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YOUTH TODAY

AN ATTENDANCE PROBLEM

The recent report of the United Parents Association condemned the overemphasis on attendance and the indiscriminate punishment of pupils for absence in the New York public schools.

On their daily rounds, the cases of ill children harassed by the fear and anxiety of being absent from school are not infrequent occurrences for physicians. They are of the opinion that the attendant emotional strain often impedes a normal recovery and convalescence of the ill child.

Many physicians advocate a better attention to common colds, as such colds quite often result in a serious illness. Perhaps epidemics would be less frequent, and this would give the schools a better attendance than is attained now with the strict insistence upon the 100 per cent goal.

ANOTHER ATTENDANCE PROBLEM

Within a month after the publication of the above report, a students' strike broke out in the city of Gloucester, New Jersey, in which some five hundred students of Gloucester High School left their classes to enforce a demand for a shorter school day. Strike leaders explained that the football squad, which lost to Riverside on October 26, 31 to 13, did not have time to practice, and they sought termination of classes at 2:30 P. M. instead of 3:38 as at present.

Conferences between officials and members of the senior class, along with "suggestions" offered by parents to some of their more belligerent offspring, dampened much of the enthusiasm for the walkout. The city superintendent of schools told the strike committee that an "amiable agreement" could have been reached on the request for a shorter day had it been taken up through the "proper channels," which is through the student council.

While the strike appeared settled, has any substantial progress been made to increase the urge of the pupils for Latin and algebra rather than for a touch-down?

TWO CHARACTERS OR JUST TWO HOMES?

William Lerche, 22-years old, was held by New York police as mother beater. Whenever he gets drunk, the police say, he beats up his mother.

Unconscious and hemorrhage-wracked, Edgar Cornelson, was found in a street in Hutchinson, Kansas, last week. Taken to a hospital, he twice managed to obtain clothes and stagger into the street, seeking a ride to Liberty, Indiana, where his parents were reported living. He had left a Los Angeles tuberculosis sanitarium and began his trip across the country. Three other hospitals in Kansas sought to care for him, but he left each one. Hitch-hiking through wind and rain and sleeping in hay-stacks, he reached Hutchinson before unconsciousness halted him. He told the parson who visited him that he wanted to be up and away. He was afraid he would not get home before he dies.

(Concluded last column)

NOVEMBER FIRST

November is with us again. Once more Ukrainians throughout the world approach with mingled feelings of joy and sadness the observance of the November First Holiday: joy — because the holiday recalls that memorable November 1st, 1918, when the Ukrainians of Western Ukraine rose after six centuries of foreign oppression and set up their own independent republic; sadness — because the greed and rapacity of foreign powers made impossible the full flowering of Ukrainian freedom but ruthlessly cut it down.

Everywhere, even in such distant exotic places as Harbin, Shanghai, or Tunis, in leading South American cities, in European capitols, and here in America too, the November First Holiday will be observed. Everywhere, except in Ukraine itself.

Neither the Poles, who by grace of the war-time Allies now occupy Western Ukraine, nor the Soviets, holding Greater Ukraine in a merciless but apprehensive grip, are willing to jeopardize their hold over the Ukrainian nation by permitting it to celebrate such an emotion-stirring national holiday as that of November First.

And truly is this holiday emotion-stirring, for all lovers of liberty. For who can recall without a thrill of pride that magnificent daring, that sublime conviction in the sacredness of their cause which impelled the Ukrainians of Western Ukraine, persecuted and denationalized for over 600 years, ill-equipped for modern warfare, unprepared for the chicanery of the war victors, to rise overnight, disarm Austrian garrisons, seize Lwiv and other Galician centers, set up their independent Western Ukrainian Republic, and then defend it against much larger and far better equipped and trained Polish armies.

The fact that after a protracted period of fighting the Ukrainians finally had to give way and surrender all that they had won, in no wise diminishes the inspirational value of their struggle. For had not the Allies by their blockade (ostensibly aimed at the Reds) virtually starved out the Ukrainians, had not France sent vast quantities of war supplies, ammunition and officers for the Polish armies, had not also the French-equipped and armed General Haller's Army been thrown into the already overloaded scales in favor of Poland, and had America perceived that other submerged nations besides Poland desired their freedom too, then it is certain that the Ukrainians, despite their inadequate equipment, despite their typhus-ridden ranks, would have won the war and made permanent Ukrainian freedom in Western Ukraine.

All this the Ukrainians well remember. That is why the November First Holiday remains such a dynamic force in their national consciousness and aspirations. And that is also the reason why the Polish authorities seek by every means possible to suppress its observance.

Today, Polish oppression of the Ukrainians seems again to be assuming an acute form. This month, for example, will witness the trial of 12 Ukrainian boys and girls, with a possible verdict of death by hanging. And what are they guilty of? Simply of seeking to bring about the fulfillment of the long cherished dream that inspired November First — freedom of Ukraine.

As long as such a spirit remains ascendant among the Ukrainians, especially among the youth, it is clear that no amount of persecutions, jailings, beatings, and hangings will prevent the inevitable arrival of another November First — but a permanent one this time.

WHO WILL BE NEXT?

Several weeks ago we apprised our youth, by means of an editorial, of the fact that there still remains a number of American-Ukrainian communities from which the SvoBoda has not as yet received the historical outline of their past and present life that it needs for the Ukrainian National Association Jubilee Book. We called upon the youth to help in this matter, urging them to prepare and send in such information where their elders have failed.

The first to respond to our appeal is Stanley Patronick of Altoona, Pa. He has sent to the SvoBoda the necessary data about his locality.

We urge others of our youth to look into the SvoBoda and see if such information is still lacking from their town or city. If such proves to be the case, then we most strongly urge them to follow Mr. Patronick's example.

Some people from Hutchinson bought a bus ticket for him, but transportation company officials refused to let him ride until doctors would certify his ability to survive the journey. He refused to give authorities his address, saying collect messages would use the money his poverty-stricken family needed for food. Though hospital attendants reported an improvement in his condition, still death looms grimly before the youth who has struggled across half a continent in a desperate attempt to reach his home.

GIRLS AND BOYS IN "PURITY TEST"

The editors of the Jester, the campus publication of Columbia University, have given a "purity test" to seventy Barnard students. They have found out among other things that half of the girls have kissed at least ten men. The girls also showed a decided penchant for masculine company on rather more intimate terms than Victorian young ladies would think of. Quizzed as to whether they had dates with married men, some wandered, while twenty reported they have gone out with married men once, and six have played with fire "often."

Having got in the last item the jester the Jester had asked for, the editors now promise to give male students of the University a purity test which will be "far franker" than the first. They had to do it as Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, woman's page columnist of the World-Telegram, has challenged them in her column. "If the Columbia boys want to do right by their girl friends, they'll give themselves the purity test and send the bad news to Barnard."

"It's a fair challenge and we're going to accept it," the editor of the Jester said.

WHY?

The so-called hardened criminal is gradually disappearing, said county judge Cortland A. Johnson the other day at luncheon in Far Rockaway. Most of the criminals today appearing in local courts are rarely over 24 years old, he said.

Which puts a question, why is it so? Well, is it because more young men than old choose crime as their career, or is it because criminals cannot live to reach older age as they could in other professions?

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

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Vasile Domanitsky

Vasile Domanitsky (1877-1910), historian, is also known for his treatises on ethnography, archeology, and history of literature, most of which appeared in the Reports of the Ukrainian Scientific and Cultural Society in Kiev, *Starina* (The Kievan Past), *Literaturno-Naukovy Vistnik* (Literary Scientific Herald), as well as in other Ukrainian publications. He edited the first complete edition of Shevchenko's *Kobzar* (1905) and also the History of Ukraine by Arkas. Besides he was the author of a number of brochures written for popular reading.

Ivan Lipa

Ivan Lipa (1865-1923) a prominent Ukrainian public figure, doctor of medicine, writer and co-editor of the Literary Scientific Herald, died in a village near Lviv, far from his beloved home in southern Ukraine on the shores of the Black Sea, where he spent most of his life. His literary activities began while yet a student. Most of his articles ap-

peared under various pseudonyms. In *Zorya* he wrote articles under the pen-name of N. Stepovik. *Pravda* published a number of his poems under the pen-name of P. Shelest. *Zerkalo*, *Bukovina*, and *Narid* also published some of his poetry, under the pen-name of Marniyenko. Then there were numerous other Ukrainian journals containing his essays and poems. He also wrote the popular novel *Kara*. All of his works bear unmistakable evidences of his passionate love for Ukraine and hate for its oppressors.

Vasile Stefanik

Vasile Stefanik (born 1871), son of a peasant in Sayatin (Galicia), is considered to be the leading Galician exponent of the modern Ukrainian novel. Practically all of his works are brief but thorough studies of peasant life in Galicia, presented in such a penetrating and original manner that they, no doubt, will remain as models of their type for many years to come. His *Sinya knizhechka* tells of how the

drunkard Antin, after having sold his last house in order to satisfy his craving for liquor, pockets a blue identification book (from which the story derives its title) and goes out into the world to hire himself out. In *Vivodill z sela*, we read of how the young recruit is being escorted out of the village by his relatives and friends and how his distraught mother seeks to stop the wagon carrying him away by seizing the wheel spokes. A deeply affecting story is *Novina*, which tells of a father who, being unable to feed his children in desperation takes them down to the river to drown them. But one of his very best stories is *Vona-Zemlya* (She—the Earth). It recounts of the breaking out of the War. Chaos grips the land. The peasants are forced to forsake their homes, their native hearth, and flee before the storm. Among them, from green Bukovina, is old Danilo, who takes with him five iron-shod wagons loaded with his belongings, his wife Maria, two daughter-in-laws, and his own daughter with her little children. But unexpected trouble arises. For fifty years Maria has been with me—grows Danilo—and now in her old age she has gone crazy. As long as she could still see our home, she

wept and tried to jump off the wagon and return to it; but when she no longer could see her village she has become speechless. Do not wonder Uncle Danilo, explains Semen. She has become utterly speechless because she has left her words behind her, left them on the windows, and the golden holy pictures in the forsaken home. Like birds they beat their wings against the windows, like orphans. They raise their voices in prayer for her return. And that is why she has lost her power of speech. The old bird Danilo concludes Semen—should not forsake his old nest, for he is no longer able to build a new one. Far better for him to return back to his own soft, native soil, and there God will bless him, if even on the scaffold (referring to the wholesale hangings in Galicia and Bukovina during the early period of the War). And when finally Danilo does turn back, a miracle takes place. His wife Maria in her gladness regains her voice.

All of Stefanik's works are written in short pithy sentences, have biting style, and contain a great deal of local peasant idiom. His preeminence has caused a group of imitators to arise.

(To be continued)

Science and Progress

A Bibliographical Study in Contemporary Thought

(1)

[Address delivered at the Third Ukrainian Professionalists Congress of America, (Detroit, September 1st and 2nd, 1935) by N. Bunika, B. Sc. (E. E.) of Chicago, Ill.]

There have been great ancient civilizations that flourished thousands of years ago in Mesopotamia, Egypt, Babylon, China, India, Persia, Judea, and finally Greece and Rome. With the exception of the Greek civilization, and to a mild degree the Roman civilization, none of them are of any particular interest to us, except that they were not progressive, paying no attention to the laws of nature, and passed out of existence.

The peculiar balance of mind required for science, has only fitfully appeared in ancient times, and has produced the feeblest result. For example, we admire the heights attained by Chinese civilization through its art, literature, and philosophy of life. For thousands of years, there have been acute and learned men in China, patiently devoting their lives to study. There is no reason to doubt the intrinsic capacity of the individual Chinaman for the pursuit of science, and yet Chinese science is practically negligible. The same may be said of India. Furthermore, had the Persians enslaved the Greeks, there is no ground for belief that science would have flourished in Europe or America.

Greek civilization is the skeleton outline of our own world. It contains the main principles which underlie the modern society. Our world rests on three fundamental conceptions: 1) Science, 2) Technology, 3) Ideal of human nature and conduct. The Greeks created the idea of science and technology and like ourselves regarded these as the basis of civilization; and as for the third conception, they probably had a clearer ideal of what life should be than we have. As an illustration, we might quote Cicero who, when he wrote to his son starting for Athens, said, "You are going to visit men who are supremely

men." They had a supreme ideal of life.

The origin of our modern ideas comes from the Ionian philosophers who had a flourishing school on the shores of the eastern Mediterranean. Their ideas have been enriched and transmitted to us by the genius of Plato and Aristotle. The Greeks had grasped the conception of a progressive civilization built upon advancing science and the development of arts, especially the useful ones, as seen in Plato's summary of civilization which included technology.

The Greek tragedians Aeschylus and Sophocles who were not professed philosophers, but dramatists influenced by the early thinkers, had grasped the idea of civilization which is the root of our society; the conception of man climbing upward from the life of a beast, to heights beyond the reach of imagination. As early as 460 B. C. Aeschylus in his play "Prometheus" describes the early state of men living in caves, the meaningless chaotic life. He traces the stage of progress, the gift of fire, the use of animals for transportation, the invention of a sailing ship, the discovery of writing, of medicine, of mathematics and of the metals. He grasped the material base of progress and also conceived the notion of applied science and technology, although none existed in Greece at that time.

The tiny seed of flame which Prometheus hid in a fennel stalk and gave to men represented the early conception of a boiler house and the factory chimney of modern industry even though it was rather obscure.

Sophocles a few years later repainted the picture in the same colors in a famous ode of the "Antigone," which starting from a trick of a Greek girl passes into the praise and prophesy of civilization. His features of progress with a slight variation are the same as in "Prometheus"—the discovery of the arts, of sea transport, agriculture, hunting, and fishing. Sophocles, however,

has emphasized the advances of the future to which he set only one limit—the conquest of death. Here is no question of Prometheus as an intermediary. Man has done the work for himself. He thought himself each new knowledge. Not that man is strong; his work is no work of superhuman power or effortless wisdom. The Greeks were the first to conceive the ideas of civilization based on human effort and advancing knowledge. It is the essential spirit of the modern world. A passage written in the sixth century, B. C., may be taken as a motto for our civilization. "Knowledge came not to men from the first by divine revelation, but man's search, with time, all things more clearly reveals."

Thomas A. Edison in an interview one time when asked to express his opinion on genius and faith gave a very modest reply: that to himself, he conceded nothing of genius, but attributed all his success to patience and application of all his energy to the task before him. As to his belief, he said that the type of work which he performs does not permit him to believe in anything, otherwise he would be taking things for granted, in which case there would not be a man like Edison nor his inventions, and thus the question would become self-liquidating.

Greece gave us science and the unfettered thought—these twin children have created a civilization which puzzles us by its complexity and appalls us by its tendency to escape our control. The actual scientific works of the Greeks such as Aristarchus' discovery of the heliocentric theory, Archimedes' principles of hydrostatics, Eratosthenes' calculation of the earth's circumference at 7,850 miles, or such brilliant premonitions of modern science as Democritus' idea that the universe consists of atoms in infinite space, or the anticipation of Darwinism in Anaximander that man originated from a different species, are great intellectual achievements, but to us have only a historic interest. Infinitely more remarkable is the emergence of the scientific temper not so common even in our times.

The cardinal virtues of science are the passion to know, which

TIDE OF SONGS

By Ivan Franko

A long and onerous numbness
past,
The tide of songs wells forth
again,
Like to the fitful tongues of
flame
That pierce the layer of ashes
again.
What passed for calm and happiness,
Was but a layer of ashes warm,
Beneath which flickered still the
spark
Of love, calmed like a lark in
storm.
Unsubdued it glowed and flickered
Despite my bitter tears' cold dew;
But scattered a wind the ashes
wide,
And who shall now the fire
subdue?
Ah, no! I will suppress it not;
Let ever blaze the sinful tongues
Though burst the heart, let freely
flow
The turbulent tide of songs!

SONG O' MINE

By Ivan Franko

Thou scathed warbler, song,
o' mine,
Silence mute must be thy doom.
Enough of sorrow; we now resign
From this stage of grief and
gloom.
The venom'd barb had pierced too
deep,
And love lingers to expire;
Each note and strophe lull to
sleep
The bleeding heart entire.
With each measured beat and
line,
Thy dim echoes fainter fall.
Woe and venom pierced, song
o' mine,
Peace soon shall end thy thrall.
Translated by John Panchuk,
Detroit, Mich.

is the source and spring of all discovery; the belief in the supreme arbitration of reason; modesty, caution, patience, and industry. In Democritus we find the justification of the modern specialist: Do not seek to know everything or you will be ignorant of everything."

(To be continued)

SIGNIFICANCE OF YOUTH FIELD DAYS

[Address delivered at the Third Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America (Detroit, Aug. 31st and Sept. 1st, 1935), by Walter N. Nachoney.]

Every nationality which does form a substantial part of this country's immigrant population has had the same problem as we are having now, and that is, of retaining their identity. Naturally, in trying to bring their people together and in attempting to hold them together, some particular type of social affairs had to be provided which would allow for individual differences in interest. Many of these nationalities became convinced that Field Days was the answer to their problem, such as the Germans, the Irish, the Slovaks, the Bohemians and more recently, the Poles.

Now what is a Field Day and why has it been so important in the American life of these various kinds of people? A Field Day, I would say, is a modified picnic. Instead of the activities being centered around beer-drinking and social dancing, sports and athletics provide the basis for the day's program. Athletic contests are the chief feature of such a day, and being so, there is a deep significance attached to their key position.

First, the underlying principle of sports and athletics is democracy; it has the power to overcome religious and political differences. Second, in addition to the manifold games at a Field Day, somewhere on the long list of track and field events every boy and girl can find some particular event which they like. It is suited to them; they can do it well and therefore they enjoy it. Third, these very same track and field events supply a universal standard of comparing achievement: the boy who won the 100 yard dash in the Youth Day at Chicago knows just how he stands against the boy who won the 100 yard dash in the Youth Day at Philadelphia, and in turn both of them can measure the product of their effort with the Ukrainian school boy in Lviv, who won the 100 metres at a Plast festival. Comparisons as these extend mutual interest and promote a feeling of oneness in their purposes. Fourth, the folk-dancing and different amusement contests complete the large variety of activities. These activities are so diverse that they cover fairly well the equally diverse interests of the average family, from the youngest to the oldest. In satisfying the interests of the unit of our social life, the family as a whole, a Field Day shows itself superior to all other types of affairs as an integrating agency. Therefore, we, who have been searching for a common means of developing unity in the Youth Movement and who have been thinking in terms of sports and athletics, should give more consideration to the Field Day as our medium.

Last month the Irish people of Philadelphia got together and held their 69th Annual Games. That should have deep implications for us. Although I would not say that this event was held to keep their Youth together, I do not doubt that the inception of these games 69 years ago was due to their second generation problems. Now that the affair has outgrown its immediate purpose, it still generates a feeling inside of their hearts that makes them get into a group and cheer, "Hurrah for the Irish!"

I have been at the Games as a visiting contestant for the last five years and in observing the affair, it has been remarkable to me how, year by year, all the people come out to the local high school field and have a good time. All the granddads and all the grandmas, all the pops and their wives, and all of the children and sweethearts spread out over the field. Some renew friendships

from the previous years; some go to watch the jig and reel contest for the youngsters; some stand by the side of the track and watch the foot-racing, while some gather by the dancing platform and in a short while they will be doing an Irish version of the kolomyika. This shows what a Field Day means to one type of people.

The Germans through the means of the Turnerbund, a nation-wide organization, have favored greatly the Field Day, or the Festival as they call them, as a social gathering. Their activities are not restricted to just the several festivals that they hold during the summer, although fundamentally the ramifications of their present organization is a direct outgrowth of outdoor activities. They provided education and enlightenment on social problems, political issues and American life in general through their libraries, lectures, debates and schools. Their story is that of a society that, centered around a mutual interest in athletics, that went out and fulfilled other purposes, and, as a whole, had a marked influence in American public life. Incidentally, this organization had its start under circumstances like ours at the present. For them it was a means of achieving unity among the German people.

About two summers ago, the Slovak Sokols in Philadelphia held a Field Day to which they invited their countrymen from the entire Eastern seaboard. There were competitions in athletics, in track, in field drills and other gymnastic activities. There were not only several age divisions for boys and girls, but also for elderly men. The next day when the summaries appeared in the papers, one could not help but think of the immeasurable value that this event had in the building of friendship among those people. Most certainly the little girl from New York City that barely won the wand drill from her little sister of Chester must have had gotten together with her opponent after the contest and enjoyed her companionship. The fellow from Boston that just about won the 100 metre race from the lad representing Baltimore, more than rushed back to shake hands with the boy that pushed him on to victory. When the competition of the afternoon was over, the contacts and friendships formed through the meeting could not have ended with the close of that day but as the participants went homeward to some distant outlying section, each one must have had the experience of a consciousness of oneness in their interests, a real feeling of unity, no matter if they did live hundreds of miles apart.

So, it seems that there is no better way than by such affairs that we can bring together our young people, to mould them to one cause, to foster unity and sociability among them. This should point out to us the means for expanding our Ukrainian American social life.

With this view in mind, the Youth of Philadelphia presented their First Youth Field Day on August 4th, last. It was not an elaborate affair. There were many handicaps that had to be surmounted. However, it turned out to be a success beyond our immediate expectations. Testing the fundamental proposition that athletics will develop unity and sociability among our Youth through our Youth-Field Day, we have been given a clue as to just what part sports should take in the Youth Movement. It was remarkable how people came from distant communities to take part in our affair and how religious and political differences were forgotten. And when it was all over, no one had suffered any harm or slight by participating in the Day's program.

A RIDE THROUGH THE NIGHT

The chimes in the belfry of an old church strike one. The dark of early morning is smeared like a blot over the village. I swing along under the arch suspending the sign: "Call Again." Pleasant feelings aroused by that sign, late tho' the hour and my visit fleeting as the breeze that blows down the solitary street of that town. Once more we out roll into the open country.

The lights from my car illumine the road ahead, unrolling now like a dim silver tape before me. Quickened pace as we rush down the descent into the valley. The clatter of planks loosely laid upon an old wooden bridge. Layers of fog heaped upon the drowsy stream below. The rim of a stone fence skirts the shoulders of the road as we climb to the crest of a hill.

Above, a pale sky is touched by the light of a half moon. Frosty stars, white tipped, are raised like embroidered polka-dots against the sky. Beyond and still farther beyond the night seems to sink into a bottomless hole.

Thoughts of freedom and the joy of being awake while ten thousand weary heads are imprisoned in sleep. The feeling of a sense of power given by the magic of motion. The fascinating music I love so well flowing in an unbroken rhythm from the motor at my feet. By the side of the road a sign: "Tourists Accommodated."

The answering whirl of my motor defiantly expressing our intention to pass on through the night.

On and on we move along the road now shrunken to a narrow strip boxed by vertical walls of towering trees. Lights from a car ahead contain an ominous gleam like a dragon emerging from a dark forest. Thoughts of a golden age in the Garden of the Hesperides. The low sweeping bow of a weeping willow in a graceful gesture to the traveller on his way.

More miles and then a slow sagging of the shoulders while arms press more heavily upon the wheel. Drooping eye-lids and brain a bit weary yet conscious of the urge to carry on. An occasional zig-zag steering of the car.

Suddenly a cross-roads. A blinker winking its eye slows our approach to a turn in the road. Level country now dotted here and there by signs of humans rising from their sleep. Shadows move across the blinds of houses set more closely together. In the distance the first faint flush of dawn adventures into the city. Soon the points of the hundred lofty spires seem to pierce the clouds suspended like puffs of smoke. Picture of an early breakfast arises and the end of a ride through the night. M. D. S.

Considering the cooperation that was shown by the 14 participating clubs from the Philadelphia area, this same cooperation presents itself to be the "natural unit" of development. There is no doubt that these same clubs will be just as eager to form basketball and baseball leagues, and to compete for prizes and points, for the all-around Sports and Sportsmanship Trophy which was donated by the Ukrainian National Association. This award signifies the best all around development and it will be presented each year to the best team represented at the Youth Day.

In view of the fact that we had so much success in our Field Day and that the possibilities are so large, it would be great to see other metropolitan areas trying the same type of an affair. It is not hard to envision some enterprising groups in Pittsburgh, New York City, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit and other cities achieving success which would be greater than ours. If these same cities, covering their immediate area for a hundred miles around, were to extend their program, and also awaken competition for their local all-around sports award, then your sports development situation would resolve itself into several natural geographic districts which would be well organized. Once you have these districts well defined, a national organization which could be called the Ukrainian American Athletic Union would be possible.

The work of the national body would be to integrate and coordinate inter-district relations and matches, and it would be their duty to sponsor a yearly National Championship for the membership clubs. The Athletic Union would replace our cumbersome Sports Division, and, as it is something for which we have been aiming as an eventuality, it would put the sports and athletic work of the League on a concrete basis.

A proposed Ukrainian American Athletic Union would exist as a division of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America and being similar to the German Turnerbund, the German American Athletic Union, the Polish Falcons of America or the Gymnastic Union Sokol, it would be an allied member of the A. A. U.

Now you may ask what is the A. A. U.? Why should we have

a Ukrainian American Athletic Union as an allied body of the A. A. U.? The Amateur Athletic Union of the United States is the largest and strongest amateur sport governing body in the world. No other amateur sport body controls so many different sports. It recognizes and claims jurisdiction over practically all the sports you can think of. The A. A. U. is powerful; there is no getting away from it. Because it claims jurisdiction over all sports, no one can dare to form an independent sport body of their own and hope to exist. That is why all of the groups I mentioned are allied members of the A. A. U. We must belong to the A. A. U. to get anywhere. It is not a matter of choice for us. If we are to proceed and succeed with our plans of organizing sport among our Youth, we must form our own Union and become an allied member of the A. A. U. as the other nationalities have done.

However, this does not mean that by joining the A. A. U. there will be any limitations to our works; for there will be none at all. The other nationalities have recognized and we too must recognize the strength of the A. A. U. and the good that will accrue from organized athletics. It can be truthfully said that the Amateur Athletic Union has made amateur sport in America what it is today and has given it a firm standing. With their numerous experienced officials who are devoting practically all of their spare time to amateur athletics, we can always obtain its assistance and advice if we so desire. One more point that must be stressed:—Our alliance with the A. A. U. will not mean any financial gain for someone else. It is purely amateur. Any income which is derived from the promotion of any sport by members of the A. A. U. is used for the further promotion of amateur sport or for the general welfare of the promoting organization as a whole.

In concluding, let us be willing to learn from the success of others. If other nationalities and their organizations have shown us a way, let us venture out on the strength of their accomplishments. They realized that Field Days meant much towards their development. Let us profit by their experience.

The Hobby Column

(2)

This week we appear with our second Hobby Column. It really is surprising the way the contributions have been coming in. I have more material than I know what to do with. But don't let that stop you readers from contributing. The more articles I receive the better. So keep on writing, you hobbyists!

We'll start this Column with an article from Miss Odaria T. Lohyn of 41 Liberty Avenue, Jersey City, N. J. Odaria's contribution reads as follow.—

TENNIS

What could be a nicer hobby than tennis? Once the lure of the tennis courts and the beautiful days get you, you become steadfast to it. Each play leads on to another game and each game inspires a better try. Who cares whether you know your A, B, C's, or whether you know how to trump your partner's ace?... but gosh! when you return an ace on the tennis courts it's one grand and glorious feeling!

After each play there is that desire to gain still another point and prove to yourself that you are not so bad after all. You either win or lose. If you lose you always try for a comeback, and if you win you look for someone who is a better player. Each player uses a different technique and has certain tricks in striking the ball that makes each and every game a different one, thereby avoiding any monotony. Even though at the end of the season you may consider yourself a good player and decide to use less energy, yet the next year will find you at it again as you strive to regain your form.

The moments become so tense that you hardly breathe or move out of place; each second is exciting; then the "serve," and oh! what a "return!" It was placed beyond reach and a point is gained. Too bad, partner... you'll have to do better. My but his "serves" are getting sharp! And you'll have to watch your step. And so the game goes on, the score going from 15-0 to 40-love and then game. Yes, that was a love game... the points were all gained by one side. There is no fun in that. You strive to lose with a high score such as 6-4, at least. So put out your chest and pull in your chin. Two hours of such competition is enough for any good sport. Did you win? Well, that's fine. Oh, you lost? Well, here's for better luck tomorrow. Sure you'll win... just keep on trying.

The value of the game can be judged from the fact that you enjoy the outdoors... you gain poise and grace. The desire for something better is attained. Your character becomes developed through contacts with your various partners and friendship among tennis players is both interesting and worthwhile. Then again the game can be played with either two or four players. There is no limit to its advantages.

The cost in comparison to the pleasures derived from the game is too trivial to hinder you. Do you hesitate to see a good show? I guess not. So I am sure that if you are an earnest tennis lover you won't mind getting yourself into a good "racket." All you need is a pair of tennis shoes, a racket, a few balls and some good spunk. The tennis courts are the least of your worries. They are plentiful and they actually beg you to pay them a visit. It's the weather... yes, the weather is what gets you. You'll be all set for a good game when the thunders and clouds signal a warning and you decide that there is always a tomorrow. On second thought you would rather play today regardless of the rain. So you divert yourself to indoor tennis. No, I don't mean

that little game known by the name of "ping-pong." I mean real indoor tennis.

Well, another day has come. You're all set and then you go. A beautiful day, full of energy, a fresh start and a partner. Say, who could ask for more?

Here's hoping that Odaria's contribution draws some favorable comment. And now we have a little contribution from Miss Ann Kisielicia of 124 Churchill Street, McKees Rocks, Pa. Ann's article reads as follows:

COLLECTING

When I entered high school four years ago I developed a peculiar habit which I now call my hobby. I never went anywhere without bringing back a memento, a dance program, a football ticket, a tally, a menu—anything that would serve to remind me of the event in question. As my collection grew I conceived the notion of making a scrap book of all my mementos. And therein lies my hobby scrap books.

At the present time, I have five scrap books. Each book contains its own particular subject. The one I cherish most is the one I mentioned above... my memento scrap book.

In my card book, I have a collection of all my cards... the usual holiday greetings, valentines, birthday and graduation wishes and "wish you were here" cards or postal cards from well-meaning vacationists.

Perhaps the most educational of my accumulation of books is my book of current events... a collection of newspaper clippings on important and interesting occurrences. At present all my spare time (and then some) is taken up with the Ethiopian situation.

Another one of my books is devoted to various types of pictures, most of which I cut out from magazines.

The newest addition to my already-thriving hobby is a collection of college stickers. Most of the best-known universities are represented in this recently-acquired addition, not to mention a few of the lesser known.

All hobbyists desiring to have their articles appear in this Column are requested to submit same to its conductor, whose name and address is

THEODORE LUTWINIAK,
81-83 Grand Street,
Jersey City, N. J.

THE ODDS HAVE IT

It is customary to have houses numbered evenly on one side of the street, with odd numbers on the other, yet some city houses must have odd numbers on both sides of the same street. Before reading any further, can you figure out why and how? Here's the answer.

Crowded city dwellings necessitate at times fractional numbers, so that halves and even quarters are added to the even numbers, making them odd. Do you get it?

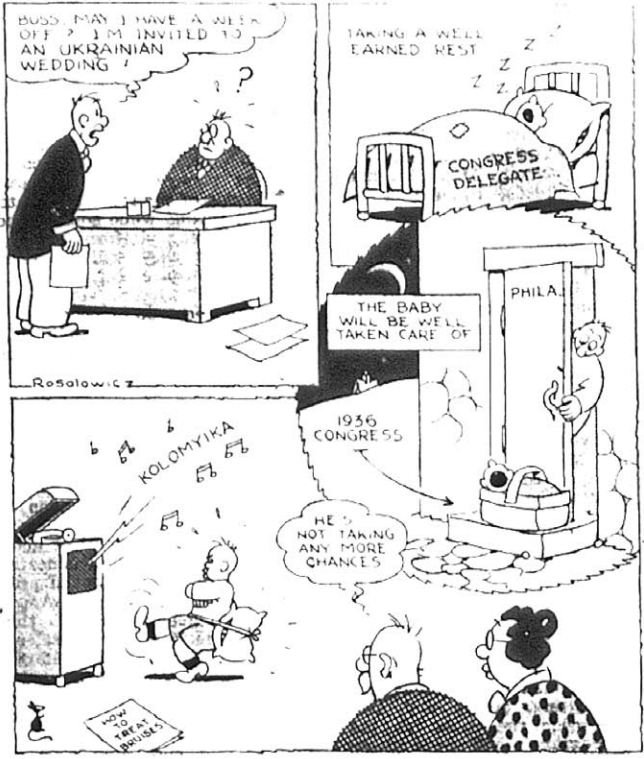
AL YARR.

WANT TO KNOW ABOUT UKRAINE?

If you have any inquiry concerning the Ukrainian people, write in to the Ukrainian Cultural Center (department of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America) in care of its secretary, Miss Mary Ann Bodnar, 341 E. 17th Street, New York City. All replies will be published in the Ukrainian Weekly.

NEW YORK CITY

We'll see you at the Ukrainian Civic Center's FOURTH ANNUAL DANCE to be held SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 9th at the Westover Hotel, 253 West 72nd Street, at 9:00 P. M. Admission \$1.00.



The Ukrainian Ballet

Writing about Ukrainians in connection with the ballet. I should like my readers to note that first and foremost my point is to attract the attention of our Ukrainian youth dancers. Call it what you will or regard it merely as an article advertising a fine art, you must, however, understand that I am doing this purely and simply because I see a great and glorious future stretching out before us in this field of endeavor.

Mr. Dmitro Chutro, Ukrainian Ballet master, has written a number of articles concerning his ambition to create an unexcelled Ukrainian Ballet, which would in the near future heap glories upon our people and our country Ukraine.

Strange as it may seem I have not read, as yet, any articles by our American-Ukrainian youth in response to his pleas. Why is it? What is it? Have our so-called Ukrainian dancers suddenly become exterminated? Honestly and truly, you, whom I read so much about, come out from behind those sheltering bushes and do something about this! I'm not a dancer and yet I'm just tickled and thrilled to death with the idea! I can't imagine what state you dancers must be in! Certainly, it can't be in any kind of an active state for I can't detect the slightest bit of activity in the crowd. Didn't I hear on some place that here and there so many Ukrainian dancers entertained and won laurels for themselves? Didn't I hear the word "masses" being used in connection with their numbers in dance exhibitions? Didn't I also hear something about prizes? Well—gee whiz... what wrong??? Has everybody suddenly become paralyzed? Can't they see this is their opportunity? Don't they know that it doesn't knock twice on the same door? Come on! Come out of the coma! Get going!

Just imagine yourselves as part of a mighty and world-famous Ukrainian Ballet! Gee—what a picture! A mass of our Ukrainian sons and daughters performing for the cultured and artistically inclined world a form of entertainment which cannot be surpassed in beauty or in dancing technique!

My goodness—my imagination is running away with me. I only do hope that you dancers would be aroused half as much as I am. What is the good in performing

time and time again in small, local halls before unappreciative audiences who, perhaps, just about grasp the meaning of your dancing? You should have a higher aim, a great goal which you should strive to attain. Can you think of a better one than this which would be of immense value to everybody concerned? Now—if you were to cooperate, and dance for the cause which advocate, you would be doing something! You would be doing everything! With your talents, your ambitions and your grace, you would be perfect tools in the hands of a perfect sculptor who would mold you into perfect spirits of Ukraine interpreting, through the ballet (which you know is pantomime dancing) the struggle of Ukraine to drop her binding shackles and appear at the rising sun in the glory of her beauty.

MARY SARABUN,
Bridgeport, Pa.

UKRAINIAN EXHIBIT AT HUNTER COLLEGE

At an exhibit of knitting, embroidery, and handwork of various students of Hunter College, held there Wednesday, October 16, 1935, under the auspices of the Culture Committee of Bronx Executive Board, a special exhibit of Ukrainian embroidery was submitted by Miss Alexandra Lyketye, a Ukrainian student. A white peasant blouse, arm bands, and scarfs were the outstanding features of Miss Lykhtey's contribution.

FESTIVAL IN ROCHESTER

Rochester, N. Y. At the Neighborhood Night festival held in the Benjamin Franklin High School, Friday, October 11, 1935, a Ukrainian program of songs and dances was presented together with the offerings of other nationalities.

A small boy danced the Ukrainian "Chumak," two girls danced the "Kozachok," and four Boy Scouts from the local Ukrainian Catholic Church performed the Zaporozhian Gossack dance to the music of a small village orchestra. A mixed chorus, directed by Michael Yurkiw, sang several Ukrainian songs.