



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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## YOUTH TODAY

### A BEAUTIFUL IDEAL

A revision of the examination system for high school teaching licenses is urged in *The Answer*, the civil service magazine.

The written examination, the article says in one passage, should be a test of personality rather than subject-matter. It should include thought-provoking questions concerning range of cultural experience, social, esthetic and educational, besides the subject-matter.

That phrase about the range of cultural experience is beautiful. Exactly, what is the cultural experience of those who teach us?

### WHAT WAS HIS CRIME?

Last October Irwin Powell, 10 years old Chicagoan, was placed on trial in the Chicago boy's court, for stealing a book from a librarian. Powell was ordered to report once a week to the librarian and read a book under her instruction, and also to review a book a week for the judge.

The sentence raises the question: what was the boy to be cured of? Of the desire to possess other people's books or of reading?

### CONCERTS FOR THE YOUNG

Carnegie Hall will be filled next Saturday with one of its most important audiences of the season, —writes the *New York Times*, of January 5, 1936,—an assemblage of youthful music lovers of the future, come to hear "Uncle Ernest" Schelling inaugurate the twelfth series of Philharmonic-Symphony concerts for young people.

There will be children as young as 4 or 5 and some as old as 16 and 17, with a sprinkling of adults, come to escort the younger children. The concerts have for their purpose to train the young to appreciate good music.

### TO ENTICE PUPILS

Objective teaching methods as opposed to abstract forms of instruction will receive special attention in the public schools this year, with activities already under way to provide materials and techniques which will give reality to the printed word. To provide objective teaching aids for schools, there will be introduced various models of industrial processes, habitat groups illustrative of geographical regions, charts, graphs, sketches, lantern slides and motion pictures.

It is hoped that livelier classes will entice pupils and cut down truancy. The leaders of the movement expect to stimulate the production of films showing typical industries of the city, and then of the country.

### COULDN'T IT BE DIFFERENT?

Michael La Placa was found by New York police confined in a bedroom in the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph La Placa, Brooklyn. A detective, acting on information received from neighbors of the family, went to the address and found Michael La Placa tied by sheets to a bed-spring on the floor of the bedroom. The parents said that their son had become violent a few days ago and they had tied him because they did not want to send him back to an institution.

Theresa Mayer, 14 years old, of Yonkers, New York, was arrested as a juvenile delinquent by the police, who charged her with beating her mother with a heavy iron furnace shaker.

## CHANGING ONE'S NAME

A matter deserving of serious consideration by our youth is that of some of our people changing their Ukrainian family names to what they consider is "American." Although this deplorable practice is not confined only to American-Ukrainians but includes other foreign-nationality groups as well, still for us it assumes a special significance in the light of the character of the Ukrainian immigration in America.

Various excuses are advanced by those changing their family names to conform with Anglo-Saxon standards. It is said that the Ukrainian name is hard to write in English and still more difficult to pronounce. Others say that a foreign-sounding family name is a decided hindrance in trade, business and profession. Still others change their names in an effort to shed as rapidly as possible every characteristic that stamps them as being of foreign descent, and thereby become "real" Americans.

Glancing over these excuses one cannot help being struck by their flimsiness. There is absolutely no justification for them. Even the longest Ukrainian name is not difficult to manage in either the oral or-written English language if it is spelled phonetically, with strict adherence to pronunciation. And as for the excuse that a name having a foreign tinge to it is a hindrance to one's career, one has but to look around and see the number of great business enterprises and persons high in the professional fields—bearing foreign-sounding names. It is nothing but foolishness to suppose that a customer or a client who wants good service will go to the one who bears an "American" name in preference to one who will give him satisfaction for his money. If one cannot achieve success in his chosen field of work under his own name, what possible chances can he have masquerading under a different one.

But after all, is it only a question of money involved? Is there not something more significant attached to retaining one's centuries-old name than mere pecuniary values? Is there no such thing as love and respect for one's family, honor, history and traditions? Does one not owe it to his parents to receive the good name of his family, add luster to it, and pass it on untarnished and intact to his progeny?

No matter from what angle one looks at it, changing one's family name is not an asset to a career or well-being but distinctly a liability. A person doing so tears himself away from his family and national roots, and in reality attaches himself to nothing. He is like some lost soul, although he may not realize it. His attempt to become "Americanized" in this manner is only met with secret amusement and even scorn by real Americans—those whose forefathers came to these shores also as immigrants and who are proud of the fact.

Glance at the American roll of honor and see for yourself how many foreign-sounding names appear upon it. Likewise with the list of municipal, state and national government officials. Furthermore, during the last World War, did America object to her doughboys, bearing Slav, Latin, Teutonic and Jewish names, fighting and dying for her? Read your American history. Is it not mainly the story of incoming immigrant races, building a mighty America, and yet retaining their native names and characteristics. And what is America today?

We of Ukrainian descent are especially duty-bound to retain our Ukrainian family names. Our parents are among the latest arrivals and naturally they did not have the time nor opportunity to make any outstanding contributions to American development. Such opportunities however, are confronting us now, young American-Ukrainians. And there is no doubt but that we will rise to them. And yet, how will posterity judge our contributions to the development of this country if we lose our national identity by giving our Ukrainian names various Anglo-Saxon, Germanic and Scandinavian forms?

Let us, therefore, retain and cherish our Ukrainian family names and show our American spirit not by petty superficialities but by real deeds.

## TRANSLATION OF "MARYA—A TALE OF UKRAINE"

Dr. Arthur P. Coleman, member of Columbia University faculty, known to our readers for his interest in Ukrainian literature and his "Brief Survey..." of the same appearing on these pages last month, has recently completed in collaboration with Marion Moore Coleman, his wife, a fine translation of "MARYA—A Tale of Ukraine," a romantic poem by one of the finest Polish poets and a foremost exponent of the so-called Ukrainian school in Polish poetry—Anton Malczewski (1793-1826). The translation is being released through the Electric City Press, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Coleman translation of the poem is heralded as being of considerable significance to students in comparative literature in showing the influence of Byron upon a poet hitherto unavailable to those who do not read Polish, and one who, moreover, was the most promising forerunner of the great Polish Romantic Movement of the 19th century.

Among the various factors in this literary movement the so-called Ukrainian school was the most prominent, according to the *New International Encyclopedia* (2nd edition). Malczewski was the bard of the nobility; Zaleski (1802-86) glorified free Cossackdom; and Goszczynski (1803-76) sang with epic simplicity the customs and beliefs of the Haydamaks.

## UKRAINIAN HISTORICAL CALENDAR

### January

6. 1846. The Cyril-Methodius Brotherhood was founded in Kiev. It is considered as the first Ukrainian political organization, advocating freedom for all Slav nations and their union into one federal state.

18. 1667. Treaty of Andrusiw, whereby Poland and Muscovy (Russia) divided up Ukraine between themselves.

14. 1649. The triumphant entrance of Bohdan Khmelnytsky into Kiev following his victories over the Poles.

18. 1654. Treaty of Pereyaslav between Ukraine and Muscovy. Although the treaty recognized the independence of Ukraine yet Muscovy gradually by subterfuge and force undermined this independence and finally annexed Ukraine to itself entirely.

21. 1803. The last Ukrainian Hetman, Kyrylo Rozumovsky, died.

22. 1918. The Ukrainian Central Rada (Parliament) proclaimed through its Fourth Universal the secession of Greater Ukraine from Russia and the establishment of the Ukrainian National Republic.

22. 1919. Workers Congress in Kiev, participated in by representatives of Western Ukraine as well.

The proclaiming on the St. Sophia Square in Kiev of the union of all Ukrainian territories, including the Ukrainian National Republic and the Ukrainian Western dependent state of Ukraine.

29-30. 1655. Battle of Okhmativ, between Ukrainians under Khmelnytsky and the Poles.

30. 1918. Battle of Kruti—the Ukrainian Thermopylae—where a force of 300 young Ukrainian students died in a heroic defense of Kiev against a Bolshevik army.

## A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH  
(A free translation by S. S.)  
(Continued from Nov. 15th, 1935 issue)

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### Decline of Ukrainian publications under Communist rule

The coming of the Bolsheviks into power in Ukraine marked the decline of the newly revived Ukrainian publications. This decline reached its lowest depth in 1920 when the Bolsheviks, under the pretext of indexing all publications as a preparatory measure to their ban on all private selling of them, seized all library books. Their next step was to close the libraries, private and public, under the same pretext. They even searched private homes and requisitioned all books found in them.

The true aims of the Reds in this respect, however, were easily discernible from the fact that they did not permit any publications enter the villages; for what they feared most was an enlightened peasant, conscious of his natural right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

### Bolshevik antipathy towards Ukrainian literature

As could be expected, under such conditions it was impossible for Ukrainian publications to appear outside those issued by the Reds, which were of a decided communist propaganda character. Consequently, the true Ukrainian literary movement in Soviet Ukraine came to a dead stop.

It was a severe blow to the Ukrainian cultural development, even worse than those inflicted by the notorious "Chornosotentsi" (Black Hundreds) of the Czarist times, for whereas the latter openly avowed their hostility to the Ukrainian language and their non-recognition of the same, the Bolsheviks, on the other hand, while constantly prating of full political and cultural rights for all nationalities under their sway in reality abused and stifled these rights even more savagely than the reactionaries.

## TWO OUTSTANDING UKRAINIAN WRITERS OF THE 20TH CENTURY

Of the Ukrainian writers who began writing at the beginning of the 20th century, A. Oles is considered the finest poet and Volodymyr Vynnychenko the finest novelist.

### A. Oles

A. Oles (Alexander Kandiba, born 1878) the foremost lyricist of modern Ukrainian poetry, made his literary debut in 1903.

Wrath against oppression and tyranny is the chief characteristic of much of his poetry, as *Z zhuboyu radisch obnyalash* (Happiness and worry embraced), *Poems* (3 volumes), *Na dorozhi v kazku* (On the road to a fable), *Dramatichni etudy* (Dramatic studies), *Scho roku* (Every year), *Nad Dniptom* (On the Dnieper), and *Tragediya sertsya* (A tragedy of the heart). In his poems *Na zelenikh horakh* (On the green mountains) Oles portrays with exquisite artistry pictures of Ukrainian mountaineer (Hutzul) life, even though he had never been in that section any longer

than a few weeks in 1912. His patriotic poems are suffused with ardency and inspiration.

Oles does not labor over his poems, nor does he "squeeze" them out, but in moments of inspiration becomes fired with such creative spirit that, literally speaking, gems of thought and intense feeling fly from him like sparks. Such was the case, for example, at the World-Wide Congress of "Svobidnoyi Dumki" (Free Thought) held in Prague in 1920, where in five minutes before amazed delegates from all parts of the world he composed the beautiful poem *Volnu Myshlenku*.

Having experienced all of the turbulent times of recent Ukrainian history Oles naturally found expression for them in his poetry. In them he urges us on to battle and give us courage. But when the high hopes of the Ukrainians died out and the pessimism set in, even he fell under its blighting influence, as witness his scorching indictment:—

„Свої — серця нам виривали,  
Чужі — тесали нам хрести,  
А ми дивились і не знали,  
Куди нам з цвинтаря іти!”

(To be continued)

## RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

### THE UKRAINIAN WEEK

The names of the months in Ukrainian bring us naturally to the names of the days of the week.

A moment's consideration will suffice to make us realize that the days of the week cannot be expected to be so individualized as are the months of the year. This is for the simple reason that the days of the week are too short periods of time to differ essentially from one another as the months of the year do.

The only essential difference between them, perhaps, is that while some of them are intended by the man for leisure and rest, others are intended by him for work. What is called nowadays *WORKING-DAY*, or *WORK-DAY*, or *WEEK-DAY*, or *WORKA-DAY*, and what used to be called *WORKY-DAY*, is called by the Ukrainian *робучий день*.

As opposed to this, the *HOLIDAY*, is called *свято*, or *празник*.

The regular weekly holiday was called, in English, Sunday, in the honor of the god of sun. The Ukrainian kept in his mind the opposition between the working-day and the holiday and called the Sunday *неділя*, which is evidently the day of the week on which there is no work (*не, not, діло, work*).

*MONDAY*, in English, is a parallel to *SUNDAY*, being a day named in honor of the Moon. The Ukrainian calls the day *понеділок*, which simply means the day following a Sunday. In old days, this, too, was a kind of weekly holiday.

*Понеділкування* was a custom of married women to refrain from certain types of hard work. In some sections of the country this "after-sundaying" was accompanied by slight feasting, and the right to such Monday feasting used to be entered in the marriage-contracts as one of the rights of the wife. To celebrate such feasts on Monday was called *понеділкувати*.

*TUESDAY*, in English, is the day of the Teutonic deity *Tiu*. In Ukrainian the day is called *вівторок*, which comes from *вторий*, second. The name sim-

ply denotes the second day of the week.

*WEDNESDAY* is the day of the Teutonic deity *Woden*. In Ukrainian the day is *серєда*, which means the middle (of the week, of course).

*THURSDAY*, in English, is again the day of the thunder-god, *Thor*, and *FRIDAY* the day of the goddess *Freya*. The Ukrainian continues to call these days by simple numerals: *четвер* (*четвертий*), the fourth day of the week; *п'ятниця*—the fifth day of the week,—just as the old Romans, and after them the English, used to call some of their months by numerals,—a linguistic scheme which shows certain lack of imagination, but is more excusable in the case of the days of the week than in the case of the months. In this connection it is of some interest to note that the Friends (Quakers) have renamed all the days of the week with numerals (*First-Day*, *Second-Day*, etc.) in order to avoid giving a tribute to heathen deities.

The last of the weekdays is called in English *SATURDAY*, for one of the Roman gods, *Saturn*. The Ukrainians call it *субота*. This sound reminds you, of course, of the English word of Hebrew origin, *Sabbath*.

Out of the regular names of the days of the week, in Ukrainian, are formed many derivatives, especially many diminutives, e. g.: *неділька*, *неділька*, *неділька*; *п'ятинка*, *п'ятинька*; *суботка*, *суботочка*, *суботонька*. These nouns serve to express certain emotions of the speaker towards those days, many of whom are often personified, or imagined as personages under whose control the particular days remain. In this way we come again to touch the old custom of the Romans and the English to speak of each day of the week as dedicated to some deity.

The *WEEK* in Ukrainian is called *тиждень*, which is such a period of time as stretches between two week days of the same name (*той же день*). From this the Ukrainian distinguishes yet *триждень*, a period of three days.

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## CULTURAL CENTER NEEDS YOUTH'S HELP

The Cultural Center of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America is promoting several projects in which the youth clubs and organizations throughout the country should take an active interest. In addition to furnishing information concerning Ukraine upon written request, the Cultural Center has three main objectives in mind at present:

### Translations of Ivan Franko Works

One, to identify itself actively with the forthcoming observance of the eightieth birthday of Ivan Franko, considered the greatest poet of Western Ukraine. In order to better acquaint our youth with the powerful influence that his works and life had on the Ukrainian literary and political revival and progress in Ukraine, it was decided that the League publish a translation of his works in the English language. For that purpose an editorial and publication committee, composed of *Waldimir Semenyna*, *Marie Gambal*, *Stephen Shumeyko* and *John Panshuk* has been selected. The committee has been translating short stories and poems, and plans to meet in New York during the Easter holidays for the purpose of selecting the translations and preparing them for publication.

The effort will mark the first translation of Franko into the English by Ukrainians of the younger generation and is a concrete evidence of their appreciation of the value of Franko in Ukrainian literature and history. It is expected that the stories selected will likewise reflect and reveal the universal literary appeal which is to be found in the works of Franko, in addition to the purely Ukrainian interest.

### Monthly Magazine

The second plan of the League is to publish a monthly magazine in the English language, the contents of which would be devoted to cultural, historical, and scientific subjects with notes on the activities of the local clubs and organizations. The need for such a magazine or publication has been long evident, but it is hoped that by the time the fourth Congress meets in Philadelphia plans for the same shall be made definite and

presented for discussion and approval.

### Reference Book

The third project contemplated by the Cultural Center is the compilation and the issuance of a Ukrainian reference book containing complete reference to all printed material and publications in the English in any way discussing Ukrainian history, geography, literature and kindred subjects.

### How Youth Can Aid

In order to carry out this program successfully it is imperative to have money. It should not be at all difficult to raise the necessary funds for these projects. In Detroit alone about \$60.00 has been raised already for the translated publication of Franko. The Ukrainian youth clubs and organizations can give dances, concerts, and plays with the announcement that part of the proceeds will be devoted for the national fund of the Ukrainian Youth's League for the above objectives. It should be and must be the duty of the Ukrainian youth clubs represented and not represented in the Ukrainian Youth's League to come to the financial assistance of the League, for without finances it is not possible for the league to do those things by which it can best serve the Ukrainian youth. All the clubs are urged to enter into the spirit of service and make every effort to raise some money before the Easter holidays in order that the committee may know what funds will be available. All donations for this purpose should be mailed to *Stephen G. Danieson*, 2370 Danforth Street, Hamtramck, Michigan, national treasurer of the Ukrainian Youth's League. Money so sent should be ear-marked as "Franko Fund." All persons interested in the above projects and undertakings, please communicate with *Mary Ann Bodnar*, 341 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y., secretary of the Cultural Center, or *John Panchuk*, 1429 Barlum Tower, Detroit, Michigan, chairman of the Cultural Center.

JOHN PANCHUK.

## MARCHING ALONG

Marching along... Rich men, poor men... Fashionably attired women... Ragged women... Young girls... Not-so-young girls... Well cared for children... Unkempt, neglected urchins... all tramping along in unison.

We stepped out of line for a short time to review the seemingly never-ending parade... We stopped, and watched...

A great dark shining car drew up to the curb. A liveried chauffeur descended to throw open the door. A white-haired gentleman, attired in well-cut, dark clothes, hurried out and joined the marching crowd. The dark car moved away from the curb under the expert guidance of the chauffeur. The white-haired gentleman started his march... in line with vagrants, racketeers, laborers, shoppers...

We stared at him... His good breeding and high social position were apparent. His steps were firm and steady. There was determination in his out-thrust chin and well balanced shoulders... Determination to reach his office, sixteen stories above the grounds; (Death would be so pleasant as he came flying toward it from that great height... When he had taken the money several months ago, he had really intended replacing it... but now... he would never go to prison!... He would never be branded an embezzler.)

How inviting that sixteenth story window looked to him as he detached himself from the marchers and hurried into a building toward—DEATH.

Marching along... She was a middle aged, gray haired woman. Her plump face was wreathed in smiles and one roundish hand was feverishly tugging at an out-moded plum colored velvet hat. She must look her best... She must smile and pretend to be happy... for Billy. His summer vacation must be filled with pleasant memories; with no regrets. He must not be allowed to guess how conditions really were... Poor Billy!... She had written that... But God, how hard it was to scrape up money to send to him... Well, now he was coming home for his vacation... He must not be allowed to guess. So she tugged at the plum colored hat again, tucked in a wisp of gray hair, and continued the march toward—Billy.

And still the parade goes on:— A boy and a girl... Evidently sister and brother. Both dark of hair and eyes... Both well dressed; although it was apparent that the clothes were inexpensive... The brother, towering over his sister, had a crease between his eyes... A crease, which had no right to appear on the countenance of a twenty year old... But it was most difficult for him to get rid of it—especially when he glanced at his sister... Poor kid... So trusting... So sure that he'd take care of her... And he knew that he must take care of her—for always before him stands the vision of that wrecked car... The mangled, torn bodies of his parents being disentangled from the wreckage... His mother's white face... her fluttering lids... her

trembling mouth—and low voice— "Jackie, you must take care of Fran—you must take care of Fr—"

And he would! He would! Only it was so hard to believe those words when you knew that all your worldly possessions were summed up in the \$1.50 jingling in your pockets... So the frown on Jackie's young face deepened... He gripped his sister's trusting arm, smiled down at her... and together they marched away toward—WHAT?

The mythical drums and bugles continue to beat out their marches. A little boy tramps in rhythm... His hair is long and falls over his youthful forehead in wedge-shaped wisps... Large, haunting eyes peer out of their sockets... Sockets which are a little too hollow for one so young. Pale cheeks and a pale mouth occupy spots that should have been flaming with color. His coat, which is obviously a "hand-me-down," hangs loosely over his too slender frame... Over his shoulder is slung a box on which bravely flaunts a sign announcing to the world that is where one can get "Shoes Shined—5c."... One bony little hand reached into a pocket and withdraws a dryish crust of bread... Strong, pearly teeth sink into the crust... The first meal of the day... Perhaps the last... He chews loudly, brushes his hand across his worldly-wise eyes and continues marching.

And so—on and on the endless parade continues. Ever marching—marching—marching along...

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## UKRAINIAN EMIGRANT

Emigration, in most cases, is a matter of necessity, not of choice. It may, indeed, generally be regarded as an act of duty performed at the expense of personal enjoyment, and at the sacrifice of all those local attachments which stamp native scenes in imperishable characters upon the heart.

The emigrant's hope of bettering his condition and securing a sufficient competence to support his family, to free himself from the slighting remarks too often hurled at the poor gentleman by the practical people of the world, causes many to seek fortune in the land of hope. Such was the fate of most emigrants, but especially that of the Ukrainian.

The Ukrainian emigrant left the land of his forefathers to seek betterment for self and family. Parting from his native land he little knew that the parting was permanent. As the years rolled on he tried his best to establish himself in the new country and slowly the idea of going back dwindled.

In the new country he was absorbed, as all the rest, taking of the new culture, but at the same time cherishing the traditions of his forefathers. Thus we see coming into being: churches, benevolent associations, newspapers and cultural centers. These were necessary for the childhood impressions are not so easily done away with. They were and are the stimuli that bring him into touch with his brothers across the sea.

Although, as time goes by the emigrant drifts further and further from the old country, yet, at the same time, the faint recollections of it bring to the memory the past and the emigrant at times broods and yearns for the land of his birth, and thus the spiritual attachments continue. The poem below clearly expresses the plight of the emigrant for his childhood environment.

Far in the hills of the homelands  
There's a stream that I used to know.  
And its music soft that I hear  
so oft,  
Goes with me where'er I go.  
Green are the banks in the homeland,  
Where it sings to the moss and  
the fern;  
As its waters glide down the  
mountain side,  
Or sleep in the dusky tarn.  
And my heart goes back to the  
homeland,  
And the stream that I used to  
know,  
That murmuring stream that  
cradled a dream,  
That I dreamt in the long ago.  
Streams and dreams of the homeland,  
Why do you haunt me so,  
With the golden days and golden  
ways,  
By the stream that I used to  
know.  
Streams and dreams of the homeland,  
The streams that I used to know.

In this poem by Ian MacPherson we plainly see the influence of the early days on youth. May this give us a desire to understand our emigrant fathers, who feel as expressed in the above poem.

Youth must be sympathetic to the feelings of the fathers and try to bear with them in their longings. The Ukrainian youth should understand their feelings much more so when the "Streams and dreams of the homeland" are in bondage.

P. M.

M. EWANCHUK.

## DECEMBER 25TH OR JANUARY 7TH?

It was December 24th—Christmas Eve in most parts of the world. Coming home, I was jostled by the merry crowds that filled the city. Everyone was happy, and everyone gay. The family were all home early that day—for it was Christmas Eve!

I turned on the radio and the sound of beautiful carols filled the air. I opened a stack of mail, and read all the wishes for a Merry Christmas.—But, was I merry? No. I was very sad. Here I was, sitting, doing nothing, whereas if it was the Ukrainian Christmas Eve—there would have been such a festive air about—the hay under the table cloth, the entire family sitting around the table singing kolyadas, the twelve course meal—

But oh, no—we must wait for two weeks before we may celebrate—if we do!

What happens on January 6th and 7th? Well, we don't come home early on our Christmas Eve, for we have to work. Our employers have given us time off to celebrate two weeks ago. We gather around the table, but we are not all there—for one of our loved ones must work in the evening. We cannot stay up late, for another must leave home in the wee hours of the following morning to go to his daily toil.

Christmas Day, January 7th, is not like December 25th. We cannot go to Church for we must work—all day. We forget during the day that it is Christmas Day. Somehow I feel that I am being cheated out of that wonderful feeling of peace and good will which is a part of this feast.

Many argue that we should keep up our traditions. They

## SURE—WE BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS!

As kids we went to bed on Christmas Eve in a state of tense expectancy and lay fitfully awake for hours to hear good St. Nick when he came with his reindeers, his gift-laden bags and his Christmas tree. We always dozed off to sleep before he arrived. But that never mattered. In the joyous, mystery-glamored morning there was proof of his midnight visitation in the resplendent Christmas tree, blazing with lighted candles, and well filled stockings.

Of course, there were presents also from Father and Mother. But Pa and Ma were regarded as mere props to Santa Claus in those days. Santa Claus was the main show. The enchantment of his

point to the Jewish people and say, "Why look at them—they keep up their traditions, and they use a calendar which is a great deal older than ours!" But in their case it's different.—In the first place, there are so many of them, and in the second place, as a general rule each one works for himself, and it's very easy for him to close shop at any time.

Many argue that our calendar is older than the one in use by the world today, and that January 7th is the correct date, but probably neither date is the true date. So, why shouldn't we celebrate on December 25th?

Of course, I realize there are many things which stand in the way of making a change but I feel (and way deep down in your hearts you probably all feel) that Christmas would mean more to us if we celebrated it on December 25th.

ANNA CHOPEK  
117 Greenfield Rd.  
Mattapan, Mass.

coming began to cast its spell upon us weeks before Christmas, when we carefully composed letters to him and addressed them to the North Pole. And the spell lingered after Christmas just as long as the festooned pine tree stood in the parlor. It stood there, at our strident insistence until, after the entire household breathed balsam to the point of a nausea, the heat baked tree showered its needles upon the Brussels carpet. Then Mother declared in a voice that silenced protest that the tree must go out. So out it went. But Santa Claus never went out with it. We kept the dear old chap locked deep in our hearts.

Somehow, he has never left there. How else can it be explained that if our Christmas is merry and brings the fulfillment of every wish, we feel that things are only as they should be. But if, on the other hand, Christmas is a day of separation from loved ones and the Christmas spirit leaves an aching void within us (though our surroundings and circumstances are identical) that is a poignant experience equalled on no other day or holiday of the year.

This is because with our childhood faith we have been led to expect great things of Christmas. And we can never quite get away from our childhood faiths. So, no matter how many times before we have been disillusioned, we always await the coming of Christmas with a feeling of expectancy. We keep on believing that Christmas should and must be a day of goodwill, good cheer and good fortune. We keep on believing Santa Claus was the real thing to us when we were kids. And, as we miss a vanished happiness on Christmas more than we miss it on any other day, it is because he is still the real thing with us.

**SPORT DIVISION NEWS**

To accelerate progress, and not believing in wholesale radical changes, especially after one has had some actual experience and was sincere in his work, I, as the acting Basketball Director, do hereby publicly proclaim, that all District Sport Leaders and Sport Representatives who served for the Sport Division during the basketball and baseball season, are to be retained for another term.

If no resignations are received within a month's time, we will assume that the person accepts the post and agrees to go to work at once on the unfinished business in his section, with particular emphasis on the proposed basketball leagues. If there are any questions, ask!

You will be expected to do your part on your own initiative, so go right ahead in calling sport gatherings and endeavor to form a basketball league in your section. You have the right; we grant you that privilege, provided it conforms with the national League regulations. Let's see who and what section will prove the most initiatory and active this time!

**Saving of "U. W." and Correspondence**

Saving of each issue of the Ukrainian Weekly cannot be over-emphasized. Needless repetition, as had to be done so repeatedly last season for the benefit of those who discarded or lost their issues, will thus be avoided. Not having our own Sport Journal as yet, we must rely on the Ukrainian newspapers as the only direct method of effectively reaching all Ukrainian communities simultaneously.

From time to time the Basketball Department will issue important notices, announcements and set rules, of value to all teams, managers and those on the Sport Division personnel. We will speak to you direct through the press, so save the issues to refer to them. Likewise, "Looking For Games," challenges, team addresses, game results, write-ups, team description and classification, as well as Sport Slants, so as to assure arrangement of evenly-matched games, will be published. All such information should readily be at one's disposal and it can only be done by saving the "Weeklies" and the personal correspondence on sport matters.

All correspondence, inquiries, requests for data, sent to the Sport Recording Secretary, are filed, and replies sent in return. Thus far, we have on file each sport letter or card received, and clipped with them are our replies. This facilitates personal replies and serves as a reference in case or any disputes. We also recommend doing the same with the correspondence received from the Sport Division. But what is even more important is to note its contents and to answer promptly. Belated replies, or no replies at all, have been without doubt the most retarding factor in our determined progress last year. If all letters and press requests are answered within a few day's time, we can progress in greater strides. Do your part, we'll do ours, and strive to correct this common fault.

In conclusion, we especially beckon those who are active in athletics and those who observantly criticize, to lend a helping hand in this united effort and thus help in giving it a good nucleus and a good start in building the Sport Division. One is judged by what he does or attempts to do rather than by what he believes is right or wrong. The opportunity of proving your capability is here; we have opened the doors, so step right in and get acquainted.

**ALEXANDER YAREMKO**  
Basketball Director Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

**THE HOBBY COLUMN**

We have a contribution here from Thomas Kulbabsky of 501 High Street, Central Falls, R. I. Thomas' article is as follows:

**PHOTOGRAPHY**

A pastime, which I have found to be interesting, is photography. Although as a hobby it is not a new one, it provides more fun and takes me to a greater number of places than I would have gone had I been a boy with no particular interests.

As a novice I still have a great deal to learn about this interesting profession, but nevertheless I am relying on books and what experience I can gain by myself to progress more thoroughly in this field. Probably to some of you it may seem an aimless idea... this visiting of numerous places with no definite object in mind except to snap pictures. I, too, thought of it in the same way; but after starting the ball rolling I became more and more interested in this hobby.

Arming myself with a midget camera and suitable film, I go to sporting events and other such outdoor activities, and places, and snap as many pictures of as many people and things as I wish. If the particular scenes are at night I add a photo-flash outfit to the midget camera and then take the pictures. Sometime I have to ask permission to take certain pictures. In many cases I have found that asking permission is profitable; I have gained new friends and have not caused any hard feelings as a result of being over bold.

Just taking the pictures is not all the joy I derive from my hobby. The finished result interests me the most; the pictures in my photography album not only serve as educational reminders of my many visits but as a guide by which I can pick out the flaws and correct them in my future attempts at photography.

And now we have an article from L. H., which reads as follows:

**UKRAINIAN EMBROIDERY**

Winter finally having shown such definite signs of honoring us with its presence I return again to my annual trend toward selecting a hobby to keep me interested during the long winter evenings.

This season I have selected Ukrainian cross-stitch embroidery, and what could be more interesting as well as profitable than this pleasant pastime? Time flies when one stitches away industriously, anxious to see the finished pattern.

For interesting and unique patterns I delve into various old needlecraft shops as well as the many design-books offered by our Ukrainian book stores. A visit to the home of an old-timer nets beautiful old colorful patterns galore.

When applied to various articles of wearing apparel, Ukrainian cross-stitch embroidery is striking and different in appearance, and brings favorable comment from all. To me nothing is more beautiful than an attractively embroidered blouse or a set of linens. And certainly nothing could make a finer gift, now that the Christmas season is upon us.

Of all the various hobbies I have undertaken, and I assure you there have been many, I feel that I can truthfully say that Ukrainian cross-stitch embroidery is, and always will be, the favorite.

Have you a hobby? If so write about it and submit the result to this column. Anything you may send will be greatly appreciated. Send all contributions to

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

**ANNUAL MEETING OF U.N.A. YOUTH BRANCH**

I do not think that there has ever been as much organizing of our youth going on as now. More and more American-Ukrainian youth clubs are springing up in practically every Ukrainian community in America. Yet for some reason or other the youth is not joining as much as it should the organizations built by its parents, such as the Ukrainian National Association.

This defect in our present youth movement is a serious one and eventually it may threaten our whole American-Ukrainian life structure. For if our young people do not soon begin joining the older organizations, there will be no one to take them over when the older generation gradually passes off the stage of life, and in this manner all that these organizations have created, all their large financial resources, their prestige and standing here in America, will be lost to our people.

Here in Cleveland we have a youth branch of the Ukrainian National Association—an organization which is the oldest, largest, wealthiest and strongest Ukrainian organization in the United States and Canada as well. Only recently we read in the Svoboda that the total assets of the Ukrainian National Association have jumped up to \$4,000,000.00. This Cleveland youth branch together with other youth branches will eventually take full charge of this great organization with all its assets, and yet our local youth seems blind to this fact and does not join the branch in any appreciable numbers. It does not seem aware of the fact that for an insignificant sum of money it gains from the Association splendid insurance protection and a voice in its management too! That's nothing to be sneezed at.

On January 19th, there will be held in the Cleveland-Ukrainian National Home an annual meeting of the Cleveland youth branch of the U.N.A., at which officers will be elected and plans laid down for the coming year.

Besides the members I urge every young American-Ukrainian who is not a member of this youth branch to come to this meeting and join the branch. By helping to swell its membership you will enable the branch to have the right, according to the By-Laws of the U.N.A., to send its delegates to the May 1937 Convention of the U.N.A. with all expenses paid by the Association. Who knows but that you may be one of these delegates. And then, who knows but that any one of these delegates may be elected as Supreme Officer of the Ukrainian National Association. It is all possible, provided our youth joins the Ukrainian National Association. So come to this U.N.A. youth branch meeting and join it!

**Olga T. Hrycey, Vice-Pres.**  
Cleveland, Ohio.

**NEW YORK CITY.**

**FIRST ANNUAL DANCE** sponsored by Ukrainian University Society SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1936 at the International Institute, 341 East 17th St. Commencement at 8:00 P. M. Featuring John Mudry and his Lido Club Orchestra. 8,14,20

**UKRAINIAN YOUTH RALLY**

of New York District, sponsored by Ukrainian Catholic Youth League on SUNDAY, FEBR. 2, 1936, in Empire Hotel, 63rd St. and Broadway, N. Y. C. MASS MEETING at 3 P. M. Speakers, discussions. GRAND BALL at 6:30 P. M. Gypsy orchestra. \$1.00 per person. Write to: Ukrainian Catholic Youth League, 9 Stagg St., Jersey City, N. J., for detail information. 8

**A "YOUTH'S EVENING" AT NEWARK**

Ukrainian Culture and History is spreading all over the United States. It is obvious, that we, the Ukrainian Youth, are not asleep, but are doing everything in our power to make steady progress. In various ways, such as concerts, plays and rallies we raise higher our name.

On Sunday, January 12, 1936, in the "Old Parish Hall," 249 Court Street, Newark, N. J., at 7:30 P. M., the Ukrainian Social Club will present a "Youth's Evening" for a very fine cause. The proceeds of this affair will be used to purchase Ukrainian books, as a gift to the Columbia University Library in New York City.

An interesting talk will be given by a well known Ukrainian speaker. There will also be talks and songs by the club members, as well as music, dramatic recitations and a short comedy-skits, which we are sure will be enjoyed by all. All those taking part in this program are members of the Ukrainian Social Club, with the exception of a group of dancers from the local Ukrainian Sitch Dancers Club.

We extend invitations to all our neighboring Ukrainian youth clubs and to all who are interested in our doings.

**Palagia Prychoda, Pub. Mgr.**

**NEWARK CHORNOMORSKA SITCH WINS**

The Ukrainian Sitch Sport Club of Newark, basketball team, defeated the Ukrainian Lions of Passaic by the score 26 to 23. The game was played at the Ukrainian Sitch Hall, Friday, December 20th. The Ukrainian Lions were leading at the end of the first half, 13 to 10. The Lions continued to be in the lead until the last minute, when Steve Kowtko and Phil Chey made baskets in quick succession to raise the score. Johnny Liegl, former South Side High School Star, led the scoring for the Sitch Club with 8 points, while Boruch and Hallahan starred for the Lions. In the short time that this team has been in existence, the Club Ukraine, Ukrainian Sichowi Strilchi and the Ukrainian Lions, have been defeated. The team is anxious to have other teams be their guest at the Ukrainian Sitch Basketball court. For games write to:

**JOHN CHEY**  
179 So. 21st Street  
Irvington, N. J.

**THE FARMER**

The farmer's row is hard to hoe;  
His field is full of stones of care;  
The stuff he plants don't want to grow,  
And only weeds will spring up there.  
Old ragged clothes he has to wear;  
His days are full of discontent;  
His debts he can never square,  
The farmer never has a cent.

All joy in life he must forego,  
He never has the cash to spare  
To see a movie or a show  
Or buy a change of underwear.  
A happy farmer is as rare  
As onions with a violet scent;  
To all misfortunes he falls heir,  
The farmer never has a cent.

His life is one long tale of woe,  
His creditors him always scare;  
Foreclosure is another blow  
Of which he always must beware.

He bows beneath this load of care  
And sorrows for a life misspent;  
Or maybe he just fumes and sweats,  
The farmer never has a cent.

Each day his outlook's growing grayer,  
In worry is his time all spent;  
Misfortune ever is his share,  
The farmer never has a cent.

**MIKE MALLON, age 12.**  
Clintonville, Conn.