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INAUGURATION OF UKRAINIAN COURSE AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Friday, September 27th, 1935, is a significant date in American-Ukrainian history. For on that day a course in advanced Ukrainian was formally inaugurated at Columbia University in New York City—the first course in the study of Ukrainian language to be given in any American university.

A classroom overlooking the university grounds, a group of pioneer students bunched together in one corner of it, a number of guests; in front, the instructor of the course, Mr. Joseph Stetkewicz, Senior, and three members of the Columbia University faculty, Department of Eastern European Languages: Prof. John Doneley Prince, founder and present head of this department, Prof. Clarence Augustus Manning, and Dr. Arthur P. Coleman, all who helped to found this course, especially Dr. Coleman, through whom contact was made with the university, first by Mr. Theodore Sokolowsky, a former student at Columbia, and then by several other members of the Ukrainian University Society.—Such was the scene at the simple opening exercises of the course in advanced Ukrainian at Columbia University last Friday evening.

Following a brief introductory talk given by Mr. Stetkewicz explaining how the course was instituted, Prof. Prince was introduced. The speaker stated that he was very glad to welcome the new course into his department and revealed that Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, himself has expressed interest in it. Prof. Prince, who is well acquainted with a number of Slavonic languages and understands Ukrainian, further declared that knowledge of the Ukrainian language is a key to knowledge of other Slavonic languages and urged the students to study them also.

The next speaker introduced was Prof. Manning, who is quite well acquainted with Ukrainians in America and Canada and who at present is translating Shevchenko's *Haydamaki* into English. He deplored the lack of knowledge among Americans of Ukrainian culture, particularly its literature, and expressed the hope that the course would help bring about greater interest in it.

The final speaker was Dr. Coleman, an Irishman by descent (and wit) who teaches Polish, among other subjects, at the university. He emphasized the importance for the Ukrainian people of the founding of such a course at Columbia and expressed his sincere desire that the course would not fail because of any lack of support by American-Ukrainians, especially the youth.

In conclusion, Mr. Stetkewicz thanked the three faculty members for their support and then delivered an interesting inaugural lecture on the "Characteristic Elements of the Ukrainian Language," which appeared in yesterday's *Svoboda*.

MY BEAUTY

Ah! At last she has come;
My haunting, beautiful one;
My garden she would grace
With her dainty, smiling face,
But—my smile slowly froze
For she was only a fragrant rose.

MARY SARABUN.

(Today's Ukrainian Weekly is concluded in the *Svoboda*).

WAKE UP FELLOWS!

Even though it may hurt masculine pride, we must confess that our observation thus far has been that our girls exhibit far greater interest and activity in American-Ukrainian organized life than do the boys. Everywhere this is apparent, locally and nationally.

We know, of course, that the Ukrainian woman has always played an important role in the building of Ukrainian life; due, perhaps, to the greater freedom and respect accorded her than was usually the case in other countries. Yet with certain notable exceptions her role was of an indirect nature. She remained in the background, counselling, encouraging and inspiring the male to fresher endeavors.

Today, however, here in America, the present generation of Ukrainian girlhood has stepped boldly out of traditional obscurity and has assumed an energetic and direct role in American-Ukrainian life. By her own talents and with her own hands she is helping to shape it.

And truly, this fine manifestation of active interest in our organized life by the fairer sex would be most encouraging, were it not for the other side of the picture—the general apathy and indifference of our youthful stronger (?) sex to this life.

Go to any Ukrainian affair and you will see far more girls there than fellows. Observe the activities of a Ukrainian youth club and you will discover that the girls are doing most of the work, while the boys just amble along. Try to present a Ukrainian play using youth talent and you will find that you will have to spend many hours searching for a suitable play, one in which most of the characters can be played by the girls, for the boys do not know their native tongue well enough to appear on the Ukrainian stage. Attend any large youth manifestation and you are likely to be confronted by the question: "Where are the fellows? Weren't there any born between 1905 and 1915?" An exaggeration, of course, yet eloquent proof of the situation as it stands.

Various excuses can be advanced in explanation of all this. It can be said that the girls mature much faster than do the boys, and that consequently it is only a question of time before the boys will overhaul and pass them. It can also be said that the girls greatly outnumber the boys among our youth, and therefore it is only natural that the girls accomplish more. And finally, it can be said that the girls are more within their Ukrainian family circle and influence, and therefore more inclined to Ukrainian life.

All of these reasons contain quite a bit of truth in them. Yet none of them excuse our male youth of its obligations to play its natural role in our organized life. It may seem to some of them that it is of little importance whether they do or not. Buffeted about by winds of economic and other misfortunes they still are stubbornly blind to the shelter offered them by organized American-Ukrainian life. Instead of entering this shelter and strengthening it, they would rather, it would seem, drift aimlessly about, of little consequence to anyone but themselves.

So wake up, fellows! Realize the danger you are courting for yourself and others of your kind by your failure to do your part in American-Ukrainian life. Don't let the girls make you and your feeble efforts look ridiculous by their greater interest and activity in this life. Remember that no matter how active they are at present, eventually they will have to withdraw considerably from such work because of marital duties. It is the male species, even in this age of woman emancipation and freedom, that can keep everlastingly at the task of strengthening the ties that bind him and his with others of his kind, for their common welfare and protection. But he must start young, while opportunity is at hand. So start now, fellows, before it is too late. And the best place to start is right in your own home town.

And as for you girls, don't let the above praise go too much to your pretty heads.

YOUTH TODAY

ANYTHING NEW IN THIS?

A class of 123 elementary psychology students, at North Carolina State College, was asked to study 112 professors for two weeks, and then turn in confidential reports on the annoying habits and mannerisms of the teachers.

In an article in a recent issue of the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, Joe E. Moore, of that College, gives the results of this novel experiment. He gives a long list of such habits and manners to which the students objected in their professors. The last of the 25 most often mentioned faults is mentioned 14 times.

That students the world over annoy their professors has been a well known fact. This the professors the world over have been continually announcing frankly and publicly. That professors the world over annoy their students was a well known fact, too, but it is the first time that this fact was given a frank and untrammeled announcement, by students.

WHAT THEY OBJECT TO

Students disliked in their professors some matters of appearance and posture: sticking hands in pockets, scratching head, not looking at class, lacking neatness, walking around too much, sitting slouched down in chair, hair unkempt, nervous movements, odd combinations in clothing, standing in awkward position, and the like.

They criticized their teachers further for defects in lecturing such as: rambling in lectures, pausing too long in talking, use of pet expressions, talking too low, using sarcasm, wise cracking, talking too fast, faulty pronunciation, and making incomplete statements.

Why, that is not so bad at all! In fact, many of these criticisms students themselves could take to their own hearts.

FREE FORUM FOR STUDENTS

A large lecture room for "students desiring to address their fellows on any topic" has been set aside at City College of New York by Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, its president.

The free forum was established to remove "the misrepresentation of certain pressure groups, who have given the public the impression that the faculty of the college is opposed to discussion of current problems of students," Dr. Robinson explained.

"In the past," he said, "some of the more radical students and their friends tried to hold meetings at times and places selected for the deliberate purpose of creating misunderstanding and disorder. Furthermore, they did not comply with the reasonable procedure set up by the faculty, and, when curbed in this practice, they set up the cry that they were not allowed freedom of discussion."

Lecture Room 315 of the main building has been set aside and will be open every day from 2 to 4 P. M. An officer of the college will be present to protect any speaker in his right to the platform. Speakers will be permitted to continue so long as they "conform with the generally accepted standards of decency."

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

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

(84)

Bohdan Lepky

Bohdan Lepky, contemporary Galician Ukrainian writer, poet-lyricist and novelist, was born in 1872 in the village of Krihulets, district of Chortkiv, province of Podilya, Galicia. His father, Rev. Sylvester Lepky, made his mark in Ukrainian literature under the pen-name of "Marko Murava," editing several publications, such as *Pravda* and *Kobzar*, as well as school primers.

As a boy, Bohdan listened raptly to the tales his father told him of ancient Ukraine and spent many hours gazing at the large collection of pictures his father had of famous people, writers, poets, painters, etc. He also was a voracious reader during his student days of all the ancient Ukrainian classics, chronicles and

religious works, as well as of the ethnographic works (a rarity in those days) which his father possessed. In this manner, he obtained a good groundwork for his later literary career.

Graduating from the gymnasium, young Lepky was sent to Chekhia by his father, in care of Dr. Andriy Chaikowsky. The trip gave Lepky a broader and more comprehensive outlook upon life and awoke within him an ardent desire to labor for his people.

Upon gaining his Ph. D., Lepky became instructor of the Ukrainian language in the Berezhn Gymnasium. It was here that he first began writing, producing such stories and poems as *Tsvit schastya*, *Stricha*, *Dlya brata*, *Dvak*, *Zvlchayna istoriya*, *V lisi*, *V svit za otchi*, and the play *Za khlibom*.

In 1897, Lepky went to Cracow where he taught the Ukrainian language in local gymnasiums. Subsequently, he became lecturer of the same subject at the University of Cracow.

It was during this period as lecturer at the university that Lepky exhibited his greatest literary activity. For, during the years 1901-1906, he issued five volumes of his poetry and ten volumes of his snort stories, not counting his translation of *Slovo o polku Ihorevim* into the Polish language.

Of more recent origin are the following works by Lepky: *Zirka*, a novel dealing with the post-war period, *Wadim*, a novel of ancient times in Ukraine, during the Period of Princes, *Slota*, *Ot tak sobi*, poems, and the three-volume trilogy about Hetman Ivan Mazepa, the two-volume *Motrya*, *Ne vbiyay*, *Baturin*, *Poltava* (a historical novel), as well as a cycle of poems, *Nocturi*.

In his works, Lepky portrays the general backwardness of the peasantry, its superstitions and

indifference to education. The author's life of sorrow and troubles gave somewhat of a tragic tinge to many of his works. Yet he was capable of writing humorously, as in the story *Opo-vidanya dyaka*, which dealt with the humorous adventures of a village *dyak* (precentor) who wanted to take on the ways of nobility but in the end returned to his simple life, as well as another story, *Na poslukhanya do Vidnya*.

Gregory Cehlynsky

Gregory Cehlynsky (1853-1912), pseudonym "Hrehory Hrehorivitch" was a director of the Ukrainian gymnasium in Pere-myshyl and later a member to the Austrian Parliament. He helped to enliven the Ukrainian national theatre with his comedies. Some his plays are *Shlakhta Khodachkova*, *Na dobrodiyni tsili*, *Sokoliki*, *Tato na zaruchenakh*, *Likhey den*, *Torhovlya zhemchuhami*, *Argonauts*, *Kara sovisti* and *Vorzhbit*.

(To be continued)

WONDERING AND WANDERING

(The Ukrainian Youth and the Ukrainian Cause)

By WALDIMIR SEMENYNA

(2)

(Concluded)

Respecting Our Own

Naturally the question of "what is there to be done" comes in its logical sequence. The answer, in short, is: teach the elders and induce the young. About the first part of the advice a lot has been written by various contributors to our Ukrainian papers but like all enterprising novelties it must be sold—sold by constant advertising. The elders must be taught how to respect their own nationality,—their own customs and their own institutions,—but respect intelligently. Just as an example, let's take the Christmas holiday, observed by us by the Julian calendar. It is a usual question which the children ask: "Why must our Christmas be so late?" I know that a lot of our people are abolishing our Christmas time on their own initiative or on their children's advice, and the natural result, as far as the children are concerned, is another defeat for the parents and their "old country notions." Now a logical answer would be: "Our Christmas time has been kept since Christ was born, and the other was introduced only a few hundred years ago; so which deserves more consideration?" (After all, as far as calendars go, if we were to use the right date, neither of the established dates would be right).

Intelligent respect for our own is of great importance in the upbringing of our children. Intelligent respect to our own tongue will eliminate a lot of that alienating effect. Just imagine: a young girl or boy is trying her or his best to get the tongue around a certain syllable but fails—the parents, and perhaps some present friends, burst out with a roar of laughter. A big joke, considering that the elders who have lived here ten, fifteen, and twenty years have not even tried to learn the pronunciation of their adopted language, yet expect the youngsters to learn their strange tongue in a fraction of that time without any guidance—while other people have to pay hundreds of dollars to learn the same.

It is not that those elders mean any harm,—far from it. They certainly did not know any better and through their ignorance build up the very wall which they want to eradicate.

Help the youngster. True enough, the mispronouncement is funny at times but then erase the effect of the laughter by an

explanation of why it is funny and correct the accent or what not and both the child and advisor will benefit by it. The youngster will remember the mistake because of mirth it produced and the elder will gain the respect of the child because of the source of knowledge that the elder will appear to represent. On the other hand, if there is no reason to laugh, then for goodness' sake, don't. The greatest satisfaction that I have had was to hear on similar occasions some bright youngster pop up the question, "Why do you laugh? What's so funny about it?" In some cases the question had a sobering effect.

Cherishing Our Ideals

We must induce young folks to respect and cherish our ideals. The form of inducement may be classed as local and national.

If we consider the smaller town as a locality, we are faced with a small Ukrainian colony, and unless it is farming section, it is a compact colony where the members are in close touch with each other. Having one meeting place, it becomes their social center, where all entertainments are held and where the children get their only information about their fathers' homeland. Unfortunately, the information gained by the youngsters is not of homeland but of the environments in which they live, of the conditions which influence the elders the most. The children are allowed to watch the card playing and drinking and drinkfilled stage performances which stagnate even to this day. Result: the children preform an opinion in their plastic age and the opinion is: the old country is the same so why bother about it. Keep the children away from the private bar and its profits. Choose your plays as carefully as you would choose a guardian over your children, and having chosen them try in a cooperative manner to persuade the young folks to participate in those clean plays. A few monetary prizes for the young participants of the outstanding performances will serve as special inducements. Forget the profit; think of the mutual gain.

Ukrainian Schools and Teachers

In the larger cities the conditions have improved to some extent. There is some concentration of intellectual forces which naturally take a lead. But on

the other hand, the diverging forces in the large city colonies are much greater. Therefore, it is necessary to center on the national form of inducement, which has more influence in the large cities and which through that influence involves the smaller colonies as well.

The Ukrainians must have, by all means, their own native schools of quality. So far, with the exception of some Canadian institutions, I have not heard of permanently established quality-schools. It is that lasting curse among us which must be fought at all costs. Profit! Something for nothing! False profit! And soon we will be reaping the lost gain. There should be no one in a colony as important as the teachers in our native schools—I mean qualified teachers who may be entrusted with the holding of young characters. Let us forget about the one-in-all combination: teacher-deacon janitor and general abuse mongrel. Stop wasting your pennies. One good man could cover three to five nearby colonies with the minimum cost to the individual group and with the maximum benefit to all concerned. A central guiding institution is needed to co-ordinate this work and I hope that the recent movement in that direction will materialize.

Appealing to the Person

Considering all the phases of our life in this country, we find one thing lacking, and lacking sorely. No matter how, the most important thing, in order to get the young person's attention, is to appeal to his or her feeling. We can do so by mouth or written word. The first means is out of question, physically. That leaves us the possibilities of the written word. Further, to appeal through writing, the person must be well acquainted with the medium of expression, and naturally to an American born Ukrainian the English word is the most effective medium of expression or transmission of thought.

Herein we are sorely in need of Ukrainian literature in the English language. We need to encourage young people to specialize in literature, and through substantial remunerations we must induce them to write. The large central institutions are in the best position to undertake this move. It must be a continuous, annual subsidy or fund; otherwise the power of inducement would be nullified. What rich sources of Ukrainian historic material and what possibilities of parallelization with the history of this continent!

Time Opportune

We are living through a period of Ukraine's greatest upheaval. Ukraine is transformed into land

of martyrs. This fact should be utilized by the Ukrainian papers. If we are to develop fighting supporters of a mutual cause, we must present in a true light the reason for our battle. To this end, more material should be printed in English, for the general dissemination of the news.

In conclusion I must say that a lot of the suggestions cannot be followed out as long as we have party frictions and go to the extent of letting party prejudice come before a mutual aim. We must admit that the older generation will finish its existence in the same attitude, but the coming generation has none of these obstacles to handicap its progress.

There must be a full recognition of this fact and all nationalistic groups must meet and formulate a common line of endeavor in tackling this "wandering" problem which might be neglected too long. Regardless of the party, we have one aim and must train our children to see it in the same light and work hand in hand for same cause. If we don't, there will be no one else to do it; so since it must be done sooner or later, why not try to do it now? And it is up to the Ukrainian professional men, especially those in the ranks of the younger generation, to lend their shoulders to this problem, in which they are bound to play the main guiding part.

(Reprinted from 1935 Yearbook of the Ukrainian Professionalists Society).

UKRAINIAN PROGRAM OVER WJZ

A program of Ukrainian music, work of composer Paul Pecheniha-Ouglitsky, will be presented by the National Broadcasting Company over station WJZ in the Musical Guild Program this coming Thursday, October 10th, 2:30-3:15 afternoon.

We urge all listeners to write in to the National Broadcasting Company, Music Guild Program, Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, expressing their interest in the program and asking for the continuance of it.

N.B.C. String Quartet:

1st Violin — Josef Stopak
2nd Violin — Ralph Silverman
Viola — Leon Fleitman
Violoncello — Oswald Mazzuchi
1. String Quartet in A-min. "Ukrainian."

a) Moderato
b) Scherzo
c) Andante
d) Finale

2. Contralto Solo, Celia Branz. Songs on lyrics by the Ukrainian poet Taras Shevchenko.

a) Serenada
b) Solitude
c) Tradeswoman Song.

At the piano Robert Briane.

The Gurtinski Mystery or Who Stole the Pirohi?

By A. NANCIE FIEGEL STADNER

Now there is nothing strange about placing a bowl of perfectly cooked delicious pirohi in the storeroom. But when, an hour later, the pirohi are missing, and no one has seen hide nor hair of them—well—that's something!

And that is just what happened to Kasha Zolota's pirohi. Of course, they weren't really Kasha's, but since she had made them with her own wrinkled hands, we might refer to them as hers.

Kasha worked for Stanislaw Gurtinski who was the wealthiest man for miles around. He had acre upon acre of rich, fertile land which yielded crops that were second to none in size, texture, and taste. He had a great many peasants working for him in the fields. And he had a host of servants in his household. But even though he could have had the best cooks and chefs in Ukraine—it was only the buxom, plain-featured, flashing eyed Kasha who was allowed to enter the sacred portals of his kitchen.

It was Kasha who prepared for the Polish Pon Gurtinski her savory borstch, with just the right touch of vinegar and garlic.

It was Kasha who baked bread so light of texture, so golden of crust, and so delicious of taste.

It was Kasha who cooked pirohi, filled with shredded cabbage, potatoes or cheese.

—And it was Kasha's pirohi which Pon Gurtinski relished with such great ado. And it is no exaggeration to state at this time that the lordly Mr. Gurtinski would have walked a mile for a pirohi (made by Kasha).

Anyway, it was the pirohi that caused all the trouble, and literally tumbled the Gurtinski household upside-down.

The day was Wednesday.

The time was in the vicinity of 10 A. M.

The place was in the spacious, cheerful kitchen at the side of Pon Gurtinski's vast domicile.

Kasha Zolota, her huge circular figure encased in a flowing white garment, stood before a great stove and stirred a tub-like pot full of pirohi.

She dipped her wooden spoon into the pot and swished it about several times. Then apparently satisfied that the pirohi were cooked, she removed the pot from the stove, walked to the back of the kitchen where she very skillfully drained the water, and returned to the center of the room. She placed the pirohi into an earthenware bowl (which she called a makitrah) and with the bowl in the crook of her arm proceeded to the storeroom.

Now the storeroom, which adjoined the Pon's study, was a large room. Almost as large as the kitchen itself. In this room Kasha stored all her goodies. Canned delicacies, vegetables and a host of other good things to eat.

As she entered, Kasha's plain face was wreathed in smiles, for she knew that the Pon would be delighted when she set the pirohi before him. There was nothing that he loved more (except perhaps himself).

Anyway, she placed the bowl on a low bench standing along the wall, which partitioned the storeroom from the Pon's quarters. Casting a last lingering glance over her shoulder, Kasha

billowed out of the storeroom to the many tasks awaiting her.

Pon Gurtinski had been very busy all morning in his study. There was so much business to be transacted and looked after that it wasn't until noontime that Kasha saw him for the first time that day.—And that was when he ordered lunch to be served.

Kasha grinned knowingly. How pleased he would be, she thought. How delighted, when she placed before him his favorite dish—pirohi.

But when she entered the storeroom, the grin which wreathed her homely face from ear to ear faded and gave way to an expression of amazement and horror.

For they were gone! The coveted pirohi were missing!

Oh dear! What to do? What to do?

She couldn't very well run out and tell the gentleman that the pirohi had been stolen. He'd be furious. He wouldn't care if a sum of money were stolen—but when it happened to be his favorite dish that was purloined—there 'was surely bound to be trouble.

So it was no wonder that our poor heroine stood rooted to the spot, staring at the unfortunate bowl which had lately held such precious contents.

But something must be done. You couldn't stand staring when you knew that in the dining room the Lord and Master of the house was fairly starving. You had to do something.

So with speed which was really astonishing for one so round, Kasha sliced several herrings. Cut up some vegetables and as a result Pon Gurtinski had that day a herring lunch instead of pirohi.

Although Kasha had reported nothing to the master, she was concerned about the incident. All day she pondered the theft, for it was apparent that pirohi had been stolen. But how? Who?

It couldn't possibly be any of the field workers for they had their quarters quite some distance away. And anyway, none of them had been near the kitchen all day.

There was Michael, the fuzzy-haired house boy. Perhaps it was he! Hadn't he been in the kitchen several times during the course of the morning? Surely! It must have been Michael. But even though Kasha accused the boy, she was convinced that he wasn't the thief. For hadn't her piercing eyes followed his every move about the room? (You couldn't trust sixteen-year old boys about a kitchen, was Kasha's philosophy. They were always so hungry and—well anyway—you just couldn't trust them.)

No, Michael was out.

The members of the household staff! Perhaps one of them? But no—like the field workers, not any of them had been near the kitchen.

That accounted for everyone. And everyone had been disqualified. Still—the pirohi were gone. And somebody MUST have stolen them.

The situation was puzzling. In fact it was too much for the downhearted Kasha, so she sighed, pressed her hand against her throbbing temple and thought, "I'll make some more tomorrow."

She did. She made another potful on Thursday, placed them in the storeroom and just as on the previous day the pirohi were

gone. And again Pon Gurtinski partook of herring. (They were nice and juicy, though.)

Kasha, who was usually sweet tempered and cool was becoming angry at the turn of events. And frankly who wouldn't have become angry when pirohi were being stolen from under one's nose (Well, not literally.)

So, on Friday, when she drained the water from her pirohi, she placed the bowl in the center of the kitchen table where she could keep an observing eye upon them.

And lo! Pon Gurtinski had pirohi for lunch.

He smacked his lips loudly. "Kasha," he said, "there is no one else in the world who can make pirohi as good as yours."

And just as all the rest of us, Kasha Zolota liked a compliment, especially when it centered about her cooking. She beamed upon her master. "Thank you," she said. "If you'd like, I could make some more for you tomorrow."

Pon Gurtinski's reddish mustache which stood at right angles to his nose, twitched.

He said, "Right you are Kasha. I was hoping you would make some tomorrow."

Saturday's batch was by far the most delicious batch which Kasha had ever prepared—BUT, after they were cooked she placed them in the storeroom—and again they were STOLEN. Could there ever be anything more discouraging? When you were out to please your boss with the very best you could produce in your line of work and somebody stole it, then surely that was the most discouraging thing that could happen to you.

And the good Kasha, being the mortal she was, couldn't help feeling disillusioned. In fact, if there could be such a thing, it might be said that she was disillusioned. In any event, she was MAD. Through and through.

How dared her pirohi be stolen! How dared! But dared or not dared it still remained that they had been stolen. So what? So Kasha decided to investigate. Yes sir. She was assuming a Sherlock and Watson role and a mighty fine Sherlock she did make! (Even though she had probably never heard of Sherlock.)

She sat down in her spacious kitchen to ponder this thing. If she had a sheaf of whiskers under her nose, she probably would have stroked them thoroughly, tugging at the ends now and then. But as it was she had to pull on her silvery hair. And a mighty good hair puller she was!

It occurred to her that the pirohi had been stolen ONLY when they were placed in the storeroom. Well then, the question was, "How could the thief have entered without her seeing?"

The answer quite obviously was that the thief couldn't possibly have entered through the kitchen because Kasha had been there all the time. And he couldn't have entered through the storeroom because there was no door leading from the outside, and the one window of which the storeroom boasted had long ago been boarded up.

We wouldn't be at all surprised to hear theories that perhaps the thief flew in—because that's what we were inclined to believe.

But my dear Sherlock—or, we mean Kasha, had other plans. To be sure, she was being bold in even presuming such a thing, but when one was detecting, every hunch had to be followed up diligently.

And so it happens that on Sunday morning, Kasha placed on the storeroom bench the fifth of a series of bowlsful of pirohi. But—instead of going back into the kitchen our heroine planted herself in a far corner of the room and prepared to wait.

We're not trying to find alibis for Kasha. Not at all. We are merely stating that even if you were a real detective, (mustache and all) and were snuggled comfortably into a dark corner, you too would have gone to sleep. Anyway, that's what Kasha did. She went to sleep. But not for long. For subconsciously she waited and it was a scratching sound that awoke her.

She started. Her eyes blinked open and she stared into space.

What was she doing here? Why to be sure! The pirohi! The thief!

She jumped up and hurried to the bench on which she had placed the pirohi. The bowl was there—but the pirohi were GONE.

"Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!" Kasha didn't exclaim aloud but the exclamation rang through her mind.

She had been sitting right here all the time—and still she had missed the thief.

Mentally she reviewed the situation. It couldn't have been more than five minutes that she had been sleeping. And in that time it wouldn't have been possible for the thief to sneak through the kitchen—Kasha's chain of thoughts were suddenly broken.

She thought—or had he come through the kitchen?"

The only logical answer would be that he must have because he couldn't have come in through Pon Gurtinski's study which was separated from the storeroom by a wall.

And then Kasha got a bright idea. It came upon her like a bolt from the sky and the next thing we see is our heroine kneeling and pushing the bench away from the wall.

And then she swayed back against her heels and her lower jaw hung open. And she gaped. Yes, gaped. Because there was nothing else you could do when you pushed a bench away from the wall and found a reddish, greasy, right-angled, mustached face staring at you through a hole in the wall. (A hole through which it is very easy to draw a bowl of pirohi.)

And you just had to gape harder when you saw your master holding a straw hat, brimfull of buttered pirohi, in one hand, and clutching fiercely at another white delicacy with his other hand.

You had to gape!

But when he began to look sheepish, when his hand dropped into his lap slowly, you had to smile and say laughingly, "That's alright Pon Gurtinski. I'll make some more for you tomorrow."

All of which goes to show that not even a hard-hearted Polish Pon can resist the precious delicacy of good Ukrainian-made pirohi.

(End)

APPEAL TO THE STUDENT YOUTH

—OF THE ENTIRE WORLD

In contribution to the very interesting theme discussed by Mr. Editor Ripka at the XVII Congress of the C. I. E.,* Prague 30, July 1935, we take pleasure in enlarging upon the actual situation in eastern Europe.

After the stress of the World War, a new Europe was formed.

Many nations received their political independence, but in spite of terrible sacrifices, all did not obtain the independence they had struggled to attain. Several nations, especially those of Eastern Europe, were compelled by military forces to become subjects of other states.—The White Russians, the Armenians, the Georgians, as well as the mountain peoples of the Caucasus, are still without their autonomy. But the most numerous of them all are Ukrainians, who, after four years (1918-1921) of continuous struggle against their neighbors, confronted by the indifference of the entire world, were forced to bow to stranger forces and were divided amongst several powers.

While never renouncing its national ideal, and never ceasing to fight for its realization, the Ukrainian nation became the victim of cruel persecutions by the governments which control its territory. In the eastern part of Ukraine, which is under the domination of communist Russia, systematic terrorism has been employed in the following forms: mass shootings, exiles to northern territories where prisoners are set at forced labor under inhuman conditions, and an organized famine which has already made many its victims. The international and interconfessional committee for the aid of the starving in USSR, with its headquarters in Vienna, has aroused public opinion throughout the world regarding this last fact.

In the section of western Ukraine now under Poland, the government is pursuing a policy of cultural and economic oppression, by means of continual imprisonments, mistreatment of prisoners, and making punitive expeditions into the villages under the pretext of pacification.—The latter acts were brought to the notice of the English Parliament and the League of Nations.

The "National Confederation of Ukrainian Students," which represents students from Ukrainian territories as well as all the Ukrainian student organizations throughout the world, wishes to submit, as an illustration of the present situation in Eastern Europe, two affairs which have aroused all Ukrainians and should be brought to the attention of the entire world. The government at Moscow, in its repression of the national and cultural movement of the Ukrainian people, uses methods of an Asiatic despot. On December 15, 1934, the military court of the U. S. S. R., making use of false accusations, condemned to death 28 Ukrainian intellectuals, writers and scholars, among whom were well known lyric poets such as: O. Vliisko, Missik, D. Falkivski, the famous writer G. Kossinka, and others. They were all shot immediately. The Soviet government thus used an individual act of violence against the regime, as an excuse for destroying the Ukrainian intellectual elite.

The Ukrainian students hope that the delegates which represent the opinion of the youth of the whole civilized world will condemn this act of terrorism against Ukrainian scholars by the Soviet authorities.

The second fact to which we wish to draw attention is the persecution of the Ukrainian students in Western Ukraine, under Polish domination. The president of the Republic of Poland, by the special decree passed on the 17th

of June, 1934, set up a concentration camp at Bereza Kartuzska.—Hundreds of young Ukrainians, especially students, are arrested by the Polish government merely on suspicion, and, without trial or proof of their guilt, are sent to this camp where they are kept indefinitely. In this way the government liquidates the most active academic elements among the young Ukrainians, and destroys their organizations. It should suffice to state that in this concentration camp and in other prisons the following men are being held without definite accusation: V. Kollody, vice-president of the "National Union of Ukrainian Students Associations" (CESUS); R. Mirovitch, secretary; O. Hrabets, committee member, all of the CESUS; the engineer E. Vretsionia; the delegate of CESUS at the Congress of ISS at Etthal in 1933, V. Janive, editor-in-chief of the "Studenski Shlachh," the principal paper of the students of western Ukraine; Chitkalo, Matla, Milanitch, Kouchitski, contributors to the paper; Matchak, the president of the Ukrainian Students House at Lemberg (Lviv), as well as many others.

We sincerely hope that the C. I. E. will take steps to obtain from the Polish government either a trial for these prisoners or their liberation. As for the two subjects discussed above, as well as for many others, we are prepared to furnish all necessary information, proofs, and documents.

In presenting these facts to the sense of justice of all students, we are confident that you shall interest yourselves in finding methods to change the present situation, and that you will give us your moral support in our struggle.

AMBROSE HOLOWATSCH,
Official delegate of The National Union of Ukrainian Students Associations ("CESUS").
Prague, July 30, 1935.

YOUTH FIELD DAY

The First Annual American-Ukrainian Youth Field Day sponsored by the American-Ukrainian Club Council of the City of New York will be held at Mc Carren Park, North 12th Street, between Bedford and Driggs Avenues, Brooklyn, on October 6th, 1935, at 9 A. M.

A number of exciting events are arranged, including the John W. P. Slobadin Mile Relay. Mr. Slobadin, chairman of the council, will present a three-year trophy to the winning four-man mile relay team. Presentation of this and other awards—the Council Trophy of Supremacy, medals, plaques, and council emblems of athletic regulation size—will be made at the First Annual Convention of the council at the spacious hall of the Ameruks Club, 299 East 5th Street, on Columbus Day week-end, October 12, 13, 1935.

The competitive events are as follows:

Boys Events: 100, 220, 440 yd. Dash, 880 yd. Run, 1 Mile Relay, Running Broad Jump, Running High Jump, Shot Put, Potato Race, and Sack Race. The Girls Events: 100 yd. Dash, 440 yd. Relay, Running High Jump, Running Broad Jump, Potato Race, and Tandem Race.

The officials of the meet will be as follows: Michael Terleski, Joseph Uhorchak, and Michael Pawlyshyn.

To reach the Mc Carren Park, take the B. M. T. train on either Third or First Avenue at Fourteenth Street and ride to Bedford Avenue. Walk north to North 12th Street on Bedford Avenue.

Admission to the park will be free of charge.

MICHAEL PAWLYSHYN,
Publicity Manager.

ANNOUNCING A HOBBY COLUMN

Everyone has a hobby of some sort. People in all walks of life—rich and poor, young and old—have hobbies. They may collect postage stamps, or coins, or medals—in fact they may collect anything that appeals to them. Some people correspond with Pen Pals (which can be classed as a hobby), others read or collect books. I am acquainted with a fellow who is keenly interested in collecting different types of fish-hooks. But, irregardless of what one may collect, or do, as a hobby, it is done when one has spare time. A person having spare time would, naturally, want to use that spare time to good advantage. Thus he decides to collect something—and that's how hobbies are born.

Everyone has spare time, therefore everyone must have a hobby of some sort. Naturally, a person who has a hobby would like to discuss his hobby with some other interested person. He would like to learn more about his hobby, or he may want to help his fellow hobbyist by imparting information, good suggestions, etc.

Now, I don't know what sort of a "hit" a "Hobby Column" will have upon the readers of the *Ukrainian Weekly*, but, unless I am sadly mistaken, it should prove to be a success. The purpose of this "Hobby Column" is to give those readers of the "Weekly" who are hobbyists an opportunity to write about their hobbies. Many readers are very much interested in sports and I know for a fact that many of you are interested in philately (stamp collecting). You are all invited to write to the "Hobby Column." No matter what your hobby is—sewing, collecting, amateur photography... anything at all—write about it and send the result to the "Hobby Column." Let other readers, many of whom may have the same hobbies, learn something from your articles and in return you will learn something from their articles.

Who'll start the ball rolling? Who'll send in the first article? I am depending on each and everyone of you to submit a contribution. If you are thinking of writing, write right now. Don't put it off as you may forget about it altogether. And remember... the "Hobby Column" is yours—one hundred per cent! We want to see it become a long-lasting, worthwhile column, don't we? Of course... but that takes cooperation. All of you must show your interest by writing.

I expect to have the first "Hobby Column" ready for publication within a few weeks. And I'm counting on the reader.

Address your contributions to:
THEODORE LUTWINIAK,
81-83 Grand Street,
Jersey City, N. J.

SOCIAL NIGHT

On August 29, 1935, in the Ukrainian National Home, the Y. U. N. No. 8 branch of Cleveland held their first social night.

The entertainment was in the form of a radio program, with many comical skits and musical numbers presented by some of the members.

The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

Although the audience enjoyed themselves immensely, it might be truthfully said that those who participated in the program, enjoyed themselves even more.

At future social nights, part of the time will be spent in an educational lecture or reading so that members may become educated in the matter of the Ukrainian cause and affairs.

MARY LEW.

BAYONNE, N. J.

FALL DANCE arranged by Ukrainian Athletic Club will be held SATURDAY Evening, OCTOBER 5th, 1935 at Ukrainian National Home, 33-35 West 19th St., Bayonne, N. J. Featuring Bobby Grey and his Collegians. Subscription 35 cts. 231

INDIVIDUAL PLUS ORGANIZATION

The recent opening of a course in advanced Ukrainian at Columbia University under the auspices of its Slavonic Language department should fill every Ukrainian with elation. It is a further acknowledgement of the fact that the Ukrainians constitute a separate racial group which has a language and culture as worthy of study as that of other leading Slavonic peoples. It represents the achievement of a goal which has been before us for many years but which seemed extremely difficult to attain because of our defeatist complex that we did not have the resources nor the influence to succeed in this undertaking. **It must not fail.**

For now we have the opportunity before us. The course will succeed only if it is properly supported by us. Surely, if ever there has been, here is the opportunity for many of us to become acquainted with the culture of our fathers.

The course cannot fail to have an effect upon other universities and will serve as an aid and inspiration to Ukrainian groups in other cities to endeavor to establish courses in Ukrainian at other schools. Such courses are bound to have a great influence upon our fellow Americans who, as they learn more of our history and culture and come into further contact with us, will correct many of their misconceptions concerning our race and finally will sympathize with our efforts.

The achievement of this step should give greater impetus to organization among us. The man who has been largely responsible for creating the interest at Columbia which finally led to the establishment of the course has left New York to study at a New England school. Yet his work will not fall through because there are organizations which have taken up his work. Further, we cannot underestimate the vital influence of the *Ukrainian Weekly* in creating the interest among us which has served to stimulate many of these organizations into more active efforts.

There are doubtless many times when individuals among us have had similar opportunities to obtain such privileges as Columbia has granted; yet, because they felt that they could not carry out the projects single-handed, the opportunity has been allowed to pass. When the proper organizations exist the individual then has a source of much needed help and the opportunities can then be grasped. The answer is obvious.

E. H.

DANCE EXHIBIT ACCLAIMED

A folk dance given by Vasile Avramenko's students of Great Meadows (N.J.) Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church in the auditorium of Hackettstown High School on Saturday, September 14, was acclaimed a huge success.

The dancing class, accompanied by several couples from the Newark Sitch and a quartet from the Sisterhood of the Virgin Mary's of Passaic, filled the stage and made a splendid spectacle as they portrayed the folk dances of the Ukrainians dressed in native costumes.

Vasile Avramenko, ballet master, danced the solo "Kozak Gonta," and was encored many times. Our dancing teacher, M. Hyra, accompanied by two of our Great Meadows boys and one from Newark, danced the Zaporozhian Hertz, which was also well liked by the audience. The other dances were also very picturesque and stirring. The audience was simply carried away by them.

Our American guests, the mayor of Hackettstown and his wife, the teachers and their wives or husbands, the editor, the Chief of Police and others, were simply delighted with the entire program and sent special congratulations to us.

EMILIA K. DUDIAK.

* International Students Confederation.