



OH BLESSED VIRGIN, REJOICE HOLY MARY!

By Osyp Fedkovich

The sun is sinking in the tinted ocean
And with its colors, as if with some lotion,
Is soothing all the country side around;
In yonder glen a cuckoo bird is singing,
The village churchbells rend the air with ringing,
While in the woods the tree tops whisper to the ground:
Oh Blessed Virgin, Rejoice Holy Mary...

Oh Blessed Virgin, Rejoice Holy Mary!

Yonder, on the grass, lies a soldier's buddy—
His cheeks have grown cold, his blouse stained and bloody,
Shot today, because—home to him was calling...

His friends have hollowed a grave, dark and narrow,
And placed his body 'neath a solemn barrow;

Now he'll never say when the bells are tolling:

Oh Blessed Virgin, Rejoice Holy Mary...

Oh Blessed Virgin, Rejoice Holy Mary!

Against a fence is sitting some poor mother
Hugging a baby which has lost its father,

She's weeping, crying,—heart with pain is reeking...

Now she's not weeping, she even stopt sobbing,

Her head dropt forward and her heart stopt throbbing,

The stars are weeping and the bells are speaking:

Oh Blessed Virgin, Rejoice Holy Mary...

Oh Blessed Virgin, Rejoice Holy Mary!

Yonder, by himself, a young lad is straying,

A poor little orphan from hunger is swaying,

His soul is waning for he had not eaten,

The lad turns gateward from the open meadow—

The dogs are chasing the small human shadow;

Cries of fright—a fall—all bloody and bitten...

Oh Blessed Virgin, Rejoice Holy Mary...

Oh Blessed Virgin, Rejoice Holy Mary!

Because I'm not able—after all I'm human

And I have to listen, and I have to see

What's going about me on this world so wary.

But when my body in a grave is resting,

Where it's dark and close, where life's everlasting,

Where nothing weeps, where all is legendary,

Oh Blessed Virgin, Rejoice Holy Mary!

Trans. by W. Semenyna.

VACATION TIME

Many of our youth at present are in the midst of the so-called vacation time. For some of them vacation is one in the real sense of the word, a period of rest and recreation; but to many others it is only a wearisome and enforced idleness, because of the lack of a job. In either case, however, there is plenty of time to spare, time which can be used most advantageously.

It would be indeed highly presumptuous upon our part to tell the youth what to do with its spare time. But we would recommend, however, that a portion of this time be used to make better contact with other young American-Ukrainians scattered throughout the cities and hamlets of America.

The question arises—how? And the answer is—the Ukrainian Weekly.

As has been often emphasized before, the Ukrainian Weekly is a gazette belonging exclusively to our American-Ukrainian Youth. Through it we seek to draw our young people in America closer to each other, unite it for common gain and aims. And yet, this can be accomplished only when our younger generation realizes that it has many common needs, problems, thoughts and aspirations. And since in this great land it is difficult for it to meet personally, exchange its thoughts and ideas, come to a closer understanding of itself, then the next best thing that it can do—is to use the Ukrainian Weekly.

True, the Ukrainian Weekly is small, yet it can prove to be a very important factor in American-Ukrainian youth life; if the young people only take advantage of it. And the best way of taking advantage of it, of realizing all of the benefits flowing from it, is to write to it, express on its pages your thoughts on the various phases and problems of everyday life, tell of your various activities, and give your recommendations and criticisms. Any article or communication, big or small, is of great importance for us. Even a scathing criticism is very welcome, particularly if it is of the constructive type, for by it we guide ourselves in editing this "weekly."

In addition to all this, we are more than certain that among our youth there are many who have great talents, as yet undisclosed and undeveloped. By writing to the Ukrainian Weekly such talented young people take the first step leading towards success and fame. It is a well known fact that many leading men and women in the literary field made their first venture into writing by sending in contributions to some newspaper or gazette. In the great majority of cases many of their contributions were rejected by that unfeeling ogre commonly known as the editor; and yet they persisted. And thanks to this persistence and their never-ceasing endeavors to improve themselves, their observation powers, and their writing, they slowly but steadily forged ahead until they achieved enviable positions in the literary or newspaper fields. Such was their experience, and such can be the experience of those of our young people who contribute to the Ukrainian Weekly. The Ukrainian Weekly will be a sort of trying ground for all of them, a stepping stone to future success. And therefore our youth should take advantage of it. Never mind the fact that your contribution or opinion is rejected. Never mind the fact that perhaps the editor has even criticized your opinion or contribution. Who knows, perhaps he is wrong, not you. But make up your mind that you will show this editor that you have something within you which neither he nor anyone can stop, and that that something is going to lead you straight to your goal, irrespective of any obstacles in your path.

And therefore, take some time out during this vacation time to reflect upon some problem or phase of your individual life or that of our youth in general. Put it down on paper, and send it in to the Ukrainian Weekly. You will then not only benefit yourself and others, but the Ukrainian Weekly and its work as well. So do it now. We are waiting!

YOUTH CONGRESS OPEN TO ALL UKRAINIAN YOUTH CLUBS

The Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America—which will be held under the auspices of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America on September 1 and 2, at the International Institute, in New York City—is open to all American-Ukrainian youth clubs who believe in Ukrainian ideals, irrespective of the fact whether they are members of the League or not.

It will be the purpose of this Congress to get together as truly a representative body of young American-Ukrainians from the United States and Canada, as possible. It will be an unprecedented chance for our youth to express its opinions frankly and openly on topics which concern it most. And it will also be a splendid chance for our American-Ukrainian youth to take steps towards organizing themselves into a strong organization, one which will command respect, and one which will help in the work dedicated towards American-Ukrainian youth progress and to Ukrainian ideals.

All clubs throughout America as well as Canada are urged most strongly to send delegates to this Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress. Active young American-Ukrainians are also invited to be present, if not in the role of delegates, then as guests. This will be a splendid opportunity of meeting young American-Ukrainians from all parts of the country.

Details concerning this Congress have already appeared in previous issues of the Ukrainian Weekly, and will appear in future issues. Write for information.

All those intending to participate in the Congress should send notices of the same with reservations, if any, immediately. Address communications to Ukrainian Youth Congress Committee, c/o Stephen Shumeyko, 87 Boyden Ave., Maplewood, N. J.

Executive Board of the U. Y. E. of N. A.

CONVENTION OF UKRAINIAN PROFESSIONALISTS HELD IN CHICAGO

The Second Congress of Ukrainian Professionalists took place last Monday (August 6th) in Chicago.

Following the reading of telegrams and letters from America and Canada wishing the Congress success, the participants heard a series of talks delivered by Dr. Shekar, O. Hrabivsky, Rev. Dr. Kowalsky, and Mr. Shapoval. Several addresses were then read of those who were unable to be present. Then followed an open discussion concerning the work of further organizing American-Ukrainian professionalists, the amending of the by-laws, adoption of resolutions, report of the Comptrollers Committee, and other incidental matters.

New officers for the year 1934-1935 were elected as follows: Omar Malitsky, Pres.; Miss Onuphriw and Emil Hladky, Vice-Pres.; Dr. H. G. Shekar, Sect., and Roman Nahirniak, Treas.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

(27)

The Denationalization of Ukrainian Nobility

Although for a time Ukrainian cultural life made considerable advances under the sponsorship of the more progressive of Ukrainian nobility and wealthy classes, yet this support did not very long. The Ukrainian aristocracy began to desert their Ukrainian nationality in order to obtain the privileges of high rank in Polish or Muscovian nobility. Even the famous Ostrog line in time became denationalized.

At this moment, when the future looked indeed black for the further progress of Ukrainian culture and literature, the middle classes, particularly those living in the cities, realizing the plight of their national culture, began to organize themselves into organizations dedicated to cultural advance with the aid of the previously mentioned Brotherhoods.

Peter Mohela Finds His Famous School

When in 1627 Peter Mohela was made Abbot of the Pecherska Monastery, the cultural center of Ukraine moved eastward to Kiev. Peter Mohela founded in the Monastery a Collegium on the type of western European schools, having eight classes. In order to have able instructors for this Collegium he sent abroad leading scholars from among his monks, principally to Paris. He also sent for leading scholars from Lviv to come and teach at his school.

Characteristics of Mohela's School

The school grew very rapidly, and in time became an academy. In contradistinction to the Brotherhood school in Kiev, Mohela's school stressed western European methods of teaching and subject matter taught. More emphasis was placed on teaching Latin and the Polish tongue than upon Greek

and Slavic. The then prevalent "rusky" literary language was also taught. But despite this fact, that an emphasis was placed upon teaching Latin, the primary aim of the school was the production of strong defenders of Ukrainian rights and beliefs. Mohela further desired that his school should produce scholars who would rival those of Poland, which being closer to Western Europe had greater opportunities of progressing along cultural lines. To that end he made his curriculum as exacting and inclusive as those of the Western European schools.

Its Achievements

Most of Mohela's aims were achieved. His school produced many great men and scholars. The first rector of the Mohela Collegium was Isiah Troymovich Kozlovsky, who was also the first Ukrainian Doctor of Theology. The fame of the Collegium, which became an academy in 1701, spread beyond the borders of Ukraine; into Muscovy, Vallachia (part of present-day Roumania) and Serbia. From Serbia many students came to study at the Mohela Collegium, while Ukrainian scholars

went to Serbia and there founded many schools. Mohela himself wrote many important works.

BRANCHES OF LITERARY WORKS

Bound closely with the national reawakening of the Ukrainian people was their literature.

The newly founded Brotherhood schools, scattered throughout the breadth of Ukrainian lands, with the aid of their printing presses spread knowledge and culture. But the greatest service that these Brotherhoods performed was to keep the people close to their Brotherhood beliefs, and in this manner they preserved their Ukrainian national identity.

The largest output of the Ukrainian and "White Russ" printing presses were books dealing with religious subjects, both old and newer transcriptions of the works of the Church fathers.

The leading characteristic of the literary life of the middle period of Ukrainian literature was the translating of religious works into a language close to the national, everyday tongue of the people, or as the translators called it, the "посполита" (common) language.

(To be continued)

IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(A tale of olden Cossack times)

By ANDRIY TCHAIKOWSKY

(A free translation by S. S.)

(5)

5. Semen the Helpless

Far out in the limitless, rolling sea of sun-dried vegetation known as the steppe, there stood like some lone island a high "mohela," known as Sveredova.

No one knew its age, who was buried in it, whence came its name, nor did anyone care. It was a landmark known to all who roamed the steppes. Situated in the midst of a quiet grove, near a gurgling, shimmering stream which eventually found its way into the Samara river, the Sveredova was indeed a most welcome sight to the weary traveller. Here he could stop and rest, pasture his horse in the luxuriant grass, and even find an excellent hiding place in the nearby thickets in case of danger. And for these reasons it was very popular among the Cossacks.

It was early dawn. The sun was just peeping over the horizon, dispelling the soft darkness of the night, when a Cossack who had been sleeping under an ancient oak tree in the shadow of the Sveredova awoke from a deep slumber. He rubbed his eyes sleepily, threw off the coat covering him, and slowly, with much yawning, rose to his feet. Crossing himself, he pulled on his boots, and then gazed around him to see if all was well.

Looking through sleep-laden eyes he perceived in the west a bright glow illuminating the sky. He blinked his eyes in bewilderment. What's this,—he thought to himself—last night the sun set in that direction, and now it is rising from there.

To see better, he climbed up on top of the "mohela." Immediately he perceived what was the matter. A village was burning. Most certainly the Tartars had fired it, and now were banqueting, no doubt. Oh God, save our people—he thought.

Reciting his morning prayers he descended the "mohela" and went to the stream to wash himself. His fleet horse, tethered nearby, neighed in pleasure upon seeing his master.

"Good morning, comrade! Did you sleep well?"—the Cossack spoke to his mount, interrupting his prayers. The horse neighed in reply.

Reaching the bank of the stream the Cossack knelt down, rolled up his sleeves, disclosing brawny arms, and washed himself. Then pulling a comb and a bit of mirror, he started to comb his queue, which he braided and wound around his ear. His long moustaches came next. Combing them carefully, he arranged them in true Cossack fashion, with the ends hanging down and then curving upwards. His ablutions completed he then went over to his horse, untethered him, and led him to water. The horse drank its fill slowly, pausing occasionally to snort, or poke his master playfully with his muzzle.

Semen the Helpless—was the Cossack's name. He was a muscular man of about thirty years of age. He was dressed in the typical costume of the Cossacks, prodigiously wide, "as wide as the sea," trousers, held in place by a wide satin belt wound many times around his waist. His feet were shod in flexible horse-hide boots. His shirt had seen much wear, and was torn in many places, disclosing a deep, tanned chest.

Down in the Sitch he had a reputation of being quite a strong man. He could bend a steel bar, or hit a horse as easily as one would lift a sheep.

Although his very appearance, courage and fighting ability belied it, he was known by the curious name of Helpless. The explanation for this curious name lay in the fact that once, in his earlier days as a Cossack, during a skirmish with the Tartars, he, in the heat of the fighting, recklessly plunged into the midst of the Tartars. Surrounded by enemies he quick was overpowered and made helpless. He was just about to be killed when a Cossack rally saved him. Since then he had been known as Helpless.

But this appellation did not worry him in the least, nor cause him

any embarrassment whatsoever. For in those days the Cossacks believed that "the name does not decorate you—you decorate the name." The greatest source of pride for the Cossack was the time when he was able to conclusively show by some valorous deed that he was not as he was dubbed at the beginning...

Having fed and watered his horse, the Cossack led him back and tethered him. Then he began to prepare his breakfast. Going over to the stream he cut himself three stakes in the thickets, which he stuck them into ground in such manner that their tops met in the centre. From the center he hung a copper kettle, luted it with water, and then poured into it some "kasha"-meal. Gathering up a pile of dried reeds from the nearby bank he placed them under the kettle to serve as fuel. Then he pulled out of his belt a piece of flint and steel, with which he started a fire. In a few moments he had a fine blaze roaring under the kettle. He was careful to make it small, however, for fear that the Tartars might detect it.

—Well, by the time this meal finishes cooking, my friends will come,—he thought to himself,—and certainly there will be enough to eat for five of them.

He settled himself comfortably on the ground, pulled out his pipe, and began to fill it up with tobacco.

Just then his horse suddenly snorted twice, lifted up his head and pointed his ears, as if hearing something.

Semen jumped upon his feet. The horse tossed his head towards his master and then back in the direction where he heard something. Helpless ran over to where he had slept, picked up his musket, and then climbed to the top of the "mohela."—Now he distinctly heard something himself. It was the thumping of a horse's hoofs. Straining his eyes he perceived in the distance how the tall grass, high enough in that part to cover both horse and rider, swayed from side to side. Somebody was coming through. Was it friend or foe?

Suddenly the grass parted and out galloped a horse, running in the direction of the camp. On his back Helpless perceived a small, white-shirted boy hanging des-

perately on. On came the horse. Before him appeared the stream. With one mighty leap the horse cleared it and landed heavily on the other bank. But the shock of the landing was too much for the boy. He lost his hold and fell to the ground, where he lay without moving. The horse, feeling that his rider was no longer on his back, slackened his pace and trotted over to Helpless's horse. Soon both horses were rubbing noses like old friends.

Helpless clambered down from his perch and ran over to the inert figure of the boy. Reaching him he perceived that blood was running from the boy's shoulder. He ran back to the fire, picked up a cup, hurried over to the stream, and filled it with water. After first divesting of the boy his coat and shirt, he washed his wound with water. Taking up some leaves he placed them on the wound, and tied it up with a bit of cloth torn from his belt. Then he took the boy in his arms and carried him over to his rough bed and placed him tenderly thereon.

The boy lay quietly for awhile. His face was very pale. Only the slight movement of his chest showed that he was alive. Helpless took some whisky, opened the boy's mouth and poured a little in, and then proceeded to rub the boy with some of it. He knew that this boy must be a fugitive from the burning village whose glow he had seen before.

The boy made a wry face as the whisky went down his throat. He gasped, choked, and his eyes fluttered open. Gazing blankly around him he perceived the face of the Cossack over him. He did not know whether he was real or perhaps this was only a dream.

"Tell me 'diadechku,'" Pavlush spoke, for it was Pavlush, "where am I, and am I still alive?"

"Yes, yes, sonny, you are very much alive. Where are you from," the Cossack added.

"From Spasivka... The Tartars attacked and burned everything, robbed, killed... They killed my mother and 'dyid' Andriy, and took my sister..." The boy covered his face, as if to shut out the horrible memory. His body began to tremble.

(Continued on page 4)

INFLUENTIAL FRIENDS

There have been suggestions that we should concentrate on cultivating the friendship of influential people. In a broad sense, various societies and organizations, chiefly of a patriotic nature, would be included in getting allies for our movement.

Such contacts would be useful instruments in forwarding our cause; yet this would actually be so, only if they were really willing and really interested. Then these connections would have a value. But, it is more than likely among the American societies who would help us, that the final result would be an impediment to our efforts.

The danger lies in their attitude of looking down upon us. They have that extreme paternalistic sense of superiority, as a guardian towards an adopted child; they feel like the missionaries who are sent to civilize "those heathen Chinese," much to the indignation of those who, after all, are credited with having the older civilization. It is hard to picture that the Ukrainian would be taken for a heathen also, but too often our benefactors have similarly attached to him, as a foreigner, the usual tag of inferiority. These one-hundred-percent American patriots who would so magnanimously impress us with the greatness of liberty, forget that a democratic Ukrainian state ante-dated the American by two centuries.

Most of these societies have either outlived or lost sight of the aims for which they came into existence. They have survived only because they are able to cleverly simulate the activities of real organizations, but at the core they are sterile and ineffective. The gross exploitation of friendship, its use as a means rather than as an end certainly, if discovered, would inspire a mercenary regard in return; but this could hardly be looked upon as a reason in our case. They cannot help us because there is no true interest in our aims. These people see Ukrainianism as just another unique trinket to be added to their collection of experiences. They use our cause as a football; it becomes a toy with which they play away their leisure time. Then, would we want such people connected with our movement? Some of our Youth would, because they are not able to see through the cover of feigned interest.

Those who have read "Main Street" will recall the amusing "Jolly Seventeen," as gabby and sentimental a clique as could have ever existed. Here, Sinclair Lewis has caricatured the typical club of the average American city. Many of us were undoubtedly provoked to long laughter, and yet, so unwittingly, we allow like groups to meddle in our affairs. Certainly such a state of affairs would not be allowable if we could but remember the words of Rostand's eloquent hero, Cyrano de Bergerac, "What will you have me do?"

Seek for the patronage of some great man

And like a creeping vine on a tall tree

Crawl upward, where I cannot stand alone?"

We need not advocate "rugged individualism" to the Ukrainian, who with his handicaps has had his share of it, but it is better to work out our own destinies rather than be misled by the big, big help of societies who do things in a big, big way. If we must accept aid from others, let us be sure that they are sincerely interested and at that, receive only enough to get an impetus.

WALTER N. NACHONEY,
Member U. N. A. 239,
Philadelphia, Pa

WHAT PARTICULAR ASPECT OF UKRAINIAN LIFE ATTRACTS ME MOST

By HELEN MODRANSKY

[First honorable mention of Class A of the Essay Contest sponsored by the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.]

Why I am Proud to be of Ukrainian Descent

Many things are there about Ukraine, that should make us feel proud to be of Ukrainian descent. Still—in my estimation, Literature, Theatre and Music seem to stand out above all else, in glittering, golden letters!

Every nation on earth receives her cultural progress through the good words of her poets.

When, seventy-three years ago, the wasted form of a human derelict was lowered into Mother Nature's care—few realized that it was the greatest Ukrainian immortal who had passed beyond ministrations. Every Ukrainian knows him—Taras Shevchenko!

Regardless how cruelly he was persecuted his soul was fermenting with poetic conceptions—equalism—liberty and happiness for his suffering brothers and sisters. How his heart ached to point to every Ukrainian what road to follow, that they may have peace and prosperity!

How Taras could combine a few melodious words, which contained a world of meaning, was the greatest gift God could let any human being possess.

His limited works truly equal any great poet of yesterday and today. Oh! If he only had the freedom to write fully the things that were in his heart—the world would soon see he was unsurpassable!

We can't help but be proud of our thoughtful, ever-enduring, God-send poets! Those by-gone souls were endowed with a capacity for spiritual and intellectual developments!

In the cultural life of our Ukraine, the Theatre, also, has won a

very important role. As far back as the sixteenth century, the same today, the Ukrainian Theatre was, and is, a great enjoyment among all who understand and appreciate real art. This art, our own Ukrainians possess.

Is there any people that love music as much as the Ukrainians? Music, speaks an international language and knows no boundaries. Ukrainians present it to the world very attractively and with possessive distinction.

Can't we all be proud that the Ukrainian song is one of the most melodious? Costumes, among the most colorful?

From the very beginning Ukrainian singing has possessed the world's honor and approval!

When the hard-laboring peasants would return from their golden wheat fields, they would pass their leisure time making their hand-made sopilkas and banduras speak very joyfully, while the light-hearted dancers would whirl away! Admiring watchers could only catch glimpses of wide blue trousers, bright red coats, and beautifully embroidered shirts and blouses! It seemed impossible that those flashing red and black boots could go so fast—and yet, so accurately and so gracefully to the tiniest beats of the music!

In our Ukraine, many long years ago, the family group would gather around the oldest members, and listen to their songs.

There were songs of the heroic deeds of their ancestors. Songs of Khmel'nitsky, our greatest Hetman. Songs of Father Dnipro—the symbol of the joys and sorrows of our people, and songs of our Cossacks, at the Sitch, how the fame of their bravery was spreading far and wide! Ukrainians are the world's true music lovers!

Indeed, I am very proud to be of Ukrainian descent!

Amsterdam, Ohio.

WHY FORCE THEM TO LIVE TOGETHER?

Alfred A. Knopf has published lately an English translation of a recent Russian novel "And Quiet Flows the Don," by Mikhail Sholokhov, which incidentally furnishes an interesting contribution to the picture of the relations between the Ukrainians and the Russians.

The novel depicts the life of the cossacks of the basin of the Don river, where the Ukrainian ethnographic territory touches upon that of the Russians. Racially, some of the Don cossacks are Ukrainians, others are Russians. Those portrayed by Sholokhov are all Russians. But their peasant neighbors are Ukrainians, and the life between the two races is one of the outstanding social features played up by the author.

A scene in a mill may serve as introduction to the picture of those relations between the two races. Some Russian cossacks drove to the mill with a wagonette loaded with sacks of grain. On their arrival at the mill they found the yard crowded with wagons. The newly arrived Russians will have to wait: they are the thirty-eighth in turn. Between the Ukrainian peasants, who had been first to arrive at the mill, and the late-comers, the Russians, an animosity flares up.

"There was a snout from the

weighing-room, and the sound of a blow. The blow was well aimed, and elderly, bearded Ukrainian with his cap crushed on the back of his head, came tumbling out through the doorway.

"What's that for?"—he shouted, holding his cheek.

"I'll wring your neck, you son of a . . ."

"Nikifor, help!" the Ukrainian shouted.

"Horse-shoe' Yakob, a desperate, solidly built artilleryman, who had earned his nickname because of the horse-shoe marks left by the kick of a horse on his cheek, came running out of the weighing-room, rolling up his sleeves. Behind him a tall Ukrainian in a rose-coloured shirt struck hard at him. But Yakob kept on his feet.

"Brothers, they're attacking cossacks!" he cried.

"From all sides cossacks and Ukrainians, who were at the mill in large numbers, came running. A fight began, centering around the main entrance to the mill. The door groaned under the pressure of the struggling bodies."

And so on goes the writer, describing this affray in the terms reminding one of Homer's description of the fights of Trojan and Greek heroes. At last the Ukrainians were slowly being driven towards the boiler-shed.

"W. A. R"

Men marching
Tramping—tramping,
Horse neighing
Stamping—stamping,
Planes flying
Sailing—sailing,
The world's life
Falling—falling,
War! War! War!
Bombs bursting
Falling—falling,
Night winds blow
Sighing—sighing,
Men wounded
Dying—dying,
War! War! War!

S. FELLO.

"There was every prospect of the fight ending seriously, but an old Ukrainian had an inspiration. Jumping into the boiler-shed, he pulled a flaming brand out of the furnace and ran towards the granary where the milled grain was stored.

"I'll set it afire!" he roared savagely, raising the crackling brand toward the thatched roof.

"The cossacks shuddered and came to a halt . . ."

Finally, "the Ukrainians tore out of the yard and away from village."

Such seems to be the chief diversion of the Ukrainian peasants and Russian cossacks in those parts.

"For many years past," another passage reads, "if a cossack rode along the road to Millerovo and fell in with Hokhols, he had to yield them road, or they would set about him. So the cossacks were in the habit of driving to the district village in groups, and then they were not afraid of falling in with Hokhols on the steppe . . ."

"Fights would break out without cause, simply because they were Hokhols, and as they were Hokhols the cossacks had to fight them,"—remarks the author. As if reminding himself that such a statement of fact calls for an explanation, the writer adds, "Hundreds of years previously a diligent hand had sown the seeds of national discord in the cossack land, and the seed had yielded rich fruit. In the inter-racial struggles the blue blood of the cossacks and the crimson blood of the immigrant Muscovites and Ukrainians was poured out liberally over the Don country."

This remark about the "diligent hand" does not explain much. The reader is left free to blame the side which he wants to blame or to blame an outside factor if he prefers to do so. Nothing is said of the real racial difference between the Ukrainian and the Muscovite, the differences in the methods of earning the living, in the methods of cultivating the soil, in the life of the man and the woman, the social life between the villagers, and the outlook of the world, including the views upon God.

A Russian writer, who lives under the Soviets, may well know,—if he is as keenly observant of the life as a writer should be,—that the Bolshevik government has quite often played the role of that "diligent hand" that continues to sow the seeds of national discord in the cossack land—in the interest of red Moscow, as previously another government had been doing that in the interest of "white Moscow."

Due to the natural differences of the two racial cultures, on one hand, and due to the efforts of the "diligent," on the other, there exists that mutual intolerance between the two races, which only the equalization of each race, by placing each into a nation of her own, can remedy.

"EDUCATION IS USELESS!"

Gather around, all you young Ukrainians who have attended schools, colleges, universities, institutions, et cetera, and listen closely. A Ukrainian woman asserted that "education is useless" . . . whether or not you know something you die just the same." We are not interested in knowing the name of the woman . . . the fact remains that, to her, education is useless.

If people thought the same as she did a thousand years ago and had abolished all institutions of learning . . . I hate to think of what may have happened. If Edison had no schooling would the world have the electric bulb, the phonograph, and countless other useful articles? If Madame Curie had not attended school would the world have radium . . . the only cure known for cancer? Would we have airplanes, trains, ships, telephones, houses, radios, et cetera, et cetera? In other words, would we be a civilized race of beings if there were no such thing as education? The answer is obviously and emphatically "No!"

Civilization is based on education. What happens to many men and women who had no education? They become criminals. Being handicapped by lack of education they find it hard to obtain employment. They must eat to live . . . so they steal. And as they get older they become intelligent . . . criminally intelligent. Nothing short of death can stop them then. And only because they weren't educated.

Education is the most useful thing in the world. It is so useful in fact that the blind and crippled children take advantage of it in some way. Education has penetrated into dense jungles . . . has abolished cannibalism, the sacrificing of human beings to non-existent gods, et cetera. It has even penetrated as far north as the North Pole . . . educating many Eskimos. The American Indian and American Negro are educated people and they have taken advantage of their education.

How far would science have progressed if there were no such thing as education? We have to thank science for many things. Science has done away with many diseases and pestiferous insects! It has given us many new and useful inventions. It has shown us to utilize many different minerals, liquids, et cetera. Science has also explained many mysteries that have puzzled us.

If the world of human beings were not educated there would not be any books, theatres, homes which can withstand all types of weather, cities, machinery, et cetera. There would only be forest, jungle . . . populated by barbarians, cannibals, headhunters, et cetera—fighting wild animals, disease, famine. Thanks to education no such state of conditions exists.

"Whether or not you know something you die just the same." Of course death is inevitable. We have nature to thank for that. If there were no such thing as death this would be a horrible planet to live on. Imagine a ten-year-old boy saying hello to a man ten or fifteen thousand years old! Imagine how greatly overpopulated the world would be. There would be millions of people living under the ground, on water, in deserts, caves, mountains, et cetera. Where would all the food come from? If a man got tired of living what would he do to kill himself? No! We are very fortunate in having nature balance things for us. Immortality is something we won't ever need.

"SOYUZ UKRAINOK" ACTIVITIES

At the executive meeting of the Soyuz Ukrainok (Ukrainian National Women's League) Mrs. Annette Kmetz of Yonkers, N. Y., the organization's 1st Vice President, took over the office of the President, succeeding Mrs. H. D. Lototsky, who resigned.

Mrs. H. D. Lototsky was one of the organizers of the League and very active during a period of nine years, first as secretary and then as president. It was chiefly her perseverance and determination that at times kept the organization together. The organization extremely regrets that circumstances were such which induced her to resign, as she was able to get both the young as well as the old women together.

Mrs. Kmetz is a woman of the younger element who was president of the Yonkers branch. Her understanding of the younger people cannot be over estimated and it is hoped that she will be able to embrace into the organization many young women. In taking the office over she said: "My object will be every word of the third article of the constitution which is: to organize and unite women of Ukrainian birth and extraction throughout America and bring into relation of mutual helpfulness; to further social, domestic science, welfare work, good citizens and cooperation in a variety of ways with the Ukrainian movement."

The next meeting of the executive officers is called for Thursday, August 23rd. A schedule of activities for the next year must be planned on account of the convention being postponed until 1935. At the regular meeting of the executive board and representatives of branches, delegates, which will be called for Tuesday, September 4th, topics such as the second convention of the organization, ten year anniversary, the finances, and a proposal made to give the charters to all new branches applying for membership during the next six months without the constitutional charter fee of ten dollars will be up for discussion. It is hoped that branches which cannot send their delegates will send in their suggestions. Also that the younger girls will aid each branch and the executive board to form a plan of organizing the younger girls in a greater number.

The Ukraine Famine Relief Committee with Dr. N. Pelečovich as its Chairman will give a report at this meeting as well as the committee in charge of the Ukrainian collection of Needlework, Rugs, and Ceramics, of which Mrs. Hu-

If it were not for education death wouldn't be as painless as science has made it. Nine persons out of ten are cured of malignant diseases and live a little longer. Science prolongs our lives. If education was non-existent people would be dying by the thousand from diseases alone.

We live and become educated so that the next generation can have some things that we didn't have. We live to do some good for the world and without education we can't get any place. Without education humanity would be one of nature's greatest mistakes. Thank God nature had given us a head with brains in it . . . otherwise we would have been doomed to die as ignorant as when we were born.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK.

UKRAINIAN AFFAIRS IN AMERICA

palo of Irvington, N. J. is chairman.

The address of the Executive Board is: 30 East 7th Street, New York City.

KATHERINE S. KEDROWSKY.

LACK OF UKRAINIAN FLAG AT UKRAINIAN DAY FESTIVAL

At the Ukrainian Day celebration held in Lakewood Park, Pa. I was very much disappointed in discovering that there was not even one Ukrainian flag anywhere on the grounds. The only Ukrainian flag that I did see was a small one, draped on the fender of the Hazleton bus. But elsewhere there was not even one. What was the reason? Haven't we a Ukrainian flag, or were the Leaders of the Committee in charge of this celebration ashamed of their Ukrainian banner?

The people at the celebration wore tags, showing only from which city they hailed, and these tags were obtained at a price. It seemed as if the Committee was mainly interested in making money, and not about the Ukrainian flag or how the Ukrainian Day was celebrated. At least, they should have had a Ukrainian flag at the place where the main features of the holiday were held. But there was not one.

I have been to Slovak, Russian, Italian Days and at every one the park was decorated with their respective national flags. Why can't we Ukrainians do the same? It could have been done very easily. What kind of a Ukrainian Day is it without a Ukrainian flag? Of course, there would have been a good excuse if we did not have a flag of our own, but we have! How will we young Ukrainians be expected to love and revere our national banner, under which the Ukrainians have made countless sacrifices throughout the centuries in their fight for freedom, if the older folks such as the Committee in charge of our Ukrainian Day celebration did not even take the trouble (?) of displaying even one Ukrainian flag.

A true Ukrainian
MARY KOSTIUK,
Hazleton, Pa.

ANSONIA CLUB PICNIC

The Ukrainian Junior Social Club of Ansonia, Conn. enjoyed a outing Saturday, July 21, at Pleasure Beach, Bridgeport, Conn. The members of the club and a few outsiders started for their trip by bus at 9:30 A. M. Fine weather favored the picnickers. Swimming and other recreational activities were enjoyed by all. At 9:00 P. M. the merry group bid Pleasure Beach a farewell, after having an exceedingly enjoyable day.

ANNA HERCHAKOWSKI,
Secretary of the U.J.S.C.

DAY DREAMS

As I gaze upon the raindrops rolling down my window pane, I see the tear filled eyes of our people in our own Ukraine. Weep no more, you noble ones; the dreams you cherish must come true. Remember, the U. S. was founded by people just like you, People of your courage and patience, cannot but succeed. Then too, there's a God in Heaven Who sees and knows your need. Oh, that you were relieved of your suffering—your mental pain! Then the raindrops on my window would mean tears of joy—A free Ukraine!

Anna Pyke

OUR PATH TO OUR HEAVEN

Once a husky mastiff,
And a very fierce one too,
Came flying over our fence
With my little boy in blue.
This wicked rail his dog struck
And dropped my boy full force
High on my floor when I said:
"Ah, my Cossack and his horse!"
T'was oh, some time ago,
When he on his dog rode
And with loud yells and scream-

ings
Jumped the fence to my abode.
"Oh papa circulate
This news which I'll dispatch
Please hurry for I'm dying
So quick bring here that match.
Oh thank you father. Now see?
Please take this one good look
And read this wound as quickly
As the contents of your book.
Look here a coward's shot
Has pierced my heart clear through
From back to chest. He killed me
For remaining staunch and true.
See how from my heart flows
This red, true blood of mine—
Go tell my Ma, my Country
To fight right back not pine.
Don't you too pine my Papa;
Don't waste your time, I pray,
Go tell my mother I see
The sweet dawning of our day.
I'm dying! I see death;
His sceptre and his shadowy white,
But, afraid I'm not, for I too see
An angel 'midst dazzling light.
I see that glorious path
With my Master there right now,
beckoning me to come to Him
Papa, before Him I bow.
And then my poor boy died!—
—He was in his life these too—
My son,—my joy,—now saviour—
To his memory I'll be true.
He was my (Cossack) son
Who on his dog (horse) would
ride
To me in evenings past when
I laughed instead of cried.
That boy was our young martyr's
Who for their Mother die;
The path he saw we must see
And follow till we die.
We'll carry on his vision
And fight and know we'll win!
The battle with those cowards
To revenge our kith and kin."

MARY SARABUN,
Bridgeport, Pa.

IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(Continued from page 2)

"There, there, quiet yourself, my boy. Everything will be all right. You are safe with me," the Cossack cheered him.

Pavlush quieted down.

"Were there many Tartars?"

"Yes, 'diadetchku,' a whole cloud of them. They set fire to village at its four corners; the people ran out; they then butchered them—oh, it was terrible, terrible!" and the boy once more began to tremble.

"I am not doing very wisely," thought the Cossack. "By asking him questions I only make him feel worse. Best let him sleep until he has recovered a bit, and then I can find out more information."

"Come, come sonny. What kind of a Cossack will you be if you are going to learn to cry. Stop your crying, try to sleep a bit. You are as safe with me as behind God. And others will be here in a few moments. So sleep now . . ."

Helpless took his heavy coat, and covered Pavlush with it. The latter soon grew quiet again. The weariness of his body took its toll; slowly he began to drift off into slumberland.

(To be continued)