



## UKRAINIAN NATIONALIST ORGANIZATION FORMED IN THE FAR EAST

"The Manchurian Herald," Ukrainian newspaper published in Harbin, Manchukuo, Asia, reports that the Ukrainian settlers of the "Zeleny Klyn" (Green Wedge) in the Soviet Far Eastern Region, have recently formed a political organization known as the "Ukrainian Nationalist-State Front," which has as its aim the aiding of the Ukrainians of that distant land to strengthen their political power and also to aid them in their endeavors to break away from the Bolshevik rule and establish their own Ukrainian state.

## SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF MANCHURIAN UKRAINIAN NEWSPAPER

Harbin, Manchukuo, Asia.—The Ukrainians of the Far East are observing at the present time the second anniversary of the founding of the Ukrainian newspaper published in Harbin—"The Manchurian Herald." Throughout the entire two years this Ukrainian newspaper has done a great deal towards strengthening the binding ties among the Ukrainians that live in that corner of the earth. Its aim is to help create in that section a source of help for the Ukrainians in their homeland, Ukraine, to gain their freedom and set up their own state. The organ further aims towards the union of all Ukrainians in the Far East for their own betterment and the realization of their ideals.

According to the available figures, there are about 750,000 Ukrainians living in that corner of the Far East. The majority of these Ukrainians are located on a more or less compact territory running on an imaginary line between Blagoschensk and Vladivostok. Other Ukrainian settlements are to the north of the Amur River, some around Lake Baikal in the interior, and along the southern borders of what constitutes Siberia. Besides Harbin there are also Ukrainian colonies in Tientsin and Shanghai.

## ACTIVITIES OF UKRAINIANS IN HARBIN

The Ukrainian National Home in Harbin, center of Ukrainian life, recently was the scene of the first dramatic offering of the newly formed Troupe of Ukrainian Artists under the direction of W. Murin. The offering was the well known "Dushohub" (Murderer) by Tohobochny.

The Ukrainian National Home in Harbin also has become the center of refuge and aid for many refugees from the Soviet Far-Eastern provinces, many of whom are Ukrainians. They recount tales of unbelievable privations suffered under the Soviet rule.

Last September, a Ukrainian school for Ukrainian children of Harbin was opened at the Ukrainian National Home. For the poorer children a special fund is being raised to give them a Ukrainian education.

## OUR STAND AFFIRMED

What the Ukrainian Weekly has been stressing from the very start of its existence is forcibly brought to the attention of the American reading public in a leading American publication.

The November issue of the Harper's Monthly Magazine contains an article entitled "Thirty Million New Americans," by Louis Adamic, in which it is emphasized that the most important fact about the American-born children of immigrant parents of various nationalities that have made America their new homeland is that the majority of them are oppressed by feelings of inferiority in relation to their fellow citizens of the older stock, to the main stream of American life, and to the problem of life as a whole.

The author ascribes as the reason underlying this deplorable situation the lack among these New Americans, as he calls them, of a comprehensive knowledge of their background, of the history, tradition, ideals, and culture of the country from which came their parents. He strongly recommends that this knowledge be obtained at the earliest moment possible.

This is exactly what the Ukrainian Weekly has been advocating from its very first issue: that our American-Ukrainian youth should devote a good portion of their spare time in obtaining at least a rudimentary knowledge of some of the finer phases and aspects of Ukrainian life, both past and present. As we have so often stressed before;—without this knowledge our American youth of Ukrainian descent will not only take no interest nor part in American-Ukrainian life, remain largely indifferent to the courageous struggle their kinsmen are waging across the seas in their own homeland to win that freedom that we are so fortunate in having here, but will also remain perennially oppressed here in America by the feeling that they are outsiders and thus inferior, with the result that many of them will continue to live outside the main stream of life in America.

This feeling of inferiority, as Mr. Adamic points out, is especially true of groups which linguistically and culturally are farthest removed from the predominant Anglo-Saxon element in America, and still more of groups which, besides being unrelated to the Anglo-Saxon, are suppressed and subject nationalities in Europe. This classification undoubtedly fits the Ukrainians, perhaps more so than any other nationality, and therefore our American-Ukrainian youth have perhaps the greatest need of acquiring knowledge of their Ukrainian background.

Our parents strove at all times to convey to us the essence of this background, but that they were not entirely successful is the fault more of circumstances than of themselves. As the first wave of Ukrainian immigration they had to put more effort into gaining a bare living than subsequent waves would. Added to this was their inability to get a good education in their homeland, due to the denationalizing rule of their oppressors. But now, despite the depression, they have gained a breathing spell, and are turning their attention to their children, more than ever before. They realize that, by all means, we, their children, must have this knowledge of our Ukrainian background, if we are to carry on their tasks and also make something of ourselves in American life.

And that is exactly why their largest and oldest organization, the one into the building of which they put most effort and sacrifices, the Ukrainian National Association, is sponsoring the publication of this Ukrainian Weekly for the American-Ukrainian youth—to help them in their endeavors to gain a good knowledge of their Ukrainian ancestry.

A fine source for such knowledge will soon appear in form of an illustrated book, "Spirit of Ukraine," to be published by the "Obyednanye," dealing with Ukrainian contributions to the world's culture.

## YOUTH TOPICS

### New York Daily Mirror

Arthur Brisbane, the well-known editorial writer of the Hearst papers, has become the managing editor of the New York Daily Mirror, the well-known tabloid.

Commenting on this fact, in the New York American, Mr. Brisbane says that he went to the Daily Mirror because it has a large circulation and is read by many of this younger generation, and offers unlimited possibilities of usefulness.

Do young people really read the Daily Mirror more than they do other papers? And do they rather than the old generation constitute the bulk of the readers of the tabloids?

## Character and Athletic Prowess

Dr. Allen G. Ireland, New Jersey State Supervisor of Health and Education, speaking at the thirty-fourth congress of the New Jersey Parent-Teachers Association in Atlantic City, New Jersey, on November 9, declared that there was too much over-emphasis of athletics. He contended that too much publicity and the ceremonious awarding of letters was especially bad for girls. It upsets them and makes them self-centered. Girls athletes who ascend to the heights in their respective sports and are acclaimed for their efforts just "can't take it": it upsets them emotionally and makes them egotistical.

"We hold," he said, "that athletic activities for both boys and girls, but especially for girls, should have for their prime object the development of sportsmanship and character rather than competition and reward; that all who are physically able should profit by it rather than a few selected members of the team; that courses in athletics should be preceded by an adequate physical examination."

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## EXHIBIT OF UKRAINIAN ARTISTS IN LVIW

Lviv, Western Ukraine under Polish rule.—A large number of spectators recently witnessed here the opening of an Art Exhibit of 18 Ukrainian painters and 1 sculptor. The exhibit contains 186 works. Most of those represented are young artists.

## UKRAINIAN ARTIST'S EXHIBIT IN BARCELONA

"Dilo," Ukrainian newspaper of Western Ukraine, reports that the well known Ukrainian artist, Mikola Hluschenko, had a private exhibit of his works during the month of September in Barcelona, Spain. The Barcelona Museum purchased one of his works for its own collection. Local art critics acclaimed his works.



## A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

### "The Books of Genesis of the Ukrainian People"

Among the documents and varied sorts of literature and pamphlets found in the possession of the Cyril-Methodius Brotherhood, during the search instituted by the Russian authorities following the dissolving of this brotherhood and the arrest of its members, none gave a greater scare to the Chief of Police than the "КНИГИ БІТІЯ УКРАЇНСЬКОГО НАРОДУ" (The Books of Genesis of the Ukrainian People). The police managed to get several of these books. Three of them, written by Kostomarov, two in the Ukrainian and one in the Russian language, were found in Kostomarov's and in Hulak's possession. A fourth, written by Hulak, was found in his possession. And the fifth, written by Navrotsky, was found in Bilozersky's home.

#### Their Contents

Beginning the "Books of Genesis of the Ukrainian People," the

author tells of the creation of the world. Continuing, he dwells on the fate of the Jewish and Greek peoples. To the Jews, he says, Moses gave the law "that all should be equal, that there should be no king among them, but that they should recognize but one mighty King—the Heavenly Father." And then he points out the moral—when the Jews created for themselves many kings and idols and forgot about God, He punished them; and they lost their country and fell into Chaldean captivity. In greater detail the author goes into the recital of the coming and life of Jesus Christ, —who appeared not in a form befitting an earthly king, but as a baby born in a humble manger and who lived not in riches but in poverty. Passing into the Middle Ages and Modern History, the author condemns the feudalistic system which, he charges, the Italian, French and Spanish nobility introduced; welcomes the appearance of Luther, but criticizes the Germans for retaining the

feudal system together with its ruling caste. Then he passes on to the Slavic race, and at length comes to Ukraine. "Neither the Czar nor "paan" did Ukraine like, but created her own Cossackdom, in which all Cossacks were free and equal, and no one bore the titles or privileges of nobles." He mentions the famous Ukrainian Cossack leader Sahaydatchny, and his long-to-be-remembered raid upon Kaffa. And then continuing: "And Ukraine wanted to live in brotherly peace with Poland, but Poland did not want to forsake its feudalism. Therefore, Ukraine then allied herself with Muscovy; but quickly discovered that she had fallen into slavery; for the Muscovian Czar was both an idol-god and a torturer, who built his capitol on the bones of thousands of Cossacks; while the German Catherine II, a goddess woman, after having killed her husband, brought an end to the Cossacks and their freedom too..." etc. etc.

The author of these "Books of Genesis of the Ukrainian People" was undoubtedly Kostomarov himself. These books form a splendid example of the high ideology of the Cyril-Methodius Brotherhood. But due to Russian censorship, the

full Ukrainian text of these "Genesis books..." did not appear until after the breaking out of the Russian Revolution in 1917.

#### Mikola Kostomarov

Mikola Kostomarov (1817-1885) performed a very valuable service to the Ukrainian nation by greatly aiding the awakening of the national consciousness of the Ukrainian people. He particularly devoted most of his efforts towards bettering the educational and the general enlightenment of the Ukrainian people, issuing many educational works, lecturing on the past history of Ukraine in the universities of Kiev and St. Petersburg, and writing a considerable number of books and pamphlets on Ukrainian history. His works and researches on Ukrainian history served as a basis of study for whole generations after him. He defended before the whole world the right of the Ukrainian people to independence, and their distinctly separate character as a nation from the Polish and Russian peoples. He stood at the head of the Ukrainian people and their aspirations.

(To be continued)

## IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(A tale of olden Cossack times)

By ANDRIY TCHAIKOWSKY

(A free translation by S. S.)

### 19. To Crimea with the Tartar traders

After drying his tears, Pavlush sat down on the ground, and propping up his knees beneath his chin, began to meditate upon his predicament.

One of the Tartar traders brought him a pancake and a bowl of milk.

Pavlush being very hungry, fell to the food with great appetite, and after finishing the pancake, drank the milk with gusto, unaware that it not cow's milk but mare's milk.

"Maybe it's better this way after all," thought Pavlush, "that I fell into the Tartars' hands. They'll take me to Crimea, and that will make my search for Hannah all the easier."

Seeing that his captors were not as fierce looking as those whom he had encountered so far, Pavlush thought it would be a good idea to try to get a bit of information from them.

"Where are you taking me?" he ventured to ask one of the Tartars.

"We are going to Crimea, and you are going with us. If you will behave you won't have any trouble with us. But if you don't..." answered one of the Tartars. He spoke in the Ukrainian language, with which most Tartar traders were well acquainted.

Pavlush, emboldened by this assurance that he would not be mistreated if he behaved, began to question the Tartar further. His manner and the apparent desire to please, made a favorable impression upon the traders, and after a few days, they grew to like him. In every way possible he helped them with the many tasks, as the caravan slowly wound its way across the steppe. By listening carefully, he began to pick up the Tartar language. He was very bright, and the Tartars could not get over their wonder over him. The other captives were wild, always weeping; while Pavlush was always cheerful, and after having learned a little of the

language, was of much greater service to them.

"Will you try to run away from us," asked an old bearded Tartar, evidently the leader of the traders. This was on about the third day. Although they were still in the steppe, yet Pavlush already could detect a change in the air.

"Why of course not," replied Pavlush. "Without a horse and without weapons? How could I? It's good enough for me here with you. I did not know that there are such good people among you."

"We are traders," explained the Tartar, evidently pleased at Pavlush's reply. "Stay with us, and it will be good for you. But you must adopt our religion."

"But I don't even know what your religion is, as yet. Anyway, you have Christians among yourself, haven't you?"

"None," the Tartar replied, emphatically. "You must forsake Christ, and desecrate his image."

Pavlush would have spit into the Tartar's eyes for uttering such a sacrilege, but he did not dare show his anger.

"Oh, but I must learn your language first," he answered, "and then..."

"Good!" said the Tartar. "And when you become a Mussulman, you'll be allowed your freedom; and later you can attain a high rank among us, for you are a bright boy. Many of you Ukrainians became high viziers among us. The Khan in Tsarhorod promotes those that are worthy of promotion."

"And who is the Khan?" inquired Pavlush, curiously.

"Don't you know? The Khan is the Turkish ruler, a great lord: in a word—a king..."

"I never heard of him," replied Pavlush, not the least perturbed at this seeming ignorance of his. "In our Ukraine," he continued "we have not Khan, but we have a Hetman, and a Otaman in the Sitch."

"Yes, I know that," replied the Tartar, "but our Khan is higher

than your Hetman, because your people can always depose the Hetman or Otaman from his office and elect another in his place, while the Khan can never be deposed. He is born a Khan and he remains one until his death."

"By the way, how much did you pay to that dog that sold me," inquired Pavlush, turning the conversation into a different channel.

"Twenty gold pieces."

"Oh, but that was not enough!" said Pavlush, smiling.

"Why, are you worth more than that?"

"Not that. But I would have given you much more for myself than he did."

"How could you? You did not have any money."

"Don't be so sure," replied Pavlush. "I had about ten times as much as that brigand gave you. I had it hid in the saddle, and he took it away with my horse when he left."

The Tartar uttered an imprecation, upon realizing what had slipped through his fingers.

"Why didn't you tell me this in the first place," he exclaimed, exasperated.

"You did not ask me," replied Pavlush, enjoying the latter's discomfiture.

Another Tartar approached at this juncture and called the one conversing with Pavlush over to the side. They began discussing something between themselves.

Pavlush was anxious to know one more thing. And as the two Tartars began to walk away from him, he called out after the one with whom he had been conversing:

"When we get to Crimea, are you going to sell me at the slave market?"

"I don't sell able boys, but keep them to work for myself," replied the white-bearded Tartar.

This was cheering news to Pavlush, for he did not want to be separated from these traders. If he were sold by them, he might be taken away far away, and his chances of finding his sister would be nil. He resolved therefore to be on his best behavior.

The journey to Crimea was exceedingly long. The long caravan, loaded down with goods, creaked slowly across the undulating steppe. But the very length of the journey stood Pavlush in good

stead, for by close application he learned how to talk in the Tartar language, clumsily, to be sure, yet sufficiently clear to be understood.

The traders, seeing how ambitious he was, not shirking a task, always remaining cheerful, began to take a liking to him. He answered all their questions frankly, even to the point of seeming naive. He told them all about the destruction of the village of Spasivka, his flight from the burning village during that night, the meeting with the Cossacks, the battles with the Tartars, and so on. But he never mentioned one fact, and that was that he was in search of his sister. He realized that if he told them that, they would immediately perceive that his peaceful attitude was only a stratagem to escape at the first opportune moment.

The Tartars became so accustomed to the idea that he had no intention of trying to escape, that they did not even wonder, when the caravan encountered some Ukrainian "chumaks" on the road, that he did not plead with them to buy him off the Tartar traders, but merely contented himself in asking a few questions of them. This act convinced the Tartars of his sincerity in wanting to stay with them.

And thus they journeyed until they reached the sea. This was the first time that Pavlush had seen a sea, and the sight filled him with amazement and awe.

Entering the Crimean Peninsula the caravan began to encounter more and more Tartar huts or settlements. Their inhabitants often came out to watch the passing traders, and also to question them as to the events in Ukraine.

It was here that Pavlush first began to experience a feeling of homesickness. Up to this time he had been on the steppe, which although so far away from home was still the familiar steppe. But now even the ground seemed different. Pavlush could feel he was in a foreign land and foreign people. He lost some of his confidence, and nearly felt like crying.

Finally the caravan reached its destination, the Tartar village of Kodzhambaku.

\* "CHumaks"—those who transported salt and fish from the sea inland.

(To be continued)



# WHILE GENERATIONS COME AND GO, THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION STAYS AND PAYS

## THE TWO FOUNTAINS

(An ultra-modern pantomimic ballet composed and arranged  
by Dimitri Chutro)

(Music by Nicolai Lissenko)

(Copyright October, 1934)

In the park, before a thick clump of trees, rises a statue from a high pedestal of marble. The statue itself is the exquisite reproduction, also in marble, of two human figures, Grecian in design, and beautiful in proportion and pose.

The statue is shadowed on two sides by circular active fountains. In the centers of each, cool water splashes up from the arched throats of stone swans, high over the dignified marble maidens who bend with shy modesty around the outer edges.

The perfect esthetic symmetry of the scene is such that the soul of the observer is imbued with the same glorious fulness as that bestowed by the inspired music of a prodigious orchestral masterpiece.

However, the spell is broken by the raucous voices of two drunken men in working clothes, who uncertainly stagger, arms about each other's neck, toward the fountains.

They stand in front of the fountain. One of the men slides his hat down from his disheveled head and with a foolish movement dangles it before the mouth of the nearest swan. The other man, becoming aware of the large statue between the fountains, stumbles over to get a better view of it. He remains several seconds, swaying back and forth on his mud-encrusted shoes, his bleary blinking gaze filled with pity as he regards the two nude figures. Then with a sudden inspiration, he removes his own coat, despite the maudlin protestations of his friend who is balancing himself on the edge of the fountain by anchoring his arm through elbow of one of the marble maidens, and with his coat in his teeth, scrambles up on hands and knees to where the fearless female figure rests against the competent strength of her lover.

For awhile the inebriate strokes her shoulders, attempting to comfort her, then clumsily places his sweat-stained coat around her arms and neck. Giving the lady a final pat, he makes a futile attempt to reach the ground just as he ascended, instead he falls head over heels, and with grunts and groans reaches the grass. There he sprawls until his friend drags him unprotestingly by his overall suspenders to the bottom of the statue.

They stretch out, prop their heads against the bottom step of the pedestal, and settle themselves for a quiet snooze. One man has a coat, while the other has none, so the one who draped his about the statue, attempts to remove his friend's coat and wrap it over himself. They pull themselves upright, and start arguing over the coat. Even though the past events have not penetrated through their brain-clouded heads, they face one another, and rain loose, badly

directed blows at each other, until a hurrying policeman collars them both, and silences them with threats of arrest.

They point to the coat on the statue, and while the policeman waits, club in hand, they clamber up and stupidly succeed in procuring it. As they descend, he grabs each by the shoulder and roughly jerks them away.

From around the trees, a young girl in a flowered silk dress and a perky little hat comes near, and poises on inadequate high-heeled shoes, watching the playing fountains. She moves over to the large center statue, pops her chewing gum out on her tongue as she regards the unashamed lovers, then, with a scornful curl of her lip and a shrug of one thin shoulder, she gives a disdainful glance as a parting gesture, and slumps down on the lower step of the pedestal.

From the opposite side, a young man approaches. He is wearing patent leather shoes, a gaudy green-blue suit, and a brown plaid cap far down over his eyes.

He stands by the fountain on the left, munching peanuts out of a small paper bag. Then he amuses himself for awhile, by throwing the peanut shells into the water, and watching them swirl in circles against the current of the water. The empty crumpled paper follows next, aimed at the mouth of a swan in the middle of the fountain. After this, jauntily balancing one foot on the rim of the fountain, he rummages thru his vest pocket in quest of a quill toothpick. With it in his hand, he idly leans over slightly, scraping at his teeth.

Suddenly, turning his head, he notices the girl alone on the step. Carefully replacing the quill in his vest pocket, he makes himself ready for the perils of the chase by buttoning his coat and smoothing it down over the hips, and with a final crease to the brim of his cap, he saunters slowly past the statue.

From the corner of his eye, he is slyly aware of the girl's interested gaze, so he retraces his steps, walks by again, then stops in front of her, his lips and teeth meeting in the accustomed smile for the occasions like this, and brazenly seats himself at her side.

They talk—he encircles her with his ready arm—she remonstrates half-heartedly when he masterfully draws her head onto his shoulder.

A lamp lighter, with ladder and torch, limps by, muttering to himself. He climbs awkwardly up to the lamp, due to his rheumatic, twisted legs, and with gnarled fingers touches the torch to the exposed wick.

A white mellow glow pervades the scene and the privacy of the young man and girl is ruined. They rise in disgust, and arms around each other, stroll away to a more secluded spot.

## KNOW YOUR BACKGROUND

Louis Adamic, in his article "Thirty Million New Americans," discusses in the November issue of the "Harpers Monthly Magazine," an exceedingly interesting problem that should be of interest to our youth as well. He says:

"Within its population of one hundred and twenty five million, the United States has today about thirty million citizens—the overwhelming majority of them young citizens—who are the American-born children of immigrant parents of thirty six nationalities," including Ukrainian.

The author discusses the problem of these "New Americans," as he terms the first and the second generation children born in this country.

The scene is quiet, peaceful once more. We can hear only the trickle and splashing of the water as it spurts and falls gurgling into the center basin.

The water reflects the steady glimmer of the lamp. It appears that the white color is mysteriously vanishing, and almost imperceptibly modulating from palest yellow to dark golden—from icy blue to warm rich blue—from delicate pink to dark rose.

And, as we watch this peculiarly living scene, the bending maidens from around the fountains wearily straighten from their stooping position, and move down to the grass. The two statues on the pedestal assume lifelike characteristics, smile at each other, then with accustomed precision, step down the three steps to the ground below.

It seems to us, watching the spectacle, with eyes wide in awe, that these figures have been going through these movements times innumerable, that we are in rare good fortune, the unseen bystanders viewing an ancient mystic ritual dance, the performance of which was prescribed for the gratification of some pagan deity.

The dancers are pacing to and fro in an aristocratic silent blending of movements that sends gossamer scarfs undulating from their swaying arms.

The water in the fountains surges higher; the swans are skimming along the edges of the pools, leaving a mass of slow ripples in their wake.

Gradually the lamplight dies; the colours dim and fade. The water lowers, the swans are stilled.

With the coming greyness of the dawn, the dancers sadly separate, to resume their former positions around the fountains.

The two figures belonging on the huge center statue, remount the steps reluctantly, and quickly restore themselves to their accustomed positions.

Up to now, all the dancers have appeared like real living human beings, but, as if at a given signal, their life-like glow is gone, and they are once again only bloodless reproductions in white marble of human figures.

The day has come.  
The fountains are playing as before.

He points out the numerous difficulties they have to face in this country, such as being ashamed that they are immigrants' children, that they are not of Anglo-Saxon stock, that they have different names, that they are often called by "Old Americans,"—"Hunkies," "Pollacks," "Litvaks," etc., and worse of all—that they have an inferiority complex.

The author reveals that he has spoken to many Americans of the Slavic parentage, including some Ukrainians, who have tried to break with their parents, changed their "foreign" names and fully repudiated their origin in order that they should belong to the Old Americans.

He derides them for this, calls and gives them advice on how to succeed in spite of their difficulties. He volunteers advice to the American teachers and social workers. Here is what he says: "Why? There are at least two explanations. One is that most of them lived, during at least part of their lives, in comparatively favorable economic circumstances, and their parents managed to give them some schooling in addition to legal requirements, which helped them more or less to work themselves out of their various second-generation complexes. The other explanation (probably not unrelated to the first) is that in all cases without exception which came to my attention, their fathers and mothers were wise and articulate enough to convey to them something of their background in the old countries. Tell them (the second generation Americans) what it is to be Finn, a Slovenian, a Serbian, a Croation, a Ukrainian, etc., and inspire in them some respect for their meaning; make them conscious of their background and heritage, give them some sense of continuity, some feeling of their being part of America, in which immigrants like themselves played an important role—part of something bigger and better than the bleak, utterly depressing existence led by them and their neighbors in the grimy steel-mill and iron-coal-mining towns where they lived."

The author is certain that his plan will work out very nicely. Here he cites as an example a girl who "was born in Cleveland and whose father and mother were Slovenians; and there is no doubt in my mind that much of her charm issued from the fact that she was keenly conscious of her parents' native land and culture."

Still another of these better New Americans was a young six-footer of Finnish parentage in the Iron Range in Minnesota. He had never been in Finland, but knew a good deal about the basic cultural qualities of that country from his mother's word pictures of it, had fluent command of the Finnish language which did not interfere with his English, knew dozens of Finnish folk ballads and lyrics and sang them well,

**THE SPORT WHIRL**

**MORE UKRAINIAN ATHLETES**

We have in Northampton, Pa., a professional football team, called Northampton Triangles, which is composed of nine (9) Ukrainian athletes. They are, Charles Pontician, right halfback; "Mitch" Pontician, left half back; Kelly Pontician, left end,—all 3 being brothers; Nick Micio, left tackle; Puchyr, fullback; Hluschak, left guard; Smallen, who is 6 feet 4 inches, right tackle; Kurey, right guard. All of these are Northampton High School graduates. The other Ukrainian is "Hunk" Bobalik, the Captain of the team, who plays at center and hails from Catty High School, the 1932 Lehigh Valley Football champs.

The team has shown fine class and is rated as one of the best teams in its class.

They went to Wilkes Barre, Pa., to play a team with all college stars, four of them being All-Americans. The Northamptonians lost 7-0, but these Ukrainian high school stars showed those College stars and All-Americans that they could not do everything their own way. Since the lone touchdown was made by a recovered fumble, the Ukrainians earned for themselves a return game at a later date.

WALLACE SHESKA,  
Northampton, Pa.

**OZONE PARK TEAM REGISTERS EXCITING WIN**

The Ukrainian Cossack's Basketball Team of Ozone, N. Y. started with a bang. The "Cossacks" won a hard fought game from the Blue Eagles B. C. by a narrow margin of two points. The final score was 22-20 in favor of the "Cossacks." At the end of the first quarter it looked pretty dismal for our side—the score being 12-2 in favor of the Blue Eagles, Eugene Charny's field goal scoring two points for the team's only tally of the quarter. In the next period the "Cossacks" spurred onward. The score at the half was 18-16 in favor of the Blue Eagles. Some snappy pass work in the second quarter helped to bring the score up for the "Cossacks." In the third quarter, Nicholas Parpan showed the form that enabled him to make Adam's Varsity Basketball team. Aided by his brother John Parpan, Nicholas knotted the score at 20-20. The third quarter ended with that score. In the third quarter John Worgul, brother of Tony Worgul (that famous basketball star of Richmond Hill H. S. and the Ozone Park Cardinals) played a fine defensive game for the "Cossacks." The last quarter was the most exciting period of the game. In that whole quarter only one field goal was scored, and it was the deciding shot of the game. That winning basket was scored by John Parpan just before the end of the game.

"Duke" Duzminski, Adam's star basket ball player, helped the Blue Eagles by scoring ten points. Nicholas Parpan took the scoring honors on the "Cossacks." Nicky scored eight points. The "Cossacks" didn't really find their stride until the second quarter, when they scored fourteen points.

After successfully defeating a good ball club, the "Cossacks" are out for more blood. They expect to keep their winning stride for some time.

NICHOLAS SAWKA.



**UKRAINIAN LAD GETS OFFER FROM PROFS**

It may interest you to know that William Sachno, 3114 West 53 St, Chicago, Ill., has just received an offer to play on a professional soccer team, the Sparta Aces. Bill played soccer two years on the Tilden Technical High School team. He is of Ukrainian nationality, and is 17 years old.

JOHN CZYKO.

**PERTH AMBOY TEAM WANTS BOOKINGS**

The Ukrainian American Democratic Club Basketball team of Perth Amboy, N. J., which has reorganized for the season of 1934-35, would like to book out-of-town games, as it has no court of its own as yet. We would like to hear from all Ukrainian teams in the vicinity, including Newark, Jersey City, Elizabeth, Carteret, New York, and others.

MICHAEL STEK,  
351 Leon Avenue  
Perth Amboy, N. J.

**WOONSOCKET TEAM ENTERS "Y" LEAGUE**

The St. Michaels Ukrainian Boys' Club Basketball team has been entered in the Y. M. C. A. City League in Woonsocket, R. I. The St. Michaels won the Championship in both City League and Tournament in 1932-33. And last year our boys won honors with a tie for second place.

Anyone wishing to arrange games with our team write to: St. Michaels Boys' Club, Mgr. Steve Karas, 394 Blackstone Street, Woonsocket, R. I.

STEVE KARAS, Mgr.

**KNOW YOUR BACKGROUND**

(Continued from page 3)

and had read and re-read in the original the great Finnish epic-poem, The Kalevala. He was quietly proud of his peoples' achievements."

"In short," says the author, "he was conscious of his background; he had a sense of continuity, of being part of a great human experience, which was part of the still greater American adventure."

The author advocates schools for teaching the language of the parents of the "New Americans."

He mentions many such schools that are in existence, and mentions "the Ukrainian one on the Lower Eastside" in New York City, and many others.

He urges the public libraries to get books from foreign lands, written in the language of the parents of the New Americans, and also urges newspapers to send correspondents to the old country and from there send in accounts of the life therein of the sort that might "interest the immigrants from these countries and their American-born children."

Mr. Adamic says that the New Americans should receive a knowledge and pride in their own heritage, which would operate to counteract their feelings of inferiority about themselves in relation to the rest of the country.

**BAYONNE, N. J. BOWLING VICTORY**

The Ukrainian A. C. of Bayonne N. J., started the bowling season off with a real stride, taking the Drake Cake Co. of Irvington, N. J. 2 out of 3 games. For games communicate with Manager "Nick" Basarab, 573 Avenue E, Bayonne, N. J.

He further recommends a campaign for the revision of history text books, giving recognition to recent immigrant groups from Eastern Europe (Who knows if there were not some Ukrainian Cossacks who also fought for this country's freedom! T. L. ), the Balkans, and elsewhere, for their contributions to the upbuilding of America as she stands today. Such revisions should mention perhaps that in this upbuilding of Modern America at least as many Hunkies and Dagoes died or were injured as early American colonists were killed in subduing the wilderness and in the War for Independence.

Young Ukrainians, you are also the New Americans. Mr. Adamic's mentioned several times the name "Ukrainian." I urge you to read this article carefully and to be proud of your Ukrainian descent.

I have heard many a man talking about the fact that the Ukrainians had participated in the American War for Independence. Historical research shall soon undoubtedly prove this fact.

THEODORE LUCIW.

**CIVIC CENTER GIRLS ENTER BEAUTY CONTEST**

Four members of the Ukrainian Civic Center are entered in the International Beauty Contest, the winners of which will be selected at the International Ball, to be held at the International Institute, 341 E. 17th St., New York City, on Saturday evening, Nov. 17th, 1934.

As we would like to have a Ukrainian girl become the Queen, we would urge the support of all the Ukrainian youth attending this ball to cast their votes for one of our girls. The girls entered in the contest are; Ann Troskay, Elaine Yurohak, Dorothy Darchuk and Mrs. J. Demy.