



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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Vol. II.

## OF INTEREST FOR STUDENTS OF UKRAINIAN LANGUAGE

Those of our young people who interest themselves in improving their knowledge and use of the Ukrainian language will find a great deal of invaluable help in a series of articles that have begun to appear in the Svo-boda recently under the heading "За Одну Літературну Мову," by Mr. Osyk Stetkewicz, a Ukrainian teacher and our fellow-worker in the Svo-boda. To date the articles have appeared in issues No. 258 and 260.

## HARPER'S ON THE FAMINE IN UKRAINE

An interesting commentary on Soviet Russia appeared in the November issue of the Harper's Monthly Magazine, entitled "Russia After Eight Years," by Stephen P. Duggan.

Speaking of the famine in Ukraine and other sections of the U. S. S. R. the author says:

"In the winter 1932-1933 famine raged in the Ukraine and Kuban. . . How many died of starvation no one outside the government knows with accuracy, for the government has published no statistics. No one associated with the government in any way admitted to a greater number than one million. Some foreign correspondents placed it as high as ten millions. The person within Russia whose word I have always relied upon most put it at four millions. The peasants flocked to the cities, but the passport system was introduced for residents of the cities and the peasants were ordered to go home and till the soil, little, if any help being extended to them because of the anger of the government at the results of partial sabotage. . . of the peasants who had been outraged by the forced requisitions needed to supply the army in the Far East."

## A CORRECTION

Upon reading last week's editorial "A Double Anniversary," several of our readers received the impression that the Ukrainian Sitchowi Strilchi were the only troops fighting for Western Ukrainian independence during 1918-1919. Such was not the case, and we take the blame for perhaps not making the matter clear enough in the editorial.

The Sitchowi Strilchi appeared in 1914 as part of the Austrian army. Later, at the close of the World War, when the Austrian-Hungarian Empire fell, and the Western Ukrainian Republic was set up, these Sitchowi Strilchi became a part of a regular Ukrainian Army. By no means were they the whole Ukrainian Army, although they did play such a gallant and conspicuous part in the Ukrainian war for independence.

Therefore, the line that read "then it is certain that the Ukrainian Sitchowi Strilchi. . . would have won the war," should be corrected by placing "Ukrainian troops" in place of the "Sitchowi Strilchi."

## LET'S START ANEW

Once more we raise an important issue before our youth. \*And what attitude it adopts towards this issue will determine to quite an extent the future of even the "Weekly."

We all know that when our parents came to these shores 40 years ago, a great many of them had no clear conception of the meaning and value of organization life, insurance protection, etc. This was inevitable, in view of their background—living in their homeland under the stultifying rule of the invaders. The American atmosphere, however, brought about a distinct change in this deplorable situation. Our parents began to perceive the value of organized effort. They saw in it not only a means to better themselves materially, but also as an excellent medium of achieving their ideals. For we must remember that our parents were of such a mold that despite the depressing conditions and drudgery under which they labored for their daily bread, they never ceased to aspire towards something better and finer in life than mere self-interest. Therefore, they formed that fine, idealistic, and financially-sound organization known as the Ukrainian National Association, the Association that besides providing insurance protection, was also to help them take a more active part in American life, preserve their Ukrainian culture and spirit, advance the Ukrainian cause, and help the Ukrainian people in their homeland to cast off the yoke of foreign oppression and set up their own independent state.

A book could be written of all the trials and tribulations our parents had to encounter in founding and building of this great Association and raising it to its present enviable standing. Nevertheless, they conquered them all, and today are ready to hand it over to the younger generation of American-Ukrainians—we, their children.

## A Gift to Our Youth

Throughout the 40 eventful years of the Association's existence, our parents have endeavored to smooth out all the kinks in the Association, so that when we inherit it, we will not have to experience all the difficulties and losses they did. For example, under the old system, if a member failed to pay even one monthly premium, he often lost all that he had already paid into the organization. This was an undoubted hardship, and our fathers and mothers knew that such a system would never attract their children. At considerable cost, therefore, they changed the system into one used by the most modern of life insurance companies. Not content with this, however, they also generously gave as a gift from the Association to those who were passing from the Junior Department to the Adult Department a whole year's membership, absolutely free.

## How Repaid

—And how have the young people shown their appreciation of all this? Here's the illuminating answer:—During the last three months, bringing to a close the one year of free membership for this special class of youth, of the 838 adult members suspended for non-payment of premiums, 75% of that number were young people.

Of course, we realize that some of this delinquent youth and its parents were really unable to pay the small premium required to keep one's membership in the Association. But there is a host of others who work, and can pay. And it is difficult to understand why they don't, for in the long run they will be the chief sufferers.

Therefore, young American-Ukrainians, let us all start from the scratch again, while there is still time, and help build up this great organization founded by our parents. Let us show them that although they were idealistic under the most trying conditions, yet we are even more so, and that with our superior equipment and education we will not only join this Ukrainian National Association but build it up to unprecedented heights.

## YOUNG UKRAINIAN CANDIDATE MAKES FINE SHOWING

Stephen Jarema, a young American-Ukrainian attorney of New York City, a candidate from the 8th Assembly District of New York City for New York State Assembly, received in last Tuesday's election 1,969 votes.

Taking under consideration the fact that this was the first time a Ukrainian candidate for public office from this district, as well as being the first of Slavonic blood, Mr. Jarema's showing was indeed fine, particularly since he was running on an independent ticket, bucking regular Democratic and Republican candidates. Better luck next time!

## UKRAINIAN PROGRAMS IN BOSTON AND NEW HAVEN

More and more exhibitions of Ukrainian arts, crafts, dances and music are being presented under the auspices of various American organizations.

In Boston, Mass., the International Institute will present a Homeland Exhibit and Bazaar and an International Tea on November 14 and 15th at the Lee Auditorium of the local Y. W. C. A., 140 Clarendon Street. The Ukrainian display at this affair will be in charge of Miss A. M. Moroz and Mrs. Zelechivsky, members of the Advisory Board of the local International Institute. Louis Adamic, author of "The Native's Return," will lecture on Wednesday (15th) at 8 P. M. on "A new American looks at his native and adopted countries."

A Ukrainian song and dance program will be presented in New Haven, Conn., on November 15th at 1450 Whitney Avenue, by the local Ukrainians, under the auspices of the local Chapter of the D. A. R. The songs will be presented by the local Banduryst Society under the direction of N. Kisil, while the dancing will be under the direction of W. Gena. Miss Mary Burhela and Michael Venechuk will take leading parts in the program. Miss M. B. Blahitka is chairman of the committee.

## LECTURE IN LONDON ON UKRAINE

At the invitation of the Institute of International Affairs of London, the Ukrainian Bureau in London informs us, a lecture was given by Prof. Shulgin on the present status of the Ukrainian cause, on October 15th. Following the lecture a lively discussion took place.

## THANKS SENT TO DEFENDER OF UKRAINE

From Bucharest, Roumania, comes the news that the organized Ukrainian immigration in Roumania has recently dispatched a letter of thanks and appreciation to Guiseppa Motta, Swiss delegate to League of Nations, for his action in presenting the Ukrainian situation under the Soviet misrule during the debates concerning the admission of Soviet Russia into the League.

## A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

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

(40)

### Eugene Hrebinka

Ukrainian fables are very popular among our people. Introducing animals, plants and inanimate objects as rational speakers, these fables, despite their happy and oftentimes humorous vein, contain a great deal of sense and moral truth in them, and this accounts for their popularity.

Eugene Hrebinka, a Ukrainian born in the district of Poltava, Ukraine, is considered to be about the finest exponent of Ukrainian fables. Already as a young lad he manifested great interest in them, listening to their recital by his parents or the travelling "kobzari." Upon completing his schooling he entered the army, but speedily left it. He then became an instructor in a Russian military training school, in St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia. From here he kept up an uninterrupted correspondence with his homeland, particularly with the Ukrainian patriots who were organized into the previously-mentioned group of Ukrainian intellectual workers in Kharkiv.

Hrebinka's first work was a translation of the Russian Pushkin's poem "Poltava." In addition he published an almanac "Lastiv-

ka" (Swallow), which contained many of the works of contemporary Ukrainian authors of his time as well as some odd poems of Taras Shevchenko. This was published in 1841. His famous collection of Ukrainian fables appeared in 1834 in St. Petersburg.

### Bodyansky and Metlynsky

The second quarter of the 19th century produced two other Ukrainian writers who are worth mentioning, namely, Osyp Bodyansky and Abrosius Metlynsky. Bodyansky published chronicles and some finer specimens of ancient writings, while Metlynsky issued a fine collection of Ukrainian folk songs. The latter wrote poetry too, the most notable of which sang of the Ukrainian minstrels ("kobzari" and "banduristi"), such as the "Bandura" and "Death of the Bandurist," and of the Ukrainian steppe and burial mounds, such as the "Steppe."

### Michael Maksimovitch

In 1831 the University of St. Volodimir was founded in Kiev. The chair of Russian literature therein was entrusted to Prof. Michael Maksimovitch. He gave the initia-

tive towards the revival of the Ukrainian scientific and literary movement in Kiev. Besides this service to the Ukrainian people, he contributed a great deal towards Ukrainian literature. He issued a collection of Ukrainian folk songs, and published two well known almanacs of his day, the "Kievan" and the "Ukrainian." He also made a fine translation of that classic of ancient Ukrainians — "Word of Ihor."

### The Kyrilo-Methodius Brotherhood

During this period of a continent-wide growing reaction against the oppressive social order of that time, a number of secret societies were springing up throughout Europe, whose avowed purpose was to bring about changes for the better.

Under the sponsorship of the Ukrainian historian Mikola Kostomarov, there was secretly formed in 1846, in Kiev, the famous society known as the Kyrilo-Methodius Brotherhood, which counted among its members many of the leading Ukrainians of that day.

This society was the first of its kind in modern Ukrainian history that had political objectives as its goal; more particularly, a change in form of government that ruled Russia then, and with it Ukraine. This Brotherhood ad-

vocated closer cooperation and union among all Slavic peoples; but with their right to freedom and independence safeguarded. Among its specific aims were: equality and liberty for all, the abolishment of serfdom and with it all other special privileges of one class of society over the other, universal education, broadening of the right of suffrage, and others of a similar vein.

Only when we stop to realize the terrible conditions under which Russia of that day was ruled, the unlimited autocracy of the Czar and his favorites, the quick and harsh suppression of any voice of protest, can we realize how revolutionary and bold these aims of the Kyrilo-Methodius Brotherhood were.

But before the Brotherhood could accomplish anything concrete towards the realization of these aims, it was dissolved by the Russian authorities (1847) who learned of its existence and aims through a spy. Arrests and imprisonments speedily followed. Such leading Ukrainian intellectuals and leaders as Kostomarov, Hulan, Markovitch, Bilozersky were imprisoned, as well as others who were in close contact with the Brotherhood, as Shevchenko and Kulish. But although the society was dissolved, yet its ideals remained with the Ukrainian people.

(To be continued)

## IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(A tale of olden Cossack times)

By ANDRIY TCHAIKOWSKY

(A free translation by S. S.)

(18)

### 18. Pavlush's curse comes true.

After binding Pavlush securely, the brigand started to saddle Pavlush's horse. In the process he discovered the silver and gold coins in the saddle. But he did not pull them out, merely smiling to himself in a sly fashion. The pistols he thrust into his own belt, while the sword he threw away, for it was too small for him.

Pavlush nearly cried, when he saw his beloved "shablya" go sailing through the air.

The brigand leaped upon the horse, and pulled Pavlush after him, setting him in front.

"Now, we're off for the Tartarlands," he said, good-humoredly.

"But won't you please untie my hands," pleaded Pavlush. "They're cutting my hands."

"All right, I will. But mind you, if you try to get away, I'll wring your neck."

Pavlush glanced up at the latter's words and nearly let out a gasp, for the eyes of the latter were like that of a wild wolf.

During the ride the brigand questioned Pavlush where he had come from, and why, as well as about the Cossacks. Pavlush replied honestly to all questions, and gradually his fears quieted down. After all, he thought, this man, although a robber must have some mercy in him. Maybe not only will he free me, but help me find my sister. Then I'll reward him handsomely with what I have in the saddle. Pavlush did not know that the brigand had already discovered the presence of the money, nor did he know that the brigand had guessed his thoughts, and was now sure he would not run away from him.

About noon they encountered a small caravan of Tartar merchants. Leaving Pavlush on the horse, the brigand strode over to the chief of the Tartars. Both

talked animatedly for a few moments, as if haggling over something. Then at length the Tartar pulled out a money bag and took out a handful of coins, which he gave to the brigand. In a flash Pavlush realized that he was being sold by the brigand to the Tartars.

Several Tartars approached, and pulling Pavlush off his horse, began to examine him, his teeth, hands, feet, just as they would when buying cattle. Pavlush suffered this in silence. He was too stunned to do anything else.

The brigand returned, openly pouring the gold coins he had received into his money bag. Then mounting Pavlush's horse he started to ride away, without even a glance at the boy whom he had so despicably betrayed.

Pavlush found his voice. "Dyadetohku, Dyadetohku, don't leave me," he cried.

The brigand turned around. "Search for your sister, you fool; these Tartars will show you the road," he said, laughing derisively, and kept riding.

Seeing that the brigand was really leaving him, Pavlush called after him:

"You have sold me, Judas. God will surely punish you!"

A taunting laughter was his only answer.

Pavlush sat down on the grass, and began to sob bitterly.

The brigand felt very much satisfied with himself. Without any trouble he had gained a fine horse, a saddle full of gold and silver pieces, and sold the boy in the bargain, too. It was indeed his lucky day!

Musing thus on such pleasant thoughts, the brigand did not perceive a band of Cossacks approaching from the distance, and finally when he did, it was too late to run away. Realizing that if his identity was discovered he

would be speedily slain, for he was notoriously known throughout Ukraine for his evil misdeeds, the brigand decided to bluff his way out of this predicament.

He took his hat off his head and started to call out to them,

"Poohooh! Poohooh!"

The Cossacks drew nearer. The brigand recognized their leader. It was Nedolya.

"Brothers, Cossacks!" the brigand cried out in simulated joy, "Thank God that I have met you!"

"Who are you, and where are you from?" demanded Nedolya.

"I've just escaped from Tartar captivity," explained the brigand. "For ten days I have been riding the steppe, feeding myself with raw fish that I managed to catch, for I have no flint to start a fire. Please, brothers, maybe some one of you will give me something to eat..."

Several of the Cossacks gave him some bread, and dried fish. The brigand ate it with great relish. Meanwhile, the Cossacks sat on their horses, watching him curiously. Semen the Helpless, however, was more than merely curious; he was suspicious of this supposedly escaped Tartar captive.

"You have a fine horse," Helpless spoke to him in a disharming tone. "Where did you get it?"

"I stole him from the Tartars when I was escaping," explained the brigand. "God forgive me for the sin," he added piously.

"Sotnek Nedolya," cried Helpless, "he is lying. That horse he is mounted on belongs to the boy who ran away yesterday. And that's his saddle too."

The brigand paled.

"What boy are you talking about?" he asked. "I don't know anything about any boy."

"You'll know soon enough!" exclaimed Helpless. He swung his lassoe suddenly, and in a second the brigand was lying sprawling on the ground.

The brigand started to try loosen himself and get up, but he was immediately set upon by

several Cossacks. They trussed him up securely.

"Look boys," exclaimed one of the Cossacks, holding up a pair of pistols he had found on the brigand. "Why, he has the pistols Petro gave to his younger brother Pavlush."

"Tell the truth, you robber, what did you do with the boy!" roared Nedolya.

The brigand remained silent.

"Boys!" called Nedolya. "Make a fire and heat an iron in it. We'll soon make him tell the truth."

The Cossacks parted to let someone in. It was the Tartar whom Helpless had captured, and who subsequently joined the Cossacks.

He approached the brigand, and spoke to him a few words in the Tartar dialect.

The brigand remained silent.

"I know him," said the Tartar turning to Nedolya. "He is a renegade, serves the Tartars, sells people to them. They call him Kariy."

The brigand grew paler than before. Now he knew his end had come.

"Oho! So you're Kariy!" said Nedolya. "Will you tell me what you have done with the boy?"

No reply.

"I'll skin you alive, if you don't."

"I sold him to the Tartars," admitted Kariy.

"Comrades," said Nedolya, turning to the Cossacks. "We shall pass judgement on this godless man. He forsook Christ, joined up with our worst enemy, betrayed his brothers, said Christian children to the pagans. What shall we do with him?"

"Death!" roared the Cossacks. They were ready to leap upon the brigand and tear him to pieces.

"Such death would be too easy for him. We'll have him either torn apart by horses or impaled by a pole," said Nedolya.

"Why waste fine horses on such a scoundrel, and where can you get a pole," objected someone.

(Continued on page 4)

## THE AVERAGE UKRAINIAN

After listening to lectures on Ukraine and reading accounts of the progress of our American-Ukrainian youth, I feel impelled to write a bit of the past and present feelings of our youth towards the country of their ancestors, Ukraine.

As youngsters most of us were very much the same everywhere, more or less indifferent to our Ukrainian descent and shirking our studies of Ukraine and its people, for then we thought that such studies would never be of any use to us. Who ever thought then that the time will come, as it has now, when we would regret this failure to pay more attention to the study of our people, their life and customs. Then it was usually the case of our parents patiently trying to drive home some of this knowledge, and we just as patiently refusing to pay any close attention, little dreaming then that in time we would eagerly want to learn all that they had to tell us and still crave more news of their, or rather our country. When among other peoples we rarely mentioned our nationality, that we were Ukrainian, for fear of being unable to answer the flood of questions that invariably followed such a statement. Ukraine, we knew then, was in Europe. It must be under Polish or Russian rule, we would say to ourselves, because we often heard of these two countries cruelly mistreating our people. Then there were the Tartars, but we could never remember just exactly what place in our history they occupied. Such was the knowledge of Ukraine among many of us then.

What might be called the first break in this deplorable situation occurred during our American school days, when, one day, we had the fortune of meeting a student who was also of Ukrainian blood. This student, belonging to some Ukrainian club, asked us to join. We hesitated at first, and then saying "Well, what have we got to lose, I'll try it," decided to join. And that became the turning point in our life. We came in contact with others of our race, became better acquainted, took part in some Ukrainian affairs, and before we knew it, we were interested in the Ukrainian people and their fight for freedom. This interest became further aroused when we saw other young American-Ukrainians devoting considerable time towards the improvement of their knowledge of the country from whence came their parents. If they could, why couldn't we? we said to ourselves.

The above experience must have been that of many of our young people. The result of it we see today in form of hundreds of young American-Ukrainian clubs, and many others springing up throughout the country. Closer contact among our youth begets still closer contact. Today, our main problem is to unify in some form or other all of these clubs, as for example into the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, which despite the many difficulties is beginning to wage real work on the field of American-Ukrainian life.

In this uniting we have a great many obstacles to pass, chiefly the religious and political differences among our older folks, which differences many of these older people try to impose upon us. In fact, some of them even regard with hostility when we young people try to do something on our own initiative in American-Ukrainian life. Whether they fear that the young people will outdo them or that they will not suc-

## THE WORLD DOES NOT KNOW

Awake ye fauns,  
Half-witted children!  
Behold this paradise of ours.  
Behold our Ukraina!  
Learn to love  
With fervent hearts  
This, our magnificent ruin!  
Unshackle selves, embrace each other!

Search not nor ask for that  
In a distant land,  
What is not to be had  
Even in heavens, let alone  
In the foreign land...  
In your own hut—your own truth  
You find, and power and freedom!

Thus our great poet, Taras Shevchenko, upbraids in his "Poslanye" the Ukrainian nobility that has forsaken Ukraine and turned to the nice-sounding philosophies of other nations. Shevchenko has no objections to learning of foreign wisdom; but he scorns the upper classes for adopting foreign mottoes of universal brotherhood when they oppress their own brothers, their fellow-Ukrainians. He upbraids them for learning other languages and histories of other nations while they are ignorant of their own. He calls for brotherhood in deeds, not in words only, and tells them that their truth, power, and freedom should be enjoyed in their own home—Ukraine.

The world does not know of Taras Shevchenko as it does know Milton, Shakespeare, Goethe, and others. But we, Ukrainians, should know this son of peasants, who wielded a pen so mighty as to stir our own nation and liberate the enslaved spirit. We should know him and his works, and we should follow his teachings. In order to struggle successfully for the enslaved Fatherland, we must know its history. We must know of the literary martyrs who struggled to free Ukraine by awakening the masses. We must be inoculated with that fanatic spirit of patriotism which the Cossacks and the Haidamaki had.

In foreign lands a generation of children of Ukrainian immigrants is rising. The future of Ukraine depends to a large extent on this budding Youth. Is this Youth going to degenerate nationally and know nothing about the people from which it is descended? Is this Youth going to repeat the mistakes of its fathers? Or is this Youth going to profit by these mistakes and bravely oppose the foes, to emerge from the field of battle with the freedom of Ukraine as the trophy? Time will show our fate. In order to lessen the cruelty of fate, this Youth must learn all there is to know about Ukraine and tell it to the world in word and deed. Once this Youth realizes the responsibility it has inherited, it will be time when Ukraine shines again in all Her glory.

NICHOLAS BABAK,  
Detroit, Mich.

ceed in their undertakings, I cannot say. But nevertheless, they should give us a chance when we want to attempt any activity, and also give us their support. After all, such activities on our own initiative will give us valuable experience and training, one that will stand us in good stead when they, the older folks, will begin to pass off the stage of American-Ukrainian life and leave us their uncompleted tasks.

Therefore, let us all disregard the obstacles that are in our path, and together strive towards the ideal of all Ukrainians—a free and independent Ukraine.

MARY SINGALEVITCH.

## "KOROVY"

(Modern Ukrainian Pantomimic Ballet)  
Composed and arranged by Dimitri Chutro  
Music by Paul Pecheniha  
(Copyright, October, 1934)  
(Concluded)

### PART II

Feeyawka and Motornay are alone at last in the dimness of the cool quiet garden. The thick clover-pointed grass, that is rejoicing under the drops of dew, swells the air with a sweet, moist freshness. Nothing is stirring to disturb the lovers save the silvery sleepy calls of waking birds, and the gentle swishing of the leaves, thick on the stately monarchial trees that are standing there in the garden, by the lane.

Soon from afar, we can hear very faintly at first, then drawing nearer, the dulcet piercing tones of Supiwka (lute) which is played by shepherds on their way at dawn to tend their flocks in the wide green meadows. It is a shepherd whose lute we hear, for as he passes the gate, we can see the lute pressed against his lips. He is followed by many woolly sheep meekly trailing him, urged from the rear by faithfully persistent sheep dogs. Down the winding lane they trudge in wake of the clear call of the lute, until they and the song are lost in the distance.

Motornay embraces and tenderly kisses Feeyawka under the sheltering grape arbour at the gate. Then he leaves her, and while she waves to him, he proceeds along the lane until a bend in the road excludes him from her view.

Feeyawka closes and makes fast the gate, then walks slowly in the direction of the house. Just as she is abreast of a huge linden tree, a disheveled figure, whose bruised and twisted face is set in an ugly grin of evil intent, leaps without warning, in front of her, clutching for her throat. But Feeyawka, with a quick presence of mind, whirls suddenly, eluding his grasp, then races madly up the path with Supernick in hot pursuit. Fear lends speed to her trembling legs and endurance to lungs nigh bursting with terror. She bounds up the steps, fumbles with shaking fingers for the latch, and what seems to her frenzied mind to be hours, she manages to swing the heavy wooden door open, dart inside, and to close it with a strength endowed by by fright, just as Supernick lays hold of the latch, knife upraised, lunging for her. But the force of the ponderous door's closing swim, strikes him on the shoulder, deflecting the blow of his arm, and sending the knife hilt-deep into his own chest. Feeyawka's pursuer sways—a look of horror and pain on his face—then falls prostrate to the ground, to lie there gasping and choking on the warm blood that, from his throat, is streaming onto the hard stony path.

### PART III

To the music of a stirring introduction, the curtain ascends on the second act of "Korovy." Before us are seated Feeyawka, Motornay, the brides' parents, and the maids of honor, on a circular bench in front of which is an enormous wedding-cake. The cake itself is of a rich golden color and is topped by a twirled tow-pronged pastry decoration, called "Feedyeekee," the summit of which is ornamented by flowers and apples.

The wedding guests are partaking of Horiwka, and drinking in rhythm with the music. Motornay's two best men who are through custom acting as servants for the occasion, stand by the side of the cake. One of the young men withdraws a big knife from his legging, and while his companion steadies the handle, he plunges the blade into the cake.

They cut one quarter of it and lift it out. At this moment, five girls representing the district of the Ukraine around the Carpathian Mountains, break through the quarter section of the cake and perform the Tanitz za Carpatzki (Carpathian Dance).

The men again cut one quarter of the cake. This time, as the piece slides out, a group of young men jump from it, and do the dance of the section of Ukraine by the Dnieper River, Tanitz za Dnieper.

The Druzhbovi (best men), lift out the third quarter, and as they do so, we behold other girls dressed in the costume of the girls from the Gaucian part of the Ukraine, they in turn dance the Tanitz Galitzki.

When only the last quarter of the Korovy is left, a second group of young men leap from it and perform the Tanitz Bukovina, dance of the section of the Ukraine that is now controlled by Roumania.

The dancers watch while Feeyawka and Motornay execute their Tanitz Vinchani, or wedding dance, and at finish of this, all of the guests and representative dancers join in the stirring, difficult finale. Round and round they spin—higher and higher they leap—until the curtain, falling slowly, shuts the remaining part of the banquet celebration from our view.

Hail, hail, to the Korovy.

(Descrip. by E. B.)

### LOVES YOUNG DREAM

In the stillness of my office I go  
Into reverie

And my thoughts begin with shadows  
'neath a huge and spreading tree.

Both the silence and the stillness  
tend to add their sympathy  
To the couples' whispered loving  
song breathed in harmony.

The soft, caressing twilights hue  
enfolds them mistily

While 'wakened birds start twittering  
too the same song dreamily.

An evening breeze sweeps through  
the tree rustling leaves gently  
And with the murmuring ripples  
of a brook compose a symphony.

The tender kisses of the pair are  
given hungrily

While sweet enchantment clothes  
the two in its spell happily.

Hushed love words are then exchanged  
shyly, yet eagerly  
Silver moonbeams add their share  
by clothing all in glory.

MARY SARABUN,  
Bridgeport, Pa.

## A CALL TO NEWARK YOUTH

The time has arrived when we, young American-Ukrainians of Newark and vicinity, should begin to take a more active part in the local American-Ukrainian life. For many years we have been content to plod along, grudgingly perform what tasks the elders had assigned to us, play and dance to our heart's content. But now the time has come when we should confront ourselves with the more serious problems of life.

Everywhere we look we see the youth of other nationalities taking an active part in their national life, organizing themselves, carrying on the tasks and works of their parents, both in cooperation with their elders as well as on their own initiative. As a result, they are progressing far more rapidly than we are. But there is no reason why they should outdistance us any longer. We are as energetic and talented as any of them. The only thing that holds us back is the lack of unity. We are broken up into many fragments, each attempting to lead its own life, independent of the other, and none making any appreciable progress. Let us therefore unite our efforts. Let us work together towards the achievement of our common goal—better American citizenship, self-improvement of ourselves here in America, and aid to our struggling kinsmen across the seas in Ukraine in their endeavors to free themselves of foreign tyranny.

The American-Ukrainian youth of Newark and vicinity has now a wonderful opportunity of making a united effort, one that will go a great deal towards helping to unite our Newark youth. And this golden opportunity is the November Day Holiday Program, to be held on November 18, 1934, at the "Old Church Hall," 249 Court Street, Newark, N. J., under the auspices of the "Ukrainian Social Club" together with the cooperation of the "Youth of the Chornomorska Sitch," of Newark, and other local youth bodies.

This program will consist entirely of youth talent, under youth direction. It will be presented in both Ukrainian and English languages, so as to be clearly understandable by all.

One of the highlights of the program will be the playing of a String Quintet from Michael Hayvoronsky's—the famous Ukrainian composer—Orchestra of New York City. Then there will be a short dramatic sketch drawn from the life of the Sichowi Strilchi, under the direction of Stephen Eik. A youth male chorus will sing Sichowi Strilchi songs. Then there will be songs sung by girls, recitations, dramatic declamations, and other interesting numbers.

The November Day Holiday ("Listopadove Svyato") is observed by Ukrainians throughout the entire world, even in such far-away places as Manchuria and Argentina. It is observed in commemoration of that memorable day 16 years ago, November 1, 1918, when Western Ukraine, the land of our parents and ancestors, cast off its six-centuries old chains of oppression and persecution and arose a free and independent nation, virile with life and hope.

American-Ukrainian Youth of Newark! Let us commemorate this great event. Let us be true sons and daughters of those famous Cossack ancestors who aroused world admiration in their fight to preserve their liberties. Let us show our parents that we respect their ideals and traditions, that we will take up their tasks where they are leaving off and

## THE SPORT WHIRL

## SPORT DIVISION OF YOUTH'S LEAGUE WANTS DATA

It is a natural human tendency to read an article which calls for prompt action, whereby one has nothing to lose but a lot to gain, to lay it aside for intended future reference, and gradually by sheer neglect completely forget about it until it is too late for consideration. Are you in this category?

For just such persons let it be here reminded that in a previous issue of the Weekly, the Sport Division of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America requested that all existing Ukrainian Athletic teams submit answers to a list of questions dealing with club athletics, and express either their willingness or refusal to cooperate with the sport committee in forming sectional Ukrainian Basketball Leagues.

To date, the numerical reaction has been timid, indicating either a laxity or else a pessimistic attitude towards the venture.

If we are to remain backward and inactive, then it is certain that we will never accomplish anything worthwhile. Are you going to hold back your entire club and thereby help doom this first honest effort to form a closer link among the Ukrainian Athletic teams, and hinder at the same time the advertising of your team and the promulgation of the Ukrainian name through the sport's section, by simply lacking some initiative? As a true progressive young Ukrainian, you cannot possibly harbor this retardant thought on your conscience.

Here is an opportunity to prove to ourselves as well as to our older generation that we can and will, when occasion calls for, organize ourselves into a strong athletic body that may, in time, possibly expand into a Ukrainian Athletic Association of America. Therefore, if you consider yourself a true and loyal Ukrainian, you will take the initiative in answering the following questions, which are repeated for your convenience:

- 1—Name and address of team,
- 2—Name and address of manager and booking agent,
- 3—How or by whom financed,
- 4—Type of athletics fostered,
- 5—Date of organizing,
- 6—Classification of team (Junior, Senior, Amateur),
- 7—Ages of all players,
- 8—Percentage of Ukrainians on team,
- 9—Whether uniformed; emblem worn,
- 10—Past winning percentages,
- 11—Whether team would be interested in joining a proposed local Ukrainian Athletic League.

To give the unorganized teams more time, the deadline has been extended until Thanksgiving Day, also to those clubs who have no team at present, but who contemplate organizing one this season, we would suggest that they call a special meeting and decide whether or not to be included as a prospective applicant. In this event simply send in the name and address of the club.

Miss Marie Kunyczka, residing at 2926 West Poplar Street in Philadelphia, because of her interest in Ukrainian work, has been appointed Secretary of the Sport

Division of the UYL of NA during this campaign. Hereafter, all information and letters are to be sent to the secretary.

Your prompt reply will help expediate our present plans, and the success or failure of this attempt is entirely in your hands. We will particularly note whether the loquacious clubs will respond at this opportune time.

ALEXANDER YAREMKO.

## CHESTER PA. CLUB ENTERS EASTERN BASKETBALL LEAGUE

The Ukrainian Athletic Club of Chester Pa., wishes to inform the Ukrainian sport loving public that the Chester Ukrainians have bought a franchise in the Eastern Basketball League. This was made possible through the recognition and support of not only the club members, but also of all American and Ukrainian people of Chester who take an interest in sports.

Six years ago, when the Ukrainian A. C. of Chester was first formed, the local Ukrainians played a small part in the sport or any other field of endeavor. But during the last three years the Ukrainians have made all the other clubs sit up and take notice. During the year of 1931-32, the Ukrainians were independent champions of Delaware County, and during the season of 32-33 they won the championship of Delaware County League. In '33-'34 they finished in second place, being nosed out of the championship by one game. Due largely to the record they hung up in those three years of competition, the Ukrainians of Chester have now entered one of the fastest basketball leagues in the country. As under the management of Mickey Wolh and John Panco, the club, now under the guidance of Joe Blahitka, will have a successful season.

The Chester Ukrainians will have three of their mainstays again this season, namely, 1. Al Dowbenko of Temple University—a great passer and defensive player with no peers, one whose passing and guarding tactics are a revelation; 2. Mit Linaka, a great forward with a fast get-away and a eagle eye, a dead shot from any angle; and 3. Dowbenko's running mate—"Hen" Wesolowski, a fine passer and a basket swisher. With the addition of Nickolsón and Harris, this combination will be hard to beat, for each one of them is a passer, a hard defensive player, and a good shot.

The Ukrainians of the following cities and vicinity will have an opportunity to see and cheer for the Chester Ukrainians. Nov. 15 Philadelphia, Nov. 25 Germantown, Pa., Nov. 28 Wilmington, Del., Dec. 3 Trenton, N. J., Dec. 14 Bridgeton, N. J., and Jan. 1st Atlantic City.

For the place of the game read your local newspaper.

The home games of the Ukrainians will start Nov. 18 with Germantown and every Sunday, exclusive of Oct. 25. All games will be played in the Ukrainian American National Home in Chester, Pa.

The Chester Ukrainians also have fast senior and junior teams, Any Ukrainian club wishing to schedule games with any of the one of the three teams, please write to Basketball Manager c/o Ukrainian National Home, 4th and Ward St. Chester Pa.

Yours in Sport,  
Basketball Committee.

## IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(Continued from page 2)

"All right, then," said Nedolya. "I have a better plan." Turning to the Tartar who was standing close to the brigand, he said:

"Take him. He's yours. Do whatever you want with him."

A look of unholy joy passed over the Tartar's face. He took out his knife and drew closer to Kariy, staring the latter in the eyes. The brigand gazed back, horror-stricken, as if he was seeing a ghost.

"Remember me?" slowly and deliberately asked the Tartar. "I am ruseyn, son of Mustapha... Remember? You swore to be my dearest friend, on the sabre we swore... and then... you killed my old father and robbed everything... do you remember? We took you into our home as our dearest friend... and you betrayed s..."

The Cossacks silently looked on this scene. Those who understood the Tartar language knew something terrible was about to happen.

The brigand sat on the ground, trembling as in ague. He could not tear his eyes away from the burning eyes of the Tartar.

"Don't be afraid," spoke gently the Tartar. "I shall handle you most gently, yes indeed most gently. You were an expert in the art of torture, but now you shall see an art even better than your own."

Seizing the brigand by the nair, the Tartar turned him around. Then he ripped his coat and shirt off, leaving his back bare.

The brigand did not attempt to defend himself; he lay as still as a log.

Twice the knife flashed down the length of the brigand's back. A swift movement, and a long strip of skin dangled in the Tartar's hand.

The brigand shuddered once, not uttering a sound... The Tartar was silent also, merely purring to himself like a cat that has a mouse in its teeth.

The scene that followed was sickeningly terrible to behold. After stripping the brigand's back clear of skin, the Tartar turned him around on his raw and bleeding back, and forcing his jaws open with the hilt of his knife, cut off his tongue. Then he proceeded to disembowel the brigand.

The Cossacks turned their backs on the scene. Hardened as they were to violence, this was too much for them.

The brigand was groaning like an ox that has not been completely killed.

"Enough!" commanded Nedolya. "Cut his head off, and stop torturing him any further."

The Tartar looked around at Nedolya, as if the latter was depriving him of his greatest joy. But he didn't dare disobey. He swung his knife once, and put an end to the brigand.

The Cossacks walked away from the repugnant spectacle.

The Tartar took the dead figure of the brigand by the leg and dragged him off into the steppe.

Pavlush's curse had come true.

(To be continued)

Ukrainian Social Club,  
Newark, N. J.