



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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VOL. IV

YOUTH TODAY

THE ADVICE OF YOUTH IS SOUGHT

A plan to place partial supervision of the National Youth Administration in the hands of young men and women was furthered by President Roosevelt, when he approved a proposal to select a limited number of the advisory councils of the NYA from among winners of an essay contest on national problems.

THEY STUDIED YOUTH

The Child Study Association published lately a book under the title PARENTS' QUESTIONS, a collective work done by a half dozen members of staff of the Association. It is a selection from the records of the organization of a series of representative questions by the parents as to the behavior of their children.

SHE CALLS IT A REVOLUTION

Virginia Crocherson Gildersleeve, for many years dean of Barnard College, spoke to Eunice Fuller Barnard, of the New York Times, of what she calls the revolution in the course of study.

"When I became dean Barnard had no courses whatever in government and politics. Today they are most important and flourishing."

"Similarly, economics, once neglected by our students, is now as popular a subject as is English."

On the other hand, Dean Gildersleeve, once a doughty champion of classics, who had stated the belief that a student can gain from them alone a complete preparation for modern living, was one who led in the movement to drop the Latin requirements. Barnard was the first of the ranking women's colleges to do so. During her regime the Barnard course of study has reached out into both esthetic and realistic realms little dreamed of in the old scholastic tradition.

WILL THIS GENERATION ESCAPE WAR?

Speaking during the memorial services at Abraham Lincoln's tomb at Springfield, Illinois, on Lincoln Day, Ray Murphy, the National Commander of the American Legion, sounded a warning.

"Plans are being made," he said, "to drag us once more into a European war. The evidence is overwhelming that great nations of Europe and Asia once more are girding for war, for another world war. Alliances are being drawn, armaments are being increased and already we begin to hear reports of the border clashes. More disturbing to us is the now obvious fact that the manoeuvring is under way to determine America's place in that war. The propaganda mills are working overtime, preparing American minds for the profits of war commerce as a prelude to the act of dragging us once more into a conflict in which we should have no part."

A GUIDE IS NEEDED

A book entitled "ORGANIZATIONS FOR YOUTH: Leisure Time and Character Building Procedures," by Elizabeth R. Pendry and Hugh Hartshorne, has been published by McGraw-Hill Book Company, of New York, to furnish a handbook for the use of those who are interested in the bettering of conditions for young people. It is extensive and non-sectarian.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS

It is with considerable satisfaction that we read the many letters sent us dealing with the various aspects and problems of our American-Ukrainian life and containing many valuable suggestions as to how this life could be improved, for these letters are abundant proof for us that our youth is growing aware of the common bond of interest that links it with others of its kind; and such growing awareness is a definite step forward to the time when this youth will play an important part in the making of America and the freeing of Ukraine.

While on the subject of these letters we cannot help but express our wish that all those who contribute to these pages would become members of the Ukrainian National Association,—which publishes this gazette and the daily Svboda. The Association has always been an integral part of our life here in America and its growth in membership would naturally further enhance its value as such. We therefore urge all our young people to go to any of their local U. N. A. branches at the very earliest opportunity, join it, and take an active part in it.

Of course, our wish in this matter will in no way deter the Ukrainian Weekly from publishing contributions from all American-Ukrainians, as has been its policy from the very beginning.

As always, the readers and we are greatly interested in learning the opinions of our young folks on the various problems confronting them, whether it be the matter of changing one's Ukrainian name to an Anglo-Saxon one, or the advisability of Ukrainians forsaking their Julian for the Gregorian Calendar and thereby being able to celebrate religious holidays together with most of the Western World, or whether it be the question which of the several Ukrainian youth leagues in America our youth should support. All of these and other more important matters are of interest to all of us, and we invite comments upon them.

In extending this invitation, however, we wish to emphasize once more that the Ukrainian National Association and its official organs are founded upon certain broad and time-enduring principles, of which not the least important is religious tolerance. And therefore, any attempt made by any contributor to these pages to infringe upon these principles will be looked upon by us with disfavor.

Our stand in this matter should be perfectly understandable to any thinking person. The Ukrainian Weekly has earned the right to pride itself on its broad and tolerant spirit. It has always sought to present both sides of any issue. And yet we cannot permit this spirit to become vainglorious and overstep its natural boundaries to the point where anarchy will reign unchecked upon these pages. No publication has ever done this and survived very long. The broad principles of the Ukrainian National Association are broad enough for its Ukrainian Weekly. Time has proven their worth. And therefore let there be no untenable complaints that the Ukrainian Weekly is not "un-biased."

And in this connection, we wish to counsel our contributors not to make mountains out of molehills. Glancing over the old issues of our newspapers we often find columns upon columns of the most grandiloquent rhetoric, terrific bombast, spirited charges and counter-charges of gallantly arrayed sentences and paragraphs that fairly leap out of the yellowing pages. And over what? Over some of the paltriest issues imaginable!

Let's not therefore follow here in the footsteps of our older folks. Let's not permit the spectre of some literary "masterpiece" of today come to haunt us in our older and wiser years. Let us not dramatize needlessly. But let us preserve our sense of proportion—and humor.

NEW YOUTH BRANCHES FOR THE U. N. A.

The year 1936 has opened quite auspiciously for the Ukrainian National Association, for since its beginning two youth branches and one women's branch have been formed.

The first youth branch, "Crute" (Krut), No. 203 of the U. N. A., was formed in Detroit, Mich., and is composed of young American born Ukrainians. It derives its name from the battlefield wherein three hundred young Ukrainians died in a vain effort to defend Kiev against a large Bolshevik army. The branch was organized by John Panchuk, well known local lawyer. Its officers are: Charles Macherzak, President, Miss Elsie S. Boyko, Secretary, and William Kozak, Treasurer.

The second youth branch, "Prosvita" (Enlightenment), No. 224 of the U. N. A., was formed in Salem, Mass., and is also composed of young American-Ukrainians. Its organizers were Joseph Ercha and Nicholas Dawyskyba, the latter who is secretary of Branch 238 of the U. N. A. in Boston, Mass. The officers of the new youth branch are: Paul Homiak, President, Joseph Ercha, Secretary, and Steven Bury, Treas.

The women's branch was organized in Jersey City, N. J. It bears the name "Lesya Ukrainka Society," No. 171 of the U. N. A. It derives its name from the famous Ukrainian poetess. The branch was organized by Mrs. Stephanie Halychyn, and its officers are: Mrs. Mary Petrenko, President, Mrs. Stephanie Halychyn, Secretary, and Miss Anna Zukowsky, Treasurer.

As can be seen from the above, where there's a will there's a way. There are still many localities where no youth branch of the Ukrainian National Association exists as yet. The benefits of membership in the Association have been set out too often on these pages to bear repetition here. So take the initiative in your locality and form an American-Ukrainian youth branch of the U. N. A., now. For further information refer to your local older folks' branches or write directly to Mr. Dmytro Halychyn, Recording Secretary, Ukrainian National Association, 81-83 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

NEXT CONVENTION OF U. N. A. TO BE HELD IN WASHINGTON

At the annual meeting held last week of the Supreme Assembly of the Ukrainian National Association, at which numerous important organization matters were discussed and appropriate resolutions passed, it was decided that the next convention (May, 1937) of the U. N. A. will be held in Washington, D. C. As usual, every branch in good standing will have the right to send its delegates to the convention, all expenses to be paid by the Association. All youth branches will also have an opportunity of sending their delegates, provided they are in good standing, in accordance with the requirements as set out in the Constitution of the U. N. A.

(Today's Ukrainian Weekly concluded in the Svboda)

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

(90)

Prominent Ukrainian Writers of Sub-Carpathian Ukraine

Although at the close of the 19th century there were still many Sub-Carpathian writers of Muscophile tendencies, yet there were others who were conscious of their Ukrainian national heritage and wrote accordingly. Among the latter was the Rev. George Zhatkovich, well known for his translations of Ukrainian works into Hungarian, and Hladore Stripsky, philologist and archeologist. The latter was the first to delve into the history of ancient writings of Sub-Carpathian Ukraine, besides being a strong defender and propagator of the Ukrainian national tongue. Others of the Sub-Carpathian writers who also wrote in Ukrainian were: Y. Bilenky, author of "Ancient Rus Literature in Hungary," and associate editor of the Uzhorod newspaper "Svoboda," which appeared in the Ukrainian language; Rev. August Voloshyn, one of the most active workers in the field of literature, who issued 20 annual volumes of the Society of

Education ("Nauka") and the same number of "Mishachesloviiv" (almanacs), besides school books on various topics; Michael and Julian Braschayko, two brothers, both lawyers and prominent public figures, who during 1918-1919 were infatigable in their efforts to unite Sub-Carpathian Ukraine with the independent Ukrainian republic; and, finally, Vasile Grenda-Donsky, who was the first Ukrainian nationally conscious poet of Sub-Carpathian Ukraine. His greatest dream is to entrench the Ukrainian language as the literary tongue of all that region.

Thus, as we see, after a great deal of aimless wandering and searching, the Sub-Carpathian Ukrainians have with the help of emigrants from Galicia at last found their own road leading to progress and enlightenment, and there is good reason to believe that from this road they shall never swerve.

UKRAINIAN LITERATURE UNDER THE BOLSHEVIKS

Literature should serve beauty, satisfy one's esthetic senses, but

the Bolsheviks demand of their writers that their works should be a tool of their Communist propaganda. Soviet censors strictly scan all literary works and we into the writer who does not toe the mark. Such a person finds himself quickly in jail, and if he does not "repent" he faces exile in the notorious Solovetsky Islands and other northern prison camps or summary execution. The Russian Communist authorities in Greater Ukraine consider as one of their chief duties the destruction of Ukrainian "chauvinism." Even the slightest inference that Ukraine is a separate entity under Russian occupation is rank heresy and severely punished. For a Ukrainian to love his native land is forbidden, for out of such love there grows hatred for the oppressors. That is why the Bolsheviks regard with great favor all writers who preach love for Russia. In the eyes of the Bolsheviks all Ukrainians are bandits while all Russian Communists are heroes. There is no doubt that there is a great deal of literary talent in Greater Ukraine, yet all of this talent expresses itself only in terms of platitudes for Communism and Russia.

(To be continued)

That is not what I mean—continued the lecturer—the plow is of greater value to us because it plows up the ground for the planting of wheat, while a pen is valueless in this respect. What would happen, for instance, if there was no plow? (Voices: No bread!) With what would the people plow up the ground? (Hrimalo was fairly stunned by the thought: indeed, how could people plow up the ground without a plow?) And thus you see, my dear farmers, how important is the plow. But this plow that stands before you is not like the one you use on your farms. You have always used a wooden plow, and you have perhaps seen iron plows, but this one before you is not an ordinary iron plow, because it cuts two furrows instead of one, for, as you see, it has two shares. (Hrimalo rose on his tiptoes to see better this wonderful plow: yes, indeed, it did have two shares!). All of you should have such a plow on your farm, for it cuts your plowing time in half. (How clever!—several voices spoke up). And now that I have explained to you how to operate the winnowing-machine, the horse-hoe, spinning wheel and the plow, we shall now give everyone of you a chance to win these farm implements. Whoever wins can take it home. But he must make good use of it and urge his neighbors to obtain one for themselves. He must also take very good care of it, for some of these implements are quite expensive; this plow itself is worth 40 dollars (My!—Hrimalo could not help ejaculating—that's certainly worth winning!).

The farmers began to crowd around the table and draw their lots. A village reading circle won the winnowing-machine, several farmers won books on agriculture, others—quarts of special grass seed, one won the horse-hoe, the schoolmaster got a spinning wheel, until, finally, there was left only the plow. "Gosh, if I could only win that plow!" fervently wished Hrimalo, and in answer to his wish, the lecturer emerged from behind the table and said: "The plow has been won by Senko Hrimalo from Hungry Hollow!"

"Here I am!" yelled Hrimalo, and began pushing his way to the front, as if afraid that someone might take the plow before he reached it.

"You can take the plow now, if you wish," said the lecturer.

"Thank you, sir, thank you for your kindness." Hrimalo was fairly beside himself with gratitude and made a move to kiss the lecturer's hand.

"Don't thank me but thank Education, which cares for you so well," replied the other.

Hrimalo was so happy that he would have thanked Education herself and even kissed her hand. In fact, he even looked around for her, but not seeing her anywhere in the hall, turned back to the plow. Imagine! It costs forty dollars! He had never seen the likes of it! Hrimalo leaned over and attempted to lift it. "Ho! but it's heavy! I don't think I can lift it."

"How much does it weigh?" he ventured to ask the lecturer.

"Eighty-four kilograms," the other replied.

"How much is that by our reckoning?"

"Close to two sotnari.

"Hm!" thought Hrimalo. "Well, we shall see. But I certainly can't leave it here."

He went outside to his wagon, drove it in front of the hall, and with the help of his son and the

THE NEW PLOW

By OSYR MAKOVEY

(Translated by S. S.)

(1)

From that very time, when in the home of Senko Hrimalo there appeared among the holy pictures on the wall a framed certificate of membership in the Society of Education, Hrimalo became a changed man. Before this, he was like anyone else, but now he fairly seemed to swell with importance and dignity, as if he had plumbed the very depths of learning. For long periods of time he would stand before the framed certificate and lovingly regard it, and if any neighbors came he would be sure to point out to them the inscription on it: Senko Hrimalo, farmer, Hungry Hollow. The neighbors would stand before it, wonder-struck. What sort of a picture was this! They had never seen the likes of it. It looked like a holy picture, to be sure, but then it couldn't be, for how could Hrimalo's name be on one; and yet there was that figure of an angel holding a torch in hand—while to the side was: Senko Hrimalo, farmer, Hungry Hollow. And as if that wasn't enough, beneath there was a large blue seal and several impressive signatures of some high gentlemen from Lviw. A wonderful picture indeed, certainly not obtainable at the market. And how did Hrimalo ever manage to become acquainted with the high gentlemen from Lviw?—would be the usual question. Well, upon the advice of the village schoolmaster he had sent a dollar, and from Lviw they had sent him this certificate, booklets, and an almanac—all for one dollar!...

"Our people don't know a thing," said Hrimalo to the schoolmaster. Since his membership in Education he now was meeting the latter more often and together with him reading newspapers. "Which of them, for example, knows what is happening in Bulgaria? And by the way, do you know whether they have yet caught the one who killed Stambulov?"

"Not yet," replied the schoolmaster. "In fact, the newspapers

write that they will never catch any of them."

"Such a backward country! No order in it at all. But where is this Bulgaria, anyway?" Hrimalo asked, curiously.

"Beneath the Turk, of course."

"And where is the Turk?"

The schoolmaster, too, did not know where the Turk was, but this did not hinder them in the least from discussing Turkish and Bulgarian affairs. For that matter Hrimalo even ventured one day to discuss the killing of Stambulov with his wife; but she paid only scant attention to what he was saying, so that finally he waved his hand, saying, "What does a woman know of politics," and from that day never spoke of politics to her again.

One day he read in the newspapers that the Society of Education was sponsoring a farmers meeting and inviting all its members to attend it. Since now he felt it to be his duty to attend, he decided to go, especially since the schoolmaster desired to go too.

"And where to, now?" his wife asked, when she saw him harnessing the horses to the wagon.

"To a farmers meeting."

"Humph, what is that... You'll only tire out the horses for nothing."

"Eh, what do you know!" he snorted, and taking along his boy (to keep watch over the horses while he was at the meeting) and the schoolmaster, he left for the city.

The Court House, where the meeting was held, was packed with farmers from the surrounding countryside, seated on chairs like some high and mighty gentlemen, listening to Education. Seated among them was Senko Hrimalo with the schoolmaster, also listening to what these gentlemen from Education had to say. An elderly reverend father appeared and began telling them how wonderful Education is and how much it cares for the farmer. Hrimalo remembered his certificate—and the talk of the speaker pleased him

very much. He would have even clapped his hands, just like some people near him were doing, but handclapping seemed kind of childish to him, so he remained quiet. Then another lecturer appeared and said: "Congratulations, my friends, for having come to this meeting, even from distant parts. There could have been more of you, but it's good that at least you are here!" Hrimalo felt very happy that no one had to regret his absence. A third speaker appeared and began talking about storekeeping. Hrimalo listened attentively until he finally understood the speaker to mean that all farmers should become storekeepers. Concluding that he did not have to be a storekeeper, Hrimalo settled himself more comfortably in the chair, lowered his head and began trying to recall the military band music he heard on the street on his way to the meeting. Memories of his days in the army came upon him—and he dozed off. He did not sleep long, however, for he was suddenly awakened by the sound of applause around him. Opening his eyes, he perceived that the speaker was no longer there and that some of the farmers were leaving the hall. Stretching, he decided to do likewise. Leaving the schoolmaster behind him, he went outside. He walked about a bit, peered in store windows, went to see if his horses were being properly taken care of, had a bite, a drink of brandy, and then returned to the hall. This time there were not as many farmers as before, but those that were there were crowded with outstretched necks around the table, behind which sat the lecturers. Before the table and on it lay several spinning wheels, several graftlings, bags of grass seeds, a winnow, a horse-hoe, and a plow. One of the speakers, a little active fellow, was speaking sonorously: "With the plow we plow the earth. (As if we didn't know that!—thought Hrimalo). The plow is older than the pen, with which we write, and who knows but that it is even of greater value than the pen (Sure thing! A pen can be bought for a penny, but not a plow!—said Hrimalo to the schoolmaster, who was standing alongside him, but so loudly that even the lecturer heard him).

(Continued on page 3)

RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

Russian and Ukrainian

I have heard lately various remarks which point to the interest of our readers in the question of the difference between the Ukrainian and the Russian language. Some approached me with a suggestion to give a concise answer to the question, what is the difference between the two languages?

I would like to comply with this request, but the problem is so broad, it embraces so many questions, that really no concise answer to it could be given. And so, though not declining to elucidate the problem from time to time, I would like to bring to the reader's attention as a partial contribution a passage from the renowned opinion of the Russian Imperial Academy of Sciences, in St. Petersburg, on the limitations imposed upon the Ukrainian printed word (the opinion was issued in March 1905):

"It must be especially emphasized that the Ukrainian finds it difficult to understand Great Russian books devoted to the presentation even of the most elementary subjects because of the different ways in which the two languages denote the objects of everyday use. Thus the words: лошадь, меринъ, телѣга, одонье, омшеникъ, овинь, рига, клѣтъ, подволока, польня, глазъ, лодь, затылокъ, туча, молнія, радуга, колодезь, прудъ, мельница, мельникъ, боровъ, кукушка, тряпка, изба, калитка, форточка, пѣтух, насѣдка, нашествъ, and other such words are unintelligible or little intelligible to a Ukrainian."

You may try the above words on yourself.

A Polish Dance?

I heard lately a group of Ukrainian girls getting excited about the music at a Ukrainian ball playing too often polkas. "What is that Polish dance," one of them said, "doing at this Ukrainian dance, anyhow?"

It is not my business to decide what dances should be played at any balls, but I would like to inject some healthy scepticism as to the dance POLKA being of Po-

lish origin. "The New International Encyclopaedia," (published by Dodd, Mead, and Co., New York, 1920), says in its article "Polka":

"POLKA, (from Boh. PULKA, half; so called from the half step characteristic of the dance). A round dance supposed to have originated in Bohemia about 1830. It was introduced as a fashionable dance into western Europe about 1841 and soon became extremely popular; in France in particular it created a furore."

To attribute the invention of this dance to Poles appears to be based upon what the philologists call "popular etymology." It is quite natural that the people who know the word "Polka" to mean a Polish woman in many Slavic languages, should connect the dance with the Poles. But though quite natural, the error appears to be proved.

Again the Printed Dress

My article on the printed dress evoked from a reader the question, "Is there any connection between the word димка and the English word 'dimity'?"

Having examined the dictionary, I find that the word DIMITY comes from the Greek word DIMITOS, and this word is composed of two Greek words: DI, two, and MITOS, thread.

In English the word came to denote a stout cotton goods used for covering furniture, sometimes printed in colors. Thus the connection between the Ukrainian димка and the English DIMITY seems to be evident.

I may as well add what Ernest Weekly, the well-known English linguist, has to say on this topic in his book "The Romance of Words," in the chapter on so-called doublets:

"The two words DIMITY and SAMITE—

'An arm
Rose up from out of the bosom
of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic,
wonderful,
Holding the sword.'
(Tennyson, Morte d'Arthur, l. 29.)

are both connected with Greek MITOS, thread. DIMITY is the plural, DIMITI, of Italian DIMITO, 'a kind of coarse cotton of flannel,' from Graeco-Lat. DIMITUS, double thread. SAMITE, Old French SAMIT, whence German SAMT, velvet, is the medieval Latin HEXAMITUS, six-thread; this is Byzantine Greek HEXAMITON, whence also Old Slavonic AKSAMITU."

And, of course, you will recognize the word in the Ukrainian words аксамит and оксамит, as it called in some regions, as well as the various derivative adjectives such as: аксамитний, оксамитний, аксамитовий, оксамитовий.

And once I have digressed from the original topic so far, I may as well go still further and add that the Ukrainian, having made the characteristic qualities of this material his own, that is incorporated them into his emotional experience, has used the word to call several flowers by that name, among others, the well known COLUMBINE, which in old English verse is an emblem of forsaken lovers:

The columbine in tawny often taken,
Is then ascribed to such as are forsaken.

(Browne: British Pastorals:)

er.

To "E. H."

Perhaps my beginning will not be elaborate as I am going to borrow from your "Sundry jottings of an Exile" a portion of an expression you used, namely, "a doctor buries his mistakes—but an engineer's mistakes bury him."

Indeed, it is a common thing so easily said—"a doctor buries his mistakes." Before rambling on, let me say that in this modern day and age there are not supposed to be mistakes which can be attributed to the doctor because of the wonderful scientific instruments which are at his command.

However, we will say for the sake of argument that mistakes occur because of:

- 1, the carelessness of the doctor,
- 2) the patient saw the doctor too late.

Let us take the lesser of the two evils—the carelessness of the doctor. A doctor is a human being, stubbornness a part of his make-up, prone to err in his judgment and not infallible. Therefore, X-Ray machines, laboratories, and fluoroscopic machines were invented; men trained in their use to aid in diagnosing one's ills. Even with those aids the best of us cannot cope with a certain difficult case. As a rule a doctor is thought of as a miracle-man who can right wrongs an individual has heaped upon himself during the course of a countless number of years. Just as it took time for the wrong to appear; so it takes time for the cure to be accomplished.

My article is being written to those "mistakes" not as a criticism but as a plea especially to the younger generation of Ukrainians who read our Ukrainian Weekly and who can, if they so desire, transmit this message to their elders.

Let us take for example a case such as this. "A husband distracted with grief brings his wife to the hospital, near death, for whom little can be done except relieve the pain. What is the usual story we hear? Is it not—"Please, doctor, save my wife; I'll pay you any amount of money. I'm telling you about her; I didn't tell the other doctor because he doesn't know anything."

Why such hypocrisy? Why such delay in getting treatment for his wife?

Just one more example especially common in our own homes. After a summer picnic of hot dogs and "soft drinks" on Sunday afternoon you are suddenly seized with cramps in the stomach which finally become a sharp pain low down in the right side. Pray tell what is the usual home remedy? You, as well as I, know it. Mother says, "You have an upset stomach—take a cathartic, you probably need it." Obedient John takes a good strong one. Result—he is lying in the hospital hovering between life and death.

On the other hand—disobedient John waits, goes to bed—calls a doctor. Result—Goes to the hospital and has appendix removed—lo and behold walks out of the hospital in ten days free of his troubles.

Finally, I wish to leave with you a few DON'TS:—

1. Don't be your own doctor, and know more than your doctor.
2. Don't use cathartics for your stomach ailments or "one with pepper and one without."
3. Don't delay in calling the doctor when you are sick.
4. Don't fool with colds, because they lead easily to pneumonia.
5. Don't blame the doctor unless you know positively that you saw him soon enough.
6. Don't withhold information from your doctor—he is your friend and confidant.

Finally, you don't have to believe a word of this article, because a doctor wrote it.

DR. E. A. K.
(U.N.A. 206).

FATE!

Almost all of us have read about the aeroplane crash which occurred on Friday, January 24, involving the crash of two army bombers and the death of six men.

To many, this was just another aeroplane crash. It was just that to me also until I received a letter from Luke Field in Honolulu where the accident occurred. In this letter I received a little piece of silk with ragged, burned edges. To this was attached the story concerning the aeroplane crash that so many of us have read.

Now let me, through your imagination, take you to the place where this little piece of silk came from and show you just what happened as to make this little token so valuable to me.

The dusk of a Hawaii evening is slowly creeping over Luke Field in Honolulu. Up in the darkening sky three army bombing planes are flying in a flight echelon. Suddenly the first plane leaves the formation to land. But as it leaves it catches the wing of one of the other two planes, throwing it out of control. The plane swirls and locks wings with the third plane. After a breath-taking moment they break apart.

As we watch we have a feeling that something is wrong—that something awful is going to happen. Presently two parachutes blossom into the evening sky. A third flyer leaps from his plane. Has he pulled the rip-cord yet? Why doesn't his parachute open? Our hearts freeze within us as we realize that he did pull the rip cord and that the parachute failed to open!

We turn away from this scene to come back to the two planes. One is spinning downward—the other explodes and follows suit. There is another blinding explosion as the two planes crash. The bloody red flames stain the grey sky as they devour the two planes.

Shortly after they reach earth and land between two 55,000 gallon tanks of gasoline, one of the parachutes lands on one of the tanks. The aviator tries desperately to hold on to the tank but his parachute slowly drags him toward the burning plane. With a last prayer on his lips the man's grip slowly slips and we turn our heads away as he plunges into the flames to be burned alive.

We now have time to turn back to the parachute that failed to open. We see that this same parachute that did not open has saved the life of its owner by becoming entangled in a steel ladder on one of the two tanks. The first aeroplane and the third jumper made safe landings.

Men rush to the scene and, after what seems like hours, they put out the blaze of the planes.

Stay with me a little while longer and watch this pilot who is approaching the blackened remains of the planes. Silently he kneels in the ashes and in a moment he rises again. What has he got in his hand? We come closer and see that he is holding a little piece of silk—all that is left of his buddy who slid off the tank into the flames.

Back in his room he sits down to write a letter to a friend of his in Buffalo. She would like to have something like this little piece of parachute with a tragic story attached to it. She always did like to save odd things. May as well send it to her. It only hurts him every time he looks at it. His buddy gone.

A few days later I received that letter from Honolulu and in it was the little piece of white silk with ragged, burned edges. What funny games fate plays. The parachute that opened dragged a man to his death. The parachute that failed to open saved a man's life!

VICTORIA JENKINS
Buffalo, N. Y.

WE ARE FRANK

Of all the great surprises that have ever confronted me, the article "Let Us Be Frank," which appeared in the Ukrainian Weekly of January 25 and February 1, of this year, was the greatest.

Our policy

The necessity of omitting diplomacy and being frank has been recognized by the Ukrainian Catholic Youth League from the very beginning. The policy of the UCYL, even if it were only because of the type of an organization the name designates it to be, always is of frankness and truthfulness. Besides this, the UCYL was organized to exist and not to perish. To do so, it must be frank. Diplomatic talk or misleading statements do no one any good but much harm. An organization using such means, may attain some temporary gain, but ultimately the truth will come out. The true colors will be shown and such an organization defeated.

Diplomacy in the article

The author of the mentioned article condemns diplomacy. So do we, but let us stop to analyze the diplomacy (not frankness) of this same author in the mentioned article. In the section labeled "No use crying over spilt milk" the existence of several distinct leagues is bewailed. If we are not to cry over spilt milk why stir up the flame and then let it alone? Why create the possibility of a forest fire? Why insinuate that some one group was responsible for the formation of a number of leagues and not mention what kind of group this was? Why not explain the difference that arose instead of letting the readers draw their own conclusions and perhaps faulty ones? Who was the group responsible for this, when did it happen and how? This would be very enlightening to our young people.

False representations

I do not doubt that there is competition among the two greatest leagues, but from our side the competition is not unhealthy. It is honest with our aims clearly portrayed, but with no casting of false statements on others. With this as our policy, we would like to see it reciprocated.

Why not find out the true condition of things, if they are not known; but if they are known, why not talk and write about these conditions as they are? Why not attribute the lack of cooperation on the part of the priest concerned in the mentioned club in your article to the proper cause instead of insinuating that it is due to the fact that the club did not join the UCYL?

Why try to make the people and the youth believe that the Ukrainian Weekly is so tolerant, un-biased, and willing to cooperate when it even refuses to publish the articles written about the UCYL? Perhaps the articles may be considered as propaganda, but surely news items could be published—but are they?

Enlightening news

So far I have mentioned a number of situations of the past. These situations have originally been touched in the article "Let Us Be Frank," but they were not explained. Since I do not believe in diplomacy, I will explain the situations, enabling the reader to face facts.

First of all, it is true that originally "the one and same Chicago youth committee—that was formed back in 1933 as an outgrowth of the preparations for the coming Ukrainian participation in the World's Fair—was responsible through its disruption for the formation of the two leagues." But why did this disruption come about? Through lack of tolerance!

The majority of that committee were Catholics. As such they held to the Catholic principles for they

could not do otherwise. They wanted to start the convention with a prayer. Surely, there is no objection to that. No matter what you are—Catholic, Pravoslavni, or any other Christian denomination, you say the same "Our Father!" No, this could not be done. The group against it, though in minority, would not listen to such a procedure.

Going further, the question of speakers arose. Many laymen were to speak. It seemed but natural that since the Catholic group was in the majority, they would at least want one speaker of their choice. They wanted Rev. Andrew Truch, a young Ukrainian priest, popular and very active among the Ukrainian Catholic Youth. Again they met with the stubborn opposition of the minority: "We do not want a priest, we can do without him."

Should the majority give in again? What rights have they? If that is the attitude and the behavior of the non-Catholic minority at the very beginning when the first attempts for the organization are being laid, what will it be later? With all respect to others, and to prevent internal strife, the Catholic group gracefully withdrew and started to organize an organization in which they could work unmolested. Was this a dishonorable act on their part? Emphatically not! It was the most honorable and noble thing they could have done.

The second situation I wish to explain is the one connected with the club that was supposed to have been refused cooperation because it did not join the UCYL.

The truth is, the club was approached by the local Catholic priest to join the Ukrainian Catholic Youth League, but there was only one such approach. The club decided against it. Unfortunate circumstances made the club decide just at that time that it would give a dance. This dance was to be held at the time when the Ukrainian advent was not yet over. A representative of this club, with a donation for the church, went to ask the Catholic priest in question to announce the club's dance and to ask the priest to urge the youth to attend. Naturally, the priest had to refuse, not because the club refused to join the UCYL, but because the dance of this club was to be run at a time when the Ukrainian Catholic Church forbids dances.

The last situation that I would like to clear up is not one that has been touched in the article in question, but one that has been called to my attention by a number of club and individuals. Some of the officers of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America are supposed to be spreading the rumor that the Ukrainian Catholic Youth League does not deserve so much credit for its magazine "Ukrainian Youth" because this magazine is financed by the Catholic priests and the organization Providence. I wish, once and for all, to make it clear that the "Ukrainian Youth" is financed by subscriptions, sales, advertisements, and the efforts of the Executive Committee of the UCYL.

Are we not fair?

The UCYL is not trying to spread misunderstanding or work under cover. It is doing everything openly.

At the second congress of the UCYL, the President of the UCYL spoke. Did we curb him? No! He said what he wanted. We were hoping for a lively discussion on the problem of the leagues. I, myself, asked that the essential differences be brought out. The question, however, was avoided. I did not get an answer.

So far this year, the UCYL has held two rallies. One in New York City and one in Philadelphia. We were anxious to answer questions about the leagues. How many were asked? Not many, not even in the cases where the

officers of opposite leagues were present. The few questions that were brought out relevant to this matter were answered openly.

Are we trying to be diplomatic and avoid frankness? Not as far as I can see.

Can religious life be separated from national life and work?

It is a well known fact that a group in order to be well developed must develop along the religious and national lines at the same time. One without the other is not complete and so we see the necessity of an organization that will develop these two phases simultaneously. That is the purpose of the UCYL. In bringing up children you look both after the child's health and education. You do not take care of one and leave the other for someone else. If you did, the child would be maladjusted. If that is the case, then why advocate a false procedure for the development of a group?

Past history shows that the UCYL cannot limit its activities to the religious side, as it is the religious institutions that have founded most of the institutions we have today.

By whom were the beneficial organization started if not by the priests? By whom were and are the choirs sponsored if not by the church? By whom was the school movement started if not by the church? Who built the orphanage, the Girl's High School in Fox Chase, Pa., the Boys' Seminary in Stamford, Conn.? Who has started the all-day Ukrainian grammar schools? Who has started the library and Ukrainian museum in America? Around what did the first social life of the Ukrainians in America concentrate? In fact, who has safeguarded the Ukrainian culture in America if it was not the Ukrainian Catholic Church? Where has most of the money for national and cultural activity come from? If you think back to the beginning of our immigration you are confronted with the problem as to who kept the Ukrainian consciousness alive during the fight between the Russian Church supported by the Russian tzars and the Ukrainian Catholic Church, before the coming and during the life of our first bishop, the late Bishop Ortynsky, if it was not the Ukrainian Catholic Church itself?

With all this in mind can you request the UCYL to take care only of the religious matters? Is it reasonable to make such a request? Has not the UCYL the responsibility of bringing up a group of people that will be capable of continuing the great work started by the Ukrainian Catholic Church? If this League limits its activities to the religious question no such group will be present as one group will be purely religious and the other group will be purely national or cultural with indifference and perhaps enmity toward the Ukrainian Catholic Church and its institutions.

If you need any further proof of the necessity of the cooperation of religious and national life look to the country of our fathers. It was during the reign of St. Wladimir the Great and St. Olga that the Ukrainian nation and all its institutions flourished. It is the Ukrainian Catholic Church that has kept the national feeling in our brethren across the sea, where they are bitterly persecuted and where for five hundred years they have known subjugation. Who started the renaissance in Western Ukraine among Ukrainians if it was not a Ukrainian Catholic priest by the name Markian Shashkevich? Who published the first book in the Ukrainian language "Rusalka Dnistrova" in 1836 if it was not the same Markian Shashkevich?

What would happen if the activities of the Church were confined to religious matters? A calamity would follow. Why then insist on eventually bringing calamity to the Ukrainian life in America by destroying the organization that is following the beaten

HOBBIES

My only hobby is a wooden horse, which has somehow survived the ravages of childhood. While reading your hobby column, I thought I'd investigate. I wanted to know just why people collect things, so by going around my collection friends, I satisfied my curiosity.

First there was the boy who collects stamps. He showed me his collection proudly. It is splendid, containing many rare and valuable stamps.

"Why do you do this?" I asked. "Oh," he replied, "everybody's got to have a hobby, and collecting stamps is very popular. Even President Roosevelt does it; and besides all those different colors look nice pasted in my book."

Another man specialized in tropical fish. He has an elaborate aquarium, and every spare moment is spent in bettering the living conditions of the fish. I asked him why he is so interested in fish.

"I like to watch the way they swim around," he replied.

I know an old lady who collects buttons. She has buttons of every possible size and shape, hundreds of them.

"I love to collect them," said the old lady.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well...she seemed not quite sure, "well...because my grandchildren have such a good time playing with them."

A girl friend collects movie stars' portraits. "The men are all so handsome and the girls are so pretty! It just carries me away to look at them," she explained.

I think I'll stick to my hobby horse. That, at least, will not carry me away. And I'm still not quite sure why people collect things. Perhaps I shall be satisfied if I begin to collect insects and try to find the collecting bug.

NENE KARDIAK
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Perth Amboy, N. J.

"WHILE WE SLEEP"....

Eternal life and love rush swiftly by,
Myriad circlets chained to wings of gold
Worlds for us to grasp and hold
Anchors for our muddled souls.
And we, each in each content to live a lie
Wallow in the congealed bowls
We call our lives, beating for release
Forgetting... friendship and peace.

MARY MURASZKO.

WANT TO LEARN UKRAINIAN?

FREE courses in the Ukrainian language will be given under the auspices of the Ukrainian Civic Center at the International Institute, 341 East 17th Street, New York City, on the following dates: Beginner's classes—every Wednesday between 7:00 and 10:00 P. M.; Advanced classes—every Monday between 7:00 and 10:00 P. M.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

CARD and BUNCO PARTY sponsored by the Lesya Ukrainka Society, branch 171 of the Ukr Nat'l Assn. SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1936 at the Ukrainian National Home, 181-183 Fleet St. Commencement at 6:00 P. M. Admission 25 cts. Refreshments and Entertainment 49.55

path? Why then insist on curbing the activity of the Ukrainian Catholic Youth League? A bit of competition, if honest and open, is not harmful. In fact, competition fosters progress. Why not take up the call, "Live and let live!"

EVA PIDUBCHESHEN.