



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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YOUTH'S LEAGUE ISSUES BULLETIN

The Ukrainian Youth's League of North America has issued this week its first monthly bulletin. This has been done in pursuance of a strong recommendation made by the delegates at the Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America, held under the auspices of the League last summer in New York City. Copies of this bulletin have been dispatched early this week to branches of the League, clubs that were represented at the Youth's Congress, and to other interested parties.

The first issue of the bulletin, which appears in a neat booklet form, deals with such general topics as the "General Program of the UYL of NA," "Membership in UYL of NA," etc. It contains also "League Flashes," "Books Recommended," and finally a lecture for the month of November, based upon the Western Ukrainian Republic. Member clubs receiving this bulletin, will be expected to have it read, particularly the lecture, and discussed at their meetings.

Chicago Group of League Issues Local Bulletin

An interesting local bulletin, issued by the Chicago group of the branches of the UYL of NA, has also appeared recently. It deals with the local activities of the youth and oldsters.

N. Y. Club Issues Bulletin

The Ukrainian Civic Center of New York City, a member of the League, has also issued its own weekly bulletin.

A review of these bulletins will appear in a following issue of the "U. W."

"OLD COUNTRY" OBSERVES NOVEMBER DAY HOLIDAY

Not only in the largest cities of Western Ukraine, such as Lviv or Peremyshyl, but also in countless villages and hamlets, the 16th anniversary this year of the memorable November 1st, 1918, when the Western Ukrainian Republic arose was observed with special church services and programs.

In Lviv, Dr. Const. Levitsky, first head of the General Secretariat of the Western Ukrainian Republic, spoke on the rebirth of the Ukrainian nationality. He concluded his address with a call to all Ukrainians to cast out from amongst themselves all misunderstandings and to unite their forces.

"NATALKA POLTAWKA" IN FILMS

The well known Ukrainian drama and operetta "Natalka Poltawka" is being filmed at present by a film company in Kiev. The musical score to it is being prepared by a Ukrainian composer, Revutsky. It is planned to release the picture during 1935.

("U. W.", including Pen Pal Column, is concluded in today's Svoboda).

WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL

Once more countless families throughout America have sat down to the traditional Thanksgiving Day dinner and with bowed heads thanked the Lord for having been able to weather a most critical year of depression and unemployment.

For us, young American-Ukrainians, each Thanksgiving Day brings a deeper realization of its meaning. For, as we grow older, we feel life's problems more acutely, whether they affect us or others. The struggle of our parents to make a living, preserve that which they have achieved through desperate toil, and give their children a good education and other advantages, becomes more real to us. Today, we tend less to dismiss our parent's overwhelming problems with a vague desire to help; but now we face these problems squarely and rack our brains for their solution. And the same applies to problems outside the family circle. National and world affairs lose their text book character, and become dominant issues, vitally affecting our lives. Perhaps all of this is one of the most fortunate aspects of the present depression—it gives to the present day youth a better grasp of the realities and a better training for life's struggle than preceding generations ever had.

Coming down to a more personal plane, we find that our American-Ukrainian youth during the past year received perhaps more than its share of hard knocks; the reason being that our youth, being the first American-born generation, has not that substantial material background of the youth of older immigrations here America. Nevertheless, we find that our youth has considerable to be thankful for. Despite the limited resources of the older generation, we find a great number of this youth in higher schools and colleges, many of it winning high scholastic awards; others, despite the unemployment, occupy responsible positions in trades and professions; still others are already making a credible showing in the American political arena.

Now, coming to the field of Ukrainian national and cultural life in America we find that considerable progress has been made. The Ukrainian cause and ideals are steadily gaining adherents in America. Ukrainian songs and dances—in the presentation of which our youth figures most prominently—steadily win greater acclaim. We have already seen an opera in Ukrainian on Broadway. We have read the high praise showered upon our famous sculptor, Archipenko. Our protest demonstrations have called the attention of America to the terrible misrule of Russian Soviet authorities over Ukraine, which has resulted in millions of its inhabitants dying of a deliberately Soviet-fostered terrible famine. A resolution expressing the sympathy of America towards these famine victims of Bolshevik rule was introduced in Congress. We have also witnessed during the past year the gradual union of our youth. We have seen this youth gather from all parts of America at the Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress, discuss its common problems, and strengthen the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America—the organization whose purpose is the promotion of Ukrainian national and cultural ideals here in America, ideals that do not, even in the least, conflict with those of America, for both have the same basis.

All of this and a great deal more we should all be thankful for. Particularly we should be thankful for the fact that here in America we have that precious freedom for which our kinsmen are so valiantly fighting on their native, blood-soaked soil.

Finally, we of the Ukrainian Weekly, also have something to be thankful for. We have, during the past year, been able to gather around us a considerable body of fine and idealistic American-Ukrainian youth, a body that is steadily growing more conscious of the fact that its future and that of the Ukrainian National Association is closely bound.

YOUTH TODAY

The Gravest Problem of Today

At the recent regional conference of the Progressive Education Association, held in the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York City, more than 2,000 representatives of public and private schools and colleges heard speakers urge a new outlook on the part of educators in fitting youth, and adults as well, for a new social order surrounded by "obsolete and hostile" institutions and practices.

Discussing the "tremendous emotional drive" of youth, Mark A. May, professor of Educational Psychology at Yale University, said, "The danger is, of course, that these strong life currents of emotion will either break out in some unexpected place resulting in mass action that may have disastrous consequences, or else it will be turned back upon itself and repressed with equally or more dire results."

As there are still many parents who apparently do not realize this, does it befall upon the youth to make their parents conscious of this problem?

"Tyranny Has No Enemy So Formidable As the Pen"

The editorial staff of The Reveille, the student newspaper of the Louisiana State University, resigned, on November 25, because the university forbade them to print anything objectionable to Senator Huey P. Long.

The president of the University said the resignations were accepted because the university is financially, legally and morally responsible for the paper, and because of this it must exercise supervision.

The students object to it on the ground that this is censorship. The issue has been a torrid subject ever since Mr. Long "stopped the presses" two weeks ago, posted guards at the printshop and had deleted a student's letter which criticized him for naming Abe Mickal, Louisiana State University football star, a "State Senator" in a burlesque election.

A sign, "killed by suppression," was hung on the printshop door.

A Great Loss

Three well-known women's colleges are reported to have announced changes in the subjects required for entrance. The obvious changes is in the requirement of less Latin for entrance.

Smith College will also permit the substitution of German for Latin or Greek, but strongly recommends that a classical language be represented, since some knowledge of such language is indispensable for students wishing to continue in English, modern languages and closely allied fields.

William Cobbett, the man who made the study of the English language easy, added to his grammar of the English language specimens of false grammar, taken from the writings of Doctor Johnson and from those of Doctor Watts. "Another object in the producing of these specimens," wrote Cobbett, "is to convince you that a knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages does not prevent men from writing bad English."

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

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

(43)

Shevchenko is left an orphan

Shortly after young Taras Shevchenko placed himself under the tutelage of the local village church preceptor, his father died. Now Taras was an orphan, and his lot was worse than before.

Hardships in acquiring elementary education

Studying under the preceptor was no easy task. He did not have any sort of a primer or grammar book, but had to learn to read directly from the Holy Scriptures, which was indeed a most difficult task. His teacher, a worthless fellow, was more often drunk than not, and beat Taras for the slightest fancied infraction of obedience. But Shevchenko's ambition to obtain an education was so intense that he finally did learn how to read and write, in spite of these difficulties. But what made his position intolerable was the fact that rarely was

he not hungry. In return for his tutelage, bread and board, Shevchenko was supposed to help the preceptor in all his tasks, in home and church. But no matter how hard he worked, yet he rarely received decent food to eat. Kind hearted neighbors, taking pity on the orphan, gave him something to eat at times, but this was not very often. Finally, being unable to endure any longer the hardships, beatings, insults, and hunger, he ran away.

Shevchenko as a sheep-herder

In a neighboring village, Shevchenko encountered a group of artists who were decorating the local church. Having always been interested in painting and drawing, Shevchenko decided to throw his lot in with them, hoping that for the work that he would do for them, they would teach him how to paint. But such was not the case. Taras was given the task

of carrying water to them, but not once was he given the opportunity to learn how to paint. Seeing that he was wasting his time, Taras ran away once more. This time he became a sheep herder. Often, while out in the fields, tending the sheep, young Shevchenko would dream of the day when he would be a man of learning. These dreams, however, led him into trouble, for the lambs began to wander away. The sheep owner, learning of this, discharged him immediately. Once again Taras became a wanderer.

Young Taras become a valet to Engelhardt

One day, Shevchenko met a painter who, perceiving great talent in him, became quite interested in him. He would have immediately apprenticed the talented lad to himself and taught him painting, but for one thing—Taras was still a serf. Taras therefore went to the local village squire and asked for his freedom, explaining the reasons. But the squire, whose name was Engelhardt, instead of freeing Taras, impressed him into his own service. He was given to per-

form the duties of a personal attendant.

Engelhardt was a man who did a great deal of travelling through various countries, and wherever he went Taras performed had to accompany him. But although the new master was a very hard task maker, yet Taras was now able to find a bit more spare time, which he utilized to an advantage, painting and drawing every chance he got. Several times he was caught doing this, and received a good whipping. But finally came the day when Engelhardt perceived that the boy had a great deal of talent for painting, and seeing it a chance to make money for himself, decided to send him to St. Petersburg to study. This he did, and soon Taras found himself in the capitol of Russia.

Shevchenko in St. Petersburg

In St. Petersburg, Taras was able to pursue his studies unhindered. Often he would go to the park, and there sketch and paint trees, statues, and passerby. He gradually became acquainted with other students, and met many from Ukraine.

(To be continued)

IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(A tale of olden Cossack times)

By ANDRIY TCHAIKOWSKY

(A free translation by S. S.)

(21)

21. Pavlush prepares to escape

Dragging Pavlush by the arm, the burly steward led him down into the courtyard. There he gave him in charge of several retainers, and then left. Without saying a word, the latter stripped Pavlush of his jacket and shirt, and then, while one of them held Pavlush down, the other wielded the whip.

As the first blow cut into Pavlush's flesh, he let out an involuntary, half-choked cry of pain. But that was the last sound he permitted to escape his lips. Although they beat him until blood began to flow, yet not a whimper escaped through his clenched teeth. He was determined to show these Tartars how a Cossack's son could take punishment.

Finally, just as he was about to lose consciousness from the terrible beating, the Tartar wielding the whip ceased. Leaving Pavlush lying on the ground, both left.

For a few moments Pavlush lay still. Then slowly he rose to a sitting position. He felt himself trembling all over. He perceived, dimly, someone approaching him. Perhaps they were returning again to punish him?—he thought.

"The poor boy!" he heard, and recognized the compassionate tones of Ostaap, the old Ukrainian captive.

"Why did they beat you so?" Ostaap asked, kneeling down beside him.

"For nothing," faintly replied Pavlush. "I just talked to Mustapha like I would to any man, and for that reason he had me beaten."

"Boy, boy," exclaimed Ostaap, shaking his head, "if you would only use a bit of discretion, instead of acting in such a rash manner, you'd get along much better here. Why don't you make the best of the situation. You don't have to act so proud. Be a little meek. If you had behaved a little, you would now have been serving in Mustapha's apartments, and there the work is easy, not at all like what they will assign to you now."

"I don't care, replied Pavlush

deftly, even though his back hurt so badly that it was all that he could do to keep back the tears that welled into his eyes. "I don't care what they do with me. Some day I shall have my revenge!"

Ostaap left him for a moment, and returned with some salve, which he applied to his back. It afforded some relief from the pain. While Ostaap busied himself, Pavlush began to question him, hoping to get some information in regards to his sister's whereabouts.

"Tell me 'dyadetchku,' will I be able to find my sister here in Crimea? She was abducted by the Tartars during this summer," he said.

"How old is she?" asked Ostaap.

"She is going on 13 years."

"Is she pretty?"

"Like a doll," said Pavlush proudly.

Ostaap shook his head in doubt. "I don't know whether I can give you any hope," he said. "Here they sell girls constantly, so it's hard to keep track of any particular one. The bazaars are full of them. The prettier ones are sold for the harems, while the most beautiful are sent even to Turkey. So looking for your sister is going to be indeed a difficult task."

"But isn't there some way whereby I can get some information as to her whereabouts?" persisted Pavlush.

"Have you much money?" asked Ostaap.

"I had," replied Pavlush, the question bringing up in his mind the image of the brigand who had robbed and then sold him, "but not now anymore."

Here their conversation was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Ibrahim, the steward. Ostaap jumped back to his work before the latter could see him talking with Pavlush.

Ibrahim motioned to Pavlush to put his shirt and jacket on. Pavlush did as he was bid, although the pain caused by the shirt sticking to the sore flesh made him

grit his teeth. Motioning to Pavlush to follow him, Ibrahim walked out of the gateway of the courtyard, leading into the busy road. Here Pavlush perceived a Tartar sitting on a horse, and holding a riderless horse by the reins.

"Mount the horse," ordered Ibrahim, "and follow that man."

Pavlush did as he was told. In a few moments they were cantering out of the town limits, into the fields. In the distance, Pavlush perceived a large herd of horses grazing, with a number of men and boys tending them. This was to be his work undoubtedly, Pavlush surmised.

In a few moments the two reached the herd. One of the men tending the horses rode forward to them. It was the overseer, judging by his bearing. Seeing Pavlush, he immediately guessed that he had been sent here because of some infraction of discipline. Therefore, his first act, when Pavlush dismounted, was to strike Pavlush a sharp blow over his sore back. Pavlush let out a cry of pain. It was more than he could stand.

"Let him alone, Muyo!" said the Tartar who had brought Pavlush. "He has already been beaten."

"He will get even a worse beating from me," threatened the overseer, "if he does not obey me."

Pavlush was set immediately to work. First he had to milk the mares. Then he was shown how to make the Tartar "kymaak" (cheese) as well as "kumis" (resembling whisky) out of the mare's milk.

After that, he was sent to tend the horses. This was much more to Pavlush's liking, for it was easier and he had more freedom of movement. And Pavlush enjoyed it all the more, since he loved horses very much.

In such manner, Pavlush spent over a week, working from sunrise to sundown. The wounds on his back gradually healed, leaving a few scars.

From the very start, Pavlush planned the method of escape. He knew that without a horse he would never get very far, so he determined that when the moment arrived, he would have a fine horse ready. He therefore exercised the horses every chance he had, and in this manner was

able to determine which one of them was about the fastest of them all. The one he finally picked was a splendid looking animal, black as pitch, with fine lines, and a fiery spirit. Mustapha himself was accustomed to ride on him. Pavlush fed this steed various little dainties that he managed to steal from the kitchen, and in this manner the horse grew to know Pavlush.

Besides stealing dainties for the horse, Pavlush also stole, bit by bit, supplies and food that would last a long time. This he did in a hollow tree, not far from where the herd usually grazed. While passing through the courtyard one morning, on his way to the fields, he saw a knife lying on the ground. Evidently it had slipped out of some Tartar's sheath. This he also hid in the tree.

At all times, Pavlush was a model of discipline. He did his work so well, that the overseer himself commended him.

One day, Suleman's son, Mustapha, rode out into the field. He immediately recognized Pavlush, and called him over.

"Well, how do you like it here he asked.

"Fine, very fine," replied Pavlush.

"Has your back healed?"

"Yes," answered Pavlush.

"Have you learned to be of a servant?"

"Yes, I have."

Muyo, the overseer, himself admitted that Palo—that's what they called Pavlush now—was a good and obedient boy, and that he did his work very well.

"Well, I am glad to hear that," said Mustapha. "Tomorrow I'll have you transferred to serve in the apartments."

"Just as you say," said Pavlush, inclining his head. But to himself he said, "You'll sooner see a hairless fox than me in your apartments."

Mustapha inspected the horses, and found everything in order. He praised them all, rewarded Muyo and then left.

Night came. It was very dark, with no stars or moon showing. Pavlush determined that this was to be the night of his escape. For, if he waited until tomorrow, then his chances of escaping would be slimmer than ever. Tonight is the night—he said to himself. (To be continued)

„ONE MAN FOOTBALL SQUAD“

By MARY FIEGEL STADNER

The sky was a dismal grey, with dark clouds hovering low. It was nearing dusk.

Walking across the Campus was Laddie, hurrying to get to the Fraternity House before the threatening storm caught him.

Though tired and aching from the final scrimmage, his mind was active. Perhaps this is what caused his feet to drag a bit.

He was going over in his mind the routine of the afternoon—and tomorrow—the big game with Mt. Vernai—the game he had been waiting for so patiently during the whole season. Yet, Coach Branley had said that he positively could not play in tomorrow's game—and he—the best Quarter-back they have!

Sad and disheartened, he finally arrived at the Fraternity House, his head in a whirl. "So I flunked my Trig exam." He said wearily to himself. "How?—I really can't understand, since Trigonometry is one of my favorite subjects, and I had put down the answers to every question—and quite correctly, I am sure."

Brooding over it, concentrating, and wondering just what to do, he at last fell asleep. . . . But his night's rest was fitful and disturbed. He constantly tossed around. Dreams, vague shadows, beset his sub-conscious mind. Several times he rose from bed, paced the floor, wondering. . . . what should he do?

"Imagine," he thought, "me, the best player on the team—and to be dropped. What will Staners do without my able playing. The team isn't complete—no—it isn't!" Then, giving out a loud laugh, he exclaimed: "Very well, if Staners think they can win without me—the hero of the previous five games—let them go to it. I won't even go to see the game. We'll see who's smarter, the Coach or I."

At the first break of dawn, Laddie Winters arose, more tired than before retiring, his bones aching and his mind in a continuous whirl. No—it wouldn't be fair to Staners, just to let things go as they are. Surely there's a mistake somewhere. I'll go to the Dean and probably he will enlighten me, he resolved.

About a half hour before the time scheduled for classes to begin, Laddie was on his way to the Dean's Office. Coming to the door, he hesitated for a moment, reluctant to enter, and then, squaring his shoulders, he opened the door and walked into the Office.

"Good morning, my boy," said the Dean. "Beautiful day for the game, isn't it? What do you think about the game Laddie? You know Staners, being unbeaten so far, simply has to trounce Mt. Vernai—then, of course, we'll hold the championship of the East. It is an honor in itself—and a great honor for the School. Wonderful—isn't it?"

Laddie had a frown on his face, but his eyes were blurred by a mist of tears. "Dean, may I speak to you a moment—I must speak to you, please, may I," he asked, his voice a trifle unsteady.

"Laddie, what is it—surely—tell me what is the trouble?" inquired the Dean.

"Dean—I simply can't understand it," the words came in a rush. "Coach Branley told me my scholastic standing isn't up to the grade, and since I flunked my Trig Exam I am automatically dropped from the team and unable to participate in today's game against Mt. Vernai."

"Do you realize Dean, what this game means? You know everyone

is expecting to see my brilliant playing, and naturally, I want to be the hero. What will Staners do without my assistance, since I really am, more-or-less, the whole Team. Staners has a One-Man-Team, and, of course, everyone knows I'm the Man.—But—I can't understand why I flunked my exam," he finished lamely.

"Now we're getting somewhere," exclaimed the Dean. "I got out of you just what I had expected to get.—Your paper was perfect. You really deserve an A for it. . . ."

"Oh, Dean,"—Laddie cried joyfully, with a glowing smile on his face. "Then there was an error. I suppose it was Rocky Brislin who flunked. Then I'm to be reinstated on the team and will be eligible for today's game. Gee! that's wonderful. I'm the happiest guy on earth."

The Dean stared at him fixedly for a moment, cleared his throat, and then said, "Sorry my lad, there is no mistake. Speaking of Rocky, he sure is a good player, valuable to the team, a boy who is admired by all. He never takes the glory for himself, but instead, shares it with the rest of the team, and the boys as one rejoice and make merry over the success of their efforts—then again—they always give credit where credit is due—always remembering their Coach Branley. But you, I'm sorry to say, are different. You like to 'hog' the whole show—everything. And for that reason you are the most despised player on the team. I am putting it bluntly, so that you will understand, once and for all. And don't think it was Coach Branley's idea of putting you out of today's game. The idea was that of the players themselves."

"Dean—you mean our own players—my pals—the boys who practically worship me for my great playing? They would play such a horrible trick on me?" Laddie asked incredulously.

"Yes," said the Dean. "You've been taking too much for granted, treating the others as though they were no part of the Staners Football Squad, giving them such dirty breaks. They simply could not tolerate you. They applied to the Coach for aid. They voiced their opinions and put it up to him entirely. Either you get out, or no game! The outcome—you can see for yourself. The Coach had no choice, so you can't blame him. And finally," here the Dean paused for a second, "finally, I purposely flunked you so that you would come to me for an explanation. I had hoped that perhaps I could make you understand, make you realize your egotistical selfishness. And I do hope I have."

Shamefully, Laddie bowed his head, rubbed his hands nervously, and paced the floor. He did not know where to turn or what to say. After a few minutes of oppressive silence the Dean spoke.

"Why not go to the boys today. Act friendly and kind. Wish them good luck. Tell them you'll be out cheering for them to win. Encourage them in whatever manner you may deem helpful. I'm sure they will understand."

After the very unhappy session with the Dean, Laddie walked slowly across the Campus, thinking very seriously for the first time in his life. His eyes were blurred, never had he felt so downcast, so ashamed of himself. He walked slowly, wondering—when out of nowhere appeared Rocky.

"Hi—Lad. Why the sornbreness

so early in the morning. Aren't you feeling well?"

Laddie looked up, trying to keep down his emotions, and said, "Listen, Rocky, I've just learned something about myself that makes me feel as low as a worm. So will you please give me your hand. I am sorry for anything that I might have said to you. Please forgive me, and let's be true friends." Then, being unable to say anything more, he thrust out his hand mutely.

Rocky grasped it warmly, and after pumping it vigorously, while he tried to clear his throat and hide a tear that persisted in showing itself, said, "Of course we are friends, Lad! Anyone who says different is crazy."

Arm in arm, they walked through the campus, without uttering a word, until Laddie finally decided it was time to go to classes.

Throughout the morning, he was nervous. All he could see was his own stubbornness and conceit for visualizing and believing that he was so important on the campus—only to find out otherwise. What a blow!

The hours seemed like eternity. Oh! wouldn't classes ever be over today. He heard the "prof" droning, but he might as well have been on a different planet, for all the good that lecture did to him. All he could think of was what fool he had made of himself. But Laddie was made of sturdy stuff. Gradually the dark thoughts began to pass away from his mind, and he began to get new courage.

After school, Rocky met him at the usual place, and both started walking towards the Fraternity House, when, to their surprise, whom should they encounter but the whole Squad with Coach Branley, going to the Dressing Rooms, where they were going to receive a "pep" talk and last minute instructions before getting dressed to play opposite Mt. Vernai.

Looking blankly at both Rocky and Laddie, the gang paused in front of the two. Without a moment's hesitation, Laddie exclaimed, "Boys, my best wishes for success to you. I won't be in the game in body—but my heart and soul will be with you throughout the afternoon. More power to you—and I'll be cheering for you constantly. Staners must win—and I know they will!" His voice broke, and he looked away. The fellows after a surprised look at one another, surrounded him, shaking hands, pummeling him, making him feel that by-gones were by-gones. He went with them to the lockers.

No—he didn't play—but instead sat on the bench, nervous, worried and upset—hoping and praying for Staners to win. He had completely forgotten about himself.

Mt. Vernai already had two touchdowns—Staners, nothing.

A sort of a noise—a cry of pain,—and he looked up suddenly. Yes, they were carrying Rocky out, unconscious. Laddie looked around. The Coach was signalling for him to get in to the game. Laddie threw off his blanket, and without warming up, ran like mad out into the field.

His heart was heavy, but his mind and body were acute. He jumped into the game and played as he never had played before. Not the old way he was accustomed to—but the real, honest way—and then, amid cheers, the whistle was blown and the game was over.

Staners had won—14-13!

Everyone cheered, announcers broadcasted this victory of Staners over Mt. Vernai as being that of one man—Laddie. He won the game single handed, they declared.

The Charm of Our Dance

At a recent high school assembly, the writer was more convinced than ever that the Ukrainian dance transcends all others in beauty and charm. This is a rather broad statement, but when I consider the fascination and interest expressed by my audience as they intently watched my Ukrainian Dance, I am certain that my remark is not in the least exaggerated.

During my performance, it seemed to me that there was not another Ukrainian student in the assembly, for all the students and teachers gasped, seemingly indicating that they had never seen anything quite as extraordinary. True, my dance was quite simple, but I tried to include all of the snappiest and most charming Ukrainian steps.

An important detail was, of course, the Ukrainian costume I wore, attractive in its brilliant colors of red, green, yellow and blue—and the shimmering of the vari-colored silk ribbons suspended from its gorgeous headdress of lovely flowers, was a delight to behold. High, red leather boots completed the beautiful costume. This costume proved especially attractive to the Art Club of the school, and when the art teacher asked me to pose for his students, I was proud of the opportunity to do so.

As we all know, our dances include vigorous turns, kicks, bends, stamps, and much arm and leg movement—all of which requires a supple and active body; but upon seeing the elation and fascination of my audience, I was confident that I met those requirements and that I did justice to the colorful beauty of the Ukrainian dance.

The "Ukrainian Dance" was the topic of conversation among the students for a long time after that, and received very favorable comment in several issues of the school paper.

In conclusion I wish to state that we Ukrainians of the younger generation should take more interest in the Ukrainian dance. We should not be lax in exhibiting it whenever and wherever possible, so that the world may realize and revel in the beauty of it. So let us all be strong in our fidelity to Ukraine, and strive to make our dance, as well as our nation, live!

ZENOVIA TYMKEVICH,
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Sport Editors wrote pages full about Laddie's wonderful playing. His pictures decorated practically every paper—what honors they bestowed upon him. What glory to the school.

When the following day's paper was published, to the surprise of everyone the following appeared in head lines on the Sports Page:—

"LADDIE WINTERS MAKES A STATEMENT"

"In behalf of myself, as quarterback of the Staners Football Squad, I want to correct the statement and false impression whereby I defeated Mt. Vernai single handed." By no means could I have done this great task all by myself. No—it wasn't so. It was with the aid of the whole team, Rocky Brislin, Coach Branley—and most of all—Dean Brown."

Just how this victory had been aided by Dean Brown no one knew, save Laddie and the Dean.

But Dean Brown was the making of Laddie, and now Laddie is one of the best liked all-around boys on the Campus.

UKRAINIAN BOYS IN TENN. CCC CAMP

We are three Ukrainian youths who have been enjoying a most glorious experience in the C. C. C. for over a year. It is a most wonderful enterprise, one that has encouraged us to better thinking, cleaner living, and most assuredly, better resolutions for the future. Feeling that some Ukrainian parents are rather uneasy about their erstwhile offsprings in our Corps, we should like to enlighten these esteemed personages as to the great advantages of this grand Government project, the C. C. C., which has grown since its inception, from a political enterprise to a magnificent, depression-ridding factor in our country's present and future welfare.

We hope, indeed, that our small contribution (we hope) to your paper will ease a great deal of anxiety among our parents, and tend to lessen criticism of this worthwhile step of our Government directed towards prosperity, the C. C. C.

Now to introduce ourselves. We are: Louis Radetsky, 1st Sergeant of CCC Company 1258, whose home is in Denver, Colo., and who went to College in New York, until his funds ran low, thus joining the C.C.C.'s when offered the opportunity; Theodore Litowinsky, of Newark N. J., who is an assistant Foreman on the work projects; and last, but not least, Hugo Pizalovitch, also of Newark, N. J., the camp Asst. Educational Advisor.

Among these picturesque and rolling hills of Tennessee, atop a hill, overlooking the panoramic, glorious vista of these Tennessee Forests, lies our Camp: Tenn. TVA 25. It is a beautiful, well planned, miniature city, this Camp of ours. The visitor finds here a perfect home atmosphere. It would be useless to endeavor to describe this veritable haven of happiness completely. Yes, indeed, it is here that we have experienced the joys, the blissful happiness of perfect friendship in this big, happy family of ours, for over a year. In History we read of the "melting pot," the collective term applied to the concentration of many races, creeds, and nationalities in a community. In our camp we have this same "melting pot," miniaturized. In the happy year that we have spent here, we have learned, besides many other things, the great faculty of cooperation, the ability to work together.

"Esprit de Corps," being accentuated as the guiding star of this organization, has made our camp a pleasure resort instead of a rigid institution. Every man is happy, carefree.

We have our own Camp Orchestra, which recently broadcasted over a nation-wide hook-up (NBC). Incidentally, the leader of this famous CCC orchestra is one of us, Theodore Litowinsky, of Newark, N. J., and we other two also play in this ensemble: Louis Radetsky, trombonist, and Hugo Pizalovitch pianist.

We would appreciate letters from those of the "Ukrainian World" who have honored us by reading this humble message of ours. In closing, we three advocates of young Ukrainian-Americans in this camp cheer the rest of the world on with the famous motto and byword of the C. C. C.—HAPPY DAYS!

Sincerely yours,

The Three Sons of the Ukraine,
LOUIS RADETSKY
THEODORE LITOWINSKY
HUGO PIZALOVITCH,
CCC Company 1258, Tenn., TVA
Camp 25, New Tazewell, Tenn.

THE SPORT WHIRL

FINAL "DOPE" ON NATIONALITY OF STARS

One of our readers, Andrew Melnyk, of 124 Willard St., New Britain, Conn., desiring to verify the alleged Ukrainian nationality of several leading American athletes, went to the trouble of writing to them personally. He received replies, signed by these athletes, which replies he has forwarded to us.

We quote extracts from these letters:

(1) "...I am American-born. But my mother and father are of Hungarian descent, so I suppose I am an American-Hungarian..." (signed) Joe "Mickey" Medwick (dated—May 13, 1930).

(2) "...I am a full blooded 'russian...' (signed) Mike Mikulak (Dated—May 17, 1932).

In addition Mr. Melnyk informs us in no uncertain terms that Joe Bogdanský of Colgate and Ludwiczewicz of Fordham are Poles from New Britain.

So that's that! Thank you, Mr. Melnyk.—Editor.

UKRAINIAN TEAM PLAYS ALL-AMERICANS

The Triangles, a professional football team of Northampton, Pa., and one of the leaders of the Lehigh Valley District, is composed of American-Ukrainians. At present they are out to win the Cement Region championship for this season, and have already, as a starter, held the strong Copley Catholic Club to a 6-6 tie on Millers Field, Northampton, before a crowd of about 3,000. A big parade was staged for our team by the fans, in appreciation of our efforts.

The Triangles played a game at Wilkes-Barre in a sea of mud with the Wilkes-Barre North Ends, a strong team composed of former All-Americans and College Stars. The Triangles lost, but by their fine playing, however, they earned another game with this powerful team, which will be played on December 2nd.

Our team would like to get in touch with any football team that sees this article. If interested please write to:

WALTER LAHUTA
1406 Newport Ave.
Northampton, Pa.

"WE'RE OUT FOR YOUR SCALPS"

After going places with a snappy junior team last season, the Ukrainian A. A. of New Haven, Conn. is to be represented on the court this year with a senior aggregation that promises to be an honest threat to its rivals. The team will be composed of such stars as "Joe" Serdek, prominent in local athletic circles; Mike "Meow" Vennett, to be remembered for his eating up of rival teams while playing for the U. A. A. of N. H. last season; Harry Kowalchuk; Mike "Chin" Watylyn, both men to be watched; Joe "Yaroslav" Waselick, that four-fingered-demon of New Haven; Frank "Porky" Rawlick, who cares not whether he scores 20 or 30 points; and many others. So look out, you Ukrainian teams of neighboring cities, we're out for your scalps. Let "Sportmanship" be the battle cry when ever we meet.

Yours in sports,
UKRAINIAN ATHLETIC ASS'N
127 Park Street,
New Haven, Conn.

A UKRAINIAN BASKETBALL LEAGUE IN EASTERN N. J.

Less than a week remains before the campaign to get a list of existing Ukrainian basketball teams closes. All those wishing to be considered, are requested to answer immediately the questions which appeared twice in recent issues of the Ukrainian Weekly, as well as in the recently issued Bulletin of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

Tentative plans are to organize a Ukrainian Basketball league in Eastern New Jersey, to comprise the following cities: Newark, Jersey City, Perth Amboy, Bayonne, Elizabeth, Paterson, Carteret, Passaic and the Oranges. Not all of the above cities have expressed their willingness to cooperate, and unless they do so there cannot possibly be a Ukrainian basketball league in that section this season. To Perth Amboy goes the honor of being the most eager in forming such a league.

The cities of Philadelphia, Chester and Wilmington are organizing a Ukrainian basketball league. The Sport Division would like to have the winner of this league play the winner of the Eastern New Jersey basketball league. Whether you wish to play independent basketball or unite is for you to decide. This is the last request, after which we shall deal accordingly.

Send all letters to the Secretary of the Sport Division of the UYL of NA, Miss Marie Kunyczka, residing at 2926 West Poplar Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ALEXANDER YAREMKO
(Sport Director of UYL of NA)

FIVE STRAIGHT VICTORIES FOR "COSSACKS"

It seems that the "Ukrainian Cossacks" of Ozone Park seem to have inherited a dash of Cossack blood. For the third time in two weeks, they have come from behind and defeated their opponent. The victim this time was the heretofore undefeated Dragon A. A. basketball team. The Dragon A. A. had a nice string of five straight victories, until the "Ukrainian Cossacks" so rudely displaced them from the undefeated class. To date, the "Ukrainian Cossacks" are undefeated in five games played.

The game was strictly a defensive one, with the "Cossacks" showing a slightly better defense. George Duzminski scored the greatest number of points; nine points to be exact. Nick Parpan shot a foul shot for one point. John Gieda shot what proved to be the winning basket. Gieda shot the ball from within a group of Dragon A. A. players. Herb Karpel, Richmond Hill's star baseball and basketball player, shot up four points to lead the Dragon A. A. in scoring. The score of the closely contested game was 12-10. John Parpan played a whale of a defensive game. Paul Charny and Nick Sawka also participated in the game.

In the showers, after the game, the team started to emulate Tarzan by swinging from pipes and splashing water at the Dragon A. A. player who happened to be near. Then ensued a water battle in which the "Cossacks" again came out on top.

I'd like to hear from the slumbering Ukrainian teams. As yet I've not received a booking from a Ukrainian team. Our

UKRAINIAN AFFAIRS IN AMERICA

"LISTOPADOVE SVYATO" IN WATERVLIET

The Ukrainian American zens' Club marked the sixteenth anniversary of the establishment of the independent Ukraine, Western Ukrainian Republic with a program of Ukrainian entertainment at the Ukrainian I Sunday evening, Nov. 18, 1933.

The Ukrainian Chorists, composed of forty-five mixed voices under the leadership of I. George Berezinsky of Troy, sent several selections sung for the occasion. A one-act "Devil, Not Wife," was presented by a cast composed of Mrs. Danish—the wife, Mr. John ban—the husband, and Mr. chael Ksenich—the hired servant. The Ukrainian Ballet, headed Mr. Stephen Swata, gave extempore of various folk dances.

JULIA URBA.

"LISTOPADOVE SVYATO" IN NEW BRITAIN

A "Listopadove Svyato" sponsored by the church choir in New Britain November 1934. In the morning, services were held for those who were fighting for Ukraine. During services, girls in Ukrainian costumes stood around the "mohe"

In the afternoon a concert given at the Nathan Hale High School. Rev. A. Ivanys opened the concert by greeting an audience of about 300. The Ukrainian Church Chorus followed by singing "Hymn of those who fell" as the curtain slowly parted. The Chorus also sang "Ukraine" and "Kobzar," which received great deal of applause, and to sing an encore.

The well trained male choir presented a very beautiful set of songs, and also had to sing an encore. Singing like the nightingale of Ukraine, the school choir made a great hit with the public.

Mr. Halychyn, the principal speaker of the program, gave a very inspiring speech about Ukraine and its struggles for freedom. A very touching recitation was then given by Miss Zien.

Several prominent musicians of New Britain enriched the program with their solos. Mr. Mrs. Valentine, violin instrumentalist, played a duet, while Mr. T. ardon, President of Kiwanis played a solo at the piano. M. Paluch, a chorus member, two beautiful Ukrainian solos.

In closing the program, the Church Chorus sang the American and Ukrainian national anthems.

A banquet was held in the evening by the Church Choir at the church hall. It was a beautiful picture, as the banquet started, illuminated only by a few candles on the table. The choir sang "King of Heaven."

A delicious feast was enjoyed which was prepared by the Chorus girls. Prof. T. J. Hoptiak received a beautiful gift from the Chorus as a token of friendship. Gant were enjoyed after the banquet.

J. SELEMAN

team is all Ukrainians, with "ringers." So all you Ukrainian teams write soon, or call up Richmond Hill 2-4907-J

NICHOLAS SAWKA,
9714—91st Street
Ozone Park, N. Y.