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YOUTH TODAY

"ECONOMIC CONDITIONS FACING YOUNG PEOPLE"

This was the topic of an address delivered on March 31, at the Playhouse of the Henry Street Settlement, in New York City, by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the President.

Before she spoke, she heard several members of the senior council of the Settlement describe the position of the youth of America and advocate passage of the bill to aid needy students and alleviate unemployment of persons between the ages of 16 and 25.

"I would like to say that I was wholly for the youth program," she said. "I am for its aims and for a lot of things in it, but, I am not sure that it is quite the right way, that it has all been thought through and is being done properly."

She urged upon the 500 young persons present moderation in their demands for passage of the "American Youth Act."

WHERE WOULD YOU PREFER TO LIVE?

A great revolution in the treatment of children is announced from Russia: the children of bourgeois and the so-called "kulaks" (rich peasants) would not be discriminated against by the state agencies, as it has been the rule so far. Many observers still doubt this report and brand it as far-fetched propaganda for Russia.

It is reported from Budapest, Hungary, that thirty-four high school boys and girls, whose ages vary from 11 to 18 years, were arrested on March 31, in drive against communism.

Public high schools should not seek to dissuade students from joining undergraduate Communist societies any more than they seek to discourage membership in Democratic, Republican or Socialist Clubs. Such was the opinion, publicly expressed of Dr. John L. Tildsley, Assistant Superintendent of Schools assigned to high schools. "We may not like it (students joining the Communist movement), but there is nothing we (teachers) can do against it."

Public schools, in his opinion, should neither speak for the present order, nor "prepare for the new social order." "Rather, I think it is their function to turn out thoughtful men and women."

SHOULD CHILDREN WORK IN FACTORIES?

The question of ratification of the Child Labor Amendment to the Federal Constitution by the Legislature of the State of New York was the subject of sharp controversy at a crowded public hearing held on March 31, before the Senate Judiciary Committee.

Jerome D. Barnum, publisher of The Syracuse Post-Standard, marshaled a group of opponents who read into the record a plea for non-ratification on the ground that the proposed amendment threatened Federal regimentation of all childhood. Judge J. Talley, speaking for the Catholic Club of New York, joined other spokesmen for Catholic groups in warning that the proposed amendment would menace the rights of parents and children.

(Today's Ukrainian Weekly concluded in the Svboda)

POLISH-UKRAINIAN "RAPPROCHEMENT"

Polish newspapers in America are making much ado about the so-called Polish-Ukrainian rapprochement. As evidence of it they point out that the Ukrainian representatives and senators to the Polish Sejm at Warsaw supported the Government in its efforts to balance the budget, increase military forces, etc. This is the first time in history, they emphasize, that Ukrainians have advanced so far in establishing amicable relations with the Poles. Even some of the American press has hailed this "era of good feeling" between centuries-old enemies.

It would be interesting, therefore, to observe how this "reconciliation" between the oppressed and the oppressor operates in real, everyday life; how the magnanimous Polish Government, delighted by the olive branch offered it by the representatives of those troublesome "Ukraincy," displays its warm and generous heart to them; how it is even willing to forget their silly efforts and sacrifices to rid themselves of beneficent Polish rule and establish their own state.

To do this we refer to some of the official utterances of those who most strongly advocated a concord between the Ukrainians and the Poles, as published in the Ukrainian newspaper in L'viv, "Dilo." It has this to say:

Aside from the fact that the seven million Ukrainian population under Poland has not even one university of its own, nor is there any immediate chance of having one, the Ukrainian youth is not even lawfully permitted to have its own student organization, such as the Ukrainian Student Society. This youth, also, has no access to various university aid funds or scholarships; while its Ukrainian nationality alone is a source of great hardship to it.

Senator Volodimir Decekevych (Ukrainian) declared in his senate talk of March 12th that it is useless for a Ukrainian to petition the Polish authorities in the Ukrainian language, even though the law gives him that right, and hope for any favorable results. According to law, too, one is permitted to talk in Ukrainian to any Polish official; but, declared the senator, he would indeed be foolish to think that he would be listened to. Only recently a Polish official who received a petition written in Ukrainian refused to read it, explaining that he could not read—Chinese. Another official, in a similar case, openly expressed his wonder that the Ukrainians are so chauvinistic that they "speak and write in Ukrainian."

Still another Ukrainian senator, Dr. Horbachevsky, spoke in the Senate on the subject of the discriminations practiced against Ukrainians in the field of judgeships, law practice, etc. In 1930, he recalled, more than one-half of the then existing Ukrainian judgeships were abolished.

And finally, Senator Ostap Lutsky, one of the very leading propagators of Ukrainian rapprochement with Poland, in his senate speech, on March 9th, demonstrated with statistics how Poland is exterminating the Ukrainian agricultural class, how it does not even allow a Ukrainian on Ukrainian soil to buy the land which is now being parcelled out. He further pointed out how nonsensical it is for the Poles to forbid Ukrainian children to study their native tongue in school.

Such is the picture of this "era of good feeling" in Western Ukraine under Poland; as portrayed by those who were most active in ushering it in. In conclusion, we cite one more example of the present Polish rule:

On March 9 the Polish Court at Kremyantsi sentenced 19 Ukrainian peasants from Vishhorodka for their refusal to permit the Polish authorities to forcibly change their local Pravoslavny church into a Polish Catholic church. Their prison sentences ran from one to five years.—And this case is not a solitary one, but one of the many, in which both Catholic as well as Pravoslavny Ukrainians have suffered.

We ask: Can anyone be so naive as to believe that it is possible for Ukrainians to come to some sort of a peaceful settlement with Poland?

U. N. A. YOUTH BRANCH FORMED IN ROCHESTER

Another link in the growing chain of youth branches of the Ukrainian National Association is the St. Josaphat Young Men's Association, Branch No. 226, recently formed in Rochester, New York.

The officers of this new U. N. A. youth branch are: Michael Koldansky, President; Walter Shurgot, Secretary; and Vincent Kowha, Treasurer.

Meetings are held regularly in the church hall at 303 Hudson Avenue.

Youth in other cities interested in forming a U. N. A. youth branch in their locality should refer to their local older folk's branch or write directly to the home office of the association at 81-83 Grand Street, Jersey City.

HUTZULS AFFIRM THEIR UKRAINIAN NATIONALITY

One of the most recent of the many efforts of the Poles to have the world believe that the Ukrainian mountaineers (Hutzuls) are not Ukrainian but Polish, was met with a sharp protest from the Hutzuls themselves.

Professor Yan Livonchynsky, a Pole, delivered a radio address about the Hutzuls. In answer to it the inhabitants of Zhabya, a large Hutzul village, sent a writer protest to the Ukrainian newspaper in L'viv "Noviy Chas." Parts of the protest were expurgated by the Polish censorship, but the following parts of it appeared:

(1) We protest against Prof. Livonchynsky's assertion that we are descended of Turks and Tartars, for, as he himself writes, our people have lived in the Carpathians from the most ancient of times. We think that the professor should know that the Tartars did not appear in Europe until the 13th century, and the Turks still later.

(2) His assertion that the Hutzuls do not belong to any nation is entirely false, because we, Hutzuls, belong to the Ukrainian nation.

(3) We protest against his assertion that the language of the Hutzuls is a "native Polish tongue," because we, Hutzuls, speak the Ukrainian language, and no foreign efforts will succeed in making of us "Hutzuls of the native Polish tongue."

(4) Finally, we do declare that in the Hutzul regions of the Carpathians there are no strange wonders, but that there live Ukrainian people, a branch of one great Ukrainian trunk, which hold fast to the Ukrainian language, customs and traditions of their fathers.

Heading the speakers urging a favorable vote was Mayor La Guardia of New York, who stirred the chamber as he told of scenes of children at work. Norman Thomas the Socialist, who was the last speaker, said the charge that the amendment would invade the home is fantastic. "Talk about the Soviet and the home! Why, the British Parliament has this very power which we seek to give to the Congress."

THE MAMMOTH'S TOOTH

By OSYP MAKOVEY

(Free translation by S. S.)

A friend of mine gave me as a gift a mammoth's tooth, found somewhere in the vicinity of the Prut river.

"It will make a fine paper-weight," he explained, "and quite an original one too. Instead of an ordinary leaden weight you have here a mammoth's tooth, thousands of years old. Why, the very thought of it should bestir your poetic nature!"

And indeed it did. I quickly put the leaden weight into the drawer and set the mammoth's tooth on top of the papers on my desk. The new paper-weight was not as practicable as the leaden one, still it had a hoary charm about it, common to very ancient relics.

For well nigh a week, often several hours a day, I would look intently at it. To be sure, I had other things to do also—writing. Yet every time I stretched my hand to dip the pen into the ink-well, my eyes would stray to the tooth. Quite often I would stop writing, and taking the tooth in my hand closely examine it. A wonderful tooth, indeed... no doubt about it... so old and so big... And various thoughts and reflections, mostly of a melancholy character, would begin flitting through my mind.

Sunday, I had no work to occupy me, so I went hiking in the woods. I spent a whole day communing with nature and when I returned home at dusk I was just in the mood to write poetry. I sat down at my desk and, as usual, glanced at the mammoth's tooth. It lay upon my unfinished novel. A sudden thought struck me: the mammoth's tooth lies upon my unfinished novel just like a monument upon the grave of the dead. The comparison was quite moving, a whole sequence of thoughts followed it, and I began to write:

Ляжить у мене на столі
в печері найденний в землі
над водами старого Прута
великий зуб мамута.

Лежав він десятки тисяч літ
змінилася земля і світ,
а він остався цілий, нестлілий,
пожовклий, скаменілий.

Тепер він починає дрібні,
мої рукописи дрібні,
притис, приляг, як велит сильний,
мов камінь намогильний.

No, that's no good! Its form does not suit the idea I wish to convey to my readers. There is none of that sepulchral quality about it that I want. Well, I'll try again. Maybe this one will be better, more solemn and mysterious:

Зуб мамута,
стара пожовкла пам'ятка забута,
дрібний атом в історії всесвітній,
лежить на моїй праці доволітній.

Зуб мамута,
добутий з ринків старого Прута,
дрібний останок велита старого,
нікий апостол суму гробового,

він могутий:
у допотопний темний бір дрімучий
на силу тягне думку сумовиту —
в минувшість темну, мріями повиту...

Oh, gosh, still no good! What good is it that this "apostle of funeral gloom," with which once a mammoth chewed grass, can drag my imagination off into the distant past, when for the life of me I can't clothe him in proper poetic form! Tooth of the mammoth... an old relic of ancient greatness... from the river Prut... a minute atom and silent apostle

...Oh, that's entirely too poetic! Curse it! I know what I want to express, yet... The first form, however, seems about the best. I'll try it...

І зуб мамута часу не згриз,
мої папери він притис,
приляг думки мої і труди,
мов та могла груди.

Що дня на нього я дивлюсь,
у вічність глянути боюсь:
там всяка твар забута,
як зуб важкий мамута...

Well, the thought here is not bad, in fact it's quite original; but form! form! What manner of a blasted thing is this, that I can't find form for it! Form and words that would in one instant transport the reader ten thousand years into the past! Even though this confounded tooth is nearly as large as a peasant's boot, still some manner of poetic form must be found to fit it!

Гей, думко, в давній час полинь,
у темних пралісах спочинь,
у допотопних диких борах,
в карпатських тихих горах...

The "dunka" obeyed my bidding and flew back into ancient times, into the depths of a primeval forest. I sat down in the shade of a huge fern and began calling its savage dwellers. But none appeared, instead:

Луна туде зрамані тір,
аж тут страшний понурий звір
ступає тяжко мов стовпами,
грубесними як члень ногами.

Мамут, мамут: старий мамут
зайшов над синій, Острий Прут,
блукав тут сотню літ і згнідав,
на знак мент свій зуб покинув...

Woe is me! Not even in a primeval forest can I find poetic form suitable to a mammoth's tooth. Of course, "Zvizda" would quickly publish this poetry, but that doesn't mean so much to me now; what I want is satisfaction in having arrayed this mammoth's tooth in proper poetic raiment. Imagine! To lie unnoticed for ten thousand years—a thousand more or less does not matter—to find itself finally on top of my unfinished novel, to inspire me, and yet not to be able to find at my hands suitable poetic raiment, poetry which would be filled with melancholy, sepulchral thoughts, like those that hold me in their grip now,—that indeed is tragedy! I simply must find some suitable poetic expression for the myriads of thoughts whirling about in my weary head. Ah me, is it not enough to discourage anyone to know that my unfinished novel, when finished, will not exist for more than ten thousand years, nor five thousand, nor even a thousand, nor even a hundred.

...No, I can't permit it go lower than one hundred. If it can't last at least one hundred years, then there's no use of my finishing it. And yet this confounded tooth lies athwart it like some stone monument. The novel hasn't even seen the light of day and already I have set down upon it, like some gravestone, a mammoth's tooth, which even the teeth of time have not been able to destroy. The mammoth has left something to be remembered by, while I, a human being, cannot. Is it worth living then? Why work and slave, why worry, why rack one's brain for fresh ideas, when not even a trace of them will remain? Some day, digging up the old cemetery they will find your old skull, which now houses

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

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Hrytzko Chuprinka

Hrytzko Chuprinka (1879-1919), writer of many poems, was executed by the Bolsheviks for revolutionary activities. His writings are a constant derision of and protest against everything. Their jingling quality is at times ridiculous. The language in them is poor, full of Russianisms and poorly coined words.

Valerian Pidhomylny

Valerian Pidhomylny's (born 1901) writings, mostly short stories, show him to be a careful observer and psychologically inclined. His first collection of short stories appeared in 1920.

Dmytro Zahul

Dmytro Zahul (born 1890), of Bukovina, began his literary career with a collection of lyric poetry, *Z zelenikh hir* (From the Green Hills). He has translated into Ukrainian "Faust" as well as poetry of Goethe, Schiller, Heine, and others. His first collection betrays his immaturity but subsequent ones show considerable improvement.

Todosiy Osmachka

Todosiy Osmachka (born 1895) is known chiefly for his collection of poems "Krucha" (Vortex). He differs from many of his contemporaries in that he has originality within him. He writes in the futuristic manner. His poems can be read backwards, with hardly any difference in either style or thought.

Yakiw Savchenko

Yakiw Savchenko (born 1890) has issued two collections of his poetry: *Poëzyl* (Poetry) and *Zemlya* (Earth). He began with mystic symbolism in his writings. Practically in every verse he seeks to die and packs it with "terrifying" words, yet the reader never succeeds in becoming terrified. Subsequently he turned communist and fell into the rut of all communist writers, propagandizing the communist cause.

so many ideas and suffering, and they will cast it on a refuse heap and fill your grave with another dead one. And as for your work—no one will even remember it. New people with new ideas will arise, so why should they remember it?

Truly, I was about ready to weep in vexation because of this mammoth's tooth.

Зуб мамута...
Гей, працю, радості життя затрута!
Безслідно в безконечності ти згнеш,
ніякого сліду на пам'ятку не кинеш...

Oh, gosh! How commonplace! I would fain express my deep emotion, my deep sorrow—arising from my realization of the futility of all effort, of life,—in such manner that like some huge cloud it would hover over the entire span of twenty thousand years, and yet I can't!

I took the mammoth's tooth in my hands and began examining it again. I noticed nothing new about it. No doubt it looked the same a thousand years ago. Suddenly a cold realization broke upon me... If, as no doubt it is true, all my work will sooner or later perish and leave not even a trace of itself, then it stands to reason that even this poetry about the mammoth's tooth will perish too. Then why should I

Volodimir Soshura

Volodimir Soshura, a worker from the Don basin, author of the collection of poems "Chervona Zima" (Red Winter), writes of the worker's life and sings praises of the commune.

G. Shkurupiy

G. Shkurupiy (born 1903) futurist, wrote "Lenin's Declamator," a collection of poetry dedicated to the chief figure of the revolution. It is hard to believe that such poetry exists in Ukrainian literature. He strives in his writings to unite communistic themes with those of urbanism and Americanism.

Michael Semenko

Michael Semenko (born 1892) wrote already before the war, but he became an especially prolific writer during the revolution, issuing one book after another. A full collection of his "works" appeared under the title of "Kobzar of Michael Semenko." He is considered by some to be the father of Ukrainian futurism. One has to have a great deal of patience to read his writings, especially since they are filled with "I," as, for example, in his "Don Quixote":

Я розхристаний і настобурчений...
Я розперезаний і отутурчений...
Роздратований і до вісі розкручений
Розфарбований — я брат Дон—
Кіхота,
Я роззявлений. Я обеззвонений.
Я обеззвучений.
(„Дон-Кіхот“)

Oleksa Slisarenko

Oleksa Slisarenko (born 1891) made his literary debut with a collection of poetry *Na Berezi Katsalkomu* (On the Banks of Kastalia). Another collection is "Poetry." His writings suffer greatly from his close aping of prevailing styles in Soviet writing. From symbolism he evolved into futurism and communistic patriotism.

(To be continued)

struggle over it? Is it not better to go to bed? Why, it's close to midnight!...

This last idea of mine was the wises of them all during the past four hours, and, so, from the ancient primeval fastness I returned straight to my bed. For a half an hour more yet I saw before me the immense figure of the mammoth, tramping through the jungle, making the ground tremble beneath his feet, until finally, burdened with heavy thoughts, I fell asleep...

(To be concluded)

THE SEXTON'S DAUGHTER

By Taras Shevchenko

Of all the wonders on this earth
The greatest is the heart:
With things it yesterday scorned
Today it would not part;
It wants that something so much
All reservations melt.
That is the way the hungry heart
Of this proud maiden felt.

Beware, my girls, and do not
laugh
At those who're not your equal,
That you may not be subjected to
The sexton daughter's sequel.

Translated by Waldimir Semenyina
Read your Kobzar!

RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

Красний and красный

One of the words that is common to the Russian and the Ukrainian language and causes a great deal of confusion of which the members of the Russian Imperial Academy at St. Petersburg spoke, in their condemnation of the limitations of the Ukrainian written word, in March 1905, is the word красний, kras-ny.

In Ukrainian this word means BEAUTIFUL, in Russian крас-ный means RED.

We might easily understand how the same word came to mean in Ukrainian BEAUTIFUL and in Russian RED as we have the saying in Ukrainian characterizing the vulgar taste: Що солодке, то смачне, а що червоне, то красне. (What is sweet is tasty, what is red is beautiful).

Though coming from the same source, the two languages branched off at some unknown point in the past, the Ukrainian language going in one direction, the Russian in another. All the efforts to bring them back together were tragic or ridiculous. As e. g. the suppression by the Russian tsarist censor of a Ukrainian booklet entitled "Красна книжочка." To the Russian the title meant A RED BOOKLET, and "red" was synonymous with REVOLUTIONARY. To the Ukrainian who composed the booklet it was simply A BEAUTIFUL BOOKLET, with no connotation of subversiveness. And it was a collection of love songs.

Панування or панування

В. Сівер, Stamford, Connecticut, writes:

Dear Editor: I thank you for your explanation of the difference between the words нідє and нидє. As a matter of fact, I usually come, in speaking and in writing, across many words that are dialectic.

"Please explain in the next issue of your column which is right: "панОвання" or "панУвання." Yours truly."

I advise to say and write "панування." The verb from which this noun is formed is панувати, and the form панування seems logical and natural. The writers in Western Ukraine were wont to write пановання, with the accent on "но," but this form seems to have been abandoned, for the standard "панування."

As we can see, the standards in Ukrainian change. Just as they do in English. The grammars of the English language are full of them. Some time ago I came across a letter to the New York Times by one Geo. MacDonald, in which he says, "Standards are not enduring. When Britain's, not seen so oft now in the literary parade, was 'different to,' America's was 'different from.' We rejected Britain's 'to,' but ours is changing also, and we may say 'than,' as Dr. Fosdick did lately in a sermon broadcast."

The cuckoo's call

"Whenever I hear the cuckoo," writes "The Inquiring Layman" to "John O'London's Weekly," "memories of other days crowd in upon me. Fifty years back and more, as a boy sitting alone by a certain river bank dreaming a boy's dreams, the cuckoo's call broke in on the stillness and hush of the hour. I listened, and listened again—CUCK-OO, CUCK-OO; CUCK-OO. I remember to this day how strangely it affected me. It could not have been for the first time in my life I had heard the cuckoo, but that does

not matter. Place, circumstance, and thoughts, are with me still. And so it has been year by year, one remembrance added to another."

The CUCKOO is called in Ukrainian usually зозуля. A small cuckoo is called зозулька, зозуленька, зозулечка. The male bird is called зозулин, the young bird зозуля, зозулятка. While this is the standard name, there are several variants such as: зазуля, зазуленька, зузуля, зузулина, зозуленько, зозуля, зозулятка, зозулятка. While this is the standard name, there are several variants such as: куковка, кукучка, кукуличка, кукуліжка, зазуля-кавуля.

The Ukrainian bears in the cuckoo's call the sound: Ку! or Ку-Ку! Hence come the verbs: кувати, кукати, кукукати, кукувати, кукунути, and the derivative nouns: кування, кукання, кукування, кукування.

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"INSIDE EUROPE"

Those who are interested in European affairs (and who is not today?) will find John Gunther's "Inside Europe" (Harpers) an engrossing and revealing study of the leading dictators and statesmen there, as well as of their rivals, associates and underlings. The author, a European correspondent of the Chicago Daily News, has also managed to give the reader an able picture of the turbulent setting, and the events composing it, in which these leading personalities play their parts. Not the least interesting feature in the book is the series of anecdotes and jokes which Gunther uses to adorn his character-sketches of both individuals and peoples. Of particular interest to our readers will be the following one, cited as an illustration of Polish nationalism. It is said to have been invented by Paderewsky himself, in an objective moment:

Five men of different nationalities each write a book about an elephant. The Englishman goes to India, organizes a hunt, and composes a thick illustrated travelogue, "How I Shot My First Elephant." The Frenchman casually visits the Zoo and promptly produces a yellow-back, "L'Enfant et Ses Amours." The German plunges into research and emerges some years later with a five-volume work, "Introduction to a Monograph to the study of the Elephant." The Russian gets drunk on vodka, retires to his garret, and issues a slim philosophical treatise, "The Elephant—Does it Exist?" The Pole sits down in the national library and turns out a fiery pamphlet, "The Elephant and the Polish Question."

There are several good jokes concerning the Soviet paradise—USSR:

A peasant queues up to see Lenin's body in the Red Square mausoleum, comes out again. "What did you think of him?" a friend asks. Reply: "He's just like us, dead but not yet buried."

Another peasant watches the construction of a new short wave radio station. The technician explains that any voice in the microphone will be heard over the entire world. The peasant pleads to be allowed the supreme thrill of trying it. He asks to be permitted to say one word—only one. Permission granted. The peasant steps up to the microphone and shouts—"Help!"

The G. P. U. was "liberalized";

TO THE DEBATERS

I did not intend to enter the discussion regarding the "7th" or the "25th"; however, since the discussions have become quite heated of late, I have decided to add a little fuel to the flame.

In my meager way I wish to congratulate Mr. Yaremko on the stand he took and further to thank Miss Sarabun for the splendid piece of constructive criticism in her article "Our Ukrainian Christmas."

Who are the people that are discussing the issue?—Ordinary laymen, 85% of whom have no basis for their statements except what they have heard by word of mouth from others who have no knowledge of canon laws of the church or respective church calendars.

The present date for our Christmas has existed even before the birth of our mothers and fathers. Why the sudden desire to change dates?

I have lived away from home for practically eight years, yet the American Christmas holds no thrill for me. And I'll wager I am as good an American-Ukrainian as the next person. I am not being old-fashioned, but for me a candle in the center of the table, straw underneath the tablecloth, and the song "Рождество Твоє" hold more of a thrill on the 7th of January than does the Christmas tree on the 25th of December.

In her article Miss Gawlichynsky asks "why do you Ukrainians give yourselves up so easily to another faith, another people, and another nation." Miss Gawlichynsky, I will endeavor to explain. From 700—1300 A. D. the Ukrainian race were their own rulers in their own lands. Since that time we have been slaves to our oppressors, obeying them implicitly and without question. With the advent of our fathers to the land of freedom and the coming of the new found freedom, our fathers have become "rusty," literally speaking. As a result they have become lax in regard to unity and

all agents were instructed to show the greatest courtesy to the common folk. A man in the street car sneezed. A G. P. U. agent on the platform, peering into the car, snorted angrily, "Who did that—who was it who sneezed?" Terror in the car. Friends urge the luckless fellow who sneezed to give himself up, to confess his sin, in order to save the whole car from arrest. He speaks up, quavering, "I sneezed." The G. P. U. man bellowed: "Gesundheit!" (Your good health!)

Stalin had lice in his hair. No means, mechanical, medicinal, chemical, could extirpate them. Desperate, Stalin called Radek into consultation. Radek said: "Simple. Collectivize one louse. The others will run away."

When the intelligentsia and the old "technical bureaucracy" were being severely scrutinized and punished the joke ran: "My wife and I have three sons. One is an engineer. The other is a professor of bacteriology. The third is also in Siberia."

A horde of rabbits jumped out of the Soviet Union across the Polish border. The Poles expressed surprise and consternation. "Ah," the rabbits explained, "the G. P. U. has issued orders to arrest all giraffes in Russia." "But," remonstrated the Polish customs officers, "you are not giraffes." The rabbits replied: "Yes, but try to prove it to the G. P. U."

religion. This attitude displayed in the homes, before young and growing minds, instills in them a desire for new things. Incentive is gathered from other sources and we are prone to read articles such as some of our young ladies wrote.

"The cry of the peddler" proved to be the rather distressing to one of our fair writers. I want to ask this fair writer whether she went to church to hear the service through or to be able to depict the outside influences which may filter through the church windows.

All of you know the attitude of the present generation when attending a church service. The moment the priest is ready to preach the sermon is the signal to start the verbal fireworks in the choir. They usually last until the end of the sermon. I don't think anyone can deny the above remarks because I have been to both Catholic and Prayoslavny churches a good many times. The unanswered question in my mind is how our fair writer could hear the peddler with all the hubbub in the choir.

Then again, one of our fair writers thinks that living in America makes it impossible to adhere to most of our Ukrainian traditions and customs. Well, I for one do not agree with her. There is but one thing that we do not do, and that is to wear our native dress. Outside of that what is there in this country that prevents religious freedom, or freedom of speech and thought?

You were brought up on Ukrainian food, in a Ukrainian atmosphere, and your first thought that registered was Ukrainian. Was that an impossibility?

You learned to speak, read and write Ukrainian because you were sent to a Ukrainian school. Was that also an impossibility?

It seems as if Mr. Skrabut raised a question in your mind which was beyond your power of comprehension. I refer to "how can one million Ukrainians here affect forty-four million Ukrainians across the ocean."

Perhaps you do not recall, but several years ago the "Svoboda" wrote of a certain priest calling in Polish gendarmes to prevent Ukrainians holding a service on a holiday. What relationship does that have with your statement? Simply this—if the desire to celebrate the holiday on a certain date was sufficient to make the Ukrainians on the other side fight and be needlessly shot down, then do you not think that our non-adherence to those dates over here will dampen their spirits? Will not our attitude tend to make the conquest of our land by the Poles and Russians an easier matter?

One reason for changing the dates was given as "convenience." To me that word means procrastination and the fear of rightfully admitting to the world that we are a people, with traditions and customs, and that we do have our holidays which we observe and intend to observe for years to come.

Let me ask you to desist from further discussion of the argumentative articles which are not for us to discuss. Let us leave that discussion to wiser and older people, who are qualified to discuss those problems such as representations of the church. Then you can rest assured that if we do, our "koberca" will taste just grand on Easter.

D. E. A.
(U.N.A. 203)

BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT CLOSING

The steady stream of sport letters that flowed into the Basketball Department of the Sport Division of the U. Y. L. of N. A. during March, revealed that it was a month replete with many important inter-Ukrainian games, having a decided bearing on the ultimate district championships, as outlined by this department in a recent article.

Heavy snows, which hampered mid-winter travel, have now thawed, making possible the fulfillment of many postponed games. Therefore, in order to afford all teams sufficient time in which to play the required minimum of five inter-Ukrainian games, or with three separate teams, the regularly-scheduled games time-limit is set at April 7th!

All inter-Ukrainian games, whether they be independent, tournament or league, should be completed before that day, and the results of all these games, the team's season record, mentioning when and where games were played, are to be immediately submitted (before April 9th) for final ratings and championship consideration, to the following authorized "District Leaders":

EAST Area One: New England States—Mr. John Warion, 6 Crescent St., Ansonia, Conn.; **Area Two:** N. J., N. Y. C. and Yonkers—Mr. Peter Kardash, 727 Grier Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.; **Area Three:** Del. and East Penna.—Mr. John Haschak, 211 Ward St., Chester, Pa.; **Area Four:** East N. Y. State—Mr. Nicholas Sawka, 9714—91st St., Ozone Park, N. Y.

WEST Area Five: West N. Y. and Penna.—Mr. John Dyrkacz, 1724 Leishman Ave., Arnold, Pa.; **Area 6, 7 and 8:** Ohio, Mich., and Ill.—Mr. John Billy, 1327 Buhner Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Managers having teams are expected to take care of their team's record and submitting it to their respective District Leader on time. If one is not sure to what Area a team belongs, he may send the requested data directly to the undersigned! Changes in managerial reins or in the address should be so stated. Teams completing their scheduled games before the April 7th deadline, can aid us considerably by immediately submitting all necessary and requested data.

Please remember, regardless of how your team fared during the season, or whether you wish to lay any title claims or not, you can greatly facilitate our plans by sending in all scores. In this manner we can check on other team's reports. Yes, all inter-Ukrainian games count, whether played within or out of the geographic area, as long as they conform with the eligibility rules which are: (a) Ukrainians (b) Amateurs (c) Members of club (d) Properly uniformed.

The rules are fair and should be respected by all teams. Sufficient playing time has been afforded and sport articles written for your guidance. If you feel your team is entitled for championship consideration, now is the time to file your claim as outlined above!

Tournament Procedure

The District Leaders, after close study and accurate computation of relative scores, eligibility rules, etc. of each team, are then to forward to us what they consider the two leading teams in their respective areas, together with the received mail, specifically stating why such teams were picked by them for our approval. This can be done and should be done by April 10th! The slogan is: Make good by Good Friday!

Upon receiving all such mail and recommendations from the District Leaders, all successful team managers will then be notified by mail of their standing and what team they are to meet in the inter-area elimination playoffs!

SPORT SLANTS

Boxing:

Billy Ketchell, Millville, N. J. Farmboy, so popularly called, is now making his home in Philly. This Ukrainian pugilist added some weight, which now qualifies him for the light-heavyweight division. Leo Rodak, Ukrainian, who won the amateur Golden Gloves Lightweight title of Chicago, has turned professional, according to Lewush of Elmira, who read this in the Elmira Star-Gazette....

Swimming:

Pete Fick, after breaking the world's swim marks in the 50, 75 and 120 yard, and 100 metres sprints, is now after "Tarzan" Weismuller's 100 yard mark of 51 seconds. Fick, recognized as the world's fastest swimmer, got his start in Philly, but is now wearing the colors of the New York Athletic Club; read all about him in the coming Olympics!... Yes folks, he's a Ukrainian!

Football:

Bronko Nagurski's young brother, Marion, is debating whether to enter Notre Dame or Ohio State University this fall, to carry on the Nagurski fame in football ability. His 200 pounds of Ukrainian intestinal fortitude should aid him in reaching grid-iron stardom....

Basketball:

Will the managers of Auburn, Syracuse, Binghamton, and other Eastern New York State Ukrainian court teams, wishing to claim the Area No. 4 championship, communicate with your District Leader, Mr. Nick Sawka, 9714—91st St., Ozone Park, N. Y. By comparing scores and considering qualifications, he will name the team that is to represent that section against the New England Champs in the semi-finals for the Eastern Half Ukrainian Amateur Basketball Championship. Area No. 5 honors will go to some Western Penna. team, if Mr. Koodrich, 2024 Beaver Road, Ambbridge, or Mr. Dyrkacz, 1724 Leishman Ave., Arnold, Pa. don't hear from Rochester by April 7th!... Detroit is red-hot out West this season....

AL YAREMKO

District Leaders will supervise and conduct such games and act as presiding judges. Neutral floors are preferred and but one game necessary, although, if opposing managers agree, a two-out-of-three game series may be held on a home-and-home basis! Officials should be impartially chosen by the District Leader or by consent of both managers. Results of all such games are to be submitted for publication in local newspapers for publicity. These inter-area elimination games are to be played between April 13 and 19, inclusive! By April 21st the outstanding Ukrainian Amateur Basketball team in both the Eastern and Western Halves of the Sport Division, will be crowned! Arrangements will then be made to have the finalists clash for the Ukrainian Amateur Basketball Championship of America!

It is our sincere hope that each manager take the initiative of adhering to these requests, by acting promptly and cooperatively. We need your help; you have nothing to lose. Let's put this present basketball race to an end with a driving finish! We are now on the home stretch, so come on you jockies (managers) put some pep into your team and submit your scores accurately and promptly to the District Leader, and be ready for eventualities, which may put your team, to represent your district or area, in the running for the major championships!

ALEXANDER YAREMKO
(Basketball Director of the UYU-NA)

641 North 16th Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

INTRODUCING YONKERS CHAMPS

By William A. Spring

After three years of effort the Fourth Ward Ukrainians stand atop the city amateur basketball roost, and the team was so persistent in its desire to win the Light Senior court championship that it was evident that sooner or later its ambition would be fulfilled. The lads just wouldn't have given up trying, even had their attack been repulsed again this year.

It was a bitter pill for the Ukrainians to swallow last Spring when, after going through the entire season in a high-creditable manner, they lost out to the Commerce Alumni squad in the championship final by the overwhelming score of 49-5. That was decisive, to say the least, and the Ukrainians were a sorry-looking bunch of athletes when the final whistle blew.

Although in their titular game with the St. Anthonys Friday night the Fourth Warders performed flawlessly, led by their steady scoring machine, "Scrubs" Scrobola, and played with that finesse that marks a champ combine, a great deal of credit is being bestowed upon Manager Mike Krenza, whose handling of the athletes during the season enabled them to be ready for the big test at Ben Franklin.

John Koteletz piloted the first Ukrainian outfit, and paved the way for a winning club, and last season John Katchmar brought the team almost to the top, but it remained for Krenza to produce the winner with the aid of the club's president, Michael Sivick, who saw to it that the members got behind the club morally and encouraged the players to give their best efforts.

Scrobola Siege-Gun of the Attack

As is customary in this pillar, we'd like to have you meet the new city champions. First of all there's Krenza, the pilot, who has a reputation as a golfer. He's twenty-one years of age and is known for his sunny disposition. When the boys played erratic ball, a few times this season, Mike's smile was always there. As a linksman he was good enough to qualify in the city championship play at Sprain Lake, last Fall, but was eliminated in the second round. When the present court season started he promised his basketball players a dinner if they'd win the city title. They're around now waiting for it.

Undoubtedly the big cannon of the Ukrainian offensive is the cool and efficient John "Scrubs" Scrobola, six-foot one inch tall and the team's center. He played last year with the Palenese five, which might be closely identified with the St. Anthonys. Helped that team win the county tournament and then switched his allegiance to the Fourth Ward team. Playing against the St. Anthonys Friday night he scored 13 points while limping around with a sprained ankle, sustained last Sunday when playing with the Ukes in Passaic.

Captain John Grubiak, a speedy and flashy guard, is three inches short of six feet and is twenty years old. Started on the court at the Catholic Boys Club and made a tremendous improvement in his game in a few months. He still hasn't hit his peak, close observers declare.

Bumps Malasky, also called Rabbit, is a shifty, flashy player with plenty of color. He's twenty-one, and is five feet, five and one-half inches tall. He's another C. B. C. product, and with the Mohawks a few years ago was regarded as a great prospect. His playing Friday night was one of the reasons for the team's big margin.

Talent Abounds on Fourth Ward Team

A veteran tournament player is Danny Chapley, who first came into the picture as a member of the Royal Demons who dropped

the city final to the great South Yonkers quintet in 1934. He's twenty-one, and is five feet, ten inches. Started playing basketball with the Chapel House, and later was a member of the Commerce High squad. He's a crooner, so he fits in well with a team called the Ukes.

Dave Smith of the Y. M. C. A. watched Mike Kowal cavort about the gym and decided he could show him something about basketball. With the former Columbia ace as his tutor, his progress was rapid, and he certainly knows all the passes of the sport. He is twenty-one and is three inches short of six feet in height. In 1933-4 he played with the championship Second Corps Area C. C. C. champions and has been a valuable addition to the Ukrainian squad this year.

The Fourth Ward team has another talented speedster in Frank Turek, whose play reminds one of Mike Dratch when that star was at a similar stage of his career. Only eighteen years of age, he stand five feet, 10 inches, and is built for speed. He tosses in sensational shots that appear a bit lucky until he does it so often the folks realize otherwise. His spine-wrenching undergoal shot is a honey. With Saunders in 1933 he was the high scorer among local interscholastic players. Light Senior League officials, who watch the boys closely and with expert eyes, pronounce him a genuine comer.

Mallo Another Made-Over Palenese

For a bit of comedy effect the Ukrainians depend upon Frank's brother, George, to keep them in good humor. Likes to kid around, but can drop in a long one when it's needed, so they're calling him the Bubbles Midlar of the unit. He's twenty, and is five feet, eight inches tall. Played with School Twelve and Chapel House in his earlier youth.

Another veteran of the Royal Demons is John Chapley, twenty-two, and six feet tall. He also started play with Chapel House. Efficient floor man and a consistent scorer.

Scrobola's center understudy is Frank Werney, who started for School Nineteen and later played with Commerce, where he captained the five. Hence the nickname "Cap."

Mike Mallo, twenty-two, is a Prospect House product, where another star Ukrainian, Mike Dratch, learned the ropes. Played with the 1935 Palenese and was high scorer. Runner-up in this year's foul-shooting championship. A tireless player.

Steve O'Lear, nineteen-year-old guard, has been overshadowed this year by brighter stars, but his day is coming. Handles himself like a trouper, and played under Les Beck at Yonkers High.

Frank Perkowsky, six-foot tall, is a guard. He played with Yonkers High and is a veteran of Fourth Ward Ukrainian teams. Was with the Mohawks, and averaged 10 points a game playing with the St. Joseph Seminary five. Illness has bogged him down this season and has prevented him from finishing out the season with the club.

(The Herald-Statesman,
March 23, 1936)

BEADS OF CHROME

'Tis a common shrub
That blooms all white
In the spring
Long before any
Appearance of green;
But in the bleak,
Misty December
When frost nips the rain,
Beads of chrome cling
Each finger
And sparkle to the
Pitter-patter refrain.

CHARLES KOVEAL