



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



Supplement to the SVOBODA, Ukrainian Daily

Published by the Junior Department of the Ukrainian National Association.

No. 37.

Jersey City, N. J., Friday, September 14, 1934.

Vol. II.

UKRAINIAN YOUTH'S LEAGUE OF N. A. NEWS

The Ukrainian Youth's League of North America has announced that as soon as the minutes of the last Congress have been prepared they will be published in the Ukrainian press, both in the Ukrainian and English languages. Copies will be sent to those clubs which were represented at the Congress.

With the dispatching of these minutes the League will open up a year of intensive work.

In last week's account in the "weekly" of the Youth's Congress, through error no mention was made of Mrs. Cole, head of the International Institute, who as one of the invited principal speakers at the Congress gave an inspiring talk on ideals and the great part they can play in our lives. Also, no mention was made of Marcel Wagner, who spoke on Ukrainian youth.

UKRAINIAN GIRL APPOINTED TEACHER OF FRENCH IN ALASKA

A Ukrainian girl, Miss Anna Patrylo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Patrylo of Blackstone, Mass. recently left for Wrangel, Alaska, where she was appointed by the Department of Interior at Washington as a teacher of French and Latin in the Wrangel High School.

Miss Patrylo graduated from the College of Mt. St. Vincent in 1930 with a degree of A. B. She then went to Sorbonne University in Paris, France, where she completed a special course in the French language with high honors and received a degree equivalent to an M. A. in America. After leaving Paris, Miss Patrylo traveled extensively in Europe, visiting Ukraine and other countries.

"GERMANY AND POLAND CAST ENVOIOUS EYES ON UKRAINE"

Under the above title an INS despatch from Paris appeared in the Boston Sunday Advertiser (Sept. 9, 1934). To quote several parts of it:

"The grand prize of the political lottery today is the fertile Ukraine."

"Both Germany and Poland hope to win the 'breadbasket of Europe' or at least divide it among themselves.

"It is the firm conviction among a certain Polish clique that the Soviet Union will collapse and leave Ukraine dangling under their noses. That explains Poland's hesitation to accept the Eastern Regional pact. Polish statesmen are to this day inspired by that mysticism of a 'Greater Poland' that would have its frontiers pushed down to the Black Sea.

"By virtue of the treaty which ended the Russo-Polish war of 1920, approximately two million Ukrainians (outside of Galicia—Ed.) were handed over to Poland. This was but an appetizer to Poland."

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

IF I WERE A DELEGATE...

(By one of the older generation)

Many an American-Ukrainian of the older generation, upon hearing about the Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress, wished he could attend. And many a Ukrainian wished that he were a bit younger in years so as to be able to attend as delegate. Among the latter was myself. If I were a delegate—said I to myself—here is what I would have said to the youth:—

The Ukrainian youth in America has the fortune of being born in a country which even today, in comparison with other countries, is still the "land of opportunity." Despite the present economic crisis the standard of living among the American people is greater than that in any other country. But we must remember that all these and many other fine characteristics of American life are greatly due to the efforts and self-sacrifices of the so-called "Fathers of America"—those men who laid the foundations of American life and who created the Constitution. These Fathers were men of high ideals, well educated, having a good knowledge of foreign languages, customs, and forms of government. And they used this knowledge most advantageously, for when they were building these United States of America, they took the best elements of European peoples and incorporated them into American life. They dedicated all their wisdom, character and philosophy for the benefit of the American nation. They helped to create those American democratic principles which have withstood time and stress, and which even today, at a time when democracy is toppling throughout the world, when chaos is commonplace, still enable the American people to calmly and confidently weather the greatest economic storm in their history.

And there is no greater need at present here in America than that spirit of idealism and self-sacrifice of the founders of America. It is the most powerful weapon to crush all that is evil, all that has been brought to life by the greedy unsatiable pursuit after money, the pursuit which has resulted in corruption in high and low circles, and which has given rise to the idea among "politicians" that politics is but an easy, conscienceless road to self-gain and personal aggrandizement.

Our organized Ukrainian youth in America must take an active stand against all this evil and corruption, it must draw its inspiration from those idealists who have made America the "land of opportunity." This youth will not be lacking in the spirit of idealism and self-sacrifice, for it is descended of a race of ancestors who for over a thousand years courageously defended European culture against the wild onslaughts of Asiatic hordes. Were this Ukrainian bulwark of European civilization not based upon the strong, unshakable foundations of idealism and self-sacrifice then most certainly it would have fallen.

And this idealism and self-sacrifice of our forefathers, America needs today. But it is even more needed by the Ukrainian cause. Ukraine, the greatest land of opportunities in Europe, is today bowed under foreign yoke, bereft of even the most fundamental rights, and dying of a famine fostered by the Communist regime. Only youth with ideals can save her. And such youth is steadily arising throughout the old country. By its spirit of self-sacrifice, by its dying by the hundreds on Polish and Muscovian gallows for demanding justice and freedom for the 40 million Ukrainian nation, this Ukrainian youth of the old country is arousing world admiration.

Let our Ukrainian youth in America join forces with the Ukrainian youth in the old country and together fight evil, corruption, and oppression. Let both these great idealistic bodies ever keep the torch of life burning of two great lands of opportunities.—The United States of America and A Free and Independent Ukraine.

A CALL TO JERSEY CITY YOUTH

Members of the Ukrainian National Association throughout America are watching with interest the preparations of the Jersey City group of the U. N. A. to celebrate on September 30th the 40th anniversary of the founding of the U. N. A.

The reason for this interest lies in the fact that Jersey City contains the home offices of the Association, its Executive Board, as well as the Svooboda and its supplement—the Ukrainian Weekly.

The Jubilee Committee of Jersey City is doing all that is possible to make its U. N. A. 40th anniversary celebration a great success. The success of its finest efforts, however, depends entirely upon the rank and file of the Jersey City members of the Association, particularly the younger folks.

The younger generation of American-Ukrainians of Jersey City, whether members or not of the U. N. A., are urged most strongly by the Jubilee Committee to reserve at this time Sunday, September 30th, as the day upon which they will attend en masse the Grand Concert given in honor of the founding of the U. N. A.

UKRAINIAN APPOINTED PRINCIPAL OF HIGH SCHOOL

Mr. Francis O'Mellon, aged 30, an American of Ukrainian descent, residing in Campbell, Ohio, was recently appointed principal of the Memorial High School, Campbell, Ohio. He assumed his duties as principal on September 10th.

Mr. O'Mellon was born in Galicia (Western Ukraine) and came to this country when only three months old. His parents are Ukrainians.

During his high school days, where he was an honor student and an active figure in sports, Mr. O'Mellon served as assistant secretary of the Central Y. M. C. A. under Stephen Pronko who is now secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in the Philippine Islands.

After completing high school he studied at the Cleveland School of Art, Ohio University and Youngstown College. He graduated with high honors from the Ohio University. His major sports were basketball and track.

After teaching at Memorial High School for two years Mr. O'Mellon was promoted to assistant principal in 1932, which position he held until his recent appointment.

He is a member of the Delta Phi Delta and of the National Art Fraternity. His hobbies are painting and writing.

GIRL WINS TRIP

A round trip ticket to Chicago and a three-day stay at the World's Fair with all expenses paid, offered by the Cossacks' Fine Arts Club of Cleveland, Ohio, was won by Miss Mary Szerba, 2511 West 18th Place, Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Szerba is a Senior at the local Lincoln High School.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

The Influence of the "History of Russ"

The "History of Russ" ("Історія Русів") exerted a profound influence upon the literary creations and political thought of the Ukrainians for quite some time after its appearance. This was because the author of it took the stand that Ukraine is a distinct nation, separate from Muscovy (Russia proper) and Poland, and that the alliances it made during the course of its history, namely, with Lithuania, Poland, and finally with Muscovy, were the acts of a sovereign state prompted by the false hope that such alliances would help fend off some other enemy. The author further brought out the admirable qualities and fighting abilities of the Ukrainian Cossacks that excited so much admiration among the other nationalities of Europe. All of this was most heartening to the Ukrainian people at a time when Russia and Poland were leaving

no stone unturned in their attempts to delude the world and the more ignorant of the Ukrainian people that there was no such thing as a separate, distinct Ukrainian nation.

Some of the works influenced by "History of Russ"

Quite a number of literary and historical works bore the distinct impress of the influence of the "History of Russ." Among the leading of these works was Gogol's immortal "Taras Bulba," several works of Michael Kostomarov, as well as the "Історія Малої Росції" (History of Little Russia) written by Bantysh Kamensky for Prince Repin. It also left its traces in the "Думках і Піснях" (Thoughts and Songs) of Ambrosius Metynsky, in the works of Eugene Brebinsky based on historical themes, and finally it exerted an influence even on the poetical works of Taras Shevchenko.

UKRAINIAN DRAMA

Ukrainian drama had its origin back in the Middle Ages when the custom of presenting scenes drawn from the life of Christ as well as of the lives of saints and other holy figures arrived in Ukraine from Western Europe via Poland.

Religious Dramas

These ancient religious dramas in time developed to the point where they could be classified as Christmas and Easter dramas.

As they grew in favor among the people the bishops ordered them presented on the cemetery grounds near the church or the parochial school building. This added to their popularity, for now more people were able to observe them.

In Poland these dramas based upon religious themes were usually presented in Jesuit Schools, while in Ukraine they appeared in the Mohela Collegium in Kiev, and in other towns in the halls of the higher schools.

School Dramas

In the earlier times all the higher schools throughout Ukraine demanded of their teachers

of poetry that they should write a drama at least once a year. From this custom there arose a class of plays which became known as School Dramas.

These school dramas were on the whole serious in plot, content, and method of presentation. This fact led to the custom of presenting between the acts bright little sketches, humorous in vein, to entertain the audience. The actors would appear on the improvised stage dressed to represent all strata of society, the peasants, shepherds, Jews, Cossacks, landlords, Muscovians, and present some entertaining bits of dialogue. Very often these between-the-acts sketches, known as "intermediius," and presented in the everyday tongue, were sharp shafts of criticism leveled at the landowning classes and the Jews for their oppressive treatment of the peasantry.

Besides the school dramas there were the so-called "nepren" dramas, which were similar to the Punch and Judy show. In general these puppet-shows were presented by wandering scholars.

(To be continued)

IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(A tale of olden Cossack times)

By ANDRIY TCHAIKOWSKY

(A free translation by S. S.)

The Tartar Camp

In the midst of the derisive laughter following Semen's exposure as to why the Tartar captive had wanted to exchange his saddle for Pavlush's saddle, Triska and Nedolya, the leaders of the two Cossack bands, approached from the mound where they had been conferring on the means of making a surprise attack upon the Tartars.

Triska shouted a command. All became quiet.

Nedolya stepped forward, and in a few terse sentences outlined the plan of attack.

The Cossacks, led by the Tartar captive, were to stealthily approach the Tartar encampment. The Cossack forces were to be divided into two bands. The smaller, led by Triska, was to go ahead and attempt to lure the Tartars into a running fight. As soon as the Tartars attacked, Triska's Cossacks would break into a feigned headlong flight. The Tartars would undoubtedly give pursuit. Triska would then lead the Tartars in an ambush prepared by the main body of Cossacks under Nedolya. If, however, the Tartars would refuse to budge out of their camp, then it would be safe to assume that their numbers were small, and that therefore a direct combined Cossack attack would be safe. Such was the plan.

A command rang out to saddle and mount horses.

Pavlush actually trembled with excitement as all about him the Cossacks prepared for the coming battle. At last, that about which he had heard so much from his dead "dyid" Andriy was about to take place—a Cossack battle with the wild Tartars! He would soon see with his own eyes how the Cossacks would meet those devils who had wiped Spasivka last night clean off the face of the earth. And yet, he felt a trifle afraid for the Cossacks. Would they be able to overcome such wild devils as the Tartars? Looking around he wondered how the Cossacks could be so lighthearted and so gay, as if they were going to a picnic rather than to a bloody

struggle. Just then he perceived his older brother Petro leading his horse and making his way towards him.

"Listen, Pavlush, be careful, and don't get into any trouble," the latter said, reaching him. "My post is with Triska, and I'll have to go ahead without you. You will remain with the main body under Nedolya. Stay close to him or 'dyid' Panas. And hold on tight to your horse. Here, I'd better shorten the stirrups a bit. They're too high for you. Hold my horse for a moment."

Petro heaved the Tartar saddle upon the horse Pavlush had stolen during his flight last night. Then he raised the stirrups. Pavlush stood by, holding his brother's horse.

After making sure that all was in perfect order, Petro kissed his little brother, and then lifted him into saddle.

For a moment they looked at each other, without saying a word. Tears appeared in their eyes.

Petro was a bold Cossack, and had no fears for his safety. Whether he would return alive never bothered him much. But now that his little brother, Pavlush, was with him, the matter assumed an entirely different aspect. If he were killed, then the latter would be left all alone in this world among strangers. Who would take care of him? And yet his Cossack honor would not permit him to remain behind with Pavlush when his post was with Triska.

Petro sighed deeply, gave one last look upon Pavlush, and prepared to mount his horse.

Pavlush pulled something out of his pocket.

"Petro, brother, take this..." he said.

"What is it?" the latter asked. "It is a honey roll that mother made last night for me. I took it along with me when I escaped. Here take it, mother baked it..." Pavlush's face wrinkled up and he started to cry.

Petro could not hold back his tears. He took the roll and broke it in half.

"Let us eat it together," he said.

But eating was impossible. Holding the halves of the roll in their hands, both brothers embraced, and wept like children. Pavlush, leaning down from his horse and resting his curly head on his older brother's broad shoulder, sobbed as if his heart would break. Overnight he had seen his mother and "dyid" Andriy killed, his father and sister taken away by the Tartars, and now his only remaining shelter in the world, his newly-found brother, was leaving him, perhaps never to return...

Just then Nedolya cantered by on his horse. Seeing this scene and quickly perceiving what it was all about, he reined his horse.

"You, Petro, remain with me, and the boy also..." he commanded gruffly.

Petro could hardly contain his joy. Now it was just as he had wished. He would remain with the main body of Cossacks and thus keep an eye on his little brother. And best of all was that no one would cast any aspersions on his courage. For it was a command that he remain.

In the meanwhile Triska with his men had ridden far ahead.

In the very front rode two Cossacks, without their lances. About 50 paces to the rear of them rode a lone Cossack. And quite a distance behind him rode the main body of Triska's band, with Triska in the lead.

Behind Triska rode Semen the Helpless, leading by his lariat the Tartar captive. The latter was to guide the Cossacks to the Tartar encampment. Because his hands were tied behind his back he had to indicate the general direction that they were to take by motioning with his head. The two leading Cossacks would look back every few moments to the Cossack in the middle, and the latter, following the directions given him by those in the back, would signal to the two which direction to take.

Triska's band had disappeared entirely from view when Nedolya gave the command to his band to follow. Since the former were no longer visible, Nedolya had to follow them by their trail.

In the very front rode Nedolya, in deep thought, yet his eyes and ears alert to any possible danger. Immediately behind him rode "dyid" Panas holding on to his

beloved "bandura," while alongside him rode Petro with Pavlush. Then came the main body of Cossacks.

It was past noon. The sun burned fiercely. Both men and horses sweated profusely within a few moments after they had started. No one spoke. All was quiet save for the dull thudding of horses' hoofs. The horses continually flicked their tails in an attempt to chase away the myriads of flies around them, attracted by the smell of sweat.

They rode thus for several hours.

It was in late afternoon that the two Cossacks scouts in the van of Triska's band sighted in front of them a "mohela," and beyond it, in the afternoon haze, something indistinguishable. They raised their arms to those in back to halt. The one in the middle did likewise, and the Cossacks under Triska came to a stop.

The two Cossacks in the front rode on for a short distance, then stopped. Both dismounted, and while one held the horses, the other stole over to the "mohela." From where he was he could not see what was on the "mohela" nor what was on the other side of it.

In a few moments he reached the high burial mound. With cat-like agility he clambered up its side. Reaching the top he took off his hat, and cautiously parting the grass growing along the edge, looked carefully over the top. What he saw made him suck in his breath quietly. For lying on the ground, sound asleep, was a Tartar sentry. Near him lay his musket.

The Cossack raised himself still higher, holding his breath. The Tartar slept on, snoring. The Cossack carefully drew out his sabre, and braced himself for a leap. Just then a clump of earth, dislodged by his foot, rolled down the mound's side.

The Tartar awoke, and raised his head. But sleep was too strong for him, for he lay back again. Yet evidently something was telling him to awake, for his face grimaced as he made efforts to open his sleep-laden eyes. He raised a hand and began rubbing his eyes. That was his last act on this earth. For with a leap the

(Continued on page 4)

LET'S GO HIKING!

Summer days have flitted by, so fast that we wonder whether summer was really with us or was it a beautiful dream, and now the cool autumn days are coming. With a little painful tug of the heart we recall the fine times we enjoyed outdoors, in the country, the mountains or the seashore. We can still feel the thrill of that swift, breath-taking dive through space into some lake, river or stream, or the soft soothing lapping of water over our bodies as we gently floated or swam in quiet water, or the rushing, swirling waves as we battled in the surf. All is over. We sigh with deep regret as we resign ourselves to that long, interminable wait before next summer comes.

And yet this long wait can be made just as pleasurable, as exciting as summer days. We cannot go swimming outdoors now, that is true, but there are so many other ways by which we can enjoy ourselves during the cooler weather, ways which will help make the memory of vacation days less poignant. And one way which lends itself to any season, but particularly during the coming autumn days, is hiking.

Hiking may be classed as the oldest sport, for before man did anything else he learned how to walk. Needless to say, during earlier times walking was not a sport but a means of locomotion. As man progressed, however, he devised methods whereby he was carried from one point to another by means other than his legs. At first it was by means of animals—horse, camel, elephant, oxen, to name a few—and with the coming of mechanical inventions there appeared the locomotive, the steamboat, the automobile, and finally the aeroplane. With each new arrival, designed to make man use his legs less and less, his walking abilities deteriorated. And with this came the deterioration of his health. For walking supplies the very necessary exercise that man needs in order to remain healthy.

It is only within comparatively recent times that man has learned how much harm has been done to his physical well being by placing too much dependence upon the machine as a means of carrying himself from one spot to another. And this realization has prompted him to take a greater interest in walking than he has for many years. As a result of this interest we see today a great many clubs flourishing whose one and only purpose is hiking.

Hiking as a sport and recreation is much more popular in Europe than in America. It is a common sight to see groups of

young people—and "young" is a very, very broad term—trudging through the countryside. In Western Ukraine the traveller often sees bands of Ukrainian youth, particularly the Ukrainian scouts, "plastun" as they call them, swinging merrily along the road, laughing, talking and singing Ukrainian songs.

Here in America hiking is not as popular as in Europe, although within recent years it has progressed by leaps and bounds in popular favor. Here, due to the long coastlines, numberless lakes, rivers and streams, swimming seems to be the chief out-of-doors sport, particularly since the time when "swimming" suits have really become swimming suits and not a formless mass of black cloth expressly designed to hide the human form divine and to impede progress through the water. Everyone goes in for swimming, young and old, tall and short, fat and lean, and if you don't believe the classification go to any bathing place and see for yourself how surprisingly diverse human beings can be. Doting fathers teach their precious little tots how to swim even before they are able to walk, with the sneaking hope that perhaps this headstart might be the beginnings of a future Kojac or Weismüller, particularly the former, as the latter's forte at present seems to be imitating the monkey-like activities of our alleged ancestors.

And yet, outdoor swimming, no matter how popular it is, must of necessity be limited to the warm months. Of course, if you are one who likes to thrill the crowd by chopping yourself a hole through the ice in mid-winter and diving into it, that is your privilege—but after all, not all of us desire to compete with polar bears. And therefore, why not go hiking during the coming autumn months.

The cool bracing air, the breath-taking vistas of autumn foliage are a sight to gladden the heart of even the most indifferent, enough to drag us out into the country or the mountain for a second and a third time. And all that we have to do is to try it once or twice, and we become confirmed members of that ever-growing great army of hikers throughout the world, who see in hiking a great relaxation and sport, a chance to acquaint themselves better with nature, and finally—a great aid to health. And for our young American-Ukrainian clubs it is the answer to that tormenting question—what shall we do for recreation during the coming autumn days outside of running dances and socials?

UKRAINIAN YOUTH'S CONGRESS RESOLUTIONS

Resolutions Passed by the Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress, held under the auspices of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, Assembled on September 1 and 2, 1934, at the International Institute, 341 East 17th Street, New York City.

I. Our Appeal to America

1. Whereas America is the land of many various racial groups, we call the attention of educational authorities that it would be of great benefit to all concerned if there were introduced into the curriculum of the educational institutions courses and lectures (in English) relative to the Old World backgrounds of these various racial groups, including the Ukrainian group.

2. Whereas certain colleges and universities have Slavonic departments at which the language, literature, folklore, etc. of the various Slavonic peoples are being taught, we ask the respective educational authorities that they also include the study of the Ukrainian people, their language, literature, folklore, music, etc., and that in those secondary schools where there are large groups of Ukrainians it would be advisable that the students have the choice of Ukrainian as the foreign language required by the secondary school curriculum.

3. Whereas there is much misinformation concerning Ukraine and her people in the publications of this country, we wish to draw the attention of American publishers that authoritative and unprejudiced sources be referred to in obtaining information on Ukraine. To cite a few—Hrushevsky, Reclus, Mirsky, Tiltman. An instance of gross misinformation we consider the introduction to Gogol's "Taras Bulba," published by Alfred A. Knopf publishing concern, and written by Isabel F. Haggood.

II. Our Appeal to the Immigrant First Generation Ukrainians

1. Whereas the future of the Ukrainian group in America depends a great deal on the second generation Ukrainians, we, the delegates to the Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America, appeal to our elders that they concentrate their efforts in doing away with unreasonable animosities and bickerings, and that instead they find means and ways for cooperation.

2. Whereas the idea that in unity there is strength has proved workable among other peoples, we are in favor of the union of the Ukrainian Mutual Benefit Associations.

3. Whereas a greater measure of cooperation among Ukrainian groups and the uniting of the largest organizations would add to our ability to carry out various tasks, we call attention to the need of a Ukrainian-American primer for the second generation young Ukrainians, the need of an

authoritative, accurate Ukrainian-English dictionary, the need of literature on Ukrainians in the English language, etc.

4. Whereas there is need among us of men and women with college and university training, we ask that a way be found to organize a student fund to assist those needy students who are capable and anxious to continue with their studies.

III. Our Appeal to the American-Ukrainian Youth

1. Whereas we shall one day play a part in the life of America and in the life of the Ukrainian colony of America, and whereas it is important that we be adequately prepared for the work awaiting us, we have resolved not only to play, dance, sing, but we have also resolved to give time to serious study, including the study of our American and Ukrainian backgrounds.

2. Whereas the Third Congress of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America is to be held one year from the week-end holiday of Labor Day, we have resolved that there be designated in the meantime a Ukrainian Youth Day to be held in the various Ukrainian colonies on the one and same day, and that this Day be held on some appropriate date within the next twelve months.

IV. Our Message to our Countrymen Abroad

Whereas the Ukrainian lands have been divided after the World War among four power, namely—the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Rumania, and whereas this division has resulted in the denial to our countrymen of their national, political and even civil rights, and whereas the denial of these rights has indirectly brought about a famine in Soviet Ukraine in the course of which several million of our people have died, and in Poland it has brought about the "pacification" and the concentration camps of today, we, the delegates to the Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America, guided by the finest principles and ideals which lie in the making of America, wish our countrymen to know that our sympathies are ever with them, that we shall do all in our power to disseminate correct information concerning Ukraine, to foster and strengthen our Ukrainian-American group life in this country, to aid materially and morally our countrymen abroad in their aims toward the liberation of Ukraine from every kind of foreign rule.

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.]

PENNSYLVANIA

MORAK, CATHERINE.—
Wm. Penn Girl's High, Philadelphia
PAPINCHAK, ANN.—
Ambridge Senior High
PATRONIK, STANLEY.—
Altoona High; general

PAVALCHAK, WALTER.—
Central High; Philadelphia; industrial
PEROHONICH, MICHAEL.—
Palmer High, Palmerton; general
PHILLIPS, JOSEPH.—
Central High; Philadelphia; industrial
POLONISA, ANNA.—
Gratz High, Philadelphia
PROKOPOVICH, JOSEPH.—
Ambridge Senior High
RUDEK, HARRY.—
Ambridge Senior High
SALONCHAK, MARY.—
Stowe High, Pittsburgh, general
SAWCHUK, STEPHEN.—
Northeast High, Philadelphia
SEWCZUK, CORNELIA.—
Frankford High, Philadelphia
SICHAK, WILLIAM.—
Ambridge Senior High; National Honor Society; two scholarships to Allegheny College

SIWULAK, HELEN.—
Wm. Penn Girl's High, Philadelphia
SLOBODIAN, JANE.—
Gratz High, Philadelphia; highest average of class; 4 year scholarship to Temple University
SMYLSKY, MICHAEL.—
Northeast High, Philadelphia
SOLDRESSEN, ANNA.—
Ambridge Senior High; Music "A"
SOROKA, JOSEPH.—
West Newton High; general; third highest in class
SWITNEY, MAURICE.—
West Newton High; general; among first six of class
TRETIAK, EVA.—
Palmer High, Palmerton; general National Honor Society
USTAN, MARY.—
Ambridge Senior High; National Honor Society

VERSIK, STEPHEN.—
Palmer High, Palmerton; general
WADOSKY, MARY.—
Roxborough High, Philadelphia
WASLO, ANNA.—
Ambridge Senior High
WINIARCZYK, MICHAEL.—
Ambridge Senior High; National Honor Society
WOYTOVICH, GEORGE.—
Ambridge Senior High
WUYCIK, WALTER.—
Ambridge Senior High
WYSHYWANICK, MICHAEL.—
Northeast High, Philadelphia
YAWORSKI, CAROLINE M.—
St. Mary's High; Phoenixville; commercial
ZAHARCHUK, JULIUS.—
Central High, Philadelphia

(To be continued)

ONCE A YEAR

By THEODORE LUTWINIAK

It is rather difficult for a person to write a story. It is more difficult for one to write a true story. But the most difficult thing to write about (in my own personal opinion) is a convention as important as the one held recently in New York City. The reason why it is so difficult for me to write about this particular convention is that I am trying to write it in story form. It may seem easy at first but after a ream or so of paper has been used and the results come to nothing one begins to realize the "toughness" of the assignment he had decided to undertake.

All this is an introduction to what is to follow. The reader will remember, of course, that the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America held its Second Congress at the International Institute, 341 E. 17th St., New York City, on September 1st and 2nd. It is the purpose of this combined article-story to bring out certain incidents, impressions, humorous bits of conversation and other little things that may have escaped the attention of the casual observer. Of course, I don't expect to please all my readers and I don't expect my readers to be lenient with me. The story follows, however, and my only hope is that it pleases a certain young person whom I have met at the convention...

It was a very beautiful morning—quite unusual for a Saturday. The sun shone—a soft wind blew—and a very sleepy young man awakened to the intermittent ringing of an overused alarm clock.

"What the—?" the young man exclaimed, yawning loudly at the same time. "Now why was I supposed to get up as early as this for?" A glance at the clock had informed him it was 8 A. M. "Oh, yes," he seemed to remember something that was important. "The Congress in New York City!" Rather expertly he hopped out of the bed ("fell" would be the proper word). He smothered the continually ringing alarm clock under his pillow and then walked ("staggered" would be more appropriate) to the kitchen sink to wash up.

Perhaps the young man should be introduced to the reader, but we will push aside all description and what-not and simply call him "Ted."

Ted almost drowned himself by putting his head under the faucet in an effort to wash away a few cob-webs. After this was done he dressed hurriedly (taking more than five minutes to tie a tie the way he wanted it tied). This feat successfully accomplished he went out of the house and into the corner bakery. Home again he prepared some coffee (which he tried to convince himself was good). Ted's breakfast consisted of four jelly-doughnuts and two cups of what he likes to call "coffee."

By the time it was 9 A. M. Ted was on a train bound for New York City. (Only a river stood between the city in which Ted lived and New York City).

At 9:30 A. M. Ted arrived at his destination—the International Institute—where the Congress was going to be held. He found upon entering the building that he was among the first to arrive.

A few words about the Congress or convention may aid the reader somewhat. It seems that there are quite a number of Ukrainian families in this country. These people had organized many

clubs, organizations and associations for themselves and were rapidly becoming popular. A Ukrainian Youth's League was later organized and all these clubs and organizations joined it. The League was formed at the First Ukrainian Youth's Congress in Chicago. A year had passed and now another Congress was to be held—this time in New York City—and Ted, a Ukrainian by descent, decided to attend.

Finding a mere dozen or so young people in the lobby of the Institute, Ted decided to wait for the others to arrive. Meanwhile he introduced himself to those present and learned that six of them were from Perth Amboy, N. J. Conversing a while with a fellow whose name was John Stutsky, Ted saw more and still more young people enter the building and soon there was a large crowd.

In conversing with several other people Ted saw that a few were at first a little disappointed. It seemed that a very large delegation was expected and that no such delegation would arrive. Furthermore, a few thought that the auditorium of the Institute was rather small.

By the time the Congress was called to order, however, a hundred or more people had arrived and it was soon discovered that the auditorium was quite capable of seating twice that number of people comfortably.

Rather impatiently Ted waited for Stephen Shumeyko, the President of the League and Editor of an English supplement to a leading Ukrainian newspaper in America, to call the Congress to order. The President wasn't long in obliging him.

Ted listened interestedly and the entire assemblage followed suit. In his talk Mr. Shumeyko stressed the importance of a Ukrainian Youth's League—its purposes, aims and so forth.* He emphasized the fact that delegates had come from various Ukrainian clubs to the Congress to exchange ideas, thoughts—to discuss important problems and other things of interest to each Ukrainian individual. He also stated that everything that went on during the Congress would have much to do with future Ukrainian-American life.

In discussing Mr. Shumeyko's talk with a fellow Ukrainian youth Ted was astounded to hear him denounce almost everything that was said. The discussion ran somewhat as follows:

"What did you think of the opening address by Mr. Shumeyko?" Ted asked.

"Well, to be perfectly frank," the other replied, "I don't think much of it. In the first place a Ukrainian Youth's League isn't as necessary and important as Mr. Shumeyko seems to think. There are several Ukrainian newspapers in the United States and Canada. Good ideals and solutions to important problems can be published in these newspapers, whereas a Congress is just a waste of time. Furthermore, there is the United States Mail... important Ukrainian men and women can easily establish communications with each other and the results of these communications can be published in all Ukrainian newspapers so that the general Ukrainian public can read and act upon them."

The man sounded somewhat convincing and Ted saw that the idea

was not a bad one. He had become so impressed with Mr. Shumeyko's address, however, that he decided to argue and make this unintroduced friend see things in a different light.

"There is a great deal of truth in what you have said," Ted began, "and I find it hard to pick out faults. You must take into consideration, however, the following undisputable facts: (1) that the Congress brings together the Ukrainian youth from many parts of America; (2) that these youths have an opportunity to meet each other, exchange personal ideas, become inseparable friends, and so forth; (3) that more work can be accomplished in a two-day congress than can be done in all the Ukrainian newspapers in America and Canada; (4) that many of these Ukrainian newspapers are published in the Ukrainian language only and many of the young Ukrainian-American cannot, as yet, read Ukrainian fluently enough to understand it. Also—"

"Never mind," interrupted my friend, "I can see where I was wrong now... but I was just forming an opinion, you know."

Ted wondered what Mr. Shumeyko would have said had he been present at the discussion. "Probably would have given me his autograph as a reward," Ted thought to himself.

Ted heard many important Ukrainian men speak. Nicholas Murashko, President of the Ukrainian National Association; Dr. Luke Myshuha, Editor-in-Chief of the most important Ukrainian newspaper in the United States; Emil Revyuk, President of the "Ob'yednanye"; Vasile Avramenko, a well-known dancing master, and others, addressed the audience in the Ukrainian tongue. Ted was delighted to see that the elder Ukrainians were cooperating in making a success of the League, and in conversing with a few Ukrainian youths he learned that they all felt as he did.

Gregory Herman of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., President of the O. D. W. U. (a powerful Ukrainian organization), addressed the assemblage in English. Mr. Herman stressed the urgency of cooperation in Ukrainian life, saying that through cooperation—and through cooperation alone—Ukraine will eventually free itself from its oppressors. He also mentioned that the Ukrainians in America should help and cooperate with the Ukrainians in Europe in freeing Ukraine. Mr. Herman, in continuing, stated that Ukrainian-Americans should look further than a club, organization or association and should unite and uphold Ukrainian ideals and tendencies. He spoke in a simple yet convincing manner and Ted couldn't help but admire the man.

Another English-language-speaker was Mrs. A. Kmetz, President of the "Soyuz Ukrainok," who said that the words "Ukraine" and "Ukrainians" were seldom heard of twenty-five years ago and that young Ukrainians in those days thought that tales of Ukraine were simply fairy tales. Mrs. Kmetz also stated that the Lemko accent in the Ukrainian language was a sort of "picked-up" language and is not a part of the Ukrainian language. In concluding her interesting talk, Mrs. Kmetz looked into the future and expressed the hope that some day there will be a United States representative to Ukraine—a free and independent Republic. Ted found himself sincerely believing that her hope will be realized... but, thought Ted, a great deal of work must be done first.

(To be concluded)

IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(Continued from page 2)

Cossack was upon him, and with one swift stroke severed his head from his body. The Tartar did not even groan.

Picking up the dead Tartar's hat the Cossack donned it. Then raising himself carefully he began to look around.

In front of him lay the Tartar camp.

The camp was so located that those approaching from the other side of the "mohela" could not see it.

The first that the Cossack perceived were the horses, lying in the grass. Behind them stood a long row of captured Cossack wagons, evidently those taken from Spasivka last night. Tied to the wagons, on the inside, were many oxen, lying in the grass also. Still further, beyond the oxen, lay the Tartar camp, fronted by a row of Tartar wagons linked to one another, so as to offer a better defence, and past the wagons were the Tartar tents. Beyond the tents the Samara River quietly flowed. It was obviously a strategic position, one that could be easily defended: in the front by the wagons, and in the rear by the river.

The entire Tartar camp was absolutely quiet. Evidently the night fighting and the hot sun had taken its toll. Surfeited with spoils and secure in their numbers the Tartars slept, leaving but one guard on top of the "mohela."

The Cossack made a rough count of the number of tents. From this number he figured the approximate number of Tartars. A large force undoubtedly, he thought to himself, but a surprise attack now would annihilate the entire Tartar force before it could even put up a show of resistance.

He was about to slide gleefully down the side of the "mohela" to rejoin his comrades, when suddenly he paused in alarm. For he perceived one of the tents open and two Tartars emerge. And to make things worse, they directed their steps straight towards the "mohela."

In a flash the Cossack realized that these were sentries coming to relieve the slain Tartar. Remembering the dead body he grabbed it by its limp arm and dragged it into the deep grass. But it was impossible to hide traces of the killing, for where the body had lain a pool of blood had formed.

The Cossack did not know what to do now. For a second he thought of calling his comrades and with their aid capturing the two approaching Tartars. But it was too late for that, for the two Tartars seeing no signs of the sentry quickened their steps, and then broke into a run. The whole plan of a surprise attack was now ruined.

(To be continued)

SLAVONIC DAY IN NEW YORK

In an effort "to propagate the idea of the extension of unity of all Slavonic groups," the three leading leagues and councils of Slavonic clubs in New York are presenting the First Slavonic-American Day, which is to be held on Sunday, September 16 in Winfield, L. I. An appropriate program has been prepared.

ANNOUNCEMENT

GRAND BALL given by the Ukrainian Athletic Association "Chornomorska Sitch", Inc. of New York City Sunday, September 16th, 1931 at the Ukrainian Hall, 217-219 E. 6th Street, New York City. Music by Blue Falcons Orchestra. Commencement at 6 P. M. Admission 40 cents. (Adv.)