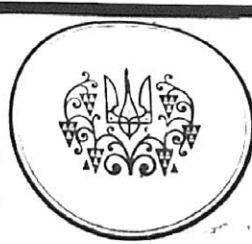




UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



Supplement to the SVOBODA, Ukrainian Daily

Published by the Junior Department of the Ukrainian National Association.

No. 6.

Jersey City, N. J., Friday, February 8, 1935.

Vol. III.

PROGRESS IN THE McKEES ROCKS YOUTH BRANCH OF THE U. N. A.

February 2, 1935.

Gentlemen:

In the early part of last October we, the American-Ukrainian youth of McKees Rocks, Pa., had as our guest Dr. Luke Myshuha, editor-in-chief of the "Svoboda." He spoke to us on general American-Ukrainian youth problems, particularly of the great need of American-Ukrainian youth organizing itself, and then showed us how the Ukrainian National Association is the answer to this youth's need. His talk inspired the local youth so much that that very same evening steps were taken to organize a youth branch of the Ukrainian National Association in McKees Rocks.

On October 16th, 1934, a meeting was called to order for the purpose of organizing this youth assembly. Officers were elected and all those present who desired to become members of the new youth assembly filed their applications.

So far our progress has been as follows:

On November 1, 1934, our youth assembly No. 166, and known as the "Ukrainian Youth of McKees Rocks," had 11 members. During the month of December we gained 5 new members. And again in January, 1935, we gained 4 more. Thus our total membership at present is 20. But this is only the start. We believe that during this year our membership will increase considerably.

PETER DARKOSH, Sec'y.

A HUNGARIAN SWIMMER WRITES ABOUT KOJAC

The L'viv Ukrainian newspaper "Novy Tchas" last month had an article written by a well known Hungarian swimmer, Dr. Barani, concerning George Kojac, famous American swimmer of Ukrainian descent.

Dr. Barani describes his meeting with Kojac at the Olympic Games and other meets. Kojac impressed him on land as a "young-giant," while in the water as an "idol." Dr. Barani declares that he won a swimming match with Kojac, but hastens to explain that Kojac was tired at that time, for in later races Kojac beat him decisively. Dr. Barani notes that Kojac is Ukrainian and that he lives in New York City.

OFF THE EDITOR'S DESK

We must reiterate that no communications will be published in the Ukrainian Weekly that do not contain the name and address of the person submitting the same. The person who sent in the article dealing with club activities and signed "a member" will have it published upon sending his name and address.

"Argumentum ad judicium" — Sorry, but the article you mention was not ours but that of a contributor.

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

OUR PREDICTION HAS COME TRUE

In place of the former friendly air the American press has now taken a highly disillusioned and critical stand against the Soviets. A number of factors have contributed to this, culminating in the recent collapse of trade negotiations between the Secretary of State Hull and Ambassador Troyanovsky. Even those who formerly were most loud in rhapsodical praise of the Soviet "experiment," who closed their eyes to the Soviet's savage rule, and who denied the existence of the raging famine in Ukraine, even they are beginning to look with askance at the Soviets. Only a few, still dazzled by the illusory trade possibilities with Soviet Union to the extent that they are blind all humane considerations, maintain their naive friendly air.

If at this time the Ukrainians come forward with the I-told-you-so air, they can well be pardoned. For all their predictions have come true. No one has suffered more from the Soviets nor has worked harder to expose the true character of the Soviets than they. But because they do not occupy seats of the mighty, because they do not have world famous champions, their fight for freedom, their protests, do not gain the attention they deserve.

Despite all this the Ukrainians do not despair of some day gaining the undivided attention of the unheeding world. Their kinsmen beyond Ukraine's borders, particularly here in America, continue to send protests to the State Department at each recurring outburst of Soviet brutality. Our daily "Svoboda" continues its crusading campaign against the Soviets and their occupation of Ukraine. Our American-Ukrainian youth, their feelings aroused to the boiling point by the outrages and cruelties committed upon their kinsmen in Ukraine, do their utmost to acquaint the Americans with the true state of affairs. The huge demonstrations, mass meetings, monster parades of Ukrainians in leading cities in America protesting against Soviet mistreatment of Ukraine, are still fresh in our memories.

And all this is beginning to bear fruit now. It is focusing the attention of public opinion on the Ukrainian situation more so than ever before. All the prophecies of the Ukrainians concerning the Soviets are coming true, one by one, and the prediction of the Ukrainians that no benefits would flow to America from its recognition of the Soviets has come true also. The collapsed trade negotiations with the Soviets have left nothing behind them for the American people except disillusionment and a bad taste for having to deal with a government composed of assassins, a government which shows its gratitude for its recognition by sending through its controlled Third Internationale telegrams to America, published in the Communist "Daily Worker," exhorting its sympathizers to overthrow the present system of American Government!

In an effort to throw dust into the eyes of the American public opinion Communist sympathizers here arrange educational exhibits wherein by means of charts they prove, to their own satisfaction, how far subject peoples under the Soviets are advanced culturally. Trained observers who had an opportunity to see with their own eyes the true conditions in the Soviet Union are startled by the inconsistency of what the charts portray with what they actually saw.

Without a doubt the logical step for America to take now would be to break diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, for the "causa belli" of the recognition has vanished into thin air. Such step is being demanded in Congress. America is growing tired of dealing with a government that, as the Vice-President of the Georgetown University Rev. Walsh has characterized recently, "the most brutal and cruel known to mankind." However, the breaking of diplomatic ties is a bit too much to expect, at least just now. But some form of diplomatic intervention on behalf of the oppressed peoples should be made, one similar to that when America interceded on behalf of the Armenians against the Turks once before.

UKRAINIAN OPERETTA UNDERGOES OPERATION AT SOVIET HANDS

The well known Ukrainian operetta "Zaporozhian Beyond the Danube," familiar to our young American-Ukrainians, suffered what might be called a major operation recently at its presentation in Kiev at a Soviet theatre. It was difficult to recognize in this presentation the old beautiful operetta by Artemovsky dealing with a Cossack longing for his native land. Everything in Artemovsky's work that was thought as being "nationalistic" was deleted, with the result that some of the finest melodies were thrown out. All arias and the entire plot have been changed by the Soviets, ridding it of all Ukrainian national elements.

The above incident recalls the sad Soviet end of Little Eva, as reported in the Liberty weekly. A person who has just returned from the Soviet Union told of having witnessed a performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin over there. Since Communists do not believe in a divinity they changed the part where Little Eva dies and goes to heaven on invisible wings. Little Eva got well in the Soviet production, and went to work in a cement factory.

SUCCESS TO U. N. A.!

Dear Editor:

I believe its indeed a good idea to publish the Ukrainian Weekly. The few of us Ukrainian girls here are much interested in the "Weekly." It caused us to join the Ukrainian National Association.

The girls are so scattered here, but we all meet at the Ukrainian Holy Cross Church of Port Jervis, N. Y. every Sunday and holidays too.

I sincerely hope that our Ukrainian National Association becomes a success and the Ukrainian Weekly, too.

JEAN ZAPOTACKI,
New Hampton, N. Y.

UKRAINIAN GIRL WINS SCHOOL PRIZE

At the recent graduation exercises held in the Battin High School, Elizabeth, N. J., an American-Ukrainian girl, Helen Slobodjan, won the Maude Steward Music Prize of \$10.00 given to the graduating Senior who has contributed the most to Battin in music during the three years of Senior High School, and who will probably continue the study of music.

UKRAINIANS ON CHINESE EASTERN RAILROAD

Despatches from the Manchurian Herald, Ukrainian newspaper published in Harbin, Manchuria, report that following the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railroad to Japan a great many Communist employees of the line had to leave their positions. The Ukrainians, however, were permitted to remain theirs under the new Japanese management. The local "Society of Ukrainian Emigrants" is striving to have the new management engage Ukrainians to fill the vacancies.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

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

(53)

The Stavropigian Institute

Under such dark conditions of oppression and unenlightenment it is no wonder that when that part of Ukraine which was under Polish occupation passed under Austrian rule (1772) but one national Ukrainian organization existed, the Stavropigian Institute. Even this Institute, more commonly known as the Stavropigian Brotherhood, was far from being purely national, being largely of a religious character.

Use of Ukrainian at the University

The passage of the Ukrainian province of Galicia under the nominal Austrian rule brought several changes in favor of the Ukrainians. One of the most important concessions made to them then was the permission granted in 1876 to have lectures at the university in Lwiv delivered in the Ukrainian (rusky) language. Soon the theological faculty of this university had 5 professors lecturing in Ukrainian and 2 in philosophy. The number of Ukrainian students therein was also permitted to be increased, to 300. But we must remember that the Ukrainian used at those lectures was not the language used popularly among the masses of people, language whose origin reaches back many centuries, but an artificial creation, outmoded, commonly known as the church language. Naturally, no benefits were gained from these lectures, for they were given in a dead language, one that was understood but little. And even the "rusini" (as the Ukrainians were also called in those

times) themselves petitioned to be taught in the Polish tongue. This was due largely, too, to the fact that those priests who completed their studies in the Polish tongue received 150 "guldenivs" more than those who were taught in the bewildering mixture known as "national-church-rusky-language."

Popular national tongue ignored by writers.

At that time neither the governing classes nor most of the Ukrainian people themselves had a clear conception of the Ukrainian nation and language. As a result they regarded the church language as the only fit language for literary purposes of the Ukrainian people, while the popular national tongue they regarded as provincial. As a result of this attitude and ignorance the development of Ukrainian literature in Western Ukraine was for quite some time at a standstill. In fact, during the entire period of the lectures in "Ukrainian" not even one book in Ukrainian was published. While across the border in Ukraine under Russian occupation growing values were being placed upon the use of the national Ukrainian tongue for literary purposes, here in Galicia the living, people's language was still regarded with scorn. As of old the peasantry continued to be bound by the feudal system, while the "Ruska" intelligencia conversed in the Polish language and remained aloof from the peasantry.

Maksimovitch's advice

Several attempts were made during that dark period to en-

lighten the masses a bit, the most notable being that of Ivan Mohylnytsky who tried to raise the low educational level of the people. He also tried to organize a cultural society. But in both cases scant success attended his efforts. A group of native writers gathered themselves under the leadership of Bisnop Snihur of Peremyshyl, but instead of writing in the expressive native tongue of the people, they wrote in German and Polish. And if one of them did attempt to write in what he supposed was the popular tongue, it was with such bewildering results that even the reserved Maksimovitch (living in Ukraine under Russia) was moved to advise writers of Galicia not write in some artificial tongue but in the national, living one.

Ukrainian schools established

Thanks to the untiring efforts of Ivan Mohylnytsky, an Emperor's decree was obtained in 1818 which permitted purely Ukrainian schools to be established and the courses given in the Ukrainian tongue. An insight into the conditions of those times can be gained from the fact that Ivan Mohylnytsky, a staunch supporter of the independence of the Ukrainian language, himself wrote a jargon.

The new spirit

These discouraging conditions in Galicia, however, could not last forever. Among the younger generation a new spirit began to appear, a love for their native land, its glorious past, and the ignored popular tongue. In Lwiv a young group of Seminars organized themselves under leadership of one Markian Shashkevich.

(To be continued)

— Give it to him! — cried Joanna.

— So you would make a thief out of me, hey! — shouted Ivan, striving to untangle his feet from the clumps of thread on the floor. — Just wait, wait, I'll settle with you right now!

— I'll tell you something more, Ivan, so that you'll get even more angry. Do you know what happened to those harness traces that disappeared last summer? Well, I took them, and I cut them up into straps for my dog. So there!

— Oh, you jail bird! — the three cried, beside themselves with anger.

— Come, my little one, come, I shall settle with you for all that right now! — and with these words Ivan seized Mykytka firmly by the collar and half-pushed and half-carried him out into the hallway.

* * *

The women were furious.

— Oh! I hope he gives it to him plenty! — Grandmother shrilled.

— This little loafer has made thieves of us! Can you imagine. No doubt, but that he must have squealed to father. Murrain take such a boy! He has done so much harm already. Oh, oh! How I cried for those traces, for Ivan took the last cent we had to buy them!

Outside a loud racket was heard.

— What's that? Is he whacking him so hard? — Grandmother asked. — Go and take a look Joanna.

Joanna looked out into the hallway.

— And how! — she exclaimed. — Ivan is giving him such a drubbing! But Mykytka is like stone; holding on to the quern for dear life, his teeth clenched, eyes shut, and not even wincing. And can you imagine what he is saying: — "Hit in one spot Ivan, so that the mark will be clearer."

Grandmother grew a bit conscience-stricken.

— Tell Ivan to ease up a bit, not to hit him so hard, — she said. — But wait, it has grown quiet. Ivan must have stopped.

Joanna looked once more into the hallway. She shook her head. — Mykytka has taken his shirt off and is asking Ivan to see whether the welts are very big. And now he's telling Ivan to beat him some more, so that the blood will show.

Again a racket in the hallway.

— Tell Ivan to stop immediately, — said Grandmother, — for he's liable to beat him to death. The boy has plenty of courage but no strength; and he's only 14 years old.

Before Joanna could go to the doorway, the door opened and Ivan with Mykytka walked in. Ivan was flushed from the exertion. Mykytka was pale as a sheet, and shaking like a leaf, lips trembling, tears streaming down his cheeks.

— Well, how do you like it? — asked Ivan, panting. — That's for my traces you stole.

— What a weakening you are! — derided Mykytka through tears. — You can't beat me anymore because you're tired. Bah!

— Didn't you get enough, you little devil? — exclaimed Joanna. — Why look now you're crying.

— I'm not crying! — denied Mykytka tearfully. — Those tears are coming by themselves, curse them!

— What are you standing there for? — asked Grandmother from the oventop. — Why don't you go?

— I'm waiting to see if my marks burn, because if they don't, then Ivan will have to beat me some more, — explained Mykytka. — Oh! They burn all right! Yes, they burn fine! They will drive me to the magistrate like a whip. I

THE CHANGELING

By LESH MARTOVICH

Translated by Stephen Shumeyko

From the threshold to the table a wet, muddy path; outside a heavy, sleety rain. All the world shrunken within itself, the air close as in a barrel. A feeling of dispiritedness in the peasant hut, for grandmother sitting on the oventop, because this damp weather made her cough more; for Joanna cooking, for it made the oven smoky; for Ivan, her husband, behind the loom, because of the poor light.

Suddenly the door banged open, and into the house ran a barefooted boy, with mud clinging to his very knees. It was Mykytka, youngest brother of Ivan. Another bang, and the door slammed shut so hard that the windows rattled. In a second the air of dispiritedness disappeared: all three raising their heads in inquiry.

— What's this, the house falling down? — asked Grandmother irritably from the oventop.

— What's the matter with you? — exclaimed Joanna to Mykytka. — Why don't you enter as you are supposed to?

— Because I have no time.

— And why don't you go over and kiss Grandmother's hand?

— Because I didn't come to her; I came to Ivan.

— Ah, so I am honored with a visitor, — testily spoke up Ivan from behind the loom. — Well, sonny, just wait a moment, and I'll receive you so well that you won't sit down for three days.

— That's just exactly why I came here. Take a whip Ivan, or better yet, a ploughstaff, and beat

me so hard that the blood spurts!

— Have you gone crazy?

— No, I need the marks.

— What marks?

— Bruises! You see it's like this. Today I got a lacing from Cypenuk, and I want him arrested and jailed for that. But, curse the luck, his beating did not leave any marks on me, and without them I can't do a thing to him.

— You must be possessed of the very devil himself to think of such a thing!

— Oh, come on, give me a good beating.

— Let me alone, I tell you, and get out of here.

Grandmother's temper exploded: — Get out of here, you scamp! To think of arresting such a fine man as Cypenuk. Shame on you! — Oh merciful God! What is this world coming to? — Get out! you antichrist! Get out! For if I take a stick it will be just too bad for you!

— As if you could, — jeered Mykytka. — But you can't. You're good for nothing. You just sit and loaf.

Mykytka was purposely impudent, so as to goad her to the point where she would beat him.

Grandmother's face was fairly purple with anger.

— Did you hear?! — she cried furiously. — He, the little devil, is insulting me right in my own home! Ivan! What are you sitting there for? Give him one he won't forget for a long time!

Mykytka seized this.

— That's it! That's it! Give

it to me, Ivan. But not once; many times! I'll give you my share in father's farm when he dies, if you do.

— Oh, leave me in peace! — exclaimed Ivan, disgustedly. — I'll get your share anyway, for you'll be rotting in prison then.

— Yeah, but you will get it sooner if you beat me, for then I'll depart from this earth sooner! — Mykytka urged eagerly.

— Ivan! — Grandmother's cracked voice interrupted. — Are you losing your senses, going into a debate with him!

— Of course not. Don't get excited granny. Can't you see he is purposely goading us so that we'll give him a licking.

Grandmother grew silent.

— Oh, come on, Ivan, beat me, — urged Mykytka, not a whit discouraged. — We'll both go out into the hallway. I'll grab a hold of the quern, and then you can whack me as hard as you can. But, if you don't, then, by golly, you'll be sorry! I'll burn your house down!

— What's that? What's that you're barking?

Ivan had now come to the end of his patience. He was really angry. His wife too.

— Don't you think he is capable of doing that? — she shrilled. — You know him well enough. He hasn't a bit of conscience.

Mykytka grew even more insolent.

— Yeah, and that's not all. When I fire your house your stacked wheat will burn down too, the wheat you stole from father last summer. Don't worry, I saw.

— Wow! — cried Ivan and Joanna in one voice. Ivan rose from behind the loom, his face livid with anger.

won't even touch the ground, so fast will I run!

Mykytka scampered to the doorway, paused, and said:

—And you, Ivan, don't tell anyone that you beat me up, for you'll go to jail yourself.

With that he disappeared.

After he had gone, Ivan spoke: —I don't believe in any superstitions, but I really think he must be a—changeling! Lucifer himself must have changed him. He has goaded everyone at home to the point of desperation, so much so that father grew nearly crazy. He bought a horse, one with a reputation for biting and kicking, and shod him with horseshoes. He figured that when Mykytka goes among the horses, as he often does, then the horse will knock some sense into him. And do you think that happened? Not a bit! The horse kicked father, kicked mother, kicked me, and even the hired hand too, while this little devil crawled in and around the horse, even under his belly, tweaked his tail, and the horse didn't even pay any attention to him.

Grandmother shook her head worriedly:

—I still think that something bad will come from this. He will either get run over on the road to the magistrate or land in jail himself.

The conversation languished. The three returned to their interrupted tasks: Grandmother to her snoozing, Joanna to cooking, and Ivan to the loom. The rain outside pattered against the windows. Quiet and dispiritedness once more fell upon the household.

Mykytka was already far beyond the village limits. Blithely he leaped over puddles, his bare feet squashing into the mud, causing jets of muddy water to shoot up. He paid no attention to the pain in his back, but cheered himself with the thought that they would put Cypenuk in jail. He'll show him! The whole world seemed leagued against Mykytka: at home they beat him, in the village they beat him, everywhere they beat him. Never did he hear a kind word, only curses. And therefore little Mykytka felt happy now, for at last he had an opportunity of paying back a bit for all this abuse.

THE SUN

I am hidden behind a thick black cloud
Which is smothering me. Like a sinister shroud
It envelops me with a terrifying completeness;
Imprisoning my light and my warmth;
Leaving the world in inky darkness.
Hateful, stealthy shadows silently come forth
And with clammy, gripping fingers help to tear my light apart
Till again arrayed in splendor I burst forth with renewed heart.
Dazzled, startled, stunned, impressed—
The shadows and clouds depart, leaving me undressed;
The chills and the fears of the deadly dark
No longer exist, for I drive them away.
'Tis then—that the sunbeams come out for a lark
And dance around the world till they decided to stay
In every nook and cranny where their light and warmth would make
Everybody happy for everybody's sake.

MARY SARABUN,
Bridgeport, Pa.

SUNDAY IN KADOBNA

Of all the days in the week Kadobnians dearly love but one—the day that comes "betwixt a Saturday and Monday." On a visit last summer to the Ukraine, the fatherland of my parents, the observance of Sunday particularly impressed me. The Kadobnianian "backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak, against the wicked remnant of the week." Sunday is a day of calm, rest, and diversion after six days of stress, toil, and suffering. "Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week." In preparation, worship, and entertainment a Kadobnianian Sunday captures the blue ribbon.

But where is Kadobna? Kadobna is a small Ukrainian village of 1,500 population, situated in the southeastern part of Poland. With six million Ukrainians inhabiting the territory, this portion of Poland is predominately Ukrainian. Together with the Ukraine (under Russia) the two constitute the only large nationality of Europe (forty-five million) deprived of political independence. Despite this serious fact, made the more bitter by the cruelty and terrorism of the present dictatorship, the Ukrainian peasants are happy and healthy, light-hearted, simple, superstitious, rustic, witty.

Promptly at six o'clock Sunday morning an imaginary alarm clock awakens grandfather Piwtorak's household. Then comes the preparation for "the day of the week." Everyone has his specified job. Grandmother, Aunt Stella, and Aunt Anna are immediately at work baking bread, preparing breakfast, and cleaning house. Uncle Yaatz, who is the unofficial barber of the village, has office hours from 6 to 10 A. M. on the rear lawn. Because of the indigence of his customers, he offers his services gratis. This generosity and benevolence is an invitation to customers to ask to borrow something. Uncle Basil is the official family bootblack with headquarters in the barn. Although he has two hours in which to shine eight pairs of boots, he has a struggle on his hands. Grandfather leads the cows to pasture while Uncle Petro grazes the horses. With the exception of the barber, who continues as long as there are customers, all finish their jobs by eight o'clock.

Dressing for church is a more elaborate and pains-taking process to them than dressing for a party is to you. It is the women, as usual, who require two hours. The men spend a half-hour on themselves and an hour and a half in assisting the women.

Soon the solemn mellow pealing of chimes and bells sound through the open door, and the "rainbow parade" is under way. The rainment of both the men and women lends color to the Sunday parade. The men wear artistically embroidered shirts; dark coats, nearly worn out by repeated cleaning; breeches or khaki pants; and boots reflecting a dazzling black polish. The women have gorgeously embroidered blouses and beautiful headdresses—the pride of the Ukrainian nationality; black vests with bright colored flowers and designs; dark colored skirts over which is a yellow, a blue or a flowery apron; and boots equal in glare to the men's.

Practically the whole village turns out for church. Obviously it is impossible to accommodate all. It is a case of first come, first served. The rest, mostly the younger generation, remain outside, on the uncut lawn.

The church, a medium-sized, wooden structure, dates back some

ninety odd years. From the inside it looks like a low, black storm cloud about to break any minute. In fact it was on a threatening day that I found myself inside that Kadobnianian church. It was a perfect setting for the appearance of a ghost. The vast yawning arch of darkness above made the semi-darkness below ominous. The dim flickering candles formed grotesque shadows on the walls, revealing decayed wood, and cracks and crevices in the plaster. The walls are covered at various intervals with holy pictures, paintings, and small frescos. . . . faint reflection gleamed from polished metals and surfaces. The stuffy atmosphere; the hushed, awe-inspired humanity listening to the low chanting coming from the altar; the soft pattering of the rain outside—all heightened the novel effect.

After mass the priest lectures, usually outdoors, where all can hear, on some scientific or historical topic. An hour later one may still see small groups of villagers discussing some political question (always in secret), some question pertaining to their daily work, or the latest gossip. On Sunday the church lawn is the unofficial village forum.

From one to three o'clock in the afternoon, while the inhabitants are napping at home, Kadobna is drowsy, dormant. A dead silence reigns.

From late afternoon to evening the younger set gather at the village Cooperative, in the room used for dancing. . . . enough the price of admission is the equivalent of four cents, yet not a few cannot attend for the simple reason that they haven't four cents. However, in lieu of the four cents, six eggs are acceptable.

Kolomyika! Kolomyika! The orchestra breaks into the strains of this beloved Ukrainian dance. The boys form an immense ring and while sauntering around in step with the music await partners. After enough boys have attracted partners, the ring is dissolved; the couples continuing dancing. Yes, indeed, the girls are good dancers, pretty and unrestrained. The bashful and shy person isn't given a chance to practice his art. Such tricks as falling into another's lap, accidentally leaning over a bit too far, or being pushed about in a crowd and then finding oneself embarrassingly entangled in a crowd of girls, or some youth finding Anna's handkerchief in his pocket the next day—such ruses as these are highly cultivated by the girls; and competition is keen.

Can you imagine a young woman dancing perfectly at ease barefooted while her hilarious, heavy-set partner is vibrating the frame-structure by periodical thumpings of his booted feet on the floor! What's more remarkable is the fact that the boots always keep within an inch or two of the girls' feet, no closer. It is indeed a fascinating spectacle: Booted feet and flying skirts whirling about like autumn leaves—a panorama of colors. Beautiful folk songs blending harmoniously with the hilarious atmosphere. It is a stirring spectacle. As I watched or participated, a chill ran down my spine, the blood mounted to my face—the essence of pride; I was proud to be of Ukrainian descent, to be a Ukrainian-American.

JOHN ANDREW.

[Delivered at the graduation exercises of the Rochester (N. Y.) East Side High School—January 31, 1935.]

YOUTH TODAY

Also an Important Problem

The State of Pennsylvania is endeavoring to obtain a reliable basis of facts on which to reconstruct her program of education. For this purpose, the Commission on the Study of Educational Problems in Pennsylvania under the Department of Public Instruction is making an inventory of her oncoming youth.

Among the problems on which it is hoped light may be shed is the problem, What effects do intellectual ability, family, social, cultural and economic backgrounds exert upon persistence to the extent of finishing high school and perhaps continuing to college?

It is hoped that this investigation would really help to organize means and methods to enable each individual to realize his, or her, potentialities.

Is Anything Wrong with Youth?

Robert E. Simon, chairman of the committee appointed by the Mayor of New York City to survey city schools, is reported as saying that one way to avoid the possibility of revolution in this country is to educate the parents of school children.

"Without informed parents there can be no sound social structure," Mr. Simon declared. "Parents need better understanding of changing social and economic conditions, the newer methods employed and the subjects taught in the schools in order that they may more intelligently and constructively perform their duties to their children."

"We must choose between evolution and revolution. The former is the democratic and intelligent way."

Thus the arrow sent by some against the youth came back at them as a boomerang.

The Values in Our Cultural Background

President Conant of Harvard recently remarked that if our young men are to have an understanding appreciation of the spiritual values of the civilization which they inherit, they must be given an account of the historical development of our knowledge and philosophy.

This looks like an approval of what is being done through this paper by the Ukrainian National Association.

Are They Sincere?

Serious problems engage the interest of you... in England, writes in the New York Times, Michael Foot, the president of the Oxford University Union.

The famous Oxford Resolution, "that this house will in no circumstances fight for King and country," was, according to him, but one indication of this interest.

But, "there is no means," he adds himself, "of testing the sincerity of those who vote for resolutions."

And isn't this exactly the most important feature?

I DIDN'T KNOW . . .

that the fortune telling racket costs the people of the United States \$125,000,000 every year.

that the citizens of Washington, D. C. do not vote.

that a seventeen-inch cube of gold weighs a ton.

that Charles A. Lindbergh was not the first, but sixty-seventh person to make a non-stop flight across the Atlantic.

that Clark Goble was once a collector for Oregon Telephone Co.

STERHEN BAKALIK

AMERICA'S BET ON THE TRIDENT AND KIEV

[Excerpts from an open letter to Mr. Hearst, publisher, concerning his radio attack upon communism, sent by "The Historical Section of the Ukrainian Club of Los Angeles," and signed by Ivan Petrushevich, Chairman, and Joseph Orlyk, Secretary.]

...While in Northern Russia, Muscovy, the people have been living in quasi Communism for 700 years and never knew any other form of government than Autocracy—Ukrainians enjoyed democratic institutions, democratic form of government as far back as the Xth century, and their homes and family life were always the most sacred institutions to them. Owing to these democratic traditions, their love of liberty, free speech and the general spirit of independence, Ukrainian farmers never took kindly to the Muscovite idea of collectivization of the family life, of home, of agriculture and of life in general. They have resisted all efforts of Muscovy in this direction, they are resisting them now and they will resist them to the victorious end.

Moscow has turned with particular sagacity to the problem of communizing Ukraine. Since the XVI century Ukraine and the Ukrainian people were the chief obstacle in the consolidation of the Russian empire, whose existence was always based upon predatory, Asiatic policy of conquest and expansion. One of the main causes of the last World War was the fact that the Russian Pan-Slavists wanted to seize Galicia (Western Ukraine) which had, in the meantime developed into a veritable Piedmont of Ukraine, in order to stamp out the Ukrainian irredentism. Without Ukraine, and her black soil belt, the granary of Europe, Moscow would not have been able to finance her militaristic machine.

And now the most important reason, why Ukrainian-Americans and Ukrainian-Canadians are so intensely interested in your Challenge to Muscovy, is the fact, that even now, it is Ukrainian grain that is financing the autocracy of Kremlin; that helps to feed abundantly the OGPU gang; the Muscovite army; the fast growing hordes of Muscovite bureaucracy; and last but not least to finance and subsidize the cadres of the Communist Party in America. As you state, Sir, 70 million bushels of grain were exported to obtain foreign currency. It is not a secret that only part of that foreign currency goes to pay for imported heavy machinery. Millions go towards propaganda of Communism. In this way, through an irony of fate, which is not quite new in history, the sweat and blood of the Ukrainian peasants, who now are brought down to the condition of slaves and are driven by the Bolshevik invader, helps to corrupt the minds and hearts of American people, who do not even suspect the true state of affairs and the whole diabolical machinery of the Asiatic gang, that gang which, with one hand whips and compels the Ukrainian peasant to provide cheap grain, while with the other uses money obtained from the sweat, tears and blood of the Ukrainian families to further enslave and exploit Ukraine; and what is more, while the Bolsheviks extend one hand to American homes asking for relief, with the other hand they are pulling up the props which hold these homes together.

You won't deny, Sir, that American Democracy and the Ukrainian Democracy are up against the same enemy and are to a certain

extent in the same boat. Ukrainian wheat, forced labor, sweat and blood are helping to finance the propaganda of Leninism in America. On the other hand, the American industry supports USSR with machinery on credit; American newspapers carrying communist propaganda; American Government shaking hands with the assassins of Kremlin; and American public opinion looking indifferently upon the war of extermination of Ukrainians, the only real enemies of Bolshevism; they all are financing, sponsoring and encouraging the "Government by the Proletariat." Is that not a sad picture of co-operation between two democratic nations?...

The world thinks that USSR is a free union of free independent republics ruled by the proletariat. The facts, which you undoubtedly know, are that the proletariat has no say in the matter; that there are no free and independent Republics; that in particular the independent Republic of Ukraine ceased to exist as soon as it was overrun with the Russian-Bolshevik hordes; that there is no free union of people's Republics, and that there are no Soviet governments but that the whole USSR is ruled by the Third Internationale consisting of a small number of autocrats surrounded by the praetorian guard of OGPU and supported by their tool, the army. The rest of the population is powerless, helpless and hopeless...

It is an undisputable historical fact that the Ukrainian People came into existence as a distinct, national unit, with their own cultural physiognomy and State, more than one thousand years ago. They withstood the onslaughts of the Asiatic invaders as far as their nationality is concerned. They withstood five hundred years of the Muscovite oppression, which used every means to annihilate them and exterminate the very vestige of Ukraine. And still Ukrainians refused to surrender their Hellenic type of culture to the Asiatic autocracy. Ukrainian consciousness and will to freedom, in spite of those appalling sacrifices are stronger now than they have ever been in history.

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?

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF YOUTH CLUB AFFAIRS

(Charges for announcements in this column are 50 cts. for a space of 6 to 7 lines, paid in advance.)

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 Maroneck and his Royal Grenadiers. Subscription Fifty-five Cents. 26-

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. 26-

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

THE SPORT WHIRL

UKRAINIAN GIRL ATHLETES

The rapidly growing interest in sports at colleges where the seeds of sporting ability and interests are sown in rich soil, all goes to prove that American Women's Sports are attaining a new high level. New sports have been added to the already populated programs in order to carry out the sentiment, "A girl for every sport and a sport for every girl."

It is interesting to note that fewer colleges participated in inter-collegiate competition during the past year, and as a result, more girls took part in intramural sports. The dazzling glamour of the varsity team is gradually being demoted into a less important role, while girls of all levels of ability are taking part in first, second, third and even fourth team tournaments among the school classes.

This system which is promoting a genuine interest in sports is shown in statistics which point to the fact that more girls become members throughout America in sport clubs after graduation. Even the girls who are not wholly absorbed in sports, either at college or in school, admit that if they had been given less training, less time and encouragement under the present system, they would not have risen so high in after-college years. It stands to reason that a lasting interest guarantees better health and fitness for every day living.

Although volleyball is believed to be an outgrowth of the ancient game of battledore and shuttlecock, and though games very similar to volleyball have been played in other countries, the game has its origin in America. This game has been on many physical educational programs in recent years and is proving, particularly popular among the younger girls.

Are there any Ukrainian girl athletes? Undoubtedly there are many in high school ranks and perhaps even a few in college circles. To determine this definitely and accurately, I am requesting the readers of the Ukrainian Weekly to forward to me the names and addresses of women athletes whom they know to be Ukrainians, whether in high school or college.

Thus far I have but a few vague ideas of Ukrainian girl athletes, but do not know definitely of their nationality and would therefore, as the appointed Research Director of the Sport Division, appreciate any information from a reliable individual to help me ascertain their true nationality.

ANDREW DOBRYWODA,
(Research Director of the Sport Division of the UYL of NA)
74 Lincoln Street,
Woonsocket, R. I.

NEW HAVEN UKRAINIAN GIRLS BASKETBALL TEAM

The Ukrainian girls of the Young Ukrainian Banduryst Association of New Haven, Connecticut have the distinguished honor of being one of the very few Ukrainian Girls' Basketball teams in the country.

The team was first organized in 1933, coached by Frank Pawlick and managed by Frank Weselik. The girls team is fully equipped with suits of our national colors—blue trunks with yellow jerseys. The following girls represented the club: Captain Mary Chikowski, Mary Motwick, Pauline Fydyshyn, Olga Blahitka, Stella Piawchuck, Nora Sachitki, Jena Roach and Mary Burbela.

Due to it being the first time that some girls played basketball, the team did not click at first. However the poor first-season record was counteracted by their brilliant playing against the Ansonia Ukrainian Girls team which resulted in a sensational extra-period victory for the New Haveners, score 14-12.

Not discouraged by their poor showing the previous season, the team was determined more than ever to carry on the Ukrainian tradition of never knowing when they are licked. With some experience behind them, the team launched another driving effort with all the Ukrainian spirit and showed marked improvement, winning three of their first seven games, four of the losses resulting in one or two point margins.

Much credit is due to the girls who practiced faithfully for many hours, taking the bumps and liking it. They were willing and cooperated at all times in learning the game and meeting more experienced foes. Their efforts are being repaid by more victories this year and an outlook for a good season next season when once again they hope to put forth a team.

They will be ready for any Ukrainian Girls Basketball team that the Sport Division of the Ukrainian Youth's League may assign for next season. Here's hoping that many more Ukrainian girls basketball teams are formed the coming season. Why not hold practice sessions now and prepare for next November? The Ansonia and New Haven sextettes should be congratulated.

FRANK WASELIK,
Manager of U. A. A.
127 Park Street,
New Haven, Conn.

SIX STRAIGHT FOR NORTH- AMPTONIANS

Since the last report in the Ukrainian Weekly, the strong Northampton Ukrainians took 3 more straight victories to boost their total to six straight.

The fourth victory came at the expense of the strong Stiles Mannerchor. This game was tight until our six foot five center Mike Smolen went on a scoring spree in the last quarter and scored 15 points. Another high scorer for the Ukrainians was A. Paly with 10 points. The high man for the opposing team was Stelak of Penn State with 8 points.

The fifth straight victory came when the Northampton Ukrainians went on a rampage and trounced the Phillipsburg Scarlets 51 to 26. The high individual point getter was Ben Wiener former N. H. S. star and at present the flash for the Ukrainians with 11 points. For the Phillipsburg Scarlets the high scorer was Rubenstein with 8 points to his credit.

The sixth straight was taken from the Memorial Reformed of Easton. This game was a close combat until the final whistle. After the final whistle the Ukrainians, emerged victors, 31 to 26. Wiener was high scorer with 11 points.

Any strong Class A Ukrainian team, within reasonable distance, wishing to play the strong Northampton Ukrainians please write for particulars to:

Mgr. PAUL POTICHA,
1516 Newport Ave.,
Northampton, Pa.