



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



Supplement to the SVOBODA, Ukrainian Daily

Published by the Junior Department of the Ukrainian National Association

No. 18

JERSEY CITY, N. J., SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1936

VOL. IV

YOUTH TODAY

GUIDANCE OF YOUTH, WHOSE JOB?

Arthur J. Jones, Professor of Secondary Education at the University of Pennsylvania, said in his address opening the annual convention of the Eastern Commercial Teachers Association, held on April 9, in New York City, that a permanent Federal agency should be created to meet the vocational and educational needs of youth.

"The only way for those who wish to be of real assistance to young people in the solution of their problems is that of patient, persistent, continuous study with all the helps that modern science places at our disposal. Human life is complex and baffles short-cut methods of analysis; it is far too valuable to risk any method that cannot stand the test of scientific experimentation."

STRIFE ABOUT TEACHING TONGUES USED IN HOMES

Dr. Alberto C. Bonaschi, a member of the Board of Education, of the City of New York, charged recently that school officials were actively seeking to discourage pupils from studying the foreign languages used in their homes.

Study of tongues to which pupils were linked by family ties and racial background would not only "vitalize" language instruction but would tend to curb delinquency by bridging the gap between foreign-born parents and their children, Dr. Bonaschi said.

Mr. Wilkins, the board's director of foreign languages, when informed of Dr. Bonaschi's charge, insisted that no attempt was made to dissuade students from taking courses in the native language of their parents. He pointed out that Board of Education regulations made it mandatory to introduce courses in specific tongues, wherever seventy students indicated a desire to study them.

WHO IS THE "LOST GENERATION"?

Mr. H. R. Byers, of Cambridge, Mass., wrote a letter to The New York Times, which aroused wide interest and was several times quoted in radio talks.

"I am a member of the so-called 'lost generation,'" Mr. Byers begins his letter, alluding to the current phrase, which thus describes those "born during the World War and come to maturity during the great depression."

What has the older generation which preceded the "lost generation" done to America?—he asks.

"I think I speak of my generation when I say that we are sick to death of platitudes and clichés, of flag-waving and heroic attitudes, of 'Red' scares and patriotism that is talked rather than felt, of Father Coughlins and William Randolph Hearsts, of Huey Longs and Dr. Townsends, of soothing talks and accusations, of political parties and political corruption, and all the other paraphernalia which are our unsavory heritage."

He concludes, "No, Mr. Editor, it is not ours which is the lost generation. It is yours. We only ask that you don't take us down with you."

GOOD INTENTIONS NOT ENOUGH

The art of propagating a cause, no matter how worthy it may be, is even at its best a very difficult one. There was a time when it was done in a hit-or-miss fashion. The World War, however, brought new conceptions of its importance, revolutionized its technique, and started it on the road to its present high level of efficiency.

In this progress, however, the Ukrainians have lagged behind. Not because they have no talent for it but because they lack national independence, which greatly handicaps them in creating or engaging agencies that would give the world facts and background and stimulate an appetite for the truth concerning the plight of their nation.

Today, however, the prospects of successfully propagating the Ukrainian cause outside the borders of Ukraine are much brighter, especially so here in America. We have here multitudes of American youth of Ukrainian descent who are conscious and proud of their Ukrainian heritage and who aspire to help free the land of their ancestors. To this end they strive to acquaint themselves and others with Ukrainian culture and national aspirations.

In this connection we would like to sound a note of caution to our youth, especially those who essay to write in English concerning the Ukrainian people.

In writing such articles our young people should always bear in mind that they may be read by some persons not of Ukrainian origin, and that any irresponsible, baseless, untruthful, or even poorly-phrased statement will rebound with damaging effect upon the Ukrainian people, especially when it falls into the hands of those who are not in sympathy with Ukrainian aspirations.

We have in mind here some of the various English sheets and bulletins published for our youth. Some of them bear evidence of careful preparation and writing and therefore deserve praise, but others would do well to reform immediately or gracefully disappear from sight.

Among the latter we recently ran across one which had an article that bore not only unmistakable signs of little preparation, of poor thinking and writing; but also contained the following passage: "If this institution (a business enterprise.—Edit.) were developed to a proper level . . . its purposes would probably satisfy more wants of the Ukrainian people and produce more tangible and beneficial work for the Ukrainians than the complete conglomeration of all the past efforts of the Ukrainians in this country."

Obviously, the writer of this article is either ignorant of or has scant regard for "all the past efforts of the Ukrainians in this country," whether they be churches, great fraternal organizations, newspapers, national homes, choruses, folk dancing groups, the millions of dollars sent to aid the old country, etc., etc.

A person reading this sort of an article and not being acquainted with the Ukrainian people will most certainly gain a very poor impression of their achievements here. He will also look with askance at this business enterprise when he reads that it will produce "finer Ukrainian arts for the gullibility and admiration of various peoples throughout the world." And finally, he will certainly gain a very poor opinion of Ukrainian literature when he reads further in the article that a young American-Ukrainian becomes embarrassed when someone tells him the Ukrainians "have no literature . . . no drama" but that such a youth "will be enraptured with a feeling of gross satisfaction" when this business enterprise becomes a success.

All that we can say here is that good intentions in propagating a cause or enterprise are certainly not enough!

MORE ESSAY NEWS

As announced last week, our youth has a splendid chance to do some constructive thinking and writing on a topic very important to themselves by taking part in the one-two thousand word essay contest being sponsored by the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America on the subject "How Can We, The Youth, Best Organize Ourselves." The word "We" refers to American-Ukrainian youth. The contest opened yesterday, May 1, and will end May 30th.

In judging the essays, constructive thinking and a clear exposition of ideas will count most.

The first prize will consist of a set of four books in English about Ukraine, namely:—"Peasant-Europe," by H. H. Tiltman; "Spirit of Ukraine" by D. Snowyd; "Taras Shevchenko," by Prof. V. Doroshenko; and "Story of Ukraine," by M. Gambal.

The second prize will consist of any three of the above books.

The third prize will consist of any two of the above books.

Besides the prize-winners every contestant will receive "A Brief Survey of Ukrainian Literature" by Dr. A. P. Coleman of Columbia University and "The Ukrainian Question" by Lancelot Lawton.

All essays should be mailed in care of S. Shumeyko, President of UYL-NA, 97 Boyden Ave., Maplewood, N. J.

UKRAINIAN RUNNER AN OLYMPIC POSSIBILITY

Walter N. Nachoney of Philadelphia, Pa., a student at Temple University, came in second in the stirring 3000-meter steeplechase at the Penn Relay carnival in Philadelphia last Friday. He fought a hard duel with Walt Stone of Michigan, but was beaten in the home stretch. Because of his splendid showing at this rate and consistently fine performances in the past sport observers claim he has a good chance of winning a berth on the American team to the Olympic Games in Berlin this summer.

At the Pitt-Temple Meet several weeks ago Nachoney won the two-mile race, stepping the 8-lap event in 9 minutes 58.2 seconds, and winning by fully one hundred yards. His time was the fastest in any of the four meets between the schools, and, as one sport writer puts it, "qualified him to be regarded in the same light as those two more prominent Templars, Eulace Peacock and Al Threadgill." In the steeplechase in the 1935 Penn Carnival he finished second, close behind Lou Gregory, the national intercollegiate 10-mile champion from Ithaca College. And early this year he carried off the national junior A. U. steeplechase crown.

Walter N. Nachoney is the Track and Field Director of the Sports Division of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, and as such will direct the First Ukrainian National Track and Field Championships to be held in Philadelphia on Labor Day in conjunction with the Fourth Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America to be held then under the auspices of the UYL-NA.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS IN UKRAINE

(Concluded)

Funeral games

One Ukrainian ethnographer, Yashchurzhynsky, reported that in the Uman district of the Kiev region there was a custom in former times of not bewailing the dead but making merry, laughing, and playing on the "dudka" (fife). Chubinsky, another ethnographer, cites cases in Podillya of a game at a funeral known as "biti lubka" (beat the skin), wherein a player casts a coat over his head and then tries to guess correctly who strikes him with a knotted handkerchief; and when he guesses correctly then that person takes his place. In Eastern Galicia, especially in the mountains, similar games at funerals were quite prevalent, being played only by young men, even in the presence of the cantor chanting psalters. The games, however, were tolerated only because of form, and do not find much favor among the people. They are treated in great detail by a famous Ukrainian ethnographer, Volodimir Hnatiuk, who correctly points out that they are but a survival of the ceremonies, feasting and games, accompanying the funeral of a person in ancient times in Ukraine.

The coffin

The coffin ("truna"; "derivsche" in Galicia) for the dead person is made on the second day following his death. In ancient times it was usually a log split lengthwise and then hollowed out; in fact, it still remains as such today in certain remote mountain regions. Usually, however, it is made of boards, by some neighbor who is a carpenter. According to custom the latter can neither refuse to do the work nor make any charge for it.

In Galicia it is a custom in some localities to cut out a small aperture in the side of the coffin, to provide a means of ready access for the soul that is supposed to make occasional visits to its body. The pillow for the corpse is stuffed with woodshavings, which are also used to bed the bottom of the coffin. Anything soft and downy is forbidden, especially feathers.

Not until, however, the priest has come to the home and said certain prescribed prayers over the body, is it placed into the coffin. This is done by the members of the family, by the menfolk if the dead person is of the male sex, and by the women if it is a female.

Around the head of the deceased are placed various sweet-smelling grasses and herbs, either dried or fresh, depending upon the season. It was also the custom to place into the coffin his hat and cane, as well as bread, towels, money, tobacco, and, sometimes, even a bottle of brandy or whiskey; while into the coffin of a child an egg or an apple. In fact, it was customary to place into the coffin anything the dead person showed any particular liking for during his lifetime, so that, as one writer puts it, "he wouldn't return to the earth for it."

The leavetaking

When finally the time comes for the funeral party to leave the house for the church services and then the cemetery, all those present bid farewell to the deceased by kissing his face, hands, knees and feet. Failure to do this is a sign of a refusal to forgive the deceased for any wrong he

may have committed during his lifetime against the person.

In carrying him out (always with the feet first) the pall-bearers knock the coffin three times against each threshold they pass, as a sign of the dead person's farewell to the household and as a safeguard against his return to it. Grains of rye are then scattered about the house, to insure enough bread for those remaining.

As soon as the coffin has been carried out, the doors are closed by the members of the family and a kneading trough is brought out, around which all those present circle three times. On the spot where the coffin rested an ax is placed, as a guard against the return of death to that home; to that same end the housewife often takes a new basin and throws it to the floor with sufficient force to shatter it to bits. When that is done everyone leaves the house and joins the funeral cortege. In some localities the cattle, sheep and horses are let out to bid farewell to their dead master. When the coffin has been carried outside the household grounds, the gates to it are closed and tied with a red belt or towel: to guard the domestic animals against death; to the same end, too, the housewife will scatter grains of oats about the yard.

The funeral cortege

Where the distance to the church and then to the cemetery is not very great, the coffin is carried on the shoulders of the pall-bearers; otherwise it is conveyed by wagon. In some places in Galicia it is still the custom to convey the coffin by sled, winter or summer, which is drawn not by horses but by oxen.

The funeral cortege of a maiden is very similar to that of wedding, consisting of bridesmaid, match-

makers, etc.; a "korovay" (wedding cake) is placed on the coffin; ceremonial towels tied around the matchmakers and various sub-matchmakers; the kerchief, which at a wedding the bride gives to the bridegroom, is given in church to the priest; the girls who play the role of bridesmaids have their hair dressed in the fashion appropriate to weddings; and all those in the funeral party receive candles made of green colored wax ("providnichki").

Wailing

Besides the usual weeping and wailing accompanying the funeral, particularly at the cemetery, there is the formal wailing, very long and complicated, of women especially engaged for it, who can be likened to professional mourners.

Once the coffin has been lowered into the grave and covered with earth, all wailing ceases, and everyone leaves for home. The dead person's family together with those who took an active part in the funeral repair to a funeral dinner. Here the first course consists of boiled wheat or barley sweetened with honey, a dish of archaic origin.

Significance of the funeral

It is customary to make the funeral as lavish as possible, for it is believed that if the funeral is very poor then the dead person will return and complain of it to those whom he left behind. That is also why alms are distributed among beggars. All this goes to show that the great deal of attention paid to funeral ceremonies in Ukraine is prompted less by a desire for the dead person's well being in his grave than it is by the dread that he may return to this earth again and plague those whom he left behind. At least, such was the case in former times.

S. S.

THORN IN THE FOOT

(A Tale of Hutzul Life)

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated by S. S.)

(Concluded)

(3)

And thus once more, upon my wife's death, I appeared before the old monk-confessor at Suchav in the ardent hope that he might help me forget the terrible memory of that boy's drowning, already twenty years past, and bring peace to my tormented soul.

Patiently he listened to my recital. When I finished he remained silent, deeply absorbed in thought, and then said:

"My son, I grant you absolution, though God is my witness that I don't know what for. I shall impose no penance upon you, for you have inflicted upon yourself a penance far greater that I could inflict upon you. So, go in peace!"

But it was not as simple as that! I went, but could find no peace. The boy continued to appear before me in my dreams, although not as often as before. And never did he attempt to say anything to me, nor did I ever see a friendly expression on his face. I became convinced, therefore, that my sin was still unforgiven, that the drowned boy's soul was still roaming restlessly about, refusing to give me peace.

Just two two weeks ago, while descending the Cheremosh on a raft, I had a very strange experience near Yasiw. Right at the spot where forty years ago the boy slid off my raft into the water, I suddenly saw a boy's snow-white hand emerge out of

the dirty-yellowish flood waters and then quickly disappear. With popping eyes, my body covered with cold sweat, I stared at the spot... and look! the arm again appeared, like lightning out of a cloud, and with convulsive movements like that of a drowning person sought to grip hold of something. Once, twice, and the third time it thus flashed out, and sank each time. Finally it appeared once more and this time seized hold of the rudder. I distinctly felt the rudder jerk within my grip, and then the hand slowly slid off its slippery surface and disappeared from sight in the water. I stood like one made of stone. The jerk of the hand on the rudder had seemed to jolt my very soul, and yet felt no emotion, no fright nor sorrow. Dazed, I mechanically steered the raft. And not until we reached Vizhnitsya and I stepped ashore did I regain my senses. Somehow I felt certain then that this was my last trip on the Cheremosh, that the boy was calling me to him.

And now he appears before me in my dreams every night, smiling sadly and not saying a word, but just pointing down the river with his snow-white arm. And I guess that is why I cannot die, for his soul is still restless and still refuses to let my soul have peace...

Mikola became silent and sighed deeply. The neighbors were silent too, for no one knew what to say.

Suddenly a light seemed to dawn on old Yura's face.

"Listen Mikola," he said, "maybe this boy wasn't real after all?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, he could have been just an illusion, an apparition."

"What are you saying?! In plain daylight?"

"But, Mikola, I'm not saying that it was some evil spirit. God forbid!"

"Well then, why should his memory torture me so long?"

"Ha, a man never knows what's good for his soul. He never can tell whether what he does is good for him or not. All that he knows is his own free will: he either wants to do something good or something bad. His conscience is his guide to that. But what is about him, Mikola, he can never be sure. More than one thing can appear to him to be bad when in reality it is something very good. Or to the contrary..."

"That is true, Yura. Nevertheless, I still can't understand what sort of a spirit that could have been if it wasn't a boy of flesh and blood."

"Listen, Mikola, I shall tell you a little tale of what happened to me when I was a little boy. I was about eight years old then—or maybe ten. One day—it was a hot sultry day—a bunch of us boys decided to go swimming in the Cheremosh. From our heights to the Cheremosh was a goodly distance, but that made no difference to us. Swiftly we ran down mountain trail, and soon we were not far from the river. Just a rail fence to leap over, a small grove to cross, a ditch to leap over, and then another fence, then a road; still another fence, and finally a jump down from low but

steep bank unto a pebbly shore, and there we would be, before the clear and swashy Cheremosh. My friends ran ahead of me, jumping over fences and ditches like goats and laughingly deriding me for lagging behind. Just like children, you know:

"The last one in is a devil."

And I, running after them, yelled back:

"The first one in is a devil."

I grew a little angry for being so slow and drawing upon all my strength I began to overhaul them. A fence appeared before me. Without slackening my pace I sailed over it. Unfortunately, I picked out a bad place to jump, for right on the other side of the fence there lay a thorny branch which someone had thrown there, and as luck would have it, my right foot landed directly on a good-sized thorn, which plunged into the bare flesh like a nail.

"Wow, wow, wow!" I involuntarily cried out from the pain.

"Ha-ha-ha!" my companions laughed in return, and ran on, shouting: "We win! We win!"

I clenched my teeth, determined to catch up with them, thorn or no thorn, but I had taken no more than two steps when I had to stop, for the pain was so great that my very heart seemed to tighten. I had to sit down on the path and examine the wound. The thorn had imbedded itself deep into the sole of my foot and had broken off even with the skin, so that there was nothing to seize to pull it out. I first had to moisten the skin with saliva and thus soften it, and then I pulled out a pin which I always carried with me, stuck in my shirt, for just such emergencies, and with it I began digging out the

RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

ITALIAN LOAN-WORDS IN UKRAINIAN

II

The world's indebtedness to Italian pioneering in banking

The Italians were in many respects pioneers in commerce and banking, and it is due to this that commercial and banking terms of their language have become the heritage of simply the entire world. Thus you may find each of the following words both in the Ukrainian and the English language: банк, банкир, банкнот, (banknote, in America: bill), банкрот, банкротство, авіста, авіа, білянс, валюта, ремеса, рмеса, ристорно, сальдо, скнто; спедитор, спедиція, брутто; спорко, нетто, тара, тандита, тарифа, франко, цедулка, сторно, шконтрум, трата, тарувати.

Ліра, скудо, сольд, центезімо, are the names of Italian coins adopted in the Ukrainian language.

The Italian social life has given the Ukrainians the following words: карнавал, касино, (клуб), конфетти, корсо, регата, піон, маска, маскарада, машкара, сальтареля, тарантєля, тарок, доміно, таверна.

Italian politics have enriched the Ukrainian language by the following words: дожа, макіявелізм, рісорджіменто, іридента, фашизм. The criminology of Italy gave the Ukrainians the words: бандит, каморра, контрабанда, мафія, вендетта.

From food-name to a race-name

The Ukrainian has adopted the following names of foods and dishes: полєнта, ризото, сардинка, муштарда, пармезан, цедра, макарони. The last dish name is used in the Ukrainian slang as the name for the Italian people, a name that in its vulgarity resembles the American WOP.

He loaned various geographic terms, such as: Riviera, Levanto, Lido, лява, сольфарата, сірокко, маерти, грота, граніт.

The Ukrainians are indebted to the Italian language for the following words of journalism: газета, газетяр, газетярський, газетярство.

The Ukrainian is no novice in agriculture, and yet even he found it necessary to adopt many agricultural terms from Italian, such as: бергамот, калєрепа, калєфіор, канталуп, in America: броколі. ORANGE is called in Western Ukraine by the Italian adoptive помаранча, while in Eastern Ukraine the fruit is often called by the French name, adopted through Russian: апельсин. On the other hand, LEMON is used in Eastern Ukraine (as лимон), while in Western Ukraine the Ukrainians adopted the name for the fruit from the German language, and call it цитрина.

CONTALOUPE, or CANTALOPE, as you see, is not of American, but Italian origin; it is called after a place in Italy, Cantalupo, where it was first grown in Europe.

Of the words which contribute to our understanding of the world,

the Italians have given the Ukrainians, and perhaps the whole world as well, that telling word DILETTANTE. It is connected with the Latin DELECTO, to feel delight. DILETTANTE is opposed to CONNOISSEUR: it denotes an amateur, especially a superficial amateur, a dabbler, especially a dabbler in arts.

You heard the story of the dilettante who asked brusquely a great painter, "What do you mix your colors with?" to which the artist replied, "With Brains, sir."

GHETTO, which is that part of a city set apart or occupied by Jews, is also of Italian origin.

Both Словар Чужих Слів prepared by Zenon Kuzyela and Mykola Чайkovsky (Chernivtsi, 1910) and Словник чужомовних слів, виразів і приповідок, що вживаються в українській мові prepared by O. Skalozub ("Rekord," Kolomya, 1933) give the word vampir as an Italian loan-word. FUNK AND WAGNALLS STANDARD DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, however, traces its origin to French, and from the French language to Servian, while The New International Encyclopaedia, Second Edition, 1920, traces the origin of this VAMPIRE through Servian and Bulgarian вампир, Russian вампирь, Ukrainian вампир and упир, White Russian упир back to North Turkish UBER, which means WITCH. "In Slavik folklore," the Encyclopaedia says, (VAMPIRE means) "a corpse that rises at night from his grave, and drinks the blood of the living." Of course, we know this to be a superstitious belief, and that is, perhaps, why the word goes around begging to be admitted into some language, but is shown the door by each of them.

Why so many?

As we can see from this list, for which I cannot claim completeness, the Ukrainian language has adopted from Italian a great number of words. In fact, the literary Ukrainian language has more words of Italian origin than it has words of English origin. This is due partly to the fact that the cultural contact between Ukraine and Italy was much closer than the contact between Ukraine and England, and partly to the fact that there exists a greater phonetic proximity between the Ukrainian and Italian languages than there is between Ukrainian and English. Both Ukrainian and Italian pay a great deal of attention to the singing qualities of their words; hence both like long, sonorous words, both like few but clearly sounded vowels, and both feel aversion for words ending in consonants.

Mr. H. L. Mencken in his book "The American Language" makes an interesting observation about the strange phenomenon of the small number of Italian words in the current American speech. He ascribes this to the fact that the majority of Italian immigrants in America have been poor folk, keeping much to themselves. This is another way of charging this to American snobbism. When the Ukrainians helped themselves freely to the Italian language, they evidently felt no superiority over Italians, but, rather quite to the contrary, looked up to Italian church leaders, painters, sculptors, architects, bankers, merchants, singers, and composers. It seems to be a general rule of human relations that when a people are innovators, pioneers, or strikingly original in some important sphere of human activity, they will spread all over the world not only the new things but also their own words pertaining to them. er.

thorn. To do this I had to rip the skin until the thorn was loosened a little, and then by joggling it back and forth I loosened it more until I was able to get a grip on it with my fingernails and pull it out. It was not such a hard task for I had plenty of such experience, but it took a little time. In the meantime my friends had reached the river, cast off their clothing and with cries of joy leaped into the clear shallow water. I had to sit on the ground and finish the job of pulling out minutes particles of the thorn, all the while fairly seething with impatience to be off and with them. They were having a grand time, diving, splashing water at each other, and swimming. Finally I got through and rose to my feet. But just as I was about to dash down to the river I heard sudden loud cries of alarm. Somebody on the road, but quite a distance away from my friends, was crying to them: "Run, children, run! Get out of the water! Quick! The flood is coming!"

But the children, busily engaged in having a good time, didn't even hear these cries. Forgetting my injured foot I ran as fast as I could to warn them, leaping over the fence that blocked my way and tumbling head over heels on the other side, scrambling to my feet, my wind knocked out, running some more, then leaping over the ditch, until finally, gasping, I reached the road, and from there I saw a terrible sight. Rushing down the river was a roaring surging wave of dirty-yellowish water, about as high as me. Probably there had been a cloud-burst somewhere upstream. Logs, freshly-uprooted fir trees and all manner of debris whirled wildly on

its tossing surface. Already it was close, and still my friends remained blind to the terrible danger. I yelled out to them as loudly as I could, and it was only then that they saw it. Jumping to their feet in the water they stared, horror-stricken, at the wall of water that was descending upon them with the speed and roar of an express train. All this was a matter of but a few seconds, and before you could wink an eye the wave was upon them and before my very eyes they were carried struggling downstream to their death.

"That is true, Yura," Mikola said, "my uncle's boy, you remember him, Hedemeniuk, perished then too. I well remember it, but..."

"But bear in mind the thorn!" Yura interrupted him. "It certainly did cause me some pain! Yet it saved my life! If I had reached Cheremosh together with my friends, then there is no doubt but that I would have perished with them too. And there is a great similarity, Mikola, between your experience and mine. As a young man you were a drunkard, a brawler and wastrel. To insult or beat up an innocent man, to force your attentions on a girl, that was nothing at all for you to do. May God forgive the sins of your youthful days, Mikola, but you certainly abused and wronged many a person... And me too... Remember?... However, God is my witness that I forgave you long ago, because later you became a fine and upright man. But before you changed, anyone who saw you then could not help but think: if this young man continues to live as he does he certainly won't come to any good end; he'll probably perish from

a hatchet blow or at the end of a rope. And mind you, Mikola, nobody then could prevail upon you to lead a better life. Your father was dead and your mother old and easygoing; perhaps she didn't even know what you did outside the home."

"She knew, all right!" Mikola growled. "How couldn't she know! How many times she wept bitterly, begged and pleaded with me on her knees, kissed my hands, did everything she could to reform me, but all in vain! Oh God, my God! When I think of it now! I was stone deaf and blind to all her entreaties. I don't even want to think of it now. Go on with what you were saying, Yura."

"So you see yourself, that what I'm saying is the truth," Yura continued gravely. "Suddenly, however, you became an entirely new man. You stopped drinking, stopped going to saloon, stopped carousing with drunkards and thieves, why you even stopped laughing uproariously—remember how you liked to laugh then so loudly that the very cups rattled on the table and the boldest bandits grew pale? And then you got married and harnessed yourself to work... Why, no one could even recognize you then. We certainly thanked the Lord for the change in you. We thought that it was your wife who was responsible for it, for we could think of no other explanation. And only now do I see, Mikola, that we all made a mistake."

Mikola was listening very intently to what Yura was saying. Now and then a gleam of happiness seemed to light up his eyes, as if some torn and twisted threads within his soul were final-

ly, after many years, beginning to unravel and assume order.

"And so it is, Mikola," continued Yura, after a brief pause. "When you were recounting me your story, the memory of my own experience with the thorn came to me. You were exactly in the same predicament as I was. You too were rushing to your doom. But God did not wish you to perish. You know how our fathers used to say: 'When God wishes to reform a man, He certainly doesn't have to descend from the heavens and beat him with a switch.' He has within His hands thousands of different ways to do it, and He will always strike the man there where it hurts him most. In your case, He stuck into your conscience a thorn so sharp that you have suffered from it all your life. No sooner does even one of your feet try to leave the right path, then, oh, that thorn pricks you and weakens the evil spirit within you. Now do you understand, Mikola, the nature of that sin of yours? It wasn't a sin at all; it was God's grace that appeared from time to time to prick you like a thorn. And that wasn't a boy either who drowned near Yaseniw, whom no one saw nor heard of. Your own conscience created this apparition, this monitor that always prodded you when you did wrong. And he certainly was a good prodder, Mikola, for he did his job well. You really didn't see any boy drown at Yaseniw, that was only a sign of warning to your soul. Thank God that He sent down such a good sign, for it opened your eyes and made you see it and receive it within your soul. Everyone of

ON THE BASEBALL FRONT

With the unmoored passing of Winter, basketball is gently eased off the front pages of sport by that favorite child of Spring—baseball. Athletic clubs are calling special meetings, naming new baseball officials and — (Spring weather certainly inspires confidence!)—predicting banner seasons for their respective teams. A highlight of the Schmitzburg Ukrainians' meeting (as last year) is a resolution to travel to alien grounds and overpower a number of Ukrainian teams with championship aspirations.

Now, without your permission, we don our crystal-gazing robes and peer into the future. In June, Manager Willie of Schmitzburg "thinks about" arranging a game with the Oshkosh Ukrainians—they who used so many adjectives in describing their team for the benefit of the Ukrainian Weekly readers. August finds Willie prepared to write a letter to the Oshkosh manager and in September he decides it is too late in the season to journey forty miles to show superiority over Oshkosh.

The fictitious "Schmitzburg" can be withdrawn from the above paragraph and easily replaced by any one of a score of actual names. The situation at S. is typical of Ukrainian baseball spirit and co-operation (in the East, at any rate) and it is high time team managers took the condition in hand and remedied it.

We in charge of this department do not promise to lead teams out of the baseball wilderness, nor do we wish to bore you with unasked for advice; to the contrary, we are more prone to ask for advice rather than give it. All we wish is a little co-operation and a show of interest on the part of those connected with Ukrainian A. C.'s.

It is an impossibility to please a majority with plans drawn up by one man, for no one person can shape his plans around the financial status, balance and strength of one club of his knowledge and expect less fortunate clubs to fall in step with his views. This is reason which motivates this department to forget any grand-scale plans that may have entered its head.

A Ukrainian Baseball League is highly desirable, but it hits most clubs where they cannot take it—in the pocketbook. The time is not ripe to form leagues, but in order to gradually advance to this stage Ukrainian nines must play more games against each other. To reach this end, we are willing to donate our services free of charge and act as a booking agency for clubs wishing to schedule games with Ukrainian rivals.

Opportunity, in the form of holidays, picnics and special occasions, fairly begs to be accepted. Celebrations can be made doubly interesting by a game between the local pride and joy and an out-of-town attraction.

The only fly which appears in the ointment is the difficulty most clubs have in meeting expenses for games played in their own communities. Fear of financial loss keeps them from challenging outside nines. The clubs holding back for this reason should bear the following in mind: Games between Ukrainian rivals are what the sporting boys term "naturals," and, with a reasonable following, should be well supported financially, due to the rarity of such contests and the greater interest in them.

Let's base our claims on actual facts and cite the case of the U-

krainian A. C. of Phila. The Philadelphia played a total of games last season (5 of which were with Ukrainian outfits) and the record books reveal the Quaker City club's largest single returns of the year were a result of 2 games with out-of-town Ukrainian nines. Team A was played on a home-and away basis while team B was paid a flat guarantee to cover the expense of their trip. The games paid for themselves and, more important, the confidence gained from their success encouraged all teams concerned not only to continue their series in 1936, but to include more Ukrainian nines in their respective schedules.

We do not expect too much from this article, for we bear in mind the weak response other articles of this nature have brought their authors. We are placing our dependence on the promises of teams who last year demonstrated their willingness to mix with other Ukrainian clubs by doing just that. They have given us a foundation to build upon.

In conclusion, we ask all team managers and captains to send us their club names and addresses. Also, any information concerning your club, and suggestions for conducting this department will be appreciated. At any rate, it will cost you nothing (pardon—3c!), place you under no obligation and, who knows, it may eventually prove beneficial to the sender.

How about it, fellows?

MICHAEL ROMAN, Sec'y

&

PETER J. ZAHARCHUK,
Baseball Director of the
Ukrainian Youth's League
of North America
706 North 24th Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

CLUB UKRAINE CELEBRATES

Saturday evening, April 25th, 1936, the Club Ukraine of Newark, N. J. celebrated the first year of its existence by sponsoring a Dance.

The dance was conducted in an atmosphere of gayety which was heightened by the joyous throng that gathered to honor Club Ukraine on its birth-day.

Colorful decorations (created by the members of the club), entrancing music, appetizing foods, refreshing beverages—all were plentiful and effective. The celebrants were tired but happy. Why not! They had their satisfying fill of the festivity.

The dance was the culmination of one year of untiring effort on the part of the members. Their path was not easy, but had been beset by difficulties which only whetted the desire to succeed. The obstacles were surmounted and success was gained. All who are acquainted with the Club Ukraine will agree that it was deserving of all the success which attended the first year of its organization. The faith which the organizers had in the club has been estimably justified.

The past achievements of the club give promise for higher attainments in the coming year and the years to follow. Congratulations! Carry on Club Ukraine!

MICHAEL HYNDA.

NEW YORK CITY.

MAY DANCE sponsored by Ukrainian Democratic Club, Inc., and Women's Auxiliary at Ukrainian National Hall, 217 E. 6th Street, New York City SUNDAY, MAY 3rd, 1936, at 6 o'clock. Admission 40¢. Popular music. 96,02

EASTER EGGS

It is indeed a beautiful custom that we Ukrainians have, that of distributing писанки on the religious feast, Easter Sunday. Have you ever stopped to think why eggs should be the center of interest at Easter, and what significance to Easter they have, if any?

The egg symbolizes the beginning of new life. Then again, it is like a tomb, where this life is still, and hidden away. Therefore, it is definitely symbolical of the death and resurrection of our Lord.

The Ukrainian Easter Eggs are not like the usual one sees around, colored with a single color. They are truly works of art! Have you ever seen any of them colored? Have you ever tried to color any yourself? This was the first year that I had the opportunity of being initiated into this artistic work. I found it very fascinating indeed. The name писанка implies a writing or drawing. A design is drawn on the egg with melted wax. This will remain white when the egg is dipped into a dye solution. Usually the egg is first dipped into a light color. Then wax is put over such portions of the egg which you desire to remain that color. Then again the egg is dipped into still another color, and again more wax is put on. This is repeated until your design is complete. When the egg is dry, it is placed into the oven where the wax will melt off, and leave a beautifully colored egg. It doesn't sound very difficult, but try it, and you'll find that it requires a great deal of practice.

This year, my father and I decided that we would distribute some of these beautiful писанки to our American friends, and see what the reaction would be. We managed to get a dozen and a half of these artistic писанки, and decided to try them out on a group of school teachers, in a private school where my father is employed. We fixed up a table with one large basket containing six eggs. Then we had a little green basket with a little artificial grass, and an Easter Egg for each of these baskets we enclosed a little card on which was printed the following:

Happy Easter you say
With a card bright and gay
For that's the American way.
Happy Easter, I say
With an egg bright and gay
For that's the Ukrainian way.

We also placed on the table pamphlets printed in the English language containing a brief history of Ukraine.

The teachers were most enthusiastic. They besieged us with questions. Why had they never seen anything like them before? Just how is the work done? How is it possible for any one to do such beautiful work on an ordinary egg? How is it possible that peasant women who were unable to read or write could create such beauty? Will they last?

After all that, we came to the conclusion that we had been asleep too long. Yes, asleep too long to the possibilities of sharing this custom with our American friends.

Try it next year! If you can't turn out a beautifully finished product yourself, (you probably won't, the first time you try it), get someone who does turn out beautiful ones, to make some up for you! Send them to your American friends instead of the usual cards. They will be delighted, and you will be pleased knowing that you have contributed in a small way towards making Ukraine and her arts known to the American people.

ANNA CHOPEK
117 Greenfield Rd.
Mattapan, Mass.

To A. S.

I haven't much of what it takes
For girls to get the shivery shakes.
But even if I have a homely plan
Can't I be your Haunted Man?

MICHAEL ELKO
Br. 375 U. N. A.

UYL-NA EASTERN CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES AT NEWARK

This Sunday afternoon, May 3, starting at 2 o'clock, and ending at 6, will be the time, and the Newark Sitch Hall, 229 Springfield Avenue, Newark, N. J., will be the site, when and where, the outstanding Ukrainian basketball fives will come to grips, to decide which team is to represent the East in the National Finals of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America to be staged in Rochester the following week-end, against Monessen, Pa. the Western finalist!

Three corking-good games are arranged, with a possibility of including yet a fourth, all for a very moderate price, less than a movie fee! The Newark Sitch team, which has won eight games from Ukrainian teams this season, will fight it out with last year's champs, the Ozone Park Cossacks, in the opener, starting promptly at 2:00!

The second and third game of the afternoon will see Woonsocket, R. I., Yonkers, N. Y., and Chester, Pa., all Area Champions, fighting it out, with prospects of having Elizabeth, Passaic and New York City, all ready to substitute, if necessary. All in all, there will be plenty of good basketball exhibited, from teams selected from various sections of the East.

Mr. John Chuy, who procured the Sitch court gratuitously, is heading the committee making preparations to accommodate a large crowd. A beautiful banner is waiting for the team winning the Eastern Championship. A similar one has already been presented in Cleveland last Sunday to the Monessen team.

Keen interest surrounds the outcome of the Yonkers-Chester game, the feature game of the program. Both of these teams have bowled over strong opposition, and are favorites to garner the Eastern laurels. Here is a game alone worth going miles to see.

Yes indeed, there will be plenty of good basketball, with thrills galore; action, color, cheers, and the fine opportunity of getting acquainted with Ukrainians from afar. Don't forget the time, place and date, and come out to cheer for your favorite!

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

THORN IN THE FOOT

(Concluded page 3)

us has, during his or her lifetime, such omens of God's warning, but not everyone really sees them, not everyone perceives God's hand in it, and that is why so many people plunge into deeper sin. Tis no wonder that the Evangelium says: they have eyes and they see not, they have ears and they hear not. You certainly should feel very lucky, Mikola, that you saw your good sign in time."

Dusk fell upon the mountains. The sons carried Mikola into the house and laid him on his bed. He didn't say a word, but seemed deeply absorbed in thought. Soon he was fast asleep. The next morning, when his sons came to him, he was already dead. His face seemed to have lightened and it looked the very picture of serenity and contentment. Evidently his tortured soul had at last found its long awaited peace.

End

NEW YORK CITY.

A SPRING DANCE tendered by the St. Vladimir's Club to be held at their Club Rooms, 334 East 14th Street, New York City, on SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 2, 1936. Music by The Cavaliers. Commencement at 8:30 P. M. Admission 35¢. 96,102