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YOUTH TODAY

IDEAL AGAINST PRACTICAL LIFE

Last week, the National Education Association, the largest professional organization of American teachers, appointed a commission of fifteen school men and women to chart the ideal direction for American schools in the modern age.

This might appear to be a hitching of the school to a star, to an ideal, but we read in the announcement of the purpose of the commission that every subject in the curriculum and every time-hallowed method are to be realistically appraised in the light of today's social needs.

EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD?

It was reported from Moscow, on November 29, that questionnaires addressed to both French and Soviet children revealed that children in Russia are more serious in outlook than children in France.

In answer to the question what was their ideal in life, French children replied: to be rich; to have a bicycle; to travel; to be an admiral; to read books with happy endings. From Soviet youngsters the same question brought such answers as: to overthrow capitalism and build socialism; to be like Voroshilov; to study to be outstanding in sport.

On the basis of these answers the Soviet leaders exhibit their children as the eighth wonder of the world. This, however, brings to my mind the words of William Cobbet: "How angry would they be if any one were to tell them that their children's endowments equalled those of a parrot or a bullfinch! Yet a German bird-teacher would make either of these more perfect in this species of oratory."

THE WONDER — BEFORE A MIRROR

On December 7, a special cable to the New York Times reported from Moscow that a chain of cosmetic shops was opened throughout the Soviet Union as a result of a vast government campaign to popularize the use of cosmetics.

The report says that the campaign of the government is successful, and this time the report could be trusted.

But what about the dead seriousness of Soviet children?

WHERE TO STUDY?

Students from New York University, Manhattan College, Fordham, Hunter College and Mount St. Vincent's argued, in a public debate held on December 6th, the relative advantages of a college education in institutions located in large and small communities.

The judges decided that the advantages of an education obtained in colleges in a large community surpassed those offered by colleges in smaller communities.

AT LAST THEY'LL KNOW

The Westchester Workshop, a centre of arts and crafts, organized a toy-repair shop in which cast-off playthings are transformed into seemingly new Christmas gifts.

Only by breaking their parent's wishes, could children so far look into dolls to examine what was in them. From now they will not only see what is inside of their dolls but will put them back into the old shape.

(Concluded last column)

Praise and Criticism

In countries of a predominantly rural character, as in Ukraine, the peasant has usually been very much glorified. His sturdy nature and homely wit have inspired oratorical flights and press paeans. Poets sentimentalize over him. Philosophers imitate him. Rulers praise him. Political parties rush in to claim him as their own. Conservatives, radicals, nationalists, internationalists,—all flutter about him with the most obvious and flattering attention, bowing and scraping, effusively proclaiming their undying devotion to him and his welfare. Surely, enough to turn anyone's head.

Throughout it all, however, the peasant remains the same. Cannily aware of its various implications and shallowness he is but little impressed by all this pother about him. Stolidly he steps in the footsteps of his forefathers, jealously guarding his age-old customs and habits, and suspiciously regarding any change or innovation.

And yet, whatever the motives that prompt the praise that is showered upon him, the fact remains that the peasant richly deserves it. Oppressed, beaten, and bulldozed by his rulers, he nevertheless is an indispensable and often deciding factor in the life and fate of his country. He is its very backbone. History abounds with examples of this, dating from the most ancient to modern times. And not the least striking of these examples is that of Ukraine.

The Ukrainian peasant can truly be said to have decided the fate of Ukraine. Had it not been for him, there would not have been any Ukrainian nation today. For there was a very dark period in Ukrainian history when all seemed lost, when the country ravaged by innumerable enemies lay prostrate at their feet, when all her resources, both material and spiritual, were seized by her rapacious neighbors, Russia and Poland, when even her higher stratas of society deserted her. It was then that the Ukrainian peasant showed his true worth. Refusing to forsake his nationality and heritage he remained steadfast throughout the most trying of times, and thereby helped to bring about the Ukrainian revival. For that great service he deserves to be enshrined forever in the heart of the Ukrainian nation.

However, we must recognize that despite his invaluable service to Ukraine there is such a thing as overpraise, which by its extremism tends to ignore or gloss over those aspects of his character and conduct that need remedying. Of late, the Ukrainian press in the old country has itself recognized this fact and has sought to equalize the situation by means of various articles dealing with the deplorable aspects of peasant life and their remedies.

For example, the peasant's somewhat arbitrary attitude towards his womenfolk, his manner of conduct, his obsolete methods of husbandry, have all been roundly, but constructively, criticized. His recent interest in sports, too, begets a flaying at the hands of the critics: it is charged that he remains irresponsible to the true spirit of sportsmanship, and places all emphasis on winning. The spectator at sport spectacles is especially made a target for vigorous criticism. It becomes not the modern civilized man, be he peasant or not, writes the Ukrainian press, to imitate the conduct and mob instinct that characterized the gladiator shows of ancient Rome.

Justified or not, however, all this criticism is very necessary to counteract some of the former paeans of praise for the Ukrainian peasant. It is also a healthy sign of a nation's development. And—we certainly could use "quite a bit" of it here, among us, American-Ukrainians.

JOIN THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

FRIENDS OF UKRAINE ELECTED TO PARLIAMENT

The Ukrainian Bureau in London reports that at the recent parliamentary elections all of the M. P.'s who are members of the Anglo-Ukrainian Committee were reelected to Parliament, in addition to the election of several other well known friends of the Ukrainians.

The Anglo-Ukrainian Committee includes members of both houses as well as representatives from other walks of life. It has been formed because it is felt that the position of the Ukrainians in their native country under foreign rule requires the urgent attention of the British public.

FRENCH NATIONALISTS IN DEFENSE OF UKRAINE

The official organ of the French Nationalist Party recently published a lengthy article about the Ukrainian cause in which its author, the well known journalist Valere Radeau, writes of the mistreatment of Ukrainians by the Soviets. He recommends that less attention be paid to the Ethiopian situation and more to the fate of the 40 million Ukrainian nation enslaved in Eastern Europe, as the latter, in his opinion, is of greater ultimate importance.

NEW UKRAINIAN PUBLICATIONS

A new Ukrainian daily appeared last month in Warsaw. It is "Ukrainsky Vistl." Its editor is Dmytro Paliyiv.

Last month also witnessed the birth of a theatrical journal in Lwiv, published by the local Ukrainian theatrical company "Zahrava."

In Brussels, Belgium, the Society of Ukrainian Soldiers has recently undertaken the publication of "Voyak" (Soldier), a new journal devoted to military matters. Its editor is General Omelean Pavlenko, commandant of the former Army of the Ukrainian National Republic.

NEW UKRAINIAN FILMS FROM KIEV

Reports from Kiev indicate that the "Ukrainofilim" will produce during the coming year the following films: Shors, directed by Dowzhenko; Dnipro,—by Kavaleridze; Revizor,—by Karostina; Nazar Stodolya,—by Tarasina; Pisnya pro svitcheku,—by Hrycher, and Natalka Poltavka.

DEMOCRACY AT STAKE?

A lively discussion is going on among American educational leaders. Several state legislatures have seen a danger to American free institutions in the subversive communistic propaganda, and passed laws ordering the teachers of public schools to take an oath of loyalty.

Now many prominent educators protest against these laws as against "impertinent interference with academic freedom," "ineffective meddling," and "a hindrance to the free examination of ideas which is essential in a democracy."

A Brief Survey of Ukrainian Literature

By ARTHUR PRUDDEN COLEMAN, M. A., PH. D.

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(Continued)

(Address delivered at the "Evening of Ukrainian Literature," held in Schermerhorn Hall, Columbia University, November 22, 1935.)

At once there arose in the new university an enormous interest in ethnography. Out of this naturally grew the impulse to collect the rich and numerous folk poetry and popular songs of Ukraine. Even to Moscow spread this impulse, so that soon: the eminent Slavonicist Osip Bodyansky began to scour all of Ukraine, even to Carpatho-Rus', for native songs. In 1837 he wrote an essay on the folk poetry of the Slavs in which he claimed that so far the Ukrainian collection had proved to be of the greatest richness.

Mikola Kostomariw

In the 1830's the center of Ukrainian life shifted again, back to Kiev. This was occasioned by the founding in Kiev of a university to replace the Polish Lyceum of Krezymanetz and the University of Wilno, both of which the Russian administration had closed. Then in 1845 there came to Kiev, first as teacher in the gymnasium, later as professor in the University, the scholar Mikola Kostomariw. Becoming interested at once in the Ukrainian cause as it formed a part of the great Slavonic cause in which he was so absorbed, Kostomariw consecrated his life to the task of writing Ukraine's history. Not only did he pursue scholarly research, but he was active also in the Brotherhood of Cyril and Methodius in Kiev, entering wholeheartedly into the formulation of the Pan-Slavonic program for that organization. One of Kostomariw's works, *The Book of Genesis of the Ukrainian People*, idealizes Ukraine and imagines for it a Messianic role. Kostomariw's activities with the Brotherhood were eventually curbed, but his literary and

scholarly work went on. His contributions to the history of Ukraine are legion. The most important of them are his *Bohdan Khmelnitsky (1857)* and his *Rebellion of Stenka Razin (1860)*, both written with a truthful but lively pen.

From this point on, the story of Ukraine's cultural development during the 19th and 20th centuries should be set down in three parallel columns; since it proceeded simultaneously, though with widely varying degrees of success and intensity, in three different sections of partitioned Ukraine: in *Russian Ukraine*, with Kiev as its center; in Galicia radiating from Lwiv (then Lemberg) and in Bukovina whose cultural capital was Chernivtsi.

Markian Shashkevich

Thus, in the '30's, during the very years when the University of Kiev was being established, soon to become under Kostomariw's guidance a nourishing ground for Ukrainian scholarship, there appeared in Lwiv a herald of Ukrainian awakening in the person of Markian Shashkevich (1811-44). Born in the Zolochiw (Zloczow on present day maps) district of Galicia, on the high plateau region that overlooks a shimmering blue and gold ocean of billowing grain-fields, Shashkevich early became alive to the fact that something was wrong with his people. Then, having studied in the gymnasium of Lwiv philosophy and history, and having read with eagerness the works of such scholars as Dobrovsky and Kopitar, and of folklorists like Celakovsky, and having felt reverberations of the great general Slav awakening, Shashkevich realized that the fate of Ukraine was identical with the universal Slav plight. Thinking through the problem to a solution, Shashkevich came to the

conclusion that no one could save the Ukrainian race but itself, that light, as always, must come from within. He turned at once from Polish, the language he and most other Galician Ukrainians used in polite speech and in writing, and began to preach and to write in the native spoken Ukrainian. His sermons and his writings served to arouse the Ukrainian people from their deep spiritual lethargy. His collections of songs and stories and customs of Ukraine, published after great difficulty in Budapest under the name *Rusalka Dniestrovaya* brought him under the censor's ban. Persecution followed him like an implacable Javert all the rest of his brief life and he died of want and misery at the age of thirty-three, a martyr to his faith in the Ukrainian race. During his lifetime, Shashkevich was greatly supported in his work as folklorist and publicist by two friends, Yakiv Holovatsky and Ivan Vahilevich, but after his death the two surviving members of the so-called Ukrainian Trinity did not long carry on the work their leader had inspired. But a century later Shashkevich's memory is still green and his life and works are remembered with an almost personal poignancy. His *Spring Song*, sung by thousands of youth of Ukrainian origin who have never seen the land of their forefathers, has become a cherished racial possession, a fragment affectionately repeated from generation to generation:

Spring Song

Wee flow'ret lone,
Is prying its mother,
Spring, lovely Mother,
"Hearken, my own,
One wish I ask thee,
One desire grant me:
Let me but flower,
Let me once shower
The meadows with beauty,

Like sunlight, with brilliance,
Like starlight, with radiance;
Let me press tightly
All earth to myself."
"Dear little pigeon,
Could I but help
My poor little sad one!
Winds shall whine shrilly,
Frost shall grip chilly,
Hurricanes groan.
Beauty will darken,
Pale flow'rets blacken,
Small heads will languish,
Tiny leaves vanish,
Blossom buds moan."

Taras Shevchenko

Back to Russia now leads the trail of Ukraine's story, for it was out of Kiev district that there came in the second decade of the 19th century one who was to become Ukraine's finest poet and her noblest spirit, Taras Shevchenko. Born on the 9th of March, 1814, in the village of Morintsi in the district of Zvenihorod in Kiev vicinity, Shevchenko began his life in a peasant hut and as the son of a serf. His life, thus begun, was symbolic from the first of the Ukrainian destiny. To the end it remained symbolic.

At the age of nine Shevchenko lost his mother, and in his twelfth year he was left a complete orphan. The hard life of a community herdboy stretched out before him. But young Taras could not reconcile such an existence with his dreams. He learned, therefore, to paint holy pictures, taking his lessons from an iconographer who gave the boy the hardest and the least skilled work to do. Finally, having been able to buy himself out of serfdom through the help of artist friends, Shevchenko left his native village. He entered the Art Academy in St. Petersburg and there became the most beloved pupil of the great artist Bryulov. In exile from his beloved Ukraine, Shevchenko yearned to visit it again. His dreams were realized in 1843. His return to Ukraine was a triumphal journey, for he was greeted in his homeland as the brightest hope of the Ukrainian race.

(To be continued)

THE JAY'S WING

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated by R. L. Wissotzky-Kuntz)

(Continued)

(4)

"My poor, stupid Massino!"

And you, wise, strong clever Marya,—have you attained great happiness? Why, then, does this letter bear traces of your tears? The moment before our parting is very vivid in my memory too. The veranda well-hidden by ivy; a little table with a lamp on it in the corner; you on a chair on one side of it, I on the other. Henris just left and you are still giggling after him.

"Maniussia," I said, "you are very jolly today."

"I am, indeed! Ha, ha, ha!"

"May I know the cause of your mirth?"

"Perhaps it is before tears."

"What is the matter, darling? Why speak of tears, my little bird?"

"And I clasped your hand. You got up, freed your hand, lay both of them upon my shoulders, and looked into my eyes thoughtfully. I can see you as you looked at that moment, as plainly, as vividly, as though you were before me now. You wore a dress of red muslin with white dots. On your bosom was pinned an opal brooch, a metal comb held your hair. You bent over me, while my eyes rested on your heaving bosom. I looked up your face. Your lips were quivering."

"Do you love me, Massino?" you asked quietly.

"My child, you know how I love you!"

I pressed your hand to my lips. You drew it away gently and lay it again upon my shoulder. A stifled sigh lifted your bosom. I sat there admiring you.

"Do you love me, Massino?" you asked once more.

"Maniussia mine!"

I embraced you and pressed you to me. You trembled, your breath quickened and your hands shook.

"Is it really true, do you really love me, Massino?"

"How can I prove it?"

"How could you prove it," you repeated with disappointment, regarding me with dreamy eyes:

"How could you prove it? How do I know?"

"Happiness is a fact which needs no proofs," I answered. "I am happy."

"You are happy!" You seemed as soulless as the moon.

Suddenly your eyes lit up with bright spark, and you asked, "What is happiness?"

It gave me so much pleasure to look at you, to be intoxicated by your beauty. This was my happiness. A philosophic definition of happiness seemed sacrilegious at that heavenly moment, which your laughter interrupted. From outside came the jingling of the bells. . . . You left—never to return. I sat on the veranda smoking a cigarette, waiting for you. . . .

What a fool! Blind, egoistic fool! How could I have misunderstood you then? I understand, I know now: that moment decided my fate. It was then that I lost you. O, what an idiot I am! The aesthet killed the living person in me, and I imagine now that I am proud of the corpse.

Manya, Manya, can you forgive me the unpardonable sin of that hour?

"Do you remember the dress I wore that night? Red with white dots. I have it still. I cherish it as the dearest memory. It reminds me of the last minutes spent with you. At times, when I think of all the past experiences, I begin to doubt whether I am the same person. It seems to me that my soul was transferred to a new strange body. In those moments this dress is the living proof of my identity. I kiss it and saturate it with my tears. Do you know why? I am haunted by the thought that I must appear before you in that dress once more. That is why it is so sacred to me. It is a bond between me and better future."

How poor one must be to cling to such relics! A piece of old muslin, a wing of a bird killed years ago, a flower withered before time, an old book written in an almost forgotten tongue! . . . But our hearts cling to these inanimate articles, our imagination

clothes them with beauty and mystery. We cherish those relics, suffer, fight and die for them! An outsider, who looks with impartial eyes and a faithless heart,—would either laugh at it, or turn away from it in disgust!

How I laughed, how I laughed sitting next to Henris. The jingling of the bells was our signal. My belongings were packed long before and hidden in the carriage. In my room I left the following note to my father: "Papa, darling! I am going to visit my aunt, who begged me to come. I shall stay there a few days. Do not be lonesome without me." There was not a drop of sorrow in my soul. Later, Oh, later, it came,—not a drop, but a great autumn cloud, which has hung over me for the past three years.

How I laughed, leaving my home! My heart fluttered like a bird freed from its cage. I grabbed Henris, whose hands were occupied with reins, kissed him, and felt like biting his naive girlish face. Oh, if I knew then, what I found out later! . . .

We came to Horodok. I went to a Jew, whom I knew well, told him that I came to spend a few days with my aunt, and would like someone to take my father's horses home. There happened to be a man from our village. I arranged with him about the horses, gave him a note to my father, and went to the railroad station. In a few minutes Henris and I sat in a separate coupe of the train bound for Krakow.

Henris had everything arranged. His father, a wealthy merchant, lived in Krakow. He had a vil-

Ramblings of a word-hunter

(1)

ENGLISH WORDS IN THE UKRAINIAN LANGUAGE

As you noticed the title, you probably thought that I am going to write about that current jargon which some of our people use when addressing their children and even the adults. Something like the command of a Ukrainian mother to her son I heard the other day:

„Подивися через вінду на стріту, чи Джан ше далі джоннає через лайну, та клич його істи сопєр.”

Well, I am not going to write about anything of the sort. I want to bring to your attention certain English words which have found their way into the Ukrainian LITERARY language, which is into the Ukrainian language as it is used by intelligent people careful about their words and expressions. Yes, there are English words in the Ukrainian literary language, and many of them, at that, and it seems to me an interesting study to see at what occasions they were adopted into the Ukrainian language, what words, for what reason and purpose, and in what form.

SWAPPING WORDS

Ukraine lies far from the English-speaking countries, and had, until lately, only few relations with them. As usually happens in such cases, the languages of the two groups adopt only few words from one another. The first words to be adopted will be those that describe the peculiarities of the landscape of the other country. Just as the English adopted from the Ukrainian language (through Russian) the word "steppe," to differentiate between the English "heath" and the grassy plains of the Black Sea, the Ukrainians adopted the English word "ias" (ліяс) the name of the rock so common in some sections of England.

The flora and fauna of England offered few specimens to induce the Ukrainian to adopt special words from the English language. It was different with American

flora and fauna. The American continent was simply teeming with animals unknown in Ukraine. What could the Ukrainian do when he wanted to call those animals by names which could properly identify the animals to himself and to others if not to adopt the names currently used in the English language of America (or should I say, in the American language)? And thus we have adopted from the American language such words as: bison (бізон), skunk (скулк), coyote (койот), and opossum (опосум). From American flora nomenclature the Ukrainians have adopted: sequoia (секвоя). In geography, the Ukrainians paid themselves off with the word "prairie" (прєрія) for the "steppe." Naturally, many of these American adoptives in the Ukrainian language are of Indian or other origins.

ENGLISH SOCIAL LIFE LOANS UKRAINIANS MANY WORDS

The second group of the English words adopted into the Ukrainian language constitutes those words which denote various social relations typical of England.

Thus the Ukrainians felt that the English nobility are different than the Polish or the Russian nobility with whom they were familiar, and instead of using the words "шляхта" or "дворянство," they adopted for them the English words: lord (лорд), lady (лейді), earl (єрль), baronet (баронет), gentry (джентрі), and milord (мілорд), milady (мілейді); with them went the usual English forms of address: Mr. (містер), Miss (місс), Mrs. (містріс, sic!), "sir" (сєр). And the "squire" (сквайр) tagged after.

Some of these lent themselves to the Ukrainian use as soon as they were adopted. The "gentleman," for instance, no sooner he was admitted into the Ukrainian language than he began to behave like an old-timer, just as such long naturalized words, as "скамен," "непрамен," "Семєн."

"Lady," on the other hand, because of her ending, strange for the Ukrainian language, was felt by the Ukrainians as an intruder, like a fashionable woman, dressed in an evening gown with a long train, among simple girls dressed in their working clothes. No wonder, that some American Ukrainians betray the desire to dress her also for work, calling her "лейда."

"HOOLIGAN'S" TRAVELS FROM IRELAND, THROUGH ENGLAND AND RUSSIA, TO UKRAINE

With "lords" and "ladies," there came to Ukraine their various antonyms, such as: mob, tramp, hooligan, to mention only the most prominent ones.

The adoption of the word "mob" is interesting as the Ukrainian language has several words to denote a disorderly mass of people, such as: навала, натиск, збіговище, валява, товпа, галайстра, натовп, згряя, аула, череда, стадо, юрба, гурт, and so on, some of them of the original Ukrainian stock, others adopted from other languages.

The adoption of the word "tramp" is interesting for the same reason. The Ukrainian language is unusually rich in synonyms to denote various types of vagrancy. I permit myself to enumerate but a few, without exhausting the list: ходжай, ходак, мандрівник, бурлак, скитальник, тягака, волоцюга, блудяга, забіга, швендалка, заволока, прибулда, приплєнтач, with all their derivatives, diminutives, augmentatives, and so on.

The adoption of the word "hooligan" is interesting still from another standpoint. This word, as Ernest Weekly tells me in his ROMANCE OF WORDS, originates from "a spirited Irish family of that name whose proceedings enlivened the drab monotony of life in Southwark towards the end of the 19th century." Having thus traveled from Ireland to England, the word had to go first to Russia to be adopted into the

Russian language before it could pass into Ukraine. In Russia, the "hooligan" acquired a special meaning: it came to denote brutal rowdies often used by the agents-provocateurs of the Russian tsarist police to combat various movements dissatisfied with the tsarist regime. As a mark of his Russian experiences, the "hooligan" in Ukrainian carries on its forehead the letter "x" because the Russians have in their language no sound corresponding to "h" in "hooligan" and used a different sound, closest to it (which commonly is transliterated by "kh"). If the Ukrainians had adopted the "hooligan" directly from England, they would have called him "гуліган." Introducing him from Russia, they took him with all his Russian garb. As so the Ukrainians have "хулїган," out of which they form such derivatives as: хулїганство, хулїганський.

Another interesting adoption from the English language is the "snob." As other races, so also the Ukrainians have quite a number of those people who vulgarly affect gentility, who cringe before their superiors while lordling it over those whom they look as beneath them, people who look up to those in position and riches as possessed of higher character. Such people were written about by Ukrainian writers, satirized by Ukrainian poets (notably by Volodymyr Sameylenko), and yet the Ukrainian language has not created a word for them. And so the Ukrainian language helped itself to the ready-made English word, made so popular by the works of Thackeray. With it went the word "snobbism" (снобізм).

It was from the English language that the word "pioneer," itself of Romance origin, was adopted into the Ukrainian language. It may seem strange that the Ukrainian race who has so many times trod ahead of others, blazing new paths, clearing underbrush, in a true pioneering spirit, has not created a word for it. But this is no proof against her pioneering, only a proof that there was in her pioneering very little self-consciousness.

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lage with a forest, which were to be given to Henris as soon as he was married. We shall be married, leave for the village and when everything was settled in our beautiful household, we shall invite my father. How wonderful!! Henris did not want to speak to my father before. He was sure that father would be contented to see me happily married to him. The road to Krakow passed among the building of plans, kisses, caresses, and serious conversation. At Krakow, a surprise awaited us. We were met by Zygmont, the manager of Henris' father's estate. Zygmont was a tall broad, strong man, with a black beard, small shining eyes, and a cold unpleasant expression on his face. I disliked him immediately. Henris was very intimate with him and they conversed for a long while. Then he came into the dining-room where I was having breakfast, and told me that his father is now at Warsaw, where they have a large family. We are also to go there. As their house is rented to some count, we shall spend the night at a hotel. Zygmont is to get passports for us, and tomorrow we shall join our folks at Warsaw.

I was too happy to look into the matter, I gave myself to Henris in a moment of passion, and it really did not matter where and when we would be married. I went to my room to rest, while Henris was engaged in some business. He returned to luncheon. Then, after having spent a little while with me, he left again and returned in the evening. He had

a passport for him and his "wife." This confirmed title gave me great joy, and I kissed Henris madly. In a quarter of an hour we left for Warsaw.

Henris, Henris! I do not remember him well. Just a milk-sop! He could never look straight into one's eyes. And who would think that he... Yes, Manya's father went once to Krakow with his daughter and brought Henris back with him. The old man was happy to have found an assistant with so much knowledge and practice for such a small compensation. Indeed, he must have had practice! The forester loved him like a son. He took him along everywhere and had no secrets from the cur.

It is curious that when after police investigations and futile efforts to find Manussia, it became evident that she eloped with Henris, the old father gave up the search, never mentioned Henris' name, became silent and lived in seclusion until he died.

"Do you believe me, Massino? Did you ever dream of being frightened by something and trying to escape. And you are being pursued. Enemies, dogs, wild-beasts are chasing you. You run with all your might, but there are new foes after you. Your feet give up, you trip and fall into an abyss. You fly down, still hearing the pursuit. You expect to hit something hard and be smashed—and you wake! You are covered with perspiration, your heart beats violently, you tremble, wondering whether it was a dream or reality. This is the kind of a

dream I am living in during the last three years.

Cruel months and years, when such a moment is sufficient to crush a live soul. I have grown callous to the terrors of my life. I never give in to tears, sorrow, or fear. I went through everything during those three years: disillusionment, exile, riches, and poverty. Recently I met a soldier, who came from Galicia and knew my father. He told me that my father died three months after my elopement, and that he had called me a thief. Me, who was so proud, pure, honest and innocent then. If the rumors about the theft have reached you, my falcon, I implore you, do not believe them. I knew nothing about the theft, I learned about it later... But I had to go through this frightful accusation of my father before his death...

Yes, my Massino, I suffered and endured all that! And yet my admirers claim that I am still pretty. Of course, here, under Japanese bullets and shells, people cannot be too particular...

All this is just a sketch, an outline, a skeleton of my sufferings. I could find neither enough paper, nor time and strength to describe all my life in detail. I shall just touch the aching strings lightly...

We crossed the Russian frontier safely. Henris winked peculiarly to the gendarmes, and they passed us. I was astonished, when at the next station, we were joined by Zygmont. At Krakow he behaved like a servant, now he treated Henris as his inferior? I

could not bear his behavior and asked Henris in a pretty loud voice to get rid of the "low creature." Both of them laughed and continued to speak in a language I could not understand. Soon Sigmunt left us.

"Henris," I said trembling, "who is this man? I fear him. What does he want with us? How does he dare treat you as his subordinate?"

"Child," he answered. "He is my uncle, my mother's brother, a childless wealthy inhabitant of Lubelsk."

"Then why did you introduce him to me as the manager of your house?"

Henris blushed and said: "You see, Manussia, he is mixed up in some affair at Krakow. That is why he had to come there registered as our manager."

I did not know the world, Massino. I was brought up in the woods, among good, simple, honest people. Something in me revolted against Henris' stories, but I could not speak about it. Henris tried to calm me down with his kisses and jokes.

We stopped at a hotel. Henris and Sigmunt went away. Henris came back to dinner very tired. He left again and returned late at night. It seemed to me that he was drunk. He went to sleep without saying a word. This kept up for the next two days. To my questions about his family, Henris answered with a clear smile, cynical remarks, or silence. I wept incessantly.

(To be continued)

"I WRITE AS I PLEASE"

It was with whetted curiosity that we started reading Walter Duranty's I WRITE AS I PLEASE, for the author's cables from Moscow appearing in The New York Times have aroused our feelings on more than one occasion with their pro-Bolshevik color and their ignoring or white-washing of the famine and suffering in Soviet Ukraine.

We found the book most interesting. It is a curious compilation of history, autobiography and adventure, in which Duranty effectively projects his personality and philosophy upon the reader.

Insofar as its style is concerned, the book's title is truly descriptive. But insofar as its contents relative to the Soviet program and methods are concerned, it seems that certain aspects of them would have appeared more in keeping with some such title as I WRITE AS I TALK, as Duranty himself half-admits when he recounts of his "deathbed resolutions" to write as he pleases and then, of his subsequent realization that this was out of question "even without any harsh remarks from the Soviet censor or my New York office." Although this last remark of his was made in connection with newspaper writing yet for us it is equally applicable to the book.

Our impression is that although Duranty believes in the Soviet experiment and condones all the needless suffering, cruelty and pain arising from it on the grounds of necessity, still he has certain misgivings and sees many flaws and errors in the Bolsheviks and their methods, which he seems to hesitate to express frankly but which can be detected nevertheless by reading in between the lines. Perhaps someday when he has retired permanently from newspaper writing with all its restrictions he will then write a book about the Bolsheviks where in he will truly speak his mind, freely and openly, without fear of any possible consequences, a book which will really deserve the title I WRITE AS I PLEASE.

When we started to read the book we had hopes of finding some form of admission by Duranty that perhaps he has been wrong after all in presenting in his dispatches such rosy pictures of Soviet progress and ignoring everything that did not fit into them. Our hopes were but partly realized. For he writes,

"In 1928 there began for me a period which lasted nearly four years upon which I look back with mingled regret and pride. During much of the time I was in the position of seeing the wood so well that I did not distinguish the trees well enough. What I mean is that I gauged the "Party Line" with too much accuracy and when my opinion and expectations were justified by events, as they frequently were, I was so pleased with my own judgment that I allowed my critical faculty to lapse and failed to pay proper attention to the cost and immediate consequences of the policies that I had forseen."

Insofar as Ukraine in the political sense is concerned, there is but one or two of the slightest allusions to it in the book. Only once Duranty reveals of the existence of Ukrainian nationalists, and this in an indirect, seemingly accidental manner. It struck us that he was deliberately ignoring the issue. Or maybe it was a case of seeing the woods too well and not being able to distinguish the trees...

NEW YORK CITY

Young Ukrainian Nationalists, branch No. 11, invite you to attend a three-act comedy "AME-BYKANKA" to be held Saturday, December 14, 1935 at the Ukrainian Orthodox Church Hall, 334 E. 14th St. Commencement at 8:00 P. M. Admission 30 cents.

W H Y?

I have been reading with interest the exultations of our American-Ukrainian Youth in the Ukrainian Weekly of their various hobbies. I have been thrilled beyond words with the various exploits of our Americanized Ukrainians in the different fields of sport and other activities.

Yet, one hobby which none of our youth has thus far interested itself in is the mastering of our mother tongue so that it can speak it fluently and, what is more, read it readily.

It is true, that perhaps American books hold more interest for our youth because of their shortness and rapid climaxes. However, there are volumes upon volumes of Ukrainian books that are equally as thrilling. It seems to me that to read in our Ukrainian books about the Cossacks, their exploits, and the Sich, is enough to make any red-blooded Ukrainian sit up and take notice.

Our elders have not had the opportunity of free education unhampered by the Polish and Russian tyranny, as we have at present. Have we taken advantage of our opportunity? Emphatically, no! "I went to school for four years and that is enough for me" is our usual retort. On the other hand, again we remark "why should I go to a Ukrainian play? Let the old folk go, I'm going to the movies." I could cite innumerable excuses that we usually invent in order not to go to any affair that carries the name Ukrainian, whether it be educational or entertaining. Yet such conditions exist, as we ourselves do realize.

Many of us have been approached by American people or people of other races with the following query, "How would you write this sentence in Ukrainian or how would you say this or that in Ukrainian?" How many of us can honestly admit that we always answer that question? I know that the number is very small indeed.

I know that many of you read Robinson Crusoe written in English. How many of you have on the other hand read "The Son of Ukraine," which is almost the exact story of Robinson Crusoe written in Ukrainian.

How many of you have attended Ukrainian meetings where the spoken language supposedly is to be Ukrainian and in reality is American? How many of you have been asked what is your nationality and have replied to such a query with "Polish, Russian or Ruthenian" because you thought the stranger would not remember the word Ukrainian?

Believe you me, folks, nothing impresses a stranger more than for him to know that there is such a place as Ukraine, that Ukrainian is a written and spoken language all its own and that Ukrainian people and their customs do exist on this earth.

We have one failing to overcome. It is up to us, young folks, to begin to cultivate sufficient knowledge of our native tongue so that we may be able to read and write readily. Don't stop learning when you graduate from the Ukrainian school. Self-education is an asset which few of us have heard of; others have acquired it through sustained and persistent effort. It's not hard. Try it!

It is high time for us to realize that we will be the future leaders in our various communities, organizations and churches. Can we step into our father's footsteps knowing no Ukrainian, or at the most, very little? Indeed not!

So it behooves us to make progress in this one direction, namely, don't be ashamed of yourself, your native tongue, anywhere. Learn to read and write your language; but most of all don't you forget that you are a Ukrainian despite

SPORT DIVISION NEEDS WORKERS

The Basketball Department of the Sport Division of the "Ukrainian Youth's League of North America" takes this opportunity in presenting the first of a series of important proclamations and helpful suggestions, of interest to the readers in general, and particularly to all responsible bodies of basketball teams.

Let us remember, that to successfully fulfil the Herculean task of organizing new teams and creating sport leagues throughout the country, the Basketball Department will require the service of, innumerable volunteers from all sections, to play important parts in various capacities. Last season, when a call for volunteers was sounded in the press, only a few responded, and those few only from the East.

Perhaps it was a case of indifference, a feeling of incapability, or to them the Sport Division was something strange or fantastic. Whatever outlook it was, the Third Congress in Detroit amply demonstrated that the work of the Sport Division was closely observed, its efforts and progress appreciated, and a general manifestation arose, clamoring for greater and broader activity, prophesying a bright future.

The youth has at last realized the importance and prestige of the Sport Division, as its service is not only useful, but necessary. It serves as a Central Clearing House, dispensing information regarding athletic activities among our youth everywhere. Those who at first looked with skepticism on the practicability of the Sport Division, are now rallying to its support and are promising their cooperation. However, these enthusiasts are small in number. Much more activity and personal initiative must be instilled, in order to attain our objectives, and, by having an army of consistent, altruistic workers, this can easily be done, you will admit.

Therefore, if you have resolved or intend to utilize your spare time to good advantage for the Ukrainian athletic cause, there is no better way than to work for the Sport Division! This "work" is really a pleasurable and interesting pastime. Choose this as your avocation or make it your hobby, as Ted Lutwiniak would say. There are no pressing demands, impossible or inconvenient requests, or severe criticism emanating from the Sport Division. We are endeavoring to promote good-will, unification and organization, to be linked together as a chain, so as to learn to know each other better, and likewise tremendously aid in disseminating the good name, Ukrainian, by means of sports. You will experience no bossing, or telling you what to do. As far as we are concerned, all are of equal rank or power, but naturally, having different duties to perform, as you will soon see. Advancements are made of those who have proved to be exceptionally active, and produced results. Retaining this in mind, following are the open posts yet to be filled, which will afford you an opportunity of proving your worth.

(To be concluded)

ALEXANDER YAREMKO,
(Basketball Director).

the fact that you were born on American soil.

I have written this little article not as criticism of our young folks but as an encouragement to instill in themselves the sense of loyalty to our Ukraine which loyalty the political and religious differences of our elders have prevented us from realizing. If our elders won't help us to make good, we can certainly help ourselves. So, let's get going.

DR. E. A. K.

(U.N.A. Branch No. 206)

THE HOBBY COLUMN

(1)

Here we are again with another Hobby Column. We have an article from Miss Olga T. Hrycey of 1811 Denison Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. Olga's contribution, although brief, gives us an interesting incident... but you had better read about it yourself. Here it is:

MUSIC

I have taken piano lessons for many years and my pet hobby is keeping a big music scrap book. In this book I have the programs of all the concerts that I have played in, both Ukrainian and American. I also keep the programs of all the symphony concerts I attend, as well as programs of great pianists such as Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, Levtzki and Iturbi.

I would like to write a few words about Rachmaninoff: It was exactly a year ago that I heard this great artist perform. I was a bit disappointed when I found, upon entering the theatre in which Rachmaninoff was to perform, that I had to climb stairs leading all the way up to "Peanut Gallery," but what more could I expect for a dollar ticket! I had to be satisfied up there in the gallery, but I was aching to see Rachmaninoff closer, nevertheless.

After the concert, when the great artist had finished, I did a thing which under ordinary circumstances I would not have had the nerve to do. It must have been the music that inspired me. Anyway, as soon as Rachmaninoff had played his last encore, I fairly flew over the many flights of stairs, went back-stage, and stood just outside of Rachmaninoff's door! I was thrilled to my very bones! I found him to be a very tall gentleman, old, with many lines in his face, but each line adding something to his character. I do not know just how long I stood there staring at him, but when I saw the celebrity putting on his coat I knew that it was time for me to be going home. Don't you, my readers, think that I saw Rachmaninoff better than did those people who had five dollar seats?

After each recital that I attend I write at the foot of the program anything unusual that may have occurred. So you see, whenever I happen to be lonesome or the like, I just take out my music scrap book and read it from cover to cover. It brings back many memories...and it is just like living that certain evening over again.

How many more of your readers have hobbies? I am sure that there are many hobbyists among you. Write articles about your hobbies and send them to this column. It makes absolutely no difference whatsoever what your hobby may be...just write about it and send in your article. We can always use material, so the more contributions coming in the better. Its your column, so take advantage of it by using it both as a reading medium and a writing medium. All contributions pertaining to this column should be addressed to

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

TONI'S STORY

Justa standin' dar' und lookin' roun'
I gots tuh feelun blue
Dem sausages in da vinda
Make a me veree hongry too.
I seea da buchers wagin
Stop by my beeg meat store
Feeled wid all kinds balonies
When da mans, he open da door.
Marie! Teres! I no looka roun'
Ha!! I no beeg babbee!!!
I laugh—I no blue—cause I steal
A bigga da chunk baloney.

MARY SARABUN.