



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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## YOUTH TODAY

### PRESIDENT ON YOUTH

In a speech before a cheering audience of 15,000 persons gathered in the old Fifth Regiment Armory in Baltimore, Maryland, on April 13, President Roosevelt pictured the administration's social program as the only satisfactory answer to the questions asked by young people of America in reference to the economic future of the country.

"The world in which the millions of you who have come of age," the President said in the introduction of his speech, "is not the set old world of your fathers. Some of the yesterday's certainties have vanished; many of yesterday's certainties are questioned. Why have some vanished and many been questioned? Because the facts and needs of civilization have changed more greatly in this generation than in the century that preceded us."

"I need not press this point to you," he went on. "You are measuring the present state of the world out of your own experiences. You have felt the rough hand of the depression. You have walked the streets looking for jobs that never turned up. Out of this has come physical hardship and, more serious, the scars of disillusionment."

### HELP FLOOD SUFFERERS!

The extent of the damages and suffering among Ukrainians in the flood devastated regions is only now becoming clearly apparent from the letters and telegrams pouring into the Ukrainian National Association and the Obyednanye, all asking for immediate help. The Svoboda daily prints graphic reports of the misery and suffering left in the wake of the flood among our people. Various national and local relief agencies do their best to help these flood victims, but the help that they are able to extend is, at best, scanty. That is why they welcome such relief movements as that of the Obyednanye (United Ukrainian Organizations of America) which seeks to help Ukrainian sufferers, irrespective of their religious or political convictions.

Our American-Ukrainian youth can be of considerable aid in raising cash contributions for the flood relief fund. Clubs can sponsor dances, basketball games, card parties, and various other suitable affairs for the benefit of the flood sufferers. Contributions from individual members, augmented by a contribution from the club treasury, sent to the Obyednanye (P. O. Box 122, Hudson Terminal, New York City), will help to set some Ukrainian family on its feet.

Some such Ukrainian clubs have already begun a drive in their locality. For example, the Ukrainian Folk Ballet and Chorus of Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn., has forwarded to the Obyednanye the sum of \$10.00 towards the flood relief chest. No doubt there will be many more clubs which will do the same, and better!

## INQUIRIES ABOUT UKRAINE

The Svoboda and the Ukrainian Weekly constantly receive inquiries about Ukraine, the Ukrainian people, their aspirations, history, culture, etc. Many of these inquiries come from non-Ukrainians, but most of them, and this is encouraging too, come from our young American-Ukrainians.

Naturally, all these inquiries are attended to as ably and promptly as our facilities allow, gratis—of course, although we do draw a line when it comes to writing special essays or theses on topics Ukrainian.

There is no denying that were Ukraine better known most of these requests for information could be directed along more regular channels, other than that of a newspaper office such as ours. A person seeking information in the English language about the Ukrainians could go to the nearest public library or book mart and obtain it there.

The fact remains, however, that—barring some unusual event—as long as Ukraine remains enslaved, as long as she remains submerged in the flood of enemy propaganda, so long will she be powerless to arouse sufficient curiosity about herself to warrant leading publishing companies to stock bookstores and libraries with books of information about her. It is a fact that all of us must realize and do everything in our power to amend.

Nevertheless, this state of affairs should not serve as an excuse for any of our young American-Ukrainians in failing to utilize the sources of information about Ukraine that are easily within their reach, for such sources are more than adequate for their primitive needs.

Among these sources, for example, there is the Ukrainian press, such as the Svoboda and the Ukrainian Weekly. If one is interested, let us say, in present-day happenings in Ukraine, or in the various political, social, and economic aspects of the Ukrainian movement, he can find good reports and stimulating discussions upon them on the pages of the daily, with occasional treatments of them in the weekly too. If one desires at least a rudimentary knowledge in the English language of his Ukrainian background, we pardonably recommend these pages. For what other reason have we been printing here all these articles and editorials on Ukrainian history, social and political life, literature, language, art, music, as well as translations of typical Ukrainian literary works, than to help our youth gain such rudimentary knowledge, than to awaken in them a desire to delve deeper into what we but scratch? Or for what other reason have we been constantly urging our readers to save their copies of the Ukrainian Weekly?

Besides these two organs of the Ukrainian National Association, however, there are many other sources as well, easily available to our youth.

If you are interested in those in English, need we mention Spirit of Ukraine, The Story of Ukraine, The Ukrainian Question, Peasant Europe, Russia (Mirsky's), or Immigrant Gifts to American Life?

If you are interested in those sources that appear in the Ukrainian language, you have a veritable bonanza of such works within easy reach. A postcard to the Svoboda will bring you a catalogue of them. We cannot forbear, however, from especially recommending the three-volume Ukrainian Encyclopaedia, recently published. Here is a work no one of Ukrainian origin should be without. Its 4,000 abundantly illustrated pages treat Ukrainian life and personalities in a manner no similar work has ever done before. It is a sound investment and a wonderful gift, either for an individual or a club.

There can be no conscionable complaint, then, that there is a dearth of source material about the Ukrainian people. For our American-Ukrainian youth there is plenty of it, and for any of them to fail to take advantage of it now, is nothing but sheer—procrastination!

### "UKRAINIAN VILLAGE" AT GREAT LAKES EXPOSITION IN CLEVELAND

According to advance announcements, one of the most interesting and colorful areas of the Great Lakes Exposition to be held in Cleveland from June 27 to October 4, 1936, will be a group of foreign villages to be known as "Streets of the World."

The local Ukrainian committee working in conjunction with the Exposition committee is laying plans for a very elaborate Ukrainian Village, to be included in the "Streets of the World."

Here it is hoped to transplant the life, color, and gay activity of the Ukrainian village in the old country, and visitors to the Exposition will find ample opportunity here for refreshment, entertainment and purchase of imported Ukrainian-made goods of all kinds.

### UKRAINIAN GIRL REPRESENTATIVE AT Y.W.C.A. NATIONAL CONVENTION

Miss Mary Ann Bodnar, Ukrainian, of New York City, will represent the International Institute of New York City at the National Convention of the Young Women's Christian Association at Colorado Springs, Colorado, April 29th to May 5th, 1936, inclusive. She is also scheduled to deliver a talk on the "Problems of the Second Generation" at the Round Table Discussion, on the opening eve of the convention.

In extending to Miss Bodnar the invitation, Mrs. Marie Chase Cole, Executive Secretary of the International Institute, wrote: "We shall feel greatly honored to have a Ukrainian girl represent our membership at this important Convention, where hundreds of people from all parts of the United States will come together to discuss some of the most important questions of the day."

Mrs. Cole, incidentally, is well known to some of our youth for the inspiring talk she delivered at the Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America held under the auspices of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America at the International Institute during the Labor Day weekend in 1934.

### LEAGUE TO MAIL SURVEY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE TO YOUTH CLUBS

Due to a delay in printing the Brief Survey of Ukrainian Literature by Dr. Arthur P. Coleman of Columbia University, published by the Ukrainian University Society in New York City, was not mailed out last month, as scheduled, to its member clubs by the Ukrainian Cultural Center of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America. The printing of this booklet, however, is now about completed, and it will be mailed to the clubs near the close of next week.

We urge once more that this and other literature sent by the UCC be read and discussed at the club meetings. This will help the members gain a better knowledge of their Ukrainian background.

Ukrainian Cultural Center  
of the UYL-NA

# THORN IN THE FOOT

(A Tale of Hutzul\* Life)

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated by S. S.)

(1)

Old Mikola Kucheraniuk was about to die.

Two weeks had already passed since he had steered, for the last time, his raft down the Cheremosh river to the town of Kut and from thence returned home afoot. There seemed nothing the matter with him then, except that he was white as a corpse. All evening he sat silently outside his house, built high on the mountain-top, pulling on his stubby pipe and staring down into the village below, at the serpentine windings of the swashy Cheremosh, and at the dark, forest-covered mountains looming before him. But the next morning he awoke complaining of a sharp pain in his side, and began to cough violently, his body shivering as from ague. He called his three sons, and telling them of his approaching death bade them summon to him his oldest and closest neighbors, to bear witness to his last will and testament. The sons received this news with restraint, although they loved their aged father very much. Only their wives and children began weeping and wailing, but were quickly silenced by the old man.

"Be quiet!" he growled, half-angrily and half-kindly. "I'm going to die, is that anything strange? I've lived a long while. Do you want me to live forever? Move along now, and get everything ready for my funeral."

One of his daughter-in-laws mentioned something about calling a doctor. This made the old man thoroughly angry.

"Stop talking nonsense! I've lived sixty years without the aid of a doctor, and I can well do without him now, when I'm dying. What can a doctor do in the face of death, anyway? Go back to your tasks, all of you, and don't worry about me!"

After dinner the neighbors gathered, and the local scrivener was called in to take down the old man's last "testament." When that task was done the old man sighed in relief, he felt much better. He conversed animatedly with his old bosom cronies, and directed his youngest son to go the following day for the priest. The neighbors praised him for this, and did not even in the least try to shake his conviction that he was about to die.

The following day his condition grew worse, with the fever running high and the constant coughing nearly choking him. Overnight his cheeks had sunk deeply in, and his face became black as the earth itself. And thus when the reverend father arrived to give him the last spiritual consolation, old Mikola certainly looked fit for the grave. Shaking their heads sorrowfully the sons whispered among themselves that their "dyejo" wouldn't last another night through.

During the night, however, his condition improved. And the following day he grew so much better that in the afternoon he was able to totter outside. It was a radiantly quiet September day. The sun did not burn, but only warmed. The mountain air was clear and redolent, while the gurgling of a stream below rose up like some sweet melody, like some never-ending greeting of life itself. The old Hutzul sat down on a chopping-block and silently gazed at the vast panorama. High

mountain peaks winked at him; deep shadowy valleys hid their secrets from him. The Cheremosh with its mighty windings, its sibilantly restless waters, its foaming rapids looked immovable from above, as if poured out of glass. Along its banks here and there could be seen red, white and black bugs—those were the people. From the flat boarded roofs little billows of white smoke curled lazily upwards. But Mikola looked at all this like one from another world, it touched him not. He felt no longing to get going, to wander through his beloved highlands; the horizon no longer beckoned to him. All seemed strange and foreign to him, and he felt that he no longer belonged to this earth.

The further the sun dipped behind the horizon, the more disquieted old Mikola grew. Gathering all his strength and leaning heavily on his richly carved hatchet-cane he climbed to the top of the mountain peak, in whose shadow his home stood. Sitting down wearily on a rock he let his glance speed swiftly towards distant mountaintops, towards the woodlands, the valleys and gorges. It sped swiftly, too, although somewhat fearfully, after the setting sun. He watched every little cloud that appeared in the west and turning flaming red gently drift after the sun. With searching eyes he scanned every column of smoke, every billowing cloud of vapor, that rose from the lowlands below. And when, finally, the sun sank behind the bloody-red horizon, like a red-hot cannon ball plunging into water, he sighed deeply and shivered, and raising himself with some difficulty slowly and silently wended his way home.

Two weeks passed. Mikola was constantly "at death's doorstep," and still he did not die. One time he would feel better, and the next worse. There were times, too, when for several days he would lie in bed sorely stricken, when suddenly the cough and the pain in his side would disappear, and once more he would be able to rise from bed, climb laboriously to the mountain top and from there contemplate the setting sun. His anxiety grew apace with each passing day. He ate hardly any food, only a glass of warm milk now and then. His body grew very thin and his hair became white as snow, while his eyes shone with some unearthly fire. He could not sleep, neither during the day or night, and whenever he did doze off he would toss about restlessly, moan and cry out fitfully, and wake up bathed in cold sweat. He neither prayed nor spoke to anyone, for nothing interested him any longer. Even his children and grandchildren felt repelled by his strangeness towards them, and as a result they now avoided him as much as possible.

Another Sunday arrived. Once again old Mikola bade his sons to summon his neighbors. Before the day was over they all arrived.

"My dear neighbors," he said, after they had found seats, while he half-reclined in bed, "help me in my distress. I simply cannot die. It seems that there is something on my heart, something that weighs me down and refuses to let my soul quit the body. I've gazed at the setting sun many times during the past few weeks,

and each time it seems that when it sets someone closes the gates before me. It looks like death refuses to take me. Tell me, my dear neighbors, is there anyone among you whom I have wronged and have forgotten about it? Maybe you still carry that wrong in your heart."

The neighbors glanced inquiringly at one another, and then one of them spoke for all:

"No, Mikola, nobody has any grievance against you. After all, all of us are sinners, and if we don't forgive one another then surely God won't forgive us either."

"Notwithstanding that," Mikola remarked sadly, "someone must have, consciously or unconsciously, made a complaint about me to God. For look, my hair has become white as snow during the past two weeks. Although I am racked with pain and suffering, yet I can't die. Every night somebody calls me, and yet, when I strive to go, something, like a pair of pliers, holds me fast to this earth. Oftentimes at night I hear a trumpet blowing, yet when I struggle to go to it, I simply can't!"

"Maybe you are sorry to leave this earth, these highlands, the Cheremosh, your children and dear ones?" ventured old Yura, an old crony of Mikola.

"No, Yura, I feel no such sorrow. I feel I have lived long enough. My children, thank God, are well protected. Neither the highlands nor Cheremosh need me, nor can they give me anything now either."

"Hmm, what can be the matter with you? Maybe you have some old sin on your conscience, a sin that you had hid from all people and which now pleads for its release through confession. Think hard, Mikola."

"Well, I can't say positively, Yura, but it seems to me that maybe that's the case, after all, only... You see, there was an occurrence in my life—long ago, very much long ago!... the spectre of which troubles me to this day. And although I never mentioned this incident to you, still I didn't keep it a secret, for I confessed it at three different times before a priest. And yet, never has it ceased to trouble my conscience."

"Then confess it once more, here, before us and before the just sun," Yura urged. "Maybe that'll help you."

"Well, there is not much to tell. It happened when I was a young man—about forty years ago. I think you well remember, Yura, that I was then the best fighter in this entire district and the best pilot on the Cheremosh. One Sunday there was a big fight in the tavern; many of the boys, including yourself, Yura, I think, went home that day with bloody heads, and one of them, my worst enemy, Oleksa Kohut, I beat up so properly that several weeks later he was buried. And all that I received as mementos of that battle were a couple of bumps and scratches, so that the next day, Monday, I went to work on the raft as usual, as if nothing had happened.

I and my deaf raft-mate, Peter, fastened together a large raft of logs before the morning was over, and when the flood came down we were carried on it down the Cheremosh. It was a beautiful summer day. The smell of the haycocks in the valleys, of the wild flowers and berries hanging down over the steep river banks, made the air so fragrant that one could not breathe enough of it. My heart felt carefree and happy, as rarely ever before.

Peter stood at the front steer-

ing oar, while I held on to the one in the stern. Near noon we reached Yasenov and tied up near the tavern.

On the bank, as usual, there was a crowd of children, playing, romping about, throwing stones into the river, swimming, and altogether making a great din. No sooner had we moored the raft, then a whole bunch of them leaped aboard, and proceeded to make merry on it, running and jumping about, seesawing on logs, and diving off them into the water. This was not the first occurrence of its kind, and so we paid little attention to it. We went ashore and stepped into the tavern, where we had a little bracer, and then returned immediately, for we were anxious to be off. Paying no attention to the boys we unmoored the raft and punted it offshore. With shouts and laughter the boys began leaping off the moving raft, some into the still shallow water, others unto the rocks, while Peter and I took our places at both oars in order to steer the raft into midstream. For about a minute I busied myself with the steering, when suddenly, glancing up, I perceived, seated at the extreme end of the raft, the figure of a boy. He looked to be about 14 or 15 years old, dressed poorly, with a soiled shirt of homemade material, and a battered black felt hat on his head—just like any other herdsboy. He sat there quietly, on the end of a log, leaning slightly forward and gazing raptly at the swirling greenish-gray water left in the wake of the raft. I stood by my oar only about five paces away from him, but since his back was turned towards me I could not see his face.

"Hey, you!" I called out. "What are you doing here?"

He made no reply, but merely raised his left arm and pointed at the bank. I noticed that his outstretched arm, bare to the elbow, was unusually white, such as I had never seen on any poor herdsboy.

"Do you want to get ashore?" I asked.

He only nodded, without turning around or saying anything.

"Tell me where do you want to get off!" I called out once more. "You can see yourself that the banks here are too steep and the current swift, so that it's impossible for you to get ashore here."

Without turning around or saying a word the boy waved his snow-white arm vaguely downstream, as if he was loath to interrupt even for a moment his musings and contemplation of the rushing, hissing waters. I shrugged my shoulders; after all, the kid probably knows these waters well and will tell me where he wants to get ashore. We were passing just then through a stretch made doubly dangerous by outjutting rocks that sprawled themselves in midstream like a herd of sheep bathing; and so we had our hands full in avoiding them. Above the roar of the angry waters, I called out to the boy:

"When we get near the place you want to get off, let me know, so that we can steer the raft closer inshore. Do you hear?"

The boy again nodded his head, and continued to sit, crouched, in the same place.

Soon we passed the dangerous waters and swiftly sped down a wider and shallower stretch of the river. I kept a tight grip on the steering oar, although I didn't have to manipulate it now. Still I couldn't keep my eyes off the boy. There was something strange

(Continued p. 4)

\*"Hutzul"—Ukrainian Mountaineer.

## RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

### The troublesome "sharecropper"

Mr. Ralph Thompson writes in "Books of the Times," of the New York Times, April 11:

"The word 'sharecropper' is a queer one. Most dictionaries, even the latest, pass it completely by. The Great Oxford Dictionary, in a supplementary volume, finds that not until 1929 was it used in respectable circles. Offhand, I can think of no parallel construction in English; we have 'boatbuilder,' not 'buildboater'; 'cardplayer,' not 'playcarder.'"

To me, who started to learn English after I had acquired the habit of thinking in Ukrainian, this "sharecropper" offers one difficulty: There is an English word "cropper," which denotes a person who raises crops on shares. What is the use then of another word to denote the same thing? This, however, is no great difficulty as my native tongue knows many words of this kind, that is many synonyms with no clear-cut distinctions between each other.

To my sense of the English language it appears quite natural that out of the phrase "to share crops" should be formed a compound noun "sharecropper," just as it appears to me a natural thing that out of the phrase "лист паде" should be formed the name of the autumn month листопад, that a person who likes to lick his lips, лизати губи, should be called лизогуб, that a person who comes to the church when the sexton blows out the candles to go home should be called свічокос. The English, however, look evidently first which word is more important and treat this as the main, that is final, noun, and shape other words into supplementary prefixes. In the word "cardplayer" the main word is felt to be "player," as there might be: piano-player, violin-player, baseball-player, football-player, and other players. The newly formed word has simply to distinguish the new player from other players.

### The "value" of the strange word

"But this is no time for lexicographical musings,"—continues Mr. Ralph Thomson. "The word 'sharecropper,' strange as it may be, has a variety of definite meanings. To the Southern landowner it conveys the idea of a shiftless Negro or a lazy white man working a plot of ground and paying his rent, if at all, in produce. To Howard Kester, author of a 100-page pamphlet entitled 'Revolt Among the Sharecroppers' (Covici-Friede, 50 cents), it means 'the most exploited agricultural worker in America.' To Professor Howard W. Odum, author of the 665-page tome just published for the Southern Regional Committee of the Social Science Research Council—'Southern Regions of the United States' (University of North Carolina Press, \$4)—it means apparently little or nothing. Professor Odum prefers the more inclusive phrase 'tenant farmer.'"

As so, though this is supposed to be an escape from lexicographical musings it is after all another treatise on the meaning of the word, and a treatise much deeper at that as it does not skim the surface only, but goes much deeper, namely to the emotional connotations which the word conveys to the reader.

### "Sharecropping" in Ukraine

As to the institution of "sharecropping" itself, it is known also in Ukraine. Alexandra Stavrov

ska-Efimenko, the renowned Ukrainian historian and sociologist, writes about it in her work entitled "The Common Law of the Ukrainian People," in volume II of "The Ukrainian People in Their Past and Present," edited by Michael Hrushevsky and Th. Vovk. The "sharecropper" was called in Ukrainian скіпщик, the share in crops he paid the landowner скіпщина, or скіпщина, the institution itself was also called скіпщина, скопщина. It seems to me that the origin of this word is due to the habit of giving the landowner a share out of every stack, копа: (давати) з копи.

### "Fascies" an old-timer in Ukrainian

The Fascist symbol, that bundle of rods, bound together by a thong, dates back to ancient Rome. It was called then FASCES. The so-called lictors bore them before kings, consuls, pretors, and emperors, as the insignia of the dignitary's power.

The word was probably pronounced by ancient Romans as "fæ-tses," while Italians pronounce "sc" as English pronounce "sh".

The word has long been adopted into the Ukrainian language as fa-shy-na, to denote a bundle of withes bound together and used in construction of dams and levees for the purpose of flood control. The word was probably imported to Western Ukraine during the time when the country was under the control of the Austrian government, which used to import Italian workers to build railroads, canals, dams and levees.

### The most popular American plant in Ukraine

In one of my previous article I wrote that the two most common names for POTATO are американка, а-ме-ру-кан-ка, and мандибурка, man-de-bur-ka, the former being equivalent to the "American plant," the latter to the "plant of Magdeburg."

In this manner the Ukrainian language, as it were, has commemorated two important facts in the history of this peculiar plant. First, its origin. It comes from the American continent. "It is to the Spaniards," says the Encyclopaedia Britannica, "that we owe this valuable esculent. The Spaniards met with it in the neighborhood of Quito, where it was cultivated by the natives. In the CRONICA DE PERU of Pedro Cieca (Seville, 1553), as well as in other Spanish books of about the same date, the potato is mentioned under the name 'battata' or 'papa.' Hieronymus Cardan, a monk, is supposed to have been the first to introduce it from Peru to Spain from which country it passed into Italy and thence into Belgium."

The second Ukrainian name, мандибурка, commemorates the fact that to Ukraine it was brought over from Northern Germany. The same it attested by another popular variant of the name of this plant, namely картопля, kar-tof-la, and картопля, kar-top-la, which is nothing but the German Kartoffel in Ukrainian garb. That KARTOFFEL comes from Italian TARTUFOLO, which means TRUFFLE, and this TRUFFLE comes from Latin TUBER.

Бульба, bul-ba, another common name of the potato in Ukrainian, is of course nothing but the Ukrainianized form of the Latin word BULBUS, or the Greek BOLBOS, which means a bulbous root,—a good description of the tuber into which the potato

## A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

(Concluded)

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### Vasile Atamenuk

Vasile Atamenuk's collection of war poems *Yak surmi zahrali do boyu* appeared in the early days of the recent war. Although a native of Galicia, he wrote mostly in Greater Ukraine. Most of his writings, however, are an imitation, and a poor one at that, of Hrinchenko, Franko, and others. His language and themes are poor too.

### Michael Yohansen

Michael Yohansen (born 1897) is a poet, novelist, and linguist. Soviet critics highly regard his style of writing. In 1924 there appeared a complete collection of his poetry, entitled *Dorobok*.

### Alexander Dosvitny

Alexander Dosvitny (born 1891) is the author of the novel based on Japanese life *Tunbuy*, as well as of *Amerkantsi*, based on life in America, which he visited. When the revolution broke out, he went to Ukraine. In 1925, together with several others he toured Western Europe with lectures on Soviet Ukraine.

### Stephen Wasilchenko

Stephen Wasilchenko (1878-1932) wrote under the pen-name of Stephen Panasenko. He was of peasant origin and a teacher by profession, who, holding himself aloof of politics, began his literary career back in 1910. In 1929 there appeared in the *Derzhavnim Vidavnistvi Ukraini* a whole collection of his works, stories, and plays,—the latter which even today enjoy popular favor, such as *Na Pershi Hull* (which appeared in early issues of the Ukrainian Weekly under the heading of "Stepping Out," translated by Vadimir Semeny-na). Wasilchenko is a fine craftsman of miniatures. His short stories portray for the most part peasant life and the psychology of children. He has a native Ukrainian humor, which he handles unusually well, even in tragic scenes, as in the following works: *Muzhitska Arikhmetika*, *Roman, Svekora*, *Bozhestvena Halya*, *Za Murami*, *V temryavi*, and *Na Roskoshi*. Of his children stories the following are among the best: *Voloshka*, *Oksana*, *Osinly Eskez*, and *Cyhanka*: Wasilchenko did not go the way of most Soviet writers but remained an old fashioned romantic, who refused to permit Soviet industrialization affect his writings. The language in his works is a good example of

develops its underground leafless shoots.

The diminutives of *бульба* are: *бульбочка*, *буля*, *бульничка*, *бульниця*, the augmentative—*бульдега*, *бульбище*.

Other names of the same plant used more or less dialectically are: *картоха*, *картохля*, *картошка*; *бандурка*, *бандурята*, *балабурка*, *бурка*, *буришка*, *буришечка*; *ріпа*, *ріпка*; *груля*; *бандз*; *бульбан*; *балабурка*, *землянка*, *земляк*, *бараболя*.

The Ukrainians distinguish several species: *бульон*, *балабанка*, *ячмінка*, *кармазинка*, *шампанка*, *поливяна*, and so on. Some of these names come from the names of countries, other names from the names of men, who probably were instrumental in spreading the particular sort, still others from the color of the tuber.

the native Ukrainian tongue.

The above can be regarded as the leading Ukrainian Soviet writers. There is a whole flock of others, but practically all of them are nothing more than official trumpeters of the "glories" of communism.

From this brief review of the literature under the Soviets we can easily see that it is in its infant stages, for most of it consists of poetry, which is easier to write than good prose. Another characteristic of it is its extreme modernistic style, which disregards even elementary rules of rhythm and form, as, for example, the following:

Розвігайте, луги!  
я йду — день —  
Пасіться, отари! —  
до своєї любові — день —  
Колісково, колоски! —  
удень.

або другий:

Я — нічий. Я — ніхто. Мені не знає  
[історія.  
Мій девіз — несталість і несподіва-  
[ність.  
Хочете? Я зримую зараз: істерія.  
Я остроїв поезію в стрій ні разу не  
[надіваний.

And finally, one more characteristic of Soviet literature. Up to this time Ukrainian literature dipped deeply into village life as it existed before the revolution. With the coming of the Soviets, however, the worker, the machine, and the factory seem to have won pre-eminence over the "counter-revolutionary village" in the field of literature, and from this time dates the latter's urbanization. The city is rhapsodized over, hymns are dedicated to machines, and the factory is the central character, nay, even the hero of countless plots—precisely at the time when the factories are closing down. Nevertheless, the Soviets regard all this as—literature.

### A LETTER OF THANKS TO THE U. N. A.

Ukrainian National Association,

Gentlemen:

I thank you for your letter that you sent to our local chapter which contained a check for sixty-five dollars (\$65.00) made payable to me.

The amount will aid me immensely in solving my financial problem that had arisen while I was attending the School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance at New York University. It will enable me to complete my fourth and final year at this institution. I will do all in my power to prove to you that your graciousness to me shall not be futile.

I am very happy to find a quality of helpfulness in the Ukrainian people, a quality they always had and always will have among their other fine qualities. I would like to see very much, all of the young Ukrainian men and women join your great organization as I did. They will see, in time, the benefits accruing to them by being a part of your organization.

If I am in a position, in the near future, to remit to you the sum that you so graciously gave me, I will do so, since I know the amount will be used to aid other deserving Ukrainian students, who will attempt to reap the benefits a good education offers to them. I thank you again, very heartily, for your helpfulness. I will always remain a true and loyal Ukrainian and try to aid our people in every possible manner.

Wasył Teodor Zacharowycz  
10 South Street  
Derby, Conn.

**THORN IN THE FOOT**

(Continued from p. 2)

about him, something that annoyed me a trifle. Suddenly he rose to his feet and began rolling up his tattered trousers to his knees.

"Do you want to get off now?" I asked. But again he didn't reply. Instead he walked over to the very edge of the raft and there sat down on the very end of a log. Calmly he gripped hold of the log with his hands, shifted his body around and turned so that he lay on his stomach, resting on his elbows, and then slowly began lowering himself into the water. It was then that I saw his face—a totally unfamiliar one. It seemed to me then that a strange, half-malicious smile flitted across his face. And before I had a chance to think, to cry out, to move, the boy without a sound disappeared into the swirling waters. A deadly panic seized me. In one leap I was at the edge of the raft. I knew that it was very dangerous to jump off the end of a raft, especially in these dangerous shallows, where even the strongest Hutzul couldn't keep his footing. I thought that maybe the boy would come to the surface again and start swimming towards shore, or at least splash around wildly, which would give me a chance to jump in after him and save him. But no, there wasn't even a sight of the boy. The waverlets cheerfully surged over the edge of the raft, which with a rush and a roar swiftly sped downstream, and not a sign of the boy anywhere. Stricken dumb and immovable by this sudden tragedy, my flesh a'prickle from fear, I stood at the edge of the raft, staring wildly into the swirling waters—in vain!

"Mikola!" the angry shout of Peter at the front steering oar caused me to start. "What the devil are you doing, there? Can't you see that the raft is turning broadwise into the current? Grab hold of that oar before both of us go to the hundred devils!"

(To be continued)

**BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT FLASHES**

Rochester has accepted the invitation to participate in the Eastern Half play-offs for the Ukrainian championship, and by virtue of its victories over New York State teams in five straight games, will represent Area No. 4. Chester, co-champs with Wilmington in the Tri-City conference, has been designated as the representative of Area No. 3, while Yonkers will carry the colors of Area No. 2. The New England situation is muddled. Negotiations are under way to have a two-day round-robin tournament in an Eastern city, bringing together the four area champs. Monessen, Pa. was picked from Area No. 5, and Detroit from among the Area 6, 7 and 8 teams. Detroit meets Monessen in Cleveland on April 19th for the Western Ukrainian championship, while in the East, the semi-final battle will be fought between Chester and Yonkers for the right to engage with the Rochester Area No. 1 game winner. If you are near any of these cities, inquire about these games and make a strong effort to see these stand-out teams in action. Each team has expressed its confidence in copping the laurels, and be the first team to truly win the national championship in Ukrainian history. AL YARR.

**NEW YORK CITY.**  
**CARD & GAME PARTY** for the benefit of Ukrainian Flood Victims, sponsored by the Ukrainian Civic Center on **TUESDAY, APRIL 21st** at the International Institute, 341 E. 17th St. Admission 35 cts. Commencement at 8:00 P. M. Prizes, surprises, refreshments. All proceeds to be turned over to Ukrainian Flood Relief. 84,90

**CHESTER UKRAINIANS IN PLAY-OFFS**

The "Chester Ukrainians" basketball team, co-champions with the "Wilmington Ukrainians" in the Tri-City League, has been selected to represent Area No. 3 in the Eastern Half play-offs, conducted by the Basketball Department of the U. Y. L. of N. A. (We have learned that the strong "Yonkers Ukrainians" five, stand-outs in Area No. 2, will oppose us in the semi-finals in a single game at Yonkers on April 19th!)

Perhaps a brief insight into the Chester team personnel and activities should be of interest to our foes, so here goes! After failing to book the "Newark Sitch" for our final game, we closed our books, showing victories in over 70% of the 40 games played with formidable teams!

Unlike last year, when the Chester Ukrainians competed in the professional Eastern League, and had outside players to bolster the team, this year we decided to stay out of this major league, dropped the outsiders, and built a strictly Ukrainian amateur team, consisting of local talent only, which makes us eligible for the Ukrainian championship play-offs. We have our own home-floor, and have three teams, completely uniformed.

Much credit for the success of our team is due to the tireless efforts of Manager "Bill" Haschak and "Coach" Milt Linaka, stand-bys from last year's outfit. The players who played such a prominent part in retaining our reputation in this locality are:

Manager and Captain "Bill" Haschak, a guard, standing 5'11" in his stocking feet, and considered one of the best guards in this vicinity. When under fire, "Bill" is one of the coolest men on floor. Although young in years, he is a veteran of the courts.

Coach Milton Linaka, forward, retained from last year's team. In the Eastern League last year, "Milt" was fourth in the league's scoring. Only Keating from Atlantic City, Warner from Wilmington, and Beron from our own club were ahead of him. Such stars as Clancy from Passaic and Camden, Taylor from Germantown, and Mastek from Trenton, trailed "Milt" in the individual scoring. Linaka stands 5'10", and (this for women only) is one of the most handsome men on the team.

Michael Bartish, the other forward, a remnant from last year's team, is the hardest worker on the team. The game is only a few minutes old, when "Mike" is all wet from perspiration. He stands an even 6', and can stand up under any kind of punishment. He is considered the roughest man on the team.

Charles Morenko, a tall and well-built center, reaching 6'4" skyward, is one of the leading scorers of the team. He is a newcomer in the Ukrainian fold, but a veteran campaigner in basketball.

Steve Morenko, brother of Charles, is the other guard. Steve has been with the Ukrainians three seasons now, and is one of the best defensive guards in this locality. He is tall, 6'2", and also stands well up there in this season's scoring.

If big "Tom" Bringlewicz, a 6'5" center could have been used regularly, our club might have been unbeatable. Shift-work kept him out of most games. Last year he was the team's mainstay. He tips the scales at 230.

Other players who saw plenty of action are: Miron and Lewis Sawicki, forward and guard respectively; Nick Luzak, center, and Joseph Blahitka, who later retired.

We think this outfit can give any Ukrainian team quite a tussle, and are anxiously awaiting to prove this in the play-offs.

NICHOLAS LUZAK,  
Publicity Manager.

**PHILLY UKRAINIANS TAKE PART IN TWO CIVIC PROGRAMS**

Two widely-advertised civic events, presented on successive Thursdays, March 12th and 19th, in Philadelphia's massive convention Hall (site of the coming National Democratic Convention), provided the Ukrainians with opportunities to demonstrate their cultural wares and propagate their song and dance before respective throngs of ten and twelve thousand spectators. They took part in both events and came through with flying colors.

The first affair, an elaborate and colorful four-hour pageant, "Philadelphia," given by The 100 Club, included practically everything... The Mayor, tableaux, musical selections, gymnastics, bugle corps, string bands, U. S. Olympic representatives and competitors, and ONE nationality group—the Ukrainians, upon special invitation, which indicates their growing popularity in Philadelphia. To the Ukrainians this was a great honor, considering the fact that tens of nationalities are represented in this great city.

Briefly told, here is the part played by the Ukrainians: Following the amplified introduction of the Ukrainians, a cast of 400 singers and dancers, garbed in our strikingly beautiful costumes, marched upon the huge stage, where they assembled and sang three fine Ukrainian selections. Their efforts were reciprocated with hearty applause by the throng.

Immediately thereafter, the entire cast jambored off the stage and formed a huge human circle with clasped hands in the middle of the auditorium, surrounded by the audience, which sat like in a Roman Colosseum. The unique Village Orchestra, consisting of cymbals, reshet and a violin, played by the Cherkass Brothers under a spotlight, started with the Hopak song. Here the tiny Rutecky twins, Sigmung and Elsie, performed a solo Hopak Kolom, to the merriment and admiration of the spectators.

Twelve pretty and celerious dancers then dashed forward with their whirlwind Girls' Kozachok, displaying unusual vim, vigor, unison, precision, with astounding perfection, dancing as they never danced before! The throng's repeated outbursts of approval exemplified their appreciation of this colorful spectacle. Whether it was the girls or the dance they liked, I do not know.

The climaxing Zaporogian sword-dance, executed with trained perfection, concluded the Ukrainian contribution for the evening. A Peasant Retreat marked their exit, with the audience clamoring for more dancing. But the program had to go on!

To give the spectators a closer view of our beautiful costumes, the announcer informed them that the Ukrainian girls would sell roses and souvenir programs throughout the hall, which they did all evening, being constantly before the eyes of the seated audience. I'll bet many went home that night dreaming of our costumes!

The second affair was an all-week exposition conducted by the United Campaign Committee, representing 144 institutions, offering entertainments, medical lectures and surgical demonstrations, prior to a city-wide drive for voluntary contribution of fund for their financial up-keep. This second Ukrainian representation was made possible through contact with the "Ukrainian Cultural Centre" of Philadelphia, which gathers each Sunday afternoon at the International Institute, 645 North 15th Street.

Once again the Ukrainians thrilled the audience with song and dance. The program was similar, but all on the stage, and before a different audience. Following three musical selections by the choir, the dancers did

**ARNOLD UKRAINIAN JUNIORS CHAMPIONS**

The Junior Gold Medal Tournament, sponsored by the Polish Falcons of New Kensington, Pa., was easily captured by the Ukrainian Junior Basketball Team of Arnold, Pa.

The Ukelets, not picked as favorites before the event started, played good, clean, fast and scrappy ball, which carried them through the entire tournament, undefeated! Although several of the games were closely contested, the Ukrainians always managed to come out on top. In the final spurge, the Ukrainians toppled the Valley Heights team, 41-35, to win first place.

When the time came to distribute the tournament awards, the Arnold Ukrainian Juniors received most of them! The team received a championship trophy; each player an award and their manager, a medal. The first three listed regulars also received special awards for their outstanding playing during the Junior Gold Medal Tournament. Here is the team line-up:

**First Team:** Walter Kowal, F; Edward Humeniuk, F; Peter Lobur, Capt., G; John Vaverchak, G; Mike Podolski, G.

**Reserves:** Walter L. Lobur, G; Walter Tymoczko, G; Mike Soroka, G; John Zarichnak, F; Walter Kobur, C. Harry Makara, Coach; Anthony Wardoclip, Mgr.

In addition to the brilliant showing in the tournament, the Arnold Ukrainian Juniors set up a great record this season. They started winning at the very start and were not stopped until they had twenty-three victories to their credit. A few setbacks, and several more triumphs, gave them a grand total of 41 victories and only 4 defeats, for a winning percentage of .911, which is excellent in any league of sport!

All of the boys are to be commended for their fine cooperativeness and tenacious fighting spirit, which made possible this successful basketball season!

PEARL ZORENA.

their part again, to the reverberations of hearty applause.

This dual Ukrainian presentation was made possible by the fine cooperation of the Koshetz Choir from the St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Orthodox Cathedral, under the direction of Rev. Sawchuk, and the Avramenko Ukrainian Folk-Ballet group, under the direction of Michael Kwasinsky. Indeed it was a true Ukrainian representation, participated in by both the Orthodox and Catholic youth. Religious discrimination was sidetracked, as it always should be in such civic demonstrations demanding cooperation and best talents. May such unison continue!

As for advertising—favorable newspaper comments, thousands of programs, and pictures of the dancers in costume which appeared in the press, contributed greatly in disseminating Ukrainian fame and popularity throughout the city during the period.

Due credit must be given to the members of the Koshetz Choir, who devoted their personal time on both occasions, and to the dancers who have won the highest rank among nationality dancers in the city. The performing dancers were: Misses Kish, Klapko, Kushina, Kwasinska, Hawryluk, Sagala, Sywulak, Huczko, Deputat, Zatonaska, Zadorozna, Zayats, and Messrs. Smylsky, Pawliwsky, Sawchuk and Kwasinsky! May they carry on to greater prominence and conquest!

AL YAREMKO.

**NEW YORK CITY.**

**GRAND BALL** sponsored by the Chornomorska Sitch Br. 1, **SUNDAY, APRIL 19, 1936** at the Ukrainian National Home, 217-219 E. 6th St. Commencement at 7:00 P. M. Admission 50 c. First Class Music. All proceeds will be turned over to Ukrainian causes.