing that their exploitation policy in Ukraine was not meeting with the anticipated success, the German "allies," with the aid of certain reactionary elements, overthrew the Ukrainian democratic government. In its stead they established a military dictatorship, headed by General Skoropadsky, a Ukrainian born ex-Russian general, upon whom they conferred the historic Ukrainian title of "hetman." By this coup d'etat, which was made possible only by the extremely unsettled conditions characterizing that period, Germany embarked upon the contemplated policy of reconstructing the old Russian empire, with Ukraine being its center and nucleus, and the whole to be controlled by Germany.

A storm of opposition arose in Ukraine against this dictatorship. It became further intensified with the revelation that this new "government" was composed of pro-Russian elements, including many leading monarchists of the former Czarist Russia and enemies of Ukraine who believed that the old Russia would be restored to status quo ante. The opposition took an organized form with the formation of the Ukrainian National Union (July 1918) into which entered all the various parties of Ukraine. When, following the Armistice (November 11),

Skoropadsky concluded an alliance with General Denikin, the leader of the White Russian armies which were endeavoring to restore old Russia, and furthermore proclaimed Ukraine a territory of Russia, the National Union naturally regarded this alliance as traitorous and against the principles of freedom of Ukraine. In opposition to this alliance it created the Directory, headed by Vinichenko and Petlura, whose aim was to overthrow the dictatorship and drive the Germans and Russians out of Ukraine.

The Directory declared Skoropadsky to be a traitor and called upon the people to rebel against his regime. A mass rebellion sprang throughout the Ukraine and volunteers flocked to augment Petlura's army. Victory rode with the Ukrainians from the outset and on December 19th, the Directory made a triumphal entry into Kiev. Great was the rejoicing throughout Ukraine at this recovery of its historic capital from the control of the Russians. Once more the Ukrainian Republic had driven off its enemies.

(To be continued)

UKRAINIAN FOLK PROVERBS

Every misfortune lies on the road to wisdom.

A united herd does not fear the wolf.

Learning does not lead into the forest, but out of it.

SAHAYDATCHNY

Retold from an old Ukrainian story by S. S.

10. Kaffa

The captured Tartar caïque, bearing Sahaydatchny, Nebaba, and Popovitch disguised as Tartar provincial merchants on their way to the market with farm produce,—swiftly drew nearer to the teeming harbor of Kaffa. Entering the harbor the Cossacks were greeted by a sight of a seemingly inexhaustible variety of craft on all sides of them: of sailing vessels, small boats of various description, fishing boats, caïques, galleys, captured galleons, corsairs, barges; some entering the harbor, others leaving; many swaying idly at anchor, others discharging their cargoes and spoils of some sea raid.

Rising out of the sparkling blue-green waters of the harbor was the seaport itself: a confusion of dazzling white mosques, minarets, turrets, domes, and flat roofed abodes, etched in striking relief against the deep blue of the semi-tropical sky. In gloomy contrast to this Arabian-nights like scene were the black forbidding walls of Kaffa, winding sinuously in and out the outskirts of the city like some prodigiously long serpent. Even from the distance the Cossacks could perceive, imbedded in the walls, the cruel looking hooks upon which the Turks hung alive many of their important prisoners, leaving them there to die a slow horrible death. A few skeletons could be seen now upon them, swaying slightly in the light breeze, their bones picked clean by the vultures and vermin.

Guiding their caïque carefully through the maze of harbor shipping the Cossacks paused for a moment, while a huge black galley pulling several barges in tow slowly moved across their bow. Its single tier of oars rhythmically lifted and dipped into water. Each one of the oars was manned by a pair of galley slaves shackled

to one another. Now and then a report like that of pistol would be heard as a heavy lash descended upon the bare shoulders of some unfortunate slave, urging his weary body to fresh efforts.

The three Cossacks regarding this scene of human misery at its lowest level, suddenly started in horror when they perceived, among the great majority of these galley slaves, features which unmistakably identified their owners as being of the Ukrainian Cossack race. But what manner of Cossacks they were now. No longer the lighthearted courageous roamers of the steppes; but with their toil-mishapen bodies matted with blood and filth they seemed more like some half human and half animal creatures who mutely pulled away at their heavy oars, their all but naked bodies swaying agonizingly back and forth, their leaden eyes now cast at their feet, now at the mockingly cheerful skies above.

"Mother of Jesus!"... softly groaned old Nebaba at this terrible sight. Tears streamed silently down the features of Oleksy Popovitch. Sahaydatchny alone seemed impervious to all this, gazing bleakly from beneath his bushy eyebrows at Kaffa. Only the slight movement of his jaw betrayed the fact that he too saw.

The galley slowly passed out of sight. The three Cossacks resumed their rowing, and in a few moments, after nearly colliding with several erratically rowed boats, reached shore. Sahaydatchny and Oleksy Popovitch stepped out, leaving Nebaba to guard the caïque. Turning their footsteps toward the nearby city they started on their way.

A few minutes of walking brought them inside the city walls, into the noise, dust and clamor,

the smells and the close pulsating heat of Kaffa. By chance they had stumbled right into the center of a slave market. The entire square was filled with people of all sorts: beggars, entertainers, acrobats, soldiers, merchants, high Turkish and Tartar officials, mountaineers from the inner fastness of Crimea; all either passing through the square, as many streets led into it, or milling around the slave blocks: where slaves were either led or dragged out, examined, their charms or strength—depending upon the sex—shouted to the skies, bidden upon, and then sold like some cattle to the highest bidder. The entire crowded square, fringed on all four sides by poplar and cypress tree, flooded by the noon-day glare of the sun, left upon the Cossacks an unforgettable impression. Clamor, laughter, cries, wild strains of Tartar music... soft weeping of women slaves, and a voice... a voice of lyricist singing a plaintive Ukrainian melody! Where did it come from?

In the center of the square, near a large water fountain, sat a very old man, holding in his lap an earthenware plate with a fragment of dried bread and a bit pickle on it. He was blind. Standing around him was a group of chained prisoners.

"And how long are you in slavery, sir?"—asked one of the group.

"Thirty years in slavery, and now thirty years 'in freedom'"—answered the old man, smiling bitterly.

"And how old were you when the Tartars caught you?"

"Twenty years old?"

"Where you blind then?"

"No, I could see then."

"Well, when did you lose your sight?"

"Just before my 'freedom,'"—again the old man smiled bitterly.

"How did that happen?"

"That's easily told," replied the old man. "Once I managed to escape; they caught me and shackled me better than before. Again I

escaped. Again they caught me, and after punishing me terribly, chained me harder yet. And when I escaped the third time and they caught me again, they burned my eyes out. From that time on I became a 'freeman,' acting as a water carrier; but when I grew old and sick they drove me like a dog into the street... and for the last ten years I've been a beggar."

Looking at this living ruin of what was once a splendid Cossack, the prisoners could not help but sigh and shake their heads in sorrow, for everyone expected that the same bitter fate awaited them.

"Sing us something 'father?'—asked one of them.

"Good, I will," the old man replied, and taking his old lyre in hand, tuned it for a moment, then raising his sightless blackened eyes to the unseen blue sky, lifted his quivering voice in sad moving song.

The prisoners crossed themselves. An overpowering feeling of sadness crept upon them. They gazed upon their chains and leather harness, recalled their dear ones back home, so far away... and wept in sorrow.

Even the blind singer had to stop singing; his lyre dropped to the ground; a sob wracked his thin body, and covering his face with his hands he wept bitterly.

"Cease your crying my children," he said at length, drying his tears. "Soon Sahaydatchny with his Cossacks will come and free us all."

Sahaydatchny involuntarily started. He had been unobtrusively standing nearby. For a moment it seemed to him that the blind old man had turned in his direction.

"But why is it that nothing is heard of him?"—someone asked.

"Don't worry, he will be here," cheered another.

"God grant it so!"

"They are here!"—quietly but distinctly a strange voice was heard to say.

(To be continued)

WHO AM I?

Why was I ever born? What good has this birth brought me? I had no choice in being born, but came with danger and suffering to my mother.

During the infancy I was tended with loving care and in a state of alarm at the first approach of a cold or sickness.

Not having had a choice in my birth, I am here despite the fact that I might have wished to wait until a generation or a century later, when the conditions of living will be greatly altered. I might have wanted to be born as a great inventor, or a famous writer, or a renowned physician, but I had no choice.

My disposition may be wholly criminal for all I know, but of this I never had the slightest chance to decide, either to object to such a character or to accept it, for it was given me through inheritance. What I am, I came by in a manner that left me helpless to avoid the conditions and consequences of my rank and temperament, and over these qualities I have never had any control.

Having been brought out of the matter that lies scattered in profuse chaos on the surface of the earth, and through a chemical and reproductive process this matter was formed into a being of which I am it. My body and brain are the direct product of dirt. The mass that has been extracted from the soil was made to take on life. Every day of my life I take some dirt for my body and brain in the form of food and drink; and every day of my life I put some of my body back into the ground. Instead of paying my debt to nature piece by piece and ounce by ounce, I must pay it in full by one single act, so that the earth may receive her own. When this happens, people say that I am dead. The physical construction of my body simply melts away into mother earth.

As soon as I was born, there came to me an eating era that has never left me since. I may get along without protection, shelter, clothes, and luxuries, but never without eating. I must eat in order to live, and since the beginning of my life I have eating and developing the results of eating. I cannot escape this command of eating, it must be obeyed, unless I perish by slow starvation which causes an endless suffering. That kind of finis is very undesirable. None of us can escape this gluttony. It is your and my duty to eat, grow, and reproduce to keep the race alive.

The necessity of fighting, robbing, and snowing no mercy to the weak is inborn in all of us. The man or woman who wants to live in peace must be a fighter, must show his cunning, his ableness of cheating to win a hold on life. The craftiness that must be employed in order that the keen mind might survive, is an effective weapon of progress.

Remember that I had no choice in coming into this world, and no choice in moulding my character to suit my wishes. I am not what I would like to be, but what I was compelled to be against my will and desire.

What good has my birth brought me? Every step of my life has been a step nearer toward the grave. Each day brings me nearer that goal. The fear of death, the knowledge that death is certain, and suddenness of its coming at times in different forms, and the sureness of its final approach, are all inherited torments planted in my breast.

Is there a purpose in that birth and that death? If I was created

solely for the purpose of living, eating, and dying, then it was a mistake and valuable time wasted. In other words, it is like making an elaborate and wonderful machine, and then smashing it into atoms as it is made.

The body is the marvel of ingenious invention, and should be endowed with the life given it, and not for the brief span of earthly existence, but for all time. Generations come and go so fast that graves pile on each other in confusion of the centuries.

The universe is so big and I am so insignificant in comparison to it, that the first conclusion that meets my analysis of this relation is that I am of no value whatever in the scheme of creation. Yet having been created and endowed with mass of cells in the body which perform their definite functions of life, I cannot look upon myself as unimportant in this great scheme.

Still the question comes up, "Who am I?" Am I a human or a devil? Maybe I am doomed and was born doomed, and have been predestined from birth only to be erased at the end of this life. Am I only a useless human thing, or am I useful as a stepping stone for something greater, finer, and better that will come in the future.

[A talk delivered at the Pre-Medical class in Chicago, Ill. in 1933—by Michael Senchuk].

IN WINTER

In the shuddering winter
Trees are barren, stark;
Frost is older; very colder.
Dawn is early and so dark!

Snow descends in steady ice-flakes
Out of threatening skies,
Clothing trees and stately house-
[tops.]

In a snowy white disguise!
Rosalie N. Hatala

ADVERTISING UKRAINE

Ukraine, the home of our beloved ancestors is suffering a great injustice by the hand of her foes. And yet, who knows it? A great majority of the people here in America are not conscious that such a tyranny is being carried on in Ukraine, and a lot of these people do not even know that such a country exists. It is our duty as Americans of Ukrainian descent to tell the people about Ukraine. That is the only way we can get America to look into our affairs and thus help us to free Ukraine from these bonds which are holding her down with such an oppressive force. We should "advertise" Ukraine.

With this thought in mind, I have set up ten rules, which I expect to follow and which I hope every loyal Ukrainian will adopt as a guiding path, and do his utmost to see that they are carried out in his community. The rules are:

First, to read books about Ukraine and her history and to tell about this to the people of other nationalities.

Second, to write about Ukraine and her people to American newspapers as well as to the Ukrainian newspapers.

Third, to see that the "Ukrainian Weekly" is well distributed among other nationalities as well as Ukrainians.

Fourth, to translate Ukrainian writings into the American lan-

CITIZENS' MILITARY TRAINING CAMPS

Just as the ever swinging pendulum of "Father Time" ticks on and on waiting for no one, so in a like manner it can readily be realized that opportunities presented for our benefit will not long remain if we are unable to perceive their advantages instantly. Similarly, I am taking the liberty of attempting to enlighten the question that no doubt has been hibernated in your minds over a period of years. The thing to which I refer is the C.M.T.C.

I feel that it is my duty as a fourth year candidate for one of these camps, to pass on to you the information necessary for reaping the rewards of a month's military training. Let us pause here a moment to tell you that enrollment for a month does not hold you subject to further military duty.

Consequently if you are now getting slightly interested let me inform you that the time to act is right away. Do not wait until the spring, for last year alone, many thousands of candidates were disappointed because it was impossible to accommodate all that applied.

The camps are held during July and August. The age requirement is 17 years or over. There are four courses—the first year course which is known as the Basic; the second year, the Red; the third year, the White; and the fourth year course is known as the Blue course.

All expenses are paid by the government, including your transportation to and from the camp, your uniform, laundry, meals, etc.

Everything works out to your advantage for it is not only free of charge but you also have the privilege of selecting the arm in which you wish to be trained, that is: Infantry, Cavalry, Field Artillery, Coast Artillery and Signal Corps.

Perhaps you think that only a steady diet of drill is given to you; but conditions are not so.

The mornings are devoted to drill, while the afternoons are given over to sports which include: swimming, baseball, track, boxing, tennis, etc.

I have given only the briefest resume of C.M.T.C. but for further information and application write to the following according to the state in which you reside:

First Corps Area: Main, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut: CMTC Officer, Boston, Mass.; Second Corps Area: New Jersey, Delaware and New York, the Island of Porto Rico, with the islands and keys adjacent thereto: CMTC Officer, Governors Island, N. Y.; Third Corps Area: Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia: CMTC Officer, Baltimore, Md.; Fourth Corps Area: North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana: CMTC Officer, Atlanta, Ga.; Fifth Corps Area: Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana and Kentucky: CMTC Officer, Ft. Hayes, Ohio; Sixth Corps Area: Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin: CMTC Officer, Chicago, Ill.; Seventh Corps Area: Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, North & South Dakota: CMTC Officer, Omaha, Neb.; Eighth Corps Area: Texas, Oklahoma, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona: CMTC Officer, Ft. Sam Houston, Texas; Ninth Corps Area: Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada and California: CMTC Officer, Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

Master Sgt. CHMELYK,

315th Inf. E. R. C.

952 W. Russel St.

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE COSSACK CLUB OF CLEVELAND, O.

The "Cossacks' Fine Arts Club" of Cleveland, Ohio held its election of officers for 1934. The following were elected: John Billy—Pres., Theodore Kaplysh—Vice Pres., Joseph T. Bilinski—Sect., Anthony Fedak—Treas., Walter Krailo—Ass't Sect., Paul Pich—Sergeant-at-arms; Michael Sapic, Peter Yurchak, John Kaplysh and Anthony Fedak were appointed to the Social Committee; while Joseph Bilinski, Russell Milanich, Walter Krailo and Jan Guzik, were appointed to the Activities Committee.

The club was organized Nov. 27, 1932, with the purpose of promoting friendship, and to create greater interest among the Ukrainian youths in activities along social cultural lines. Starting with fourteen chartered members, the membership has increased to twenty eight fellows. Over half of the members have exceptional ability along orchestral lines.

During the club's short existence, there were held two dances, two club parties, and two drawings: affairs which were successful from both financial and social standpoints. The Cossacks organized two basketball teams, which were instrumental in winning the "Ukrainian Ohio State Championship of 1933." The club's track team placed third in a community meet. A Glee Club and club paper which were recently introduced are gaining rapidly in popularity. The Cossacks are planning to extend their activities in sports, social and cultural lines, and expect to make 1934 a Big Cossack Year.

The club wishes to announce that its Membership Drive is on and will extend on until Feb. 14. All fellows of eighteen years of age and older, of Ukrainian descent, are eligible. Those who are interested, see or write to John Billy who resides at 1327 Buhner Avenue.

Yours sincerely,

RUSS MILAN, J

Respectfully submitted,

PATRICIA SENKO.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A FINE EXAMPLE

Dear Editor:

The December 22, 1933 issue of the "Ukrainian Weekly" carried an article pertaining to "Ridna Shkola" in Western Ukraine. I was deeply impressed at the critical situation that is confronted under the Polish yoke and all the hardships that must be surpassed in order to maintain "Ridna Shkola" which makes such gallant efforts to save the young Ukrainian generation from denationalization. After reading the article, I was led to believe that each patriotic Ukrainian should contribute their share, no matter how small, towards the maintenance of our "Ukrainian Catholic Girl's Club" of Detroit, Mich.

You may be sure that all the members were of the same opinion that I was, and we unanimously decided that the "Ukrainian Catholic Girl's Club" should make some contribution towards furthering the cause of the "Ridna Shkola." Today, we forwarded our \$5.00 to "Obyednanye" which represents a sincere contribution from this group of young Ukrainian-American women who have never seen the Old Country but nevertheless who feel it their duty to help their less fortunate friends in Ukraine.

Let's hope that other clubs will benefit by our example and will make their contributions.

Yours very truly,

STELLA B. EVANCHUK, Pres.

IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH

It is indeed delightful to know that so many, many, young Ukrainians are interested in the "U. W." I, as one of them, marvel and rejoice to find that the Ukrainian boys and girls from all parts of the United States at last are showing their love for our beloved Ukraine; and that our younger set is beginning at last to develop into something tantamount to an entity of brave and patriotic youths.

It really makes my Ukrainian blood boil to know that so vast a number of Ukrainians across the ocean, is being ruled, and ill-treated by the worthless Polish and Soviet Russian governments. Tell me, dear brothers and sisters, are we going to let them tear us apart and let our brothers and sisters die of starvation? I should say not! One might say pessimistically, "well, what can we do about it?" We can do a lot if only we'd stick together, one and all; for it is up to us, with our enthusiasm and love for our mother Ukraine to keep alive the spirit of patriotism and to show our willingness to help in the best way we can.

Ukes! Shall we remain unperturbed while our beloved flag is being wallowed in the mire by ruthless enemies of everything that spells liberty, freedom, and justice? Shall we permit our enemies to denationalize our martyred people? Emphatically no! Let us open the world's eyes to the horrible pictures that unroll themselves interminably, in what is known as Poland and Soviet Russia! The task seems gigantic, but if we work together, we will be able to make a breach in the wall of the mountain.

I remain

A True Ukrainian,
ROSE KUCHAR,
113 Willow Street,
Manchester, N. H.

SPREADING KNOWLEDGE OF UKRAINE

I think it would greatly help our cause if a league were organized to make American people Ukrainian conscious. For instance, lately I've been reading in the "U. W." arguments about our holidays

THE SPORT WHIRL

UKRAINIAN-AMERICAN
SOCCER TEAM OF
PHILADELPHIA

For the last half year, the appearance of write-ups in the sport columns of Philadelphia papers about a Ukrainian-American Soccer Team has been quite a mystery. No one seemed to know which Ukrainian community this team came from; a check-up of those possible sections that could only undertake such a project revealed no information. To make it more interesting, this team has been always on the winning side of the score and at the top of their league.

The honors of organizing such an impressive team go to the Ukrainian American Athletic Club, in one of the smallest colonies in this city. This team has been making everyone take notice and in spite of their limitations, handicaps, and lack of facilities (something which the more resourceful Ukrainian communities in this city do not have to contend with) they have been doing fine work in putting Ukrainians before the Philadelphian sport fans. The officers of this club are: M. Roman, Pres.; M. Hallowich, Vice Pres.; M. Zmutyn, Treas.; and J. Barna, Sect.; much credit going to them in carrying out their program. It is a significant fact that Polish teams are now organizing soccer teams also; it shows that this outfit is making the city conscious of Ukrainians.

Mike Roman has been telling me that the fellows have been playing since boyhood days, always with the ambition of some day having a real soccer team. At present, they have a string of nine victories and with the coaching of Mr. Wilson, an old time player, they hope to keep their record clean.

The Ukrainian-Americans are the leaders in the Third Division of the North Phila. League. In their last game they gave a 4-3 drubbing to Sterling, a team of the First Division which includes only veteran teams.

This coming Sunday, Feb. 11th the team plays the Kensington Blue Bells in a match for the Allied Cup Championship. The kickoff will be at 3 P. M. at the Diston Ball Park, Unruh & State Road, a mile above the Frankford Arsenal. The line-up: Bob Dixon, Goal; John Willuski, R. F. B.; Chas. Roman, L. F. B.; Pete Kutchner, R. H. B.; Tom Blaney, C. H. B.; Tony Patgorski, L. H. B.; John Hudsonitch, O. L.; Geo.

falling on a different date than those of the American. I am in favor of retaining our calendar, as it makes the vast difference between ourselves and the Poles all the more apparent. When people hear about our native costume it will make them curious and curiosity will be followed by inquiries, and then they will learn about Ukraine and Ukrainians.

We should take advantage of every opportunity to distinguish ourselves from other nationalities. I think every Ukrainian club or organization should have its members send in suggestions to the "U. W." or "Svoboda" on how to make America and other countries Ukrainian conscious.

For instance every Ukrainian, young or old, should wear an emblem or ring with the Ukrainian flag on it. There are numerous peoples who have never heard of Ukraine and Ukrainians. By coming in contact with the flags and emblems or rings, they will become curious to the point of inquiring, thereby increasing their knowledge of Ukraine. And above all, every Ukrainian youth should be able at second's notice to tell any person with pride all about Ukraine and Ukrainians. If we keep trying hard enough we're bound to succeed.

MICHAEL TEMCHEW,

Maple Avenue,

E. Hempstead, N. Y.

Hallowich, I. L.; Ray Worrell, C. F.; Ed. Blaney, I. R.; Mike Hallowich, O. R.; Pete Kurcaba, Mike Roman, Geo. Buchter and Steve Roman are Subs.

The team will be glad to have all the support you young Ukrainian Americans of Phila. can give them. Come out and root for them. A team always can use backing, so let's have some real Ukrainian cheers at this game. Remember, this is the first real Ukrainian Championship of this district; we should do our bit in helping the team to win.

WALTER N. NACHONEY,

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE UNDEFEATED UKRAIN-
IANS OF SYRACUSE

The undefeated Ukrainian quintet hung up their fifteenth consecutive win of the season Sunday night when they defeated the strong St. Josaphat's Basketball Team of Rochester in a return game at the Uke's court by a score of 28 to 24.

In the first contest between the two teams, which was played in Rochester, two overtime periods were necessary to decide the game. After playing through four exciting quarters and one overtime period, Kudlick broke the count with a shot from the middle of the floor and gave the Syracuseans a 33 to 31 victory. Mathews was the high scorer for the winners, while Greenway was top man for the Rochester team.

The second game between both teams, which was played on January 28, was a very exciting seesaw affair with neither team leading by more than four points. The count was tied five times throughout the game. The St. Josaphats' were leading at the end of the first half by a score of 14 to 10. An extra period was necessary to decide this exciting basketball game. The final score was 28 to 24 favoring the Syracuse Ukrainians. Kudlick and Frank Rudy were the stars for the winners with 8 and 10 points respectively, while Smith and Kowba were the top men for the losers with 8 and 7 points apiece.

The squad consists of John Macko, Mgr.; Paul Kudlick, Frank Rudy, John Rudy, John Mathews, John Michalsky, George Rybak, Art Loraine, Mike Zaleski, Steve Macko, and Dempsey.

The Ukrainians of Syracuse, especially the newly formed organization, the Ukrainian Catholic Youth, are proud of their basketball team and wish them success in further encounters with all teams.

MICHAEL KANY.

PHILADELPHIA VICTORIES

With the brilliant playing of Kozel, and the team spirit that can't be beaten, the Philadelphia Young Ukrainians beat the Lutheran Deaf, 35 to 36, for the second time this year on January 23, 1933.

Rev. Knapp's Young Ukrainian Team, who have up to date met quite a number of formidable foes, are expected to meet Rev. Chehaniski's agression, from Wilmington; just as soon as an opening date can be found.

EMIL L. HARASYM,
Branch No. 45 of the U.N.A.
Philadelphia, Pa.

ROSALIE SEZ:

Things I Like To See:

A good looking male now and then... The Perth Amboy quintet win thirteen straight... All of my readers... Mr. Dembitsky's Apron Party a big success... Every young Ukrainian read "Let Freedom Ring" written by Arthur Garfield Hayes... Myself giving up Journalism!

Capsule Wisdom:

Only a fool gives advice—and yet, it is a wise man who listens to it!

UKRAINIAN AFFAIRS
IN AMERICAN PRESSUKRAINIAN DANCERS CLUB
OF CHICAGO

Four short years ago, Ballet-master Vasile Avramenko came to Chicago and started a dancing school. This school consisted of one hundred dancers.

A few months passed and these one hundred organized a dancers' club. During these short four years, this club of one hundred members has arisen to five-hundred members.

Five Hundred Members, an honor which the organization gets, while ten of the five hundred keep up the club. Surely the rest of us aren't going to let the mere few keep up such a worthy club. Why don't you consider the following words, then come and do your part.

"United we stand
Divided we fall."

Friday, January 19th, an annual meeting was held and the following officers were elected: Pres.—Henry Gizowsky, Vice Pres.—Stella Karpenk, Rec. Sec.—Janie Hirniak, Fin. Sec.—Mary Kozzyra, Treas.—Michael Fedyn, Controllers—Ann Cyjko and Michael Krawchuk.

On February the twenty second we the Americans celebrate the birthday of George Washington, a great day, but we the dancers of Chicago, shall make it still a greater day, for it marks the fourth anniversary of our existence.

We cordially invite all those who want to help celebrate our great day to join us February 22, 1934, at 7:30 P. M. at 1944 West Erie St.

Let not only our five hundred members be present, but the whole Ukrainian colony of Chicago and vicinity as well.

"Be seeing you there."

JENNIE L. HIFNIAK, Sect.

UKRAINIAN YOUTH OF CAR-
NEGIE ORGANIZE

On Sunday Dec. 24, the American-Ukrainian Youths of Carnegie held a meeting for the purpose of uniting all Ukrainian Youths of this town. Over one hundred young fellows and girls attended this meeting. The program consisted mostly of speeches, the most outstanding being on "The Need of Ukrainian Youth Organizing" which was given by our Ukrainian teacher, Mr. Joseph Bukata. Another speaker was Rev. Marian Kucher, who spoke on promoting more Ukrainian spirit among our youth.

As a result of this meeting our youths took immediate action to form a club. Plans and discussions for the purpose of this organization followed and a constitution committee of eight was appointed. The constitution and by-laws committee consists of Joseph Bukata, Rev. Marian Kucher, Nelia Wengryn, Frank Steffora, Steve Patross, Mildred Hanczar, Mitro Panko and Mary Haritan.

On the following Sunday our active young Ukrainians met again and organized themselves under the name of Ukrainian Youth Association of Carnegie, Pa. The purpose of this Association, besides sponsoring social activities and promoting good fellowship, is to prepare our young Ukrainians to uphold Ukrainian institutions, both national and religious.

At the present time we have over ninety members in our Association, this being the largest number of Ukrainians Youths ever organized in this town.

Following are the officers who were elected: Pres.—Frank Steffora; Vice Pres.—Mary Haritan; Fin. Sec.—Steve Zinski; Rec. Sec.—Bessie Wolanski; Treas.—Mike Wengryn; Asst. Treas.—Anna Wengryn.

Sincerely yours,

BESSIE WOLANSKI,
Carnegie, Pa.

(This column is concluded in the "Svoboda").