



## YOUTH'S CONGRESS REPORT TO BE PUBLISHED ONLY

An earlier announcement of the Ukrainian Youth's League of N. A. regarding the mimeographing of copies of the minutes of the recently held Ukrainian Youth's Congress and sending the copies to clubs represented at the Congress has evoked an opinion, expressed by many, that this should be dispensed with, and the money used for bulletins to be issued by the League beginning with this month—according to the latest press dispatch of the League.

The Executive Board of the League believes this to be a wise step. Accordingly copies of the minutes of the Congress will not be sent to individual clubs, but will appear in the American-Ukrainian newspapers. (The Ukrainian Weekly will begin publication of these minutes next week.—Edit.) The money, conserved thereby, will be used for more worthwhile purposes, such as for the bulletins described in last week's dispatch.

Certificates of membership are in press, and will soon be sent to branches of the League.

Clubs not yet members of the League and desiring to take advantage of the League's activities from the very beginning are urged to join the League now.

## POLAND HAS FORGOTTEN SOMETHING

"When the fair land of Poland was ploughed by the hoofs of the ruthless invader," her neighbors left our old friend Thaddeus of Warsaw to his fate. Russia, Prussia and Austria divided the spoils, and the Poles ceased to be a free people. Perhaps it was partly their own fault for quarreling so much among themselves.

At the present time, when the nation has won renewed independence in part by the absorption of alien races, the Poles should see more clearly the need of the protection of these minorities by international sanction. It makes a difference, after all, whose ox is gored.

(The Philadelphia Inquirer, Sept. 18, 1934).

## PICTURES

A turn in the road. A stream. Metallic leaves skimming the waters' surface. A winding serpent of gold. Hills receding, dropping down in slow descent to the waters' edge. A lonely rock imbedded in the bank. Immovable among the moving waters.

Color everywhere. Soft reds. Tarnished coppers. Autumn tans. The green of Springtime. White birches here and there stand out among the towering oaks and hazel chestnuts. One solitary weeping willow, drooping, fingers dangling in the stream. Such is Nature's artistry.

M. D. S.

## FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

Well, well, well, time does certainly fly!—must have remarked "Father Soyuz" (Ukrainian National Association to the uninitiated) this morning, as he proudly surveyed his one-year-old infant—the Ukrainian Weekly.

Yes, "Father Soyuz," time does fly. Your precocious little infant, the Ukrainian Weekly, is out of its swaddling clothes at last. It is exactly one year old today, and essaying its first faltering steps. It may stumble occasionally, you can expect that, but with the persistence peculiar to youth it will rise and try and try again, until it shall be able to walk and progress with the best of them.

### Our Critics Are Now Our Supporters

It seems but yesterday, that this editor stood by the whirling presses of the "Svoboda," breathlessly awaiting the first appearance of the Ukrainian Weekly. And what a grand and glorious feeling it was to see the first issue appear out of the bewildering maze of wheels, rollers and levers. We felt an uplifting of spirits, the feeling that this first issue of the Ukrainian Weekly was ushering in an entirely new era in American-Ukrainian life.

A year has gone by since that memorable day, a year of unprecedented activity among our American-Ukrainian youth, a year in which—we would fain believe—the youth discovered the Ukrainian Weekly and took it to its heart. And if anyone were to ask us today, what in the brief span of the life of the "weekly" affords us the greatest pleasure and pride—we would say—those who at the start predicted the speedy demise of the Ukrainian Weekly, are now among its staunch supporters.

### Thanks to the Ukrainian National Association

For the benefits that have flowed to all of us from the pages of the "weekly," we take great pleasure in thanking the Ukrainian National Association for making possible the publication of this supplement to the "Svoboda." Our "Father Soyuz" deserves all the credit in the world for financially and morally supporting this publication by the youth and for the youth. In years to come the significance and importance of this support will be all the more apparent and appreciated.

At the present time, when "Father Soyuz" is celebrating his 40th birthday and simultaneously conducting an unprecedented campaign for new members, we, the youth, can best express our appreciation for his active interest in us by giving him a birthday present—and the best birthday present that we can possibly give him, one that he will most appreciate, is at least one new member. New members, particularly those of the younger generation, are his lifeblood, and without them he will speedily die. And since "Father Soyuz" has a most enviable record of service for the Ukrainian people, it would be indeed a great shame to cut short this service to our people by refusing him continued and more glorious life.

### Thanks to the Contributors

And we also wish to take this opportunity of thanking all of our contributors, for through their efforts and cooperation the Ukrainian Weekly has become a truly representative youth's paper.

### Our Future Plans

In conclusion, we wish to stress that all of the labor, money and sacrifices that have gone into the making of the Ukrainian Weekly will be more than amply repaid if our young folks join the Ukrainian National Association, and if they remain true and staunch supporters of the Ukrainian cause.

With unabated force we shall continue our endeavors to create of our young people fine American citizens, and true descendants of that race of people who at present are suffering terrible hardships under foreign rule but who, nevertheless, persist in bringing closer that day when they will have their own free and independent Ukrainian state.

## THE UKRAINIAN WEEKLY'S FIRST ANNIVERSARY ODE

October 4, 1934

Today we meet and celebrate  
With badge and solemn rite  
Our "Weekly's" Anniversary  
In state of soundful sight.

A year is gone, we here unite  
To list and write and read,  
To tread the path of literature  
That does to glory lead.

Long may our paper prosper so,  
Its readers truer be,  
May coming years their blessings pour

On our fair Ukrainian Weekly.

ROSALIE T. HATAKA

## UKRAINIAN STORY APPEARS IN CANADIAN SCHOOL READER

With the beginning of the new school year in Western Canada new readers appeared for the use of the school children. In one of them, the Sixth Reader, there is a story about a Ukrainian Cossack, Dorosh.

The story was originally written in Ukrainian by Storozhenko and translated into English by Dr. A. G. Hunter, well known for his translations of Ukrainian poetry into English.

According to all available knowledge, this is the first time that a Ukrainian story has appeared in the Canadian textbooks.

The publisher of the Sixth Reader is Gage & T. Nelson & Sons of Toronto. It is used in three provinces of western Canada.

## UKRAINIAN PROGRAM AT EXPOSITION

On Tuesday evening, October 2nd, 1934, at the Women's Exposition of Arts and Industries, Hotel Astor, New York City, a large audience had the pleasure of witnessing several Ukrainian dances which were presented by two Ukrainian clubs of New York City—the Ukrainian Civic Center of the International Institute and the Ukrainian Dancers Club.

Twenty six Ukrainian boys and girls, garbed in native Ukrainian costumes, dancing Ukrainian folk dances to a piano and viola accompaniment, succeeded in pleasing the appreciative spectators. Mrs. P. Avramenko, dancing a solo, was warmly applauded. Miss Olga Pasichnyk, another dancer, was also well received.

The Ukrainian nationality was also represented at the Exposition through the Ukrainian National Women's League of America, exhibition of Ukrainian art. This exhibit attracted an appreciable amount of attention. Mrs. P. Avramenko and Miss Abrahamovska of New York City and Mrs. Anastasia Wagner of Jersey City, N. J., were kept rather busy explaining Ukrainian arts to the curious.

Those who had witnessed the Ukrainian folk dances and had visited the Ukrainian exhibition of art left the Exposition favorably impressed by what they saw.

THEODORE LUTWINAK



## A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

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

(35)

### Russia Gains Many Ukrainian Cultural Achievements

Following the partition of Poland the right bank of Ukraine went under the rule of Russia and thus was reunited with the left bank. Galicia went over under Austria.

Now that Russia had practically all of Ukraine under its rule, it opened up a most intensive campaign designed to denationalize the Ukrainian people. Yielding to the blandishments, favors and gifts of the Russian government, many of the higher classes of Ukrainians forsook their nationality and went over body and soul to the Russians. Many Ukrainian writers, composers, painters, musicians placed their talents at the service of Russia. As a result, Russia made great advances in the cultural field.

The living Ukrainian language remained now only on the lips of the ordinary "muzhik" (peasant). All signs seemed to portend the

speedy extinction of the Ukrainian national identity.

### The Beginning of Modern Ukrainian Literature

And just at this time, when the Ukrainian national consciousness was at its lowest depth, there appeared Ivan Kotlyarevsky's Aeniad, written not in the stilted bookish language but in the living tongue of the people, one that could be understood by the lowliest. From about this time begins the Modern Ukrainian Literature.

### The Romantic Movement

It was just at this time, near the close of the 18th century, that a great change took place in the intellectual life of Europe, one which influenced all the aspects of European culture and thought, in literature, art, and music. This change was the appearance of the so-called Romantic Movement or School, one whose basis lay on ardent idealism as opposed to the classical real-

ism which had reigned up to then in the intellectual life of Europe and which this Romantic Movement displaced.

Up to this time the literateurs took delight in writing about the ancient Greek and Roman classical life, gods and goddesses, mythology, or about glorious wars, knights, and their ladies fair. Such menial themes as the life of the peasantry or tradesmen was beneath their notice, except when they deigned to stoop to it in order to better poke fun at it. For them the living tongue of the people used by the masses was considered lowly, something to be regarded with disdain, not at all fit to be used for literary purposes.

But as time passed the people began to weary of classical themes, and the writers perceived that it was time for them to stop stumbling around in the ancient mists of Greece and Rome and find themes for their works in the everyday life about them. They began to take a greater interest in the life, customs, beliefs of the people, record their tales, folk-songs and happenings of their daily struggle for existence. And

thus the Romantic Movement arose. It derived its name from the growing use of the spoken French tongue, which was based on the ancient Roman forms, for literary purposes.

### Its Influence Felt in Ukraine

All of these new ideas signifying the arrival of a new and distinct change in the intellectual life of Europe filtered even into Ukraine, and opened roads leading to a new period of Ukrainian literature. Under its spell fell Ivan Kotlyarevsky, who wrote the "Aeniad," and who perceived that only by the use of the living, spoken tongue of the Ukrainian people would Ukrainian literature progress. Besides the use of the living language, Kotlyarevsky introduced into his works a broad democratic spirit, defending the rights of the ordinary people, and with unequalled satire condemning the upper classes for oppressing the people so much, and for forsaking their language and customs.

(To be continued)

## IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(A tale of olden Cossack times)

By ANDRIY TCHAIKOWSKY

(A free translation by S. S.)

(13)

### 13. The Cossacks Bury Their Dead

Throughout the entire encounter of the Cossacks with the Tartars, young Pavlush sat on his horse, a bit to the side, out of harm's way. With bated breath and staring eyes he watched the terrible carnage. Soon his fear for the outcome of this battle turned to exultation as he saw the Cossacks shattering the Tartar force. Something stirred within, something begotten in him from a long line of fighting ancestors. His spirit flamed, and only the admonition of his brother kept him from plunging into the fighting. Nevertheless, he could not refrain from drawing closer and closer, so close that he was in danger of being hit by stray bullets. The danger from stray bullets, however, was not very great, for the fighting was mostly of a hand-to-hand character.

He exulted when he saw the last Tartar put out of fighting. No longer did he fear the Tartars. They were not as terrible and invincible as they seemed to be that terrible night when they fell upon the village of Spasivka and massacred most of its populace, taking the rest into captivity. Oh, if only these Cossacks had been around that night, then the things would have been different, he thought. His mother and "dyid" Andriy would still have been alive, and his father and sister would have been also with him now, and not in Tartar captivity. He wondered whether the Cossacks, after defeating the Tartars, would now go in pursuit after the rest of the Tartars left in their encampment by the river. But there was no opportunity of asking anyone, for now that the battle was over the Cossacks were busy in caring for the wounded, digging a grave for the dead, and tending to other tasks. It was not until late in the night, when the Cossacks, tired and weary, were beginning to throw themselves on the ground to sleep, that he ventured to ask this question of his brother Petro.

"Petro," he asked, "aren't we going to go after the other Tartars right away. Perhaps we could still find father and Hannah," he added hopefully.

"No, bratshchuku," replied his older brother, "it's too late now. And besides, our 'sotnek' Nedolya knows what is best to do, and it will have to be just as he wants. So don't fret, wait until tomorrow. Onysko told me that the Tartar encampment is very large, and burdened as they will be with wagons, oxen, and such, they will not be able to go very far before we catch up with them. So go to sleep now, and take a good rest. Tomorrow we shall go after the Tartars."

This consoled Pavlush. Much as he would have liked to have gone after the Tartars now, he perceived the wisdom of what his brother said, and decided the best thing to do just then would be to go to sleep. Hobbling his horse, he went over Petro, who was already lying on the ground with his cloak over him, and curled up beside him. Soon the even breathing of the two showed that they were sound asleep.

A quiet stillness crept over the camp, as the Cossacks fell asleep. The campfires slowly died down. Nothing disturbed the vast silence of steppe now, save for the occasional call of the sentries pacing on the outskirts of the camp, and once or twice the cry of some wild animal in the distance. High above, the moon shone brightly, bathing the sleeping and the dead in an eerie light.

The sun was just peeping over the horizon when the Cossack camp came to life.

After saying their prayers and partaking of a bit of food, the Cossacks fell to the task of burying their comrades who had fallen in battle. The grave had been ready since last night.

Every Cossack who had lost his comrade now bade farewell to him. Nedolya stepped forward, and in a low voice recited a short prayer over the dead. Just as

the sun appeared over the horizon in its full glory, the Cossacks began to lower their dead, as carefully as a mother would place her baby into the cradle, into the one common grave. The head of each dead Cossack was covered with a red "ketavka," a silken kerchief. His weapons were then placed alongside of him. When all had been laid carefully in their places, the Cossacks crossed themselves, and began to throw clods of earth into the grave. Then with improvised shovels the grave was filled. Even after it was level the Cossacks kept shoveling, until over the grave a high mound arose—the "mohela," so common a sight in Ukraine.

None of the Tartar dead were buried. Their corpses were left for the wolves and the vultures.

For quite a while after, sadness reigned over the camp, for although the Cossack losses were not very great, nevertheless such was the spirit of comradeship among them that they felt very keenly the loss of even the few.

Gradually the spirits of the Cossacks lightened. They began to take stock of the spoils they had gained from the Tartars. It was considerable too, many gold "chervints" and silver "talari"; weapons, many of them richly inlaid and embossed; and over a hundred head of horses.

Save for the Tartar captive and guide who was still in Semen's custody, there were no other Tartar prisoners, for the Cossacks did not believe in encumbering themselves with any, except where the Tartar could divulge some important information or could bring a fine ransom.

Everywhere Semen the Helpless went, the Tartar captive he had captured before the battle, perforce had to follow, since he was tied to a rope held by Semen. The rope was already causing bloody weals to appear on his wrists, when Nedolya perceived his plight.

"Semen," he cried in an exasperated voice, "what are you leading him around for. Let him go, will you! You won't be able to sell him at the bazaar, for you know that we don't trade in slaves or captives."

A bit sheepishly Helpless untied the captive. After all, he thought to himself, there is no use of

holding on to this Tartar, he won't bring any ransom like the other one will. So he set the Tartar free.

The Tartar finding himself free, rubbed his wrists to restore the circulation of his blood, and then threw himself ravenously upon scraps of food left by the Cossacks from their morning meal. One could see that he was happy as a lark, and his eyes shone with thanks for being let free.

"I would like to stay with you all the time," he finally ventured to say to Nedolya, who understood the Tartar tongue.

"Go ahead, stay with us if you want," the other replied. "But first you have to forsake your Mahomet and accept Christianity," he warned.

"I will, right now," responded the Tartar. "There is but one God anyway."

"Boys!" called Nedolya to the Cossacks. "Give this Tartar back his horse and weapons."

The Tartar now grew happy beyond words. He had never expected such marvelous luck. He ran to the herd of horses grazing nearby and found his own horse. Putting his arms around his horse's neck he began to pet him. The horse quickly recognized his master, for he whinnied shrilly and rubbed his head against the Tartar's shoulder, as of to say how glad he was to see him again. Just then Helpless came by. Seeing the Tartar by the horse, he sprang over to him and made move to push him away.

"Whoa! Let that horse alone! He is mine!" he cried, angrily.

The Tartar held on, refusing to let go, glaring at Helpless.

"Peace!" roared Nedolya to Helpless, from where he was standing. "Let the Tartar keep his horse, and you can take two Tartar horses for that one."

Semen, mollified, drew back.

By this time the Cossacks had completed their tasks, and were standing impatiently around, waiting for the command that would set them off after the remaining Tartars. The command was not long in coming.

"Mount and Forward!" commanded Nedolya. "Straight for the Tartar camp!"

(To be continued)



## MICHAEL VERBYTSKY—COMPOSER OF UKRAINIAN ANTHEM

Every young American-Ukrainian knows that Francis Scott Key composed the "Star Spangled Banner." But not very many of them know who wrote the words and composed the music for the Ukrainian national anthem—"Sche ne vmerla Ukraina"—("Ukraine hath not yet died!")

The words to the Ukrainian national anthem were composed by a Ukrainian poet from the banks of the Dnieper—Pavlo Chubynsky. But the music to this stirring anthem was by Michael Verbytsky, considered to be the pioneer of modern Ukrainian music.

This year, 1934, marks the 100th anniversary of the entrance of Michael Verbytsky into the field of Ukrainian music. He found it in a state of practical dormancy, and left it upon the death with a new lease upon life, well on the road to its present greatness.

Michael Verbytsky was born of a long line of clergy, in a not very large village of Ulutichi, near Dobrowelya, Galicia, in 1815.

At that time the Ukrainian people under the stultifying and denationalizing rule of their oppressors seemed to have fallen asleep forever as a nationality, and with them—the Ukrainian song. But fate so decreed that Verbytsky was to bring this song into life and with its aid help to awaken the Ukrainian people to fresh endeavors for freedom and liberty.

At the age of ten, Verbytsky became an orphan. His uncle Bishop Ivan Shnihur, the ecclesiastic who became well known for his service in helping to reawaken the Ukrainian people, took the little boy under his care.

Already at this early age young Verbytsky showed inclinations towards music. At that time the musical center of Western Ukraine was Peremyshyl, and here our young composer began his musical studies.

But it was not until in 1834, the year that he entered the Lviv Seminary for the study of priesthood, that Verbytsky definitely embarked upon a life dedicated to music. This was exactly one hundred years ago, and for this reason the Ukrainians this year are observing this anniversary. Incidentally, the year 1834 also marks the definite entrance of Markian Shashkevich into the field of Ukrainian literature. The latter, like Verbytsky, was also a pioneer in his field.

Like Shashkevich our Verbytsky had difficulty in his task of popularizing for literary purposes the living everyday tongue of the Ukrainian people. The ecclesiastical authorities of that time stubbornly adhered to the ancient, outmoded, bookish language known as the Church-Slavonic, and regarded with disdain and antagonism the efforts of the younger crop of writers and composers to introduce the living tongue into Ukrainian literature. This antagonism both Verbytsky and Shashkevich had to contend with during their entire lives. Both were priests and naturally they suffered its consequences more than an ordinary layman would have under similar circumstances. Nevertheless, neither of them faltered, but with unflinching courage pursued their ideals.

Michael Verbytsky composed during his lifetime over 80 compositions of various sorts. He composed many songs for church services, a complete liturgy for a men's choir, and many secular

songs that are sung to this very day, many of them being heard even here in America.

Among his better known compositions can be mentioned the following: "Verkhovynchi" (The Highlanders) 1849; and "Pidhryane" (dwellers of the foothills) 1864; and the "Village Plenipotentiaries," 1866. These three operettas proved to be extremely popular among the Ukrainians (the "Pidhryane" alone was presented 70 times during Verbytsky's lifetime) and are seen even today. Many of our young people have seen them here on American or the Ukrainian stage.

Verbytsky also composed eight symphonies. One of his overtures opened the presentation of the operetta "Marussia," at the formal opening of the first Ukrainian theater in Lviv, March 29, 1864. He composed music for many of the leading poets of his time, particularly for Wolodimir Shashkevich, Osyp Uriy Fedkovich, and others. In addition to all this he composed the stately solemn music for Shevchenko's "Zapovit" (Last Testament) for eight voices. This song was first sung in 1868, in Lviv. It is sung here in America occasionally by the better choruses.

But the work that entitles Verbytsky to the greatest recognition from the point of Ukrainian nationalism and patriotism is the Ukrainian national anthem—"Sche ne vmerla Ukraina."

### THROUGH HARDSHIP TO SUCCESS

The other day I learned that a certain Mr. Wasy Halich became doctor of philosophy. But I wasn't quite satisfied to know only the mere fact of his success. I wanted to know just who he is and how did he succeed in achieving such an honor.

And here is what I learned.

Dr. W. Halich came to this country as an immigrant boy from Stribitsi, Sambir, Western Ukraine. Coming to a strange country little Vasile had a great desire to continue his education. But he was forced to learn the English language and then to go to work in order to make a living. He worked in Pittsburgh factories for more than two years and then started his studies in Bloomfield Academy, N. J. where he also studied the Ukrainian literature. In 1918 he came to Dubuque, Iowa, where he finished his high school work (1920) and got his A. A. degree at the University of Dubuque in 1924. Then he became a high school teacher. But he wasn't satisfied with his position. So during the summer time he attended summer sessions at various institutions and in 1929 he got his Master Degree. Then again he continued his studies and wrote a book on the "Economic Aspect of Ukrainian Activities in the United States." For this work (which unfortunately hasn't been published yet)—he received his degree of doctor of philosophy (Ph. D.) at the University of Iowa on August 15, 1934.

Dr. Halich teaches in Superior, Wis., and is a member of the American Historical Association, National Geographical Society, Wisconsin Teachers Association

## POLAND SOWED WIND AND REAPS STORM

The shock which the world received in the middle of September, when Poland made a public declaration at the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva of her intention to denounce illegally the Minorities Treaty, seems to have been passed. The question of the protection of minorities has been abandoned by the League undecided, leaving it to private negotiations among the powers, and the incident seemed closed. Before this happened, however, there took place certain other facts which are a sufficient proof that the incident was not without certain advantages if its own.

First of all, the Polish Foreign Minister's declaration brought forth a series of adequate and strong replies. Sir John Simon, the British Foreign Secretary, was first to make a reply. "Not for a long time has a speech made such an impression at Geneva," writes the Geneva correspondent of the world-known "Manchester Guardian." "There was not a word too much or too little, and the manner was as admirable as the matter." This the correspondent explains by the fact that the task was exactly suited to Sir John Simon's great gifts as an advocate.

"Rarely, if ever," writes this correspondent, "has the representative of any country at Geneva received in public so stern a rebuke and so grave a warning as Sir John Simon administered to the Polish Foreign Minister. But with what studied courtesy they were administered."

"Evidently, Sir John said in effect, M. Beck could not possibly have meant what he said, for he could not have meant that Poland repudiated a treaty to which the United Kingdom and some of the other Powers were also parties and proposed to violate the first paragraph of article 93 of the Treaty of Versailles, and refused to be bound any longer by resolutions of the Council of the League of Nations which became binding on Poland by reason of her voluntary acceptance of them."

"And then came the stinging rebuke: 'It is clear that it would not be possible for any State to release itself from obligations of this kind thus entered into by unilateral action.'

"And with that Sir John Simon sent M. Beck to the Sixth Committee to explain away his unfortunate remarks."

"The implied warning came at the end of his speech when Sir John Simon said:

"This is a matter of such importance to the League that I must put on record the view of His Majesty's Government. I feel that silence on the part of the United Kingdom might contribute to misunderstandings which might arise."

If Sir Simon's speech was something the Poles could have expected in view of the fact that Great Britain has been championing the rights of racial minorities for some time in the past, the speech by M. Barthou, the French

and several other educational organizations.

Today we have depression, hard times. But this should not stop us in our studies. Young American-Ukrainians! Let us study, because by increasing our knowledge we shall help ourselves and our brothers in Ukraine. Remember, only through hardship we shall achieve our goal!

B. L.—Dubuque, Iowa.

Foreign Minister, provided the Polish delegates with a surprise, as France had always been championing the rights of Poland, be she right or wrong. "Mr. Barthou, in his own way," writes the "Manchester Guardian", "was as categorical as Sir Simon, with whose conclusions he entirely associated himself. He said that M. Beck had run the risk of confronting the Assembly with a threat, or even with a fait accompli, and reminded him that Poland had freely subscribed to the minorities treaties when it recorded its independence."

With M. Barthou's speech agreed the speech of Baron Aloisi, the Italian representative. The three speeches taken together showed Poland that the representatives of the three Great Powers were acting in concert. Baron Aloisi's speech besides contained a passage, which in the opinion of the "Manchester Guardian," was the most unpleasant passage in the three speeches from the Polish point of view. It was "Baron Aloisi's bland remark that of course revision of the Minorities was permissible provided that it took place in a legal way; but revision must also be considered permissible for other questions regulated by stipulations resulting from the Peace Conference. In other words, if Poles chose to start on the path of revision, the revision of their own frontiers might come into question."

Polish defeat at the League of Nations Assembly was only one result of the shameful Polish attempt at repudiation of the Minorities Treaty. Another result was the arousing of a wide interest in the condition of these racial minorities under Poland.

"The declaration of the Polish Government that it will in future not consider itself bound by the Minorities Treaty unless all countries are similarly bound," writes the well-known English weekly "The New Statesman and Nation," "and its assertion that the ten million inhabitants which compose its minorities receive equal treatment with the population of eighteen million Poles, forces us again to ask how the Poles, in fact, treat the Ukrainian minority, and what conditions the Poles are asking us to tolerate."

To answer this question, provoked by the Polish action, the correspondent of this weekly made a tour of these parts under Poland inhabited by the Ukrainians and in a lengthy report gives an unusually well-informed, and as a result of this, gloomy picture of the conditions of Ukrainians under Poland. He describes the spirit of Ukrainian nationalism, wounded by the Polish occupation of the country, the various waves of Polish repressions, the whole atmosphere of governmental persecutions, chicaneries, and brutalities, which drive so many Ukrainian youth into an underground terrorist society.

"The only steps taken by the Polish authorities to deal with this situation are steps of repression, and restriction of existing rights... And so the vicious circle of embitterment is perpetuated. What is impressive is the dogged determination to hold on, not to give in, but to keep the hope of national independence always alive."

"National consciousness is one of the strongest human motives," writes "The New Statesman and Nation,"—"does history provide any example in which it has been permanently crushed once it has been aroused?"



## MY HAPPY HOURS

I have been debating with myself for some time now whether or not my article is worthy for publication in the Ukrainian Weekly. I have come to the conclusion that I will take a chance and risk having it thrown into the waste basket. Nevertheless, I feel that I am merely stating human reactions as I experience them when I occupy my leisure hours in the manner which I shall relate without much more ado.

I am busy for long hours doing my secretarial work and I enjoy it too, but when these hours are ended my "hobby rides his horse." As many of my friends have expressed it, Art is more than a hobby with me. They know that I have always been immensely interested in any subject which correlates with Art, and my love for beauty leads me into many secluded nooks. Certainly, many times it is the entrancing beauty of a glorious little paradise in a pool of radiant sunlight which makes me put my brush to work.

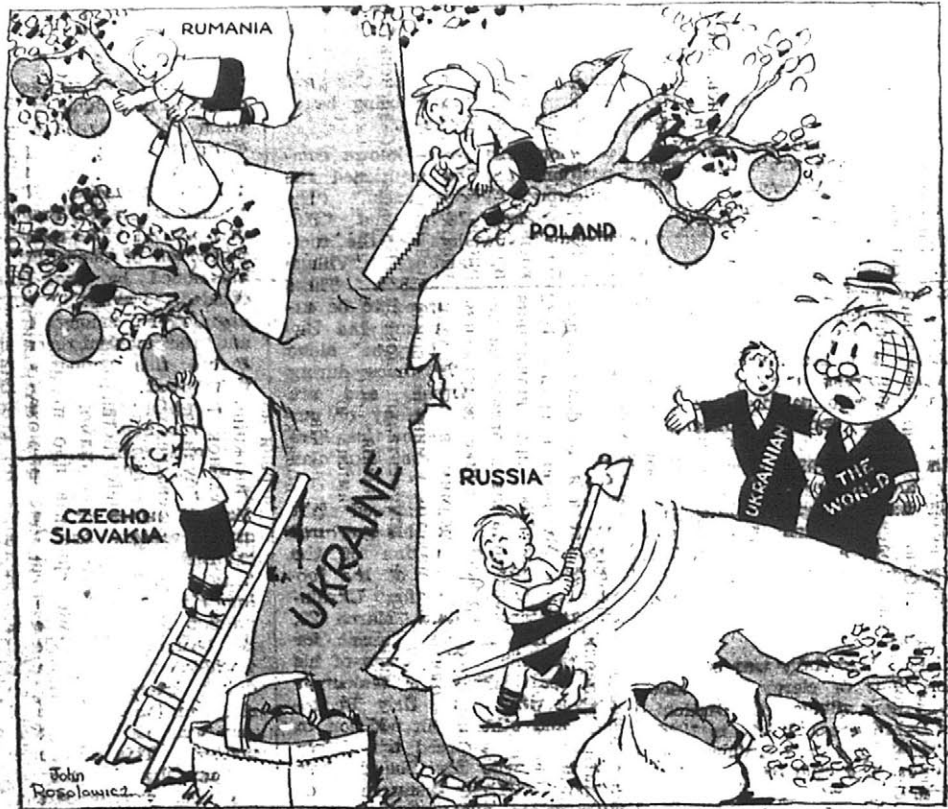
Beauty is one of the greatest assets of the human race. The world is full of it. Nature itself is a delicious mass of shimmering light which gleams and glows with beautiful harmonies and contrasts of color.

To provide for a practical knowledge and appreciation of this asset, education has aimed to train the coming generation in the consciousness and understanding of beauty and the use and value of artistic comprehension in the home and community life and in the great realm of industry. The art instruction which I received in the high school pointed out the direct relationship of art to my natural interests and without a doubt shaped my present activities.

Due to this training I now observe many interesting and beautiful things in my daily work. My leisure hours also have been made happier and more colorful by it. In spare moments I find myself instinctively noting the tint and character of each different object within my observation; the dreamy purple shades of the piles of reference books, the dim, pale, silhouettes of every desk and chair, the exquisite lacery of the window panes in dreary winter, and the rosy glow of the horizon as the floating clouds envelop the great sinking sun.

This heightened sense of observation of my surroundings together with nature is one of the chief delights that have come to me through painting and art work. Sometimes when I find myself feeling dull or in low spirits and tending to be depressed by the worries of the day, I regain my ease of mind by taking out my paint box and creating a new world of glowing golden hues where masses of complicated tones brilliantly create a heaven of happy contentment. My kindled spirits lend fire to my imagination and the darkness and the shadows fade away in the face of the overpowering and all-enveloping light of the satisfaction of creation.

I have an added interest in every common scene, an occupation for every free hour, an unceasing voyage of entrancing discovery which carries me into realms of joy. My leisurely strolls and aimless wanderings inspire me so that I am continually on the outlook for natural pictures which I can carry home to place on canvas. Certainly, when once a picture begins to flow, there is no room for anything else to enter the mind into



FOUR OF A KIND

## SARCASM AND OVERCONFIDENCE IN SPORTS

What looked like a private New York subway series on Labor Day, turned out to be the first all-western World Series since 1919. The World Champion New York Giants, leading the National League since June, were surprisingly overwhelmed by the high-flying St. Louis Cardinals in a typical National League race finish in which the very last playing day of the campaign was instrumental in deciding the winner. Although the Cardinals held first place only two days in the entire campaign, those two days also happened to be the very last—clinching the pennant and qualifying to meet the Detroit Tigers, also a western team in the American League, that subdued the New York Yanks.

Sarcastic remarks from the Giant manager, Bill Terry, cost them the pennant. Early in the season, while trouncing the Phillies 21-8, the Terry men kidded and humiliated the Phils as having a "bush league calibre"; another time Bill Terry sarcastically queried if the Brooklyn Robins are still in the league; then, while well established in first place, Terry stated the Detroit Tigers would be pushovers for the Giants.

As circumstances turned out, both the Philadelphia and Brooklyn teams knocked off the Giants in the last four games as a retort, depriving the New York team of a championship, and enabling the Dean brothers to catch the St. Louis Cardinals in first place by a two-game margin. Sarcasm and overconfidence in sport never pays, but serve as a retortive stimulant to the toes.

AL YARR.

doing! No movie for me, nor play, nor rest, but rather a feeling of consolation in going for a joy ride with my paint box.

I hope my article may inspire at least one person to spend his or her leisure hours in both a pleasant and yet worthy manner.

MARY SARABUN,  
Bridgeport, Pa.

## THE SPORT WHIRL

### UKRAINIAN HUNTER

In defeating the Central City Slovak team of Chicago by 8-5 at Cleveland on September 2nd, Alexander "Sheik" Susco, a Northampton, Pa. Ukrainian, annexed the national championship for the Catawqua Lednots before 25,000 fans with his sterling exhibition of air-tight hurling.

This game was in conjunction with the national convention of the "Federation of the Catholic Slovak Union." Why can't we Ukrainian Youth hold a similar game at our next convention in Detroit? A. Y.

### CHESTER, PA. TEAM WANTS BOOKINGS

The Ukrainian Juniors of Chester, Pa., elected officers for the coming basketball season. The officers are as follows: President, John Pecuch; Secretary, Peter Melnick; Treasurer, Miron Hlywiak. Those on the athletic committee are Steve Szedza, John Fedyna, and Harty Kuryla. The basketball manager is Mr. John Pano.

The Ukrainian Juniors, a team consisting from the ages of 12-16, play their home games in the Ukrainian American National Home, Fourth and West Streets, Chester, Pa. Their first season of basketball was averaged to 500 per cent which on their second third season they averaged to 888 per cent. This coming season is their season which they hope to make more successful.

Those desiring games, please write to

PETER MELNICK,  
222 Harwick St., Chester, Pa.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

### NEW YORK CITY AND VICINITY

Under the auspices of the O.B.W.U. — MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISES IN MEMORY OF UKRAINIAN HEROES who died for their country will be held SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7th, 1934 at the Stuyvesant High School, E. 15th St., (bet. 1st and 2nd Aves.) New York City. Time—3 P. M. Program will consist of concert and speeches. All youth is invited. Admission free.

## UKRAINIAN AFFAIRS IN AMERICA

### NEW YOUTH CLUB FORMED IN SOUTHPORT, CONN.

A new organization, the Ukrainian Juniors, has been formed recently, and meets twice a month, on alternate Thursdays, at Ukrainian Hall, King's Highway west Southport. The age for admission to this club ranges from fifteen to thirty years.

Officers recently elected include: Miss Mary Mackno, president; Miss Mary Wanat, vice-president; Miss Ann Klupvan, secretary; Miss Anna Gogol, assistant secretary; Walter Dudko, treasurer; John Sangik, assistant treasurer; Florence Dudko, publicity.

The club is planning an active social program for the coming year, and expects to double the membership in a short time.

### WOONSOCKET BAZAAR AIDED BY GIRLS

More than three hundred persons of different nationalities crowded the Bodvier's Hall, which was decorated in the Ukrainian style, to attend a charity bazaar given under the auspices of the St. Michael's Ukrainian Catholic Church on West School Street, Woonsocket, R. I. on September 10th. The youth played a most prominent part at this affair.

Upon entering the hall the crowds were delighted to see many of our girls, dressed in Ukrainian costumes. These girls had worked hard to make this affair a success, and they were—Misses May Bukata, Mary Pelypec, Anna Bukata, Eva Proczok, Mary Pryhoda, Mary Glowacki, Anna Kuciarski and Catherine Korneluk.

Miss Mary Bukata who has worked the hardest won a Diamond Ring. Four door prizes were given away also.

ANDREW DOBRZYWODA.

Sawyerbrier—They say Sidebottom is going to get married.

Shadbelly—Serves him right; I never did like that fellow.