



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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## YOUTH TODAY

### A TRUE PORTRAIT?

Miss Maxine Davis has written a book, which she describes as "a portrait of American youth today."

The main title of the book "The Lost Generation" speaks of her attitude towards that youth. She sees the symptoms of this malady in the complete indifference, listlessness, "the sheeplike apathy," with which they accept their fate.

That some of the youth may be so described, could be granted. But are there enough of these to grant the author the pessimistic generalization with which she speaks of the entire generation?

### A RADICAL CHANGE OR AN EMPTY PROMISE?

"Want of thought is responsible for much evil," said the vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University, recently, "but misdirected thought may be responsible for more." The troubles of the world are largely the product of muddled thinking. How can this be remedied? He answers, "It is vital for the future of our country (meaning England) and of western civilization that schools should train boys to think."

That is just what has been said by the old teacher all along. And now we hear that under the pretext of learning to think the youth have been merely taught to think the thoughts of their elders.

Will this promise be carried out at last?

### WILL THIS EDUCATE?

The Park Department of the city of New York has a great deal of trouble with petty vandalism. Most of it, the department officials say, is the work of children.

To prevent vandalism and to enforce ordinances and regulations in parks, the Park Department has formed a Junior Park Protective League. About 3,000 children are expected to attend the meetings. They will be a hand-picked group, recommended by their school principals and receiving "A's" in conduct in school. Their ages will range from 12 to 16 years.

The formation of the League is ostensibly to assist in better policing of the parks by direct action.

### A STRANGE YOUTH ORGANIZATION

A demand has been raised in the Congress to investigate the Veterans of Future Wars, a youth organization demanding payment of a \$1,000 bonus for future war service.

The regional commander for the South, in a letter to Senator Hugh Black, welcomes the demand, adding, "We trust we shall be joined by fellow-organizations, The American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. We are a patriotic organization, with nothing to conceal."

The national commander-in-chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars said that organizations of "future wars" groups at Princeton and other universities was the work of "pacifists and anti-veterans."

(Today's Ukrainian Weekly concluded in the Svboda)

## Look At The Irish

It is interesting and beneficial to glance from time to time at the other nationalities that help comprise this America and observe how they contend with the many problems that confront us too.

Our attention was recently called to one such nationality, the Irish, by their observance of St. Patrick's Day.

St. Patrick, as we all know, is the patron saint of Ireland. Every year, on March 17th, Irishmen the world over unite in paying homage to this apostle and patron saint of their native land. And since here in America, there are even more Irishmen than in all Ireland, it is natural that the St. Patrick's Day observances here assume truly great proportions.

These observances are particularly valuable to the interested onlooker in that they throw into bold relief on that day all the qualities, all the strength and all the weaknesses, of the Irish people, and that they make it much easier to observe and study these people in the light of their Irish descent and American environment.

One such observance which we have in mind was a dinner given in the metropolitan area in honor of St. Patrick. It was typical of most others.

Assembled at this dinner was a goodly number of Irishmen, drawn from various walks of life, priests, doctors, lawyers, teachers, politicians, business men, both of the Catholic and Protestant faith. Despite the evident differences existing among some of them, all united at this affair to honor their national patron saint and to strengthen the ties that bind them to their Ireland.

Perhaps the most striking feature of this cross-section of Irish life in America was the evident pride those present manifested in being Irishmen. There were some present whose ancestors had fought in the American Revolution, the War of 1812, the Civil War, yet despite their undisputed Americanism all of them felt as closely bound to Ireland as those who have but recently quit its shores.

It was also interesting to observe that not one of those present even toyed with the thought that the Irish stock in America would become gradually diffused and lose itself entirely; so certain are they that it will not. One can be a good American and a good Irishman, they declared, and pointed out many examples of how Irish Americans have helped to build this country and at the same time have been of great aid to their kinsmen in Ireland.

In this latter connection, some of the speakers dwelt on the turbulent national history of the Irish. There were times, they pointed out, when Irish national consciousness seemed a thing of the past, when Irish culture was looked down upon with disdain. Yet native Irish stubbornness that refused to recognize bitter reality, but always kept its eyes focused on its distant goal, gradually helped to revive the Irish nation and culture and helped to weld the Irish together. Today, Ireland, although but a small country, containing about four and a half million inhabitants, is recognized everywhere.

Let us all remember—said one of the speakers—that Ireland is the home of holy men and learned men, that the spirit of Ireland is the spirit of America, and that by serving Ireland we advance those ideals upon which America was built, and thus we serve America as well.

Concluding, the speaker urged the parents to send their children to Ireland, at least for a brief visit, and there give them an opportunity to learn something of Irish culture and of the Irish (Gaelic) tongue, something the parents have failed to do.

Need we point a finger at the applicability of the above to all of us, Americans of Ukrainian descent, especially to those of us who seem to think that Ukrainian consciousness in America is bound to wane?

## UKRAINIAN YOUTH!—HELP FLOOD SUFFERERS!

The "Obyednanye" (United Ukrainian Organizations of America) launched a drive this week for funds to help the numberless Ukrainian sufferers of the recent disastrous floods that have created such great havoc and caused the loss of many lives in different parts of the country. Reports bear out the belief that the Ukrainians are among those hardest hit by these floods.

All contributions of money should be sent to: "Obyednanye," P. O. Box 122, Hudson Terminal, New York City.

We urge all youth clubs, as well as individuals, to cooperate as closely as possible with the elders in their localities in forming aid committees and in collecting monetary and other contributions. Where circumstances warrant it, the youth should take the initiative itself in this most worthwhile task of helping their unfortunate brother and sister American-Ukrainians.

Executive Board of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America

Taras Shevchenko

### CHYHYRYN

Hetmany, hetmany! If you would arise now,  
Rise and look about you at that Chyhyryn

Which you have been building, where you have been reigning!  
You'd weep in despair, for you'd see no where,  
In the humble ruins, the ancestral fame:

The fame of the Cossacks—in those tumbled walls.

The bazaars, where armies like a sea of crimson

Once stood in formation like a honey-comb,

And the hetman, sitting on a steed so raven,

Would flash with his sceptre—and the sea would foam;

Foam and overflow the prairie  
And the winding gorges

Where the foemen dared not tarry...

And after the soldiers—  
But what's the use? That's a

grown yellow;

And what time has parted—  
Do not mention, my good fellow.

### LONGING FOR UKRAINE

The light is dim and darkness creeps up hill

The birds are drowsing and the fields are still,

The people greet the night of rest with joy—

And I, while gazing from afar, would feign

Be in some shady orchard in Ukraine.

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The moon was smiling at the stars,  
And on a tree a nightingale

Was sending out a sweet refrain  
Of thanks to God, across a vale—

And all this happened in Ukraine.

(Written in exile)

Translated by Waldimir Semenyne

Read your Kobzar!

### YOUTH IN ACTION

The students of the Pennsylvania State College joined in relief operations, especially in collecting food and clothing for shipment.

In New York and other cities Boy Scouts aid food relief work.



## THE OLD MAN

By BOHDAN LEPKY

(Translated by S. S.)

"If you please, reverend father!"  
"Yes, what is it?"  
"A man to see you. His father-in-law is deathly sick."

"All right. I'll go to him," said the reverend father, rubbing his sleep-laden eyes.

"But wait. Tell him to go to the cantor and have him open the church and get everything ready."

The servant closed the door and her voice could be heard from the kitchen, repeating what the reverend father had told her to say.

The reverend father shifted a little in bed, pulling up the quilt which was slipping to the floor.

"A sick man. Hm, what is there to do! I'll have to go. Yet it's so good to stay in bed. But I'll have to go..."

He did not rise, however; in just a few minutes... he thought. Sleep is never more enticing than when it is time to get up.

Gently the lids closed over his sleepy eyes. Thoughts of the sick man brought about thoughts of church bells, and under the spell of their imagined tolling the reverend father fell asleep...

"If you please, reverend father! Reverend father!"

"Huh—what is it?"

"The cantor has already gone to the church. He's waiting!"

"Waiting? Tell him I'll be right over."

Shortly afterwards, along the road leading from the church to the village two figures were striding rapidly forward. A heavy fog eddied about them, making it well nigh impossible for them to see each other. Early passers-by were apprised of their presence only by the tinkling of the bell in the cantor's hand, whereupon they knelt dutifully, for the bell told them the priest was carrying the Holy Sacrament with him. An autumnal frost was in the air, and clumps of the half-frozen mud softly crunched beneath their feet. The reverend father began to feel chilled and quickened his pace; the cantor following suit, jingling the bell every third or fourth step. Thus they traversed a goodly length of the road, until finally they found themselves just beyond the school-house, near a well.

"Here is the place!" said the cantor.

"Here?" repeated the reverend father, and opened the gate.

To his surprise all was quiet in the yard. Nobody came out of the house to meet them. There was not a soul in sight, no neighbors, no relatives, no village doctor,—nobody at all.

"Maybe this is not the place?" the reverend father inquired of the cantor.

"This is the place all right. This is old Skrehota's home, and he's sick. I know!"

"Well, if that's the case, let's go in!"

They entered the house. All was quiet inside. Not a sound. In the corner stood a bed, uncovered, empty of any sick man.

"Hey, is anyone home?" the cantor cried, looking into the kitchen, the pantry, and the guest room. Nobody replied, only the chickens clucked outside.

"We'll have to wait, I guess," he said. Both sat down on the bench, and waited.

Meanwhile the sun had risen, and with it the fog a trifle. Patiently they were sitting and waiting, when suddenly they heard loud shouts outside: "Atsu! Atsu!"

Jumping to their feet both hastened to the doorway. An old man, barefooted, bareheaded, was chasing after a brood of piglings, trying his utmost to force or persuade them to get into their pen. But the piglings, seeming to laugh at the old man's helplessness and impotence, scampered about the whole yard, and, it appeared, had strong inclinations even to visit the garden, which was protected by a low fence and a little gate woven of withes.

"Atsu! Atsu!" the old man was shouting, wobbling about on his thin legs.—"Atsu! Into the pen!"

The reverend father looked silently at the spectacle for a moment, then began to lose patience.

"What is this anyway? You send for me, drag me off my bed, and for what reason, I don't know! Who is sick here?"

The old man looked at the reverend father and nodded his head.

"If you please, reverend father, I'm the sick one, I'm dying."

This was too much for the reverend father.

"Are you trying to make fool out of me? You're dying and yet you're able to chase all over the yard after your swine!"

"And why not, reverend father? They've escaped from their pen and, naturally, they have to be driven in again. They're liable to stray into the garden or the neighbor's yard."

Who knows how long this race between the piglings and the old man would have lasted, if it wasn't for the cantor. Placing the bell and the red lamp on the stoop he began helping to herd the piglings in.

The piglings, seeing a more formidable adversary before them, scampered swiftly into the pen. With a parting shouted admonition for them to behave, the old man closed and locked the gate after the piglings. Then he approached the reverend father and bowing, kissed his hand.

"The reverend father will please forgive me and not feel angry against me. They broke out of the pen, and, naturally, they had to be driven back again."

The reverend father softened. He could not get angry, for he had a good heart and liked people. And, after all, there was nothing to get angry about here.

"I'm not angry," he replied, "but to cause me to come here when there is no need of me is unconscionable. Why, you're healthy enough to come to confession to church this Sunday."

"Oh, Virgin Mary! Why, Sunday is out of question! Entirely out of question! I may not even live till noon today. It's just by sheer force that I'm waiting for you. Just by sheer force, so help me God!"

"Some force," thought the reverend father, somewhat skeptically, entering the house.

The old man went into the store room to change into clean clothes.

In a moment he came out, washed and combed. The reverend father did not hurry himself. He saw no need for that.

He wanted to talk with this old man who was deathly sick and yet who could chase after piglings.

"Have you been sick very long?" he asked, sitting down on the bench.

"Oh, long, long. I really don't feel any pain, but my strength

## A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH  
(A free translation by S. S.)

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### Valerian Polishchuk

Valerian Polishchuk was born in the Volhyn district, in 1897. His father was a well-to-do peasant. Valerian is a writer of many stories and "poems," all lauding the Bolshevik regime, and including such as: "Lenin," "Adichevski Spivets" (Singer of Adichev, "Yarina Kurnatovska," and "Evropa na vulcani" (Europe on a volcano). His chief weakness is his inability to finish that which he starts. Often he stops when he is half through, being unable to handle his theme properly. At best he could be regarded as a troubadour of communism.

### Mikola Zerov

Mikola Zerov, born 1896, is a talented literary critic and the writer of many literary surveys. He is chiefly known for his (1) historical survey of "The New Ukrainian Literature," which marks him as an authority on Ukrainian literature, (2) "An Anthology of Roman Poetry," translated into Ukrainian, and (3) an anthology of both translated as well as original poetry, entitled "Kamena." Both anthologies are unusually good and stamp Zerov as an authority on classical poetry too.

### Maxim Rilsky

Maxim Rilsky, born 1895, became a good writer by virtue of originality in his world outlook. His poetry shows him to be an accomplished stylist. His first collection of poetry "Na Bilikh

Ostrovakh" (On White Islands), appeared before the war. Several other of his collections have recently appeared. Although a student of Russian poets, he nevertheless has managed to remain aloof from their influence and original in his writings.

### Pavlo Philipovich

The poetry of Pavlo Philipovich, born 1891, reminds one of Rilsky in both its style and themes.

Of all the Soviet Ukrainian poets, Zerov, Rilsky and Philipovich can be considered the most enlightened and cultured, and least subject to Russian literary influences.

### Ostap Vyshnya

Ostap Vyshnya (his pen name, Paul Hubenko—real name), born 1889, is a talented satirist and the author of many satirical feuilletons. Under the pen-name of P. Hrunsky he is the author of "Literary Caricatures," which derides various contemporary leading Ukrainian writers and critics.

### Paul Tichina

Paul Tichina, born 1891, lyric-symbolist, writer, is one of the finest of the younger poets. His best works are those glorifying the Ukrainian national revolution. He became, however, a sympathizer of the Soviet regime and wrote considerably in praise of it. Of recent times, however, he has grown silent, and now no new works of his appear.

(To be continued)

seems to have left me. My bones feel numb, and there is a chill within my chest. Clearly, it is death."

"Well, how is it that no one is with you? You're like a hermit here."

"I'm not alone, reverend father. There are children with me, and good children, too; I can't complain about them. It would be a sin to complain, for they are so good."

"Good? And is this the way they take care of their old father?"

"Oh, but they care for me, all right. Very much so! Today none of them wanted to leave the house. They surrounded me, weeping. But I says to them: What's there to cry about? Go about your tasks. You don't have to watch over me, no one will steal me; and if I'm to die, well, then, I'll just die, that's all,—without you. And you, Hrynko, I says to my oldest son, go out into the fields. The ground is ploughed, and should have been sowed already. Suppose there is a funeral, the sowing will again be laid off, and here frost is already in the air. Go to your sowing, Hrynko, right away! And you, I says to my daughter, go to town and buy what's necessary, for these Jews in our village charge much more than in town. My daughter-in-law I sent to another village, to tell her people of my approaching death, while my son-in-law I sent for you, reverend father, and then from you to the carpenter, to order a coffin. And thus I am lying in bed, all alone, when suddenly I hear the piglings running about the yard. I look out the window, and see how they're getting out of the pen by lifting up the gate with their snouts. There was nothing else to be done; I had to drive them back in again. Somehow I managed to get outside and, thank

the Lord, drive them in. But please, reverend father, do not be angry with me, for I'm really sick. Very sick..."

He again kissed the reverend father's hand, assuring him of the reality of his sickness.

"Well, then, don't you feel bad that you are left all alone?" the reverend father asked, after a brief moment's pause.

"And aren't you afraid?" added the cantor.

"Why should I be afraid?" spoke the old man. "I have lived my time, and now it's time for me to go. Just like a worker. He does his work and then goes home, to rest. Isn't it time enough for me? This is already the second month, the truth must be admitted, that I'm wasting the holy bread. My strength has fled, from me and I can't do a thing; and to eat my children's bread without earning it doesn't seem fair to me. My mouth refuses to accept such bread. But, now, thank God, my end has arrived. Why should I be afraid? I raised my children well, gave each of them a good patrimony, taught them sense, so what's there more to live for? There is nothing for me to be afraid of..."

"We can begin now..." spoke the priest, deeply moved by the words of the old man.

"Let us begin then, in the name of our Lord," replied the old man, and crossed himself three times...

\* \* \*

No sooner had the reverend father returned to his home and began eating his breakfast, when the church bell began to toll: dong, dong, dong!

Old man Skrehota had died. The wheat sown, the piglings in their pen, the daughter already returning from her town shopping,—he could die in peace...

The End



## RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

### The international crow

"The crow is a self-named bird,"—writes the New York World-Telegram. "In almost every land the name is derived from its cawing call! In Scotland it is called a CRAW. The Netherlanders call it KRAAL. Germans say KRAHE. In Sweden it is KRAKA. In India, KAKKA. And in Denmark it goes by the name of KRAGE."

In Ukrainian this bird is called ворона, vo-ro-na. A flock of birds of this species is called вороння, vo-ro-nya. A small bird of this species is воронка, voron-ka. Variants of the same name are: гава, гава, гавря; ha-va, ga-va, haw-rya. A big bird is called гавега, ga-ve-ga, a fledgling—гавеня, ga-ve-nya.

In the call of all the birds of the crow family (Corvidae of zoology) the Ukrainian hears similar sounds as an English-speaking person: he calls cawing: кракати, крмкати, крмчати, кавкати, крмкати, крмчати, крмкати, крмчати, крмкати, крмчати, крмкати, крмчати; kra-ka-ty, kram-ka-ty, kram-cha-ty, kaw-ka-ty, krum-ka-ty, krum-cha-ty, krii-ka-ty, kraw-cha-ty, kryav-cha-ty.

From this call there has been formed the name of another bird of the same family, the RAVEN: крук, крмк, крмкач, крмкун, гавран, грак, крук, крмкун, крмкач, крмкун, гавран, грак, also ворон, vo-ron (with its diminutives and augmentatives: воронець, воронок, вороняка; vor-i-nets, vo-ro-nok, vo-ro-nya-ka).

And there is still another species of the same family in Ukraine, which is called: галка, галочка, галонька, гал; hal-ka, ha-loch-ka, ha-lon'-ka, hal; also: кавка, kav-ka. It is called JACKDAW in England.

### The origin of Dimity again

Dr. Ernest Barker, writing in The Observer, of London, Sunday, March 8, 1936, a criticism on Richard Oke's The Boy from Apulia, which is in fact a biography of the Prussian king Frederick the Second, says:

"One could collect a nosegay of errors from Mr. Oke's book. Dimity did not come from Damieta (it is a Byzantine word, meaning a double thread), or camel from Asian camels."

Damieta, from which Richard Oke traces the word DIMITY, is a town in Lower Egypt. Mr. Richard Oke was evidently following the rule that (to quote Ernest Weekly's THE ROMANCE OF WORDS) "a very large number of wares are named from the places from which they come. This is especially common in the case of woven fabrics."

Mr. Weekly gives among his examples the following words: MUSLIN, from Mosul in Kurdistan, SHALLOON from Chalons-sur-Marne; MAJOLICA from Majorca; BRONZE from Brundisium (Brindisi); the SARDINE from Sardinia; DUCAT from the DUCATO d'Apuglia, the Duchy of Apulia, where it was coined in the 12th century; the DOLLAR from Joachimstal, in Bohemia; PARCHMENT from Pergamus, in Asia Minor, etc.

All these words are known in Ukrainian, too: муслин, шала, майоліка, бронза, сардинка, дукат, доляр (таляр), пергамен.

In addition to the above, I may add that from the name of the French town Arra came the English word for tapestry, and the Ukrainian word ha-ra-siv-ka, a

narrow woolen ribbon usually of red color, which the Ukrainian uses to tie his shirt collar with.

Again among its many names which POTATO has in the Ukrainian language one comes from the German city of Magdeburg, мандибурка, man-dy-bur-ka, and another from America itself, американка, a-me-ry-kan-ka.

### Care of consonants

In my article "НІДЕ ОР НІГДЕ?" in the last issue of the Weekly, I was reluctant to give examples of the neglect of consonants, peculiar to the French language, lest I should give an example out of the way for the readers not familiar with that language. A news item in the English newspaper The Manchester Guardian now offers me an opportunity I hoped for to give an example which would be easy to grasp.

"The French talking film 'Crime et Chatiment,' based on Dostoevsky's 'Crime and Punishment,' which opens at the Academy Cinema, takes the main theme from the 200,000-word novel."

The reader may easily guess what is that 'chatiment' (I omit the accent of the "a"). It is, of course, nothing else but our old acquaintance CHASTISEMENT. It comes from the verb CHATIER, to make chaste, pure, which in turn comes from Latin CASTIGARE, which in its turn is a verb formed out of the adjective CASTUS, pure (English CHASTE!). Thus in CHATIMENT we see the loss of "s".

The French verb CHATIER is the English verb CHASTEN, to make chaste. And you all know very well that while CHASTE is pronounced with a "t", CHASTEN has lost "t" and is pronounced as if it spelled CHASN. Thus the English language, too, knows the phenomenon of the loss of consonants in spite of the fact that the English are great sticklers for their consonants, when compared with the Ukrainians and the French.

### Still that "CHASTE"

As you read that English adjective CHASTE, didn't you wonder if it isn't some distant cousin to the Ukrainian adjective чистий, chysty?

I examined The Standard Dictionary, and there I found in that CHASTE clan: Middle English CHASTE and CHAST, Old French CHASTE and CASTE; their modern children: French CHASTE, Provance CAST, Portuguese CASTO, Spanish CASTO, Italian CASTO; their father, the Latin CASTUS, and grandfather CADTUS; and their distant cousins: Greek KATAROS, Sanskrit CUDDHA.

Why, it seems as if the Ukrainian чистий just belonged there.

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## OFF THE EDITOR'S DESK

To all contributors: Please leave a liberal space between consecutive lines in your manuscript, double-space it if it is typewritten, and w/it-or type only on one side of the paper. Thank you.

George Krohley, Stamford, Conn. If the controversy on these pages concerning the advisability of changing the Ukrainian calendar appears to you "one-sided," it is not our fault. Practically all the articles received by us favor retaining the old calendar. The bare few favoring a change were all printed, with one exception. The exception we did not publish because of two reasons: first, the writer's address was not given, and secondly, the article was too poorly written.

## RETAINING THE BEST OF UKRAINIAN

An interesting discussion was contained in the recent article entitled "Adjusting Ourselves to American Life." It presents, however, a viewpoint which although in accord with certain oft-repeated sociological thought, and which although is presented in such fundamental texts as that written by Dawson and Gettys, still is a portrayal of a situation which, I think, amounts in part to an improper perspective of the real situation.

### Adjustment of the immigrant

Each text in introductory sociology deals with the foreign born, and his problems of adjustment to the new scene. Truly such adjustment is one of the trying periods of life of the immigrant. Many, if not most of our parents, are still wrestling with the problem and will continue to wrestle with it. Having been transported primarily from an agricultural area (mainly Galicia), using to a great extent the old and time tried devices, and living the lives of their ancestors modified only in small degree, these immigrants were plunged into the vortex of a highly complex, metropolitan, and industrial life. Naturally, they sought the haven wherein they could commune with their countrymen from overseas. Thus indeed we find the origin of the various nationality groups as "Little Italy," etc.

### Point at issue

The point at issue, however, is: To what extent have we been handicapped by the conflicting pattern (as the sociologist puts it) of folkways, mores—the methods of living and looking at life—brought to this country by our parents and our American environment?

The sociologists have emphasized the so-called conflict between the foreign born and their children by showing the large percentage of juvenile delinquency and crime into which the foreign born children have fallen. They have traced it to the conflict between the habit patterns of the parents and the children of these foreign born. In examining this thesis, we find that most of the studies dealing with this phase of the sociological problems have been made in the early nineteen-twenties and that they were incomplete because they only dealt with certain portion of the children of the foreign born, namely, the delinquent.

### A typical case

Being one of these children of the foreign born and having gone through the experiences of such a child, that of being born and raised in one of these typical areas, having gone to school, played and associated with—and having studied about my type; what are the tentative conclusions which I may have drawn?

Neither I nor the majority of the American-Ukrainians, in our community (a typical urban center to all appearances), have been seriously hampered in the American school in learning the American language because of our Ukrainian home life. On the contrary we have just as easily as the native group assimilated the teaching which was given to us; for although our home environment was Ukrainian, the rest of it was Americanized. The playground (usually the streets), the school, the movies, books, magazines, and everything else, practically speaking, was of the American. Instead of the conflict produced by the allegedly conflicting cultural patterns, our parents, although imperfectly assimilating the American cultural pattern, were as eager that we become oriented in our lives as we ourselves were. Even had they wished otherwise they could not have checked this process of Americanization very much. The

way our parents did attempt to preserve the remnants of their lives as re-enacted overseas was principally to make us go to the Ukrainian night school. All of us were not so keen on going at that time but we made up for it by playing, fighting, singing very loud in school, and using up the rest of that enormous youthful vitality in the Ukrainian schoolyard.

On Sundays our parents took us along to church. Every once in a while we were dragged along to concerts, plays, and what not. We heard plenty of stories of Ukraine, of the personal experiences of the elders. We ate Ukrainian dishes, celebrated Easter and Christmas accompanied by Ukrainian rites—and dates. We talked, (a lot of us who have not the chance at these lecture courses in Ukrainian still do), a jargon of Ukrainian and American. In other words, the American and Ukrainian institutional life blended rather than conflicted. Instead of handicaps we had the unique privilege of enjoying the two types of institutions simultaneously and harmoniously.

### Reason for any exceptions

Probably it is true that for some individuals of Ukrainian extraction there was a conflict. But such conflict was not necessarily due to the fact that they were of foreign born parents. There are innumerable factors which may have contributed—depending upon the area, the family, the individual,—sickness, poverty, temperament, low mentality, etc.

For the most part in our community, we have grown up normally and are now entering the various fields of activity to which our personal circumstances have led. A few, perhaps, have gone true to the sociological predictions and have become delinquent and criminal, but the great majority have come of their Ukrainian backgrounds of their formative years none the worse for the experience.

### The real problem

The real problem as I see it lies not in overcoming the handicaps which were and are practically non-existent but in retaining the best of everything Ukrainian which is consistent with our lives here in America. The problem lies in getting for ourselves a better background in the Ukrainian language, history, culture through the mediums of Ukrainian books and individuals so that we can understand with a fair degree of accuracy the present situation in America and Ukraine; the why we are here and how can we improve our lot consistent with our Ukrainian background. We will thus not only enrich our lives but accomplish the practical need of supporting our present institutions and extending their scope as new problems arise.

### Unite—and be not afraid

The future is in doubt. To what extent will the Ukrainian youth in America keep the old flag flying, is an unknown quantity of which the present day Ukrainian leaders are as perplexed as some of us are. What will eventually be the outcome in so many directions which our activity may take depends upon too many factors to discuss at the present time. However, some things are sure. If we work together towards what we hope is the best, with the highest ideals and purposes always ahead of us, to the goal of a solid and united body of American-Ukrainians expressing in their unity the practical achievement of some of our ideals, we need not worry then about failure of our institutions. At present let's keep our eyes on the ball. Let's think for ourselves—stand on our own feet—and not be afraid to express our opinions even though they be varied and conflicting on this topic.

JOHN ROMANTION.



## TEA, WOMEN AND SONG

The Ukrainian Civic Center of New York, a sanctuary for Ukrainian young ladies who have been quite firm in excluding man's charms and abilities from their energetic endeavors, stepped forward again to further strengthen their contention that man is quite unnecessary in most undertakings. On March 8, at the International Institute, members of this active sorority presented a comedy devoid of masculine participation and this humble male, along with a host of others, had to admit they did remarkably well. The comedy, "Uplifting Sadie," told of the trials of a gum-and-word chewing girl, fifteen years of age, serving as a maid in a club whose membership consisted of much ado about nothing society matrons who failed to impress a visiting English poetess, Lady Fitzroy, favorably; the visitor, however, became attached to the sincere but simple soubrette, Sadie.

The entire group handled their respective roles capably: Anne Kupchak, in her portrayal of the "uplifted" Sadie, displayed an unusual abundance of talent. She was ably supported by Mary Ann Bodnar, the leader of the group of nose-tilting madames; Mary Sulyma, the envious "when I was president" ex-leader; Ann Pilipshen, the democratic Lady Fitzroy; Olga Soltys, the zealous secretary; Mary Wozniak and Millie Revyuk as rivals for superficial honors; Olga Nizovitz as Dinah, the club's cook—we understand she assumed Aunt Jemima proportions by using sweaters etc.—Eugenia Uhorchak, Ann Sawitzky, Dorothy Darchuk, Olga Phillips and Stella Gab completed the cast.

The attendance was beyond all expectations but accommodations were not found lacking. Tea, tidbits and warm receptions on the part of the members were plentiful; the young ladies, however, were frustrated in their attempt to dispense entirely with the services of the male. The swelling assemblage necessitated the setting up of additional tables and chairs and at this point two of the "useless" sex were targets of the woe-begotten ladies' pleas for aid. Needless to say the two stalwarts who inadvertently strayed upon the festivities, proceeded to earn their hand-outs. One thing that could not escape attention was the indicative note struck by the predominance of heart-shaped sandwiches—and delicious dates. This being leap year—we wonder—perhaps the young ladies are weakening.

In closing this auspicious occasion, the girls grouped themselves about a piano and rendered some popular Ukrainian songs. English translations of the chosen melodies were distributed among the guests who joined in the singing. Reviewing the afternoon's work of the Ukrainian Civic Center and the previous essays as well, we find no reason to doubt the statement of the leaders of the International Institute, to the effect that the Ukrainian girls comprise the most active group. Yet we remain firm in our claim they cannot do entirely without the male.

J. W. KOSBIN.

### CARTERET BASEBALL TEAM

The Ukrainian Athletic Club of Carteret, N. J., a uniformed baseball team, is seeking games with Ukrainian Junior teams. All managers interested should communicate with Eugene Wadiak, 116 Sharot St., Carteret, N. J.

The team had a creditable season last year and is looking forward to a better one this year. Those who tried out for team are:—Mike Boben, Capt. Walter Boben, Michael Kozo, Joseph Haluko, Walter Zap, John Morkowitz, Alex Lucas, Demi Bohanek, Michael Bodnar, Joseph Wadiak, Walter Karmazin, Stanley Gural, Charles Bohanek, Charles Gregor, Nick Hamadyn, Joseph Kellman.

EUGENE WADIAK.

## LET'S GO TO C.M.T.C.!

If you are an American-Ukrainian, residing in either Pennsylvania, Maryland or Washington, D. C., physically fit, between 17 and 24 years of age, and are undecided what to do or where to go this summer, here is some great news for you!

The government's Citizens' Military Training Camps will again open, from July 8 to August 6, 1936. All necessary expenses, including transportation to and from camp, shelter, food, uniforms, medical attention and laundry is paid by the government. No previous military training is required. It is an enviable opportunity for young unemployed fellows to spend an enjoyable and profitable month away from home. In camp you will learn from regular army officers: military maneuvers, infantry drill, marching, shooting marksmanship, personal hygiene, sanitation, American Citizenship, military courtesy, take part in all sorts of athletics, and visit places of interest. The month is chock full of interest and there is something new learned every day.

Every year there is a long waiting list. This is the month when applicants are accepted, so if you are interested and desire to spend one month of real army life, where men are men, send for your application blank and further particulars by writing to me at once, which I shall be glad to provide.

If you act promptly, and are accepted, your camp will most likely be Fort Meade, Md., for infantry instruction, equivalent to one year of regular army training. In succeeding summer months you choose your own camp and instruction, such as Coast Artillery, Field Artillery, Signal Corps, Infantry or Cavalry. After leaving camp, no further military obligation is involved.

Ukrainians from other states desiring such training should inquire of their nearest army post, National Guard unit, or other governmental headquarters.

Let's see how many Ukrainians can muster together this year to attend these camps. There is nothing to lose and I'm getting no commission for this call, but I realize the benefits which can be obtained by attending a C.M.T.C., and that is why I would like to see a good number of Ukrainians enroll. Let's Go!

AL YAREMKO, Corporal  
641 N. 16th Street,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

### "A NIGHT AT THE OPERA"

"A Night at the Opera" was held at the Young Ukrainian Democratic Club at 59 St. Marks Place, N. Y. C., on Wednesday, February 19, 1936. This was really one of the amateur nights in which the members participate.

The program was opened by Mary DeCook, who played a piano solo. Following this, Charles Gilmore rendered some violin solos, accompanied by Henry Harrison. The latter also played several popular piano solos. John Bulyk impersonated Lou Holtz. A skit about the Russian-Japanese Frontier was given by Adolph Wiley, William Kenney, Stanley Sherry and Charles Gilmore. Michael Metrinko rendered impersonations of Yunka—a typical Scranton Miner.

This was an extremely amusing program and an enjoyable evening was had by all.

M. D. C.  
New York City.

### SUBWAY SLEEPER

Blessed by the gods art thou,  
Who, numb to life's wild rushing,  
Sleep on, I wonder how,  
In crowds so crushing.

Blessed be your sleep and true,  
Right to your destination!  
I hope in dreaming that you,  
Won't pass your station.

ANNA MAZUR, age 12.

## FREE COURSES IN UKRAINIAN AT PHILADELPHIA

The committee of the Ukrainian Cultural Centre group of Philadelphia wishes to inform all loyal young Ukrainians in Philadelphia, Chester, Wilmington, Camden, Phoenixville, Bridgeport, Conshohocken, etc., that a **Free Course for Beginners**, in the **Ukrainian Language** (including reading, writing, spelling, vocabulary, pronunciation, grammar, etc.) is now being offered each Sunday afternoon, from 2:30 until 3:30, at the International Institute, 645 North 15th Street!

You need not know anything of Ukrainian, not even the alphabet, in order to be eligible for this class. This enviable opportunity to learn Ukrainian may not come again, so take advantage of it now! Come any Sunday during March and early April, fortified with pencil and notebook, and prepared for your first lesson. There is no age limit.

### Other U. C. C. Activities

In addition to the now forming **Beginners' class**, an **Advanced Course** in the **Ukrainian Language** is offered from 3:30 until 4:30, which dwells upon more constructive work, including grammatical perfection, vocabulary building, choice of words, composition, etc. This course is also given **Free!**

From 4:30 until 5:30, the time is devoted to reading and a general discussion on **Ukrainian History and Geography**, interspersed with humorous tales, allied to the subject, as only Professor Paszczyk can so well relate.

The next half-hour is spent in a general discussion on topics incidental to Philadelphia Ukrainians, announcements, reading of newspaper clippings concerning Ukrainians, and portions of the **Ukrainian Weekly!** And at six we depart!

If you are a true and loyal Ukrainian demonstrate it now by joining with this progressive group, and perfect your Ukrainian. There are no instruction fees, so there are no excuses for your not coming; and please don't go around saying you already know Ukrainian perfectly, for we'll bet you all the money in our treasury that you don't! One session will prove this to you!

Please don't forget the time, place and day, and inform your Ukrainian acquaintances of this, if you yourself cannot come at that time! We thank you for your cooperation in helping us to boost and popularize the Ukrainian Language!

COMMITTEE.

## THE SONG OF THE KOBZAR

Drink to the Koshovey who the  
Khannate overthrew,  
With one swipe of his keen sword  
twenty Tartars slew.

Now Suliman's wives crack the  
air  
With lamentings for their slain,  
Crimea's mosques of spoil are  
bare,  
Their walls the blood of the  
Faithful stain.

Trampled in the dust lies Islam's  
crest,  
Black curls the smoke like a  
funeral pall,  
Scattered are her hosts from  
East to West,  
The dead hear not the Muezzin's  
call.

Azov's waters are desolately still,  
The lonely steppes are charred  
and bare,  
The Cossack fury has gorged its  
fill,  
For Mohammed lies slaughtered  
there.

Drink to the Koshovey who the  
Khannate overthrew,  
With one swipe of his keen sword  
twenty Tartars slew.

M. M.

## CHESTER GIRL WINS FOUL-SHOOTING CONTEST

The following appeared on the sport page of the "Chester (Pa.) Times" on Monday, March 9:

"Anna Stecula, ace forward of the Chester High School girls' basketball team, won second place in the annual foul shooting contest sponsored by the Taylor Business School, held on Saturday in Philadelphia, Pa. Miss Stecula has a record of 20 successful tries of 25 attempted, giving her second place in the contest as a whole and first place in the Delaware County division.

"For her feats the Chester girl received two medals, one bronze and one silver. The Chester team of three ranked sixth in the contest, but outscored all other Delaware county teams."

Miss Stecula is a well known Ukrainian girl who has taken active interest in athletics since grammar school days. She was on the freshman squad in her first year at high school and for the past two years on the varsity. During her varsity career Miss Stecula was a consistent scorer in every game, establishing her as one of the best that ever played at the local high school.

The Ukrainian people of Chester are justly proud of Miss Stecula in attaining such fame in local scholastic circles and even more proud of the fact that she is the first Ukrainian girl in the city to receive such an honor in athletics. We all wish her continued triumphs in the field of sports.

A WELL-WISHER.

## YONKERS UKRAINIANS CAPTURE LIGHT SENIOR COURT LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP

A smooth, swift attack that functioned with almost methodical precision swept the St. Anthony five into the throes of an overwhelming 44-29 defeat and gave the Fourth Ward Ukrainians the 1936 Light Senior League championship last night at the Benjamin Franklin Junior High School court.

The new champions, victors in Division B-1, left little doubt as to their superiority as they ascended to the throne worn last year by the Commerce Alumni five. Last night's triumph can not be considered an upset for the victors who displayed a much-improved attack in the closing stages of the league campaign while the St. Anthony five was hard pressed to win its play-off with lower division teams.

Johnny Scrobola, husky center, gobbled scoring honors for the victors with 18 points but no one player was outstanding. The Ukes made very few mistakes last night. Their passing was swift and accurate while St. Anthony's veterans were unable to penetrate a tenacious man-to-man defense.

Bump Malasky and Frank Turreck, two sprinting forwards, shattered St. Anthony's disorganized defense by continually outspeeding their slow guards...

Both teams will compete in the annual Westchester County championships next week.

	Ukrainians		
	G.	F.	P.
Tureck, f. ....	3	3	9
Malasky, f. ....	4	0	8
Scrobola, c. ....	6	6	18
Werney, g. ....	0	0	0
Mallo, g. ....	2	2	6
Grubiak, g. ....	1	1	3
J. Chepley, g. ....	0	0	0
Koval, g. ....	0	0	0
Totals .....	16	12	44

TED WORNER.

(Excerpt from The Herald Statesman, Yonkers, N. Y., March 21, 1936).