



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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## YOUTH'S LEAGUE TO ISSUE BOOKS ABOUT UKRAINE

Beginning with January, 1936, the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America will issue periodically (through the medium of its Ukrainian Cultural Center) to its member clubs a series of publications in the English language dealing with Ukraine.

The first will be THE UKRAINIAN QUESTION by Lancelot Lawton (reviewed in Oct. 18, 1935 issue of Ukrainian Weekly).

Only one such booklet or book will be sent to a club. There will be no charge for it. The only obligation that each club will incur in receiving such publication will be to have it read and discussed at its meetings. Where possible, the book will be sent in care of the delegate representing the club at the last Ukrainian Youth's Congress held in Detroit under the auspices of the League.

In taking this step, the executive board of the League wants to better propagate knowledge among the American-Ukrainian youth of their background through the medium of works published by authorities and experienced writers.

Watch for your copy of THE UKRAINIAN QUESTION!

## YOUTH TODAY

### INTERESTED IN CIVICS?

In order to make Jersey City public-health conscious, a mock trial of its citizens and officials was staged, at which citizens and officials alike were to be arraigned for laxity in public health matters. To advertise properly the trial the school authorities were asked to distribute tickets for the trial among school children with instructions to turn them over to their parents. The children did not turn the tickets to their parents, but used them themselves. An hour before the trial was to begin they had taken over 1,700 or more of the 2,200 seats in the school. The officials tried to send the children home, but the children refused. The teachers tried to make the children leave, but the children refused. When older men and women came to the hall, there were no seats. The trial was then adjourned.

Some people admired the children for their interest in civics, but an inquiry revealed that the children had told their parents they themselves were going to the trial—in order to get out of home-work.

### WHEN DOES EDUCATION END?

Writing on Hartley Kembell Cook's article "Adult Education at Sea: A Difficult Problem," published in "The International Quarterly of Adult Education," London, Mr. Allan Monkhouse, says (in "The Manchester Guardian Weekly"):

"You may take it as a platitude that education should be a life-long process, but platitudes may be endowed with vitality. You cannot crowd all you need for the world's battle into the years of childhood and youth."

(Today's Ukrainian Weekly including Pen Pal Column is concluded in the Svboda)

## WHAT TO GIVE?

The approach of the Ukrainian Christmas Holidays and New Year brings once more to the mind the perplexing question—what to give?

It is a question that is most conducive to headaches, yet its happy solution leaves one with a most delightful feeling of satisfaction. There are few pleasures as keen as those evoked by the knowledge that your gift was a pleasant and welcome surprise to the recipient. It is therefore well worthwhile to consider the question very carefully.

Anyone who has the tiniest spark of originality within himself will not be content to give something that every store window and show case is displaying, that thousands upon thousands of others are giving. On the contrary, he will strive to make his gift distinctive, one that will bear the mark of his individuality and at the same time be a source of pleasure to the object of his beneficence.

Still, in this period of mass production the average person armed with only a slim pocketbook finds it a very difficult task to exercise any real originality in the purchasing of his Christmas gifts.

Yet for us, Americans of Ukrainian descent, the matter is not at all so difficult. For we have what might aptly be called a virgin field of possible Christmas gifts—embracing the various aspects of Ukrainian culture, such as Ukrainian embroidery and handiwork, paintings, etchings, Ukrainian song books, and finally, publications in both the Ukrainian and English languages about the Ukrainian people, their life, culture, and aspirations.

Most of these articles can be obtained very easily and at reasonable prices. Others, however, like paintings and etchings, are more difficult to obtain; but won't be if there is a large demand for them.

There is no difficulty, however, in buying books about Ukraine, for not only are they plentiful but cheap as well. At the present time when the efforts of our progressive American-Ukrainian youth are directed towards the gaining of better knowledge of their Ukrainian background and heritage and acquainting Americans with the same, a Christmas gift of these books will be a particularly timely one. Those written in Ukrainian language range from short stories and poetry to the recently published three volume Ukrainian Encyclopaedia—a set which no Ukrainian home should be without one. Those in the English language, though comparatively few in number, embrace a wide selection. A postcard to the Svboda bookstore will quickly bring a list of them and their prices. In fact, the bookstore is even willing to send, postpaid, a package of these books wrapped as a Christmas gift to anyone the buyer directs.

Furthermore, in view of the present extraordinary interest among our youth in Ukrainian songs, both choral and instrumental, a gift of a Ukrainian song book would prove not only distinctive but a welcome gift as well.

A Christmas gift that any young lady would appreciate is some piece of wearing apparel, such as a blouse, designed in the Ukrainian motif and decorated with Ukrainian embroidery. Formerly such a gift was not very practicable because it did not conform to prevailing fashions. Today, however, Ukrainian styles and embroidery have been modernized and are so stylish and beautiful that leading stores are selling them.

These are but few of the suggestions that might help our young American-Ukrainian in determining—what to give?

By following them we will not only show to a good advantage our sense of fine discrimination and originality but we will also aid materially in spreading knowledge about Ukraine here in America and, secondly, in introducing into American life some of the finer aspects of Ukrainian culture, thought and ideals.

Here, then, is a concrete method of putting into actual life some of our fine and oft-repeated resolutions. So let's see how much they are really worth.

## UKRAINIAN WEEKLY TO APPEAR ON SATURDAYS

If you do not receive next Friday your issue of the Ukrainian Weekly, do not be alarmed. You will receive it the following day—on Saturday. For, beginning with the first issue of 1936, the Ukrainian Weekly will be published every Saturday, instead of Fridays as heretofore.

The main purpose of this change is to allow more space in the Svboda for the Ukrainian Weekly, space which the Friday issue with its many advertisements does not permit. Besides the usual overflow from the Ukrainian Weekly, there will also appear expressly for the youth a special section in the Ukrainian language. The main purpose of this latter innovation will be to encourage our young people to read in the Ukrainian language.

## SOMETHING UNUSUAL FOR THE POLES

The present trial of twelve young Ukrainian students, including two girls, in Warsaw, Poland, on the charges of complicity in the assassination last year of the Polish Minister Pieracki, has evoked a great deal of attention from all parts of Europe.

A rather unusual note appeared recently concerning this trial in the Polish press. The organ of the Polish radical nationalists, "Prosto z mosta," recently published an article "The most important of important affairs," concerning the trial and the Ukrainian cause, declaring that the just settlement of the latter is not possible by means of assimilation or colonization.

"We, Polish nationalists," the article runs, "are duty-bound to recognize that there is a Ukrainian people and that they live and fight for their freedom. We must understand and value the heroic strivings of the Ukrainian people who for hundreds of years have no free country of their own, who although russified, polonized, and rent apart, exist nevertheless."

Noble sentiments, indeed, but if they were only translated into action."

## JUBILEE PRESENTATION OF UKRAINIAN OPERETTA

LVIW (Western Ukraine under Poland)—Reports received here from Stanislaw indicate that the jubilee (1000th) presentation of the modern revised operetta "Zaporozhets za Dunayem" (Zaporozhian Beyond the Danube) in that city was a success, both artistically and financially. The operetta had been scheduled to be presented in Lviv but at the last moment the local Polish authorities interfered, and it was therefore transferred to Stanislaw. Leading operatic artists appeared in it, including Maria Sokil in the role of Odarka, Michael Holynsky as Andriy, and Martini as the Sultan. The new scene in the Sultan's palace, arranged by Roman Kupchinsky, won high praise from the critics, as rangement by composer Ludkevich.

# A Brief Survey of Ukrainian Literature

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(5)

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

## Panteleymon Kulish

The year which was marked by the death of Ukraine's greatest poet saw the emergence of other literary figures. In 1861 there began to be published in Kiev a journal *Osnova*, whose moving spirit Panteleymon Kulish (1819-1897) belonged to the school of Ukrainian leaders whose concern was the clarification of inter-Slav relations, especially of the relations of Ukrainians to the other Slavs who were their neighbors. They were interested, moreover, in substantiating scientifically the contention that the Ukrainian is indeed a separate nationality. Kulish had used in his *Notes on South Russia* (1856-7) the phonetic spelling of the Ukrainian popular speech for the first time, a usage dubbed "Kulishivka" which reminds one of the "Bernolacina" of Slovakia. Kulish was ardent in his efforts to promote the emancipation of the peasantry everywhere and of whatever nationality, whether Russian, Polish or Ukrainian. He and his colleagues might have enjoyed a long period of uninterrupted freedom had not the Polish Insurrection of 1863 projected the problem of minorities violently into the consciousness of the tsar. At once the Imperial Government entered upon a policy of suppression of everything Ukrainian. This policy reached its culmination in the ukase of 1876 which forbade the publication of any work in Ukrainian which might react favorably upon the Ukrainian people. After 1863, Lemberg, enjoying freedom under Austria, again became the spiritual capital of Ukraine.

## Osip Fedkovich

As the pioneer figure in Russian Ukraine had been Kotlyarevsky and in Polish Ukraine Shashkevich, so now was Osip Fedkovich (1834-88) the pioneer literary figure in Bukovina, Rumanian Ukraine. Most of his lyrics sprang from the deep and persistent longing for his homeland that possessed Fedkovich during the years when he served on distant fronts in the Austrian army. Their innate longing is hard to carry over into a translation, but it is just that longing, truly Slav, which has made the poems of Fedkovich so beloved of the Ukrainian folk wherever they may be found. Here is a typical one:

### Christmas Eve

"Bells are ringing everywhere,  
ringing, ringing,  
All the city in a flood of light is  
swimming,  
Clear to the barracks rolls the  
echo,  
Into their dark and quiet waves  
of echo flow.  
Yon soldier in a spray of light is  
standing,  
Gloomily, against a post as if  
against a coffin.  
Now he lifts his tearful eye to  
Heaven,  
Seeking the stars, to ask for help  
from them.  
The stars shine down upon his  
head so brightly,  
Behind each lighted pane it looks  
so merry...

Why is it his poor heart is swooning so,

When in all the world there seems to be no sorrow?

How shall I find this out?

Ask him... I dare not.

Don't you see how furrowed is his brow?

What is it worries him? No one can know."

One other whom Bukovina influenced, though she belongs, strictly speaking, to the circle of Shevchenko and Russian Ukraine, was Maria Markovich, who wrote under the pen name Marko Vovchok. Born in 1834 of a noble family that had lived for generations in Ukraine, she became interested in the work of the Brotherhood of Cyril and Methodius during her residence in Chernivtsi. The folk life of Ukraine fascinated her and she determined to write down her impressions of it. Her first book, *Folk Stories*, was published in 1858 by Kulish. The tales were so well received, even by Russian critics who judged them by Turgenev's translation, that a second series appeared after the author's death (which occurred in 1907) in 1910. Two types of stories are to be found in Marko Vovchok's works: those that arise from the life of the peasantry and those that deal with exploits celebrated in national songs. The former are her best. They are such faithful pictures of what the author saw with her own eyes that they have earned her the right to be called the Harriet Beecher Stowe of Ukraine. Though Marko Vovchok set an example of good Ukrainian prose, her influence was neither so fruitful nor so lasting as might have been expected.

## Michael Drahomaniw

If this survey were concerned with the organization of the movement for general enlightenment among the Ukrainian folk, the movement which Shashkevich dreamed and Shevchenko prophesied, we should be obliged to consider at this point the varied work of its foremost practical director, Michael Drahomaniw (1841-95). It was Drahomaniw, a native of Poltava district, who provided a program for the Ukrainian rebirth, through his work as teacher and publicist not only within the borders of Ukraine itself but later, after 1876, in Switzerland and in Bulgaria.

## Ivan Franko

A study of the energetic and prolific Drahomaniw, however, would lead us too far afield. We pursue the direct line of Shevchenko. That line leads us to the man who was not only the most important Ukrainian poet since Shevchenko but also the most significant Ukrainian poet ever to come out of Western Ukraine. This was Ivan Franko. Born near the town of Drohobich in Eastern Galicia in 1856, Franko received all his fundamental education at the philosophical faculty in the university of L'viv. From there he continued his studies in Vienna, receiving from that university his Ph. D. Franko had dreamed of becoming a docent and eventually a professor of Ukrainian in L'viv, but when he was not accepted for such a position, he began editing journals and carrying on school work. He was getting into trouble frequently with the

censor because of his Ukrainian sympathies.

In his poetry Franko began by imitating Pushkin and Goethe and Heine, and his works, like Shevchenko's, were filled with a burning love of freedom. He turned his hand to every conceivable kind of writing, from spinning tales for children to translating from the great masters of the races. And he "touched nothing that he did not adorn." The most important collection of his works as far as content is concerned is his *Moses*. His tales of Ukrainian life are equally famous as are his translations from Goethe, Heine, Pushkin, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Havlicek, Machar, Vrehlicky, and numerous others. Today Franko is considered, after Shevchenko, the greatest national poet of Ukraine. His stories, his historical novels, his poems, all served toward the two-fold end: to create through art a picture of life and to arouse the Ukrainian people to an appreciation of their heritage and a consciousness of their destiny. One of his most often quoted poems is the "Eternal Revolutionist" which we translate below:

### Eternal Revolutionist

"A revolutionist eternally  
Man's spirit, driving him to fight  
For progress, liberty and right.  
It lives, it can not die.  
Not popish torture halls  
Nor tsarist prison walls,  
Nor warlike mustering,  
Nor cannon's blustering,  
Nor spies, however brave,  
Have ever forced that spirit to  
the grave!

It has not died. Nay, forward  
goes!  
Though born a thousand years  
ago

'Twas not till yesterday or so  
It flung aside its swaddling clothes  
And stood erect and walked alone.  
Now hast'ning toward the rising  
sun,  
With trumpet voice it cries  
To millions, and they rise,  
Those millions, follow and rejoice:  
They know that spirit's voice!

You hear that spirit everywhere,  
In smoky peasant cot,  
'Mongst workmen, at the bench  
or shop,  
Wherever misery and tears are  
there;  
And when its voice rings out,  
Tears vanish, misery is put to  
rout,  
Strength is generated, and the will  
To hide your own distress, but still  
To win for those who follow you  
A better fate, when they the fight  
renew.

Revolutionist, the world around,  
This spirit, never letting light and  
freedom yield  
To darkness, nor give up the  
field,  
Nor suffering that itself be bound.  
The evil edifice goes down,  
Relentlessly the avalanche rolls  
on,  
And where in all the world is  
there a force  
To stop this avalanche's course,  
Or drench the flaming ray  
That marks the dawning day?"

## Michael Hrushevsky

Ivan Franko was the founder of modern Ukrainian literature. Michael Hrushevsky (1866-1934) was the founder of modern Ukrainian scholarship. And with his work he came to the contemporary scene, for Hrushevsky

died so recently that scholarly journals are still recounting his achievements and lamenting his miserable fate in the closing years of his life.

Educated in the University of Kiev, Hrushevsky began his career in 1894 as a teacher in the University of L'viv. Since this was during the Austrian occupation, Hrushevsky was allowed to lecture to his students in the Ukrainian language. He reorganized among his students a scientific and cultural society and developed this nucleus eventually into a real Academy of Ukrainian Learning. His activities as a political leader, which led him to the Presidency of the Ukrainian Republic in 1917, have no place in this survey. His achievements as a scholar have, and it is through those that he will live. His *History of Ukraine*, from prehistoric times to the end of the period of Bohdan Khmelnytsky, nine large volumes, and his *History of Ukrainian Literature* in five volumes, stand as his monument. The final volume of his *History of Ukraine* was written by Hrushevsky after the Great War when he had returned from an exile's wanderings abroad to his native Kiev, at that time under the government of the Soviet. Though at first it appeared that the Ukrainian scholar had composed his difficulties with the strange rulers under whom he found himself, events proved that he had not. He found himself suddenly deported to various parts of the Soviet realm, living everywhere in the most pitiable misery. Finally, blind and exhausted with living, he was allowed to spend his last days in the watering place he had loved in his youth. His remains were buried in Kiev.

Hrushevsky's prime concern as a student was to explore the origins of Ukrainian culture and to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the drama of the Ukrainian people was not simply an episode in the greater drama of the Russian race. He insisted always, and adduced citations to prove it, that the Ukrainian was a separate race; that to consider, moreover, the civilization of Kiev in the 11th and 12th centuries, and the civilization which derived from it, anything but unique and truly "South Russian," never "Russian," would be an unscientific operation. Upon this conviction was reared the edifice of Hrushevsky's work.

Our survey would not be complete without brief mention of those men who are still living and who have won for themselves a permanent place in Ukrainian literature. The two most illustrious of these are Bohdan Lepky and Alexander Oles.

## Bohdan Lepky

Lepky, born in 1872, is at the present time professor of Ukrainian Literature in the Jagiellonian University in Cracow. During the war he served as director of the society which looked out for the material needs of Ukrainian prisoners and for their education. A good deal of his time was spent among the Ukrainians in German prison camps, where he organized his charges in the cause of Ukrainian freedom. After the war Lepky lived several years in Berlin, then returned to his native Galicia and has been in Cracow ever since. His works include poetry, short stories and longer historical novels, the latter built around the heroic exploits of the Kozaks and of such national heroes as Mazeppa. Besides these varied works he has written numerous literary reviews and mono-

graphs, and edited the works of Shevchenko, of Marko Vovchok and others. We have translated a sample of Lepky's poetry, one that is particularly well-known because it has been set to music by Lepky's own brother:

#### The Cranes

"See there, brother mine,  
Yonder, comrade mine,  
That gray, south-flying host  
Of cranes in moving line.

Croo, Croo, Croo, they cry,  
In stranger lands we die,  
Above yon sea before we glide,  
Our wings shall lifeless lie.

Into our sight, then out,  
As they cross those trackless  
lanes,  
Fading, flashing... 'til a cloud  
Obscures the flying cranes."

#### Alexander Oles

Oles, born in 1878, lives today in Prague, a city that has offered asylum to the oppressed of all Slavdom since the war. Oles has published several collections of his works, but unlike the many-gifted Franko and Lepky, he has turned his hand only to poetry. The first and largest of his works is *Anxiety and Joy Embraced*. Oles is the minstrel who sings the beauty of Ukrainian nature and who hymns the Ukrainian revival. It is of interest to Americans to note that he has made a translation into Ukrainian of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*. We have translated a sample of the two kinds of poetry most characteristic of Oles:

"Thou marvellous and wondrous night!  
Just yesterday a coverlet of snow  
was sifting down,  
And now today a change... so  
warm and bright,

With here and there a pushing  
upward from the frozen ground.

Know this: twill be the same with  
man...

Such miracles there be!... Upon a  
certain day  
Men everywhere, free and of equal  
rank, shall stand  
And seize the visions dreamed  
along the way."

And this one:

"Make sport of us, ye wind, and  
mock us, thunder,  
Unswerving we tread a beckon-  
ing pathway.  
Our young breasts we raise to  
defy the wind's power,  
Thunder we deafen with paeans  
of victory.

Only he wins his goal who, un-  
moved, presses forward,  
Who burns with a passion that  
never consumes.  
Life's carpet spread out lures his  
youthful steps onward,  
The crown Death shall weave him  
immortally blooms.

More faith in our cause! Raise  
higher our banner!  
Tears, groans and misgivings...  
begone from the fray!  
Life rides a winged charger,  
Spreading flowers on our way."

On this note it is fitting that  
we bring to a close this brief  
sketch of the checkered history  
of the literature of Ukraine.

(The End)

#### To Julia P.

Listen to my song's melody—  
Hear its joyous exultancy.

Listen to it keenly—  
Lest other songs bring discord-  
ancy.

Listen to it raptly—  
Before the last lingering notes  
melt away

And dreamy silence is left for  
contemplation.

M. M.

# Ramblings of a word-hunter

## ENGLISH WORDS IN THE UKRAINIAN LANGUAGE

As English democratic institutions were among the oldest in Europe and served in many respects models for other countries, it was natural that adopting those institutions other races also helped themselves freely to the English political terminology.

## BORROWINGS FROM ENGLISH POLITICS

Thus the Ukrainians adopted the **parliament** (парламент) and with it its derivatives, such as: **parliamentarism**, **parliamentarian** (парламентаризм, парламентарист); **bill** (біл, біль, бил); **speaker** (спікер) and **leader** (лідер).

The Ukrainians have to thank the Irish-English politics for **home-rule** and **boycott** (гомруль, бойкот), though they gave those words rather original colorings. Out of the noun **boycott** they formed the verb **бойкотувати** and the adjective **бойкотовий** (с. г. бойкотова акція).

The peculiarities of the English political history gave the Ukrainians the words: **торис** (Tories), **фри-трейдер** (Free-traders) and **чартисти** (Chartists).

## LABOR-POLITICS

It was from England that the Ukrainians received the notion of the quitting of work by a body of workers with the purpose to force their employer to comply with their demands, and with it the word **strike** acquired in the Ukrainian language a full citizenship, especially as its form makes it fully at home among Ukrainian nouns.

The striker, however, has to change slightly its ending to conform with the noun-suffixes of the Ukrainian language to denote an agent or doer, and so out of a striker became **страйкар**. The Ukrainian language is not so free in forming verbs out of nouns, and it had to dress up the nouns considerably before they could

use it as a verb. Thus came in to being the new verb **страйкувати** in which probably an Englishman would not recognize the original if he heard it. Still less its derivatives, e. g. **застрайкувати**, to begin a strike. **Strike-breaker**, offered still greater difficulty because of the Ukrainian aversion of forming composite words especially when component elements are long, but a happy solution was discovered in leaving the strike in the English form and translating **breaker** by a short Ukrainian monosyllable. Thus we got **страйклом**, a perfect word, though it is evidently a strange half-breed, that ostentatiously displays its mixed Ukrainian and English parentage.

From England came also other words of labor politics: **lock-out**, and **trade-union** (люкавт, трейд-юніон).

Equally natural was the adoption of the words denoting various peculiarities of English legal and administrative institutions, such as: **lord-mayor**, **sheriff**, **permit**, **city**, etc.

The Ukrainians adopted the policeman (**полісмен**) and with his nickname **boby** (бобі).

## BUSINESS AND COMMUNICATION

English business and economics enriched the Ukrainian language before all with the word **business** itself (**бізнес**, **бизнес**). Among the first adoptees were the names of various English weights and measures: **inch**, **foot**, **rod**, **yard**; (інч, фут, род, ярд). Then the names of various English coins: and monetary values: **penny**, **pence**, **sterling**, **shilling**, **crown** (**penny**, **pence**, **sterling**, **crown**). Later, various forms of business organizations which were first tried or introduced in England: **pool**, **trust** (пуль, пул, трест).

With the introduction of the check system into banking came the word **chek**, (**чек**). The banking system of England introduced the notion of the loan payable on call (**онколь**).

From English business came to Ukraine the word **humbag** (гум-

бур), and lately when the exports of meat from Ukraine to England had to comply with English methods of packing the word **bacon** (бакон) became a common word of the Ukrainian countryside.

The English cooperative movement, too, contributed many words to the Ukrainian language, and the average Ukrainian co-operativist is conversant even with such terms as: **Rochdale plan**, **Owenism**, etc. (рочдальська система, овенізм).

Transportation by land and sea gave the Ukrainian language many words, due to the high development of these branches of human activity in England. The Ukrainians adopted many names for various types of ships and boats: **steamer**, **yacht**, **barge**, **sloop**, **cutter**, **dragnaught** (**стімер**, **яхта**, **баржа**, **шлюпа**, **кутер**, **дредноут**). Then they took the names for various parts of the ship, such as: **back-board** (**бекборд**) and **keel** (**кіль**); names of storms: **squall** (**шквал**); **shipping-organization**: **lloyd** (**лойд**); and of ranks of sailors: **midshipman** (**мічмен**). The word **haven** (**гавань**) has in the Ukrainian language a long history, dating perhaps back to the Cossack days. Some nautical terms adopted refer to navigation in strict sense: **drift** (**дріфт**), **water-line** (**ватерлінія**), **trail** (**трал**) and **rhumb** (**румб**). The heavy substances in the vessel are called **ballast** (**балласт**), dangerous rocks in the sea **cliff** and **rip** (**кліф**, **ріф**), and the ship cook is called **kok**!

**Голювати** is the Ukrainian derivative of the English verb **haul**, "ати" being merely an ending denoting the infinitive.

The Ukrainians have also many English loan-words in the sphere of land-transportation, in which, too, the English were pioneers: **tramway** (**трамвай**), **tunnel** (**тунель**), **wagonette** (**вагонетка**), **lorry** (**льора**) and, lately, **tank** (**танк**), the last word combining already science of transportation with the science of war.

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## TASK FACING YOUTH

It was with great interest that I read the article from "Signal Fires" in the Ukrainian Weekly. Mr. Lund is evidently one of the intelligent minority who have been instrumental in stemming the tide of misfortune which has overwhelmed so many of our youth.

It is indeed a bitter experience to many a sensitive young fellow or girl to find themselves out of school and out on the streets. Walking from place to place—unwanted. Time drags on wearily, worry besets the young person out of work, confidence sags. It's "nothing doing." Such is the frightful common sense reply of business.

The attitude which is expressed by the author of the article is one that is thought provoking. He realizes the meager opportunities facing youth at this time. Yet it is doubtful that the America which calls into its scope the thousands of magnates of all description is reckoning in terms of human costs.

The lack of social perspective is evidenced by the repetitions of the same old slogans; the unbending application of old methods to new situations.

Yet despite the difficulties which appear to be insurmountable, slow progress is being made. The national government has taken the first steps forward.

The pity of the present situation is the waste in the productive capacity of youth up to now. The cost in terms of useful production, mental suffering, deviation

from possible careers is uncalculable.

Youth of today will become the men and women of tomorrow. This cliché is however tremendously significant. It is tremendously interesting from a psychological standpoint what effects will be apparent from the stress of today.

Remedies to this problem of youth in its connection to changing conditions cannot be given readily. It is a process of close observation coupled with shrewd deduction and application which furnish the stimulus by which each of us can do his share. It may not be at all possible to witness great changes quickly. Thought arising from an open-minded, serious penetration of the problems of importance which confront us is deeply needed. Perhaps if all of us give a little attention to the problems of the other fellow as expressed by Mr. Lund we may find that we are really helping each other. Sympathy with the plight and problems of our fellow men focused by means of mass opinion consciously expressed will bring our generation ahead.

A future lies before us. It is what we make it. If we realize our potentialities for good and apply ourselves in the manner which we in our individual ways see appropriate, it will be with a real feeling of satisfaction that we will hand over the reins to the generation yet unborn.

What do my fellow American-Ukrainians think of these problems confronting us?

JOHN ROMANITION,

## SUNSET

Across the garden wall I see

The disappearing sun—a tree,  
A golden branched phantasy  
Now robed in true regality.

The soul within me yearns to tell  
Of splendor spread upon the  
dell,

As evening comes to cast its spell  
And touch the house wherein I  
dwell.

The stream below is flecked with  
gold  
Brushed by a sun now growing  
old.

Afar the meadow grass is rolled;  
In mists the shades of night  
unfold.

Beyond is seen the rugged sky  
Where crags and jutting peaks  
rise high

Above the lowly trees that lie  
Topped by the rays that soon  
will die.

Swift melts the flush above the  
rim  
Of lofty peaks, while colors dim  
Now join the black of sky's dark  
brim

As night moves cross the in-  
terim.

M. D. SEMENKIW.

## 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.

# THE JAY'S WING

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated by E. L. Wissotzky-Kuntz)

(Concluded)

(5)

Of course Svetlov won. . . I remembered that dreadful night. The storm raged, while I sat alone, waiting for Volodia. Suddenly I heard several voices, the sound of which frightened me. Something must have happened! Volodia came in and with him was a giant dressed in a fur coat, with a red beard, a stout red face and a flat nose. They were followed by the chief of police and several other people. Volodia approached me with tears in his eyes.

"Maniussia!" he said in a broken voice. He first kissed both palms of my hands, then slapped his face with them.

"Maniussia, I am a scoundrel! I lost you in cards to this. . . to Nikanor Ferapontovitch! . . ."

He pointed to the giant who smiled and bowed to me.

"Yes, I had the honor and pleasure!" he said.

"What do you people want of me?" I asked.

"Maniussia, forget about me! I am a scoundrel!" wept Volodia, "I am not worthy of your little finger! Spit upon me! I am not yours and you are not mine!"

"You shall be very comfortable, Marya Karlovna!" said the giant. "I am a Christian, and I like you with all my heart."

"But I do not know and do not want you!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"It will not take us long to get acquainted." Then he added, "Let us not waste time. Please, pack your belongings. My sleigh is waiting."

"Sir," I answered determinedly, "I do not understand all this. Please leave my husband and me in peace!"

"If you please, Marya Karlovna," said Svetlov sweetly, "Do not be angry and do not try to oppose us. Remember that you are in Siberia and not in your heathen Germany. Here we live in fear of God and the law. My friend, the chief of police wishes to say a few words to you."

The chief of police came up to me and said curtly, "You know Sigmunt Zembetzky, don't you? Well, he is here in prison. If you do not want to join him tomorrow, do as you are told, without comedies. This is my advice."

Next day I was going with Svetlov to the snowy plains of northern Siberia. . .

Mikola Fedorovitch is dying. A Japanese shell has just burst in front of my house. Half of the roof is gone, all the windows smashed. What is next? It seems to me that someone stands behind me and whispers: "Hurry, hurry! Finish up!"

Hurry, where? To what end does my fate chase me now? Under a bomb, to the bottom of the sea? Or to a ray of light, which shall gladden my heart and to which I must hasten?

Massimo, mine! The thought of you gives me courage and strength in this hellish life. Everything I do seems to have one aim—to come back to my native land and to see you. What will our meeting be after all that has passed, all that is written on these sheets of paper? But—why think of it?

Hurry, hurry to the end whatever it might be!!

Svetlov was very good to me. But his lack of culture and crude nature made him loathsome to me. God, when I think of the three months with him! . . . But—what are my sufferings, my bloody tears to you? No—hurry, hurry. . .

Once, when Svetlov and I were going to Krasnoyarsk, we were held up by highwaymen. Svetlov was very strong and fought them for sometime. But one of the gang stabbed him with his knife and the giant fell exhausted. How they tortured him and made sport of his sufferings! I sat in the carriage like a corpse and looked on, with indifferent eyes of one

who is dead. . . When Svetlov was dead, the bandits got into the carriage. Who were they? An unfamiliar person took the place of the driver. Next to me, wrapped in Svetlov's fur coat, sat. . . Sigmunt.

"We have been watching for you for about a month," he said curtly. "Thank God! At last we have got you!"

Counsel was held further in the woods. God! What faces, figures, and voices! They were dividing the spoils. There was a terrible fight over me. Sigmunt tried to prove that I was his wife, but there in the Siberian woods his proofs were of no avail. I was given away to the leader. Everybody called him "Sashka," but no one knew his nationality, religion, or anything about him. I think he was a Jew. Before leaving the gang, Sigmunt whispered to me: "Don't fear!"

One night two weeks later, the den of the gang was raided by a regiment of soldiers. Sashka was hanged there and then, while the others, including Sigmunt, who brought the soldiers, were put in chains. I was taken away by the captain. I never saw Sigmunt after that. Night had brought us together and night had separated us. He forever remained in my memory as a frightful creation of Night.

What happened then, was the most dreadful, the most terrible of all I went through in life. Neither life among bandits, roaming in Siberian marshes, tramping in Siberian Steppes, were as loathsome and filthy, as the life in the Captain's house. He had a lawful wife who was as mean as a snake, but was kept in constant fear by the Captain. He drank heavily and beat both of us. Think of it, what a life we two had! Days and nights passed alike in mad labor. At last I escaped. I intended to drown myself, but just then I happened to come across a train of soldiers bound for China. I went with them. It did not matter to me with whom and where to. . .

The night was terrible. The bombardment was heavier than ever before. It seems as though the town was going to be shattered to dust. Mikola Fedorovitch is dead!—He is going to be buried with military honors. It is quiet today. Both sides are burying their dead, attending to the wounded. If you could see all that these few insignificant words conceal! . . .

A Chinaman had told me that the mail is going tonight. I am finishing this letter. Enough. It is impossible to tell all, but at least you can see that I did not mean to conceal anything from you.

Goodbye, my beloved! We shall meet yet! If not here, then—there. . . I believe, don't you? If I lost this faith, I could no longer live. Perhaps this faith is a symptom of insanity?

Goodbye! I hear the bursting of shells again! A new attack, I suppose. I am going to the sea, to give this letter to the Chinaman. Once more, farewell! Till we meet again!

"Your Little Jay."

And this is the truth? No, never! Just lies of a foolish romantic girl, for the purpose of. . . But what is the matter with me? It is a quarter to twelve. My God! And I am still sitting over this letter, which is now wet with my tears! The New Year is approaching. Is that how I planned to meet it?

Where are my expected joys? Where are my aesthetic principles, my quiet satisfaction? All is lost forever! Here is life! This suffering, this struggle and disappointment, tortures, and fragments of joy which obliterate the cruellest sufferings!

What is man to man? God and

executioner at the same time. Contact with him means torture, but life without him is worse still. Cruel, unsolved riddle!

"Till we meet again!" Is it possible? Is it possible for us who are separated by so many graves, to meet again? No, I cannot believe. And over those graves flows a great river of suffering. Till we meet again, my heart! Come, come, let whatever is left after crossing all those graves, whatever remains alive in our hearts among the ruins—let it live! Let it hope! But, perhaps Spring cannot come to us anymore? Maybe we buried our Spring and no power can bring it to life again?!

Where are you now? Still at the bloody Port Arthur among the wounded and doomed to death, with your own cemetery in your heart? Or perhaps your bones were long since washed ashore by the stormy Yellow Sea? It might be that you are again in the marshes of Siberia or dirty Chinese towns, thrown out by fate, which plays with you like with a discarded broken toy. My little dove! Where are you? Let your spirit come from over the far seas in this last hour of the Old Year and touch me with its wing! Let a breath of real, endless, suffering life come to my frail, useless existence! Perhaps I will wake up, break my bonds and start a new life! The doorbell! At this hour! What could it be?! A telegram? I hear Ivasse is opening the door. A sound of voices. . . What is it? Who is it? Steps in the parlor. . .

"Is that you, Ivasse?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Weren't you asleep?"

"No, Sir, I was reading."

"Who is it?"

"A lady to see you."

"A lady? Young or old?"

"I don't know. She wears a veil. I asked her to come in, but she only slipped her fur coat off and remained in the cold hall, shivering in her thin red dress with white dots."

"Show her in!"

(The End)

## UKRAINIAN PLAST

The Ukrainian Plast of America, with headquarters in New York City, has been organized for the past one year but as yet we have had no response or cooperation from the Ukrainian boys of New York City.

There is no reason why all of them do not join the Ukrainian Plast and convince our people that they have the ability and gumption to accomplish that which our forefathers did not have the opportunity to.

We urge all the young Ukrainian boys of New York City from ages eight to eighteen years to attend the Plast meeting on Saturday at 7 P. M., at 30 East 7th Street.

CONSTANTIN ARNOLD,  
Staff Captain.

## N. Y. YOUNG DEMOCRATS WIN

The Young Ukrainian Democratic Club opened its 1936 basketball season on Monday evening, December 16th, at the Stuyvesant H. S. Gymnasium by defeating the Manuks A. C. by the score of 35 to 10.

An entirely defensive first half closed with the score tied 6-6. The Manuks five put up a stirring fight, but were entirely outclassed in the second half, the Y.U.D.C. quintet scoring at will.

Capt. Smith of the Y.U.D.C. was the spectacular high scorer with a total of 16 points.

Mr. William Selaick was the referee.

## BITS OF INTEREST

For every airplane pilot on the airlines there are six persons employed on the ground to see that he makes his trip safely, swiftly and efficiently.

More than a third of all the people in the world live in three Asiatic countries, namely, China, India and Japan.

Studies made over a period of 15 years have indicated that under the average conditions the greatest amount of soil erosion takes place during the months of June, August, and September.

Chewing gum is made out of chicle, the sap of the Sapota tree which grows principally in Mexico, Guatemala and British Honduras.

It is customary for Congress to grant a pension, usually \$5,000.00 annually, to widows of ex-presidents of the United States.

It is estimated that the average healthy person eats one ton of food, costing about \$200.00, every year.

The United States customarily consumes about a fourth of the sugar produced in the world.

It is estimated that a normal adult inhales and exhales from 400,000 to 650,000 cubic inches of air during 24 hours. (Its a good thing that air is free).

Hammerfest, Norway, is the northernmost city in the world. It lies nearly 300 miles north of the Arctic Circle.

Iceland is the country with the oldest constitutional government in the world. In 1930 it celebrated the 1000th anniversary of the founding of its Parliament.

WALTER SKASKIWI.

## LEAGUE SPORT MEETING IN PHILLY

Representatives of Ukrainian basketball teams in Philadelphia and vicinity and officers of the Tri-City League are hereby notified and requested to be present at the special basketball meeting, scheduled for December 29th at the Ukrainian Home, 847 North Franklin Street in Philadelphia, starting at 2:30 o'clock!

Vital issues affecting the league will be discussed and prior club differences settled, concerning the nationality of players, style of play, amount of forfeit money and where and when games are to be played.

A Schedule and League Regulations Committee will be put to work, drafting the final details prior to opening of the league season.

Likewise, applications for membership of new teams will be considered, so please get definite instructions from your club. Representatives from Millville, N. J., Trenton, N. J., Chesapeake City, Md., and Bridgeport, Phoenixville, Pottstown, Coatsville, and Chester from Penna., as well as Wilmington, Del., are invited to attend.

ALEXANDER YAREMKO,  
(Basketball Director—Ukrainian Youth's League of North America).

## THE NEXT WORLD WAR FORECAST IN 1937

The next world war will start in the spring or summer of 1937 when Nazi Germany attempts to wrest Ukraine from Soviet Russia. Dr. Frank Bohn predicted yesterday.

Dr. Bohn is national chairman of the Emergency Committee in Aid of Refugees From Nazism.  
Phila. Record, Dec. 1, 1935.

## SPIRIT OF FREEDOM

She has stood thus for centuries,  
The fire smoldering, glowing. . .  
Flaming!!!  
Only to be beaten back to embers.  
Will they die?

She will never cease her struggle!  
Let them beat her, let them starve her,

She will never die

Never,

Never,

Never shall she die!

Stephanie Sorokolit