



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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Vol. II.

ATTENTION NEW YORK YOUTH!

Another youth rally, similar to the one held two weeks ago, will be held tonight, at 8 o'clock, at 30 East 7th Street, in New York City. Tonight's meeting, however, will be of a different character than the one two weeks ago. The actual organization of a special youth branch of the Ukrainian National Association will take place, tonight.

All young American-Ukrainians who desire to join this youth branch of the U. N. A., or even those who desire some further information concerning it are strongly urged to be present tonight at this meeting.

The warm hearted response of the local youth to this project has led the sponsors of this meeting to anticipate quite an assemblage of our young people.

Refreshments will be served.
Be sure to come!

FRIENDS OF UKRAINIAN MUSIC

On February 28th, 1934 at 8 o'clock in the evening, Mr. Roman Prydatkevych, the well known Ukrainian violinist, as chairman, called to order the organization meeting of the Friends of Ukrainian Music.

Briefly but clearly, Mr. Prydatkevych presented a plan whereby it may be made possible for him, through an organized society to collect, prepare and produce Ukrainian Music not only for the entertainment of all music lovers, but also for adding and contributing to and enriching the American culture. Also, he agreed to render Ukrainian chamber music for all Friends of Ukrainian Music, saying that Ukrainians are missing the pleasure of listening to their beautiful, soul inspiring music.

In this plan, no doubt, Mr. Prydatkevych has been encouraged and inspired by many well known American music lovers and Friends of Ukrainian Music, who were present at this meeting. Nevertheless, it is for us, Ukrainians, who should consider ourselves cultured, to support and encourage such a scheme as Mr. Prydatkevych envisions and not leave it entirely to our American friends.

To acquaint the American music lovers as well as those Ukrainians who did not learn of the program of this society before, it was decided to arrange an evening of Ukrainian music and thus show the people what the society has in store for them.

This informal concert will be held on Thursday, March 22, 1934, at 8 o'clock in the evening, at the Studio Club of New York City, 210 East 77th Street. There will be no admission charge.

It is hoped, that all those Ukrainians who possibly could, will come and bring their friends, and thus demonstrate to all that they are true Friends of Ukrainian Music.

NICHOLAS HAWRYLKO.

New York, March 12, 1934.

OUR PROGRESS IN AMERICAN POLITICAL LIFE

A very interesting article from Arnold, Pa., appeared in the March 3rd issue of the "Svoboda"; interesting in that the figures given therein tell an inspiring story all by themselves.

Let us gaze upon these figures for a moment, and then draw our own conclusions.

Out of the 42,000 total population of Arnold, Pa., which incidentally is residential in character, with but a few factories, there are 160 Ukrainian families.

Out of the 80 students who graduated from the local high school last year 14 of them were Ukrainian boys and girls, and out of the 9 students who graduated with high honors—4 of them were of Ukrainian descent.

Approximately two years ago the American-Ukrainian group of that town managed to get one of its own nationality—Mr. Peter Malyka, an engineer engaged in the building profession—elected to the local Board of Education; and last December this same Ukrainian gentleman was chosen as the head of this Board. Another Ukrainian, John Fedan, a local businessman, was elected to the town's governing body. Also, another American-Ukrainian, but of the younger generation this time, was appointed as the local town assessor. And finally, eight other candidates who had the support of the Ukrainian voting contingent got into local office.

But that is not the sum and total of the activities of our fellow Ukrainians in Arnold. Desiring to have a clear conception of their political strength they conducted on their own initiative a census among themselves, which showed them that they totalled 780 in number, including the children.

Looking at this bare recital of the accomplishments of the Arnold Ukrainians one is naturally struck with the thought—what the Ukrainian people in America could really accomplish if they would only unite and strive towards a common goal. True, the American-Ukrainians during their comparatively brief stay here in their new homeland have actually accomplished a great deal; and yet, what even greater results could have been attained by today, how different the history of the Ukrainian life in America could have been if the American-Ukrainians had but displayed at all times that unity and coordination of efforts and aims as exemplified by the small group of Ukrainians in Arnold. We have not the slightest intention of minimizing or underrating the past and present achievements. We bow our heads before them in silent respect. But we cannot refrain from sighing regretfully at the thought at what it could have been...

It is not too late, however. The opportunities of advancing ourselves here in America, despite the present crisis, are just as great as those which confronted the older generation upon its advent here. In fact, they are even greater, for we are not faced with those natural difficulties which confronted them; and when this present depression is tided over opportunities to improve our lot will be greater than ever before. All that we need at the present time is patience and confidence in ourselves.

Such achievements as those of the Ukrainians in Arnold tend to strengthen this feeling of confidence in ourselves. Already, as we read further in the mentioned article from Arnold, our younger generation of that locality has been visibly impressed and inspired with the achievements of those of its own race in its town. And it has good reason to be proud of these achievements too, for it has been clearly demonstrated that its Ukrainian nationality instead of being a hindrance, as some pessimists might believe, has, on the contrary, turned out to be a decidedly decisive factor in its political progress. It is the tie that has bound them together into an effective unit.

We purposely bring these facts to the attention of our young readers in order to set an example before them, and also that they may see for themselves what unity of initiative, efforts and aims can lead them to.

To date, our people have not taken a sufficient interest in the American political life, nor have they given the proper support to those who have. There are many talented individuals among us who are just aching to do something worthwhile in the American political life, and who would too, if only given the chance; but the sad commentary on this is that in most cases they lack the support from their own people, with the sad result that they either become discouraged and give up, or devote their talents for the benefit of some other nationality, which is only too willing to give them its support.

Such has been the general rule among the Ukrainian people in America, with a few bright exceptions, such as the present one. We have high hopes, however, that this deplorable situation will not last among us very much longer; for already we see evidences of this in the growing number of political clubs among our people, particularly among the younger generation. We are sure that the arising of these organizations, led by our young American-Ukrainians who have already completed their studies and are now about to take part in life's work, will do more than obviate this shortcoming of our people, and lead them to a position where they will play a definite and important part in the American political life.

DISPOSSESSED HUMANITY

By Shevchenko

Behold! Oh, Blessed Queen! And see
This dispossessed humanity,
These slaves, and lend them
strength and will
To bear their chains, and like
Our Friend,
Your Son, to bear the cross until
They reach the goal—the common
end.

Translated by W. SEMENYNA.

Read Your Kóbrar!

ESSAY CONTEST NEWS

The Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, sponsoring the 500—1,000 word essay contest among the younger generation of American-Ukrainians on the topic "What particular aspects or phases of Ukrainian life attract me most," wishes to announce that a number of essays have already been received to date.

Time is growing short. April 2nd is the deadline. There is still time, however, for those who have not yet started, to begin writing their article now, and perhaps they may win one of the many valuable prizes offered to the winners, as well as see their essays or articles in print!

Details concerning the rules of this contest have appeared in previous issues of the "Ukrainian Weekly", particularly in the February 23rd issue.

All contest essays should be mailed in care of Stephen Shumeyko, at 83 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

PHILADELPHIA RADIO PROGRAM

On Monday evening, March 12, the first of a series of Ukrainian weekly radio programs was presented over station WTEL, 1310 kc.

This program will be presented in the future every Monday evening from 7:30 to 8 P. M.

THE BRIDGE

Soaring above between the distant banks
The magic catenary sways through space;
Its drooping wing-tips change to claws and sink
Into Manhattan's flesh and Palisades' proud face.
With arms of steel the Hudson bed of rock
Has gript the shapely form and holds it still,
And man, mere man, has cast the lasting charm
Which makes the straddling eagle serve his will.

Each fibre of the curve is under strain
And pulsing with the beat of New York's heart,
And from its height the eagle gazes on
The many charms and follies of man's art.

WALDIMIR SEMENYNA.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

In striking contrast to the comparative meagerness of mourning songs among the Ukrainian people is the multitude of variegated wedding songs and chants.

The introduction of Christianity into Ukraine was in no small measure responsible for the obliteration of our many ancient folk-customs; but a goodly portion of them have been retained to this very day in form of these wedding songs.

Many of the present day wedding songs of the Ukrainian people come down to us from very ancient times, when family life and customs were greatly different from that of today. Take for instance the ancient custom of "stealing" a maiden to become one's wife. The young swain coming to the home of his heart's desire, in order to take her away with him and make her his wife, would find himself accosted by her brothers who refuse to let him take her until he gives her family some sort of gift, usually known as "vino". On this theme there are such songs as the one following:

Братчику ремислеку,
Сядь собі на крислеку,
Січи, рубай, рубай,
Сестри не дай,
Бо сестра родима,
За столом як калина,

or this one:

Ой Татар, братчик Татар!
Продав сестру за талар,
Русу косу за шістак,
Біле личко таки так.

Outright abductions were not rare in those days. Often times the suitor would arrive at the home of his beloved with his "druzhina" (retainers) and forcibly attempt to take her away. Based on this incident we have many songs, such as the one following:

Ой не находь, Литва;
Будем тебе бити,
Будем бити, воювати,
Марусеньки не давати...

In an effort to discourage abductions Yaroslav the Wise (1019—1054), in the first set of codified laws of the Ukrainian people known as "Ruska Pravda", strictly forbade such abductions under the penalty of a heavy fine. Such abductions, however, continued for quite some time afterward, in spite of the prohibition against them.

Every one of the many ceremonial steps taken in a Ukrainian wedding, whether it be the baking of the "korovay" (special kind of wedding cake) or the slicing of it, or the unbraiding of the bride's braids, or the escorting of the bride with her maid-of-honor into the village, the meeting with the bridegroom, or the escorting of

the young couple to the church and back home again—all of these many folk-customs have songs and chants associated with them; and some of these songs are very beautiful and highly poetic, indeed.

The bridegroom is usually designated in these songs as the "kniaz" (prince), while the bride, "kniahynya" (princess). Then there are the usual "starosta" (a very important personage in the wedding ceremony, a man, who besides giving the bride away has many other duties to perform), "druzhi" and "druzhy" (bridesmaids and ushers), and others.

Two days before the wedding a very large round "korovay" is baked. Its baking and decorating is usually associated with songs beginning with:

"Світ місяцю з-раю, нашому
короваю..."

When the bridal party returns from church the bride is showered with grain, to the accompaniment of:

"Ой сип, матінко, овесець..."

When the married couple depart from the wedding festivities for their new home, the following song is sung:

Ступила молоденька з порога,
Бувай, моя мамонько здорова!
Тай не плач-же моя матінко за мною,
Не забери я усього майна з собою;
Ой лишу тобі мої слізюньки в коморі,
Ой лишу тобі мої слізюньки на дворі,
Тай лишак своє злля в городочку.—
Тай на свою ріденьку матіночку.

[Note: The Ukrainian wedding ceremony offers such a wealth of detailed and very interesting cus-

toms that a special series of articles based on this subject will appear in the "Ukrainian Weekly" in the near future.—S. S.]

3. Class Folk-Songs

This division of folk-songs is one which deals with the life and customs of certain classes and stratas of society. They are of many types, chief among which are those dealing with the life of the "chumak". "Chumaky" (plural) were those who travelled from Ukraine into Crimea for salt. They gathered in large bands, elected their "otaman" (leader), and proceeded on their journey, which in the olden days was often fraught with extreme danger from roving tribes of Tartars and other wild Asiatics. Here is the beginning of a song illustrating a "chumak's" adventures:

Ой ходив чумак
Сім рік по Дону,
Та не було пригодоньки
Ніколи йому.
Ой їхав чумак
З Криму до дому,
Сталась йому пригодонька
За всю дорогу, і т. д.

And here is another, recounting how a "chumak" squandered in revelry all of his profits:

У Києві на риночку,
Там ле чумак горілочку.
Против воли, против вози,
Против ярма, ше й занози,
Всю своє добро...

(To be continued)

SAHAYDATCHNY

Retold from an old Ukrainian story by S. S.

15. The Triumphant Return

Kiev—Mother of Ukraine—had seen many of her sons return from some victorious war in a great blaze of glory, midst fanfare and cheers of the populace; but rarely had she seen a more impressive and magnificent spectacle as the reception accorded to Sahaydatchny and his Cossacks upon their return from their very successful campaign against the Turks and Tartars. It was enough to make that venerable lady actually swell with justifiable pride.

Down by the Dnieper River a tremendous cheering, excited mass of people had gathered to watch the voyage-weary Cossacks disembark from their fleet "chayke" and stretch their cramped legs once more upon dry land. Back in the city everything was closed for the day. A general holiday had been declared. Crowds from all parts of the city and the surrounding countryside had converged either to the river bank, or sought points of vantage along the streets leading from that spot to the St. Sophia Square; for along this route the Cossacks were to march to the St. Sophia Cathedral, where, during the afternoon, services of thankfulness for the victory, and memorial services for their dead were to be held.

All of the clergy and the high dignitaries of the many churches of Kiev, the monks and nuns of the monasteries and convents, the various local guild orders, brotherhoods, student bodies from the local schools, besides the general mass of inhabitants, with banners, crosses, icons, holy pictures, pennants—all thronged the route to welcome the defender of Ukrainian liberties—Peter Sahaydatchny. Above the steady roar of the multitudes could be heard the ceaseless ringing and pealing of the church bells. A beautiful

pageant, indeed: one that will remain engraved in the history of Kiev for many centuries.

Down by the river Sahaydatchny stepped ashore from his "chayka". He was welcomed with bread and salt by the city fathers. A milk-white Arabian stallion, caparisoned with a beautifully embroidered cloth, was led before him. Placing his red-booted foot in the gold stirrup Sahaydatchny swung into a richly, gold engraved saddle; and spurring lightly the curveting and prancing horse he galloped, like some Centaur of old, to the front. A wave of the "bulawa", a shrill trumpet call, the crash and roll of the drums, the wail of fifes,—and the long Cossacks column started forward.

At the very front marched a picked contingent of Cossacks, bearing the Cossack colors swirling in the breeze. Behind them came others carrying the captured Turkish and Tartar coats-of-arms and banners. Then came the main body of the Cossacks, headed by their "sotneks" and "otamans", carrying with them all sorts of rich spoils seized in Kaffa, Synop, as well as from the Turkish galleys: silks, satins, hats with red tops, red, green, and yellow soft-skin boots, all kinds of weapons (slung over their shoulders), muskets, scimitars, pistols, sabres and swords—dazzling the eye with their brilliance and beauty.

The Cossacks stepped forward swiftly and proudly. And indeed, they had something to be proud of. The entire breadth of Europe rang with praises of their exploits.

Old Nebaba walked at the head of his "kureyn". Every now and then he cast an amused look to his right: for trudging along behind him, his face red with embarrassment, was "mighty" Khoma carrying on his arm the slight figure of the little Tartar girl. With

her arm thrown around the bull neck of Nebaba, she looked with wide, questioning eyes around her, as if seeking her former protector, Oleksy Popovitch. She did not know that he had lost his life at Ochakiv.

Immediately behind Nebaba marched our old friend Karpo, together with his two Ostrog companions, Hrytsko and Ukhyim. The third, of the original trio who had gone to the Zaporog with Karpo, the young printer Khvedko, lay somewhere on the bank of the Dnieper, killed in the fighting by Kizirykmenya.

The crowds welcoming the Cossacks were growing thicker and thicker as they approached St. Sophia Square. Our friends were passing a certain group, when all of a sudden they heard above the general hubbub a feminine voice cry out:

"Hrytsko! Hrytsko!"

Hrytsko started at the sound of his name. Glancing swiftly around he perceived the figure of a girl, standing in front of the crowd, her hands clasped tightly, her eyes gazing mutely into his. It was Odarka.

Breaking out of the marching ranks Hrytsko ran toward her.

"Odarocho! My dear! Is that you?"—he questioned, disbelieving his eyes.

"Yes, Hrytsko... tis I... oh!!"—she managed to ejaculate.

They embraced convulsively, unmindful of the crowd. Tears streamed down the girl's cheeks. She had been so afraid that she would never see her beloved again.

"And don't you remember me, daughter?"—an anxious, and strangely familiar voice, inquired from behind them.

The girl looked around. Before her stood an old, white haired man, staring at her, with tears brimming in his eyes.

Oh! How well she remembered those eyes!... Many a time, when she was a child, those kindly eyes had bent over her. It was

her father. He had long been given up for dead; since the time when upon her mother's death he had gone to the Zaporog.

"O, father!... Is that you?"

"Yes, my little dove!—he managed to reply.

With a cry of joy she disengaged herself from Hrytsko's arms, and threw herself into the arms of her father. What a glorious day! She had been reunited with her sweetheart, and with her long lost father; both of whom she had expected never to see again.

"You have this young man to thank for my deliverance."—the old man said at length, pointing to Hrytsko. "He freed me from the Turkish dungeon."

Hrytsko grew red as a beet. So it was her father he had saved. How fortunate. The memory of the rescue stood still vividly before him. Once more before his eyes appeared burning Kaffa... the savage hand-to-hand fighting... burning walls toppling and crashing around him... and then a voice crying for help. Looking around he had seen a small grated window, set low in the wall of a large building, and behind this window, the face of her father, a captive in dungeon. It was the work of but a few minutes to liberate him. How fortunate, indeed!

Meanwhile the long Cossack column had reached the Square. A word of command from Sahaydatchny, a blast from the trumpet, and the Cossacks broke ranks. Joy reigned supreme. The entire square became filled with deliriously happy people: everybody welcoming the Cossacks, slapping them on the back, girls embracing them, reunions of families, shouts, cries, bells pealing anew, flags waving, tears of joy, and... tears of sadness too—for many a brave Cossack would never see his home and dear ones again.

(To be continued)

SHEVCHENKO AND UNA

We all know who Shevchenko is. And Una?

According to Edmund Spenser's "Faerie Queene", Una was the girl who married Redcross Knight in gratitude for the slaying of the dragon that devastated her father's kingdom. The name Una is used in reference to the singleness of purpose that is characteristic of truth.

This singleness of purpose is exemplified by another UNA of today, the Ukrainian National Association. It is due to this singleness of purpose, this belief in the ultimate triumph of truth that our UNA is living to this day, and is gaining headway in the midst of all the present strife.

Now, what relation is there between Shevchenko and UNA? I dare say that if it was not for Shevchenko our UNA would not be in existence today.

It takes courage to strive for truth. But courage alone is not any incentive for attaining truth. Coupled with courage we must have fearless love which will spur us to courageous deeds. These are the qualities which we idealize and worship in Shevchenko. It is these qualities radiating from his words that reawakened a slumbering nation of enslaved farmers, and spurred generations of youth to fight for the fulfillment of the poet's dream: a free and independent Ukraine. And is it not this same group of young people, brought up in the same traditional love of its native soil, reared in the spirit of the great poet's words, that came to this country and organized a mutual association which evolved into UNA? Bear in mind that it is the love of Ukraine, the land and its people, by those who were a part of it, who bore their part in its history and sacrificed part of their lives in the making of it, that understand Shevchenko to any extent; and it is they that laid the foundation of UNA and guided it to this day. The multitude followed the guidance of these leaders because, all exceptions contrary, they all had one thing in common: love of their native land, which Franko portrays so well in his "Naimyt":

With this great love he's like the Titan of the Greeks,
That earth's unconquerable son,
Who, thrown to earth, regains
what he had lost and seeks
To finish what he had begun.

And how many of those brought up in this country can feel that same love for the Ukrainian soil?

Let us part the veil of patriotism and look squarely at the facts. There are many who are zealous Ukrainian patriots, but, I dare say, that they represent the minority—a sincere minority. Why? Because living in surroundings where gain is everything we are bound to give way to the views of those about us. It is a question of do or die. And in this struggle for existence, who gives heed to the needs of others? It takes a strong character and understanding to partake in the succor of others when one is hard-pressed himself.

This character is something that is acquired by a long and close association with others that radiate it, that have been treated in the furnace of life and tempered with understanding of the needs of their fellowmen. This type of association we find in Shevchenko. Through association with him—his words—generations of Ukrainians have gained the power to enjoy life while fighting for its betterment. Through association with him, generations of

Ukrainians have organized to gain strength in their daily struggles with antagonistic conditions. Through his influence, with his guiding spirit, organizations sprouted. And one of these organizations is UNA.

Do we ever stop to think what influence Shevchenko has on the course of the Ukrainian history—the recent history. No matter which way we may turn—it is Shevchenko, Shevchenko, and Shevchenko.

He has influenced every Ukrainian's life, and yet how very few of us here really understand him. I'm exempting the young people in Ukraine—because they, at least, feel him as the personification of their Ukrainian ideals; but can that be said of us here? And if that cannot be said of us here then how are we expected to be heart and soul behind the Ukrainian cause; and, if the Ukrainian cause should be of no interest to us then what interest can we have in our Ukrainian organizations?

It seems logical to deduct that if the younger people are to be of any service for the Ukrainian organizations and thereby to the Ukrainian cause, they ought to be made a part of the cause; ought to be made to understand that in bettering the fate of others they are bettering their own future. They must feel the cause and be imbued with a love for that goal. And to be able to love an ideal which may affect their future lives they must understand the representative leader of that cause—the leading influence that led generations of others. They must understand Shevchenko.

It is not enough to get together once a year—and sing a hymn or two, interwoven with loud speeches meaningless to most listeners. Shevchenko asked to be mentioned with the quiet word of action.

There is no need to go into his life. Everybody is supposed to know that—and if they don't know it then all those past years of "speeches" have been wasted. Shevchenko wanted to be remembered with deeds, not words. Action was his outstanding call. His very words connoted action. Why make funeral scenes for him who is always alive—and will live, forever.

As usual most of those commemorations are a source of irritation to the younger people. How many listen? How many want to listen? How many try not to hear? And how many stay away from those occasions—for fear of being bored to death?

Why do we talk so much and learn so little about him? Why not talk about what he did and what he was influential in having done by others. Surely there must be a number of recorded acts inspired by his faith. If not, there should be. Why is there no "Kobzar" with explanatory notes published in the manner of that edited by Dr. Basil Simovich? Why is the reading of the "Kobzar" not popularized more by the press, organizations and clubs? Surely a simple verse with a thorough explanation and its historical background will do more good during a commemoration than long and tiring speeches. Why must there be an out of town speaker if this is to be a community service to a friend of us all?

I ask myself these questions and wonder how many others must be thinking of the same. These are questions that the Ukrainian organizations should be considering if they want to swell their

THIS MATTER OF SPARE TIME

We hear much these days of leisure, of what should be done with spare time in order to use it to the best advantage. And one point that everyone unanimously agrees upon—from social workers who have this 'problem' continuously at their door-mats, to individuals to whom it particularly applies—is that leisure time should be productive of some form of activity that improves the mind or body, or possibly both.

Reading is a profitable and entertaining way to employ our leisure hours. It increases our education. Not only do we, who read constantly, enlarge our vocabulary but we derive the power to express our emotions and ideas more clearly. Moreover, by imitating several well known authors we learn to write in different styles. Books are to their readers little worlds to be explored and each traveller finds an abundance of knowledge in them. Reading acquaints us with lands and peoples of the far corners of the earth, with political and economic conditions of the world, with the lives of great men and women.

One of the greatest benefits derived from reading is its tendency to familiarize us with important events of the past. It also inspires us to reach for the higher things in life. For do not the works of famous writers and the achievements of great men and women enable us to establish ideals and encourage us to strive continually for them? Moreover, reading is the interpretation of life. Eminent writers have been fascinated by human relationships. Their poems, stories, essays, and novels show this point. They usually write about people living and working together. Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray, Burns, Gray, and Sinclair Lewis are noted for writing about people and their life. Since literature is a mirror of life, reflecting those human interests and problems which grow out of our contacts with one another, reading teaches us the art of living and working together. Every book comprises an analysis of one phase, if not several, of human life. Thus, we can learn many things which will aid us in society,—both socially and professionally.

Spare time spent in reading—reading with a definite and worthwhile purpose—is one of the greatest opportunities of the age in which we live. For "books bear the same relation to brain energy that a storage battery bears to electric energy" and they who capitalize on them, reap a harvest in wisdom and understanding that becomes one of the richest endowments of life. But just a word of caution to those who are interested, as long as we are on the subject: If you are following seriously a par-

ranks with appreciative and eager youth, which is the blood of their existence. This is the goal of UNA which was reared in the spirit of Shevchenko and which, to maintain its singleness of purpose, it must cultivate among its younger generation.

How are you boys, and girls, going to celebrate the memory of him to whom you owe your UNA, through which many of you have found an education—since it taught many of your parents the value of learning? How are you going to commemorate the 120th birthday of Taras Shevchenko during the fortieth anniversary of his child—UNA.

W. SEMENYNA.

ticular line of study—some phase of economics or medicine, for instance—secure a list of the best books on the topic and read them in their proper sequence—or you may waste your time. It's disorganizing and frequently discouraging to a reader to start on the more advanced material of a subject before elementary phases of it had been thoroughly perused. The cart never goes before the horse—where learning is concerned, nor does the mind grasp success fully what it hasn't been led up to—slowly and thoroughly.

Let us see what some famous people think of reading.

Thomas Carlyle, in his famous address at the University of Edinburgh, as far back as 1866 made an interesting comparison on this very subject that bears repeating even now—sixty-eight years later.

"I dare say you know," he said, "that it is about seven hundred years since universities were first set up in this world of ours. Prominent thinkers had arisen with doctrines which people wished to hear about, and students flocked to them from all parts of the world... Possibly too, you may have heard that the course of centuries has changed all this, and that the true university of our day is a collection of books... Men do not now have to go in person to where the professor is actually speaking, because in most cases you can get his doctrine from him through a book and can read it, and read it again and again, and study it thoroughly."

Socrates said, "Employ your time in improving yourself by other men's writings; so you shall come easily by what others have labored hard for."

This is what Professor S. S. Curry says about books:

"Books give to all who faithfully use them the society, the presence of the best and greatest of our race."

MARY KUSY,
47 Sussex Street,
Jersey City, N. J.

EVERYDAY TRUTHS

Happiness is 'The Fountain of Youth'
Intelligence follows pursuit of truth.
The eye is the mirror of the soul.
A procrastinator evades his goal.
Most troubles are dissolved by our tears.
Ignorance is the mother of fears.
Patience is the doorway to success.
It is foolish to judge man by his dress.
Life is to death as day is to night.
It's childish to do things just for spite.
Happiness cannot be bought with gold.
There is a stray sheep in every fold.
Utopia is a mirage in the eyes of a thinker.

Sincerely,

ANNA FYKE,
Branch 45 of the U.N.A.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

UKRAINIAN RIDDLES

It is white like snow, bloated like a sack, walks with shovels, and eats a horn.

You place it into an oven, it will grow wet, but place it in water, and it comes out dry.

(Answers next week).

PUKES?

Among many of the various names for the word Ukrainians, another new name has appeared within comparatively recent times, and it is getting to be quite stylish amongst the Ukrainian young folks. That word is "Ukes". In many places the young members of newly organized societies and clubs under the names like "Ukeam club, Ukeart club, Uke Sporting Circle, Amakes Athletic club", etc., feel very proud of themselves, that they have invented something that other organizations on the same street or in town could never think of.

I had a pleasure to visit some of such oddly named organizations and asked some members of certain clubs, why they "baptized" their organization with such an indistinct name. And in every case the answer was always similar to this: "We are not going to name our club like the old people did, we are young and want something new, stylish and funny, let other people find out what it means." It was the answer of a young man standing at the front of his club with not a bad looking girl at his side, loudly laughing after each word told by her companion. It was in one of the towns in Pennsylvania. It struck me as very strange that while millions of our people are fighting and many of them have lost their lives in the name of Ukraine and Ukrainians, here in America some of our young folks are not satisfied with it, they wanted something new and stylish?

These words "Uke" or "Ukes" are used not only locally but also in the press as well. Recently I saw these terms used in some New York newspapers. I purposely called the office of a few of these newspapers and asked for an explanation of such odd words, but never got a satisfactory answer.

While reading the "Svoboda" dated Friday March 2nd, my eyes were drawn to the headline "Ukes Trounce Poles." Being in the company of one German and an Irish man I showed them the article purposely in order to see if any one of them would know the meaning of this article, written by Frank Pincziola, Mgr. Both men could only understand that the Poles were defeated, but by whom, it was a trick to them. What was the idea of hiding it, the fact that the Ukrainians carried out the victory over Poles? Another thing I cannot understand is why the young man Frank Pincziola did not shorten the words "Poles", or "Saint Stanislaus".

Furthermore, on the same page of the aforesaid Daily in "The Pen Pals Column" another young man, Theodore Lutwiniak, writes in one paragraph as follows: "And you Ukes in Canada—not even one of you wrote in for pen pals. What's the matter? (Perhaps it's so cold in Canada that the ink froze and the Ukes living there couldn't write even if they wanted to)." Why don't they write, you want to know? Here is the answer, young man: the word "Ukes" is an insult to the young Ukrainian Canadians. In their political and national aspects they are about one quarter of a century ahead of the United States Youths.

It is our duty to use all efforts to put national and political affairs clearly and in right lights without camouflaging anything or shortening the word like "Ukrainians" or "Ukraine" which always were and will be a pride to our Nation.

VOLODIMIR JURKOWSKY,
Secretary U. S. World War
Veterans of Ukrainian De-
scendant, New York, N. Y.

MORE DESTRUCTION?

Being an ardent and keen observer together with a genuine and sincere interest to all spectacles pertaining to Ukraine, I have found many transient articles in the papers that show us the public is acquainted with the Ukrainian conditions in Ukraine under Soviet Russia. Every now and then, harsh and glib denials appear. The public scrutinizes, and it is not necessary to go abroad for testimony.

If you have read about the Second Five-Year Plan of Russia placidly, you might have missed its essential character. It is not simply an outline of economic expansion; it is a program, as you may realize, for further social transformation in which tens of millions of lives will be torn up by the roots, replanted or destroyed. The Kremlin is driving full steam ahead; toward communism in utter disregard of human costs, and one thing is certain, the rulers of Russia will not be halted or even slowed up by the human sacrifices! Personally, I think this Plan will lead more of our Ukrainians to destruction unless a simultaneous step is taken toward relief. The Government of Russia has forbidden any portentous news to be printed, but in spite of her strenuous efforts the world knows the truth! The "American" quotes few of the hundred letters received from Ukrainian by the London "Tablet". The letters have made their way out of Russia despite all hindrances, and they are completely vouched for as to authenticity. "December 20, 1933: We were fetched away during the night, without food and warm clothes. We could only keep what we had on. We were more than a hundred families in our Kulak encampment. Thirty people are in one room of our barracks; now all are dead except my child and I. We had to cut wood in forty degrees of frost, our feet only wrapped in old sacks, and we have nothing to eat." "December 30, 1933: Most of the people, even the ones working on collective farms, have no bread; it is all delivered up, we are compelled to give it. Those who refuse to give it up, or any other food, are sentenced to imprisonment. Many men are dying here; many are swollen from starvation. They die of hunger."

As you noticed the above letters were received and published only recently. Most of the letters end: "If you do not hear from us again, you can be sure we are not alive." As a consequence of their failure to comply with the Soviets' impossible demands, the Government is at war with our Ukrainian people. These peasants are confronted by alternatives of starvation at home or deportation to a hell on earth in Siberia or the Solovetsky Islands. I, myself, have a distant relative in Siberia who has been there for several years. Whether he is still alive, we are ignorant of the fact as we have not, and will not I'm positive be able to hear from him because communication is impossible in that part of the country.

Those Reds and rulers, are but guileless empiricists, as everyone knows and they are trusting to human goodness. But a desperate agricultural crisis is a shaky foundation on which to build industry and world trade! Those who are ignorant of this, will soon be obvious of the fact before long.

STELLA A. STOYKO,

UKRAINE IN THE 20TH CENTURY

(12)

12. The Hostile Policy of the Allies Towards Western Ukraine

It is not my intention to go into detail in recounting the events of the war between the Poles and the Ukrainians, following the Polish attack and invasion of the newly-formed Western Ukrainian Republic. Conservation of space forbids it. Suffice it to say, that although the war was characterized by varying fortunes on both sides, yet the Poles by force of superior military equipment and supplies and the aid received from the Allies, particularly France, continually advanced deeper and deeper into the Ukrainian territory; at times rebuffed, yet by sheer force of their military superiority continuing their forward march.

The Ukrainian forces fought heroically, but heroism alone, in the face of such overwhelming odds as the Poles had on their side, was not sufficient to win the war.

On January 22nd 1919, in this turmoil and amidst great rejoicing, the Ukrainian National Rada proclaimed the union of Western Ukrainian Republic with the Ukrainian National Republic (Ukraine major). Both component parts of the federation were to retain their individual forms of government; although the supreme power was to be vested in the hands of the formerly mentioned Directory, headed by Petlura.

On March 19, the Supreme Council of the Paris Peace Conference intervened by calling for immediate suspension of hostilities between the Ukrainians and the Poles, pending a peaceful settlement. The Ukrainians accepted the proposal and ceased fighting, whereupon the Poles, who had also given assurances of cessation of warfare, broke their pledge in true Polish manner, caught the Ukrainians off their guard, and advanced deeper into Ukrainian territory. It was at this juncture that the Poles received further assistance with the coming of General Haller's army, which consisted of two divisions of volunteers from America and deserters from German armies, organized and equipped by the Allies. With this help the Poles attacked successfully and the Polish advance stopped after protests from Paris only when the greater part of Eastern Galicia had been occupied by Polish troops.

On June 19, the Powers at the Peace Conference, ignoring the just demands of the Ukrainians, issued the amazing authorization to the Poles to occupy all of East Galicia, modified only by some vague references to ultimate self-determination. Great was the bitterness of the Ukrainians at this betrayal of their just cause, and this bitterness was enhanced by the fact that, relying upon the promises of the Allies and the proposals for an Armistice, they had a few days previously removed the Ukrainian troops (close to 100,000) from the Polish front and sent them to fight the Bolsheviks.

To understand the causes leading to the issuance of this most unjust decree we must understand the policies of the "big four" (America, France, England and Italy), which led to its issuance in direct repudiation of Wilson's right of "self determination".

From the very start the French policy was pro-Polish. France was for Poland "grande et forte, tres forte," as one Mr. Pichon declared. The reasons for this policy were and are obvious. France and Po-

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PAGING THE SURMA RADIO PROGRAM

Dear Editor:

It was with a great deal of pleasure that I listened to the commercial program sponsored by the "Surma Book Store" in honor of Taras Shevchenko. The efforts of the children were something to warm the heart. Long after we have forgotten the program, those same children will remember their initial appearance before a microphone.

I also heard the announcer of this program read an editorial on Taras Shevchenko, exactly word for word as, it appeared in last Friday's issue of the Ukrainian Weekly. However, he neglected to mention that it was drawn from the "Ukrainian Weekly" or that he had permission to use those lines. Isn't this a case of piracy, or something? What do you think?

Respectfully,
JOSEPH MILTON.

PEN PALS, ATTENTION!

I wish to apologize to Miss Rita C. Carner and her parents, who reside at 49 West 4th Street, Bayonne, N. J., for having published in "The Ukrainian Weekly" of March 2nd, 1934, Miss Carner's letter in regard to pen pals. The truth of the matter is that Miss Carner did not send any letter. Some person who knows Miss Carner sent the letter as a joke. Therefore, my apologies to the Carner family.

In the future every person that sends in his name and address will receive a post card from me informing them of the receipt of the letter. If the person does not want his name to appear in the "Ukrainian Weekly" he must notify me immediately upon receiving the card.

Persons that think that they are playing a good joke by sending in another person's address should remember that the consequences of such actions are usually most surprising.

Persons that have written to Miss Carner will not receive an answer, as Miss Carner does not intend to correspond. This should prove to be a lesson to all practical jokers.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK,
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Jersey City, N. J.

land, having gained most of Germany's territory, were bound indissolubly by their common interest in upholding the new settlement. A Poland "grand et forte" may become "a new France to the east of Germany," doubling the strength of France in the west. For that reason, throughout the entire negotiations, what Poland wanted, France granted. Furthermore, Poland's demands also received very strong support from America, which fact is incomprehensible, in view of Wilson's highly touted self-determination cause. Finally, Italy followed France and America in giving her support to Poland.

The British alone reacted unfavorably to the Polish claims, seeing that the extension of Poland's boundaries on the east at the expense of another nationality would prove in the future to be a continuous source of trouble to Poland and the countries supporting her. How true was this prophecy! Being in the minority, however, the British could do nothing and Poland had her way.

S. S.
(To be continued)

(Continued in the "Svoboda")