

UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

Supplement to the SVOBODA, Ukrainian Daily

Published by the Junior Department of the Ukrainian National Association

No. 28

JERSEY CITY, N. J., FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1935

VOL. III

LECTURE ON UKRAINE IN LONDON

Lucy Lady Brunner was at Home on June 24th to the Near and Middle East Association, at 43, Harrington Gardens, S. W., to hear M. Eugene Lachowitch speak on "The Ukraine." Mr. Ashe Lincoln was in the Chair and the following were among those who accepted invitations:—

The Minister of Iran, Albania, Saudi Arabia and Lithuania, the Estonian Minister and Mme Schmidt, General Rouner, the Colombian Charge d'Affaires and Mme. Restrepo, Prince Michael Soubatoff, Princess Asfa Yilma, the Earl and Countess of Denbigh, Count de Germiny, the Baroness de Goldsmid, the Hon. Lady White-Thomson, the Dowager Lady Boyle, Sir Felix Brunner, Lady Hewitt, Lady Royds, M. Pierre Almanachos, Dame Louise McIlroy, M. Shayesteh, Mrs. E. Cobham, Admiral and Mrs. Nicholson; Mr. and Mrs. Waris Ameer Ali, Mrs. Percy Bramley, Mr. C. G. Hancock, Mrs. Blagden, Seyd and Mrs. Said Ruete, Colonel T. P. Etherton, Mrs. Cressy Marcks, Miss May Dwayne, M. Riyad Zada, Colonel and Mrs. Ernest Taylor, Mrs. R. G. Arnold, M. Constantinesco, Mrs. Atkinson, Colonel and Mrs. Cecil Malone; Mrs. Beauchamp Tufnell, Major de Aigya-Pap, Miss A. V. Pike, Mrs. George Halahan, Ali Asghar Zarrinkafsh, Miss Edith Durham, Mr. Lancelot Lawton, Mrs. Walter Blackman, Mr. and Mrs. Gwynn Vaughan Morgan, Miss D. Vaughan Morgan, Mr. T. B. Martin, Mr. H. N. Athanasiades, Mrs. Bazley, Captain Roger Dolbey, Miss Sylvia Lamb, Mr. Arthur Simon, Mrs. de Hartman, Mr. Charles Neel, Mrs. McWhirter, Mrs. Reginald Watson, Mr. Leonard Stein, Mrs. Carrington Wilde, Mrs. James Wilson, Dr. J. Kisilevsky, Mrs. Neville.

The Ukraine

M. Lachowitch in the course of his Address traced the history of the Ukrainian movement. A Ukrainian State existed for a short time in the seventeenth century and after the 1917 Revolution in Russia, the Ukrainian Republic was proclaimed at Kieff. When, in 1918, the Austro-Hungarian Empire came to an end the Ukrainian province proclaimed the West Ukrainian Republic, which on January 22, 1919, became united with Great Ukraine. A few years later the Ukrainian independent State perished. The Ukrainians of Soviet Russia are unable to organize, except secretly. The largest block that can to a certain extent legally organize themselves are in Poland, where their representatives sit in the Sejm and in the Senate. In the election of 1930-1931 there were 714,633 votes for the Ukrainian list and twenty-one deputies were elected to the Sejm and four to the Senate. Apart from the legal organizations, however, of which the largest is the Ukrainian Democratic Association, there is also a strong illegal movement. In Roumania the Ukrainians are also legally organized and have a few representatives in the Roumanian Parliament, as they have also in Czechoslovakian Parliament. Poland, however, was not prepared to see her Ukrainian minority consolidate itself. The Polish Government by its policy of oppression stimulated the growth of the dangerous underground movement in Polish Ukraine. The suggestions given by the League of Nations were absolutely ignored

(Concluded column 4)

CHERISHING OUR AMERICAN IDEALS

It is interesting for us to observe how much pleasure our American-Ukrainians derive from taking part in the Fourth of July parades and manifestations. Very often they even go into considerable expense to present a fine appearance. And very often too, this outlay does not go for naught, as witness, for example, the recent triumph of the Elizabeth (N. J.) Ukrainians who won first prize for making the finest appearance in the local Fourth of July parade.

Still it does not take much reflection to realize that there must be something far deeper than a mere desire to "show off" that prompts our people to take such an interest in the Fourth of July parades. And verily is this so. For our parents are very much aware of the fact that back in the old country they would not be allowed to parade freely, carrying flags and dressed in Ukrainian costumes. Nor would they even be allowed to carry a wreath of thorns decorated in the Ukrainian national colors to place on the grave of some Ukrainian war hero during the Ukrainian Memorial Day (Zeleny Svyata). They well know that all this would be forbidden to them, under the penalty of not only arrest but a brutal beating as well—as witness the latest reports emanating from Western Ukraine under Poland. And that is why our parents appreciate the significance of the American Declaration of Independence so much. They see in it an exemplification of their own aspirations, the triumphing of the oppressed over the oppressor, and a source of inspiration and belief that eventually Ukraine too will gain its independence.

These are the feelings of the older generation of American-Ukrainians. But what about us, the younger generation, born and raised here? Do we appreciate our American freedom and democracy? Does the Declaration of Independence mean as much to us as to our parents?

To be truthful, the fact that we were born and raised in freedom makes it difficult for us to appreciate its worth as much as those who have known oppression. Also, many of us, in common with other American youth, have fallen under the sway of the present-day "realism" and consequently have thrown overboard many of the former sacrosanct values. Whether we have done wisely, we will someday discover for ourselves. Yet despite all this, we cannot help but be impressed by the depth of feeling with which some of our older folks manifest their appreciation for American freedom and democracy. Nor do we remain unmoved by the reports of what is happening on the other side. And therefore, we are beginning to place a higher value upon these principles ourselves.

Yet it is not enough for us to merely value these principles, for which we neither had to fight nor toil but received as a bequest from the Fathers of our country. These principles we must make secure, not only for ourselves but for future generations too.

Today our country is passing through an unprecedented social and economic storm. More young people are out of work than there were colonists in America when the Declaration of Independence was signed. And the storm shows but little signs of abating. Those at the helm are growing old and weary. Younger and stronger hands will be needed to guide the Ship of State into clear and calm waters. And yet—will those hands be ready and willing?

The answer to the above question depends upon us now. We can and will be ready, but only if all of us, young Americans of both native and foreign stock, begin preparing by realizing the danger which confronts us all, by taking a serious and active interest in the vital problems of our times; by training ourselves to take the places of our elders, by getting rid of the filth and corruption which the storm has brought to the surface, and finally, by holding high those ideals upon which the American Declaration of Independence is based and America was founded.

LAST CALL TO OUR HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE GRADUATES

Names of young American-Ukrainians graduating this year from high schools and colleges are still coming to the Ukrainian Weekly. Monday, July 15th, is the deadline up to which such names and other necessary data will be received. Send yours or that of your friends immediately. The list will be published in the very near future.—Editor.

POLISH GENDARMES ATTACK UKRAINIAN WOMEN

According to the "Ukrainian Slovo" of Paris, Polish police brutally assaulted Ukrainian women with rubber clubs at the Ly-chakiv (a suburb of Lviv) Cemetery when the latter had gathered around the grave of a Ukrainian war hero for memorial services. After the priest had conducted the service the women, which formed the bulk of the crowd, began singing the hymn *Vi zhertvoyu v boyu* (You have sacrificed yourselves in battle), whereupon the police made their savage assault, as a result of which three women were seriously injured and had to be taken to the hospital. One of the women, according to an unconfirmed report, died that very same evening.

OLDEST UKRAINIAN DIES

Ivan Zvonar, believed to have been the oldest living Ukrainian, died recently at the age of 109 years in the village of Osia in the sub-Carpathian district of Ukraine (under Czechoslovakia). Among the mourners at the funeral was his daughter, 16 grandchildren and 35 great-grandchildren.

by the Government and finally the Minorities Treaty was repudiated altogether on September 16, 1934. The Ukrainians were divided amongst themselves, and the lecturer uttered a warning against the group that was too dangerously coupled with German Nazi foreign policy. A movement was on foot for the convening of a World Congress of Ukrainians to secure greater unity among the Ukrainians and to help to direct their policy.

M. Lachowitch then described the position of the Ukrainians in Soviet Russia. The Ukraine, he said, is a powder barrel and any spark could ignite its explosion. Such an unsettled state of affairs in Eastern Europe encourages some of the neighboring States to contemplate intervention and acquisition of the Ukrainian territories. This, he added, would very definitely change the international balance of power and would entail conflict in Western Europe as well. This danger and the potential danger that Soviet Russia constituted could be removed by the partition of Russia and the creation of an independent Ukrainian State.

(The Near East and India
June 27, 1935, London, Eng.)

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

Michael Drahomaniv

[Michael Drahomaniv, his life, works, and outlook upon the national and sociological problems of his day, all have been subject to different interpretations, due to their complex nature. Several weeks ago we published an account of Drahomaniv. Below, in a briefer form, we publish another. Also the Svoboda published, in addition to its editorial on June 20, an article on Drahomaniv by Ivan Franko, appearing in its June 20 and 21st issues. Finally, yesterday's Svoboda contains still another article on Drahomaniv by Michael Vozniak, well known authority on Ukrainian literature. We recommend to our readers to read them

all, especially those by Franko and Vozniak.—Editor.]

Michael Drahomaniv (1841-1895) was a scholar of a wide European reputation. He was a socialist with anarchistic tendencies in principle and a pan-slavist in practice. Throughout his life he looked upon the Ukrainian cause through the eyes of a Russian. "In both political and cultural fields," he wrote in a letter dated 1872, "I am a true unionist, that is a federalist, and not a separatist."

Drahomaniv tried to play the role of a mediator between the Ukrainians who desired Ukraine's freedom and those among them, the Russophiles, who wanted Ukraine to become merged entirely into Russia and lose its national

identity. He strove unsuccessfully to reconcile both sides to one another, basing his action on his contention that the differences between the Ukrainians and the Russians were purely local, the same as could be found existing between members of one family.

In 1846 Drahomaniv became Professor of World History at the Kiev University. In 1870 the Russian government sent him abroad for further studies. He did not link himself with the Ukrainians until after his university-student days, in 1863, when he became interested in the publication of popular books for the Ukrainian masses. In the summer of 1875 he attended his first vitche (gathering) of the Ukrainians. The Russian government received word of this through its spy system and as a result Drahomaniv lost his teaching position at the Kiev University. He went to Geneva where he stayed for 15

years, from whence he moved to Sophia, Bulgaria.

Drahomaniv's liberal views attracted towards him many of the youth of his time. He revolutionized thought and outlook among the students of Galicia. He is also regarded as being the spiritual father of the radical party in Galicia. Of his publicist work the following are the best known works: *Wostochnaya politika Germanii i obruseniyе* (Eastern politics of Germany and Russlanizing), *Ukraina i tsentri* (Ukraine and its centers), *Istorecheskaya Polsha i wellkoruskaya demokratiya* (Historical Poland and the Great Russian democracy), *Wilna spilka* (The free union), *Chudatski dumki pro Ukrainsku natsionalnu sprawu* (Strange thoughts about the Ukrainian cause), *Listi na Naddniproyskuiu Ukrainu* (Letters to the Dnieper Ukraine).

(To be continued)

"LOST SHADOWS"

Bearing the distinction of "being the first translation of a Ukrainian work of fiction to be published in the United States" *Lost Shadows* by Osyp Turiansky, translated by Andrew Mykytiak, has won favorable critical comment from leading book reviews.

The story deals with seven war prisoners lost in the snow-covered wastes of the Albanian Mountains. In 1915, when the Serbs were no longer able to withstand the withering onslaught of the Austro-German offensive, sixty thousand prisoners of war were marched in haste toward Italian prison camps over an obscure trail leading across the Albanian Mountains from Galicia to the Adriatic Sea. This trail is still known as the Road of Death.

In the mountains and the wilderness, forty-five thousand died within three weeks, from hunger, cold or exhaustion.

One of the few prisoners who miraculously survived the miseries of that journey was Osyp Turiansky, author of *Lost Shadows*.

In this story he recounts the fate of seven men who, after escaping from their guard, seek freedom in the endless wastes of snow. Without food or shelter, the desperate plight of these seven unfortunates resolves itself into a vicious struggle between the will to survive and the inexorable forces of death.

—*Lost Shadows* is not a historical novel in the manner of Erich Dwinger's great and terrible story of Kolchak's retreat across Siberia, called "Between White and Red"—points out the New York Times Book Review.—It is rather a dramatic recital of frenzied behavior, of physical and spiritual suffering, of wild and bitter thoughts and hysterical speech involving only seven men and one incident of the three week's march. The blind Strazinger hugs his violin while the fierce Szabo, strongest of them all, clutches the rifle he has taken from the guard, the only possessions among them except for their tattered clothes. Their first need is fire. But there is nothing to burn except frozen twigs and these will not catch fire of themselves. Szabo insists that one of them must die so that they may use his clothes for fuel, and in the back of his mind is the thought of cannibalism. But the others, while still clinging desperately to life, shrink from his suggestion. Nevertheless, they go through the dance of life or death which he proposes, a dance that shall determine who is weak

est and who must be sacrificed. They are spared taking life when Boiani falls and dies where he has fallen. The six have their fire. And over the fire they think and talk; recall past memories, cry out in their misery, in hopelessness and bitterness, discuss man and war, God and fate, home and loved ones. Szabo and Dobrovsky take turn going out with the rifles for game, but there is no sign of life along the Road of Death, except for a few dying stragglers left behind on the roadside. The miserable scarecrows grow weaker. Feverish thoughts give way to hallucinations. They are no longer able to rise. Finally the fire goes out, and the wasted purplish bodies succumb before the cold...

—It is one of those books—concludes *The New York Times*—which read like a single impassioned cry of a wounded spirit brought to bay by the forces of organized greed, cruelty and butchery. It deserves a place beside the many sincere and passionate protests of the spirit that emerged from the war.

Now a word about the author. The publishers of *Lost Shadows*, Empire Books, New York City, write this about him:

Osyp Turiansky was born in Galicia in 1880. After a formal education and his graduation from the University of Vienna, he began his career as a writer, producing light fiction for newspapers and magazines. At the outbreak of the World War, he joined the Austrian infantry as a reserve officer and was captured during the Serbian campaign. Together with sixty thousand other prisoners, he was transported across the Albanian Mountains to the Island of Elba, where he remained until after the Armistice.

He wrote *Lost Shadows* during the year spent in Italian captivity, taking his material from the tragic journey over the "Road to Death." The sensational success of this novel established Turiansky as the foremost novelist of Eastern Europe. Of his later works, *Tale of Virgin Forest* is best known.

In 1933, he was stricken with gastric disorders resulting from the deadly hunger experienced in the Albanian Mountains and on March 27th of the same year, he died in a Lwiv hospital.

In summarizing the merits of Turiansky's work, Robert Ploehn, Viennese literary critic, said: "Had he been a German or an Englishman, he would have figured as one of the greatest writers of our time."

WHO IS TO BLAME?

Some Rambling Observations on Ukrainian Schools in America

Very often we hear the complaint among the older folks that their children pay little attention to their studies in the Ukrainian language. Sometimes, however, I cannot help but wonder whether quite a bit of the blame for this cannot be laid at the doorstep of the parents themselves.

Recently I attended the commencement exercises of a Ukrainian parochial school in one of the largest Ukrainian settlements in the East. Several reasons impelled me to attend, chiefly to attempt to recapture some of the nostalgic memories of the days when I had attended the school.

The exercises took place on a Sunday evening in June, and included an "ispit"—i. e.—a public examination of all the children attending the school. I arrived a little late, for through the open window of the old brick building (which had formerly housed a Ukrainian church and now was a "white elephant" in the hands of the parish), I could hear the children singing.

Entering the building I was immediately struck by the contrast (although the hall was very familiar to me) between it and the spacious school buildings and auditoriums which one usually associates with an American school graduation. Still I shrugged my shoulders philosophically, realizing that with all the varied causes to which the American-Ukrainians have to contribute, it is too much to expect of them to have enough money left to erect a plain Ukrainian school building for their children.

Climbing a few short flights of steps I entered the main hall of the building. Over the heads of the seated spectators I perceived a small stage brilliantly lit and jammed with a throng of perspiring school children, of all sizes and shapes, dressed in their Sunday very best. One of them, a cherubic faced boy, was declaiming in clear Ukrainian, without a trace of the American accent. Seated at the foot of the stage before a table was their teacher (a competent person with many years of experience in teaching children) with a harassed look on his face. He was holding an open book in one hand, ready to prompt the boy, and with the other hand was rustling the papers on the table, apparently preparing for the next number on the program. My eyes strayed from him to the audience. To my great surprise I saw that there were less spectators than children. Obviously then, not even all the parents of the children on the stage were present; for since there were about 100 children on the stage there should have been 200 parents, and here there were only about 80 people. And

what about the near relatives of these children? Where were they? I grew indignant. What possible encouragement could these children have to study Ukrainian when even their parents were not present at these annual school exercises. It is really beyond all understanding why the missing parents were not there. Most likely indeed, these very same missing parents will be the first to complain that their children pay little attention to their Ukrainian studies.

The exercises continued: more recitations, answering in the chorus manner, singing, dancing, etc. The children, obviously, had not spent their time in vain in the Ukrainian school. It was really a pleasure to hear them recite or answer to the teacher's questions. Yet were they much impressed with the spirit of the occasion? I think not. The atmosphere was anything but conducive to that breathless thrill that accompanies graduation exercises in an American school. In the first place, the stage was too small. There was no ventilating system, not even an electric fan. The children together with their teacher perspired copiously. The hard white lights from above made them all the more uncomfortable. Several times they had to leave the stage and take their seats in the front of the hall, in order to make room for individuals or groups to appear. Since the exits from the stage were small, quite a few of the children (probably remembering the old principle that a straight line is the shortest distance between two given points) went sailing over the footlights unto the floor of the hall. The harassed teacher did his best to keep order, but, handicapped as he was, that was next to impossible.

What a difference there would have been, I thought to myself, if the hall and the stage had been fine and spacious, and the teacher had several assistants, and the audience had filled the hall to the point of overflowing. That would have been a real graduation, something the children would have thrilled to.

Finally the exercises came to a close. Ice cream and jars of candy were given to the children. "And what about the prizes for the graduates having the highest average?" I asked someone seated next to me, thinking of my youngest brother who had the highest average and who had delivered what under different circumstances might have been called the valedictorian address.

"There are no prizes given out this year," was the dumbfounding reply. "For the school has no funds to buy them."

Who is to blame?

(To be continued)

STAR LETTERS

By ANASTASIA FIEGEL STADNER

It would have been difficult to believe that such rich, resonant tones could issue from the throat of so slender and fragile a girl, had one not actually witnessed the performance.

She stood before the microphone; hands folded loosely before her and poured forth liquid, golden tones which caused one's heart to swell almost to bursting. She lifted her head slightly as her song flowed into the microphone—"Be it ever so humble—there's no place like home."

The "Black Cat" was unusually busy tonight. It seemed as though people from every nook and hamlet had suddenly decided to patronize the notorious Night Club. Waiters hurried from table to table, quickly, deftly, serving the customers. Ladies and gentlemen in evening clothes wove in and out, about the smoke filled room, to the tune of a blaring, black faced band.

"Slick" the thick set, oily proprietor stood to one side. He rubbed his hands together and licked his lips. Business was certainly booming. He'd probably clean up a good bit tonight. His thick lips twitched slightly as if a smile were trying to creep out, but somehow couldn't break its way through the leatherish interior of this person. These people were fools, Slick was thinking. They were utter fools.

He wasn't a fool, although some individuals considered him as such. He'd give the fools what they wanted. Liquor, gambling, dancing girls. He'd give them all of that and reap the reward—huge profits—and then maybe he'd go away and open up a new racket.

He turned and ascended a huge circular stairway, leading to the second floor.

"Been waiting long?" he inquired as he entered a room where three men sat about a table, idly playing cards. "Good business tonight."

He crossed the room and turned the dials on a small radio, after which he pulled up a chair and sat down at the table with the men.

"Now then," he began. "Let's get down to business." He winked at the man opposite him. "Won't Trevor be surprised when he finds he's lost all his money, eh Phil?" His laughter sounded like sharp metal.

The young man addressed as Phil seemed unaware that Slick had addressed him for at that moment he heard something which caused him to swing around in his chair and stare at the radio as if in a trance. What was that he heard? Ah! Yes. Someone was singing a song. Someone with a glorious, lilting voice was singing "Be it ever so humble"—and it had suddenly brought memories to him.

He remembered that he had somewhere, someplace heard that song before. He had once sung it himself. Suddenly he saw a tiny suburb tucked in among the mountains in the South. A little suburb where the sun was always shining and where the grass was greener than any he had ever seen since. Children were romping about the silent street. Some were on bicycles, others pulled wagons or skated. He was giving Mary Lane a ride on the handle bars of his new bicycle. A Church bell was tolling, slowly, softly, in the distance and there was the faint odor of lilacs and mellow

earth in the air. Then it had grown dark and he had taken Mary home for dinner. Dinner around a round dining room table, spread with a red checkered table cloth. It was a delicious dinner. Simple—but delicious. Lamb chops, homemade bread, golden butter, carrots—he had never in all his wanderings tasted such delicacies.

There was Father, stately and tall at the head of the table. There was he, Philip, at Father's side, and there were Mary and Mother, bustling back and forth, serving their men. How proud he had been when Mary stood beside Mother. How pretty she was. She was only eleven at the time and he was thirteen, but even then he had decided that there would never be anyone but Mary for him.

It was funny that he had let thoughts of Mary escape him for so long. He wondered what she was doing tonight. She used to be so proud of him and she had always predicted great success for him. Mary would probably be disheartened if she saw him now in a gambling den, plotting against a man. There weren't many girls like Mary among his present acquaintances. He wondered how he had let himself drift into surroundings of this type.

The golden voice continued. Philip's eyes were fastened on the radio. Mary sang like that. This voice was stronger since it was a grown girl who was singing, but he had always felt that Mary's voice would be like this when she grew up. She had a pretty little voice when they were children. They sang in the choir and Mary was invariably soloist.

He could see her standing with her hymn book before her. She seemed oblivious of the people about her as she sang. She seemed to think only of the song and somehow she managed to insert into her little solo some quality which made even the most hardened person stare at her and wonder why he had never before considered that particular song beautiful. Why! He had thought that children could never render songs faithfully and should be excluded from participating in choruses. And it was not an uncommon sight to see men as well as women wiping moist eyes as they listened.

He had always worked his way to the front and from the moment Mary began singing his eyes never left her face. Her fair hair reflected the varied colors of the church windows and her face seemed ethereal in its whiteness. After she had finished he would slip into his place near the door so that he could be the first to meet her as she came out.

Philip's lips parted in a faint smile as he went back over the years. He could see the cozy little living room in the Lane home where he and Mary used to spend so much time reading and playing before the fireplace. He could see Mary sitting at the piano, her fingers idly running up and down the keyboard. Presently, she struck a chord and lifted her head in the manner which was so quaintly characteristic of her and began to sing—"Be it ever so humble."

Philip crossed the room and standing beside her had joined in. That was it! That was the day he had sung "Home Sweet Home."

A cold sweat enveloped him and

he brushed his hand across his eyes.

Slick addressed him with a sneer. "What's wrong kid—getting soft?"

Philip turned. After his recollections this all seemed far away and vague. His eyes wandered about the room taking in the gaudy, cheap furnishings. It was all so very different from the surrounding he used to know. He looked at the men about him. Hard, callous looking men. Beary eyed, dissipated creatures. How had he become mixed up with them? How could he possibly have found pleasure in their company? It was all due to his ravenous desire for excitement.

He didn't really enjoy being here, but it was exciting and that's what he had been looking for. Now he felt cheapened and ashamed.

"Turn that off" Slick was saying. "That stuff's small town." One of the men rose and turned the dial.

At that moment Philip realized that he must get away. He must get out where the air was clean and fresh. He must think. He had so much to think about. He pushed his chair back determinedly.

"Say, where you going?" Slick was beside him instantly. "Not pullin' out on us, are ya kid?"

"I'm going," Philip replied. "I'm quitting."

"Say, ya can't do this to me, you..."

Philip squared his shoulders and thrust out his chin. "I'm going—and I'm out of that Trevor deal, see?"

What could have happened to the kid, Slick wondered. Heretofore, he had been most excited and eager to participate in anything. He had taken chances when men who had been in the game for years had shuddered. And now Phil was walking out. Slick must stop him. He must prevail upon him to stay. Why, this Trevor business was one of the most important deals of the year. "What's up kid?" Slick demanded. Perhaps the kid wanted more money. If it were only money, he could have all he wanted.

Slick put a restraining hand on Philip's arm. "I'll pay you double," he began.

Philip shook the hand off and walked to the door. "I'm through," he said. He turned the knob and went out. He ran down the stairs, past the throngs of people and out into the still night.

A slight breeze had come up and it caressed Philip's cheeks and ruffled his hair. He stopped and took a deep breath. How good it felt—after that smoke filled room.

He must get away from here. He must not think about Slick or the "Black Cat." He had other things to think about—other things to do.

He would take a walk, he decided. A brisk walk was just what he needed. It would refresh him and act as a stimulant.

Presently, he found himself beside a lake. He sat down with his back against a tree and took a deep breath. Again and again he filled his lungs and each moment he was coming closer and closer to a solution to his problem. He would leave in the morning. He would go home to mother, father—and Mary.

Again, he heard the strains—"Be it ever so humble—There's no place like home."

He lifted his head and looked at the sky which resembled an opaque blanket dotted with millions of golden points. Mary was like one of those golden points, he reflected.

He recalled that when they were children, he and Mary used to sit outdoors at night and watch the stars. They had a game which they used to call "Star Letters." He would look at a star and think of something and Mary would somehow know what he was thinking about.

He'd write her "Star Letter" now. He chose a large luminous star and gazing at it fixedly, he said: "I'm coming home Mary, I'm coming home."

The pretty girl had finished her song and now the announcer had taken his stand before the microphone. She went into the waiting room where she met a number of people who were waiting to congratulate her.

"It was lovely," someone was saying. "So beautiful. I can't express it in words."

"Thank you," the girl replied. She turned quickly. She was silly. People would undoubtedly consider her a silly, sentimental fool, but she couldn't stop the tears which had suddenly come into her eyes and were now running down her cheeks. She probably was acting childish—but somehow she had never felt as she did tonight. Perhaps it was because she had sung for the first time on the radio. That incident had made her happy, but there was something else, something she couldn't explain. It was sort of a premonition.

She had first felt it deep down inside when she sang the line, "Be it ever so humble..." It was as though something were going to happen. Oh! she was silly and sentimental to carry on so.

She emerged into the still night carrying her music under one arm. It was a glorious night. Bright stars and a full moon. She'd walk home, she decided. She walked along the quiet streets and presently she looked up. There was the brightest, shiniest star she had ever seen, directly above her. She stared, fascinated, and stopped. She must be dreaming, or perhaps it was just her imagination. She continued to look at the star and it twinkled back at her, merrily reassuringly, and across her mind flashed the words:—"Mary, I'm coming home, I'm coming home." And then Mary saw Philip just as clearly as if he were there beside her. She saw him as he used to be. Clean cut, clean eyed, just as he had again become tonight.

"Philip," Mary murmured. She knew what had happened. She knew that she was not imagining things. It was Philip that she had heard and he was coming home. He was coming home and he had written her a "Star Letter."

"I'm so glad Philip, so glad," she whispered, and instinctively she knew that Philip had received her "Star letter" and that wherever he was, he was as happy as she.

NEWARK SOCIAL CLUB SPONSORS LECTURE

Dear Editor:

The following two items might be of interest to the readers of the Ukrainian Weekly:

Item I—Due to the slow but steady decrease of interest in our own Ukrainian history, customs, and art, on the part of our youth, the Ukrainian Social Club of Newark is sponsoring a series of lectures on just these topics, in an attempt to stimulate the enthusiasm which is lacking. Mr. Stephen Shumeyko, who is the organizer and adviser of the club, is the lecturer. For the past six Mondays, commencing at 8.30 and ending about three-quarters of an hour later, these lectures have been delivered, followed by discussion, in the club room. Evidently our youth is still interested in knowing about its historic past, as from twenty-five to thirty members have been present at each of the above mentioned talks. Still, this is not a large enough showing for a club whose members total about fifty, and in the near future we hope to have a great many more attending these weekly sessions. They will benefit themselves and since the world-at-large is just beginning to recognize "Ukraine" and what it stands for, each member should consider it essential and therefore obligate himself to appear, so that if ever questioned, "Where is Ukraine?; Why isn't Ukraine an independent nation after so many centuries of struggle?; etc." he will be prepared to reply correctly.

Item II—John Romanitich, a student at Dana College, a graduate of Central High School, and a member of the Ukrainian Social Club of Newark, has maintained a high scholastic standing and has therefore been elected into the Alpha Mu Epsilon, the scholastic honor society of the college.

EVELYN KALAKURA,
Publicity Mgr. of Ukrainian
Social Club of Newark, N.J.

GOING TO COLLEGE?

ST. JOHN'S UNIVERSITY

(This is the sixth in the series of articles being presented by the Ukrainian University Society for the benefit of those contemplating entering a higher institution of learning. For any further information, write in care of Miss Mary Murashko, 4422 Stebbins Ave., Bronx, N. Y.)

The university is located in Brooklyn, N. Y. The registration fee is \$10.00. In the College of Arts and Sciences the fee is \$8.00 per point, or each semester hour credit, and for the average student taking 16 points of credit per semester, the tuition amounts to about \$260.00 per year. In the Law School the fee is \$180.00 per year. In the College of Pharmacy there is an additional charge of \$45.00 to cover breakage of laboratory apparatus.

Each year the university grants nine scholarships based on the record of the high school graduate. Three scholarships are granted in each of the divisions, viz., the Pharmacy School, the School of Commerce, and the School of Arts and Sciences.

Each scholarship is in the amount of the tuition for one year. At the end of each year, i. e., Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior, the student with the highest record is awarded a scholarship for the following year. Thus it is possible to obtain a scholarship for the entire course, provided the grant is justified.

In order to qualify for one of these nine scholarships, the graduate must have his high school principal or faculty adviser forward to the Registrar of St. John's University his or her complete high school scholastic record with a request for a scholarship.

(Next week—Columbia College)

YOUNG UKRAINIAN FIRST AID CORPS MAN ATTENDS RED CROSS INSTITUTE

Daniel Hrishko, son of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Hrishko of Allentown, Pa., is now attending the American Red Cross Institute at Lake Chautauqua, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Mr. Hrishko was appointed along with another member, Thomas Unser, to represent the First-Aid Corps of the Allentown Chapter of American Red Cross at the Institute in recognition of their volunteer Red Cross work during the past several years. Both are active certified Red Cross first-aid instructors and will major in advanced first-aid instruction under Dr. Grant F. Hartzell, M. D., a noted authority.

The Institute course will last ten days and will include the study of water safety, life saving and other activities.

Both men received certificates of appreciation from the American Red Cross National Headquarters at Washington, D. C. for three years voluntary service in this field. In 1933 they completed the instructors course under Dr. W. J. Fenton, M. D., of the National Staff of the American Red Cross.

Mr. Daniel Hrishko is a member of Ukrainian National Association.

"YOUNG AMERICAN-UKRAINIANS" OF ST. LOUIS

The above named club was organized April 10, 1935. Its purpose is to organize every Ukrainian boy and girl in the city of St. Louis, regardless of any religious distinctions. The club is a strictly national organization. Its officers are: Mike Homyk, President; John Gromocky, Vice-President; Alex. Jezusko, Recording Secretary; Pete Onofry, Financial Secretary; Stanley Wasoluka, Treasurer.

The club's activities are varied. We have Ukrainian folk dances, singing, art and jewelry work, crafts and all sports. We have gatherings twice a month. At the first gathering we hold our regular meeting. After the meeting entertainment is provided for those present by volunteers from among the members. The second gathering is devoted to our hobbies and activities.

Sunday, June 30, 1935, the Young American Ukrainians presented a Vaudeville Minstrel Show at the Ukrainian National Home. The show consisted of four small vaudeville acts, a three act American comedy and a Ukrainian comedy. The last "The Stolen Goose" was a great success. Following it was the Minstrel Act. Every member who participated in the show enjoyed performing and everyone who attended enjoyed the performance.

Each member who now belongs to the Y.A.U. is very enthusiastic about it and we believe that it will be a big success.

Some of the older folks who still labor under acute religious prejudices strive their utmost to keep back their youth from being and becoming members of our organization. They still insist that there should be no Ukrainian unity among St. Louis Ukrainian youth, even though the young people strongly show their desire to cooperate with one another.

We sincerely believe that with the cooperation of each individual, the Young American Ukrainians of St. Louis will be proud to be members of their organization.

MIKE HOMYK,
HELEN LOGUSH.

THE SPORT WHIRL

CRACK UKRAINIAN RUNNER

Two months ago, the Temple University News had a preview on the Penn Relays, which is a national classic for Track and Field. The article contained the following, "One of the feature entries will be Walt Nachoney, crack Owl distance man, in the 3,000 metre steeplechase run. Nachoney is in fine shape and should give a good account of himself."

The outcome of this race was that Nachoney placed second to Lou Gregory, national ten mile champion from Ithaca, College, N. Y. This was a complete surprise according to the local papers.



Walter Nachoney

On June 9th, this same young Ukrainian-American traveled to Jersey City, the home town of the Svoboda, where the National Junior Steeplechase Championship was to be decided. Over the barriers of Pershing Field, after leading the race for over half the course, he placed a close second to Knabb of West Chester.

Walt's career as a runner started at Frankford High School five years ago, he being one of the best mile runners ever produced at that school. On last year's Temple Frosh, he helped to make up the greatest track team in the history of the University having as teammates such athletes as Peacock, Threadgill and Smukler. During his first year he ran three different distances, the quarter, the half, and the mile-run. Consequently, concentration in any one particular event was impossible. The first varsity season found him working mostly on the two-mile and occasionally the half-mile; these two events brought 25 points for the Alma Mater.

While discussing the track team's chances for the current year, Coach Ben Ogden said, "With the graduation of Stan Wudyka, former Junior National 5,000 metre champ, Walt Nachoney steps into his shoes, and I feel that we are fortunate in having a successor to Wudyka as capable as Nachoney." The coach also feels that he can be developed into one of the best two-milers in the country.

In between practice sessions on the track, Nachoney as chairman of the Field Day Committee is busy with his fellow committee members making arrangements for Philadelphia's first Ukrainian Youth Field Day. With the combination of his background as a Physical Education student at Temple and the enthusiasm and work shown by the members of the Youth Committee, the Field Day has much towards its success.

Walter Nachoney is a member of the Ukrainian National Association and has contributed several articles on sports to the Ukrainian Weekly.

MELANCHOLY

Hence, all you who in vain delight
Is shorter far than lovely night
Wherein you spend your sweetest
hour;

Wiseness is naught in deepest
bowers;
There is always mocking folly
Melancholy! Melancholy!

ROSALIE N. HATALA.

"STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART"

Mr. Alexander Yaremko "batted in the winning run" when he surmised in his article "Organize Baseball Teams Now" that our young Ukrainians cherish a feeling of incapability in achieving success in the baseball world. Yet did Mr. Yaremko ever try burning 'em in there on an empty stomach? Does he know that a player can be made to look extremely "sick" at the plate if his hunger pains are not alleviated by some good wholesome rib-clinging grub? Can you imagine a peppery catcher with nothing but perspiration under his belt! Our boys are always thinking, talking and dreaming of athletic aspirations but it takes that satisfaction of well-being to develop that hidden athletic talent.

MICHAEL ZELISKO,
Chicago, Ill.

A CHALLENGE FROM YONKERS

Mr. J. R. Kachmar of Yonkers, N. Y., an active American-Ukrainian of the younger generation, acting on behalf of the Yonkers Ukrainian baseball team, issues a challenge to play any Ukrainian team in the Metropolitan Area. The Yonkers team is a member of the local city league and is considered a top-notch, having won 6 and lost 0. A date is open for this coming Sunday, July 14, 1935, at which time the Ukrainians of Yonkers will hold their "Ukrainian Day." All inquiries in this matter should be addressed to Mr. Kachmar, 15 Riverview Place, Yonkers, N. Y.

IN THE SHADOW OF A TEAR

Sad and lonely are the days
here. Alone without you.
Not a single beam of sunshine
do I see, nor the sky so blue.

Heart and mind are far away
Roaming in the dark;
Eyes keep wandering always—
Not reaching their mark.

Voices gay surround me
But I do not hear.
For the one voice I love so
is nowhere near.

The great expanse of green grass;
and flowers;
Birds; and scented air;
Magic! Beauty! All are lost
in the shadow of a tear.

MARY SARABUN.

BRIDGEPORT YOUTH DONATION

The Ukrainian Circle of Youth of Bridgeport, Conn., held a Mother's Day Banquet, May 12, 1935, at the St. Mary's Ukrainian Church Hall. All the mothers of the parish attended. The children participated in the short program, following which a collection was taken for the mothers of our Ukrainian heroes W. Bilas and M. Danylyshyn. The sum of \$5.50 was collected from among the parishioners, and \$4.50 was donated by the Ukrainian Circle of Youth.

ANN HLEVA,
U. C. Y. Treas.

NEW YORK CITY: 2nd Congress of Ukrainian Catholic Youth's League, Saturday, July 13th—Business Meeting from 11:30 A. M. to 7:00 P. M. (open to public). Sunday, July 14th—Banquet and Ball at 7:00 P. M. Meetings, banquet and ball will be held in the Florentine Room, Park Central Hotel, 55th St. & 7th Ave., New York City. Reservations for Banquet & Ball should be made at 22 East 7th St.