



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

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ANOTHER YOUTH BRANCH

Port Jervis, N. Y.—A youth branch of the Ukrainian National Association was recently organized here: Its name is the "Nova Zorya" (New Star). Eleven new members, 6 of full age and 5 children, are its charter members. Rev. D. Mykytyak aided in its formation.

At the first meeting held on December 23, 1934, the following were elected as officers of the "New Star":—Mary Kniazziak, President; Olga Kuzne, Secretary; Olga Shygda, Treasurer.

Both the officers and members are determined to swell the total membership of this first youth branch of the U. N. A. in their locality.

GREETING FROM CHILDREN IN THE OLD COUNTRY

[The letter below was received by us from a kindergarten class of Ukrainian children in Zolochiv, Galicia, Western Ukraine, with the plea that we reprint it.—Editor.]
December, 1934.

We, young Ukrainians, of the kindergarten class connected with the "Prosvita" library, located in Zolochiv, extend our greetings of a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and also our sincerest thanks to all our kinsmen across the seas in America who have by their contributions and other forms, of help aided in the erection of our library building, wherein we can freely meet and learn to worship God, our country and people to love, and also to prepare ourselves to live and labor for the eternal good and glory of our mother Ukraine.

May God bless you all.

May you all live in good health and good luck for many, many years to come!

Prosvita Library of Zolochiv and Hlyankiv
Peter Shypula, President
Gregory Tupalovsky, Sec'y

HOW POLES DEFEAT UKRAINIANS AT ELECTIONS

"Dilo," Lwiv, November 30th, 1934, No. 322, referring to the Municipal Elections in Eastern Galicia, says that the village of Hrynivci in the District of Tlumatch has over 80 per cent. Ukrainians and about 19 per cent. Poles, including a number of Polish Colonists settled on former landowners' estates. The village was divided for the Municipal Elections into eight wards, but in such a way that five wards included only four houses each, two wards eight houses each, one ward seventeen houses and one as many as 401 houses. One result of this arrangement was that four Polish Colonists' families were able to elect three members of the Council whilst over 400 Ukrainians could only elect 13.

In all, Ukrainians required 66 votes to elect one member and the Poles required only 6 votes for one member. The Ukrainians could put their candidates in only one ward. Similar election practices have been employed in the whole district in order that the Poles may dominate the numerically greater Ukrainians.

YOUR HELP NEEDED

Sports and youth have always been practically synonymous, and therefore the appeal for help published in last week's issue of the Ukrainian Weekly by the Sport Division of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America should find quick response among our young American-Ukrainians. This appeal, entitled "Help Build Nation-Wide Ukrainian Athletic Association," calls for volunteers to help advance the Ukrainian name in sports here in America by compiling data of the doings of local Ukrainian teams and individuals and sending the same to the headquarters of the Sport Division in Philadelphia. Volunteers are also asked for the position of District Sport Leaders.

Anyone who has paid the least attention to the sport activities of our young American-Ukrainians cannot have helped but noticed their steady advance in all branches of sport. Some of them have won national fame for themselves by their splendid playing on athletic ball teams, both amateur and professional, a few have even broken national and international records, and we can even count among ourselves several Olympic Games winners too. In addition, teams composed of Young American-Ukrainians steadily garner victory after victory.

All this points to the crying need of realizing something concrete out of these sport activities of our youth. Although sports have from the very beginning played a prominent part in the lives of our people, yet up to this time no particular progress has been made to use them as a medium for advancing the interests of our youth. Some progress has been made in several localities, to be sure; but these are isolated cases, and because of their localized character are of little benefit to the whole.

It is therefore of vital importance that the present campaign of the Sport Division of the UYL of NA to unify and organize the sport activities of our youth throughout the entire length and breadth of America be met with the wholehearted reception and cooperation of all our young people. Their diligent efforts along this line will bring closer that day when a new constellation will appear in the American sport world—a nation-wide "Ukrainian Athletic Association."

The benefits flowing from putting the sport activities of our youth upon a sound, organized basis are many; not the least of them being the getting back into the fold of the many young Americans of Ukrainian descent who have strayed away from American-Ukrainian life. This will be one medium that will attract them, where others may perhaps have failed. The propagating of Ukrainian ideals and culture can also, to an extent, be facilitated by organizing our sport activities, for sports today offer one of the best advertising mediums possible.

Here is then a splendid opportunity and not at all too difficult a task for our young people. All that one needs to help this splendid cause is a bit initiative and perseverance, and the rewards will be many. Give this sport campaign your full support and cooperation.

A REMINDER

We are continually receiving requests for back issues of the Ukrainian Weekly, and in some cases for all the back numbers. Those writing in for them inform us they are in need of them for the valuable information about Ukraine they contain. As a result of this unceasing demand, most of the back issues in our stock have been exhausted and only in rare cases will we be able to satisfy any future requests.

We take this opportunity therefore of urging our readers to save all their copies of the Ukrainian Weekly and at the close of the year have them bound. In this manner they will have a splendid repository of knowledge of Ukraine that will stand them in good stead for many years to come.

FACTS ABOUT UKRAINE

Under this title, the Ukrainian Bureau has published a very useful and much needed little handbook giving in concise form the elementary facts concerning Ukraine, its people, history, geography and political situation. Copies of this handbook can be had on application to the Ukrainian Bureau, 27, Grosvenor Place, London, S. W. 1.

(Ukrainian Bureau, London)

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN POLAND

The District Court of Sambor, (Galicia, W. Ukraine) sentenced the Rev. Father Nicholas Hrabosky, Ukrainian Catholic Priest, 50 years old, from the village of Prusy, and the Rev. Father Joseph Kuznyn, 32 years old, also a Ukrainian Catholic priest from Dorozhov, each to a fine of 100 zlotys for reading a Mass on the memorial mounds of the Ukrainian soldiers who died in the war.

TIMELY HINTS TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS

(The Lwiv Ukrainian newspaper "Novy Tchas" published in a recent issue the following, "Plea to our contributors" which we believe applies with equal force to the contributors of the Ukrainian Weekly. For that reason we reprint it in its translated form.—Editor.)

(1) Write as often as possible, but immediately after the happening you wish to report or comment upon. Late reports or comments are of no value.

(2) Write as briefly as possible. There is no time to read lengthy articles. The reader likes to know it all, but quickly.

(3) Write clearly and legibly. How many poorly and illegibly written articles we have thrown into the waste paper basket!

(4) Do not abbreviate words! Particularly do not abbreviate such words as "Ukrainian." It seems that a regular mania has seized all contributors of unnecessarily abbreviating words. Practically every word is abbreviated. Have the patience to write them out in full.

(5) Write constructively. And if you write against anyone, sign your name beneath it. Be responsible for your writing. Do not demand that the editor be more valiant than yourself.

MORE UKRAINIAN NATIONALISTS INSIDE THE SOVIET MACHINE

TASS reports that the Government of Moscow has decided to arrest Rozvadovsky, Procurator-General, Tiverovsky, Controller-General of the Ukrainian Republic, and thirty-two other officials of the Commissariat of Justice. They are accused of working for Ukraine against Moscow and of expressing sympathy with the Nationalist Movement of Skrypnik who committed suicide some months ago.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

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

(50)

Danilo Mordovets

Danilo Mordovets (1830-1905) began his literary activities with the appearance of his poem "Cossack and Sea." He was also a contributor to the "Osnova," but when it ceased to appear for quite some time, he forsook writing in Ukrainian and turned to Russian. Here he often maintained a critical attitude towards "provincial" literatures, which included Ukrainian as well. This attitude Yefremov ascribes to the general unsettled conditions of that period. Later, however, Mordovets returned to the use of the Ukrainian language, with his Russian leanings cropping up at times. In his first stories he followed after Marko Vovchok and showed himself a master of the Ukrainian language. He also wrote historical novels, but these were inferior to his other works.

Hannah Barvinok

Hannah Barvinok (1828-1911) was the pen-name of the wife of Kulish, her real name being Alexandra Kulish. All her works reflect the influence of Marko Vovchok (Maria Markovitch), the predominant theme of them all being

the sorrows of women. This latter fact caused Hrichenko to call her "a poet of women's sorrows." She first attracted attention with two stories "The bad is not without its good" and "Summer in autumn," which were followed by a series of other works.

Oleksa Storozhenko

A talented story-teller was Oleksa Storozhenko (1805-1874), who was descended of an ancient Cossack family. After attending a military academy in St. Petersburg he served for some time in the army. Having a more than ordinary command of the Ukrainian language, his works are particularly distinguished by the clearness and purity of the Ukrainian language used. He is known chiefly for his historical novels and short stories, but wrote many humorous ones as well. Among the former type the best known is "Marko Proklyaty" (Marko the cursed one). Although interested and writing about Ukrainian life and people he remained aloof of the Ukrainian Movement.

Eugene Schoholiv

Eugene Schoholiv (1824-1898) was a writer who began writing at

an early age. His first few works, however, were criticized so severely by the Russian critic Belinsky that the young writer took it to heart and dropped writing. Nothing appeared from beneath his pen until in the 60's, at which time some of his poems appeared in Kulish's "Khata" (House). Then again nothing was heard from him until 1883, when there appeared the first collection of his poetry—"Vorsklo." In the early 90's more of his poetry appeared in the "Zorya" (Star). A second collection of his poems was issued in 1898 under the heading of "Slobozhanshchyna," (taking its name from a district in around Kharkiv, and being derived from the word "sloboda," meaning hamlet).

Such of Schoholiv's poems as "Kosari" (Reapers), "Evening," "In the field," are fine reproduction of Ukrainian nature and people. Another class of his poems deal with historical subjects. The latter are characterized by a sense of sadness for the past.

Throughout his entire life, Schoholiv kept aloof from people and society. Although loyal to Russian rule he felt himself to be a good Ukrainian.

* Title derived from the Vorsklo River in the Poltava province.

(To be continued)

DOING ONE'S BEST

To do one's best, not because of the "after glories" but because the mere participation in the activity brings joy, self-satisfaction and confidence—is an old philosophy of life that holds true this day as it was many, many years ago when the sagacious Greek philosopher propounded it.

Time after time one was advised to do his best, for the work done in early life reacts upon his character in later years. The efforts spent in attaining success are never lost because they count in the process which brings about that success.

There are those who tend to become easily discouraged with their little or no progress in life. There are those who seem to think that something less than their best will do—if it can "go over." These are the very ones for whom the bit of wisdom often uttered by the men of ancient days would be most effective if utilized.

Individuals belonging to any one of the two classes mentioned above lack the greatest essential of life, namely, sportsmanship. They are foolishly avoiding life's best tonics, a good fight, a hard struggle, victory or defeat and the self satisfaction which comes with it.

It is only when one has done his very best does one experience that exhilarating feeling of achievement. The result of the effort is secondary—if one has done his very best.

No matter what game one may be playing—tennis, golf, basketball or football or the bigger game called life—one should do his best. When one does his best, he is rewarded with success. The rewards of success are only in the sense of satisfaction.

Abraham Lincoln was in New York to fill an important speaking engagement, when by chance he was requested to speak to a group of young folks at the Five Points Mission in lower Manhattan. After conversing with several of them he became conscious of the unfortunate circumstances in their lives. He was so profoundly moved that he decided to tell of the difficulties which he himself had to encounter during his early life. With sympathetic understanding therefore, he sketched vividly his early life in a log cabin in Kentucky; his boyhood days in Indiana where poverty and hardship was expected and usually present. Often he painfully trudged over five or more miles to school with his toes sticking out through the ends of his shoes exposed to the rain or snow and the bitter cold. The climax of his speech was reached in closing when he said that he made it his duty since early childhood to do the very best he could with every project that was given him. In this manner, he said, one could practically conquer any obstacle in one's path, regardless of its immensity.

It is always an incentive to hear from the lips of so great a statesman as Lincoln, assertions of such commanding influence as these, and what makes them all the more forceful in Lincoln's case is that he himself proved in his own life the wisdom of this philosophy—that in doing the best one can one comes eventually to that state of happiness whereby one is satisfied with one's own individual efforts, and thus satisfying one's own inner self.

MARY KUBY.

LITTLE MYRON

By IVAN FRANKO

Translated from Ukrainian by R. L. W.

(1)

Little Myron is a queer child. His father loves him and thinks he is wonderfully clever, but, of course, a father is a partial judge, especially Myron's father, an elderly man, who almost lost hope of having children. Whatever the child may have been, he would think it beautiful, clever, and unusual. The neighbors used to whisper to each other that Myron is "not like other children." He swings his arms in a funny way and talks to himself. He is quiet and awkward among children. When he does chance to say something, the adults shrug their shoulders at his remarks.

"Vassil," said little Myron to another little boy, "How much can you count?"

"I? How much must I? Five, seven, fifteeten..."

"Fifteeten? Ha! Ha! Ha! How much is that?"

"How much should it be? I don't know."

"It doesn't mean anything at all! Sit down, let us count together."

Vassil sat down, and Myron started to count, beating time with his stick against the ground: one, two, three, four... Vassil listened for a while, then got up and ran away. Myron never noticed it. He continued counting and knocking with his stick. An old man, Ryabina was passing by, coughing and sighing. Myron heard nothing. Ryabina stopped and listened... Myron reached up to four hundred.

"You crazy child," said the old man in his nasal voice: "What are you doing?"

Scared and startled, little Myron lifted his frightened eyes to the old Ryabina.

"You are beating the holy soil! Don't you know that the earth is our mother? Give me your stick!"

Myron handed it to the old man, not understanding what was wanted of him. Ryabina threw the stick far away into thorny bushes. The child nearly cried, not so much about the stick as the interruption of his counting.

"Go home, and say Pater Noster instead of doing mischief!" said the old man sternly, and walked away. Myron followed him with his eyes, trying to understand what caused the old Ryabina's anger.

II

Little Myron loved to roam around the green, blossoming valleys, among the large leaves of clot-bur, fragrant daisies and sweet, dewey hatchet-vech. There was a little brook with high, steep banks, a clay bottom, and gurgling murmuring fords. The soft, green water-weeds at the bottom looked like skeins of green silk. This brook, a truly beautiful place, was the favorite place where Myron sat for hours, hidden in the thick, high grass. He looked into the splashing water, at the weeds, and the little fishes, which wiggled at the bottom of the stream, searching for prey. The sun would shine from a cloudless sky upon Myron, who was cool and comfortable under the protection of the wide leaves. He felt happy there. His little grey eyes looked at the world eagerly, thoughts stirred in his childish head.

Why is the sun so tiny, when father told me it is big. Perhaps, there is just a little hole in the sky, through which the sun peeps, that is why we see such a little piece of it."

Immediately another thought was born in his head.

How is that possible? There is a little hole where the sun rises, also a little hole where it sets. Does the hole travel together with the sun all over the sky?

He could not understand, and decided to ask his father about the peep hole of the sun.

"Myron! Myron!" called his mother.

Myron ran down to one of the fords in order to cross the brook, but suddenly stopped. He crossed the brook many times without adventures, but this time a new vision appeared before his eyes.

He was facing the sun, and looking into the water instead of the shallow bottom with gravel and soft green weeds, he saw a blue depth. He did not know yet that it was the sky smiling to him from the water. The child was frightened. How could he venture across this bottomless pit? Where did it come from? He stooped down and continued to examine the depth. It did not change. Only at the shore he saw the familiar gravel and heard the pleasant gurgling of the water over the fords. He turned around and looked: the abyss disappeared and disclosed the fords as shallow as ever. This calmed and surprised him at the same time. Myron turned to all sides, wondering at the strange vision. He had forgotten all about his mother's call.

Little Myron stood there for a long time, bending over the water, turning from side to side, fearing to cross the brook. It seemed to him that there among the shallow fords the earth will open, a blue abyss will loom out before him under the brook, between the high banks, and he will fall in deep, far into it, disappearing like a wood-shaving thrown into a deep dark well. Who knows how long he would have stood there over the ford if not for a neighbor Martin, who with rake and pitchfork was going to his hay.

"Why do you stand here? Don't you hear your mother calling you? Why don't you go home?"

"I want to go, but I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"There, look!"—and he pointed out the blue pit, but Martin didn't understand.

"What are you afraid of, it is very shallow."

"Shallow? How about that deep pit?"

"Pit? What are you talking about?" said Martin, crossing the brook, and hardly wetting his shoes. This encouraged Myron who crossed the ford quickly and ran home.

"What a foolish child! A boy of five should be afraid to cross such a shallow little stream!" grumbled the peasant, and went to his hay.

(To be concluded)

A UKRAINIAN OR RUSSIAN ARTIST?...

In every history of Russian painting one of the most prominent positions is attributed to the painter by the name of Elias Repin. He is spoken of as the great reformer of the Russian painting, its regenerator, that is a man who proclaimed the principles which breathed a new life into the dying body of Russian art.

The same man is considered by many a Ukrainian artist. They point to his birth in Ukraine, of Ukrainian parents. They point to his admission of his Ukrainian origin in the letter to the government of the Ukrainian People's Republic, a letter which brought him a pension as an artist of the Ukrainian Republic. The Republic was short-lived, and soon Repin again had to wander like a homeless vagrant, earning a living as a well-known Russian artist. Where ever appeared his pictures, the authors of the catalogues emphasized the nationalist qualities of his works, meaning by this the Russian nationalism.

It would be, therefore, appropriate to look closer into this question of Repin's nationalism. Whose nationalism does he express in his paintings, the Russian or the Ukrainian? Let us look into his pictures for the answer to this interesting question.

A great portion of his works are portraits. There are among his sitters men of Ukrainian and Russian origin. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to trace in them his nationalist feelings. He was too much of a portrait-painter, who tried with all the powers at his command to transcribe for the onlooker the experience that to him was the sitter. Those portraits are neither Russian nor Ukrainian.

There came also from his brush some religious pictures, such as St. Nicholas Saving the Man about to Be Beheaded. These, too, can hardly be connected with any nationalist feelings of the artist.

These pictures, however, contrast strongly with a series of historic pictures, for which Repin won the greatest fame. Of them he himself liked most was the picture of *The Cossacks' Reply to the Sultan*, as he attested this by copying it several times and repainting it in several versions. Everybody knows this picture. It has become a familiar artistic heritage of millions of people, through various black-and-white reproductions, and colored prints. It has become familiar as one of the most fascinating representations of the reckless bravery that was the Cossacks. At a simple table, placed amidst of a Cossack camp, a group of leaders have stopped in order to write their reply to the Turkish Sultan who demands their surrender. An assorted collection of types and characters is gathered around this table, pressing upon the old Cossack "pysar" seated at the table with a quill in his hand. You can see at once what a letter this is. The "pysar" has probably little to do with its tone and content, though he enjoys it tremendously with others. The letter is dictated by others. Each seems to add to it his composition. Guffaws greet insulting sallies hurled at the arrogant supreme ruler of the Supreme Porte. You can guess that the majestic robes of the proud ruler are dragged here in mud amidst the cheers of the crowd. All of them are armed, even the powerful Hercules who sits shirtless at the table, shaping some spicy morsel of a curse for the taste of the mighty ruler of the greatest armies of his days. Those arms and the wounds on the heads of some of them speak loud that

those men know what they are doing. This is not the bartering of men afraid to fight. Those men fling not epithets upon one whom they cannot reach with their hands. These men issue a challenge to the arrogant potentate.

Such is Repin's picture of Sirko, the Ataman of the Ukrainian Zaporoghian Cossacks, writing a reply to the Turkish Sultan. Such is Repin's picture of Ukraine.

With this picture competed in popularity another historic picture. It is the picture of historic Russia. It represents the leader of the Russians, one of the greatest tsars of Russia, the real founder of the Russian empire, Tsar Ivan the Terrible. The scene is laid in the tsar's palace. On its carpeted floor, lies a figure of a handsome young man. Strength is escaping quickly from his frame. He cannot hold himself upright any more. An old man has grabbed him about his waist, trying

to lift him. But the young man cannot do more than to collect, with his great effort, the remnants of his consciousness. But with his last consciousness, the young man tries to ward off the embraces of the old man,—an accusation of the old man by the dying that he dies of the old man's hand. The old man realizes that the young man is dying. He takes the young man's head into his hand, and tries, with his palm and with his lips, to stem the flow of blood from the young man's wounds. But his efforts are evidently hopeless. The old man must have caught himself in despair by the forehead as there are blood stains on it, the blood of the dying young man. The old man's eyes are rushing out of their sockets, as he realizes the horror of his deed: he has killed the young man.

On the carpet, at the young man's side, there lies a long cane,

with a long spear-like end. Who knows something about Russian history, recognizes in it at once the famous cane of the Russian Tsar Ivan, who would receive a foreign ambassador, by driving this spear-like cane into the foot of the ambassador, and nailing the man to the floor, then rest his chin upon the sticknob and look into the ambassador's eyes. The murderer is the Tsar of Russia, the murdered man his eldest son Ivan, the heir to the throne of Moscow.

This is Repin's picture of historic Russia, which you may contrast with the picture of historic Ukraine, as depicted in Repin's *Sirko Writing a Reply to the Sultan*. If one picture does not speak the language of nationalism clearly, the two will din it into deafest ears. Ukraine—the land of reckless bravery, Russia—the land of senseless murder.



ELIAS REPIN: COSSACKS' REPLY TO THE SULTAN

MY CHINESE FRIEND

By T. LUCIW

He entered the bus in Chicago. His face was yellow, his eyes were brown. His utterly dark hair and his peculiar posture made him look entirely different from everyone of us that sat in the bus. Although I had never seen a Chinese so closely before, nor spoken to any of them, I decided to have a little talk with him. After a short hesitation I remarked:

"Nice weather today, isn't it?"

He looked at me with noticeable suspicion for a moment, and then answered briefly with an Oriental accent:

"Yeass... Sir."

That was all we spoke. Then he started to eat his lunch while I read the paper.

"Is that Russian?" asked he suddenly, focusing his eyes on my paper.

"No," said I. "It's Ukrainian."

"Oh—you're Ukrainian, a foreign student?"

"Yes, I am going to be a student. I haven't attended any school in this country yet."

"I was—in Washington, D. C. Where are you going to?"

"To Dubuque University."

"That's fine!"—exclaimed he with open joy. "So am I. Let's be friends. My name is C. S. Lei, Canton, China." So we became acquainted.

We took the same taxicab for the campus.

At the University we met many students from different countries. We became acquainted with college life, with the Christian spirit of this institution, and especially with the curious way of living

of the American students. We tried to organize an international club and gave numerous talks on foreign topics. My friend Lei proved himself to be a good public speaker.

Many a time we exchanged our ideas and views. He told me about the Far Eastern situation, and I explained to him the Ukrainian Problem. He taught me some Chinese, and I gave him some instruction in Polish, since he was planning to work in the Chinese Embassy in Poland. I don't know if he still remember anything that I taught him, but I still remember how to say in Chinese, "Hello," "Goodbye," and "I love you."

I enjoyed his friendship and he liked me, for, as he said, "because you are never offended against anybody," so he could say to me anything he wanted to. His most frequent remark was:

"You're crazy! You want to crush Russia and build Ukraine. Russia is enemy of Japan and friend of China."

"Why"—I used to answer, "Ukraine may also be your friend!" This satisfied him.

Once he played a tennis match against Chalmer. Everyone except me cheered Lei's opponent. Lei lost. He could hardly forget the fact and complained that "there is no cooperation among the different races."

I used to say that the whites are doing much good for China. "For example, Americans build schools, orphanages, send their missionaries..."

"Oh, that's a lot of 'hooy'!" When

I become ruler of China I'll throw them out of my country. They only carry on their imperialistic ideas among our people."

On February 7, 1934 Lei left Dubuque for Washington and then to Poland. Before he left he wrote me the following note in my "Diary."

"Mr. Luciw—

Twenty one guns are ready. Whenever you come to China I will shoot them off to welcome you." "C. S. Lei."

I DIDN'T KNOW...

that a misplaced comma in the tariff act of June 6, 1872, cost Uncle Sam a million dollars.)

that football was played in China 4,000 years ago.

that David R. Atchinson was legal President of the United States for one day.

that cellophane on standard white bread adds from half a cent to a cent to the cost of the bread.

that most Eskimos have never seen an igloo.

that the native boys of Fiji send their sweethearts lemons as tokens of their love.

that in Germany all national elections must be held on Sunday or on public holidays.

that theoretically the President of United States cannot be legally arrested for any act whatsoever, even the commission of murder.

STEPHEN S. BAKALIK.

A THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

I salute the dawn. The hours that are to come shall be lived to the full. The moment that is flying shall be my very life. There was no yesterday. There shall be no to-morrow. When noon arrives let me reflect upon the morning. May the afternoon be all the morning was not. When the evening has come may there be no regrets, no remorse, no accusations of my conscience.

O! Blessed Day! Find me constant in determination, to leave behind a little joy—to instill hope into the hopeless—to extend sympathy where it is needed and to relieve some of the suffering of those about me. And when I lay my weary head upon the pillow let me murmur just one prayer to the Infinite One to keep my spirit in eternal harmony with the Universal Mind.

M.D.S.

UKRAINIAN NEW YEAR

A Happy New Year to you, and may it be a good year for all of us.

At this time I always recall a little story I heard long ago about a man who was buying a railroad ticket. He asked the ticket agent how far it was to the town to which he was going.

"Two hundred miles," he was told.

"And how far is it from there back here again?" he then asked.

"Are you kidding me?" said the ticket seller. "Why, of course it is the same distance back!"

"Well I just wanted to make sure," said the man, "cause you can't always tell. It's only a week from Christmas to New Year, but look how long it is from New Year to Christmas!"

PETER BEHRIG.

OUTSTANDING EVENTS OF 1934

February 22

Fortieth Anniversary of the Ukrainian National Association. An organization that the Ukrainians are proud of. An organization with 30,000 members and 3 1/2 millions in assets. Three cheers and a carload of orchids to the U. N. A.!

30,000 Ukrainians can't be wrong! Why not join!

March 9 and 30

(9) 120th anniversary of the birth of Taras Shevchenko—father poet of Ukraine. May his works and ideals continue to inspire our youth.

(30) Ukrainian Aviation School formed by O.D.W.U. Ukrainians are getting up in this world.

April 24

Ambridge Ukrainians protest the flying of the Polish flag from the Borough Hall on the occasion of General Haller's visit. Burgess agrees. No Polish flag flown. Local Poles gnash teeth! (Heh, heh, heh!) More power to the Ambridge Ukes. They deserve a laurel.

September 1 and 2

Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress held in New York. "Oh, are you here? Hmm... This world isn't such a big place after all."

Seriously, now, it was a memorable event, since another milestone of Ukrainian progress was reached. Long may it live!

October 5

First Anniversary of Ukrainian Weekly. Receives warm welcome by Ukrainian youth. Becomes medium of exchange of thoughts and ideas. It deserves the finest bouquet of orchids we can get.

This month also commemorates the 70th anniversary of the founding of the Ukrainian theater in Western Ukraine.

December

A shadow clouded the merry spirit of Christmas. It was the death of Michael Hrushevsky—historian, writer, publisher, patriot—and a victim of Russia's ruthless drive against Ukraine.

Eternal memory to him... To the Soviet Russian barbarians,—the biggest sheaf of thorns, thistles, and burdock we can find!

December 24

Ukrainian Youth's League sends President Roosevelt a protest against Russian terrorism in Ukraine. Let's hope it takes effect...

A bugle softly sounds taps... the curtains close... and 1934 makes its exit...

"Time Marches On!"

STANLEY PATRONIK
(Assembly 145)

ON SPORT WRITING

If some other nationality was to claim the great Ukrainian athletes, Kojac or Halaiko, as their own, most of us Ukrainians would certainly go up in the air over the matter. Then, it stands to reason that we too should not use like methods and extravagantly claim athletes of another nationality as our own. It works both ways!

Recently a correspondent to the Ukrainian Weekly contributed,— "When 'Pop' Warner's Temple University Owls clash with Tulane University in the Sugar Bowl classic at New Orleans on New Year's Day, there will be one Ukrainian in the lineup. He is Pete Stevens, center and captain of the undefeated Temple machine..."

Unfortunately this is not true. Captain Stevens' younger brother, Clem Stevens, a member of the Temple Freshman Football Team, whose wonderful playing last season should not be overlooked, put his hand on my shoulder and replied with a great big smile, "Nope, that was a bad guess. In spite of my great respect for Ukrainians, my brother and I are of Polish-German extraction."

The same writer earlier in the season mentioned Stan Gurzynski, a star right guard for Temple, as being Ukrainian. Stan, who also goes in for shot-putting and javelin heaving for the Owl trackmen, emphatically denies it as being true. Incidentally, consider the position of Dave Smukler, whom Warner credits as being his greatest player. Four nationalities are included in his immediate genealogy, Indian, German, Polish and Jewish. If any one of these were to claim him solely as their own, to the exclusion of the others, a battle royal would start with plenty of hard feeling all around. "He is what he is, and why try to make something out of him, what he ain't!"

At present, of all the Philadelphia papers who are writing up Temple "big," The Philadelphia Record has taken a special interest in Owl athletic activities. Any one of their competent sport columnists, such as Hugh Bradley, would certainly co-operate fully to get an authoritative statement of facts in regards to the nationality of a player. Accuracy in sports writing of this nature is required because a continuance of rash guessing will do damage to Ukrainians in general.

WALTER N. NACHONEY,
Philadelphia, Pa.



"They took his life, but they can't destroy his work."

UKRAINIAN AFFAIRS IN AMERICA

CLEVELAND YOUTH BRANCH OF U. N. A. ENDS FIRST YEAR

The Cleveland youth took the initiative a year ago and organized a youth assembly of the Ukrainian National Association, consisting of twelve members.

A skeptical eye was held on this youth's assembly and opinions expressed by the older Ukrainians conceiving their disbelief in the youth keeping together and enlarging. Many expectant and prospective members were discouraged from joining by the smallness of our membership. A member or two, forced by financial shortage, caused by unemployment, dropped out, creating more food for the pessimists. Despite this, however, the assembly with the help of some transfer members who disregarded all discouragements, enlisted new members and during the year sponsored entertainments.

Although having but a handful of members the assembly sponsored a dance, roller skating party, outings, took part in Ukrainian national holiday activities and also took part in the celebration of the Ukrainian National Association's 40th anniversary. Lectures were given by Dr. Michaelenko on various diseases, heredity, environments and other educational and interesting topics. The assembly was also represented at the Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress in New York City.

To end our first year of existence, an All-Nations Concert and Dance was held. In this way we proved to the pessimists that we can stay organized, enlarge and be active.

The concert, opened by an address of our president, Stanley Dolny, consisted of dances and music of various nationalities, followed by a public dance where these groups became acquainted with one another.

The concert was very much applauded, although there was a great deal of criticism passed by the few who could not imagine the amount of work done by the youth to gather these various groups and acquaint them with the Ukrainians.

We did our part but the concert was not a success owing to our older generation here in Cleveland who so poorly backed this enterprise and others sponsored by other youth in the past. Of the many assemblies in Cleveland, an unbelievably small percentage attended or were even interested in our enterprise, yet they speak of encouraging our youth to Ukrainian organizations and promise to back them financially.

The assembly takes this opportunity to thank Mr. Bushko, Mr. Malisky, Mr. Herman and Mr. Ponopick for their help and also thanks the professional and business men for their advertisements in our program.

Secretary of the Assembly 15th
U. N. A.
STEVE HERMAN,

CIVIC CENTER HOLDS ELECTIONS

With the beginning of the New Year the Ukrainian Civic Center of New York City starts its fourth year. Elections were held Tuesday, January 15th, with the following results:

President—Mrs. E. Revyuk; Vice-Pres.—Olga Soltys; Secretaries—Olga Nizovitz and Eugenia Uhorchak; Treas.—Elaine Yurchak; Educational Chairman—Mary Ann Bodnar; Social and Publicity Chairman—Elizabeth Dyczko; Refreshment Chairman—Mary Wozniak, and her assistant Mrs. N. Sawicky; Board of Directors—Mrs. E. Revyuk; Olga Soltys, Olga Nizovitz, Elaine Yurchak; Ann Troskey, Julia Lalka.

E. D.

CARTERET, N. J.

ATTENTION young men and women! Attend one of the years greatest amateur performances for a convulsion of laughter and tears. Do not miss it! Remember the others. Ukrainian Social Club BLACK & TAN MINSTREL, Saturday, January 26th, 1935.