



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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Vol. III

YOUTH TODAY

Reading Aloud

Allan Monkhouse, the well-known English critic, writes in the "Manchester Guardian" of the importance of reading aloud.

"But," he remarks, "it is an age of rapid movement, and reading aloud is a slow process. It seems that in silent reading young people get on much faster than I can or ever could. One wonders sometimes whether they are doing justice to the words..."

"...the point is that—to put it grossly, bluntly—reading aloud is at worst a good way to kill time and at best a spiritual experience. With all our rapid flights, our instantaneous short cuts, our flashing machinery, we cannot afford to do without it. So I feel—and other quiet people are not quite moribund. And one cannot see why brilliant youth should not feel the same."

What Use Education?

Several weeks ago the question, what a liberal education means to the youth of today? was discussed at a kind of clinic arranged under the auspices of the Child Study Association. All the speakers seemed to agree on one point: a liberal education helps both toward securing a job and toward emotional balance.

A week has hardly passed since that symposium discussion when a new venture in employment bureaus was opened in the Young Women's Christian Association of Orange, New Jersey.

"From time to time," the general secretary of the organization said, "young women, educated for a business career but unable to find work, have told us they would take any respectable job, even though it entailed working in homes as cooks, nurses or companions. Many of these girls come from good homes and have been reluctant to place their families in embarrassing situations by openly expressing a desire in regular employment agencies for domestic work."

The Problem of Youth

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt spoke, on February 14, at Ithaca, New York, on "Today's Youth is Tomorrow's Nation."

She told 2,100 visitors to Cornell's Form and Home Week that the right of every one to earn a decent living is more important than the right of individuals to accumulate fortunes.

She expressed her concern for young people, who, approaching maturity, were faced by a "blank wall" when they sought jobs and wished to get married. "We must turn over to youth," she said, "a nation which is at least beginning to climb toward a more just and more equitable civilization. Every one needs a sense of achievement, from youth on, and this sense is best experienced from doing a piece of work and knowing that it is well done."

"Youth can't solve the problem alone, nor can the people at the head of the government. It requires the combined efforts and thinking of all of us."

Today's "U. W." including Pen Pal Column concluded in Svoboda.

A QUESTION REGARDING THE U. N. A.

One of our young readers a member of the Ukrainian National Association, writes to us as follows:

"It has been my greatest pleasure to be lucky enough to attend the First and Second Ukrainian Youth Congresses of America, where on both occasions I became so inspired that I could hardly wait until I got home to try convince the club I belonged to join the U. Y. L. of N. A. But in both cases, my spirits were dampened by their seeming indifference to the League. Not being an eloquent or convincing speaker, I thought that that was the cause of their indifference. I labored under this depressing thought for a while and sadly lamented my lack of moving eloquence. Then recently on several occasions, in coming in contact with other young people of outside towns, I finally discovered what I think is the clue of the situation. The young people have somehow acquired the impression that the League is nothing but a money-making scheme of the Ukrainian National Association. Being a member of the Association it hurt me to hear such unjust criticism of an admirable organization..."

"Now this is my request. Could you write in your editorial something that will dispel this unjust insinuation?"

The Reply

It would be needless for us to say that the Ukrainian National Association must pay close attention to financial matters, particularly to those that are connected with the fund from which our youth some day will receive benefits upon the passing away of their parents. But aside from the financial matters, the Ukrainian National Association has had from the very beginning certain ideals. And were it not for these ideals, then it is safe to assume that there would never have been a Ukrainian National Association, for monetary protection in form of insurance alone would not have attracted our parents, as it did, to join and build it.

Although our parents for the most part came to these shores poor and penniless, and, what is true, they sought to become members of the Ukrainian National Association because of the insurance benefits, yet their main aim in joining the Association was to unite all the Ukrainian people in the United States into the Ukrainian National Association as into one great Ukrainian family, one that would hold high the Ukrainian name and honor here in America, would love its motherland Ukraine, labor for its national freedom, preserve in America the rich culture of the Ukrainian people, their songs, dances, customs and modes, acquaint the American people with the finer phases of Ukrainian life and their aspirations, strive to make good and loyal American citizens of our people, and finally, raise our youth in a spirit of love and respect for America and Ukraine.

The Ukrainian National Association regards, and rightfully so, the American youth of Ukrainian descent as heir to this mission, and for that reason the Association strives to be everywhere where the problems of our youth are being discussed and settled. And for the same reason the Association grants to its youth members all manner of concessions and privileges, and is ready to grant even more. It gives to them free of charge the Ukrainian Weekly. And in this Ukrainian Weekly all of our youth, including that which is organized into the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, is given an opportunity to be heard, its ideals expounded. This is so, because the ideals of the League are the very same as those of the Association and its publications.

Neither the youth of the League nor any other youth organization is used by the Ukrainian National Association for any money-making schemes. The Association is at all times interested in the American-Ukrainian youth movement, because it desires to implant in this youth an understanding of those Ukrainian ideals that are dear to our people here in America as well as in the old country. And we believe, that when the youth comes to a full realization of these ideals, it will strive to carry them on itself.

ANNUAL MEETING OF SUPREME ASSEMBLY OF U. N. A.

The regular meeting of the Supreme Assembly of the Ukrainian National Association, starting last Monday, is in session now.

A multitude of affairs and transactions of the Association are being deliberated upon at this meeting, particularly the problem of gaining the youth into the ranks of the Ukrainian National Association.

ACQUAINTING AMERICANS WITH OUR CULTURE

The past few weeks in the New York area have seen unusual activity among the Ukrainians in the field of acquainting Americans with Ukrainian cultural achievements.

The first of these was the Concert given by the Ukrainian Students Club of New York University, Wednesday evening, February 13, 1935, at the University before a capacity audience of about 600, including a number of teachers and students.

The concert was opened by a brief talk on Ukraine given by Miss Mary Kusy, a member of the club. Throughout the entire program Miss Kusy acted as a master of ceremonies, introducing the various participants. Following her talk, the Hayvoronsky String Quintet under the leadership of Stephen Marusevich played a medley of Ukrainian melodies of Hayvoronsky's composition or arrangement. Then followed a soprano solo of Miss Anna Maxymciw, president of the Club. She sang two Ukrainian songs. The third number on the program was a fashion pageant of Ukrainian costumes from all parts of Ukraine. These costumes were brought to America recently by Sister Severina of the order of St. Basil the Great in Lviv. They were exhibited by thirteen Ukrainian girls who acted as models. While the models remained on the stage, providing a striking background, Mrs. Paula Avramenko appeared and danced the graceful and yet swift Podilsky Kozachok.

The second part of the program was opened by a violin solo played by Miss Olga Holubovich. Her offerings ranged from Dumka to the Kolomeyka. Following this a number of Ukrainian dances were performed by a group of former Avramenko dancers. Miss Mary Wintoniak danced a solo in her usual whirlwind style. These dances were brought to a close by the striking Zaporozhian Cossack Sword Dance.

The entire program was enthusiastically received. Encores were demanded several times, particularly at the conclusion of the violin solo.

The club deserves a great deal of credit for this concert, particularly its president, Miss Maxymciw, upon whom most of the burden of preparation fell. It is hoped that this fine start will be followed in the near future by other similar affairs.

(To be continued)

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

(55)

Shashkevich's Pan-Ukrainian Stand

Markian Shashkevich's readings of Kotlyarevsky, Kvitka-Osnovyanenko and others, opened his eyes to the fact that beyond the borders in Ukraine under Russian occupation there lived the same Ukrainian people as here in Galicia, with the same national background, culture, traditions, joys and sorrows. As a result, he dedicated his whole life to the task of bringing these two component parts of Ukraine together, culturally and nationally. Here lies one of his greatest services to the Ukrainian nation.

Misguided Ukrainians

We already know how greatly Polonized the Ukrainian population of Galicia was during the beginning of last century. It is no wonder, then, to learn that when the Polish revolt for freedom broke out in 1830 many Ukrainians supported it ardently. The revolt failed, principally because it did not rest upon the Polish peasantry but upon the landowning classes and intelligen-

tsia. Despite their services and support of the revolt, however, the Ukrainians soon discovered, to their dismay, that Polish persecution of them did not cease.

Although the revolt had failed, yet the Poles did not lose hope. They began to lay preparations for another. Seeking to profit by their past mistake, they now began an intensive campaign among the peasantry to gain its support. They paid particular attention to the Ukrainian population in Eastern Galicia, the peasantry, youth and clergy. Leaflets written in the popular living Ukrainian tongue were scattered among the people.

Failure of Polish Propaganda

This Polish propaganda to gain Ukrainian support to their aspirations for freedom had both a positive and negative side for the Ukrainians. While on the one hand it served to awaken democratic ideals among the youth, yet on the other hand it tended to lead the Ukrainian people of their own free will straight into the jaws of Polish rule. This danger was

not apparent to the Polonized Ukrainian intelligentsia, with the result that in 1834-35 there was formed in the L'viv seminary a Polish revolutionary organization composed of Ukrainian seminarists and a number of village clergy. The Austrian authorities soon learned of this. Arrests followed, and many of these misguided Ukrainians found themselves serving long prison sentences. Yet, despite the ablest Polish efforts, the great majority of the youth refused to permit themselves to be drawn into Polish revolutionary activities, and as a result the entire Polish scheme of gaining Ukrainian support in Galicia fell through. One of those most responsible for this was young Markian Shashkevich.

Shashkevich's campaign of enlightenment

Markian realized that the only way to awaken the Ukrainian people of Galicia out of their national lethargy was by a campaign of enlightenment. This, he knew, was impossible to achieve without a united effort of a group of young, idealistic people. He gathered such a group around him, with the aid of two close friends, Yakiv Holovatsky and Ivan Vahylevitch. These three became known as the "Ukrainian

trinity." They and others of the group studied everything they could about the Ukrainian people, with the Ukrainian national tongue taking up most of their time.

Shashkevich creates sensation

In 1835 there appeared in print an ode written by Shashkevich commemorating the 66th birthday of the Austrian emperor Franz I. This ode would have passed unnoticed were it not for the fact that it was the first poem to appear in Galicia written in the Ukrainian living national language. As such it was a sensation, and quickly sold out. The following year Shashkevich created an even still greater sensation. He had been readmitted to study in the seminary. He was called upon to deliver an address before the seminarists, governing body, and a number of distinguished guests. Rising to his feet he startled the mixed audience by delivering the address in the living national tongue of the Ukrainian people, and not in Polish or the time-honored Church-slavonic language. This unheard of boldness so impressed Ukrainian youth that more and more of them began to use the language of their people at every possible occasion.

(To be continued)

ZAPOROZHE

By S. SHUMEYKO

Based on A. Tchakowsky's account

(2)

Growing power of the Cossacks

The Cossacks steadily grew in numbers and boldness. Their sallies into Tartar-occupied lands ever penetrated further and further, until even that Tartar stronghold, Crimea, was no longer safe from them. The astounded Tartar khans, getting back some of their own medicine, sent indignant protests to the Polish and Lithuanian rulers, the nominal rulers of Ukraine. In vain these rulers dispatched injunctions to the Cossacks to cease these attacks at once. The Cossack attacks upon the Tartars continued, growing more bolder each time. Meanwhile the Tartars did not cease their plundering expeditions into Ukraine either.

Up to this time the Cossacks were not regarded as any military organization, but rather as bands who owed allegiance to no one save their countrymen dwelling in the steppe. Their steady growth, however, impressed careful observers. One of them, Ostaphy Dashkovich, an official from Cherkas, proposed at a session of the Polish "Sejm" that the Cossacks be utilized as border defense against the Tartar warring incursions. His proposal, however, did not meet with any success. It remained for a Ukrainian noble, Dmytro Vyshnevetsky, to be the first to give a definite organized form and aim to the Cossacks.

Dmytro Vyshnevetsky, commonly known among the Cossacks as "Bayda," was a man of winning personality, splendid courage, and above all, fine organizing ability. Sometime during the middle of the 16th century he managed to organize a good portion of the Cossacks, and set up as their center a fortified encampment on the island of Khortetz in the Dnieper river, below the swift rapids.

This center was known as the Zaporozhian Sich. The word Zaporozhe meant beyond the Dnieper "porohi"—rapids, while Sich meant a stronghold. From here

the Cossacks sallied forth on their warring expeditions against the Tartars and Turks, either by land or by water. Descending the Dnieper river and liman into the open and dangerous Black Sea these warriors raided Tartar and Turkish coastwise and even inland towns and cities, destroying many of them, gaining vast quantities of plunder, freeing thousands of Ukrainian captives, and gradually undermining the power and prestige of the then powerful Turkish Empire.

The Tartar khans sent complaint after complaint to the harassed Polish king, protesting against his failure to restrain the Cossacks, yet they remained silent about their own attacks upon Ukraine.

Zaporozhians—a knightly crusading order

During the 11, 12, and 13th centuries a number of warlike enterprises were undertaken by Christians of Western Europe under the banner of the Cross against the Saracens, for the recapture of Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre. These wars, at times successful and other times not, were known as the Crusades. They resulted in the formation of various religious-warrior orders, the members of which were known as Crusaders.

With the decline of the Crusades these orders ceased to exist or became transformed into organizations of different aims and purposes, for Western Europe no longer needed them in their original character.

Yet if Western Europe did not have need of Crusade orders, Eastern Europe most certainly did. A glance at a map of that period shows huge Mohammedan territories infringing even into Eastern Europe. The Mohammedans, particularly the Tartars and Turks, continually dreamed of reaching the rich cities of Central and Western Europe. But in order to reach them, they first

had to fight their way through Ukraine, which lay directly in their path. Ukraine felt the full force of their fury, and Ukraine was the country that at cost of losing its own strength and power managed to save Western European civilization from the avalanche of Mohammedism. And the main role in this valiant defense of Europe fell upon the Ukrainian Zaporozhian Cossacks. They became the Crusaders of Eastern Europe, defending Christianity and warring upon the unbelievers.

A candidate who presented himself for admission into the Zaporozhian organization was usually asked but one question:

—Do you believe in Christ?

—I do.

—Then cross yourself!

This was the criterion upon which the candidate's fitness for Zaporozhian society was judged. As a result not only Ukrainians, but Volokhs, Serbs, Bulgars, Poles, Muscovites, and even Tartars and Turks became members of the Zaporozhian order. There are even records of Scotsmen joining. Nevertheless the order was entirely Ukrainian in character and remained as such until its destruction by Empress Catherine II of Russia in 1775. This Ukrainian character was soon to result in the Zaporozhian Cossacks becoming ardent defenders of the Ukrainian nation, not only against the Mohammedans, but Poles, Muscovites and other enemies as well.

Who joined the Zaporozhe? All sorts of men. Those who wanted to lead a free life, who sought adventure, who could no longer endure serfdom, wrongdoers, nobles, scholars, every strata of society was represented at the Zaporozhe.

Zaporozhian customs

There were no written laws among the Zaporozhians. They governed themselves by unwritten common-law, handed down from generation to generation, supplemented by decisions of the governing council ("rada") of the Sich and the Sich elders. The latter were old Cossacks who had proven their worth in battle and council, whose decisions were highly regarded by the Cossacks.

The laws were strictly administered, and their infringement severely punished.

There were different sets of laws and regulation for the entire Zaporozhian warrior state and for the Zaporozhian center Sich.

Only unmarried men were permitted to live in the Sich. Celibacy was strictly adhered to there. No women at all were permitted within the Sich. Anyone who brought a woman in was punished with death.

Equality was the predominant element in the Sich. Cossacks called one another comrade, excepting the youngsters who were learning the art of warfare. Every Cossack had to faithfully execute the tasks imposed upon him by the Rada.

"Kureni"

The Sich was divided into "kureni"—barrack buildings, which served as administrative districts in the Sich as well.

The barrack was usually a large building, made of heavy lumber or thickly plated willow branches, capable of holding 600 men. Both the outside and inside walls were plastered with clay. Light was furnished by small windows, which instead of glass had thin membrane tissues taken from animal bladder. Along the walls ran series of rude wooden beds, covered with straw, hay, and skins of wild animals. In the middle of the room were benches and tables, where the Cossacks ate their meals and conversed. At the head of the barrack, in a prominent place, hung an ikon, often in very precious frames. Under it stood a lamp whose light was never permitted to burn out. Here was where the Cossack command of the barracks sat. In the center of the room, hanging from the ceiling, which was also plastered with clay, was a large kettle, where the barrack meals were cooked. Sometimes there was a separate kitchen. But whether any cooking was done in the barrack or not, there was always a large fireplace in the center, used for heating purposes.

(To be continued)

THE UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

The "Ukrainian Weekly" is making a good start. It cannot boast, however, of being a paper very widely known amongst the Ukrainians in North America as yet. The future will take care of this. Nevertheless, the publication carries weight amongst the members of the Ukrainian National Association.

Many of our honorable gentlemen, no doubt, mean well when they say that there may be a tendency on the part of the Ukrainian youth to deviate from the traditional language of their parents when they have a substitute. They claim that our youth reading the "Ukrainian Weekly" will do less reading of "Svoboda."

In spite of all these tendencies we trust that the Ukrainian press as much, if not more, as they did before the publication of the "Ukrainian Weekly." Besides, we assume that there should be a more intensive reading in Ukrainian since the "Weekly" touches on many subjects that must be read in Ukrainian if one desires to get more details.

With the publication of the "Ukrainian Weekly" we have given our youth a tool. We hope that they are making the right use of it. Reading this paper they have a chance to accumulate knowledge and use this knowledge for enlightenment amongst those of Ukrainian parentage and those belonging to other nationalities, who are not enlightened as to who the Ukrainian people are.

The "Ukrainian Weekly" serves another important purpose. It gives an opportunity for many young boys and girls to express themselves. In this way many an unknown talent has a chance to realize itself. With the aid of our paper we are moulding future journalists, poets and other literary talent.

Various articles that he may read in the paper and other reading in Ukrainian will develop the heart of the prospective journalist and he soon will be able to write not what is in his fountain pen, but what is in his heart. And we trust that they will use their talent to help our general cause.

As time goes there is great future for our literary talents and their future also assures a very bright one for the "Ukrainian Weekly."

M. EWANCHUK.

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 50c. Polka and Waltz Contest 26-

NEWARK, N. J.

Ukrainian TALKIE FILM "HAYDA-MAKY" (This film portrays songs, wedding scenes & dances) at Elving's Metropolitan Theatre, Montgomery & Charlton Sts., Newark, N. J., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1935. Continuous performance from 11:00 A. M. Additional feature—Nicholas Karlash singing Ukrainian folk songs. 44

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Dixie Social Club of Rochester will hold a Ukrainian-American DANCE on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1935, at the 24th Ward Democratic Club, featuring St. Joseph's Orchestra. Dancing will start promptly at 8:30 o'clock. Ticket 25 cents. 44

PATERSON, N. J.

Don't miss the Third Annual Valentine DANCE of the Ukrainian Club of Paterson to be held at St. Boniface Ballroom, Main and Slater St., Paterson, N. J., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1935. Featuring Frank Barber and his Trotwegians. Comm. at 8 P. M. Ticket 40 cents. 44

AN APPEAL

An incident in one of my classrooms in college thrust a thought in my mind which I have been wondering about. Our instructor named a list of nationalities in the schools of New Haven; she also read the number of children in each nationality who attended the public schools. The three highest in number were the Americans—approximately 14,700; Italians—approximately 12,500; Russians—approximately 2,789. I asked her how many Ukrainian children attended the schools; much to my surprise only 98 were registered as Ukrainians. I told the teacher that these figures were misrepresented and I hope that they were. I said that many who are Ukrainians, registered as Polish, Lithuanians, Russians and other nationalities—but why? Is it because that they are reluctant to be called UKRAINIANS? Even if they are, I and many of us would like to know the reason which they have.

Our forefathers have striven to make Ukraine a geographic concept which did not exist in the geography long ago; it was only occasionally on some maps of Eastern Europe that the name "UKRAINE" was shown. And yet it is an old name of the country, originating in the 11th Century. In the speech of these people and in the magnificent unwritten popular literature of the nation, the name of the land could not be destroyed. With the unexpected rise of our excellent Ukrainian literature, culture, and a feeling of national political independence in the 19th Century, the name UKRAINE came into its own again. To-day in our fathers' native land there is not an intelligent patriotic Ukrainian who would use ANOTHER NAME for HIS COUNTRY and NATION than UKRAINE AND UKRAINIANS. It is in this manner that the designations began penetrating foreign lands and are still making way through every land in the world.

Many of us say, "We are not ashamed to say that we are Ukrainians." When they register in schools, city registers, do they give this nationality to which they rightfully belong?—No.—They offer some other nationality which is more widely known. How do you expect our NATIONALITY to be known if you are careless in rendering your true nationality. It is to these neglectful and heedless Ukrainians that I am addressing my appeal.

Many of us are doing much to make this country, Ukraine, and its people, Ukrainians, known. In some cities, programs are put on by various nationalities. I have read about the Ukrainians in Seymour and some in New Haven who offered and shared the literature, art, music, and other factors of Ukrainian culture with other nationalities and Americans.

Perhaps many of us have an inferiority complex about our nationality. This should be overcome. We should feel proud of and gratified to our forefathers. The worth of Ukrainian culture appears in its most beautiful and its highest form in the unwritten literature of the people. The philosophical feeling of the Ukrainian people finds expression in thousands and thousands of pregnant proverbs and parables, the like of which we do not find even in Europe. They reflect the great soul of the Ukrainian people and its worldly wisdom. The national genius of the Ukrainians has risen to the greatest height in their popular poetry. Like their poetry, the popular music of the Ukrain-



Those Ukrainian People upstairs must be doing the "Kolomeyka" again!

UKRAINE IN BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Ukraine, Germany and the War

Egon Erwin Kisch, in his book "Changing Asia," recently published by Knopf, accuses Germany of having missed an opportunity of winning the war by sending troops from the occupied Ukraine into Central Asia and across the Afghan passes into British India.

If this report of Germany's sending troops from Ukraine into Asia is a fact, the question still remains: would Germany have won out in her struggle against Ukrainian peasants, if she had not sent her troops to Asia?

"Death Stalks in Ukraine"

"The New York Journal" started on Monday, February 17, a series of articles on famine in Ukraine.

They are written by Thomas Walker, noted journalist and publicist, who had traveled extensively in the world. Last spring he visited Russia, toured in Ukraine, and describes his experiences in his striking reports.

He smuggled with him a camera, obtained with it a number of photographs, with which he now illustrates his report. Had

ians far surpasses the popular music of the neighboring peoples. Popular art, in our people, is entirely original and much more highly advanced than in neighboring peoples. Wood carving has developed to a highly artistic form. The field of Ukrainian art is decoration which consists of geometric and natural patterns—it is exquisitely beautiful in color and line. Of course we must still say something about the Ukrainian manners and customs. In this aspect, the Ukrainian peasantry is richer than its neighbors. Summing up all the facts, we get a clear idea that the Ukrainian popular culture is original and independent.

Can you name one small or large fact about the UKRAINIAN PEOPLE which would make YOU reluctant to be called an UKRAINIAN or, calling yourself an UKRAINIAN?

ANN G. ZACHARIEWITZ,
Derby, Connecticut.

he been caught with it, by the Bolsheviks, not only the photographs, but he himself would not have seen the world.

Could Not Omit Ukraine

Robert Nathan presents in his "Road of Ages" the march of the Jews of the world across Europe and Asia to the Gobi Desert. They drag their way over the Carpathian mountains, across Ukraine, into the Asiatic winter...

Does his description of the Jewish sojourn in Ukrainian coincide with the already notorious traditional Jewish attitude? If they, Jews, are really divided as the author claims into learned and superstitious, to what group does the author belong?

In the Wake of Tsarist Official Propaganda?

It is reported from Moscow to English newspapers that over 150 unpublished letters of famous British authors have been discovered in Leningrad by Professor I. Alexeyev, of the Institute of Russian Literature of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. In the first volume of his work on this discovery, Professor Alexeyev advances the theory that contact between Russia and England began not in the sixteenth century, but some five or six hundred years earlier. Anglo-Saxons, the Professor claims, visited frequently the Kiev court of the eleventh century and even lived there.

We can see from the report that the great Soviet scientist still accepts the venerable theory that Kiev was the center of Muscovite nationality—a theory sponsored by the Russian tsars anxious to find some justification for their annexation and occupation of Ukraine.

IN WINTER

Snowflakes lightly, gently whirled,
Dance above a wintry world!
Down they hurry day and night,
Giving earth a mantle white.
Endless falls this fairy snow;
Wilder does, the north wind blow;
Snowbound roofs and countryside
Whisper, "Welcome, winter-tide."

Morning breaking crisp and fair,
Sparkling jewels everywhere,
Merry skaters clear the lake,
Shining roads the sleds to make,
Down the hill the coasters fly,
How I wish that they were I!
Oh, for youth so glorified,
Given place to winter-tide!

ROSE HATALAN.

YULETIDE EPISODE

By ANASTASIA FIEGEL STADNER

Stephen Blair turned Roscoe northward. Roscoe chugged and sputtered up the hill creaking and groaning and showing his age with every motion of his frame.

Stephen held the wheel grimly. "Come on Roscoe" he urged. "Just a little more, just a little more, just a little further—please Roscoe old boy, don't fail me. Up, up. Oh! that's the good boy!" He patted the side of the car as it landed at the top of the hill. "Good old Roscoe, you never fail to take me places."

He guided the old car slowly along the slushy street. The chains on the wheels rattled eerily in the still night.

It was Christmas eve and he was bringing Poppy a gift. Blood red roses. A dozen of them. Poppy should never be without red roses, he thought. She was just like them—vivid, glowing, full of life. He pulled the car over to the side of the road quickly as someone attempted to pass him. "Damn it," he muttered. Some people were forever courting trouble. Speeding on a road like this! Why, it was nothing less than suicide.

He drove on past brightly lighted houses, Green wreaths and holly decorated their windows and doors. Here and there a sprinkling of colored lights glittered in the foliage lining a doorstep. Bedroom windows glowed softly. The children were probably being tucked in for the night, Stephen decided.

He could remember when he and Kathy used to put Bippy to bed on Christmas Eve. Kathy dressed Bippy in his white flannel pajamas before the fireplace. Bippy's eyes shone like stars. "Will Santa Claus really bring me a bicycle, Sister Kathy?" he asked. "A big red and white bicycle like the one in Spellman's window?" His childish face glowed happily.

"If you go to sleep like a good little boy Santa will surely not forget the bicycle," Kathy replied. "And perhaps he'll bring loads of other things—candy, popcorn, puzzles, skates and—oh, so many other things!"

"I'll sleep, honest Kathy" Bippy replied.

Kathy kissed him. "First you must pray though," she said.

The three of them knelt with folded hands. Kathy on one side, Stephen on the other and Bippy in the middle. They prayed. Kathy lead the simple, fervent prayer.

"Now see who races upstairs," she said when they had finished.

"Last one up is a slow poke," called Bippy over his shoulder, and they all dashed up the stairs. Bippy reached the bed first and jumped on it. "Stephen is a slow poke," he cried. "Stephen is a slow poke."

"If Kathy would fix that rug on the landing I'd have raced you" Stephen replied breathlessly. "Gosh, I almost broke my neck. What are you going to do about it Kathy?"

Kathy regarded him tenderly. "I'll have fried chicken for dinner tomorrow," she laughed.

Together they tucked Bippy into his small white bed. Kathy gave the covers a final pat, flecked a speck of dust from the comforter and lowered the light. "Goodnight Bippy," they both said. "Goodnight," he replied. His eyes drooped wearily. They tiptoed downstairs.

The tree was on the back porch. Kathy announced they would trim it and afterwards there were marshmallows to toast and little

sandwiches to nibble and hot chocolate to drink in the living room.

Kathy's face was flushed. Stephen stood on the step-ladder and placed the ornaments in the places she indicated. Her brown hair curled damply on her forehead. Her blue eyes were bright. She was as excited as a child.

The road had become bumpy. Roscoe moaned heavily as he tried to glide over the wavy surface of the street. Stephen rubbed his gloved hand across his eyes. He mustn't think about Kathy now. Kathy was alright. She was a pal. A good sport. She liked to hike and swim. She loved to golf and play tennis. Nobody could dance more divinely than Kathy. But he loved Poppy.

Well—perhaps Poppy did prefer bridge to hiking and perhaps she did enjoy a cigarette more often than was good for her, but Poppy could get away with it. She was beautiful. Not that Kathy wasn't beautiful. She was. But Poppy was beautiful in a different way. She was—well there was no accurate way of describing Poppy. She was just—Poppy.

He passed a modest bungalow. A woman walked by the window, lowered a shade. It must be just about the time that Kathy would be putting Bippy to bed. They would be having so much fun. Perhaps he would drop in tomorrow. Yes—he would, if Poppy didn't ask him over to her house until evening.

He caught his reflection in the small oblong mirror above the windshield. It seemed to mock him. He looked away quickly. "Oh! I know I told her I was going to work to night," he said to himself. "Don't think I wanted to hurt her by saying I was going to Poppy's. A fellow's got to use discretion." But despite this he felt guilty and somehow he avoided glancing in the mirror again. It wasn't as if Kathy and he were engaged or something, he mused.

He stepped on the gas and Roscoe jumped forward. Stephen started in alarm. People shouldn't step out of the shadows so suddenly. He glowered at a man who had suddenly come into view. It was—well it was alarming. It reminded him of something—of the day Kathy had come upon him and Poppy on the balcony.

How did he know that Kathy would be coming in just when he had his arms around Poppy. She should have coughed or something. A person should never enter any place without first signaling, just in case. And Kathy shouldn't have been hurt about it either. Well, no—she never said she was hurt, but he knew she was. When two people had been going together as long as he and Kathy—but it didn't mean anything, he hastened to assure himself. He liked Kathy, liked to be with her. They were friends—very good friends.

Anyway he never could understand why Kathy ran away alone that night. Hadn't she come with him? Of course he wanted to take Poppy home, but he wouldn't have neglected Kathy. After she went home alone there was nothing to do but see Poppy home. After all, it was the first time he had met her. And when one's hostess presents one to a guest it is only fitting and proper that you be your most charming self. Poppy did look lovely that night at Flossie's party. All bright red and gold—just like the roses in

the long white box beside him. Red and gold. Her gold hair framed her face in a smooth, crisp cap. Every tendril was caught closely in place. She was the loveliest girl he had ever seen.

Kathy looked good too. She always did. And that night especially so in her white dress with the little ruffle at the throat. She looked awfully sweet, he acknowledged. Her brown hair always had tendency to curl around her forehead and cheeks. Kathy looked lovely. There were lots of fellows who wanted to see her home. Not that he wouldn't have—but she had to run away. Maybe he was just a tiny bit glad when she did go. She probably would have felt the same way under similar circumstances.

Although he conceived excuses of every type, somehow he couldn't forget her eyes. Those blue eyes that were always so bright and kind. They had looked so stricken and hurt when she saw Poppy in his arms. She seemed to flinch too—of course, he couldn't be quite sure—but he thought she flinched when Poppy had laughed at her. Kathy should have overlooked that. She was being natural. Poppy's eyes would never have that hurt expression in them. Poppy's eyes were brown, like a puppy's, a wild eager puppy. Poppy's eyes were soft, lovely. Poppy was beautiful. But Kathy—her hurt blue eyes—her quivering lips. He'd call her up in the morning.

Stephen stopped Roscoe at a red light. Soft, large flakes of snow were falling on the hood and Roscoe seemed to shiver. He'd have to give Roscoe a coat of paint, Stephen decided. He couldn't have Poppy riding in a shabby car. Kathy never cared about Roscoe's shabbiness. She loved him. But one must get used to those things. One must learn to accept the good with the bad. Poppy's beauty demanded a shining car, demanded the best that one had to offer. Kathy was different.

Why must these thoughts of Kathy persist in creeping into his mind. Kathy was a pal. He didn't love her. He loved Poppy.

Stephen's mind was in a whirl. Poppy—Kathy—Kathy—Poppy.

Into Stephen's musing flowed the raucous laughter of young men and girls. Of all the silly people, Stephen reflected, those in the parked car opposite him were about the silliest. He had never in his life heard such noise. He wondered how the girls could indulge in such rowdy pastimes. Singing, screaming, laughing. Kathy was charming, dignified—golly—he must forget about Kathy. Her blue eyes—stricken blue eyes.

Spirals of cigarette smoke curled from the car. Bottles tinkled. Someone was going to have a party tonight. A Christmas Eve party. He and Poppy would probably have a little party tonight also. They would have a quiet evening.

Kathy would be trimming Bippy's tree. There he was, thinking about Kathy again!

He peered more closely at the opposite car. What was that fellow doing anyway? Suddenly Stephen laughed. The young man opposite hung out of the door and held a bottle of beer in one hand and an opener in the other. As he opened the bottle the beer spurted out high into the air covering the young man's face and hair with yellowish foam. The occupants of the car laughed hysterically. Someone lit a match

SMILES

In a cozy corner
Of my softly lighted room
I lay stretched upon the pillows
With my spirit raised from gloom,
'Midst this peaceful scene I pondered.

Over all my deeds that day
As since early on that morning
I've been chasing blues away.
At the breakfast table
Not a single word I said
And so on through the whole day
Till again 'twas time for bed.
Noontime at my office
I recall one scene quite well
When my "boss" looked at me queerly
Saying "Shall I ring your funeral bell?"

I forget my worries;

I forgot my work at hand,
I simply smiled at him
Exclaiming then "My land!"
Thank you—Mr. Cheerful
You see what you did to me?
You made me smile once again
Now what is to be your fee?"
With grins and smiles breaking out

I then felt light and spry;
So now in bed I smiled
And I'll smile till I die.
Under covers I then scrambled
And put out my light
Curling up into a ball
I smiled into the night.

MARY SARABUN,
Bridgeport, Pa.

NEW ARTICLES ON UKRAINE

The January issue of the "The Slavonic and East European Review," published in London, contains two articles on Ukraine. One is "Karpatska Rus," by Rey. Augustine Voloshyn, well known Ukrainian public figure in sub-Carpathian Ukraine; and the other is "Ukraine and her political aspirations" by the well known Ukrainian scholar O. Shulglin.

and Stephen's face become white. Poppy was there! His Poppy. And she was holding a flask to her lips. A lighted cigarette in her fingers. Poppy with a flask! Drinking.

Kathy would never do that. Kathy was good. She was his Kathy. It was Kathy he loved not Poppy. Poppy with a flask. Kathy tucking Bippy into bed. Tiny beads of perspiration stood out on Stephen's forehead. Kathy—what had he done to Kathy—loyal little Kathy? Had he hurt her? Kathy!

The green lights flashed. Stephen headed Roscoe in the opposite direction. Kathy would be trimming her tree—Bippy's tree—their tree. He loved Kathy.

The snow was still falling slowly, lazily when Roscoe turned into Kathy Morton's driveway. Stephen jumped out. He ran up to the door. He could see Kathy through the window. She was holding a great, shiny star in her hand and she was about to ascend the step-ladder. He rang the bell. Kathy looked startled. Stephen wouldn't come tonight, she thought. Stephen was probably with Poppy.

She opened the door slowly. The light played on her hair transforming it into a soft halo. She stopped. "Stephen," she breathed. "Oh! Stephen!"

He took the star from her hands and led her into the room. "That's my job, Kathy dear, forever and evermore."