



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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Vol. III

TENTATIVE PROGRAM OF UKRAINIAN YOUTH'S CONGRESS

Those attending 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—are assured of having a most interesting time.

The tentative program briefly outlined will be as follows: (1) 9 A. M.—Registration of delegates and guests; (2) 10 A. M.—Opening of the Congress, Address of Welcome and Problems Facing Our Youth by Pres. of the U. Y. L. of N. A., Stephen Shumeyko; (3) Preliminary business, election of Chairman, etc. (4) Greetings from representatives of Ukrainian organizations; (5) Series of addresses given on topics of interest and vital importance to our youth by speakers of the younger generation, including Waldimir Semenyina, (N. J.), Anna J. Balko (N. Y.), Marie Gambal (Mich.), Anastasia Oleskow (Ill.), Theodore Luciw (Minn.), Alexander Yaremko (Pa.), Stephen Jarema (N. Y.), Walter Bukata (N. J.) and Michael Piznak (N. Y.) Besides these Mary Beck of Pittsburgh, and A. Pawlyk of Canada have been invited to speak. Mrs. Cole, head of the International Institute will also say a few words to the Congress. Each talk will be followed by a short discussion.

Luncheon in the roof cafeteria of the Institute will be held Saturday noon and a Tea will be held in the social rooms in the evening. The balance of the evening the delegates will have to themselves to see the sights. On Sunday the participants will have dinner together in the cafeteria and Sunday evening a Gala Dance with many novel features will be held as the concluding event of the Congress. The registration fee of the delegates (\$2.00) will cover all the above meals and dance. Guests, both young and old, wishing to avail themselves of the same privileges should make their reservations in advance.

A novel feature of the second day's program will be an Open Forum, wherein our young people, both delegates and guests, will have an opportunity of having their say on some particular pet project, plan or recommendation of their own, designed to further the interests of the younger generation of American-Ukrainians.

The balance of the second day's session will be devoted to organization work of our youth, including the regular business of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America. It will be open to all.

Write in immediately, telling us of your intention to attend the Congress either as delegate or as guest. All are welcome. Address all communications to Youth's Congress Committee, c/o Stephen Shumeyko, 97 Boyden Avenue, Maplewood, N. J.

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

Mental Parasites

We have at all times urged and will continue urging our youth to take an active interest in American life. America is to us the land of our birth and upbringing, the land which will undoubtedly be our final resting place. Our life is inextricably tied with American life. American history, traditions, and ideals are as much ours as of those whose ancestors came over on the Mayflower.

And yet we have never failed to urge our youth to dedicate a portion of their time towards the learning of the history, tradition, culture and language of the country from whence came our parents, the land of our ancestors—Ukraine. This in no way conflicts with American life and demands. American ideals do not demand that we become so insular and so narrow-minded as to ignore everything but that which is American. On the contrary, America urges us to become familiar with the best that other nations offer. For America is sufficiently fair-minded to realize that the main roots of its civilization are buried in the old world soil of Europe and that its culture is principally a combination of European tradition and American environment.

Very good—says our reader—I am perfectly willing to study Ukrainian language, history and culture, but what practical value will I derive from this study besides that of being a more cultured person?

This same question is taken under consideration by a French scholar and pedagogue, Abbe Ernest Dimnet, who after touring America recorded some of his observations on this very same point in his book entitled "The Art of Thinking." The book, incidentally, is excellent, and should be read by all young American-Ukrainians. It is written in English.

In a chapter entitled "Obstacles of Thought" the writer delves into the origin of the so-called "parasitic" thoughts and then proceeds to "How mental parasites are produced" by criticizing the methods used in educating children in American schools. He writes as follows:

"It will not take long to show that education in the United States is too resolutely practical and leaves in the pupil's mind the phantasm that culture is the privilege or the amusement of a few; whereas education in France is precisely the reverse and places culture at such a height above action that mere pleasures of the intellect seem immeasurably more important than the practical duties of life."

Abbe Dimnet proceeds to show the important role knowledge of Latin and Greek, not to speak of modern languages, play in the development of culture. But in America, he says, the study of foreign languages is hindered by one great "parasite":—"The mass wants easy methods, and so the methods are easy. It wants immediate practical results, and practicability is considered first. Easy methods seem to be a dogma with Americanizers." As a result, Dimnet's book "A French Grammar Made Clear" has been misquoted scores of times as "French Grammar Made Easy." But, says Dimnet, "French grammar cannot be made easy. Nor can Latin grammar. It can be made, and ought to be made, clear and interesting."

As we can readily perceive, the above applies just as well to Ukrainian grammar and composition as to any other. And in the study of the Ukrainian language "the best psychology is to persuade the pupil that hundreds and thousands of not very intelligent people before him have conquered those dry beginnings by mere perseverance."

All this we bring to the attention of our readers. Let them not fall into the error of regarding the study of the Ukrainian language from the purely utilitarian viewpoint, but let them bear in mind the words of Abbe Dimnet that:

"Utilitarianism in education is as disastrous to culture as the so-called easy methods are to scholarship."

REST AFTER LABOR

By Osyp Fedkovych

A young lad sat by a table
And was leaning o'er a book
When the sun peeked through the
window
Beckoning to him: "Boy, look!"

Leave the book alone a moment,
Go to play along the brook!"
"No, my friend, I cannot do it,
I must read another book."

The young lad was softly reading,
Hardly moving in his seat
When a bird sat on the window
Chirping to him: "Tweet, tweet,
tweet!"

Leave the book alone a moment,
Come out while the day is
bright!"

"No, dear bird, I cannot do it
Because I have yet to write."

When he finished all his writing,
Had his papers neatly done,
Then he went out in the open
And looked up into the sun,

"Hey," he shouted, "hey, hey,
hey!"

Now I'm free to play all day!
Now I'll play with all my might
And rest well throughout the
night."

Trans. by W. S.

POLAND'S LATEST DRIVE TO DESTROY UKRAINE

We urge all our young people to read "Poland's Latest Drive to Destroy Ukraine" which appeared in yesterday's (Thursday, August 23) issue of the Svboda. It is submitted by the "Obyednanye" as further evidence of the continued Polish persecution of the Ukrainians in Western Ukraine under Poland.

The article, written in English, is a clear depiction of the new brutal method used by the Polish government in its efforts to denationalize the Ukrainians, namely, the concentration camps. Into these Polish concentration camps—which rival the notorious Soviet Russia's Solovki Islands in cruelty and general disregard of even the most fundamental human rights—young Ukrainian boys as well old men are driven for their Ukrainian patriotic activities. In many cases Ukrainians are sent to these concentration camps simply because they worked in Ukrainian cooperative or cultural institutions.

The purpose of these concentration camps is to eliminate all Ukrainian leaders and patriots.

The world has become accustomed to hear about concentration camps nowadays, but concentration camps in Poland have an entirely different character and purpose. They do not serve merely to eliminate one rival partner in the fight of two political factions of one nation. It is the fight of the Polish government against the Ukrainian nation; it is an attempt to destroy the leading elements of Ukrainian life under Poland.

(TODAY'S "U. W." CONCLUDED
IN THE SVOBODA)

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

(29)

Some Achievements of Peter Mohela

Peter Mohela also wrote for use in schools "Православное исповѣданіе віри" (The Orthodox Creed). His Catechism, both the large and small, written in Kiev, found favor even in the parochial schools of Halechena (Galicia). And his "Anthology," a collection of wise teachings, also proved to be popular in the learned circles. One of the highest achievements of this learned and talented Metropolitan, who spoke and wrote in many languages, including Greek and Latin, was the founding of the Mohela School which later became the Petro Mohela Academy.

The First Scholarly Theological Work

The first real scholarly theological work written in the Church-Slavonic language appeared in 1618 from under the pen of the Chernihiv Abbot Kyrylo Stavrovetzky. It was entitled "Зерцало Богословія" (Mirror of Theology). This was the first theological textbook for the use of ecclesiastics which was based upon the theological works of such

authorities as Vasile the Great, John Damask and upon the works of lay philosophers as well.

Polemical Literature

A very rich field of literature during the Middle Period was the so-called "polemical literature."

It had its source in the heated controversy which arose among the Ukrainians over the question of the Orthodox Church joining the Union with Rome.

When the first attempts in furtherance of this Union proved unsuccessful the Jesuit Order was brought into Poland in 1564 in order to help fight Protestantism. In time the Jesuits not only won the support of the Polish rulers but also gained quite a deal of power and influence, particularly during the reign of the Polish monarchs Stephen Batory and Sigismund III. This power they used in their appointed task. Through their influence no "dissident" was able to hold any office or title in Poland, which at that time had under it a goodly size of Ukraine. At first the term "dissidents" was applied only to the Calvinists, but in time it was extended to include the Orthodox as well.

The Fight For and Against the Church Union with Rome

A movement for this Union arose in certain sections of Ukraine. Benedict Herbest and that famous preacher of that period, Peter Skarha, used all their power and eloquence to persuade all the Ukrainian people to join their brothers who had joined the Union with Rome. But they found a great deal of opposition, particularly since Poland was Catholic, which fact in itself was enough for many Ukrainians to regard this Union very sceptically. The efforts of these two helped to smoothen the road to the Union of Brest.

A great controversy broke out between those Ukrainians who favored the ecclesiastical Union with Rome and those who did not. At first this controversy assumed the form of polemic writings but later it led to actual bloody fighting among the Ukrainians.

Religious Wars Among Ukrainians

Many Orthodox Ukrainian learned men took a bold stand in their writings against the Jesuits and Uniates (the latter being those Ukrainians who had joined the Union), and called upon their countrymen not to enter this Union. During the entire 17th century this battle of words raged throughout the Ukrainian lands. It led to a great deal of

persecution of Ukrainians on both sides, and ended when the Orthodox Ukrainians in the so-called Cossacks Wars warred upon the Catholics and also upon their brother Ukrainians—the Uniates. These wars lasted many years.

Some Polemic Literature

The first important defence of the Orthodox belief appeared in the work of Vasile Surazko under the heading of "Книжниця о єдиной истинной віри" (The Book of the sole true belief—f. t.). A strong protest against the proposed change of the calendar was voiced by Harasym Smotrytsky in his work "Ключ царства небесного" (The Key of the Heavenly Kingdom).

One of the leading polemics was Malety Smotrytsky. He studied in a Jesuit Collegium in Vilna, and later in German universities. In 1610 he wrote in the Polish language "Trenos," wherein in vigorous and poetical language he portrayed the sorrow of the Orthodox Church caused by those of the Orthodox Ukrainian nobility who had gone over to Catholicism. Subsequently Smotrytsky journeyed to the East where he travelled for over three years. Returning from his travels he stopped in Rome, where he accepted the Union and became a Uniate Ukrainian himself.

(To be continued)

IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(A tale of olden Cossack times)

By ANDRIY TCHAIKOWSKY

(A free translation by S. S.)

(7)

7. The Reunion of the Brothers

Pavlush awoke with a start. For a moment he did not know where he was. Not far from him were the Cossacks breakfasting, laughing and joking amongst themselves. Then slowly the realization of his plight came to him. He remembered that terrible night of the Tartar attack, the headlong flight through the night, and finally the meeting with the brawny, kind faced Cossack by the stream—Semen the Helpless. Yes, there he was, seated among the others, the Cossack who had picked him off the ground and revived him after he had been knocked unconscious by a fall off the horse. Pavlush sat up slowly, his body aching from the long ride and from the bruises resulting from the fall. His shoulder where the Tartar arrow had struck him felt rather numb, with but a suggestion of pain. He coughed slightly, to attract the attention of the Cossacks, for they seemed so big and fierce, even though jolly just now, that he hesitated to call them.

One of the Cossacks turned around to him. It was the one who had been so curious about Pavlush. Seeing the boy awake and sitting up he got up and walked over to the boy, still holding his pan with the "kasha" in it. Neither spoke a word for a few seconds, regarding each other closely, as if at some time or other they had seen each other in some place. The Cossack was the first to break the silence.

"You are from Spasivka, yes?" he asked, sitting down beside him.

"Yes," replied Pavlush briefly, wondering where had he seen this Cossack before.

"Did you know a family known as the Sudaky there?" the Cossack asked, this time with a trace of eagerness in his voice.

"Why of course I know the family," replied Pavlush, surprised to hear the name of his family mentioned by this stranger. "Why

that's my family... I am Pavlo Sudak."

A cry of surprise and joy broke from the Cossack.

"You are Pavlo Sudak?!... Then don't you recognize me?! I am your brother Petro!" In his excitement the Cossack gripped Pavlush by his arms until they hurt.

"Petro! Petro!" cried Pavlush overjoyed. Now he remembered him. Why of course this was his brother Petro who had often played with him when he was barely able to walk, and who had gone away to the Zaporogian Sitch and not heard from since.

Both embraced. Pavlo felt so happy upon finding himself with his big brother. Now there was nothing to fear. Petro felt similarly happy in having found his little brother.

"Tell me, Pavlo," Petro at length asked, "how is father and mother, sister Hannah, and the others? Are they all right?"

At these words Pavlush suddenly felt all his new found joy at finding his brother desert him. The horrible memory returned to him. Tears appeared in his eyes.

"Why, what's happened?" asked Petro, frightened. "Tell me, do you hear me, what's happened," shaking Pavlush.

"The Tartars took father and sister with them, and killed mother and 'dyid' Andriy right before my eyes," Pavlush sobbed brokenly.

Petro gripped his forehead with his hands suddenly. He remained thus for awhile. Only the clenching and unclenching of his jaw muscles betrayed his emotion. Finally he removed his hands. For a moment he gazed fixedly into space. A tear appeared on his cheek. With a swift furtive movement he wiped it off.

"How did you escape," he asked at length. "Tell me all about."

Pavlush managed to get his grief under control, and started to recount the whole story, from the

Tartar attack up to the present time. The other Cossacks, attracted by the scene between the two, had come around them and now listened intently to Pavlush.

"No wonder Petro felt so sad last night," one of the Cossacks interrupted. "For it was just during that time that the village was being attacked."

After Pavlush had finished the Cossacks remained silent for awhile, preoccupied with their thoughts. Ostap Triska was the first to speak.

"Listen boys, the Tartars cannot be very far away," he said. "What's to prevent us following their trail and making a surprise attack upon them. We could kill them all off and recover the captives and booty before they will know what's it all about."

"A good idea," several voices spoke up. "Now that the enemy is laden with spoils he is like a hobbled horse or a pig that has gorged itself. He can't move very fast. A lightning like attack..."

"Just a minute, you impetuous youngsters, and give an old man a chance to say something," broke in "dyid" Panas. "And if my advice is no good, why then follow your own."

"Go ahead! Go ahead!" was the unanimous response.

"Well then, all that you say would be very nice and easy—to swoop down upon the Tartars and shatter them to bits, but remember this, we don't know how many Tartars there are. In my opinion I think that there are many more than there are of us here. For, if there were less they would not have dared to attack, particularly since Spasivka always had a reputation of containing good fighters and former Cossacks. And if only 51 Tartars had fallen upon Spasivka, for there 51 of us here, I doubt whether one of them would have got out alive. Therefore there must have been many more times that many."

"True, 'dyidu,' true."

"I think it would be best to investigate first, and find out definitely how many there are of the Tartars. If the odds are entirely too great for us, then it would be foolish to attack, for not one of us would come out alive. We would

need reinforcements. But the best thing to do now, I repeat, is to investigate the Tartars' strength first."

"Good. Very good. Let us send out several as scouts."

"And another thing," added "dyid" Panas, "we must give our horses a rest. They have been going all night. The Tartar filled with booty is probably crawling like a lizard. We can easily catch up with him."

All agreed that the plan advanced by "dyid" Panas was best—to send out a scouting patrol while the others rested for awhile.

The Cossacks led their horses to the water and let them drink their fill. Then they tethered them, and lay down to get a few winks of sleep...

In the meanwhile "dyid" Panas had rebanded Pavlush's wounded shoulder and lay down to sleep near him. Pavlush after having eaten some "kasha" also fell asleep...

Only Semen the Helpless remained awake. He was the sentry. Climbing up on top of the "mohela" he lay down on the grass, put his musket by his side, and lit his pipe.

The sun had risen high by this time. Its scorching heat beat upon the vast, silent steppe. Not a cloud appeared in the sky, and those tiny ones which had been formed by the early morning dew had been carried far away by this time on the wings of a gentle breeze.

(to be continued)

THE BROOKLET SONG

How happy you look as you run along;
Bubbling and gurgling a melodious song!
A graceful weeping-willow bathes her eyes

In the soothing liquid that within you lies.
How lovely you look as you are now dressed;

With the lips of the sky against yours pressed!
Sparkling stars adorn your transparent gown.

Fragrant honeysuckle serves as a crown.

I see—the moon admires your beauty too
For she spends the night looking down at you.

ANNA PYKA.
Branch No. 45 of the U. N. A.
Philadelphia, Pa.

"FIRST STUDY AND THEN JUDGE"

So reads the editorial heading of a recent issue of the "U. W." I have studied this subject closely, to quote further, and proceed to judge. You may not agree with me, but I am going to present my ideas and thoughts as honestly and clearly as I can.

Much has been written about the American-Ukrainian youth. Lectures have been given, articles written, about these young people concerning their indifference in regards to their obligations as Ukrainians towards the Ukrainian Cause. Has it ever occurred to these same writers and lecturers to delve beneath the surface and find out why this indifference of Ukrainian affairs and problems prevails? Why so few of these young people are present or participate in Ukrainian affairs?

Do you know why the response is meager? I have had the opportunity of visiting many Ukrainian communities. So, I do not write from hearsay, but of what I have personally observed. Without fail, one round the youth very poorly represented. If one asked whether that comprised all of the young people of the community, one was assured that there were many more but that these others seldom, if ever, appeared at these affairs. Why should this be so?

I'll tell you why. It is the fault of the parents! They make a few attempts to interest their children in Ukrainian affairs but go about it in a wrong manner. They send them to Ukrainian schools usually conducted by dull, uninspired men, men who are not in the least interested in the children. Please note that I do not say that all schools are conducted by poor teachers. On the contrary, there are some who are exceptionally fine. These last have an understanding of child psychology, know how to create interest and keep it.

My own memories of Ukrainian school are anything but pleasant. The teacher managed to make it as uninteresting as possible. Isn't our history concerning the Cossacks glorious and thrilling? But our story hasn't been presented to us properly. To us our history turns out to be just some more dull dates to be remembered.

I wonder how many parents have ever attended these schools to see how well they were being run? After the first half-hour, they would be bored to tears! A feeling of indifference is created within the children by the poor incompetent teacher, and instead of building up a future worker for the Ukrainian Cause, they are turned away. The children rebel against going to a dull school; the parents in turn try to enforce discipline by insisting that they attend. The parents meet opposition and give up. They have never made any real effort to develop in the children a pride of their nationality. The children grow up with a scant knowledge of Ukraine, there is no desire to participate in affairs Ukrainian, nor do they display any national pride. There are even cases where parents have ridiculed their own attire.

There is no need for me to describe the beauty of our native costume. Yet when a certain group of young people were to give a concert at which Americans were to be present, the mother of one young lady remarked that the Ukrainian costume should not be worn because it was too gaudy and gypsy-like, that the Americans would ridicule those wearing them. Anyone who has come in contact

with Americans while wearing these same "gypsy-costumes" has only met with admiration and praise for the gorgeous colors and embroidery, as I have. Do not think that this incident is an exception. Many of our young people would not think of wearing our costume for the reason that their parents have created the impression that it is something to be ashamed of.

Our early character and impressions are formed by our parents. If these parents neglect to imbue their children with love for Ukraine, neglect to acquaint them with the meaning of the word Ukraine, its history, culture, traditions, aspirations, it remains only for us who are enlightened, to lead these young people out of the darkness. Awaken them to their responsibilities as Ukrainians! Call forth all their energy! Create within them the desire to strengthen the present active group of young people. Let there be one united group. We should all be united for one common purpose—to help the Ukrainian cause!

Why don't more of our leaders contact the youth of the smaller towns and cities? The groups in the larger cities receive many leading lecturers who are sent to speak, especially to the young people. The smaller towns which really need the inspiring talks and ideas of these men and women are neglected. It is namely in these smaller towns that the type is found of which I have written. They have not had any sort of enlightenment on present Ukrainian events, or Ukraine in general.

Why not have a certain part of the time set aside in Ukrainian school during which current events concerning Ukraine are discussed and explained? The present ignorance which is so common would be lessened to a great degree. The schools should have funds available upon which they might draw from to purchase the latest books on the Ukrainian problem etc. Suggestions along these lines are inexhaustible. The time to do is to put them into effect!

Let us roll up our sleeves, take a deep breath and set the Wheel of Enlightenment on Ukrainian Affairs into motion until we stand, all of us, one united mass with but a single thought, to help Ukraine gain its freedom!

PRYSKA KOVALENKO,
Binghamton, N. Y.

HITCH HIKING TO YOUTH'S CONGRESS

I was chosen by my club to represent it as delegate at the Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress at New York, to be held on September 1st and 2nd. But nothing was said about the expenses... or about means of transportation... Minneapolis is quite far away from New York. So, I did not know what to take—a bus, a train, an aeroplane, or hitch hike? The latter seemed the easiest way, although not the most comfortable way.

On Monday, July 30, 1934, I left the strike-stricken area, heading to Chicago through Dubuque, Iowa.

Was I sorely disappointed when at the very outset I had to walk by foot about thirty miles before some good old German truck driver picked me up on his truck and gave me a 80 mile ride. He not only gave me this "lift" but when he learned that I was a delegate to the Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress, he bought me some good sandwiches and a glass of beer, because, as he said, he "likes Ukrainians."

It was very hot when I was dropped off near Rochester, Minn. A young gentleman picked me up again and took me behind the Medical Center (Rochester, Minn.) where my "bad luck" began.

I walked again. Finally I became tired, and sat down to rest. A young farmer said to me in his beautiful English "It ain't bad that weather ain't so darn hot today." His expression made me laugh and I got up and kept walking until I crossed the state line. In Iowa—I went as far as Preston, where I slept in hotel. Next day I was in Dubuque. From there, after a little rest I crossed the Mississippi Bridge. At my signal a gentleman stopped his car... and asked, me, "Do you have a revolver, Sir?"

"No," said I with a little heat, "I am not Dillinger!" I got into the car and we rode away, heading towards Galena, Ill.

From there again my "bad luck" started, and I had to walk a long distance. I was so tired that I could not move. I took a little rest in a forest. Not having sandwiches to eat I sang a couple of Ukrainian songs to forget my hunger. It was so quiet around, I thought that I was alone. But no! for behind me a cow was listening intently to my song... This fact so encouraged me that I proceeded onward.

A young farmer chap gave me a ride and told me what he thought about Dillinger. He assured me that "John is still alive," and that even if he met me on my way to Chicago, he would not molest me. "He ain't like to bother poor people." Well, it was a word of hope for me, don't you think so?

Again I walked. From Freeport to Rockford I had a ride. Then again some good old Dutch farmer gave me ride to Crystal Lake. From there I caught a Chicago truck. The driver said, "It is against the rules to give a ride on the dairy truck. But because I feel happy and because it is dark now, you can sit down."

"Thanks," said I, and I was glad that I was to sleep that night in Chicago. But what interested me the most was the fact that my young driver was happy. So, I finally asked him politely why he was happy.

"Because I just got married," was his frank answer.

"Congratulation," said I. He thanked me and said, "My wife, though she is young, yet she is a swell cook."

"Is she really?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"Here are some sandwiches she made. Try them."—So I did. He was right!

In Chicago, after seeing some of our young Ukrainian leaders, I left by bus to Cleveland and from there I started out on foot for Buffalo, N. Y.

Again I felt terribly weak. Near the city of Ashchebula, Ohio, I met a girl on the bridge.

I decided to have a little conversation with her.

"What is the nearest town, young lady?"

"Ashchebula."

She was a nice looking girl. So I proceeded with the questions.

"What are you doing here alone?"

"I am walking."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"Nope."

"Suppose some boy would stop you and try to kiss you..."

"I ain't no fool."

From Ashchebula I went to Buffalo, N. Y. by bus, and a few days later I had a little rest in Binghamton, N. Y. From there by train I finally reached New York City.

A "hitch hiker" delegate,
New York, N. Y.

THE SPORT WHIRL

UKRAINIANS IN AMERICAN SPORTS

According to my check-up there are six Ukrainian-Americans who play baseball in the big leagues. They are as follows:—Bill Urbansky—Boston Braves; Harold Trosky—Cleveland Indians; Zeke Bonura—Chicago White Sox; Reginald Grabowsky—Philadelphia; Joe Medwick—Cardinals; and Michael Comorosky—Cincinnati.

At the Athletic Review held at the U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y. on June 10th, Major General William D. Connor, Superintendent, presented awards and trophies to cadets who participated in varsity sports for the past year. Cadet Harvey J. Jablonsky, a Ukrainian of Clayton, Mo. was presented with the Army Athletic Association silver sabre which was awarded to him as the best all-around athlete in the first class. Nick Lutze, a Ukrainian boxer

well known throughout the New England states, fought to a draw with Ernie Dusen in a 10 round bout on July 25th at the Boston Gardens. And on August 1st Nick Lutze clashed with Stanislaus Sasha, "the cruel Russian cossack," in the main bout and defeated him in 7 rounds.

ANDREW DOBRYWODA.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

What will happen when Bronko Nagurski comes thundering towards Mike Mikulak or if Mikulak comes tearing into Nagurski? If you are a true football fan you will then know what this is all about. Both boys have gained national prominence on the football field. They will play opposite each other when the Chicago Bears meet the college all-stars at Soldier's field in Chicago the night of August 31. Nagurski will be

at full-back for the Bears and Mikulak will be at left or right half for the college all-stars. Nagurski has gained the reputation of steam-rolling his way towards the goal. Mikulak has a reputation of bowling 'em over. May the best Ukrainian win!

M. Z.,
Chicago.

END OF UKRAINIAN OPERA IN KIEV

The Communist authorities in their present "cleansing" of Ukrainian nationalism in Kiev, have driven out leading Ukrainian singers and leaders of the Kievan opera, which during the last few years raised Ukrainian music to a high plane. The charge against these singers is their Ukrainian "nationalistic leanings." In their places Jews and Russians were appointed. And for the coming season all Ukrainian operas were cancelled. Old Russian operas will be presented in their place.

A MEETING

The carnival at Coney Island, N. Y., bored me: there was nothing new there. Everywhere I went it was the same: noisy crowds; disappointing side-shows; ballyhoo; frankfurters; refreshments! et cetera... nothing new. I had been to Coney Island many times and always it was the same.

There were hundreds of thousands of people on the beaches but, as it was an unusually cold summer Sunday, few, if any, were swimming. Many people were strolling along the boardwalk: some of them watched those on the beaches, others bought refreshments, still others attended the side-shows...

I decided to go home. My excitement had tired me and instead of finding excitement I had found boredom.

While making my way through the crowds of pleasure-seekers I saw something that I thought might prove interesting—a roller-coaster. I bought a ticket and entered one of the cars. The seats in these cars are capable of seating two persons comfortably and another young fellow, who, like I, seemed to be pleasure-seeking alone, sat down beside me.

I had not spoken to a soul while on the island; perhaps if I started a conversation with the young man sitting beside me I might become less bored with my surroundings. Thinking it a good idea I turned to him and asked, rather foolishly, I admit:

"Are you alone?"

He looked at me, grinned good-naturedly and replied that he was alone. Something in his manner attracted my attention. He was plainly dressed, seemed care-free and didn't seem to mind my having spoken to him. I liked him from the start.

The roller-coaster began to move. It started, slowly, on an upgrade.

"I'm alone, too," I said to my newly-made friend, as the roller-coaster kept jerking to the top of the grade. "Its funny, though," I added, "how lonely a person can feel among a crowd of strangers."

"I agree with you," replied my companion. "Permit me to introduce myself; my name is Michael—," he hesitated, then, "Petrovsky."

I informed him of my name... but that was as far as I progressed for the moment. The roller-coaster had reached the top of the grade. Then it literally flew down at a speed I had never experienced before. This side... that side... up... down... jerks... bumps... I was just beginning to to really enjoy it when the wild ride ended.

Michael and I left the carnival and began to search for a restaurant. We were both feeling hungry. Our search ended before it started... for Coney Island has more than its share of restaurants.

We conversed between bites.

"Your name sounds familiar," Michael said, after sipping a drink. "I may be wrong... but I believe I have seen it in the Ukrainian Weekly."

I was—to put it mildly—greatly surprised... so surprised, in fact, that I almost dropped the cup of hot coffee I was drinking at the time!

"Are you Ukrainian?" I asked, startling him in my eagerness.

"Yes," he answered, matter-of-factly. "I'm from Philadelphia. Been doing a little vacationing, sight-seeing and visiting here." He went back to his meal, leaving me wondering.

Having eaten we left the restaurant and started to walk slowly

toward the subway station... for we had decided to go home. The ride from Coney Island to downtown New York City was a long one, so Michael and I had plenty of time in which to converse.

Having talked of several subjects of an interesting nature we finally hit upon the Ukrainian situation.

"It seems to me," said Michael, "that it is about time something has been done about the Ukrainian situation. All I have been reading lately in the 'Svoboda' and the 'Ukrainian Weekly' is news of how more Ukrainian men, women and children have been subjected to the disgusting treatment of their enemies. The Ukrainians have been subjected to famine, Russification, Polonization, executions, imprisonment—how will it all end?"

"It'll end," I replied, confidently, "in the Ukrainian people being free. That has happened before, you know, and there is no reason why it shouldn't happen again."

"Perhaps you're right, but when will that time come?"

"Soon enough. You said that it is about time something has been done. Well, quite a few things have been done. The Ukrainian people in Poland (or rather in the Ukrainian part of Poland) have assassinated two Polish men of importance. That shows that the Ukrainians do not intend to remain idle any longer. I believe I am safe in stating that with the outbreak of the next European war the Ukrainians will revolt against their enemies."

"Something in what you say," reflected Michael. "Say, I've read in the papers of a terrible flood in Poland: Seems that Warsaw has gotten the worse of it for many have been lost and made homeless."

"Quite true," I replied, "but that shouldn't concern us in any way."

"Maybe not," Michael said, "but I can't help thinking about it."

"What do you mean?" I interrogated, puzzled.

"It seems that someone more powerful than anybody on earth has taken a hand in affairs," Michael replied.

The significance of the statement slowly penetrated into my perplexed brain and I glanced at Michael approvingly.

I decided then to go into the subject of Ukrainian patriotism.

"If you had an opportunity to fight for Ukraine would you take it?" I questioned Michael.

"What do you think?" he retorted, grinning good-naturedly again. "Who wouldn't take such an opportunity? All the Ukrainian-American fellows, and some of the girls, too, in Philadelphia would like nothing better than to serve Ukraine." Again I looked at Michael approvingly.

"Have you done much traveling?" I asked Michael.

"I try to travel as much as possible," he replied, "broadens the mind, you know."

"When you're in a city in which there are many Ukrainian families don't you drop in on a Ukrainian social, dance or something of the sort?" I couldn't refrain from asking.

"I certainly do," he replied, "and I always enjoy myself when I'm with Ukrainian people: A funny thing happened to me in Chicago," he went on. "I arrived there in time to participate in a Ukrainian protest parade, in which the Ukrainians accused the Russian Government of starving millions of Ukrainians to death. Well, I was given a Ukrainian flag to

carry. Now a few Reds, as they are called in America, started throwing things at me. I guess they didn't like the sight of that flag."

"What happened?" I asked as he hesitated.

"Perhaps you may not believe me," he answered, "but three of the Ukrainian girls in the parade went after those Russian fellows and they put up a fierce battle. The girls, not more than nineteen years old, fought in their own way...scratching, kicking, biting, slapping—and they managed to do quite a bit of damage. A policeman arrived on the scene and arrested the boys for assault and battery. If you ask me the girls; not the boys, should have been arrested...for those boys were so badly lacerated that they needed medical treatment. The girls escaped the melee without a scratch!"

"Unbelievable!" I explained.

"I agree with you," Michael said. "That's why I always hesitate before telling any one about it."

* * *

"I correspond with several young Ukrainians," Michael said. "There's one chap out in Indiana who is particularly interesting. He attends high school and in one of his letters he wrote to me of something unusual that had occurred. It seems that one of his teachers was a Pole, a patriotic Pole. The teacher knew that my pen pal was of Ukrainian nationality and he (the teacher) didn't try to conceal his hatred for the Ukrainians. Well, one day my pen pal, John was his name, walked into this teacher's room with a copy of the 'Ukrainian Weekly'. The teacher took it away from him and tore it to bits. John, naturally, became angry. He reported the incident to the principal of the school. The principal said that this wasn't the first time he had received complaints against the Polish teacher so, as an experiment, he gave John a book and told him that he should bring the book to school with him a week or so later. The book was a history of Ukraine. John brought it with him a week later, as the principal had requested. When the Polish teacher saw that book he took it away from John and tore it to shreds... warning John not to bring another piece of Ukrainian literature into the room. John wondered what the principal was going to say to him for having 'lost' the book... but the principal had ideas of his own. John was greatly surprised to see, a few days later, that an Irish teacher had taken the Polish teacher's position!"

"So John triumphed in the end?" I laughed, when Michael had concluded the story of the incident.

"He certainly did," Michael answered. "What we need is more such principals in American schools!"

* * *

The subway train arrived at our station. We got on the train. Michael was to change trains at this point and I was to board a train for Jersey City. Regrettably, we bid each other good bye.

"I may drop you a letter now and then," Michael said before we parted.

"I wish you would," I said, glad to hear that our friendship was to go on.

"Don't worry about that," Michael said, grinning his familiar grin again. "I haven't met a Ukrainian yet that I didn't start a correspondence with!"

THEODORE LUTWINIAK,

172 Pavonia Avenue,
Jersey City, N. J.

LIST OF AMERICAN-UKRAINIAN GRADUATES FOR THE YEAR OF 1934

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES.

[Note: This list includes only those whose names were sent in to the Svoboda or the Ukrainian Weekly. — Editor.]

NEW JERSEY

BILOLOWSKI, JOSEPH:—
Perth Amboy High; commercial
BILYK, JOHN:—
Dickinson High, Jersey City
BODNAR, MICHAEL:—
Lincoln High, Jersey City
BODNAR, WALTER:—
Carteret High, Carteret
BOYKO, ANNE:—
Perth Amboy High; commercial
BRESNICK, EDWARD:—
Dickinson High, Jersey City
BUCZYNSKI, MICHAEL:—
Millville High
BYKOWSKY, MARY:—
Dickinson High, Jersey City
DMYTRIW, HELEN:—
Carteret High, Carteret
DUDICH, ROSE:—
Perth Amboy High; commercial
DZUBATY, STEPHEN:—
Perth Amboy High; commercial
FEDYNYSYHN, HARRY:—
Perth Amboy High; general
FURKA, JOHN:—
Dickinson High, Jersey City
GELA, THEODORE:—
Dickinson High, Jersey City
3rd Highest in Class of 550
GURAL, JOSEPH:—
Carteret High, Carteret
GINDA, ALEXANDER:—
Carteret High, Carteret
HALULKO, MICHAEL:—
Carteret High, Carteret
KAWOCZKA, JOHN:—
Dickinson High, Jersey City
KAVENSKI, SOPHIE:—
Carteret High, Carteret
KOSTIW, PETER H.:—
Dickinson High, Jersey City
KULYCH, MILTON:—
Dickinson High, Jersey City
KUSY, MARY:—
Lincoln High, Jersey City
LABUZA, THEODORE:—
Perth Amboy High; general
LEWITZKY, STELLA:—
Lincoln High, Jersey City
MAGATZ, MARY D.:—
Carteret High, Carteret; with honors
MANOREK, ANASTASIA M.:—
St. Aloysius High, Jersey City; college preparatory
MARKOW, ANNA:—
Perth Amboy High; commercial
MARKOVICH, MARY D.:—
Carteret High, Carteret
MASLEY, SOPHIE:—
Perth Amboy High; commercial
MATOLICZ, FRED W.:—
Millville High, practical arts
MELNICK, ALEX.:—
Perth Amboy High; commercial
MINKO, MARY V.:—
Millville High; commercial
MOSKOW, JOHN:—
Perth Amboy High; commercial
MYNIO, MARY:—
Carteret High, Carteret; with honors
MYSAK, ANNE:—
Perth Amboy High; commercial
MYSAK, MARY:—
Perth Amboy High; commercial
NESTOROVICH, MICHAEL:—
Carteret High, Carteret
OSMELOWSKY, NELLIE:—
Dickinson High, Jersey City
PALKEVICH, BENJAMIN:—
Dickinson High, Jersey City
PALUSCHKE, ROSE:—
Perth Amboy High; commercial
POTOCHNIK, MARY:—
Carteret High, Carteret
REDUS, ANNE:—
Perth Amboy High; commercial
SEMKOW, JOHN:—
Perth Amboy High; commercial
STETKEWICZ, ROMAN:—
Dickinson High, Jersey City
STROZ, MARY M.:—
Dickinson High, Jersey City
SYWAK, EUGENE:—
Lincoln High, Jersey City
TESAROWSKY, MORRIS:—
Dickinson High, Jersey City
TZAR, JOSEPH:—
Carteret High, Carteret
ULICKI, ANDREW J.:—
Dickinson High, Jersey City
VADIAC, JOSEPH:—
Carteret High, Carteret
WASILYK, MICHAEL:—
Carteret High, Carteret
WOWK, MAE D.:—
Dickinson High, Jersey City
YARYSZEWSKI, CHARLES:—
Perth Amboy High, general
ZAHORODNYCHY, OLGA:—
Lincoln High, Jersey City
ZAPOTIZNA, CECILIA:—
Perth Amboy High; commercial
ZAWISKY, ANNE:—
Dickinson High, Jersey City

(Carteret names obtained from 'Svoboda' of July 16, 1934)

(To be continued)