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REFERENCES TO UKRAINE IN "THE POST-WAR WORLD"

Those who make it their duty to search for references about Ukraine in English press will be interested to know that several such references appear in the recently published "The Post-War World" by J. Hampden Jackson (Little, Brown, and Company; Boston, 1935).

The book is truly an admirable example of lucidness, clearness and brevity. The author—History Master at Haileybury College, England—frankly admits that: "The aim of this book is to make the history of the world in the post-war years intelligible to the ordinary newspaper-reading man. It will bore specialists and anger partisans." How well he succeeded can be judged by the high praise the book has received from leading critics. Eileen Power in the New Statesman and Nation says: "He gives a thoroughly businesslike, comprehensive and objective outline of world history during the nineteen years..."

The references to Ukrainians are made in chapters dealing with Poland and the Soviet Union. The author betrays his admiration for Pilsudski's strong measures, but does not hesitate to declare that:

"The Ukrainians suffered. In spite of Pilsudski's promise to the Allies in 1923 to grant them autonomy, they were ruled, the whole six million of them, by Polish officials and police, and they were deprived of their schools (there were 2,420 Ukrainian schools in Galicia in 1912; and in 1928 there were only 745). Yet it must be admitted that they could not have expected better treatment from any other Polish Government. Assuredly it was the spirit of Clemenceau rather than the spirit of Wilson that triumphed in the new Poland."

Dwelling on the structure and political set-up of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, the author makes several references to Ukraine. It is worth noting that in the cause of brevity the author has omitted a great deal of pertinent material relating to the Ukrainian struggle to shake off the fetters of the Czarist and then Soviet Russian regime during and after the World War. Referring to Ukraine under the Soviets, the author says:

"The Ukrainians are not Russian in race or language and are not conspicuously Communist in conviction. It might be thought that the best solution would be for them to become an independent nation, but the land they inhabit is so fertile and so rich in minerals that it has always been the object of jealousy on the part of neighboring States. At the close of the World War, Germany and France, Poland and Rumania, as well as Russia, all had designs upon the Ukraine. The capital, Kiev, together with most of the territory, was conquered by the Red Army, and the Ukrainian S.S.R. was set up."

UNITE AND CHALLENGE

In his speech, delivered last Saturday night over a nation-wide radio hook-up to the Young Democratic Clubs of America, President Roosevelt analyzed and set forth national needs and ideals. He stressed the fact that he was addressing not only members of the Young Democratic Clubs but the youth of the country as a whole. Criticizing the older generation for not having been wiser, more provident and more unselfish and therefore failing to bring about better results, the President concluded his talk with the following remarks:

"Therefore to the American youth of all parties I submit a message of confidence—unite and challenge! Rules are not necessarily sacred—principles are. The methods of the older order are not, as some would have you believe, above the challenge of youth."

These inspiring words of our President we transmit to our youth, in the belief that they will not go unheeded. We must admit, however, that these words are equally applicable to American Ukrainian life as well. Our youth too has just cause to criticize the older generation of American-Ukrainians, for its failure to realize fully the many golden opportunities that it had. There is little doubt but that the older generation could have accomplished far more than it did in the field of helping the youth obtain a better knowledge of its Ukrainian background, of its Ukrainian history, traditions, and culture. That it did not, is the reason for the drifting away from American-Ukrainian life of a great number of our young people.

Furthermore, the older generation could have avoided, had it so wished, many of those partisan "fights" that crippled its progress so much, and left traces of its blighting influence upon some of our youth today. Even now there are still many of our elders who refuse to profit by their bitter experience, who cannot seem to realize that the future of American-Ukrainian life and all that it represents depends entirely upon the union of all American-Ukrainian youth. Without this unity the youth can make little or no progress in the solution of its many problems and in the attainment of its goals. And yet, instead of promoting this unity among the youth, these elders are doing their utmost, consciously or unconsciously—it matters not, to create artificial barriers among the youth. Perhaps their motives are of the best, but most certainly the methods they use are questionable, to say the least.

Nevertheless, despite its failings, the older generation as a whole has accomplished quite a bit: It has managed to hew out its life here in America; it has built a firm and strong foundation for the youth to develop upon; and it also has furnished considerable aid, both moral and material, to its struggling kinsmen in Ukraine.

In view of all this, therefore, "let us carry on the good that the past gave us," as President Roosevelt so aptly phrased it, remembering at the same time that: "The best of the good is the spirit of America. And the spirit of America is the spirit of inquiry, of readjustment, of improvement; above all a spirit in which youth can find the fulfillment of its ideals."

Bearing this advice in mind let us all firmly resolve to labor on behalf the "spirit of America" and the "spirit of Ukraine" as well, for both are based upon the ideals of freedom and justice. In this manner we will not only be of aid to America by giving "strength and spirit and continuity to our government and to our national life" but we shall also bring about a better and finer American-Ukrainian life and at the same time help the Ukrainian cause.

JOIN THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

YOUTH TODAY

WHAT TO DO WITH LEISURE?

So important has grown the question how to equip children for a profitable use of future leisure that a comprehensive report of this problem has been published by the New Education Fellowship for the delegates attending its recent regional conference at St. Andrews, Scotland.

The report asks for a normal place in the curriculum for art, music, literature, drama, political discussion, science, natural history, wood work, metal work, pottery, bookbinding, elementary engineering and printing.

Research among adolescent children has shown that youth under strain and fatigue turn to ready-made pastimes for distraction. They are least interested in education and shun anything which requires mental effort for enjoyment.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH SUCH A CHOICE?

In a district school at Dearborn, Michigan, a new educational experiment will be tried in fitting education to the needs, personality and character of the individual child.

Though certain work will be required, each child will be allowed to select for himself, under guidance, what other subjects he wishes to study. The school has a swimming pool, gymnasium, science laboratories, music, art, manual arts and domestic science rooms, as well as motion-picture equipment, and even a course in speaking over the microphone, and the school naturally offers a number of fascinating opportunities.

The children will arrange their own schedules, and each will have a daily planning period when he will consult with his home-room teacher.

This is quite a step away from the old system of having the adults decide everything for the child and of making the child obey blindly the rules made by elders.

WHAT'S AHEAD THE WORLD?

"Adult education," answers Dr. Harry A. Overstreet, of the College of the City of New York, at one of the sessions of the newly organized Institute of Human Relations held at Williams College in Williamstown, Mass.

He called the particular defect of the adult education provincialism of mind and emotion. "Adults," he said, "have lived within their own narrow groups, looking with suspicion upon others. Adult education, therefore, must concern itself essentially with the development of the forward-looking mind so that individuals who comprise our civilization may be enabled to move easily and wisely along paths that lead to further enrichment."

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WHY WE SHOULD BELONG TO THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

By JOHN ROMANITION

(Fourth prize-winner of the essay contest sponsored by the Juvenile Department of the Ukrainian National Association)

Time flies. Rapidly we are approaching the issue whether there is sufficient reason for the existence of the Ukrainian National Association.

Perhaps to us as we have been growing to maturity the Ukrainian National Association, the U. N. A., has seemed to be an impregnable citadel which would always defy assault. Such has been the case, however, because our parents have been its core.

When as immigrants to this land, they disembarked on alien soil, which has become our native land, they felt lonely and helpless confronted by the passing maelstrom of a highly-developed technological civilization. Undaunted, they set to work, and by their sweat and blood they helped to build America, in factories, in mines, and on the farms.

The proceeds of their labors, their earnings, they invested in things valuable to them. Some of these proceeds are represented by our Ukrainian National Association.

The question confronting us is, "What shall we do about it? Shall we save these proceeds? Shall we raise the U. N. A. to unprecedented heights? Will we be willing to devote time and money to safeguard the hopes and aspirations which the Association represents? Or shall we by our indifference and carelessness let it fall, and smash the work of a generation—the product of our parents. The burden lies squarely upon us. We will select one road or the other. It is an irrevocable choice.

The only constructive answer must be found in understanding what useful purposes the U. N. A. serves? Are those purposes of effective use for us? What are its aspirations?

As a necessary approach to the appreciation of our institution, let us delve into the purposes it served for our parents.

The Ukrainian National Association was the life-line by which our parents preserved their treasured possessions—their language, culture, traditions, and religious beliefs—on what may be likened to a tiny islet of Ukraine surrounded by the roaring seas of American life.

These hard working people were human. They could and would not live the lives of slaves. Coming from a homeland where work and life was vigorous and colorful, they could and would not subject themselves to existences composed entirely of drab weariness. They had fled from their homeland because of conditions not of their own making which had oppressed them economically, politically and socially. They had ventured into a new land, the land of freedom, where they hoped to work out their humble lots free from external oppression.

Our parents wanted to live lives rich and varied. In one sphere, their social nature asserted itself. They sang, danced, and played together. Politically, they organized themselves into small groups arguing, discussing, and threshing out burning issues. Religiously, they created churches. Educationally, they sent their children—ourselves—to American and Ukrainian schools. Economically, they slaved at the glowing furnaces of American economic life, mixing their blood

into the mortar of a greater American society, and combining themselves into an organization—the Ukrainian National Association, which would provide for us after the Mother of all of us had taken them into her folds. A being from another world able to view them and their activities dispassionately would have seen them perhaps with some wasted motion but slowly—laboriously building from nothing the Ukrainian communal life in America and Canada.

Their creative work evolved in a natural pattern. The individuals adept or talented in certain fields rose through the ranks to take their positions as leaders in the movement for self-expression. They surveyed the needs, desires and hopes of their people. They found a common and reliable index of the tasks which lay before them. It was manifold in its divisions.

Arising from the struggles for economic livelihood, they perceived the torturous efforts often culminating in distressful failure. Upon their analysis and interpretation they acted. The result of their actions was the Ukrainian National Association.

Why was this so? It, the Ukrainian National Association, or its outlines lay dormant in the people themselves. It was the clear-sighted analysis and initiative of these men which led to a successful product.

The people—our fathers and mothers—although they had left their homeland physically, were there in spirit. Their entire existences revolved around the homes, families, hills, valleys, and ponds of their natal ground. Their experiences back home lived in them vividly. Most of them have and never will forget many of their old memories. They strove therefore to keep in touch with their brethren through means of letter writing. They sent money over. Their photographs and ours are still reposing in many homes over there. Meanwhile their struggles continued here. The pressure of the struggle for existence made them grope for aid in many fields on this Western sphere.

Now we can more clearly perceive why such institutions as our U. N. A. came into being. These institutions fulfilled definite needs. Therefore they exist today.

Slowly, therefore, these infant brain children evolved. With the years the managerial and operating efficiency grew apace. The resources of the U. N. A. waxed commensurately greater until in the 1934 report we find the total admitted assets of it being \$3,698,742.05. Thus we can see from even a wholly, superficial analysis the tremendous strides taken by our folks from virtually and actually nothing. Is it not an awesome thing to speculate about. Our entire structure arose because of certain hopes and desires of a people loving a common language, land and its associations.

How may these facts profit us? Of what significance are they?

If our parents—immigrants unversed in American lore, uneducated to any great extent (not of course because of their inability), unacquainted with the American scene could overcome such tremendous obstacles and achieve an institution of such possibilities, what cannot we do with all the facilities at our

feet which our parents lacked. Besides, we will not be starting from nowhere as they did. They are willing and they must, for such is the inexorable law of human existence, give to us the fruits of their accomplishments if we are fit to assume such a heritage. The question is, Have we the faith and ideals combined with the ability to work hard and unswervingly which they possessed?

The greatest difficulty which is our main hurdle is whether we will be willing to give ourselves and our future lives perhaps to work for a cause in which our ideals and aspirations may not be achieved in our lifetimes. If we remember the history of Ukraine replete with martyrs who gave their lives not only on the battlefields but on the thorny trail of ostracism and misunderstanding (while living) by even their own people; if we remember the economic, educational, and political morasses in which these heroes, unacclaimed in their own time, yet great personalities nevertheless, struggled—if we so reflect, then our difficulties will not appear insurmountable. Then it can be with a great inner peacefulness that we may harness ourselves to our common task of making this world a better place to live in for all the oppressed, especially our own people. Collectively, if we persevere, our task will be much easier. We can truthfully, without any attempt at consolation, think that the goal which is worth having is hardly ever achieved without struggle and sacrifice.

There are many more or less immediate objectives which should not be so difficult to attain. Why?

Life is active and creative. It can not stand still. The institutions and ideologies of human beings necessarily take on aspects of the dynamic creativity of their originator, the human.

Since we are humans inextricably linked by our psychological organization and intellectual framework, our lives necessarily revolve around the satisfaction of our needs and desires. We desire social activity; its means of expressing our inmost feelings and by and through them—our personalities. Such social activities involve many complicated avenues of approach. Because of environmental influence or hereditary predisposition all of us gravitate in a finitely circumscribed yet widely flexible orbit. Some of us like dancing, bathing, and tennis; others prefer games of cards, checkers; still others like football, baseball, and basketball; a few remarkable individuals indulge in all. Yet there is this common denominator of the satisfaction of individual desires whatever these may be. Predicated upon these facts of existence are grouped other interests, among them educational, special, technical, musical appreciation, and numerous others. There is no rigid classification or grouping of these wide-flung activities unless the recent sociological investigations have ripened very quickly. Youth, with seemingly boundless energy encompasses all these activities very naturally.

Our American-Ukrainian youth, as is all youth, is interested in such matters. Greater groups cluster around certain fields of action, gradually tapering down to activities which offer less easier

attainment and less immediate pleasure.

The human species seems gregarious or unable to derive as a whole much joy or pleasurable activity singly. Naturally then, certain groups form definite units. When the common interests are far flung then consolidations occur. With human nature fundamentally similar such mergers are not difficult.

The reason why all groups do not become one is because of differentiation due to lack of common interests. Therefore, common ties are all important.

Now, our youth (we) have these things in common: Being human and youthful, we love activity, be it physical or mental, with a zest. With this rock-bottom interest, we associate and enjoy those pleasures offered to us by our planet—sunny skies, lovely fields, and other humans, as indicative of only a few of our peculiar pleasures. Then we all have eaten food which we have come to regard peculiarly our own and by which we unconsciously differentiate ourselves from other people. We have eaten such food in association and combination with peculiar rites in connection with certain festival occasions—Christmas and Easter, for example. We have sung at these times and heard sung, from the time we lay in cradles until the present, various common songs. We have come to cherish these. As we have progressed some of us have branched off into the various fields of endeavor into which we have been impelled by our individual, distinct personalities. Such fields may have been Ukrainian needlework, choir singing, writing in Ukrainian, reading its history and a great many others. In so doing, with each forward step we have in fact bound ourselves with chains stronger than any forged by man—those common interests of the emotions and the intellect.

At present, many of us are becoming aware of such ties and are, so to speak, awakening. We are curious and becoming interested in such personal connections. Thus, we are becoming active. We have already stepped ahead with a tremendous stride, as witness, for example, the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America. Since we are beginning to tug at these hands from which we cannot escape, even if we were so desirous, the future horizon is tinged with a rosy hue.

Some of us try to peer into the future, visualizing with impertinence, yet possibly with more truth of realization than we think, a common unit organizing all the Ukrainian youth on this continent. Under this functioning entity we glimpse many strange things from a 1935 view-point. Perhaps we see such things as a North American Ukrainian field meet, North American basketball, baseball, football, tennis, swimming soccer, ice hockey, singing, dramatic, needlework, art, musical (even perhaps chariot racing by that time) championship competition. Then in other spheres we see an unparalleled political organization with an indeed powerful influence on governmental affairs, and then perhaps we will spot an indeed unusual sight—a motion picture—with sound and

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MOMENTS

by V. VINNITCHENKO

(Translated from Ukrainian).

And thus the prison Sheherasade started his story:

"Listen. It happened in Spring. Do you still remember what Spring is? Do you remember the deep, blue, far-away sky? You lounge about in the grass, resting your head upon your arms, looking into this wonderful sky, the sky of Spring... About you the field caresses and loves, whispers and sighs... To whom?—To the sky, the wind, the sun... Everything breathes the budding of new life, happiness of growth and change—joy of Spring..."

I was riding towards the boundary with a smuggler Semen Poustone. I had to cross the border that very day; I could not wait till nightfall. But when I told this to Semen, he looked at me gloomily with a forced smile, then turned away and shouted to his horses: "Get up, you!"

I must explain to you that this Semen was a very serious man, who never wasted words, and who looked down upon the other men of his village. He would walk solemnly and slowly, with an expression on his face which never changed. When caught by the border guards, his face would become gloomier, his eyes still smaller, and sharper, his lips deadly white.

"Really, Semen, I must be on the other side to-day, no matter what you say," I insisted.

He did not even glance at me. A swarm of small, shining, black flies sat on his broad back. Every movement of his body caused them to hover over him like seagulls about a rock. But soon they would settle down again and remain motionless, as though watching me carefully.

"You may be killed," Semen said suddenly, after we had traversed about ten miles in silence.

"Did it ever happen?" I asked. Semen slowly tore off a slip of cigarette paper, and fumbled in his pockets for tobacco.

"Why should it not happen? Does one need much sense to kill a person?"

"But it does not happen in every case, does it?"

Semen licked the paper, lit a match, and puffed at his cigarette a few times:

"No, it does not always happen."

"Well, then I am not going to be killed," I said decisively.

I remember how I laughed at this thought I—dead! Those flies, Semen's back, the horse, Semen's hat and... I—dead! I, lying somewhere in a wild desolate place, with the sky above me. There is a small black wound in my temple and about it are clustered little black flies. They gaze curiously into the wound, where death took abode. My face is hard and greenish pale... black ravens sit on the rocks in silent expectation...

"If you are tired of having your head on your shoulders, go ahead!" came from Semen unexpectedly.

Soon we noticed a village in the distance. Semen stood up on his seat and looked searchingly forward. Then turning into a side road, he pointed somewhere ahead of him, and said: "The boundary."

Far, far away I saw a dark thick forest. A chill swept over me, and my heart sank.

So this is the boundary! And the sight of the sunny field, at the end of which the mysterious

forest began, filled me with an uncomfortable yearning and uneasiness.

"Will you take me there immediately, Semen?" I asked.

Semen turned his yellow-brown sharp nose and short mustache to me, and said with an air of amazement:

"Indeed, I do not think I have lived long enough in this world. There are soldiers in those woods. Go right into their hands, if you wish, but do let me live in this world a bit longer."

A matter which could force so many words out of Semen, must indeed be a serious one.

"Then shall I go right to the forest?"

"Yes, to the forest right into the soldiers' hands!"

We were driving through a valley. Willows bent over us; and somehow I felt sorry for these pleasant, good-hearted, harmless trees. The field and the forest disappeared. The wagon stopped. Semen descended, silently walked over to me, and looking to one side, as was his manner when speaking, asked:

"Do you really want to go immediately?"

"Yes, right away."

"They might kill you."

"No, they will not!"

"Well, then lie down," said Semen, angrily, pointing to the wagon.

I asked no questions, but obediently lay down, smiling to the willows. Semen covered me with a cloth, which smelled of cucumbers, and we proceeded. We must have ridden through a wild place, for the wagon rocked like a cradle, and the horse often stopped to nibble the weeds. I imagined that this was my corpse on the way back from the boundary. We rode for hours. I saw only straw and the gray coverlet. At last the wagon stopped. The coverlet was lifted, and instead of it I saw the blue sky above me, and Semen with his sharp nose and gray-black mustache.

"Get up!" he said.

I sat up. The wagon was near a shack, and opposite it stood a little house.

"Go into the shack," said Semen, looking about him carefully. "I will unharness the horse and take you across."

I also looked about, jumped off the wagon, and ran over to the shack. I opened the door and stopped in astonishment. Right opposite the door, on a heap of straw, sat a young girl. A real city girl,—pretty little shoes, a straw hat lying on her knees, eyes wide open with surprise. And such eyes... Large, pure, radiant, like those of a frightened deer. I had never had any grudge against pretty girls, but in a barn, on straw, in a smuggler's den... I was amazed.

"May I come in?" I asked foolishly.

The girl's eyes opened still wider, then flew all over me, and filled with gay laughter.

"Please, do!" she answered pleasantly, making room for me next to her on the straw. Her eyes full of merriment and curiosity continued to scrutinize me.

"Thank you," I smiled, feeling perfectly at ease.

A wisp of straw caught in her dark hair and hung trembling above her ear; her lower lip pouted slightly, like that of a pretty spoiled child. The shack was dark, and smelled of sheep-skins and damp straw.

"Are you going to cross the boundary, comrade?" asked the girl.

"You guessed correctly. And you?"

"I, too."

We both laughed. A swallow flew in and flew out, chirping. A stray ray of sunlight lay across one of the corners like a streak of gold; outside of the shack Semen swore at some one, perhaps the horse. Through the door we saw swallows flying about like black arrows. The dark shack breathed forth sadness and melancholy. Far off the vexed buzzing of a bee could be heard.

Suddenly a man came in to the yard, called Semen aside, and began to speak to him in a low voice, pointing frequently to the shack and the woods. Semen listened silently.

The girl looked down at her clothes and pealed with laughter. Ah, if you knew what a wonderful laugh it was! And we know that laughter is the mirror of the soul!

"Just look at me," she laughed, jumping to her feet and picking off the wisps of straw, which clung to her dress like golden ornaments.

"Do you know that I have been in this shack for the last three days?" she smiled to me: "Really! For some reason we could not start out. But is it not nice here? Just like an Indian wigwam. I like it very much. Semen brought me food here. It is a bit gloomy, but now we shall fight loneliness together. But listen, why do you stand idle? Take the straw off me! What a cavalier you are!"

To tell the truth, I thought her very charming with the straw all over her. In fact, I felt like adding some more to it. I laughingly expressed my thoughts to her. She laughed in response, picked up a handful of straw, and handed it to me: "Here, I dare you!"

I silently took the straw, and before she knew it, her head, shoulders, and chest were covered with straw.

"Now you are beautiful," I said. At that moment the massive figure of Semen appeared in the doorway. Paying no attention to the straw-covered girl, he looked into one of the dark corners, and said in his stern voice:

"You have to leave this place immediately. The police are searching the houses of my friends, and they will be here soon."

The girl and I looked at each other with startled eyes.

"Whom are they searching for?" asked the girl quietly.

"For some girl. Perhaps, some one spied," added Semen in a low voice. "You must flee from here!"

"Where to?" I asked.

"To the other side. Let the young lady go with you. By the time the police will have reached this place, you two will be in the woods."

Semen's lips were thin and white, his eyes sharp and stern.

"Well?" I turned to the girl.

"Alright," she answered, shrugging her shoulders.

"Wait," said Semen, and left the shack.

We remained alone, surrounded by melancholy and yellow twilight. The girl, those large eyes, that determined expression, the golden straw strewn over her clothes, looked fantastic. It

seemed as though sadness had left the shack and in its place there now crouched something vile, hostile, and evil to hunt us. Two voices were heard outside. We strained our ears... It was quiet again... The bee continued buzzing somewhere about the straw.

"Oh, that we may not fall into the hands of the police!" The girl started suddenly from her place and began walking up and down the shack. "No, not that, not that!... Have you a revolver?" She stopped in front of me. Her large clear eyes changed in expression and became relentless, hard as steel. The child-like lower lip was pressed tightly against the upper one, and it seemed as though her thin lips had acquired a needle-like sharpness. She became wholly rigid. I handed her my revolver.

"Can you shoot?" I asked quietly and gloomily.

"I shall be able to shoot myself," was her answer, while she hid the weapon in her bosom in the folds of her waist.

Semen came in, carrying peasant clothes. He handed them to me and said,—

"Dress and go straight to the forest. The boundary is in the woods. I shall try to entertain them here. When you send us literature, return these coats. Hurry!"

Among the coats was a peasant hat for me and a woman's kerchief. We hastily put on the peasant clothes.

"Your feet can be seen from under the coats. But it does not matter," murmured Semen. "Walk along the field... As long as no one recognizes... Today is Sunday, and there is no one in the fields... God help you... Hasten!"

We hid our hats within our cloaks and started out. The streets were quiet and deserted. The little windows of the house peered out thoughtfully. Birds chirped merrily; the azure of the sky was pure, calm and caressing. We ran, tripping against the high weeds, uncomfortable in our heavy coats. With our lips pressed tightly together, eyes open wide with fear and strain, we helped each other and ran... We hopped over a hole, climbed over a fence, and jumped into a field of sharp-smelling flax. From there we came upon the road. The dark forest could be seen in the distance.

I remember that we stopped, and breathing heavily looked back. Not a soul. We saw the quiet willows and the green, hairy flax. The girl's chin was covered with drops of perspiration. Locks of her disheveled hair freed themselves from the kerchief and hung about her face. The heavy coat weighed heavily down upon her.

"It is stifling," she said hoarsely. "How far off are the woods?" I shook my head in the direction of the forest.

"Let us not run." She pressed her hand to her heart.

We walked on, feeling ashamed, vexed, and sorry for something.

The coat made walking uncomfortable, the fur cap burned like fire, my own hat slipped from my hand. There was no one on the road, and we decided to rest. We sat down. The girl looked at me and said, unsmilingly:

"How funny you look in these clothes." Then she took the cap off my head, and put it down near her.

(To be concluded)

LOST SHADOWS

This novel, prose poem, call it what you will, is one of the most moving pieces of literature to come out of the World War. It deserves to rank high among all works that lay bare the agony of the human body and spirit.

During the early years of the war, the Serbs, being driven out of their kingdom by onslaughts of the Central Powers, carried with them on their retreat over the Albanian mountains 60,000 prisoners of war. These poorly clad, underfed prisoners were dragged along passes. More than 45,000 of them died on the way, the remainder being taken to Italy for imprisonment for the duration of the war. This route over which the prisoners, many of them bare-footed, were dragged is still called the "Road of Death."

"Lost Shadows" is the story of seven of the prisoners who broke away from the column and sought to save themselves in the mountain wastes. Not having eaten for ten days and all improperly clad, they are but suffering remnants of humanity when they begin their adventure.

They find a frozen bush but cannot start a fire without kindling. It is decided that they dance about in a circle until the weakest falls dead so that his clothing may be used to start a fire. Finally one, sobbing out pitifully that he wants to live, falls and succumbs to the cold.

The fire, furnishing immediate comfort to the frozen men, makes them forget their agony for the moment in pleasant dreams of their past lives and of a new life in the sunshine. However, the slight physical comfort in the end only serves to heighten their spiritual agony as some long for past happiness while others fret over past sorrows.

At last, one of the strongest takes the rifle they snatched from their murdered guard and goes hunting for food. The others seek to make the time pass by debating ethical and philosophical truths. All are the more pitiful in that only a brief war experience cuts them off from their former life as peace-loving citizens, and they all realize that death and madness are just a short way off. No possible hope of relief lightens their struggle with the will to live.

When they hear shots in the distance, hope is renewed, but their comrade returns with the news that he found nothing, but only shot three dying prisoners at their request. A blind violinist in the group plays for them for a while and later throws his instrument in the fire which is beginning to die down. One finds a bit of sugar and tobacco in his pockets, but the consumption of this only brings on stomach cramps. Suddenly the would-be huntsman points to the corpse of the dead comrade and suggests that they eat this to sustain themselves.

All are horrified, but hunger and the will to live struggle mightily with the remnants of civilized instincts. Revulsion conquers hunger only after part of the meat has been cooked in the dying fire. Then the struggle against madness and sweet death in the snow sets in, with one man after another succumbing.

The author is visited by the hallucination that a nearby bush is his wife with their child coming to him, and his desperate will to reach them keeps him alive. He returns to consciousness in

the presence of other comrades who have found him, to end the book.

While not strictly a war novel, this work emphasizes as pointedly as anything could the ultimate physical and mental torture and unbreakable isolation of misery to which men can be subjected in a very brief period of world madness.

Osyip Turiansky, who made that awful journey through the mountains and survived to write this novel in prison at Elbe, died in 1935 of stomach disorders while working on a translation of this work into English. Incidentally, this is the first work of fiction to be translated from Ukrainian into English. If it is anything of a fair sample, we clamor for more.

The prose, in rough, disconnected sentences, with many breaks, artistically symbolizes the flickering vitality and consciousness of the suffering men. Even in translation, it has marvelous power to convey the soundless, colorless snow world in the mountain tops and the fearful desolation of the dying men.

Written with a greater sense of balance and proportion than would have been revealed in a Russian work on the same subject, this book is artistic and moving to an unbelievable degree. Comparison with Humphreys' "Cobb's Paths of Glory," which just appeared, is inevitable.

It seems a literary crime that Turiansky should have died before hearing the thunders of applause which will certainly greet this work in America.—J. T.

(The Nashville-Tennessean, June 23, 1935.)

UKRAINIAN PLANES IN NATIONAL AIR RACES

Mr. Dimitri Horbaychuk imparts the news to us that two Ukrainian aeroplanes the "Ukraine" and "Lviw"—with Ukrainian pilots at the controls—will fly the Ukrainian colors in the National Air Races which will be held in Cleveland, Ohio, from August 30th to September 2nd, 1935.

One of the two days, either the 1st or 2nd of September, will be set aside and officially designated as "Ukrainian Aviation Day." The Cleveland Ukrainians who plan to attend the National Air Races are requested to ask for the "Ukrainian Section reserved tickets."

WHY WE SHOULD BELONG TO THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

(Concluded from p. 2)

fury depicting the early struggles of a little babe weak and puny crawling its little way, then growing gradually stronger until suddenly at adulthood the erstwhile babe is given a gorgeous dinner with a tag beside the plate stating—Ukrainian youth—the elixir of life. With the absorption of that nectar fit for the gods "can you recognize that most powerful being"? Truly impossible, for who would have thought that the Ukrainian National Association could have grown so!

Such a future is ahead of us—the opportunity of filling our lives with creative variety and richness. Are we going to take it? Answer for yourselves fellow American-Ukrainians!

THE SPORT WHIRL

NORTH SHORE DIVISION (S.I.) CHAMPS

The Ukrainian Athletic Club of Stapleton (Staten Island, N. Y.) kept itself well in the lead in the North Shore Division from beginning to the end of the season, losing but two games. The Ukrainians' concluding game was played Sunday, August 18, 1935, with the Manor A. C. It made them the champions of the North

Shore Division. Both teams were in very good trim and it was after a long battle that the Ukrainians emerged as victors of the 11 inning game, with the score six to five (6 to 5). The Ukrainians were credited with thirteen (13) victories and but three losses at the close of the season.

The following games, with their scores, were played by the Ukrainians:

| | | | | | |
|------------|-------|----|------------------------|-------|---|
| Ukrainians | | 7 | Manor A. C. | | 4 |
| " | " | 6 | Dragon A. C. | | 3 |
| " | " | 7 | Westerleigh Eagles | | 5 |
| " | " | 9 | Manor Harbor Democrats | | 0 |
| " | " | 3 | Colonial Nurseries | | 4 |
| " | " | 4 | Travis A. C. | | 2 |
| " | " | 11 | McDonalds | | 8 |
| " | " | 4 | Dragon A. C. | | 1 |
| " | " | 23 | McDonalds | | 3 |
| " | " | 7 | Manor A. C. | | 4 |
| " | " | 9 | Manor Harbor Democrats | | 6 |
| " | " | 6 | Westerleigh Eagles | | 8 |
| " | " | 15 | Colonial Nurseries | | 2 |
| " | " | 0 | Travis A. C. | | 4 |
| " | " | 4 | Travis A. C. | | 1 |
| " | " | 6 | Manor A. C. | | 5 |

MICHAEL BABBEY,
President of Ukrainian A. C.

LIST OF AMERICAN-UKRAINIAN GRADUATES FOR THE YEAR OF 1935

COLLEGE GRADUATES.

1. BAHNNY, ANNA; 210 S. 22nd St., Irvington, N. J.; State Normal, Montclair; A. B. degree, with honors.
2. BYCHINSKY, EVELYN OLGA; University of Michigan; A. B.
3. CHERWINSKI, SOPHIE; 12 Clark's Court, Wagonsocket, R. I.; School of Commercial Sciences, Book-keeping.
4. CHOPEK, ANNA; 117 Greenfield Road, Mattapan, Mass.; Portia Law School; LL.B. (magna cum laude), honor student, to take bar examination and study for M. A.
5. CZORNY, DANIEL NESTOR; 19 Monthrie Court, Providence, R. I.; Rhode Island State College; B.S. in electrical engineering, 2nd Lt. in U. S. Army, infantry.
6. EWASKIW, MICHAEL; 542 South 12th St., Newark, N. J.; RCA Institute; Radio Engineer.
7. FRANZAK, PETER J.; 907 Forest Av., Bellevue, Pa.; Duquesne University; A.B., admitted to law school.
8. HAWRYLIW, LUBA C.; 79 High St., Woodbridge, N. J.; Georgian Court College; A.B., Agnesian Club (Honorary Math.).
9. KASKIW, EMIL; Toledo, Ohio; Georgetown Univ.; M. D.
10. NALEWAYKO, OLGA; 304 E. 3rd St., New York, N. Y.; Hunter College; A.B.
11. TMA, JOHN A.; Bridge St., McAdoo Heights, Pa.; Pennsylvania State College; A.B.; Iota Lambda Sigma.
12. TURCZYN, MARY; 182 Tlghman St., Allentown, Pa.; Kutztown State Teachers College; State Standard Limited Certificate, Class honor student, V.P. of Women's Athletic Association.
13. ZORENA, PEARL; 1919 Leishman Av., Arnold, Pa.; State Teachers College of Indiana; Pa.; B.S.; Pi Omega Pi, (National Business Education Honorary Society); to study for Master's degree.

RHODE ISLAND

1. CZORNY, OLGA; Central High, Providence, College preparatory, R. I. Honor Society.

CARTERET, N. J.

Why not visit the 4th CONVENTION of the League of Ukrainian Clubs over the week-end Aug. 31, Sept. 1-2nd? Come and make new friends, discuss problems vital to all Ukrainian youth. All are welcome. See "Stuboda" for additional arrangements.

HALAIKO, CASIMINI IN 10-ROUND DRAW

Lightweights Battle to Deadlock Before Crowd of 3,500 at Dexter Park Show.

Rallying in the last round, Steve Halaiko, 139½, Buffalo, battle to a draw with Al Casimini, 135½, Corona, in the main clash of ten sessions at the boxing show at Dexter Park, Woodhaven, last night. A crowd of 3,500 saw the clash.

The feature attraction was closely contested all the way and not one knockdown was recorded during the fight. Halaiko, who had Casimini groggy in the final round with an attack which was based on right and left uppercuts to the jaw, scored many of his points with a left hook and a left jab.

Casimini staggered the Buffalo boxer several times in the course of the fight but he was unable to floor his opponent. The Corona boxer's best weapons were jolting body blows.

(The New York Times, August 27, 1935).

YOUTH TODAY

(Concluded from page 1)

PLAY CAMPS AS EXPERIMENTS IN TEACHING.

Fifty-eight play schools and seven day camps are being conducted this Summer by the Board of Education of New York in cooperation with the Park Department and relief authorities. About 13,000 children of all ages attend them daily, painting, modeling and "making things." Attendance is not compulsory, but the problem has been to find room for all the children who want to come.

The visitors to the schools and camps were impressed by the enthusiasm of the children for work that one might consider irksome for them during vacation. "Why do you like the play schools?" many of them asked the children.

"Because we can make things," has invariably been the answer while one had said, "Because we don't have to do arithmetic."