



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

Supplement to the SVOBODA, Ukrainian Daily

Published by the Junior Department of the Ukrainian National Association.



No. 5.

Jersey City, N. J., Friday, February 1, 1935.

Vol. III.

## YOUTH BRANCH OF U. N. A. FORMED IN CHICAGO

Ukrainian National Ass'n, Inc.,  
Gentlemen:

With the Ukrainian National Association's Anniversary and its drive for more members on, we made up our minds of not only patting the Association on the back, but in rolling up our sleeves and getting down to work.

The best way to do constructive work, we thought, was to join the organization as a separate youth branch, including in it as its charter members the following eleven people: Miss Marie Lubas, Miss Tillie Kuzma, Miss Wanda Kuzma, Mr. Walter Skoropad, Mr. John Kunio, Mr. Paul Kania, Mr. Stephen P. Hryniévsky, Miss Olga Sen, Miss Anna Lubas, Miss Sophie Sen and Mr. Wolodymyr Didyk.

We were helped by Mr. Taras Shipikula, of the U. N. A. Board of Advisors. We met on the Sunday afternoon of December, 9th, 1934, at the St. Nicholas Church Hall, and there he gave us a brief resume of the required procedure for forming a Subordinate Assembly (branch for short). Mr. John Karpa, President of the St. Stephen's Brotherhood, Branch 22 of the U. N. A., also gave us some points.

After receiving this information, we elected the following officers: Miss Marie Lubas, President; Mr. Walter Skoropad, Financial Secretary; Mr. John Kunio, Recording Secretary; Mr. Paul Kania, Treasurer.

Keeping up the business-like mood we went about deciding upon a name, which was agreed upon to be the "Good Will Society." Our Branch number, as assigned to us is No. 22. With the intention of enlarging our Branch the meeting was adjourned for the time being.

MARIE LUBAS and  
WALTER SKOROPAD.

## CHICAGO BRANCH OF UYL ISSUES THIRD BULLETIN

The Chicago Branch of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America has issued its third Bulletin. The latest issue is attractive and interesting, showing laudable effort on the part of the editorial board.

Among other things we learn that:

"In the near future, the Chicago Branch of the U. N. A. will sponsor a series of lectures on Ukrainian literature. These lectures will enable the youth to become acquainted with Ukrainian great poets and writers and their works. And it will also lend an opportunity to evaluate Ukrainian contributions to the literature of the world.

"It is evident that history is the recording and interpretation of events of a people; literature is the expression of the ideals, customs, traditions, and soul of a people. Therefore, if the present day Youth is to take the helm, it must know the soul—ideals and aspirations of its predecessors."

Today's "U. W." concluded in  
Svoboda.

## HELPING TO SOLVE THE UKRAINIAN SCHOOL PROBLEM

Perhaps the clearest reflection of the rise of world interest in Ukraine can be found in the world press. With surprising regularity books, magazines and newspapers in languages other than Ukrainian appear bearing articles that deal with Ukraine. Not only is the Ukrainian political situation dissected and commented upon in them but, what is still more surprising, the much more difficult phases of Ukrainian culture are treated too.

Noting this one cannot help but ask himself:—Where did these non-Ukrainian writers and commentators that write on subjects related to Ukrainian life obtain their knowledge of the same? And the obvious answer that quickly enters the mind is:—through close and thorough study!

This last is rather unsettling to us. After all, who knows better than we, young American-Ukrainians, the difficulties involved in gaining at least a rudimentary knowledge of the Ukrainian language, history and culture. For non-Ukrainians to thus blissfully ignore all these difficulties and become well conversant with the Ukrainian language and other kindred subjects is most unorthodox indeed! And yet such is the situation. Some of these non-Ukrainians that interest themselves in the Ukrainian people have through diligent application gained a knowledge of Ukraine that would put many of us to shame.

This disquieting situation leads directly to another question:—What are we going to do about it? Are we, young Americans of Ukrainian descent, going to sit complacently by while Yankees, Canadians, Englishmen, not to mention those of other nationalities, get the jump on us in the matter of learning the Ukrainian language, history and culture? Will we sit unperturbedly while they interpret and translate whole sections of Ukrainian literature and history for us?

Yet the only way to avoid this ridiculous and shameful situation is to get down to serious work and obtain at least a basic knowledge of the Ukrainian language, and then of other kindred subjects.

How can this basic knowledge be obtained?

There are many ways. At present one suggests itself most aptly.

Out in Cleveland, Ohio, the local American-Ukrainian colony has managed to have introduced into the curriculum of a local high school a special course of study of the Ukrainian language and associated subjects.

We believe this to be an excellent step. Such courses, devoted entirely to Ukrainians and taught by trained teachers that receive regular pay from the municipality or other agency, can bring very beneficial results. The youth taught in them will come out with a sound knowledge of the Ukrainian tongue. And a growing number of such schools will in the future create a fine field of livelihood for our intellectual classes.

We bring this example to the attention of our people throughout America, particularly to the youth. Wherever possible, especially where they live in compact masses, efforts should be made to have such courses instituted in the local schools or colleges. And where they are opened the local American-Ukrainian youth should attend them. Meanwhile, for those of our youth that are considering teaching as a life profession, here is an inviting field for their consideration.

## IS ANNA STEN UKRAINIAN?

Recurring inquiries are made concerning the film actress Anna Sten's nationality. Is she Ukrainian or Russian? One time she is held out as Ukrainian, and another time as Russian.

Obviously the best authority on this is Anna Sten herself. For us, however, a Ukrainian is one who holds himself or herself out as such, who no matter where he lives always remembers his native land and seeks to aid it materially or otherwise.

## UKRAINIAN EXHIBIT AT THE INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR

From February 4 to February 11 an International Trade Fair will take place in the grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. and 46th St., New York City. There will be also a Ukrainian Section with unusual exhibits of Ukrainian historical and present day: embroideries and national costumes from all parts of Ukraine. Sister Sevefina, head of the Girls' Institute in Lviv, Western Ukraine, who arrived in America only two weeks ago, has brought the richest collection so far of the Ukrainian handicraft.

It is to be expected that young American-Ukrainians will be especially interested in this exposition, where they can get acquainted with the costumes of all Ukrainian provinces. Everybody is cordially invited.

## OLD MAPS OF UKRAINE DISCOVERED

While rambling through the books in a bookstore in Philadelphia, Mr. Alexander Yaremko accidentally ran across some ancient beautifully done maps of Ukraine, dating back to 1654. They are prints of hand painted originals, and although old are well preserved. On one map can be seen such names as "Ograina," meaning Ukraine, and other names of Ukrainian cities, provinces and rivers. On the other map, which is the better of the two, can be seen "Ukraine Pays Des Cosaques," "Cosaques Donski Czercassia," "Cosaques Zaporozi," and many other ancient Ukrainian names.

Mr. Yaremko promptly notified the "Svoboda" and through his kind cooperation the "Svoboda" was able to purchase them.

## REPORT ON DIPHTHERIA BACILLUS BY AMERICAN-UKRAINIAN

A lengthy report based upon observations and experiments upon the "Relationship of the Morphology of the Diphtheria Bacillus to its Virulence," appeared in the November-December, 1934, issue of the "Journal of Infectious Diseases." Its author is a well known American-Ukrainian young woman of New York City, Josephine J. Jarems, in private life Mrs. Yaroslav Chyz, who wrote it in collaboration with L. W. Smith.

## AN OPEN LETTER SENT TO HEARST

An open letter to William Randolph Hearst, publisher, concerning his recent radio attack upon communism was recently sent by "The Historical Section of the Ukrainian Club of Los Angeles," and signed by Ivan Petrushevich, Chairman, and Joseph Orlyk, Secretary.

The letter expresses the interest aroused among the Ukrainian people by the radio address, and criticizes the apathy and indifference of the general public to the true state of affairs in the Soviet Union. Concluding by citing the advantages to the civilized world of a free Ukraine, the letter reads: "Don't you think, Mr. Hearst, that America's bet on the Trident and Kiev is safer than that on Kremlin with the Hammer and Sickle?"

## A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

(52)

### The decline of the "sixty-ites"

With the death of Alexander Konysky ends the literary life of that class of Ukrainian writers known as the "sixty-ites," deriving their name from the 60's of the last century when they first made their appearance with the issuance of the journal "Osnova." They were the first of Ukrainian intellectual workers of the modern period that appeared in the field of Ukrainian life not as individuals but as an organized body, with a definite aim—the advancement of the Ukrainian movement.

It was a great loss to Ukraine that their work could not last. For the "Osnova" fell, their Sunday schools in which the Ukrainian language was taught fell too, while they themselves were scattered far and wide by the Czarist regime. Following the suppression of the Polish revolt, insinuations and charges began to be circulated by influential Russian writers and publicists that the troublesome Ukrainian movement was but "Polish intrigues" which the Poles had invented in order

to harry the Russian government. As a result, the storm of oppression over Ukraine grew worse. Arrests, summary trials, imprisonments, exile to Siberia or depths of Muscovy followed in rapid succession for all associated with the Ukrainian movement.

### The exodus of Ukrainian intellectual workers from Greater Ukraine

It was particularly from this time that there began the exodus of many of the Ukrainian intelligentsia from Great Ukraine under Russia to the Western Ukrainian province of Galicia under Austria. Here, although the influential Polish landowning classes made things most uncomfortable for the Ukrainians, the conditions for some sort of national progress were better than under Russia.

### GALICIA FROM THE TIME OF ITS ANEXATION TO AUSTRIA

#### A period of darkness

From the time of the joint Polish-Lithuanian rule of Ukraine when the Poles seized the Ukrainian province of Galicia and annexed it to their kingdom, Galicia

had been under Polish rule until the partition of Poland, the first of which took place in 1772.

As a result of the most oppressive and denationalizing rule of Poland over Galicia, when that province passed under Austria it seemed that the Ukrainian life in it had come to an end. There seemed to be no sign of it, so thorough the Polish policy of denationalization had been. The cultural level of the Ukrainian people had touched a very low level. There were no Ukrainian schools, institutions, nor any Ukrainian intellectual classes. Ukrainian society was represented by a mass of oppressed, unenlightened peasantry. Even the Ukrainian clergy as a class was hardly Ukrainian conscious, leaning towards Polish culture, adopting Polish modes and customs, using the Polish language. Aspirants for priesthood in that time were dubbed as "Lutsaky" (being consecrated in Lutsyk and Cholm). They were half-scholarly individuals upon whom no greater demands were made other than the ability to read in halting fashion the simplest writing and printing and ability to pay the consecration fee. What could a dark and oppressed people expect of such leaders.

(To be continued)

And this was exactly just what Kyrylo Tur's bosom friend, Bohdan Chornohor, a tall young Cossack, was striving for. Hovering around the post he would ward off one with an entreaty, another with some reminder of Kyrylo's services, and still another with even a sharp word and a scowl; and such was his reputation that the latter would draw away like a cat from fat, even though he would fain have a drink of the inviting mead. Begging an otaman to refrain from punishing Kyrylo young Chornohor even wept copiously, and this display of emotion for his friend was so touching that the otaman withdrew. Such friendship was most highly respected in those days.

But here comes father Puhatch himself. Before his advance Bohdan Chornohor gives way like a puppy before the approach of a mastiff. There is no use of attempting to dissuade him, even if he dared to. The pitiless elder comes to the post. With one gulp he downs a tumbler of mead.

—Tis indeed fine mead, he comments, smacking his lips, and ignoring the hapless Chornohor. Dipping into the basket he pulls out a chunk of bread, eats it, then reaches down for a stick, the heaviest he can find.

—Turn around,—he says to Kyrylo Tur,—you nee do well!

Kyrylo quietly turns around. A swish through the air, and he receives a blow so heavy that his very bones crackle. But he shows himself to be a good Zaporozhian, for he neither winces nor groans.

—Know well, you wretch, how Cossack honor to uphold!—says father Puhatch, laying down the stick, and going his way.

Gazing at the scene from a distance, young Petro, whose sweetheart it was that Kyrylo Tur had attempted to abduct, realized that a couple more of such blows, and that would be the end of Kyrylo Tur. His sympathies aroused, for he was a kindly lad, he walked over to Tur, wishing to find out whether he had any last message to deliver to his mother and sister.

But Bohdan Chornohor thought otherwise. Thinking that Petro too would fain try his strength on Kyrylo's back he jumped in front of him, drawing his sword.

—Stir not a step toward him!—he cried, menacingly.—I won't permit an outsider beat my friend. Tis enough what he gets from his comrades.

—Sometime I doubt whether you have any sense in that head of yours!—spoke up Kyrylo Tur to the glaring Chornohor.—Let Petro go. He is a good lad. He is such that would not stamp you further into the quagmire, but pull you out. Hello, comrade!—turning to Petro.—See, how warmly guests are treated among us here. Come, let's have a drink together.

—Drink yourself, brother,—refused Petro,—for I were to drink then I am afraid that your elders might force me to show my appreciation for it by beating you.

—Well, here's to your health, comrades!—said Kyrylo Tur.—I shall have to drink alone.

—What message do you want me to give to your mother and sister?—asked Petro, after the latter had drunk.

The mention of his mother and sister caused Kyrylo Tur to lower his head. Obviously he was moved.

## A ZAPOROZHIAN COSSACK TRIAL

An excerpt from Panteleymon Kulish' novel "Chorna Rada" (Black Council).

(A free translation by Stephen Shumeyko)

(Note.—Kulish's "Chorna Rada" written in the middle of the last century and dealing with Cossack life during the middle of the 17th century, is extremely idiomatic in content and form, to a degree that would be incomprehensible to an English reader without lengthy and wearying explanations. For that reason the following translation is quite free, deleting as much as possible of the idioms.

The reader will often encounter the terms "father," "brother." They must not be taken in their exact sense, denoting family relations. "Father" was usually applied to the elders among the Cossacks, whose counsel was greatly respected; "brother" was synonymous to comrade.

Other explanations:—"Otaman"—Cossack military leader; "Hetman,"—the Cossack Commander-in-Chief; "Bulawa" was the Hetman's scepter. "Kobzar"—troubadour. "Kobza"—a lyre-like instrument.)

The trial of Kyrylo Tur was opened by father Puhach. Stepping forward from the massed circle of the Cossack council, he bowed low to all four sides, adding extra bows to the otamans and the Hetman. Then, clearing his throat stentoriously, the old warrior spoke, loud and clear:

—Sir Hetman, elders, otamans, brothers and comrades! Wherein does the power of the Zaporozhe lie if not in the maintenance of the old ancestral customs. No one can say when Cossack knight-hood began. Its beginnings, however, can be traced back to the ancient times of our ancestors, the Varangians, who on field and sea won undying fame for themselves. And since then no one has sullied this golden fame; neither the Cossack Bayda, hung on an iron hook on the walls of Tsarhorod, neither Samiyla Kyshka, tortured for four and fifty hours in Turkish dungeons; no one; save one loafer, one ruffian—this scoundrel that stands before you now!...

Seizing the powerful figure of Kyrylo-Tur by the shoulders, the speaker swung him around roughly, so that all could view him.

—Look well, knave,—he cried—into the eyes of these good people, and be an example to all!

—What has this wretch done?—he continued, addressing the silent crowd.—He has done that upon which we can only spit. He has tried to abduct a maiden. Tchfu! He has shamed the Cossack brotherhood for all time. Sir Hetman, and you elders, and you brothers, think well, what shall we do to wipe off this dishonor laid upon us? What punishment for this good-for-nothing loafer do you decree?

No one replied; all awaited to hear what the Hetman had to say. The elders urged him on:

—Speak, father Hetman; your word is law.

Hetman Brukhovetsky shrank within himself, and said:

—My dear elders! what could my humble head decide? In your gray heads lies all wisdom, and not in mine. My duty is but to wave this bulawa to see that your decree is obeyed. Decide in accordance with the ancient customs, which you know best. Judge and punish, and I shall not hinder you. Before your wisdom we are all children and fools.

—Well, if that it so,—spoke up one of the elders, a bewiskered, scarred veteran of many a foray and council,—then why wait any longer? To the post and rod with him!

The Hetman waved his bulawa, in command that the elders' decree be carried out. The council broke up. All streamed to a post imbedded in the ground nearby.

The rascal Kyrylo Tur was quickly bound and led to the post. They tied the poor fellow to it in such a manner that he was free to turn in any direction he pleased; even his right hand was left unbound, so that with it he could help himself to a tumbler of mead, a keg of which stood within his reach. For such was the cus-

tom in those days that when a culprit was about to be punished by being beaten with sticks at the whipping-post, a keg of mead and a basket of rolls were placed alongside the post: so as to bedcloud the head and dull the senses of the victim, and thus make him bear his punishment better, and secondly, to give more willingness to those wielding stick. At the foot of the post lay a bundle of sticks of good-sized thickness and length. And thus every brother passing by, would pause at the post, take a drink of mead, follow that with a piece of roll, then pick up a stick, lay it strongly across the culprit's back, and then proceed on his way. Only one blow was allowed each brother. And yet "such was the cursed custom, in those days," recall very old people, "that seven such blows and the culprit rarely was able to eat any bread anymore."—it was the finish for him.

Rarely, but very rarely, it so happened that where the malefactor was greatly esteemed among his comrades for his warrior or comradely qualities, then the brothers would pass the post by without stopping to partake of the mead and bread, as if he did not even see the bound figure. The latter would stand out his time, and then be let loose without even a scratch upon his back. But in order to win such mercy from the Cossack brotherhood, one had to be goodness knows how fine a Cossack.

Although Kyrylo Tur was popular among his comrades, yet his sin was one of the most grievous that a Cossack could commit, that of trying to abduct a maiden. And thus while his comrades sympathized with him secretly, yet that this sin should not spread among the younger Cossacks, they hastened to partake of the mead and bread and go after the stick. And yet of such stuff was the Cossack made of, that the sight of Kyrylo Tur, bound and helpless, quietly awaiting the blow, would soften his pitiless Cossack heart. Perhaps his mind would flash back to some adventure the two experienced together, the facing of death together, some act of kindness; at any rate his hand would drop the rod and unobtrusively he would withdraw, without striking the blow.

Then at length he raised his head and gave his message, in song:

„Ой которий, козаченьки, буде з вас у місті,  
Поклоніться старій нелиці, нещасній нелиці:  
Нехай плаче, нехай плаче, а вже не виплаче,  
Бо над сном, над Кирилом чорний ворон криче!”

—That is just exactly what is going to happen to you, you scoundrel!—interrupted one of the elders, approaching. He was followed by three others.—Don't place too much hope on the fact that young Cossacks pass you by without giving you what you richly deserve; we elders ourselves shall give you a full measure. But first let us have a drink.

And taking the tumbler he filled it, dripping full, drank it down, smacked his lips in satisfaction, then picking up a stick said:

—What do you say, fathers? My opinion is that I knock him one over the head and let him perish, the wretch!

—No, brother,—replied gravely the other elder,—tis not a custom among us to beat a miscreant over the head. The head is made in the image of God, and it would be a grievous sin to lift a stick against it. The head is not to blame; tis from the heart that wrongdoing and wanton passion flows.

—Very true, brother,—interjected the third elder.—But you cannot reach his cursed heart by beating him with a stick, nor can you tell this ox by beating him over the shoulders even with an ax head. It would indeed be a shame to let loose such a sinner.

—Listen to my counsel, fathers,—spoke up the fourth elder.—If Kyrylo Tur can last out this drubbing, then let him live: such a Cossack will be useful.

—Useful!—exploded father Puhatch, approaching.—For what? Beat the scoundrel! Tis only too bad I can't swing the stick once again; I would keep on drubbing him until all the mead was gone. Beat him father, beat the rogue!

One by one the elders took a drink, picked up a stick, and belabored Tur heavily over his shoulders. There was enough strength in their hoary arms to make the bones fairly crack on Tur's back. Another in his place would have been felled to the ground like a stricken ox on the first blow, but Kyrylo managed to suffer the four of them without even wincing; in fact, when they were through he even joked as they were leaving:

—They certainly laundered me well, there is no denying to that!—he exclaimed, humorously.—After such laundering I believe I won't ever feel any pain.

—What shall I tell your mother?—asked once more Petro.

—And what could you tell?—replied Kyrylo Tur, snorting.—Tell her that her Cossack perished for such a noble cause as a billy-goat's soul, and no more—so there! And as for the division of my treasure, my comrade Chornohor will attend to that. One third of it he shall give to my mother and sister, and the second third he shall take to Kiev, to the Mohila Brotherhood. A mere sin tempted me, so there let them pray for my soul. And the third part let him take to the Black Mountain for the good mountaineers to buy themselves lead and powder, so that they will have something to remember Kyrylo Tur's soul by at the Cossack hertz dances.

—A bit more endurance, comrade,—cheered Bohdan Chornohor.—No one will dare to lift a finger against you from now on. Soon the dinner gong will sound. They will then let you loose, and you will be a free Cossack once more, as free as the wind in the steppe.

Although impatient to leave for home, yet Petro decided to wait until noon. Perhaps Kyrylo would survive. Then he could depart with a more cheerful message than the one given him. Sauntering through the Sich grounds he noted that Kyrylo Tur had not only Chornohor for a defender, but many others. Cossacks would pass one another near the post, each one with his hand menacingly on the hilt of his sword, as if to say: "Just try to covet that mead, and see what you'll get from me!"

At last the dinner gong sounded! Cossacks swarmed around Kyrylo Tur. Quickly he was untied. Congratulations, embraces...

—Let me loose, you loafers!—roared Kyrylo Tur, seeking to free himself of their embraces.—Were you tied to that post you would soon lose all inclination to embrace.

—Well, what have you to say now, you devil's offspring!—said fattier Puhatch, elbowing his way through the crowd.—Were the sticks tasty? Do your shoulders hurt much—as much as those of that devil who had to carry a monk on his shoulders through the streets of Jerusalem? Here, you good for nothing ne'er-do-well, take this salve and these leaves and apply them to your back. Tomorrow you won't even have a bit of pain. We used to get good drubbings in our youth too, so we know what's good for it.

They undressed Kyrylo Tur. The condition of his back made Petro's blood run cold with horror. The white shirt was all bloody, and stuck tightly to the raw flesh. When it came to pulling it off, Tur had to clench his teeth to keep a groan from escaping his lips. Father Puhatch himself applied the healing salve to the raw, bleeding flesh, and then applied large leaves over it. He then gave him a fresh shirt to don.

—Well, now,—he said at length,—you are all right now. But don't get into similar trouble again, for if you do, that will be the end of you...

The Cossacks then, with shouts and laughter, led Kyrylo Tur to dinner.

The younger Cossacks ate their meal under the spreading branches of the oaks nearby, each command separate from the other, under its own otaman. The elders ate in the Hetman's quarters; all but one. For father Puhatch came over to the group where Kyrylo was eating. This was indeed a high honor for the younger Cossacks. Kyrylo Tur quickly jumped from his otaman's place and gave it to the elder, himself sitting down alongside of him. Soon the tinkling of the kobzas broke into the talking and laughter. Everyone grew quiet, to better listen to the two old kobzari who, sitting near them, sang, to the accompaniment of their instruments, dumi of Cossack life and knightly fame, of Netchay, Moroz, the Broken-Nose-One, and other deathless Cossack heroes. They sang about the Cossack wars and forays, of the wide steppe, turbulent Black Sea, sufferings in the Turkish galleys, or captivity, fame of Cossackdom,—of all they sang, so that the Cossack soul would be inspired by it!

Father Puhatch blessed the food, and all fell to eating, the kobzari continuing their playing and singing. Each Cossack pulled out a spoon from his pocket. For a Cossack to be without a spoon or his pipe was unthinkable.

Very little meat was eaten, mostly fish. The good lads, like monks, disliked meat. All eating utensils were wooden, and they made enough clatter. Eating, the Cossacks took long draughts upon

## THIS "GOOD OLD WORLD"

It occurred one evening in Times Square, New York City, that I happened to pass a newsstand, the owner of which had placed in conspicuous places placards proclaiming that he was in the business of selling out-of-town newspapers. Being greatly interested in journalism and having seen nothing but New York and New Jersey newspapers ever since having mastered the English language, I purchased about a dozen of these papers and hurried to my Jersey City home with them.

With great interest I began reading the first of these papers... a paper published in St. Louis, Missouri. As I have a habit of reading articles that appeal to my literary tastes and as this particular paper (tabloid) contained very few of these articles, I found myself reading about things I ordinarily would have glanced over. Strange as it may seem, quite a few of the things I read about proved to be more interesting than the aforementioned articles I said I had a habit of reading.

On page ten of this St. Louis tabloid was an article which informed its "countless readers" that a Mrs. Tearrell had given birth to a triplets at 8:45 A. M., December 7th, 1934. "That's not news," my five readers may remind me... I know quite well that there is nothing new in the birth of triplets; however, may I ask my four readers (the fifth reader in all probability having turned to a more interesting part of the Weekly) to note the date of birth of these particular triplets! The news in this article lies in the fact that no triplets were ever known to be born at 8:45 A. M., December 7th, 1934; previous to this (pardon my facetiousness and discard all thoughts of murder until you finish reading this conglomeration of errors. After that... well, I'm prepared!)

Having finished with the St. Louis paper, I picked up another... published in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Guess what I found on page 7 of this paper? Give up? (I knew you would!) Well, I found a brief last-minute news item about a fire which took three lives. Before you say "That's not spectacular news," or something similar to that, I would like to inform you that, according to the item, the fire broke out at 8:45 A. M., December 7th, 1934. Now, if you have anything to say kindly say it in a sound-proof vault as I simply detest choice words of denunciation; if you are thinking of writing to me I would recommend the use of disappearing ink.

To go on with my account of newspaper articles, however, I then picked up a Boston, Massachusetts paper and right on the front page I read of the murder of a gangster. The murder, if my

the mead, and beer, but no one got drunk, for they knew how to hold their liquor.

Kyrylo Tur drank more, than any of them: no doubt the poor fellow was trying to forget his pain, but apparently this did not help. He grew lighthearted and animated, and when at the completion of the meal they all arose and began dancing to the throbbing strains of the kobza, he leaped up with a wild yell and broke into a furious dance, the likes of never seen before, turning, twisting, whirling, leaping high into the air. One would never have imagined that but a short time ago he had been tied to the punishment post.

vision serves me right and if the newspaper is to be relied upon—occurred at—believe it or not—8:45 A. M., December 7th, 1934. Isn't that strangely coincidental? However, you've heard only the beginning of it! (Did I hear a moan... or was it a groan?)

The fourth paper I picked up happened to be one from Chicago, Illinois. In going through its pages I found, on the fifth page, an article telling about an automobile accident in which several people were critically hurt. Yes—it happened at 8:45 A. M., December 7th, 1934—but what can you do about it?

Being on a sharp lookout for 8:45 A. M., December 7th, 1934, occurrences from here on, I learned the following from the eight remaining newspapers:

A man was put to death by the law at Dayton, Ohio; a woman was killed by a burglar at Detroit, Michigan; a well-known couple were divorced at Reno, Nevada; a policeman was shot by a desperate criminal in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and an airplane tragedy occurred near Buffalo, N. Y.

I don't know what my three readers (the fourth having thoughtfully committed suicide) make out of all this, if anything. Here's what I think, however, whether you're interested or not: It seems to me that all sorts of things happen at one and the same time in different parts of the world ("Omigosh!" cried reader three as he cheerfully surrendered to the insane asylum authorities; "he would come to the only logical conclusion!") Strange, isn't it? ...referring to the world and to our third reader. While you're combing your hair in your home in Walla-Walla, Washington (or is it in Hoboken, New Jersey?), all sorts of things are happening elsewhere.

Funny... this thing called Fate. When I was born at 11:45 P. M. July 28th, 1916, I wonder how many men were killed at that time over in France during the Great Conflict? (Incidentally, that's no reflection upon myself!) Yes... sure is a strange old world.

Perhaps this is the proper place to tell my remaining reader (the other fellow decided to take a walk to the library and get himself a good book on ichthyology... a subject he simply loathes—but many times more preferable than this article) that it wouldn't be a bad idea to compare opinions and see if we both have the same view on the subject.

Suppose there was no such things as time—would several things occur simultaneously?... at one and the same time, that is?

Apparently, things can't happen on this earth if there were no people, and if anything does happen how are we to know about it if we're not here?

Let's say that there's no time, no people, and just to make things more complicated, no earth. What then? (Nothing... evidently.)

Well, seeing that my remaining reader has just fallen asleep, I guess the time has come to conclude this article... even if nobody will read the conclusion.

This "good old world" is not such a bad world after all, hey? I say this because, if time didn't exist, we wouldn't get our Weekly every week—and now that this article, which will probably be accepted... for rejection, is about done, I guess I'll go back to my cage and watch the clock.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK,  
Jersey City, N. J.

## UKRAINIAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

Great deeds for the Ukrainian cause are expected from the youth born in America of Ukrainian parents, but unfortunately not enough seems to be done to prepare said youth for the work they are supposed to do.

The foundation of effective work in any line is knowledge. Only a person sure of his ground can do creditable work; to anticipate something different is to expect a miracle.

Where are the American young people of Ukrainian descent obtaining their knowledge of Ukraine and Ukrainian cause? From their parents, Ukrainian schools, Ukrainian newspapers or books?

Sorry to say, all these sources are not always available, but even if they were, they would prove quite often insufficient or impracticable.

Fancy a child, born of American parents living in a foreign country, trying to learn American history from his busy and little educated parents! Or imagine him learning American history from an American newspaper or a book which he can hardly read, if at all!

No, to my mind, the average American youth of Ukrainian origin must secure his knowledge of Ukraine and the Ukrainian cause through the medium of a book, or rather number of books, written in English language. To my mind, not even a newspaper like the Ukrainian Weekly will be able to take place of the English books for the simple reason that every newspaper from its very nature must give its readers only timely and, therefore, fragmentary information, and cannot go into details and presentation of the matter as a whole.

I am speaking of the average youth, of course, because, to their credit, there is a number of young men and women of Ukrainian descent in America today who, though born in this country, nevertheless, can speak and write in Ukrainian and read and understand not only an ordinary Ukrainian newspaper but Ukrainian scientific books as well.

To help the American youth of Ukrainian descent in securing correct information concerning Ukraine and Ukrainian cause I suggest that a Ukrainian Library Association be organized with the object of establishing a Circulating Library for the benefit of its members.

This Library would try to acquire at first all the books and magazines written in English on Ukraine and related matters. Later on it may acquire also suitable books in Ukrainian language.

The permanent membership fee (not returnable) to be \$1.00. The charge for borrowing a book—3 cents a day, not counting the days the book was in transit, plus postage both ways.

People not known to the Librarian, or others in discretion of the Librarian, to deposit also the cost of the book, said deposit to be returnable to them on receipt of the book in specified time and in good order.

Individuals and societies to be admitted as members.

The Ukrainian Library Association is to be managed by a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees consisting of the editors of Svoboda and the Ukrainian Weekly, and the address of the Association to be 83 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

From time to time the activities of the Association are to be reported in the press.

For the information of its members the ULass'n should prepare a list of books on Ukraine in English with names of authors, where and when published, by whom, and the price of each. This would help the members in preparing their eventual papers or speeches, or making requests at their local libraries, etc.

I am inclined to believe that the suggested Ukrainian Library Association would help many a young man and woman to organize a local Reading Circle, Study Course or what-not, and thereby greatly enrich the knowledge of the average youth of Ukrainians.

And knowledge of the subject cannot but be naturally followed by self-confidence, courage, enthusiasm, and finally—action.

IVAN TRUSKAVETSKY.

### CAUTION IN CLAIMING ATHLETES OF OTHER NATIONALITIES

From time to time readers of the Weekly come across a sport article which mentions some college athletes as being Ukrainian. Later on another contributor refutes the statement with actual proof, much to the embarrassment and dismay of the former. Disappointment and at times humiliation follows with no beneficial result to those concerned. This practice of guess-work and boastfulness of obscure athletes possessing a Slavonic name should be stopped immediately by our contributors, but let it be understood that it is not always the fault of the submitter.

Hearing is believing, especially when an intimate friend, emerging from the immediate circle of events makes a statement with assurance of the fact. Taking the case of Captain Pete Stevens of the Temple University football team as an example, consider the following untainted conversation, and judge for yourself.

He: "Do you know, Al, that Pete Stevens is a Uke?"

I: "Who, Pete Stevens? What makes you think so, T...?"

He: "Why I heard him speak the language in the hallway during class intermission."

I: "Are you sure he spoke Ukrainian?"

He: "I wouldn't be telling you, if I wouldn't hear it so myself."

I: "In that case, we must let the 'Weekly' readers know of this; but remember that I'm taking your word!"

He then went on to name a few other Temple luminaries as being Ukrainians, but the writer considered Stevens as the outstanding one. Neither was at fault, as the first party said what he believed, according to circumstantial evidence, while the second party believed what was said and spread the news. Other means of identifying Ukrainian athletes are by correspondence, and that is the time when actual pranks are played.

No one wishes to intentionally "claim athletes of another nationality as our own," neither is it a case of "rash guessing", as one contributor to the "Weekly" alleges. Let this serve, however, as a warning to future contributors to be more cautious and accurate in their assertions, with sufficient grounds of proof before claiming anyone as being a Ukrainian.

ALEXANDER YAREMKO.

## THE SPORT WHIRL

### ELEVEN STRAIGHT VICTORIES FOR COSSACKS

The revamped Ukrainian Cossacks traveled to the Navy Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn to defeat the Long Island Lighting Company team by a score of 30-20. The individual scoring star of the evening was John Parpan, the Cossacks' center, who netted four field goals from scrimmage and two free throws from the 15 foot stripe for a total of 10 points. The other scorers were as follows: Eugene Charny, 3 points; Paul Charny, 4 points; Nick Sawka, 6 points; Pete Bilski, 7 points.

The Long Island Lighting Company team kept pace with the Cossacks during the first quarter, which ended with the count knotted at 1-1. In the second period, the Cossacks outscored their rivals, 8-5, to gain a halftime lead of 9-6. The third period, however, was all Cossacks; the Cossacks scoring 11 points against 4 points for the Long Island Lighting Company team. After that, there was no doubt about the final outcome of the game. It ended just as Pete Bilski scored a field goal to bring the Cossacks' total up to 30 points.

Although the Long Island Lighting Company team employed a five man defense, the Cossacks found no trouble in breaking through and shooting for the basket. The only setback was the fact that the boys didn't leave their eyes on the basket. I guess a few girls in the Cossacks' rooting section attracted their attention.

Thelma Kane, Marion Kazuk Mary Sawka, and Liberty Charny found delight in examining the contents of the gymnasium. It seemed as though the weight lifting apparatus and the skip rope were the main attractions to the girls. Mary Sawka and Liberty Charny demonstrated to the boys how basketballs should be thrown through the rim. After watching them, the manager nearly decided to put them on the squad. Did I hear cheers?

The Ukrainian Cossacks now have a consecutive winning record of eleven games. The victories were gained by hard playing and good teamwork. To date, the Ukrainian Cossacks have scored 359 points against their opponents' 159. The Ukrainian Cossacks are still one of the very few undefeated teams in Queens County. The Ukrainian Cossacks expect to play a game with the Ukrainian Social Club of Elizabeth at some date in near future.

NICHOLAS SAWKA, Mgr.  
of Ukrainian Cossacks' team

### JERSEY CITY, N. J.

ANNUAL DANCE sponsored by Ukrainian Sitch A. A. of "Chornomoroka Sitch", at the Ukrainian Center, 181-183 Fleet St., Jersey City, N. J.; SATURDAY Evening, FEBRUARY 2nd, 1935. 2 BANDS: Neil Budd and his Buddes & Best Ukrainian Orchestra. Continuous Dancing. Entertainment. Ticket 50 c. including wardrobe.

### NEW YORK CITY.

DANCE sponsored by the Ukrainian Civic Center, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd, 1935 at the International Institute Auditorium, 341 East 17th St., New York City. Commencement at 8:00 P. M. Admission 50 c. Polka and Waltz Contest

### NEW YORK, N. Y.

First Annual DANCE tendered by the St. Vladimir's Ukrainian S. & A. Club at Stuyvesant Casino, 9th Street and 2nd Avenue, New York, SATURDAY EVE., FEBRUARY 16, 1935. Dancing from 9 to 2. Music by Ray-Maronec and his Royal Grenadiers. Subscription Fifty-five Cents.

### ANSONIA UKRAINIANS' DEFEAT RUSSIANS

After a bad start the St. Peter and St. Paul Team repeated their Frank Merriwell act by out-nosing the Ansonian Russians 30 to 29. The game was played in the "Y" gym.

Although only a church league game yet the people, knowing of the rivalry between the two teams, came in hundreds to see the game.

The R. Club of Ansonia are the champions of the R. Clubs in the Eastern part of the United States. But as we are Americans of Ukrainian descent, we paid no attention to their championship caliber.

But the Russians were to prove that they were champions. Led by Belko, the 6-ft. 5 inches center, and by Pawchyk, the finest player in the valley, they took the lead of 12 to 4 before the Saints knew what it was all about. Somehow the Ukes got on to themselves and played good ball so that at the end of the first half the score was R. Club 16, St. Peter and St. Paul 14.

The second half at first was a repetition of the first quarter. With the score 29 to 20, the Russians leading, and only 3 minutes to play, the Ukrainians woke up and found out that unless they performed a miracle, they would lose the game.

Although Buddy Korotash, our former Marine star, is 6 ft. 2 inches, yet he was puny compared to Belko. But he shoved his best by outjumping the taller man everytime and the Ukrainians got started. With a minute to play, a substitution for the Saints, Shorty Mudry (to you, Frank Merriwell in this game) came on the scene.

The Saints needed two baskets to win. The ball was passed to Shorty, who made the basket. Then again the ball was passed to Shorty, who missed the basket. (Agony). With the timekeeper ready to blow the whistle, Shorty kissed the ball good luck and made the basket again.

Now it is my pleasure to tell who were the other stars on the team: Steve Brenia, who outdid himself by making 12 points (he usually makes only 10); R. Mudry, in his passing and scoring; Harry Cirkot for the best guarding I have ever seen by completely closing up Pawchyk at the critical times. Also, Peps, Moon Zuraw, and Dymytryshun played splendidly.

Although there was another league game following ours, yet the people went home because they saw all they wanted to see in that first game. So did I.

WOLODYMYR HWOZDEWICH,  
Ansonia, Conn.

### NEWARK SITCH BEATS ALL-STARS

The Ukrainian Sitch Basketball team has won its 9th straight game by defeating the Newark All-Stars with a score of 50 to 35.

The Ukrainian Sitch Basketball team has one of the strongest Ukrainian teams in the Metropolitan district.

Any Ukrainian teams wishing games, please call or write to

NICK FLECHY, Mgr.  
229 Springfield Ave.  
Newark, N. J.  
Tel. Mi 2-9544.

(TODAY'S "U. W." CONCLUDED  
IN SVOBODA)