



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



Supplement to the SVOBODA, Ukrainian Daily

Published by the Junior Department of the Ukrainian National Association.

No. 29.

Jersey-City, N. J., Friday, July 20, 1934.

Vol. II.

SECOND UKRAINIAN YOUTH'S CONGRESS OF AMERICA TO BE HELD THIS SUMMER

The American-Ukrainian youth will have a splendid opportunity this summer of meeting, discussing common problems and ideals, and perhaps of reaching a better understanding of itself and of the ideals and problems of the Ukrainian people.

The occasion will be the Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America, to be held under the auspices of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America on September 1st and 2nd in New York City, at the International Institute, 341 East 17th Street.

The decision to hold this Ukrainian Youth's Congress has been prompted by the splendid response of our youth clubs to the circular letter sent them by the League concerning their willingness to send delegates to the Congress.

New York City was the choice of practically all youth clubs that responded to the questionnaire. The choice was logical, in view of the density of American Ukrainian youth in the East, and in view of the fact that the First Ukrainian Youth's Congress last year was held in Chicago.

A most interesting program is being prepared, one which will include serious work during Congress hours and recreational activities in the evenings.

Since the second day of the Congress falls on Sunday, arrangements will be made for those delegates who care, to attend early Mass in the local Ukrainian churches before the second day session is opened.

The place chosen to hold the Congress, the International Institute, lends itself most ably for the holding of the Congress therein. It has all the necessary conveniences, including a large cafeteria (on the roof—glass enclosed) where meals will be obtained at minimum prices, club rooms for committee meetings, recreation rooms, social rooms, etc. Girl delegates will have an opportunity of sleeping over at the Institute if they do not care to find accommodations in hotels or private homes.

All American-Ukrainian youth clubs who are imbued with Ukrainian ideals, who desire to see our American-Ukrainian youth advance, and who believe in the Ukrainian national cause of establishing a free and independent Ukraine—all are most cordially invited to send delegates to the Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America.

Every such club has the right to send two delegates. It may send more, but its voting power will be limited to the two. In case only one delegate comes, however, only one vote will be permitted to the club so represented.

Watch the Ukrainian press for further announcements.

All communications should be sent to Stephen Shumeyko, 97 Boyden Ave., Maplewood, N. J. UKRAINIAN YOUTH'S LEAGUE OF NORTH AMERICA

Stephen Shumeyko, Pres.
Anna J. Balko, Secretary.

TO OUR MAROUSIAS IN AMERICA

(9)

Recently, one of our young friends, Miroslav Shpikula, a student in the University of Pittsburgh, was looking over some books in a second hand book shop in the hope of enriching his book collection with some valuable but cheap in price books. Opening a rather old appearing book and looking at its title page he perceived to his amazement the following heading,—“Marousia—A Maid of Ukraine,—from the French of P. J. Stahl; by Cornelia W. Cyr.” The book, containing 268 pages of print, was published in New York by the Dodd, Mead & Company. Its publishing date is 1890.

Opening the book to page 1 we see that Chapter I is entitled “Ukraine.” Just think of it. Exactly 44 years ago there was already in America a story drawn from Ukrainian life. It is based upon the time when Ukraine was fighting to preserve its freedom against the attacks of the Russians, Poles, Tartars and Turks. And right at the very start of this first chapter we find the explanation that the story is about that country where real heroes live, where the people know what it means to fight and sacrifice even life itself for one's own country. The time of the story is when that great Ukrainian Hetman, Bohdan Khmelnytsky, entered into a union with the Russian Czar. It was then that the Ukrainian democratic state “accepted the fraternal propositions of Russia.” And here is what the author writes of this union of Ukraine with Russia:

“In the beginning everything was pleasant. Equality, fraternity, liberty, the Russians respected all; but little by little things changed. In less than a year people had a thousand reasons in asking their Chief Bohdan: ‘What have we done.’ The old chief, on hearing this, wept inconsolably. ‘Let us try to remedy it,’ he said, but he did not succeed, and died of grief. After his death Ukraine had to undergo many trials. She was divided into two parties; one was for Russia, the other for Poland. A third party was formed; this one was for complete independence of Ukraine. Unfortunately it was very small. It is just at this time that our story begins.”

As we see, the story took place close to 300 years ago. Then times were similar to those of today, in many respects. But there was one great exception. Then the party which sought complete independence for the Ukrainian nation and was prepared even to die for it—was the weakest. Today that very same party is the very strongest among the Ukrainian people.

And it was under such circumstances that our story begins. It concerns itself with a 12 year old Marousia, a brave little Ukrainian maiden who followed the path of those who sacrificed “everything for Ukraine,” and who sought to attain that great ideal of our people, “Ukraine for Ukrainians,” as the author puts it. During a battle with the Tartars, while carrying a message to the beleaguered Cossacks, this little maiden is killed by a Tartar arrow.

The memory of little Marousia has been preserved for us in a very old legend and in a high “kourgan” (a burial mound).

This burial mound had been erected by a one-armed Cossack who had lost his other arm in that battle with the Tartars. And on this mound the most beautiful flowers grow, flowers which do not grow anywhere else. Describing these flowers, the author says:

“Those who know the language of the flowers, assure us, that on the nights when the moon is full, these flowers can be heard to murmur: ‘We bloom on the graves of those who have given their lives for their country.’”

Many Ukrainian children cry when the glorious death of the heroic child is related to them, and yet there is not one of them, boys or girls, who does not wish that he or she might have been Marousia.”

THAT DEPENDS

By Stepan Rudansky

Once when danger threatened Moscow
They asked Cossacks, in a plea:
“Help us, Zaporozhian Cossacks,
To defeat the enemy!”

“If you pay us, our good neighbor,
Cossacks quickly answered back,
“We will save your city for you
From the enemy's attack.”

“So you fight for money, only?”
Did the Muscovites reply,
“And we battle just for honor
For which God willed men to die.”

“That depends on what one's lacking,”
Cossacks answered in retort,
“We all know your drought in honor
While we're always money short.”

Oct. 18, 1857.

Translated by W. Semenyina.

UKRAINIAN WOMEN'S CONGRESS IN WESTERN UKRAINE

Reports from European Ukrainian press indicate that the Ukrainian Women's Congress, held in Stanislaw, Western Ukraine (under Poland) on June 23-27, has hewed for itself a permanent niche in the history of the movement of Ukrainian womanhood. Delegates left for their near and distant homes with the sense of having performed a task which will serve to unify Ukrainian womanhood throughout the world.

Notwithstanding the great obstacles placed in the way of the Congress by the Polish authorities—as for instance the refusal to provide adequate travelling accommodations, which resulted in many women from the villages of the Lviv district having to walk back home from Stanislaw—the actual number of delegates who participated in the Congress was 538, representing 101 Ukrainian women's clubs and 200 branches of the Soyuz Ukrainok, under whose auspices the Congress was held. An additional 300, however, who had sent in their entry blanks, were unable to attend the Congress in time due to the last minute hindrances placed in their way by the Polish authorities.

Besides the delegates, who came from all parts of Western Ukraine, European countries, United States and Canada, there were also over 150 guests, 12 representatives of Ukrainian press, 10 of the Polish and Jewish press, and foreign newspaper correspondents as well.

The program consisted of talks given by Ukrainian women speakers on various topics, such as Ukrainian womanhood, its part in the co-operative movement, hygiene, sports, etc., followed by discussions, the adoption of resolutions, and laying of plans for the future.

Presiding as chairman of this Congress was the Ukrainian representative to the “Polish Sejm”—Milyena Rudnitska.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

REV. M. KINASH
(A free translation by S. S.)

(24)

The Printing Press

The printing press has played an important role in the history of all nations, including that of Ukraine.

The first printing shop to be established in eastern Europe was in Cracow. Its founder was a German, whose name was Phiola. At that time there was a strong movement of the Germans eastward, and they colonized Poland to such an extent that throughout the streets of Cracow, the capital of Poland at that time, all that was heard was the German tongue. Even in the Polish churches sermons were delivered in the German tongue, and from this there arose a current saying among the Poles, which is still used today when one seeks to illustrate the inability of someone to grasp something: "Siedzi, jak na niemieckiem kazaniu." (they are seated like at a German sermon, meaning that they do not understand what's it all about.)

And also, since at that time the finest printing was done in Ger-

many and the best printers came from there, it is nothing strange, therefore, that the first printer in Cracow was a German. And thus because of these reasons, the first printed books which were used by the Ukrainian people were printed in Cracow. We must remember, however, that at that time there were living in Cracow a great many Ukrainians, and they even had their own "Pravoslavny" church there—the Holy Cross Church.

In 1491 Phiola printed five church-slavonic liturgical books, namely, "Часословець, Октоїх, Трійдь постну, Трійдь цвітну і Псалтир."

For his pains he was accused of harboring "Pravoslavny" tendencies (Poland was always Roman Catholic) and haled before the Bishop of Cracow for a hearing. He managed to escape from Cracow and thus perhaps saved his life, for in those days they were very strict with heretics. All of his printed books were seized and destroyed by the authorities and all further printing prohibited.

The First Ukrainian Bible

Further steps leading towards the establishment of printing in the east were taken by a Ukrainian-White Russian, Franz Skoryna. He went to the Czech city of Prague and there set up the first "rusku" print shop. In 1517-1519 he published the first Ukrainian Bible. This Ukrainian Bible is known not only because of the fact that it was the first printed Bible to appear in the eastern-slavic lands, but also because it was printed in the then "rusky" language, which was a combination at that time of Ukrainian and White Russian, and which was commonly used by the Ukrainian people of that period. Skoryna was the first to propagate the idea that the Holy Scripture writings should be written in the popular everyday language, so that the people could understand it, and not in the church-slavonic language.

Later Skorena transferred his printing establishment to Volhynia, and here in 1525 printed two more books: "Psalter," and a "small traveller's book." Thus Skorena was the first to introduce printing into the "Pravoslavny" east. But financial difficulties finally forced Skorena to close up his printing

shop—for in those days, as it can be readily surmised, printing was quite an expensive trade,—and as a result printing in the east fell into disuse for awhile.

It was again revived by a Muscovian (Russian)—Ivan Fedorovich. Fedorovich set up his printing shop on the border of the Ukrainian-White Russian lands, belonging to the domains of Gregory Khodkevich, and in 1569 issued his first book "Євангеліє Учительное" (Evangeline).

The First Ukrainian Printing Shop

In time this printing shop also fell, because of lack of finances and because of the tumult aroused by his early works. Fedorovich therefore had to move his printing apparatus to L'viv, where at the time the famous L'viv Staropyhlyske Brotherhood was beginning its historical work. Here, in 1575, he established the first Ukrainian printing shop, not far from the St. Onuphrey-Vasyian Monastery. But the restless printer did not remain here very long either. From L'viv he moved his printing presses to the Volhyn, to the domains of Prince Constantin Ostrog.

(To be continued)

IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(A tale of olden Cossack times)

By ANDRIY TCHAIKOWSKY

(A free translation by S. S.)

(2)

The Tartar Attack

It was a quiet summery Sunday afternoon in June.

The villagers of Spasiyka had just come home from church. Housewives busied themselves in preparing dinners, while the men and boys attended to the feeding of cattle, sheep and horses.

In a few moments a quiet hush fell over the entire village, punctuated by the occasional clatter of dishes and spoons heard through the open windows.

After dinner the male members of the family strolled outside, the older seeking a comfortable and cool spot for a quiet afternoon nap or perhaps a chat with the neighbors, while the younger men, the "parubky," directed their steps, as young men do the world over, towards the center of the village, the "maydan." Meanwhile, the women-folk busied themselves in clearing away the tables.

The afternoon passed away rapidly—too rapidly for those who had dozed off. Soon the sound of church bells pealed over the village, calling all to evening services. All bent their steps towards the little old church. Even before the services had started it was filled to the overflowing, so that the late comers had to content themselves with standing outside.

After the evening services most of the villagers went to the "maydan." There the older folks sat on the abutments surrounding the homes or even on the grass, the children scampered around, getting in every one's way, while the "parubky," with their hats cocked over their ear in a most dashing manner, slowly paraded around, casting their eyes boldly at the groups of laughing and chattering girls.

Slowly the sun began to set. A slight haze settled over the village. The girls taking themselves around the waist or hand in hand began to perform the various evolutions of the Ukrainian dances, to the accompaniment of singing. One by one the "parubky" joined them. Although the scene was quite com-

mon one, being witnessed every Sunday during the warm months, yet it never failed to attract a crowd of watchers from among the old folks. The sweet, young voices of the singers rising above the hum of village life added an indescribable charm to the quiet typical evening in Ukraine. Many an older person sighed, the memory harkening back to younger days. Even the old women joined in the singing, their thin quavering voices standing out distinctly beside the fuller, rounder tones of the younger people.

Just before darkness settled, the herdsman drove in the cattle from the pasturing grounds. Peals of laughter and shrieks rang out as the lowing cattle, their heads swaying, passed right through the ranks of the dancers, scattering them left and right. The broken ranks quickly reformed, however, and the dancing, singing and laughter continued.

* * *

"Dyid" Andriy sat with his neighbor Panas before the latter's home. Pulling on their pipes they talked about the crops.

"I guess we'll have a good crop this year," said Panas.

"God grant it so," replied Andriy.

"This morning," added Panas, "I went out to the fields, and what a beautiful sight it was to see everything growing so well."

Just then their conversation was interrupted by a small group of boys who were chasing after some girls, crying out after them derisively, "Mosquitoes, hide yourself in the pillows, for the Tartars are coming..."

"Don't call out the devil!"—"dyid" Andriy bellowed.

But the boys did not even pay any attention to him, but kept after the girls. One of them grabbed Hannah by her shoulder, and gave her such a jerk that she fell to the ground. Immediately Pavlo jumped up to him and caught him by his neck.

"How dare you?" he cried angrily, "That's my sister."

The other tore himself out of Pavlo's grasp, and both clinched.

They began to tussle.

Pavlo's opponent was older and stronger. He got a hold around Pavlo's waist and began to squeeze very hard. Both became red as beets as they strove mightily to throw the other down. A crowd immediately formed around the two, and began to hoot and cheer the fighters. It seemed that Pavlo's opponent was too strong for him.

But suddenly Pavlo shifted his hold swiftly, lifted his opponent into the air, and then slammed him down upon the ground.

The other became furious. Lying on the ground he began to punch and kick Pavlo.

"That's enough!" a "parubok" cried, and with one movement broke the two apart. "That's enough of your fighting. You'll both make good Cossacks."

The boys jumped to their feet.

"Don't you ever touch her again," Pavlo warned.

"What's the matter with her, is she so delicate that she can't be touched?" the other replied defensively. He had no intention, however, of fighting any more with such an able fighter.

"Pavlushu, come here this instant!" called "dyid" Andriy.

"It's very good to stand up for your sister so, but don't be so pugnacious," he chided him tolerantly. "Come, its time to go home to bed."

The crowd slowly scattered. Once more the songs rose above the village. No one wanted to go to bed, while the night was so enchanting...

* * *

The singing and other sounds began slowly to die out. Here and there the bleat of a sheep was heard. From the direction of the steppe could be heard sounds of wild life, astirring now that the sun had set. "Dyid" Andriy having supped with his family, sat for quite some time outside, smoking his pipe. Gazing at the brilliant stars above he wondered what the weather for tomorrow was going to be. The hay had to be cut, and clear weather was needed. Taking his hat off he began to pray quietly.

During the prayer he felt within himself a strange, disquieting feeling arising, a sort of a fear. This strange feeling prompted him

to arise and, still continuing his prayers, go to the nearby village gate to see if the guard was awake. The guard, muffled up in his greatcoat, for the evenings were cool, was pacing before the gate with his musket in hand, and softly singing to himself.

"Are you singing Philemon?" "dyid" Andriy asked from afar. He knew it was dangerous to approach the guard too closely without identifying himself first.

"Not exactly," replied the guard, "I'm trying to keep awake."

"You haven't heard anything, have you?"

"Why of course not. What could I hear?"

"Oh, I don't know," "dyid" Andriy answered, "but for some reason or other I feel rather scary. Perhaps out there," pointing out towards the shadowy darkness beyond the palisade, "some werewolf is prowling."

"Eh, go on! You give me the creeps with your were-wolves. You'd best go to sleep."

"Well then, good night Philemon!"

"Good night."

"Dyid" Andriy began to retrace his steps, continuing his interrupted prayers.

He felt rather ashamed of himself for getting frightened without any reason. He no longer thought of going towards the outer gate, but began to go straight home.

Just at that moment a bat flew over him and touched him lightly on the head with its wing. Or maybe it was only the wind from the wing that fanned him. Nevertheless "dyid" Andriy jumped violently aside, startled.

"My Lord! what's happened to me?" he asked of himself. "Has death looked into my eyes. Why am I afraid? Why, even in the thickest of battle I never knew what it meant to be afraid, and here a bat frightens me... Tchfoo on you!"

He had reached his house by this time. All were asleep. It was very ho inside. "Dyid" did not close the door, but lay on a bench to sleep... All was quiet.

He had just begun to doze off, when suddenly the church bells began to ring. The alarm!

(Continued on page 3)

THE YEARBOOK OF THE UKRAINIAN CIVIC CENTER FOR 1934

(Concluded)

Continuing our interrupted perusal of the Ukrainian Civic Center Year Book for 1934 we find that the next article appearing is in form of a story entitled "And Then I Fell," by Elizabeth Dyczko. The story is an exciting account of the author's experience. We don't recommend reading it at night, particularly if the reader is of the fairer sex, and particularly if she is subject to vivid, nightmarish dreams. Notwithstanding the surprise finish of the story, the moral that can be derived from it is—keep away from strange, empty houses (Booh!).

Following this we come to a more prosaic article, being one dealing with the activities of the Civic Center during the year. What with serious work and social events the Civic Center most certainly is a busy body of young ladies.

The advantages of being able to wield a paint brush are fully set out in a humorous article that follows, entitled "On Painting," by Mae V. Konan.

At a time when the American-Ukrainian people are realizing more so than ever the need for our youth learning its native Ukrainian tongue, it is indeed a pleasure to mention that the Civic Center in pursuance of this ideal established a Ukrainian School for the older of our young people, 16 and up. An able account of the progress of this school, which was taught by Mr. Joseph Stetkewicz, appears following the previous article. It is by Mary Ann Bodnar, one of the original and most active members. It is hoped that this work so finely begun can be continued.

To what harmful extent some of the "modern" ideas on raising children can lead to is clearly portrayed in the article that follows entitled "Destructive Modernism," by W. D.

How a new member found herself in a most friendly atmosphere when she joined the Ukrainian Civic Center is told by Dorothy Darchuk, under the true head of "First Impression."

Following this there next comes a tragic little story entitled "The Roeking Chair,"—plot submitted by Olga E. Nizovitz. It concerns itself with a tenant's complaint to an officer that the continual rocking of a chair upstairs is

driving him crazy. The officer investigates, and what he discovers forms the plot of the story.

Those of our young people (not referring necessarily to age, but to the youthful spirit) who at some time or other were guests at some of the socials, lectures or exhibits of the C. C. undoubtedly noticed a small but very active group of girls preparing and serving coffee and refreshments to the guests. An account of their work together with some of the vicissitudes of fortune, or rather misfortune experienced by them in their work appears in the next article of the Year Book, under the heading "When Do We Eat?" by Stella Gab, Olga Nizovitz, O. T. (O. T. stands for Official Taster).

Then comes another story, "What's In a Name," this time about a Ukrainian girl who threw her fiance over because of his too-difficult-to-spell name, and what a surprise awaited her when she became engaged to another Ukrainian young man. Through some error the author's name does not appear. A bit of Sherlock Holming disclosed that she is Betty Dyczko. Incidentally while we are on the subject of Betty Dyczko we may as well mention right here that this is the young lady who is responsible for the fine drawings (or is it etchings—we never can tell the difference, with our limited art education) that appear throughout the pages of the Yearbook. They give what may be called "class" to the book. And finally there appears another article by this young lady, entitled "P. is for Pomegranate," being a humorous account of how to buy and how to eat this fruit (yes, it is a fruit).

The balance of the book concerns itself with sundry articles on sundry or even more "sundrier" topics, such as "How I Became a Member of the Ukrainian Civic Center," by Helen Makarick, "Excursions From A Ukrainian Civic Center Diary," "Gossip," "Summer Is Here," "Secret Ambitions," "A Grand Time," being an account of a visit by members to one member's house, by A. J. Hawrylko, and various short articles, advice, hints, jokes, etc. etc.

With this we close this "review" (?) of the Ukrainian Civic Center Year Book.

SECOND UKRAINIAN YOUTH CONGRESS

The announcement in the "Ukrainian Weekly" and the letters from the Executive Board of the League to the various youth organizations, of the Second Convention of the Ukrainian Youth of America to be held in New York City on September 1st and 2nd, again aroused a great deal of interest and enthusiasm on the part of our youth.

The past year of experiences in Ukrainian movement—the World's Fair, various conventions, etc., have aroused American youth of Ukrainian descent to deeper thinking, and broader outlook of the ideals and aspirations of our people. In general, that part of our youth that has not been completely lost—assimilated—or discouraged with the past progress of the older generation, has fully realized that if it is to contribute anything towards the cultural, political, and economical development of our present and future generation here, or across the Atlantic, must chose a straight path in its progress, and follow that path with enough courage, determination, sincerity and understanding towards the goal that all Ukrainians are striving.

Such a path was realized a year ago, but only in part. May not this Second Convention of our youth this summer accomplish far more and give a true starting point, backed by new courage, new hope, new strength. Our efforts should be less complicated. We have at least established contact, which is first step forward.

Chicago Branch of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America
A. OLESKOW.

Our object in doing so has been prompted by our desire to show our youth organizations what a club with ambition and will to work can do if it really wants to. We hope that by next year we will not have a bare few of American-Ukrainian youth publications, but many of them, so many in fact that the Ukrainian Weekly will perforce be obliged to hire the services of a regular critic to comment upon them.

S. S.

OUR CLUB

(Dedicated to the Ukrainian S. and A. Club of Bayonne, N. J.)

Our club consists of (to tell the truth)

A bunch of fun-loving and fun-seeking youth.

Our colors are yellow and blue, They're pretty nice, we think, don't you?

Our real goal is to attain, Something which we long to gain. The Freedom of our dear Ukraine, We'll fight for it through snow and rain!

Of course we're always having fun, Many games we've played and won, If only for the sake of fun, Many dances we do run.

And ever since the club did start, In athletics we've taken great part, Membership is open to boys, one and all, Boys! Come Join Us! At The National Hall.

UKRAINIAN S. and A. CLUB
of Bayonne, N. J.

Joseph Dowhan, Sec't.

IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(Continued from page 2)

"Dyid" Andriy quickly jumped off the bench, and ran outside. A sudden brilliant flare lit up the night on the other side of the "maydan." Fire!

"Hey! everybody get up, there's a fire in the village!" the "dyid" bellowed, waking up his children and wife.

All ran out into the courtyard. All was noise and tumult. "Dyid" Andriy looked around. The fire had now sprung up in the four corners of the village. The entire village now became as light as day. Flames shot high.

He immediately grasped that this fire was not accidental... The Tartars had attacked!

He jumped back into the house and seized a spear off its rack.

"Stephen! Stephen!" he roared, "take your weapons. The Tartars are here!"

(To be continued)

THE UKRAINIAN QUESTION

By E. Lachowich

(17)

Poland's friends, no matter how numerous they might be, must understand that within her ethnographic boundaries Poland will be much stronger than she is today. She will rid herself of her former enemies and will be able to save much of the energy she is wasting today upon assimilation for her building-up purposes. For Poland needs badly today not only economic but moral reconstruction as well. Her Constitution, though very liberal in form, yet, due to the assimilating efforts, is being applied discriminatingly. Consequently, it causes a general decline of the respect for law. Marshall Pilsudski said once that "Polish constitution is a prostitution and it can be interpreted in any way one likes." No matter how true this might be, yet, interpretation of law depends not only upon its form, but also, and even more so, upon the willingness of those who interpret to understand it in the spirit of the legislator.

Reduction of Poland's Territories to Ethnographic Boundaries

If Poland were reduced to her ethnographic boundaries, not only the national minorities within her borders but also her own population would be greatly benefited by it. Perhaps her intelligentsia would, at the beginning, be perplexed a little as a result of its unfortunate Polish education. Her poets, writers, publicists, statesmen have raised Polish national aspirations far beyond their real possibilities. But even the intelligentsia would finally come to the understanding that health is a greater pillar of strength than physical dimensions.

Decline of Russia's Force

4) Russian imperialism today has lost its blade. For almost a century Russia has lost every war and each time new areas have been detached from her. Her political "wise-crackers," like "Champion of Slavs," "Champion of the Orthodox Church," and finally "International" with "Workers of the World Unite"—have lost their

force. Today almost all know that they were nothing but a screen for different purposes. Bolshevism of today is nothing else but a Nationalism in specifically Russian dressing. It exerts desperate efforts to recreate the old Russian Imperialism. Nevertheless, it is going to fail, the failure being so much the greater if it succeeds on economic planning: The god of their new religion is Matter. What will happen with Russian religion, when its ideal will be attained, and all the population will abound in earthy goods just as they were promised by their leaders? It will cease to be a religion; and we know from history that a nation decays not because of the lack of material riches but only due to the lack of belief in its national gods.

If the Bolsheviks fail in their planning, what is more probable than the first question to arise in the consternation-stricken masses will be, "What are all these sacrifices meant for?" Tzar Peter I, wishing to civilize Russia, forcibly ordered his subjects to shave off their beards. But this trifling

sacrifice stands in no comparison to those absorbed by the last experiment.

Under the bombastic phrases of official Bolshevism, one can already perceive today signs of warning. The failure of the last desperate attempt will extinguish Russian imperialism for a long time. Other leaders with other logic will come to the front rank. In order to dominate over Ukraine the Muscovians had to suffer regimes which they themselves disliked. Those regimes barred the development and progress of not only subdued countries, but of their own as well. In order to dominate the others, they had to acquire some qualities of other nationalities, which crippled and deformed their specific culture. Imperialism is a pretty thing, only sometimes too expensive. Can Muscovy live without Ukraine? Most certainly,—yes. She has her vast virgin areas of Siberia with unheard of natural wealth and with competition thousands of miles away.

(To be concluded)

UKRAINIAN AFFAIRS IN AMERICA

RECEPTION FOR UKRAINIAN MEMBERS OF COAST ARTILLERY UNIT

The 212th Coast Artillery, Anti-aircraft regiment just returned from active field duty at Fort Ontario, Oswego, N. Y. This National Guard regiment contains fifteen known Ukrainians. During their stay at camp a reception was given them by the Ukrainian Catholic Parish of Syracuse, N. Y.

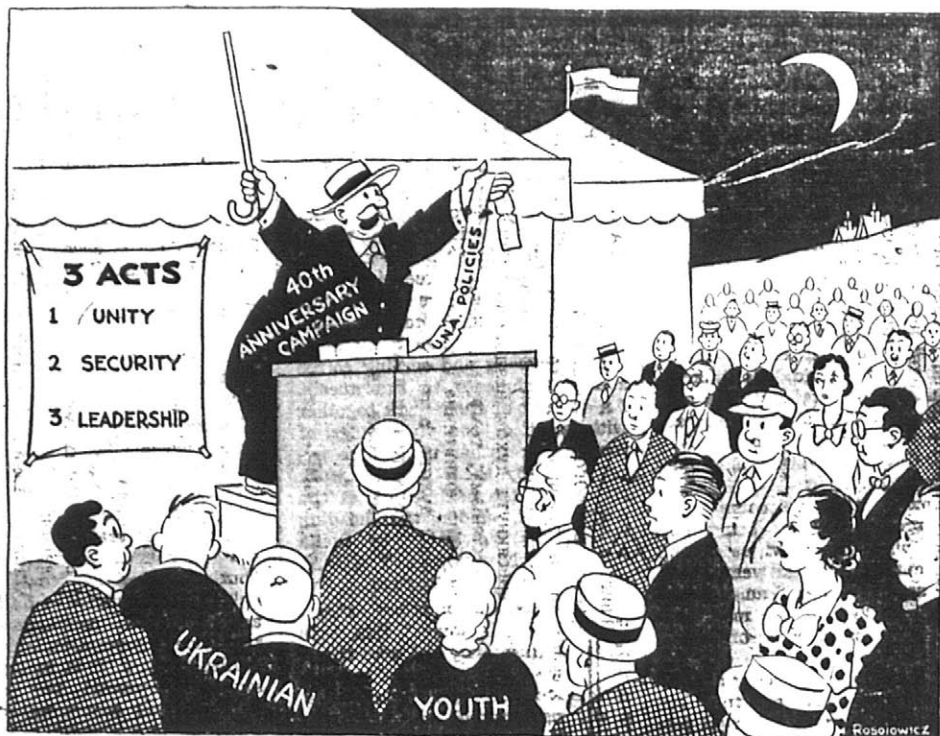
Through the efforts of P. F. C. Eugene Draginda, of Combat Train Battery, an arrangement was made with Father Kuziw of the Uk. Cath. Church of Syracuse, to honor the Ukrainians wearing the uniform of the 212th. On Sunday, July 1st, last, at the conclusion of the Mass, the guardsmen gathered in the Ukrainian Nat. Home, and with the aid of the older and younger women of the parish, Fr. Kuziw was able to arrange a "chow" which rivaled the "mess" that the boys got in camp. (Don't take the word "mess" literally.) During the meal, the church choir rendered a series of songs, filled with memories for six of us present who were born in Galicia, and until recently, spent their days in the land of our fathers.

After the songs, Fr. Kuziw addressed the assembly. He was followed by a warm friend of the Ukrainian people, Capt. Marcheselli, commander of Combat Train Battery, Lt. Haupt, First-Sgt. Hayes, and Sgt. Telesco who praised our people for their nationalistic spirit and their cheerful outlook, despite the depressing conditions in which our race is forced to live. Several men of different faith were guests of the "Uke Cossacks," as the boys are called by their buddies. These friends were overwhelmed by the hospitality of "those Ukes." Dinner being over, the girls of the Ukrainian Cath. Youth of Syracuse entertained the boys until their departure. Among those present was Mary Pyndus, president of the organization. The music supplied had European flavor as it was rendered by a violin, cymbals, and tuben. Pvt. Atamanech, one of the European boys, displayed his ability in doing the "kozak." The evening came down upon us before it was realized and it was necessary for us to take our leave.

In conclusion, the "Uke Cossacks" of the 212th wish to extend their thanks, through this paper, to Father Kuziw, and each individual of the parish that helped to make our visit a pleasant one, one that we cannot forget. We await the chance of being their hosts, here in our city, and entertaining them with the same spirit of friendship and brotherhood as, they did us. The "Uke Cossacks" of the 212th consist of, Corp. Anys, P. F. C. Draginda, and the Privts. Atamanech, Kohut, Pawluk, Roman, Sawitzky, Sulyma, and Voychuk, all from Combat Train Battery; and—

Prt. J. KOSBIN,
Battery "D," 212 C. A. A.,
New York, N. Y.

P. S. Knowing that the 212th isn't the only outfit listing Ukrainians on their rolls, P. F. C. Draginda and myself would like to see all Ukrainians from other outfits, in and around New York, to join a society called, the National Guardsmen of Ukrainian Descent. Those of the 212th have formed the nucleus for this organization, but this is not enough. We want all the Ukes wearing a uniform of the Nat. Guards to back up this newly formed outfit. For any information, write to: J. W. Kosbin, 465 West 157 St., New York, N. Y.



"Come on folks!—Get the biggest value for your money!"

AMERUKS ANNUAL DINNER

The Ameruks Club (American-Ukrainian) tendered an Annual Dinner at the Club.

Father Tarnowski of St. George's Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church and Stephen J. Jarema prominent young attorney were honorary guests.

The members were seated to the strains of Hey Tam Na Ho Ri. John W. P. Slobadin, President, presented Stephen J. Jarema as toast master for the evening. Mr. Jarema asked Father Tarnowski to say Grace, and then a full seven course dinner was served to the sweet strains of American and Ukrainian music.

Addresses were then delivered by Father Tarnowski, Mr. Jarema and Mr. Slobadin.

Mr. Slobadin conferred upon Mr. Jarema the order of Honorary member amidst a great applause.

Mr. Jarema presented to Mr. Slobadin a silver loving cup in recognition of his loyalty, leadership and making the Club possible. Miss Anna Pryhoda and her Ameruks Glee Club added to the success of the dinner Ukrainian songs. The rest of the evening was devoted to singing, dancing and refreshments.

Although the summer months are upon us the members are planning well in advance for the fall activities.

The club also hopes to participate actively in the forthcoming Second Youth's Congress.

September 8, 1934, the members will entertain their parents and friends, with speakers to address them and the members to present their accomplishments.

ANNA ZAHARKOW, Sec'y.

OFF THE EDITOR'S DESK

Harry Busko, Cleveland, Ohio.—There is nothing to be gained in reprinting the excerpt from the Cleveland newspaper, which a Pole had written, concerning the Ukrainian people under Poland. We are all acquainted with such old and moth-eaten propaganda of the Poles, who would have the world believe that Western Ukraine under Poland is practically a paradise. We all know the terrible conditions under which the Ukrainians are suffering there.

The best thing to do is to answer such propaganda with cold facts. The "Svoboda," or the "Ukrainian Weekly," are full of such facts, not to mention other sources easily at hand.—Editor.

Y. U. N. OF CLEVELAND, OHIO TAKES PLEDGE

On July 4th, at Wallings Grove in the presence of more than one thousand people, the Young Ukrainian Nationalists, No. 8 of Cleveland, Ohio, who were organized March 18, 1934, took their pledges from Mr. Hrybivsky, delegate from Europe.

In taking this pledge, they promised to do their duty toward Ukraine according to the principles of the organization of Ukrainian Nationalists.

Late in the afternoon the Young Ukrainian Nationalists dressed in their uniforms, which created much attraction, offered an exhibition of drills.

The blessing of a Ukrainian and an American flag, sponsored by the 8th branch of ODWU, and a special service for the dead Heroes of Ukraine, said by Father Zabava of Youngstown, Ohio, and Father Merenkiv of Cleveland, preceded this.

Many out of town guests attended this affair, among whom the principal speakers were: Mr. C. Herman, Pres. Exec. Com. of ODWU, and Mr. Hrybivsky.

A picnic with dancing followed this great ceremony.

A. TRUSZ, Sec.

SHOOTING PENALTY FOR CROSSING THE SOVIET BORDER

Much information concerning the terrible conditions in the U.S.S.R. has leaked through the fugitives escaping across the border into Poland and Rumania, where there are already many camps for refugees.

By a new amendment to the Soviet criminal code all persons "escaping or attempting to escape abroad," will be punishable by death. All relatives over eighteen with whom the fugitives recently lived, even if they have not known of his flight, will be deprived of their suffrage and banished to remote regions in Siberia for five years. If other relatives know of his intentions but do not inform the authorities, they may have all their belongings confiscated and be imprisoned for five to ten years.

Many desertions have taken place in the Far East where many peasants deported from Ukraine and the North Caucasus have tried to escape into Man Chu Kuo.

(Ukrainian Bureau—London)

THE SPORT WHIRL

NEW HAVEN UKRAINIAN A. A. THREATEN LEAGUE LEADERS

After leading for six innings by the score of 1—0, the Ukrainian A. A. of New Haven lost the game to the Dixvell's in the last inning by a score of 2—1. This was the Ukrainian's first defeat in the League. Over five hundred fans visited the game.

Friday the Ukrainians came back and won their 6th victory of the League, over the Wesley, by an overwhelming score of 15—3. Mike Wasyluk contributed his second homer of the season. H. Kowalchuk also hit a homer. Venchuk and Rawlik hit triples each.

Saturday, the Ukrainian A. A. lost to the Ukrainians of Ansonia by a close score 4—3. This game was fought hard by both teams. Korotash started for the Ansonians while Venchuk for the New Haveners. The following Wednesday the Ukrainians beat the Polish team of New Haven by a score of 8—5. Mike Roschka starred with three hits.

We wish to hear from Brooklyn and other Ukrainian teams, from out of state. For games write to Frank Weselik, 135 Lloyd Street, New Haven, Conn.

MARTIN PYSMENNY.

ANSONIA TEAM VICTORIES

The Ukrainian Junior Social Club of Ansonia with its newly formed baseball team has done fine work to date. It comprises boys of High School age.

Sunday June 24, they met and defeated the Thomaston Ukes in Thomaston 10—3. The game was well played by all members of the team. The Ansonia Ukes have also met the fast New Haven team, Saturday July 7. With cooperation from all members of the team we won with a score of 4—3.

For games write to: Stella Shuron, 25 Cedar St., Ansonia, Conn.

STELLA SHURON.

NIGHT WATCHERS

Through dusky clouds of evening Golden lights appear,
Just as if from windows
Shining bright and clear;
What a lovely radiance
Lights the east and west!
Glowing eyes of star-light
Gaze on a world at rest.

Rosalie N. Hatala