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MOSES

By Ivan Franko.

(Transl. by Waldimir Semenyna)
(Fragments).

I.

With brows beknitted Moses raised
his voice
In a passion born of open ire;
The words rolled through the plains
and struck
Like peals of heaven's thunder-fire.

"Woe unto you, you blunderheaded
slaves,
Creations of conceited tools,
Yourself permitting to be blindly led
By stupid and ambitious fools!"

"Woe unto you, rebellion nursing
minds!

Since you have left the banks of Nile
Against the things which are for your
own good
You've been rebelling all the while!

"Woe unto you, the restless fiery
brands
Who stubbornness can never hide:
This very opposition, like a wedge,
Is always tearing you inside!

"Just like that nettle plant you burn
the hand
That weans you like the bird its brood,
And like that bull you chase the one
that seeks

To find new pastures for your food.
"Woe into you for being made, by God,
Of mankind the most priceless purse,
Because that greatest of his gifts
will be
Your bitter and most heavy curse!

"Because when God with his bene-
volence
Will visit you another day,
The messengers and prophets whom
he sends
You'll try, with stones, to chase away!

"For every drop of blood that will
be shed
By any of his faithful sons
Jehovah will revenge himself on you,
Your children, and their little ones.

"For he will humble you and torture
you
Till you from agony will cry
And in your misery will swear to do
His will which now you so defy.

"And when the bitter punishment
shall pass
And you will feel yourself again,
A series of misdoings and of griefs
Again will take you in its reign.

"Woe unto you, because for ages you
This very school you'll always fill
Until you shall be willing to admit
And read Jehovah's book of will!

"I see your state: a shepherd in the
woods
Is stripping from a tree its rind,
Then, soaked and dried, is ramming
it to free
And leave all waste and chaff behind:

"Until that sponge will soften to a puff
Which will have strength and will
not stint
The energy to very quickly grasp
The glowing spark sent by the flint.

"You, Israel, are that unbeaten bark:
'Tis you Jehovah will so maul
Until you soften to a puff and catch
That spark of God's redeeming call.

"You will go to your goal as will-
ingless
As cattle go to plough the land;—
Woe unto those unbending stubborn
necks
On which will fall Jehovah's hand.

"You'll always look into the distant
past
And other highways yet to meet.
While all along the way, o'er shrubs
and stumps,
You'll stub your ever-shifting feet.

"You're like that horse that's run-
ning amuck
Into a gorge, with impulse blind;
And someday to come you will change
your crown
For bondage which you left behind.

"Beware, that Jehovah may not re-
tract
The promise you so oft have heard:
Lest he decide to take into account
Your stubbornness and break his word!

OUR UKRAINIAN MOTHER

Besides sending the usual Mother's Day greeting card with its pretty drawings and mawkish verses it would be well also if tomorrow our young American-Ukrainians paused and reflected a little on the role their mothers have played in their life.

We believe that such reflection would help bring out the true spirit of Mother's Day sooner than the usual stereotyped and commercialized formalities we go through on that day, for from such reflection would come deeper love and appreciation of her.

Without over-sentimentalizing, we can truly say that the Ukrainian mother in the New World has played a heroic role, comparable with those indelibly engraved in the annals of pioneering women.

In the great majority of cases she came to these shores because economic and political conditions in her enslaved homeland did not permit her nor her husband to eke out even the ordinary necessities of life, of food, clothing and shelter. As a result she had to leave her native land, the familiar scenes in which she grew up, her parents, her friends, and all that she held dear. More than often her husband had to go ahead in order to prepare a home in America, leaving her to travel alone with a child or two through strange countries and the terrifyingly wide sea.

Arriving here, after an exhausting trip of many days in the steerage and a nerve-racking stay at Ellis Island, what a bitter disappointment it must have been to her to find that her eagerly-dreamed-of new home in the promised land was nothing but a bare little flat in a smelly and teeming tenement district of a large city, or a miserable little "company" house in the coal mining district. How different from the picturesque countryside in the old country! And her husband!—from the break of dawn to late in the evening toiling in the factory, or deep down in the bowels of the earth, ever in danger of serious injury or even death itself from the whirling machinery or the constant cave-ins. How different from the work on the farm he was accustomed to! And for what miserable pay, too!

Such was the start of many a Ukrainian mother here in America. Arriving penniless and friendless, settling down with her husband and children amidst squalor and poverty, toiling day in day out to keep the home going, finding a little time to help her husband build Ukrainian organizations, bearing many children, raising them, sending them to American schools, sacrificing every comfort to keep them there, imparting to them her perseverance and unquenchable courage, her devout spirit, her love for Ukraine, and her unassuming but deep idealism, and, finally, proudly seeing them complete their studies and enter various fields of work,—where even despite the present day economic crisis they make a better living than was ever possible for their parents when they arrived here.

This is but a skeleton outline of the role the typical Ukrainian mother has played here among us. We have but to reflect a little and this outline will immediately become filled with many details, with many happy as well as poignant memories of what our mother has done for us and for the whole family in general.

And we will realize, too, that our mother has not gained anything material from a life devoted entirely to us. Yet, if we watch her closely, we will be able to detect in her eyes, now and then, a look of deep contentment and happiness, welling from her realization that all her heartaches, all her sufferings and sicknesses have not been in vain, for she has today a husband and children who not only occupy positions of responsibility and respect in their community but who also deeply love and appreciate her for all that she has done for them.

YOUTH TODAY

WHAT ABOUT OTHERS?

Ted Jankowski, 15 year-old lad of Brooklyn, ruled the borough of Brooklyn of the city of New York, for one day, as its Borough President.

If the idea behind the scheme was that you must learn even ruling, though everybody seems to desire to rule and thinks himself qualified for it, what about the rest of those millions of Brooklyn boys? Don't they deserve a chance?

WHAT IS LEFT TO THE OLD?

It is reported from Denver, Colorado, that preparatory to the biennial convention of the Young Women's Christian Association, Mrs. John H. Finley of New York said in her speech at a luncheon arranged in her honor that "if war and the fear of war are to be erased, society at large must stop looking to old men who dream dreams and cling to traditions and rely on youth with vision and women with courage and love of humanity in their hearts to accomplish the job."

WARNS OF YOUTH IDLENESS

Charles William Tuassig, advisory chairman of the New National Youth Administration, warned a civic forum held recently at Cleveland, Ohio, that "five million idle youth spells trouble."

"No government can long endure that fails to make it possible for its youth to earn a living," he said.

"When we were young we were taught that thrift and virtue brought success. Today it would be foolhardy to dare speak thus to unemployed youth. Hard work? Yes, but where? Thrift? Yes, but with what?"

Mr. Tuassig urged that education give "all the facts about government, including the whole sordid story of spoils system, ward-healers, lobbies and corruption."

BUT WILL THEY?

Newspapers gave wide publicity to the letter of a banker to the chairman of the Republican National Finance Committee for New York City, in which the banker said that the older generation must see that youth gets the facts during the coming Presidential campaign.

Do the newspapers, bankers, and Republicans really mean what they say, and do they merely intend to make the impression that the Democrats do not give youth the facts?

"Beware lest out of you he make a scare
For other people to avoid:
Lest you become that mutilated snake
That's perishing along some road!"

In silence, reeking with a sullen breath,
The words were caught by every ear,
While in their bosoms something
breathed in gasps
Like winds that warn of a storm
that's near.

(To be continued.)

IVAN FRANKO AS A POET

By ANTIN KRUSHELNITSKY

(A free translation by S. S.)

His Youth

(1856-1875)

Ivan Franko was born, 1856, in the village of Nahuyevichi, district of Drohobitch, Eastern Galicia. Village and country life form the background of his youthful days. At the age of 6 he was sent by his father (Yakiw—a blacksmith) to school in the neighboring village of Yesenitsi Silniy, where in two years he learned to read and write in Ukrainian, Polish and German, as well as to add, subtract, multiply and divide. Next, his father sent him to the Normal School of the Basilian Order in Drohobich, where at first he found himself somewhat ill-treated by his instructors (Schoen schreiben!), but soon his talents found respect among them and they advanced him to a ranking position in his class. How happy his father was when he saw his son garner first honors in school; his happiness, however, was shortlived, for he soon died. Ivan's mother married again, and his new step-father, Hryn Havrylyk, continued to send him to normal school and, in 1868, to gymnasium. No matter how Franko disliked going to school, still thanks to his unusually retentive memory he was always at the head of his class.

In the lower grades of gymnasium Franko read but little fiction. "Rusalka Dniestrova" and Kostomariw's "Pereyaslavska Nish" were beyond his understanding; but Shevchenko's "Kobzar" made such an impression upon him that he memorized it completely. Folk songs, too, he

found to his liking, and while still in the lower gymnasium grades he copied down a collection of 800 of these songs (mostly "kolomeyki").

In higher gymnasium he read a great deal of Shakespeare, Klopstock, Schiller, Krasicki, Goethe, Eugene Sue, Krasinski, Mickiewicz, Slowacki; and in his sixth grade he began collecting a library, which besides the works of the above also included those of Dickens, Heine, and Victor Hugo.

Of the Ukrainian writers he read Storozhenko, Kulish, Marko Vovchok, Shevchenko, Rudansky, and Mirny. Of them all, however, Shevchenko, Vovchok and Mirny, struck the most responsive chord within him.

When Franko was in the sixth grade of the gymnasium, his mother died, and his step-father married anew.

Upon completing the seventh grade he started upon his first journey. By rail he went to Striy, then afoot to Sinevidsko and then through various towns and villages to Lolin. From the latter place he returned to Drohobich and then continued on to Voloshanka.

In 1875 he graduated from gymnasium and went to Lviv to attend the university there.

In the collections of his short stories "V poti chola" (By the sweat of his brow) and "Na loni prirodi" (On the bosom of nature) there can be found a great deal of autobiographical material, which helps one perceive how Franko's poetic nature gradually

unfolded and how it received upon its sensitive surface the various impressions of rural and school life. And from it we can easily come to understand how this nature, stirred by life's manifestations and inspired by the folk songs and the works of leading writers, itself began to try its skill and strength in the field of literature. In verse and prose Franko began writing while still in the lower gymnasium grades. Later, encouraged by his instructors Vekhratsky and the Pole, Turchynsky, but especially by the example of his companions, Dmiro Vintkovsky and Sidor Pasichinsky, and, finally, aided by his closer study of literature, Ivan Franko began to write in earnest and have some of his writings published.

Arriving in Lviv, Franko brought with him some of his works, original ones such as love poems, dramas and versified stories, as well as translations of Sophocle's Antigone and Electra, a substantial portion of the book of Job, several chapters of Isaac, several songs from the epic poem Nibelungenlied, two songs from Odyssey, the first two acts of Gutzkow's Uriel Acosta, and the entire manuscript of Konigenhof.

His First Poems

While still in gymnasium, in 1873, Franko wrote the sonnet "Narodna Pisnya" (Folk Song) which appeared the following year in the gazette "Druh," and the same year, 1873, he wrote "Kotlyarevsky" which later was published in his collection "Z ver-shyn i nizyn" (From the heights and depths).

In "Narodna Pisnya" Franko compares the folk song of a people with a quiet well whose crystal-clear waters flow like a stream of tears from the foot of

a burial mound ("mohila"). And just as the source of the well is closed to us so likewise with a folk song, which emerges from unknown sources and flows to cleanse and revive our hearts.

In "Kotlyarevsky" the poet compares Kotlyarevsky, who was the first to write in pure Ukrainian, with that eagle who with his beating wings sets loose from the snow-covered peak a clump of snow which rolling down the hill gradually accumulates more snow until it finally turns into an avalanche. Just as the clump of snow turns into an avalanche so likewise the little flickering light lit by Kotlyarevsky did not go out but grew strong enough to give warmth for all Ukrainians.

These two poems—the first written under the influence of his early interest in folk songs and the second of his readings—are important in that they show us that at a time when the Ukrainian intellectual class was sharply divided on the question of whether the literary language of the Ukrainian people should be something resembling Russian or whether it should be the native tongue of the Ukrainian people themselves, at such a time we can see from these poems that Franko decided to cast his lot with those who advocated the use of the native tongue. It was a decision that affected his whole life, and from it he never swerved.

(To be continued)

MOTHER

God gives us the night for slumber
After each golden day,
The cooling rain, the harvest,
The flowers along our way.
And—for a final blessing
Dearer than any other
To make us glad, to comfort us,
He gives us each—A Mother!
JUSTINE SMARSH,
Boston, Mass.

THE KINGLET AND THE BEAR

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated by ER.)

A Bear once walked with a Wolf in the forest. They suddenly heard a strange twittering in the bushes. They drew nearer to see who it was and noticed a small birdling with a tail turned up as it jumped from twig to twig and twittered.

"Brother Wolf," said the Bear, "who is that birdling that sings so nicely?"

"Hush, brother Bear. It's the Kinglet," whispered the Wolf.

"A Kinglet?" whispered the Bear in fear. "Then we better bow to him."

"Certainly," said the Wolf, and both bowed down to the very ground. The Kinglet, however, did not even give them a single glance, but went on twittering and leaping from one twig to another.

"Look, so small and yet so haughty!"—the Bear grumbled. "He wouldn't even give us a glance! Wouldn't it be worth while to see what his palace looks like?"

"I don't know," the Wolf said. "I know where his palace is but somehow I have never thought of looking into it."

"Is it really so terrible to look at it?"

"No, it is not so terrible as improper to look into it."

"Then let us go! I simply must look into it!"—the Bear said.

They came to the tree hole where the Kinglet had his nest. The Bear had hardly peeped in

when the Wolf jerked him by the elbow.

"Bear!" he whispered. "Stop!"

"What is it?"

"Don't you see? The Kinglet has come flying. And here is the Queenlet herself! It is not proper to look into their nest in their presence."

The Bear and the Wolf walked off into the bushes and the Kinglet and his mate flew down to their nest to feed their fledglings. A few moments after they had flown away, the Bear came nearer to the tree hole and looked inside. What he saw was just the usual thing one can see inside of a tree hole: the trees had a rotted inside, some feathers had been spread on the bottom of the hole, and on that nest there sat five young Kinglets.

"Bah, and this is the royal palace?"—the Bear called out. "Why, that's a beggar's den! And those naked fledglings, are these a king's children? Phew! what ugly changelings!"

As the Bear said this, he spit into the tree hole. He wanted to leave, when the young Kinglets twittered in the nest, "So, Mr. Bear? You spit on us? What do we owe you? Aren't we children of honest parents? Why do you call us changelings? For this insult you must answer to us."

The Bear was so frightened by their cries that he shook with fear. He rushed with all his might away from the nasty tree hole,

ran to his lair, and hid there. In the meantime the young Kinglets kept on making a racket in their nest until their mother and father came flying to them. "What happened here?"—the parents asked, handing their young ones worms and flies.

"We don't care for flies! We don't want any worms. We won't eat, even if we were to die of hunger, until you show them if we really are changelings and no children of an honest father."

"What has happened?" the parents asked.

"The Bear came here, called us changelings and spat into our nest."

"Is that so?" the Kinglet called out, and, without thinking long, flew to the Bear's den.

"Hey, old Bruin," he said, perching on a twig above the Bear's head. "For what reason have you called my children changelings and spat into my nest? You must answer me for that insult. Tomorrow the first thing in the morning you will come out for a war against me."

What could the Bear do? If he was challenged to war, let it be war. He went about calling all the animals to help him: the Wolf, Boar, Fox, Badger, Deer, Rabbit,—in short, every animal that walked on its four feet.

At the same time the Kinglet flew about calling all the birds and all the insects. Flies, Bumblebees, Hornets, Mosquitos,—in short every creature that flew on its wings. The Kinglet told them to get ready for a great war on the following day. In the evening they came together to hold a council. "Listen," the Kinglet said, "we must send somebody re-

connoitering into the enemy's camp so that we may know who is their general and what is their pass-word."

After some counsel, they sent out the Mosquito, who was the smallest and the shrewdest. The Mosquito came to the Bear's camp just as the animals were starting their counsel. "What shall we do," the Bear began his speech. "You, Fox, being the most cunning of all the animals, you will be our general."

"All right," the Fox said. "You see, if we had a trouble with animals, it would be best to make the Bear our general, but this being a conflict with those winged mites, I might be to you of greater service. The main thing here is a quick eye and a keen mind. Well, listen then to me what is my plan. The enemy's army will fly in the air, that's true. But what do we care! Let us go straight to the Kinglet's nest and take his children prisoners of war. As soon as we have them in our hands, we will force the old Kinglet to put an end to the war and surrender to us. Thus we will win."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" all the animals cried.

"That means," the Fox went on, "we have to march in close order as the enemy has Eagles and Hawks who might gouge out our eyes should we scatter. It is always safer to be close to each other."

"That's true, that's true!" called the Rabbit, who at the very thought of Eagles felt his legs shaking.

"I will go at the head," the Fox went on, "and you shall follow me. Do you see my tail?"

RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

WHO IS WHO?

"The Arabs and the Poles were adepts at anti-Semitic terror before Hitler perfected the technique,"—writes "The Nation," April 29, 1936. So would probably say any American newspaper.

"Arab—one of the members of the Arabic division of the Semitic race,"—says Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language, and so would say probably every dictionary of the English language.

If the Arabs fighting the members of the Jewish division of the Semitic are anti-Semites, what are the Jews who fight the members of the Arabic division of the Semitic race?

IS THE FARE BAD?

Oscar L. Chapman, Assistant Secretary of the United States Department of the Interior, writing in Progressive Education, for January, 1936, on "Education and the Social Crisis," says:

"Child labor has been abolished in certain areas. Will educators be effective in contributing to the growth and development of these factory orphans, these children of the mill? Or will they feed them the usual higher mathematics and foreign languages?"

Does learning of languages contribute to the general mental development of a person? Could this question be answered with an even mind, without being influenced by the authority of the high official in one direction, or the authority of others, in another?

Another American Plant Popular in Ukraine

Another plant of undoubtedly American origin very popular in Ukraine is TOBACCO. The first news of the use of tobacco was

brought to Europe by Columbus sailors.

"The term tobacco," says the Encyclopaedia Britannica, "appears not to have been a commonly used original name for the plant and it has come to us from a peculiar instrument used for inhaling its smoke by the inhabitants of Hispaniola (San Domingo). The instrument, described by Oviedo (HISTORIA DE LAS INDIAS OCCIDENTALES, Salamanca, 1535), consisted of a small hollow wooden tube, shaped like a Y, the two points of which being inserted in the nose of the smoker, the other end was held into the smoke of burning tobacco, and thus the fumes were inhaled. This apparatus the natives called 'tabaco'; but it must be said that the smoking pipe of the continental tribes was entirely different from the imperfect tobacco of the Caribees. Benzoni, on the other hand, whose TRAVELS IN AMERICA (1542-1556) were published in 1565, says that the Mexican name of the herb was 'tabacco'."

"During the seventeenth century the indulgence in tobacco spread with marvelous rapidity throughout all nations, and that in the face of the most resolute opposition of statesmen and priests, the 'counterblaste' of a great monarch, penal enactments of the most severe description, the knout, excommunication and capital punishment."

As you can see, the word TOBACCO was one of those words of which not only youth, but adults were scared stiff. In spite of this its use spread all over the world, and with it spread various words.

The word TOBACCO has been borrowed also by the Ukrainians, but it denotes the plant only in

some regions. Generally, the masculine word табак, ta-bak, and the feminine word табака, ta-baka, with their respective diminutives: табачок, табачка, denote SNUFF, which is tobacco pulverized to be taken in through the nostrils. In this meaning it has variants: кабака and the humorous form imitative of Latin табаченція.

SNUFF-TAKER is called in Ukrainian: табачник, табашник, нюхар, нюхач, the woman snuff-taker is called табашниця, табачниця.

SNUFF-BOX is in Ukrainian: табакерка, табакерчина, табитерка, табачірка, табачарка. In old days snuff was kept in specially prepared cow horns: ріжок (з табакою).

TOBACCO itself is called in Ukrainian тютюн (тютюнець, тютюнице). TOBACCO PLANTATION, or TOBACCO FIELD, is called тютюнище, TOBACCO DEALER тютюнник.

There are of course many species of tobacco. The Encyclopaedia Britannica says, "There are about fifty species of NICOTIANA." Some of the Ukrainian names of those varieties are: крайовий, роменський, турецький; бакун (бакуніце, бакунець, бакунчик), мархотка (мархоточка, махорка), дуган, потерть, шуровий, шурівка, ручковий; запридуха, etc.

TOBACCO-PIPE is in Ukrainian люлька (люлечка), which you probably remember from the popular folk-song about Sahaydachny, the famous Cossack leader:

А по задю Сагайдачний,
Що промняв жінку
За тютюн та люльку,
Необачний.

er.

UKRAINE THE DANGER SPOT OF EUROPE

Britain's Interest

Events of the past few weeks have shown that the world situation is extremely critical, and that the hopes of eighteen years ago for a world of peace and a world without international injustices and rivalries are still a very long way from realization. On every hand are to be seen flagrant injustices—especially to minorities and subject races—and a hectic race for armaments, the end of which no man can foresee. The sudden movement of 40,000 armed men of the most highly mechanized army in the world to a new strategic position on the map of Europe, shows that there are latent forces in Europe ready to make decisions and take big action when the opportunity occurs to them. This shows that the situation is not static but dynamic.

Throughout the discussions, in public speeches, in leading articles in the press—be it Daily, Sunday, Weekly, or Provincial, the Ukrainian Question has been to the front. It has been one of the most vital matters in men's minds, because Ukraine has long been recognized as the danger spot of Europe.

It is because Ukraine is the largest submerged nationality in Europe and her people, oppressed by alien rulers, have been continuously restive, particularly in U.S.S.R. where millions have perished by famine; because of the part played by Ukraine in past European history; because Ukraine contains untold wealth; because of Germany's reported Ukrainian schemes; because it lies between Poland and access to the Mediterranean; because it is a barrier between Russia and the expansion of Moscow to the Balkans; because the Ukrainian territory in Czechoslovakia is a bridge between Hungary and Poland; because Ukrainian territory in Rumania is a bridge between Czechoslovakia and her new ally, U.S.S.R.; and because Ukrainians in Poland with a population of between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 have a dominating influence in Polish politics (and to a lesser extent in Rumania and Czechoslovakia). Ukraine is also a barrier between Central Europe and the Middle East and India.

In view of the fact that the Ukrainian Bureau has for five years closely followed this situation and is in constant touch with Ukrainians in all parts, it is competent to express an opinion on these important matters.

It seems of vital concern to Great Britain to interest herself in the Ukrainian Question. In many ways it will be seen that she is directly concerned and involved. Furthermore, there are 430,000 Ukrainians, British subjects, in Canada.

The Ukrainian Bureau has consistently urged that until the Ukrainian Question is satisfactorily solved there can be no stability in Eastern Europe.

In the opinion of Ukrainians, the most just and lasting solution will not be found until there is a strong and independent Ukraine, because justice seems unobtainable as a subject nation. Ukrainians would welcome a liberation from U.S.S.R., but they do not want merely a change of tutelage. They would also welcome British sympathy and support, but if they do not get it, should they be blamed for accentuating support from other hands? And is it in British interests to neglect that possibility and take no interest in that situation?

(Ukrainian Bureau, London)

NEW YORK, N. Y.

A LECTURE on The Artificial Unity of "Russian" Nation will be delivered on SUNDAY, MAY 17, 1936 at 3 P. M. at Ukrainian Hall, 217 E. 6th St., New York City. Simon Demidchuk, LL.D. Everybody welcome. Admission free for those coming on time, otherwise 10 ¢.

Well, this will be our battle banner. All of you will look attentively at my tail. As long as I shall hold it straight up, there will be no danger, and you may march bravely on. Should I catch wind of an ambush, I will at once lower my tail: this will be a signal to you that you should proceed more slowly and with greater caution. And should there be real trouble, then I will press my tail between my hind legs, and then you shall run fast as your legs will carry you."

"Hurrah! Bravo!" all the animals called and all praised the Fox's smartness. The Mosquito, having overheard the whole clever plan, flew to the Kinglet and told him the plan with every detail.

On the next morning, with the very daybreak, the animals gathered for the campaign. Twigs and branches crunched as they pushed through the thickets, the earth resounded and groaned under the weight of their heavy paws and hoofs. The air was filled with cries, howlings, barkings, and roars. Leaves trembled from the noise.

Hearing the noise, the birds began flying together. The air whirred from the motion of their wings, leaves fell from the trees. Cries, calls, hoots, pipings filled the air and split the ears.

The animals marched on in a close formation in the direction of the Kinglet's nest. The birds flew above them in a thick cloud, but could not stop them. But the old Kinglet did not worry much. Seeing how the Fox was marching at the head of his army with his tail straight in the air, he called to the Hornet, "Listen, Friend. That's the enemy's general. Fly

as fast as you can to him, sit down on his stomach and sting him with all your might."

The Hornet flew away straight to the Fox and took a seat on his paunch. Feeling that something was rummaging in the fur on his stomach, the Fox wanted to lower his tail and to drive it away. But he could not do that: his tail was a battle banner. Here the Hornet stung him with his sting in the most painful place on his stomach.

"Ouch!" the Fox called and lowered his tail.

"What is it? What is it?" the animals exclaimed.

"Perhaps, some ambush?" the Fox mumbled, and bit his lips from pain.

"An ambush, an ambush!" a whisper passed through the lines. "Look out, brothers, there is an ambush!"

At this moment the Hornet stung the Fox with all his might. The Fox howled from pain, leaped a yard into the air, and then pressed the tail between his legs and ran! The animals did not know what had happened but ran in panic as fast as they could, trampling each other. And the Birds, Wasps, Mosquitoes, Hornets pursued them, fell upon them from above, stinging them, biting, tearing. There was a terrible slaughter. The animals who were saved from the slaughter ran in all directions and hid in their bowers, dens, lairs, and caves.

Having won a great victory, the Kinglet flew to his nest and said to his young ones, "Well, children, now you may eat. We have won the war."

"No, we won't eat," the young

ones said, "until the Bear comes here and asks our pardon."

What could the Kinglet do? He flew to the Bear's den, perched on the branch above his head and said, "Well, Bruin, how did you like to war against the Kinglet?"

And the Bear, who had marched in the rear of his army, had his flanks torn by the Boars and had his ribs trampled upon by the Deer and Stags, lay sick in bed, hardly able to groan. "Go away, leave me in peace," he grumbled. "I'll forbid my family to the tenth generation to start any trouble with you."

"No, Brother, that won't do," the Kinglet said. "You must come to my tree hole and apologize to my children, or else you will come to a still greater trouble."

The Bear could not argue. He had to come to the tree hole and ask pardon of the young Kinglets and to assure them that they were no changelings, but decent children of decent parents. And only then the young ones were contented and began again to eat and to drink.

DETROIT, MICH.

COLLEGIATE HOP sponsored by Club Trident on SATURDAY, MAY 16, at the Lowrey School, Jonathan Ave., at Haggerty, Dearborn. Featuring Leonard Gilleo and his Chicagoans. Admission 35 ¢.

STAMFORD, CONN.

MAY DANCE given by the Ukrainian Younger Set at the Pythian Hall, Forest and Greyrock Place, Stamford, Conn., SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1936. Admission 35 ¢. Commencement at 8 P. M.

CHESTER NOSES OUT YONKERS IN PLAY-OFFS

The Chester, Pa. Ukrainians, representatives of Area No. 3 in the basketball elimination play-offs conducted by the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, advanced to the Eastern Finals by winning a spectacular game from the strong Yonkers, N. Y. five, champions of Area No. 2, in Newark's Sitch Hall court last Sunday afternoon—42-40!

The two teams were so evenly matched that throughout the entire contest, only once did the score vary by more than three points. This was at the start of the final quarter, when Yonkers took a 36-32 lead, only to be immediately tied-up by the ever-tantalizing Chesterites, who from that point on dominated the play, to eke out this close win.

The high-scoring was not due to any poor defensive work, but primarily because of the accurate, if not sensational shooting on the part of both teams! Practically all of the shots came from long distances and difficult angles. The game was cleanly fought, with both teams unfolding a smooth passing attack, rapid, but cautious, with the ball continuously in motion, either passing from hands to hands, or sailing through the meshes.

The end of the first quarter saw Yonkers leading, 11-9, but a long-range split-second shot by Chester gave them a 22-21 lead at half time. From among the conversations among the 130 fans present, no one, judging from the close first-half hostilities, dared to predict the ultimate victor.

Inspired by the pep talks of Kachmar and Krenza, the New Yorkers forged ahead in the third quarter, scoring 14 points, to maintain a 35-32 lead. However, not to be outdone, Haschak's tall and aggressive Pennsylvanians tightened their defense in the final canto, allowing this time but 5 points, garnering 10 in return, and thereby coming through with a well-earned victory over a foe that won its city championship and dethroned all previous Ukrainian teams.

Near the close of this hectic tussle, with the score tied at 40-all, the fleeting seconds assumed the limelight. A sensational mid-court shot with less than two minutes to play, put Chester ahead, a lead which they tenaciously held until the end by cleverly keeping the ball out of the reach of the eager Yonkerites. A deafening shout by the spectators followed the final whistle, bringing to a close a great basketball game!

The scoring by quarters was as follows:

1 2 3 4
CHESTER: 9-13-10-10—42
YONKERS: 11-10-14 5—40

The scoring line-ups were:
For Chester: Linaka, S. Marenko, C. Marenko, Bartish, Haschak.
For Yonkers: Beck, Malesky, Serobola, Grubiak, Mallo.

There were no individual stars, as each played a prominent part in the fine team-work displayed. No arguments arose and no brawls impended, as the game was expertly handled by the two popular referees—Kaczmarz and Fidali, both Ukrainians. In action, Yonkers proved slightly faster, but Chester's rangier men had a knack of intercepting passes and converting them into precious field goals. The players are to be commended for their fine exhibition of good, clean, fast basketball!

In the preliminary exhibition game, the Elizabeth Social Club won a scrappy game from the favored Newark Sitch team—20-17! At half-time, the score was tied at 8-all. This game too provided plenty of thrills, marked by several tumbles and spills, to the merriment of both young and old, who came to see these games from N. Y., N. J. and Penna. The team attraction and importance of the game brought out a large

OUR NEW CONTRIBUTOR

The drawing on this page is the work of Miss Maria Nahirna of 749 Corinthian Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. While studying art Miss Nahirna was awarded two scholarships, ranking first in competition, and then studied four years at the Academy of Fine Arts. Upon graduating she was employed as a fashion artist by Wanamakers in Philadelphia. Now she is connected with Bonwit Teller, and also does syndicate work that appears in newspapers all over the country. Several years ago she did some drawings for the Ukrainian Juvenile Magazine, the predecessor of the Ukrainian Weekly. Miss Nahirna also interests herself in Ukrainian affairs, is a Ukrainian dancer, and a member of the Ukrainian National Association. She is planning to visit Ukraine this summer to sketch and gather some impressions.—Edit.

UKRAINIAN SOCIAL CLUB ORGANIZED IN NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

The Ukrainian youth of New Brunswick and vicinity succeeded recently in organizing a Ukrainian Social Club...one of the first to be organized in this locality. It is hoped that the new club will last a long time and that it will have a great history. If all goes well this new club is due to "go places and do things."

Gerald Kovalchuk was elected president and Joe Palaga was elected vice-president. Miss Anna Jurkiew is the secretary, and Miss Olga Wasyluk is the recording-secretary. The position of treasurer went to Miss Sulem. These officers comprise the board of directors, aided by D. Kuchewki and T. Jurkiew.

The club has already sponsored its first social...held directly after its first meeting. Refreshments were served at this social and music was furnished for dancing. Things went over nicely and a good time was had by all.

All persons interested in the club are requested to communicate with the undersigned. Suggestions are always welcome, so please don't hesitate in sending them in.

OLGA WASYLUK,
97 Seaman Street
New Brunswick, N. J.

turn-out, despite threatening weather and the date.

All the players were given a treat after the game by the committee of the Newark Chornomorska Sitch, followed by dancing for all! Orchids to Messrs. Chuy, Zelinsky, Atamanets, S. Shumeyko, etc. who made all the necessary arrangements for the enjoyable afternoon! Among the young Ukrainian luminaries present at the game were the following frequent Ukrainian Weekly contributors: Theodore Lutwiniak, John Romantion, John Kosbin, Dmytri Horbaychuk, Mike Elko, and Miss Mary Sarabun. Don't blame me if you weren't at the game!

A beautiful banner, with the inscription, "Eastern Ukrainian Basketball Champions, 1936, Sport Division U. Y. L. of N. A." was in full display, and it will be presented to the winner of the Rochester-Chester game in Rochester, Saturday evening, May 16th in the Eastern finals, and for the right to battle Monessen, Pa., the Western champions, in Rochester the following Sunday afternoon, for the Ukrainian Basketball Championship of America! A beautiful trophy awaits the winner!

ALEXANDER YAREMKO
Basketball Director of the
UYL-N.A.



BLESSED BE THE PARENTS FOR THEY HAVE DONE THEIR SHARE!
BLESSED BE THE YOUNG ONES FOR THEY HAVE YET TO DARE!

MONESSEN WINS WESTERN CHAMPIONSHIP

The Western Division Basketball Tournament of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America was held in Cleveland April 26, and was sponsored by the Cossacks' Fine Arts Club. Three states were represented in the tourney. The eliminations got under way early in the afternoon before a very small crowd.

The initial game was played off by Monessen, Pa., and Detroit, Mich. The action was rough throughout the game. Referees officiating the contest had "tough sailing." Miller and Denego, who scored eight and six points respectively, were strongest on the Monessen side of the argument. Jamula, member of the Detroit quintet, bombarded the backboards for 4 buckets and a free toss. The fray ended with Monessen nosing out a victory, 19-18.

In a fast game that was "pleasing to the eye" the Cleveland Cossacks subdued Rossford, winning the right to represent Ohio in the finals. The Cossacks started dumping baskets at the opening whistle with Mike Kozub, captain, showing the way. Behley made up the deficit and put Rossford out in front in the third quarter. Wolanski and Kaczmarek chalking up 11 and 8 points respectively, coasted the Clevelanders to a 31-26 victory.

In the first exhibition tilt Akron Ukes edged out the Cleveland Sacred Hearts 20-16. The "Rubber City" outfit managed to secure two buckets in an overtime period.

With a snappy exhibition of floorwork, the Cleveland East Side Democratic girls maintained a whirlwind pace to overwhelm their old foe, the Akron girls 11 to 3.

After a ephemeral siesta the Cleveland Cossacks tackled the strong Monessen, Pa. team in the finals. Before half of the game was well under way, Monessen had amassed 13 points to Cossacks' 9, mainly because of the consistent scoring of Miller and Denego. Wolanski, who possessed the preciseness necessary to clear the hoop, harrassed the Monessen guards a good deal in the last half. The last quarter was a 'saw-saw affair.' With only a half minute to play—the Cossacks' defense wobbly—Monessen, with control of the tap at the tip-off, showered the basket for 3 buckets to win the Western title 25-19.

"We all have sacrificed something in order to convene here today...we are having the honor of originating something novel in the West...something that will draw us young Ukrainians together...increase friendship, sportmanship and love for the country our dear parents adore"—those were a few of the tributes John S. Billy, District Leader of the Western Division and proxy of the C. F. A. C., paid to approximately eighty youths at a banquet at the Cossacks' magnificent club rooms.

Steven Danielson, Treasurer of the U. Y. L. of N. A., was toastmaster. Mary Koss and Victoria Balandi, Sport Representatives of Akron and Cleveland Areas respectively, also spoke at the dinner. Mgr. Malinchack and Capt. Kuchmarki of Monessen were congratulated by Mgr. Dobryden, of the Detroit team, Mgr. Beadzick and Capt. Kozub of the Cleveland Cossacks, and Pres. Kushner and Mgr. Beloff of the Rossford Ukes.

RUSS MILAN.

FINAL SCORE

Cossacks			
	G	F	P
Wolanski	4	1	9
Jecko	0	0	0
Kozub	4	0	8
Moscal	0	0	0
Kaczmarek	0	0	0
Milanich	1	0	2
Sawchyn	0	0	0
Kaplysh	0	0	0
Mucklo	0	0	0
	9	1	19
Monessen			
	G	F	P
Miller	5	0	10
Denego	4	1	9
Kudlik	0	1	1
Muran	0	0	0
Katchmarik	2	1	5
	11	3	25

NEWARK, N. J.

The Ukrainian Youth Council of Newark, N. J. presents a series of four weekly LECTURES on the "History of Ukraine" to be given in English by Stephen Shumeyko beginning FRIDAY, MAY 15th, 1936, at 8:30 p. m. in the Ukrainian Sitch Hall, 229 Springfield Ave., Newark. Everyone is invited. Admission is free.