



NEVER STOOP TO GRIEF

By Ullana Krawchenko

For your daily bread, remember,
Never stoop to grief,
For in proudly facing setbacks
You will find relief.

All your troubles, terrible though
They may now appear,
Will take flight—and you yourself
—will
Wonder at your fear.

Trans. by W. Semenyina

EAST MINUTE NEWS CONCERNING YOUTH'S CONGRESS

Tomorrow morning the Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America opens up in New York City (at the International Institute, 341 East 17th St., between 1st and 2nd Avenue) for a two-day session. It will be held under the auspices of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

The Congress will justify its national character, for young American-Ukrainians from all parts of America are coming by train, bus, car, or even by hitch hiking—Chicago, Detroit, Hamtramck, Cleveland, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and cities and towns in New York and New Jersey—all are sending their youth representatives, all determined that this Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress will be a definite step taken by our youth leading towards the creation of one vast body of American-Ukrainians imbued with American and Ukrainian ideals and determined to carry on the work of their parents.

Responding to the invitation of the League sponsoring this Congress, the Ukrainian National Association, its organ SvoBoda and its supplement the Ukrainian Weekly, the "Obyednanye" (United Ukrainian Organizations of America) together with other Ukrainian organizations are expected to send representatives to the Congress.

The girls of the Ukrainian Civic Center will act as hostesses to the incoming delegates and guests. Miss Elizabeth Dyczko will be the chief hostess.

An exhibit of Ukrainian arts and crafts will be presented in the lobby of the Institute by Mrs. Vasile Avramenko.

In answer to a number of inquiries—the Dance which will be held Sunday evening to round up all the activities will necessarily be informal. However, come as you can. Also, those sleeping over at the Institute can stay over to Labor Day if they care, or longer.

All young people who have not as yet made their reservations are cordially invited to attend, either as delegates or guests. It is not too late. For further information refer to back issues of Ukrainian Weekly.

All those attending are urged to come promptly on time. Saturday morning the registration begins 9 A. M. and the Congress formally opens 10 A. M. Sunday the Congress opens at 10 A. M.

Ukrainian Youth's League of North America

LET US LIVE!

Here is our choice, young American-Ukrainians:

"To be or not to be—to live or not to live; richly and abundantly and eagerly or to live dully and meanly and scarcely."

In such manner Prof. William Phelps paraphrases the immortal words of William Shakespeare (Delinicator, May, 1934). These striking words apply to all thinking people. For when Hamlet uttered the famous "to be or not to be" then in reality he spoke "not only for himself but for every thinking man and woman."

And the above is exactly what the Ukrainian Weekly has been stressing from the very beginning, i. e., that the life of our young American-Ukrainians will be far more interesting and gainful if they enrich their knowledge of Ukrainian life, culture and history, if they acquaint the American people with Ukraine's fight for freedom, and if they by their endeavors add luster to the Ukrainian name and honor.

We assure our youth that this will be no burden for them, but a joy, for, as Prof. Phelps points out—"If you are interested only in your regular occupation, you are alive only to that extent"—and that—"...every time you acquire a new interest—even more, a new accomplishment—you increase your power of life. No one who is deeply interested in a large variety of subjects can remain unhappy."

And those are exactly the reasons why we advise our young people to interest themselves in the Ukrainian cause. We do this not so much from the standpoint that it is the patriotic duty of our youth, or because Ukrainian blood flows in their veins, or because it will be a means of showing proper respect to their parents; but because we firmly believe that so by doing they will enrich their life and make it more interesting and happy. And to interest oneself in the Ukrainian cause means to dedicate one's noblest efforts to a great ideal, to work hard for it, and to fight for it until victory.

We must bear in mind that we are living in a period of change, a time when the future Ukrainian life is being determined. The future fate of all the gains made by the older generation depend entirely upon ourselves. If we are going to live a full rich life, those gains will be trebled; but if we intend to exist uselessly like—to quote Shevchenko's characterization—a "rotted log," then without a doubt not a trace will be left of us.

The Ukrainian Weekly firmly believes that the latter will not be the course our youth shall pursue; but that our youth shall guide its life along the path indicated by such Americans as Prof. Phelps—"to live interestingly and richly,"—and together with that, work for the Ukrainian cause.

UKRAINIAN YOUTH'S CONGRESS

Tomorrow morning, the Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America will open in New York City.

Needless to say, this Ukrainian Youth's Congress is of unusual interest to the Ukrainian Weekly. Greeting the Congress and its young participants, we believe that those ideals which the Ukrainian National Association has put into the Ukrainian Weekly will also be the bulwarks of the Congress, that there will be one aim, one thought and one desire:—to unite the Ukrainian youth in America into one great idealistic body.

We hope that those participating in this Congress will be of the more active class of our American-Ukrainian youth and warm sympathizers of the Ukrainian Weekly. We invite them after the Congress is over to send in their impressions, thoughts and recommendations concerning the Congress into the Ukrainian Weekly. Our columns are wide open to them.

POLISH OFFICIALS IMPRISON UKRAINIAN BOYS FOR CARRYING WREATHS

In October the Polish Circuit Court will review in Tarnopol, a recent judgement of a local lower Polish court sentencing six young Ukrainians to serve two weeks in prison.

The prison sentences were meted out to them because during a procession to the graves of Ukrainian Sitshewi Strilehi who died fighting for Ukrainian freedom at the close of the World War, these boys carried wreaths bearing the following inscription:—"For Fighters of Ukrainian Liberties." These wreaths were placed upon the graves. The local Polish authorities saw in this act disrespect to the Polish state and therefore arrested and imprisoned the boys.

UKRAINIAN AVIATION SCHOOL IN THE METROPOLITAN AREA

As announced quite some time ago, the O. D. W. U. is conducting an aviation school for young American-Ukrainians. It is believed that in the near future Ukraine will find herself contending anew for her freedom and independence, and when the time comes she will require the aid and services of well trained technical men. This O. D. W. U. aviation school has been established for this very purpose—to prepare for Ukraine men properly equipped in the field of aeronautics, a branch of service which will prove of decisive influence in the struggle to come.

Through the diversity and scope of the courses offered at the School it is aimed to graduate men well founded in a general knowledge of aviation; men not only able to fly aircraft but capable of working on the design, construction and repair of the same.

Also, it is the aim of this School to provide Ukrainian students with a means of livelihood in this country or elsewhere while they are awaiting the call from Home, for today the man with the greatest knowledge of his subject stands the best chance under competitive employment conditions.

The courses offered by the school at present are the following: Gliding, Soaring, Design and Construction, Assemblage, Motors, Aircraft, Types, Meteorology, Navigation and Military Usages. These subjects are supplemented by Field Work in the School Aircraft at the Airport and Field School in Montgomery, New York.

The faculty of this Aviation School consists of instructors Wladimir Semenyina, R. S. Komaritsky and Burton Gilligan—all experts in their lines, having spent many years in this field.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

(30)

Some Leading Polemic Works

Among the better known works of the polemic literature of the Middle Period was the "Пересторога" (Warning) by George Romanetz, who was probably a member of the Lviv Brotherhood. In essence the book seeks to warn the Orthodox Ukrainians not to forsake their belief.

The Abbot of the Kiev-Pechersky Monastery, Zacharius Kopytyansky, published a reply to "Obzora jednosci cerkiewnej," entitled "Палинода" (Resound, Reply, f. t.) in which he analyzed the questions and differences of opinion concerning the ecclesiastical union of the Orthodox Ukrainians with Rome.

Preachers Take Part in the Polemic Conflict

Besides the writers, many famous preachers of that period took a leading part in producing works for and against the Union. We have for example, Joanaky Galatowsky, Rector of the Kievan Academy, who wrote against Catholicism both in the Ukrainian and Polish language, and who is chiefly known for his "Месія

Правдивий" (The True Messiah). Another such preacher was Lazar Baranovitch, Archbishop of Chernihiv, whose works are characterized by a greater sharpness and dogmatism of tone than that of others. This characteristic can be perceived even in the titles of his leading works "Меч Духовний" (The Spiritual Sword) and "Труби словес проповідних" (The trumpets of sermons).

Growth of Sermons

With the growth of polemic literature is closely allied the concurrent growth of the sermon. The first book concerning the substance and manner of delivering sermons appeared during that time, entitled "Ключ разуміння" (The key to understanding). Another excellent book on this topic was issued by Anthony Radeviliwsky, Abbot of the Kiev-St. Nicholas Monastery, who also issued two fine collections of sermons.

Ivan Vyshensky

In the midst of this great polemic struggle among those of the Ukrainians who favored the ecclesiastical union with Rome and

those who did not, there appears the figure of Ivan Vyshensky, an ecclesiastic. Although Vyshensky is generally classed as one of the greatest of polemic, yet in truth he is less of a polemic than the word would ordinarily imply. His chief fame rests more upon his clear analysis of the real reasons underlying the differences of opinion on the question of this union. His argument was that the Ukrainian antipathy towards the Latins, meaning those of the Roman Catholic Church, was based upon the fact that the latter felt themselves very superior to the Orthodox Ukrainians, regarding them like some backwoods-men, or "chlopi" as they called them. In a striking passage Ivan Vyshensky attacks this feeling of superiority by likening this "superior" class to those pharisees who in the time of Christ were His most active enemies, and the ordinary Ukrainian "chlopi" to those ordinary men who inspired by Jesus Christ became the leading teachers and noblest exponents of Christianity. In order to appreciate the "salt" of this passage, we quote it here in Ukrainian, verbatim:

„Говорите, ті хлопці прості в своїх кучках і домках сидять, а ми в палатах лежимо; ті хлопці з одної мисочки поливку або борщик хлещуть, а ми прецінь по кількадесять полумисків ріжними смаками уфурбованих пожираємо; ті хлопці самі собі й пани і слуги, а ми прецінь маємо по кількадесять льокаїв у дуберях; перед ними хлопами цїхто славний шапки не здіаєме, а перед нами і воеводи здіають і низько кланяються. На таке кокошення, панове біскупи, відповім вам ось що. Ті архіереї що Христа заміняли були подібні до вас і сиділи по єдисканських столицях як і ви; але хлопці Христові ліпші від них були й нині є. Вони так само свої трупи м'яко і коштовно зодягали, як і ви, але простакни Христові в одній одежині ліпші від них були й нині є. Тамтих Пилат та Іроді так само шанували і перед ними укліякали, як і перед вами, але хлопці Христові, гонені і ольовані, обезчещені, поганьблені, обсміяні, биті й повбивані ліпші й чесніші від них були й нині є..."

In such bold and forceful language Ivan Vyshensky exposed the real reason for the ill feelings of the Orthodox Ukrainians towards the Latins. His works passed from hand to hand throughout the entire country. He became the champion of the people, and in time became regarded as a holy man.

(To be continued)

IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(A tale of olden Cossack times)

By ANDRIY TOCHAIKOWSKY

(A free translation by S. S.)

(8)

8. Semen the Helpless Captures a Tartar

Semen the Helpless sat propped up against a slab of rock on top of the "mohela," on sentry duty. The tall grass around him made it practically impossible for anyone to see him; whereas he had a clear unobstructed view of the surrounding steppe. All was quiet, save for the ticking of insects. The hot sun beat down upon his unprotected head, as well as upon the recumbent Cossacks sleeping below.

Suddenly, in the direction of Spasivka, Semen detected a slight movement of the grass. Straining his eyes he perceived the figure of a man mounted on a horse. It was impossible as yet to see if it was friend or foe. As the figure approached closer Semen saw that the rider was a Tartar warrior. Evidently he was trailing somebody, for his horse proceeded very slowly while he kept his eyes glued on the ground in front of him.

The Tartar drew nearer and nearer. He was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a longish face and a black stubby beard. Reaching the bank of the stream he dismounted and paced up and down, seeking the trail he was following. Peering across the stream towards the few trees growing on the other side he suddenly started. He had discovered the presence of the Cossacks, sleeping under the trees. Like a flash he dropped to the ground. For a few moments he lay as one dead, and then apparently satisfied that no one had perceived him he cautiously rose to his feet. With even still greater caution he crossed the stream at a shallow spot and lay down on the bank for a moment. Evidently he was trying to make up his mind what to do.

All this while Semen was watching the Tartar like a hawk. He had his musket ready in his hand. From his elevated position he could make out every movement of the Tartar, while the latter could not see him unless he looked

up directly at him.

Finally it seemed as if the Tartar had come to some sort of a decision, for he rolled up his wide sleeves and drew out a long knife from his belt. Like a snake he slowly began to hitch himself along the ground in the direction of the Cossacks.

Semen was astonished at the Tartar's nerve. He evidently was going to take advantage of the deep slumber of the Cossacks, made all sounder by the heat of the noonday sun, and try to kill the Cossacks in their sleep one by one. Semen quickly drew the musket to his shoulder, took a careful aim...

But no—thought he to himself—that would be child's play to kill the Tartar from an ambush. Better to capture him alive.

No, sooner thought then done. Placing his musket on the ground he quickly and quietly slid off the top of the "mohela," and then stole over to his tethered horse. The "mohela" stood between him and the Tartar. He quickly took off the horn of the saddle his lariat and then swiftly and silently made his way around the "mohela." Now the Tartar was in front of him, with his back towards him, crawling on his knees towards the sleeping Cossacks, the knife in his teeth. Soon he was but a few yards away from the nearest Cossack. He rose to his feet, still crouching, and took the knife in his hand. It glinted sharply in the sunlight.

This was the opportunity Semen was waiting. He was an expert lassoer. Turning sideways towards the Tartar and spreading his feet wide he cast the lasso through the air.

Like a snake the noose fell over the startled Tartar's shoulders. Semen gave a mighty yank to take in the slack and to tighten the noose. The Tartar, unprepared, fell heavily to the ground, his knife flying out of his hand.

Trying to keep the lariat taut Semen ran over to the Tartar and threw himself upon him. His right

hand found the Tartar's throat, while his left tried to keep the Tartar's arms within the noose. A terrible struggle ensued.

Neither of the combatants uttered a sound, the Tartar for fear of awakening the other Cossacks, and Semen fearing the ridicule of his companions for not being able to capture the Tartar himself.

Both rolled over the ground. The Tartar's arms slipped loose of the noose. Now Semen found he had a very powerful foe to contend with.

Wresting himself free of Semen's grip the Tartar rose to his feet, in search of his knife. Semen pulled him down violently and again grabbed him by the throat. The latter pressed down with his bearded chin upon Semen's arm so hard that an acute pain shot through it. Semen felt the Tartar's arm fumbling around his left side. He was still on top. Suddenly he felt his knife slide out of its sheath. A wild swing, and Semen barely stopped the knife from being plunged into his throat. With a superhuman effort he wrenched his right arm from beneath the Tartar's chin and dealt him a stunning blow between the eyes. Blood gushed out of the Tartar's nostrils and Semen felt him relax. Quickly seizing the opportunity Semen put the noose once more around the stunned Tartar and deftly tied him up.

Semen rose to his feet, breathing hard. The Tartar lay at his feet. Apparently he was coming back to consciousness for he was breathing heavily.

Now that he had captured the Tartar Semen did not hesitate to call the others.

"Hey comrades! Get up!" he roared out in a hoarse voice. "Look at the guest we have among us!"

The Cossacks began to stir. Some of them sat up, rubbing their eyes in bewilderment. The long ride during the previous night and the hot enervating rays of the sun had made them all so sleepy that for awhile, following Semen's call, they hardly knew whether they were awake or still sleeping. Some of them got up on their feet, walked about aimlessly, and then lay down again. Others sat up and gazed around blankly. It was indeed a comical sight.

"What's the matter with you?"

cried the exasperated Semen. "Have you drunk something that you cannot wake up? Wake up!"

"Dyid" Panas, although the oldest among them all, was the first to come to his senses. He walked over to Semen, waking up the other Cossacks.

"Come, come children. This is no joke," he cried. "We have a Tartar, and there may be many more in the vicinity."

Semen went over to the captive's horse. The Cossacks, realizing at last what this was all about, quickly crowded around the Tartar. The latter, having come to his senses, began to strive to break his bonds.

"The knife for him!" one of the Cossacks cried, pulling out his dagger and waving it in the air. "Why make any ceremonies about him?"

"Aren't you ashamed to kill a bound person?" rebuked "dyid" Panas. "A live Tartar is worth more to us than a dead one. Let him alone."

The other, abashed, and realizing the wisdom of the advice, sheathed his knife.

"Dyid" Panas approached the Tartar, from whose nose blood was still pouring and nearly choking him.

"We had better save him if we are going to make any use of him," said Triska. "Come on boys, get some water. And you, 'dyidu,' do all that you can to keep the Tartar alive."

Somebody brought water. "Dyid" Panas knelt down by the captive and using the water began to try to stem the flow of blood... The Tartar cursed savagely and ground his teeth in rage...

After the blood had been stemmed, "dyid" Panas, who knew the Tartar tongue, began to question him. But the Tartar remained dumb to all questions. Perceiving that he would never get any information by gentle methods "dyid" Panas nodded his head significantly to one of the Cossacks who was standing near the campfire. The latter drew out of the fire a red hot poker and with it approached the Tartar. A few other grabbed hold of his legs and raised them upwards.

"Let go my legs! I'll talk!" exclaimed the frightened Tartar, seeing that the Cossacks meant business. (to be continued)

A GLIMPSE OF PARIS AND PARISIANS

[Note: The author of this article on Paris and Parisians is an American-Ukrainian student who graduated last June from New York University, Washington Square College, with a degree of B. A. cum laude. She is spending the summer months in Paris studying at the Alliance Francaise.—Editor]

Paris is a city of sharp contrasts. Divided in half by the river Seine, the city has grown with equal rapidity on both banks; but while the right bank has the most up-to-date buildings, wider avenues and wealthier homes, the left bank has retained most of the characteristics of old Paris with its narrow, winding streets and quaint old houses. The left bank also has the reputation of paying less attention to formality and convention, and it is for this reason and because of the older and freer environment, that students and artists are to be found living almost exclusively on the left bank.

What is extremely striking for a newcomer is the fact that there are almost no frame or brick buildings. Instead, one notices the use of large blocks of white stone—which means that little paint is used, so far as the outside of the building is concerned, and if the buildings are ever cleaned or renovated, the surface is usually scraped by hand. Few can afford this process and the result is that most buildings give the impression of being old and antiquated.

There are no skyscrapers in Paris. The nearest thing to one is the Eiffel Tower—so far as mere height is concerned. The tendency is to have the buildings stretched out, rather than shoot up. A single building may have several wings, each wing having a number of narrow, winding stairways arranged in such a way that it is often difficult to locate a particular room or apartment.

One of the first things a tourist will notice is the great number of maps of Paris posted in each subway station—and there is a good reason for having them around. Except for a small number of long, well-known boulevards, the city is made up of thousands of short streets, some only fifty feet long, each with a name (streets are not numbered) running in every direction imaginable, and often ending in blind alleys. What makes it very difficult for the pedestrian, however, is that there are no speed limits, and when about fourteen streets happen to cross each other at some junction (as sometimes happens) the pedestrian is apt to become bewildered at the number of cars shooting past from all possible points. His only recourse is to cross streets within a passageway plainly marked off by two widely separated rows of large, silvery tacks. If an accident should occur while the pedestrian is within this "safety zone" the driver is held liable.

The French take their mid-day meal and summer vacation very seriously. Lunch "hours" last from one to three hours. Out-of-door meals are preferred, whenever weather permits, so that the person can watch the passers-by while eating and sipping wine. August is the month for vacations, and everybody, except the very poor, deserts the city. The shop-keepers either take the entire month or the greater part of it. They simply pull down the heavy metal curtain over the windows and paste a small notice outside, stating when the re-opening will take place. Those streets devoted exclusively to little stores

and shops, look very gloomy and deserted in August.

Contrary to popular belief, the French are quite conservative and serious minded, especially so with respect to money matters. The average member of the middle class would consider himself poverty stricken if he had nothing on which to retire. Bourgeois families keep strict books of account to make a record of household expenses, and many families still possess the "budgets" of their ancestors, some going back to the eighteenth centuries.

Paris is the students' Mecca. Throughout the year they come in hordes to this center to study every possible branch of learning. To aid and promote their sojourn, various governments, as well as private individuals and groups, with the encouragement and support of the French Government, have built homes and restaurants exclusively for students at cheaper rates than are to be found elsewhere. To illustrate: There is in Paris the so-called Cite Universitaire, a collection of buildings forming a small city, situated on the southern edge of Paris. The buildings in Cite were all built by various nations or private bodies to house their particular students. There is an American House, a Dutch House, a Canadian House, etc. Each building is governed by an independent body of officials, but the entire group of buildings forms this one unit devoted to aiding the student. There are other buildings available to students at modest rates in various parts of the city, either endowed by some private organization or maintained by a particular nation.

There are two reasons which make Paris so attractive to students: (1) the instruction is excellent, and (2) the tuition fee is very reasonable. Except for the private schools, education is a national foundation and supported as such. To illustrate the popularity of Paris for students: At the Alliance Francaise, an educational institution supported by the French government, a full month's instruction costs from ten to twelve dollars. Here is a list of some of the nationalities of the students who attended the special summer session this year: Arabia, Austria, China, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, England, Germany, Greece, Holland, Hungary, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Sweden, Turkey, United States. This is one reason why some French say that nine times out of ten one hears a foreign tongue in Paris, rather than French.

ROSALIE HRYNYSKYN,
Paris, France.

A PLEA FOR A REBIRTH OF THE SPIRIT OF OUR ANCESTORS.

With the convention of the "Youth's Congress" only a day away, I am impelled to ask a question to which a great many Ukrainians, old and young, have given quite a bit of thought, namely: What has become of the spirit of our ancestors, the "заб-зяті козаки" of song and story?

Reading the history of these world famous hard fighting men of dauntless courage and their equally courageous women-folk, one wonders what could have happened in the course of time to their descendants to make them so submissive and so lacking in the fire and spirit of their splendid ancestors! What has become of the qualities of courage, endurance, and self-reliance which they acquired by inheritance?

A number of years ago the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Co. produced an unforgettable picture entitled "The Cossacks." This picture has caught faithfully the spirit of these gallant men and women as we read about them in Ukrainian lore and history. I recall especially that the Prince of Muscovy was ordered by his parents to visit this splendid Ukrainian Cossack race and from among them choose a bride, so great was the admiration of these rulers for the Cossacks! It made me tingle with pride, watching this picture, to think I was fortunate enough to be a descendant of theirs!

I was at the time engaged to a descendant of one of the greatest statesmen America has produced, one whose family has always been very proud of their heritage. But not prouder than I was the night I saw the picture! If for no other reason than to feel this pride of race I should highly recommend every Ukrainian to see this picture. I should request of the company that it be released again and shown especially to Ukrainian youth throughout the world. What couldn't one do with it now with the sound system by adding our unforgettable folk songs and dances!

I maintain, and wonder how many of you agree with me, forgettable that if there was a rebirth of this spirit among Ukrainians there'd be no limit to what we couldn't do, and be! The Slav race is the race of the future, I believe. The Latins and Teutons have had their day, the Anglo-Saxons are enjoying theirs now, but if the Ukrainian Youth awake to their opportunities and show one-tenth of the grit, tenacity and courage of their ancestors, they will be the leaders of the future!

KATRUSIA STAROSELSKA.

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 (Concluded)

ZEMLANSKI, EVA L.—
Dickinson High, Jersey City
ZUKOWSKI, ANNA—
Dickinson High, Jersey City

NEW YORK

BIALOGLOWSKI, KATHERINE—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
BORIS, OLGA—
W. H. Lynch Senior High, Amsterdam
FERENTZ, STELLA—
W. H. Lynch Senior High, Amsterdam
GOY, MARY—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
HARRIS, STELLA—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
HNATKI, SOPHIA—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
HORYLEW, ANN—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
HULIK, SOPHIE—
W. H. Lynch Senior High, Amsterdam
KACZAR, TILLIE—
Hamburg High, academic secretarial
KOMARANSKI, GEORGE—
W. H. Lynch Senior High, Amsterdam
KOPEK, JOHN—
Little Falls High, commercial
KOWARC, ANN—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
KRAJOWSKY, MICHAEL—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
KRAWEC, ANNA—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
LEMA, ANNA—
Girls' Commercial, Brooklyn
LESYK, MARY—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
LEWIS, MARY—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
LUCZKOWICZ, MARLYN—
Cohoes High School, Cohoes
LUCZKOWICZ, STELLA—
Cohoes High School, Cohoes
MELNYK, MICHAEL—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
MILNYCZUK, JOHN—
W. H. Lynch Senior High, Amsterdam
MITULSKI, WALTER—
W. H. Lynch Senior High, Amsterdam
OLISZCZUK, WILLIAM—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
PASSTY, ANTOINETTE—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
PESKO, MARY—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
PETRYSHN, MICHAEL—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
SERNUK, SOPHIE—
W. H. Lynch Senior High, Amsterdam
SHEREMETA, ANNA—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
SHEREMETA, OLGA—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
SOROKTI, MARY—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
STRILEC, MARY—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
SYMCHUK, ANNE—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
WARSHONA, MARY—
W. H. Lynch Senior High, Amsterdam
YURKIW, ANNA—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
ZANKO, MARY—
Textile High, New York City
ZANKO, OLGA—
Textile High, New York City
ZAWADZKA, STELLA S.—
Benj. Franklin High, Rochester
(To be continued)

"MANKIND DOES NOT WANT AND DOES NOT MUCH CARE WHO GOVERNS UKRAINE—"

Not a long time ago I came across the above expression in the "Literary Digest" in an article written by P. W. Wilson. In his discussion on "Is Mankind Itself Into—or Out of War" the author speaks of the causes of the future war in Europe. Of course, he mentioned our country as one of the causes of the future conflict among the nations. But, he speaks about our country in a rather negative way. He does not care very much that the 45 million Ukrainian nation sooner or later must win its independence. He thinks about Hitler and the German "Drang nach Osten"—or "Push Eastward"—and asserts that "Germany still can break through the Ukraine around the

mouth of the Black Sea." He also considers an international intervention if such a thing did occur, and at the same time considers the position of the United States in such an event.

As I said, he does not care about our national freedom, although every good American would, but solves this problem by saying that "Mankind does not want and does not much care who governs the Ukraine."

In other words, Mr. Wilson does not care that millions of Ukrainians are dying from starvation today because they are governed by the Russian Bolsheviks, or that thousands of Ukrainians are being forcibly Polonized, Roumanized or

Czechized, because they are not governed by themselves. He does not even care about the famous Wilsonian Fourteen Points over which thousands of Americans lost their lives, including many Ukrainians who served in the U. S. Army during the World War. He wants "peace."

Young Ukrainians, do we also "not care much who governs the Ukraine?" Or do we emphatically say to mankind that "There will never be peace as long as Ukraine is a subjected nation!" Further more—Shall we, Young-American-Ukrainians sit idly by and look at our dying nation across the sea?

Why, no! A hundred times no!
Let us do our part for our beloved Ukraine!

BOHDAN TH. LUCIW,
Minneapolis, Minn.

'THE CAMERA'S STORY'

On the morning of August 5th, I awoke with a start and looked at the string that was tied to my finger. I quickly remembered that I was due to take pictures of the first Ukrainian Festival Day, given by the Chornomorska Sitch of Newark, N. J. I hurriedly dressed and arrived at the appointed place, hours before I was due; to get a glimpse of what was to take place. Altho it was early, I was greatly surprised to see Ukrainian Red Cross Nurses standing at the entrance gate, pinning little Yellow and Blue ribbons on each person who passed through.

I began roaming around unnoticed by the crowds, and listening in on this group and that group, trying to learn where the majority of the crowds were from. I passed a group of boys who were talking and managed to hear that they were from Perth Amboy. Strolling, I passed a group where introductions were taking place, and imagine my surprise when I heard the girl, who was being introduced to the others, say that she came from Scranton, Pa. I kept roaming and hearing different places mentioned, such as Jersey City, New York, Passaic, Pittsburgh, and many other near and distant towns.

Things which a person could not help but notice from the very beginning were how many Cossacks were on horses, and others, who were marching; how well the boys in uniform carried themselves; how friendly the girls in their gay and colorful costumes were; the many young Boy Scouts from Jersey City; the boys and girls from Passaic, who sang and drilled to their singing; and of the many Ukrainian Red Cross Nurses.

Time was passing quickly and the boys in uniform and the girls in costumes began to mingle with the crowds, saying "Hello" to their friends and meeting new ones, when I heard a bugle sound. The boys and girls quickly excused themselves and began running to the entrance, and of course I ran after them. How quickly they formed their lines, standing as only soldiers could stand. The group made a picturesque scene, against a background of trees. The command was given to stand at ease, and while so doing, the group conversed in whispers. Then the bugle sounded, again. Our Cossacks on horses and the lines of soldiers, immediately sprang to attention. The band struck up a tune and Inspector Kedrowsky was escorted through the welcoming lines of cheering crowds to the reviewing place on the field, where he first decorated a Ukrainian Hero, from Somerville, N. J.

I kept my eye on everything, as it was all new and interesting to me. I had to stand on a table to watch the parade that passed before the reviewers. I first saw a large group of boys in uniform and did my heart swell at the sight of such a group from Jersey City, New York, and Newark. After these boys came the Ukrainian Red Cross Nurses, which I did not stop to count, there being so many of them. These Nurses, newly organized, compose what is believed to be the biggest group of Ukrainian Nurses.

Following came the Young generation of future soldiers, the Boy Scouts of Jersey City. Seeing this group of boys with their smiles, one could tell that they were proud of being Ukrainian and proud of the part they were playing at this First Ukrainian Festival Day. It is something for them to remember. Another group of happy smiling faces, were the young boys and girls from Passaic. This group

was greatly applauded for its drills, which were accompanied by their singing.

Following the younger generation, came the dancers, in their colorful costumes, which brought many comments from the people. The people were overheard to say that it is surprising to them that the young girls of today put on the costumes of their ancestors. But they do not stop to realize that the girls enjoy wearing them because they are beautiful and because they are proud to be Ukrainians, and that such a costume, is to an owner, a treasure.

I kept grinding away and glancing over the crowds that gathered to watch. What is that I see next? The boys in uniform are taking positions. The band is playing! They begin to drill! Is it one person or a group, it is hard to distinguish. My heart feels like it is going to burst from pride at seeing these young boys drill so well and in knowing that when Ukraine is in need these boys will be ready.

The music and drilling had just ceased, when suddenly I heard a roar. I, as well as the crowds, immediately looked skywards,—to see the main attraction of the Festival Day, our Ukrainian Flyer. Everything was at a stand-still. Everyone's head was turned upward. A hearty cheer was given. I was so interested in watching him fly, that I almost forgot to grind away. He began to circle the field and in time was low enough for the people to see him wave. The people waved back, sending cheer after cheer. Our flyer began throwing post-cards with his picture, which were quickly picked up by the people.

After circling the field a few more times, he flew on. The people next followed the crowds to a level part of the field where eight couples, in colorful costumes, danced. I, of course, standing on a table, took it all in. This dance brought on rounds of applause. This was followed by a solo dance

given by a New Yorker. Group after group followed and their four couples of the younger group danced the Hopak Kolom, which brought rounds of applause. At the conclusion of the dances the older boys took their positions and immediately formed a living picture. The applause was deafening. Would wonders never cease at this Festival?

At the conclusion of this, I again began to roam around and dropped in at the dance hall, where the orchestra was playing away, giving the dancers many happy and lively tunes. I strolled over to the refreshment stand where many were buying refreshments and it was a happy group of people who stood on both sides of the stand. Passing through the different groups, I came to a group singing. A group of happy boys and girls, singing the tunes they liked best. Amid all this, the bugle sounded again. The boys immediately took their positions at the gate, and I, believing that all attractions had ended, was among the first to reach the entrance. What attraction now? I spied standing there, a tall young man, with his parents. Who, I wondered, could he be? He was led in and introduced as Peter Tuligłowicz, our Ukrainian Pilot. I joined in with the three rousing cheers that were given him; altho I knew I couldn't be heard. He was quickly surrounded by the Boy Scouts who were besieging him for his autograph. He spent the greater part of his evening, autographing his pictures.

I then strolled over to the dance hall. I wasn't there very long when the orchestra was called outside. Of course I followed, for I like to peek in on everything. I see five men, strangers to me, standing in back of a table with a silver loving cup on it. Ah! Something is up. Then in front of these men come marching girls in costumes. A Beauty Contest, how did I guess it. I feel sorry for the judges because it is a hard task to pick one out of the group, since they are all beauties. I tried to sneak in to hear what the judges were

discussing, but no room to do so. I got up on a table and just in time to hear No. 2 being called. Julia Fello being picked as "Miss Ukraine Sitch." I saw Miss Fello shaking hands with the judges and the cup being handed to her. She received many congratulations.

It was slowly getting darker and soon the place was again shining but this time with artificial sunshine. Most of the people, who had come from miles away, were slowly wending their way homewards. Many others, however, continued to dance and make merry. I decided to stand at the gate to hear the comments as the people went out. They were all favorable and each one walked out of the park, tired but happy. I too, was happy, although I could not show it, for did I not belong with the Ukrainian people? Didn't this one day give me the greatest pleasure that I had ever known? We Ukrainians are taking the ladder of success, slowly, for we are still on the rungs. When the climbing gets a little easier the rungs of success will come closer in view. I will be ready to start grinding away the day that we are near the top.

SOPHIE FELLO.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

(continued from page 2)

During his earlier life Vyshensky travelled throughout various parts of western Ukrainian lands, but spent the rest of his life in Mt. Athos, the famous monastery in Greece. Here he remained for 40 years, and during his entire stay he never failed to urge his countrymen back home to hold tightly to the beliefs of their ancestors. He sent out more than 20 "poslania" (pastoral letters) to his people. The first he sent in 1592.

Ivan Franko, the great Ukrainian writer and poet, wrote a very fine work based upon the life of this priest and monk, Ivan Vyshensky.

(To be continued)

HOW IT BEGAN *By Paul F. Berdanier*



EDITORIAL CARTOONS

THE FIRST EDITORIAL CARTOON TO APPEAR IN THE UNITED STATES WAS BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S FAMOUS PICTURE OF A SNAKE CUT INTO SECTIONS (THE COLONIES) WITH THE CAPTION "JOIN OR DIE!" PUBLISHED IN HIS "PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE" IN 1754.

AN ASSAYER

IN CHAUCER'S TIME THE "ASSAYER" (FROM LATIN "EXIGO," PROVE) WAS AN OFFICER OF THE KING'S HOUSEHOLD, WHO TESTED THE FOOD BEFORE THE KING ATE IT AS A PRECAUTION AGAINST POISONING, SO IT WAS NATURAL TO APPLY THE WORD LATER TO THE OFFICIAL WHO TESTED ORE BEFORE IT WAS VALUED.

