



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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YOUTH TODAY

THE MAIN THEME

American newspapers are full of reports of graduations, commencements exercises, graduation lists of high schools, colleges, and universities. Just as it always has been.

But nowadays a new note is struck. It is defined by Robert F. Moore, secretary of appointments, Columbia University, in his article in "The New York Times," in which he says: "Following June commencement exercises approximately 150,000 young men and women will leave the cloistered halls of American colleges and universities. Doctors, masters, bachelors—diploma in hand—they face the future expectantly, ambitiously, confidently, critically. What does the future hold for the class of 1936?"

A GREAT PROFESSION

8,000 social workers attended the National Conference of Social Work in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Many people are of the opinion that the majority of women active in welfare work are women of the privileged class. But this is not the case, according to Edith Abbot, dean of the Graduate School of Social Service Administration, University of Chicago. "Young women that would have been teachers twenty or thirty years ago, now prefer social work," she said. "They find it affords greater opportunities, and though they work more weeks a year, and more hours a week, they enjoy it. There are a great number of potential teachers now in social service work."

Indeed, many parents do not know that social work is a career just as teaching, law, medicine, or journalism.

BOYS HAVE EXPOSITION

The first exposition in the country devoted exclusively to boys was opened on June 1st, in the Hotel Commodore, New York City. The show is being held under the joint auspices of 189 organizations—all the agencies dealing with boys in New York, the Board of Education, the Department of Correction and several other educational and welfare institutions.

In his opening address Mr. Austin H. McCormick, Commissioner of Correction, said, "The exposition confirms my long-established belief that a boys' club is worth more than a jail or a prison and that work with boys is the most important conversation project we can undertake. It is well known that the problem of crime in America is a problem of youth. Yet it has been said that only one in seven of the boys of this city is being served in his spare time by worthwhile activities."

Byrnes MacDonald, director of the Juvenile Aid Bureau, asserted that all the private agencies together reached less than 500,000 boys and girls in New York. "There are more than 1,500,000 youths in New York City today unreached by agencies offering a constructive program," he said.

(Today's Ukrainian Weekly concluded in the Svboda)

UKRAINIAN SONG

Of all the branches of Ukrainian culture that have taken root here on the American soil, Ukrainian choral singing seems to flourish the best. There is hardly one Ukrainian community in this country which does not have at least one choral society. Everywhere our song is making great strides in popular esteem, not only among our people but others as well.

But what is especially noteworthy is the great appeal our song has for the American-Ukrainian youth. How great this appeal is can be easily surmised when we realize that at least 85% of the total membership of Ukrainian choral societies is composed of youth, born and raised here. To this youth must be given considerable credit for the fine progress our song has made here within the last few years.

Last Sunday evening this youth helped to elevate our song to one of the highest peaks it has ever attained in America. The United Ukrainian Folk Choruses of the New York Area, composed mostly of youth, presented in honor of Metropolitan Sheptytsky a concert of Ukrainian Church Music in the largest concert hall in New York City, the famous Carnegie Hall.

Those who were fortunate enough to attend this concert will cherish its memory as long as they live. The mass chorus of about 300 singers was one living, breathing organism that under the incomparable direction of the world-famous Prof. Alexander Koshetz, produced choral music of such magic quality and poignant charm that it seemed to wash away from the soul all the dust of everyday life, to carry one away to new, strange worlds of hidden mystic beauty and emotion. The ardor of the singers attained sublime heights. Everyone of them seemed to have completely lost his individuality and become a key in a mammoth organ that responded to the slightest touch of Prof. Koshetz.

Truly, to have heard this concert was to have had a soul-stirring experience; but to have sung in it was to have experienced something even deeper than that.

It is noteworthy that aside from the quality and rhythmic variety of the songs sung at this concert, the chief inspiration of the singers was drawn from the genius, the artistry, and the matchless direction of Prof. Koshetz. His piety toward the Ukrainian song, his experiences on its bountiful field,—all this he poured into the souls of the singers, so that they actually lived through everything that the songs they sang portrayed.

It is worth remembering, however, that neither the quality of the songs nor the inspired leadership of the director would have availed very much were it not for the many painstaking rehearsals that preceded the concert. Credit must be given the singers and their local directors for having well realized the importance of rehearsals and for attending them so faithfully, at considerable cost of time, effort and money.

Such a concert as that last Sunday evening should make clear to all of us the great necessity of our developing the Ukrainian song here in America to its highest possible plane. For, without detracting from the value of other branches of our culture, it is evident that the Ukrainian song will not only help to acquaint America with the Ukrainian people, their culture and aspirations, but what is perhaps even more important, it will greatly help to unite our American-Ukrainian youth around their common national heritage.

We therefore urge most strongly our youth to take a greater interest in Ukrainian choral work. Anyone with a singing voice should join a Ukrainian chorus. Otherwise support it by attending its concerts. In this manner we will build a firm foundation upon which all of us, irrespective of our religious or other convictions, can meet and together advance the Ukrainian name here in America, and at the same time be of aid to our kinsmen in the old country too.

CONCERT OF UKRAINIAN RELIGIOUS MUSIC BY MASS CHORUS UNDER PROF. KOSHETZ

Before an audience of about 2,000 persons the United Ukrainian Folk Choruses of the New York Area under the direction of Prof. Alexander Koshetz presented last Sunday evening in Carnegie Hall a concert in honor of the Metropolitan Andrew Sheptytsky consisting of religious Ukrainian music sung in Ukrainian and Old Slavonic.

Dressed in Ukrainian costumes the 300 singers that compose the mass chorus made a striking appearance, but all this was lost sight of when they began singing, the quality of which can be gauged by what the music critic of the New York Herald-Tribune wrote:

"The a capella singing, recalling the notable performances given by the touring Ukrainian National Chorus under Professor Koshetz's direction in the early 1920s, merited high praise for its impressive volume and range and its general laudable tone quality among the men singers. The thorough unity of performance and precision of attack also deserved warm commendation. Proclamative fortissimi and dynamic contrasts seemed to be particular features, but the combined chorus was also fully able to realize the finer points of shading."

In a similar vein was the praise of the New York World-Telegram, which regarded the singing as "memorable" and the music "of a fascinatingly modal character, little if any of which can have been heard here in public before."

Except for "Open the Door of Penance," by A. Wedel, a late eighteenth century composer, and C. Stetzenko's "Cherubim Song," the music was entirely from traditional sources and sung in arrangements by Professor Koshetz, Lyssenko, Stetzenko, Bortniansky.

An added attraction to the program was the violin concerto by Pietro Nardini played by Liuba Kaskiw, E. Kusniak on the piano. The speakers were the Right Rev. Monsignor Michael J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral and Vicar-General of the archdiocese of New York; the Rev. John La Farge, associate editor of the Catholic weekly "America"; and Dr. Simon Demychuk, Ukrainian journalist.

It was noteworthy that both Monsignor Lavelle and Rev. La Farge highly praised the beauty and significance of the rites and customs of the Ukrainian Catholics, and strongly urged the Ukrainians to closely adhere to them.

The United Ukrainian Folk Choruses of the New York Area are composed of the following choruses: The Boyan Society of Newark, N. J.—director T. Kaskiw; The Lyssenko Society of Jersey City, N. J.—dir. W. Gela; The Ukrainian Choir of New York City—dir. T. Onufryk; The Boyan Society of Yonkers, N. Y.—dir. M. Fatiuk; The Young Ukraine Choir of Brooklyn, N. Y.—dir. B. Savitsky; The Boyan Society of Elizabeth, N. J.—dir. M. Yadiovsky; and the Koshetz Society of Passaic, N. J.—dir. S. Hrabar.

IVAN FRANKO

By S. S.

(Based on accounts by Antin Krushelnitsky, Vasile Vernivolya, Alexander Hrushevsky, Serhey Yefremov, and others.)

"Boa Constrictor"

Besides the famous poem *Kameniar* Ivan Franko also wrote in 1878 the fine novel *Boa Constrictor*, dealing with the economic exploitation of the *Borislaw* inhabitants during the transformation from the agricultural to the industrial system in that district. The exploitation is likened to the strangling folds of a boa constrictor while the people are compared to "Laocoon among the serpents." This tale was also published in the "*Hromadsky Druh*."

Vicissitudes of "Hromadsky Druh"

From the very outset of its change in character to that of a crusading organ the "*Hromadsky Druh*" had difficult sailing. The police authorities relentlessly censored and confiscated it, and even though various subterfuges were used, such as changing its name to *Dzvin* (Bell) and *Molot* (Hammer), the confiscations continued. Another great difficulty was the lack of subscribers, chiefly due to the fact that the ideas the journal propagated were new and little understood; consequently it did not appear regularly. And finally the inexperience of its editors in the field of journalism was a drag to it too. So it is no wonder that it lasted but a bare full year. Within its brief life, however, it did help to shake the complacency of reactionary circles in Galicia, besides providing Franko with a medium for the publication of his

poetry, short stories, novels, articles of contemporary interest, satire, etc.

Dribna Biblioteka

Without interrupting his studies at *Lviv University* Franko tried to launch a new publication, *Nova Osnova* (New Basis), but nothing came of these efforts. He did manage, however, with the aid of some of his friends, to publish a series of popular booklets (*Dribna Biblioteka*) for the masses. Fourteen of these booklets appeared, containing a considerable amount of Franko's original writings as well as his translations of the poetry and prose of leading German, French and English writers, such as Goethe, Heine, Zola, Byron, Shelley, and others.

Second Arrest of Franko

All these literary and other activities along radical lines made Franko a marked man. In 1880 the blow fell upon him again. In the Spring of that year he left *Lviv* to visit a friend, *Gennek*, in the *Kolomiya* district. A trial of a political character was going on at that time, in which the chief defendant was *Pavlyk's* sister. Franko and *Gennek* were summarily arrested and thrown into prison. There Franko was held for three months and finally was released for lack of any charges or evidence against him. Not being a resident of *Kolomiya* he

was ordered to leave it immediately, by means of the so-called police transport. He later wrote that "this transport, reporting to and being passed on from one police station after the other, at *Kolomiya*, *Stanislaviv*, *Striy*, and *Drohobych*, belongs to one of the most terrible experiences of my whole life." He finally arrived in *Drohobych* with a high fever. Here he was thrown into the dungeon, described later in his story *Na dni* (On the Bottom), and then sent afoot on his way to *Nahuyevich*, in the custody of a gendarme. On the road they were overtaken by a heavy downpour which soaked Franko to the skin and made his fever even worse. After spending a miserable week at home Franko once more set out to visit *Gennek* in *Kolomiya*. Arriving there he spent a "terrible week," wrote the short story *Na dni*, based on his prison experiences, and spent the last few coins he had to mail it to *Lviv*. Then he subsisted on the six cents he found on the sandy banks of the *Prut*. When he had spent the last one he locked himself up in his room in the hotel where he was staying and lay there for a day and a half, feverish, famished, awaiting death, without the slightest desire or will to avoid it.

He was saved in the nick of time by *Gennek* who had just been released from prison. With his help Franko managed to reach *Drohobych* and then the foothills of *Berezova*, where he regained some of his lost health. He did not remain there very long, however, for he was ordered by the *Kolomiya* authorities to report for examination as to whether he had a permit allowing him to stay in the district. Since he had no money to hire a conveyance

Franko had to make the journey afoot in the custody of a gendarme, during the course of which his fingernails dropped off. And although, upon his arrival, he satisfied the furious commandant that he had a right to live in the district, Franko nevertheless left for home. (To be continued)

ANOTHER YOUTH EXHIBITION

An "American Youth" exhibition, sponsored by the American Youth Congress, opened on June 1, at the New School for Social Research, in New York.

It was arranged, an announcement reads, "in an attempt to give the public a complete and living picture of what is happening to youth in America today." Representation is said to be nationwide. Social propaganda plays a very considerable part in the selection and treatment of material.

The exhibition's committee comprises among others: *Sherwood Anderson*, *Alvin Johnson*, Representative *Vito Marcantonio*, Governor *Harry W. Nice* of Maryland, and *Lillian D. Wald*.

The exhibition will remain current for two months. The first of August it will go to *Cleveland, Ohio*.

DRESS AND REVOLUTION

Most of the senior students at *City College* of New York, asked to select the "best dresser" among their classmates, refused to vote.

They wrote on their ballots, "too bourgeois."

The voting took place about the time when the representative of the fashion trust in *Soviet Russia* was leaving America for *Russia*; after an extended visit here to study American fashions.

BÄTKIVSCHENA

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated by S. S.)

(Continued)

(3)

In the evening by the lamp-light we sat in the schoolmaster's quarters and recalled common experiences of our school days. I dug out from my knapsack some tea and sugar, the schoolmaster made a fire and boiled some water, and soon we were enjoying an old schoolboy custom of sipping hot tea and munching black rye bread and cheese. *Opanas* ate with good appetite, listened closely to my talk, but said very little himself. I watched him quite intently, trying my best to see him as I knew him before; yet all my efforts were blocked by something intangibly strange about his face, something that screened the old familiar countenance and gave a new expression to it. I had the feeling that in the life of this man before me a great furrow had been ploughed through, dividing the early stage from the present. Several times it struck me that in the frightened or apathetic soul of this new *Opanas Morimoukh*, this schoolmaster, something stirred, some little light flickered, as if striving to illuminate the plough. I felt that questions and words trembled on the tip of his tongue, seeking to be released, but that some hidden force checked them and drove them back into the depths of his inner being. I decided therefore to help these scared little birds to fly out, or, to put it into more popular parlance, to pull *Opanas'* tongue a bit.

"I visited your village recently," I said, abruptly changing the

conversation.

"In mine?" *Opanas'* voice trembled slightly. And then, smiling sadly, he added: "How could it be my village, when I'm here now."

"In your native village," I corrected myself. "There where your *batkivschesna* was."

"That's all past and forgotten." He waved his hand and lowered his head.

"Well, anyway, the people there haven't forgotten you, only they don't know what happened to you."

"Do they speak well of me?"

"I can't say that they do very much," I replied. "Personally, I can't stop wondering myself why you sold your *batkivschesna* so suddenly and then just as suddenly disappeared. I certainly remember how much you loved this *batkivschesna*."

Opanas glanced up sharply, with a hurt expression.

"You knew? What did you know? At most you could know only but a little. As for the rest..."

He waved his hand and again lowered his head.

"Come, now, *Opanas*, tell me just what took place, at least for old friendship's sake. When I learned of your parents' death I thought that you had gone back home and become a farmer. I was even about to write to you there when I met some of your neighbors, who told me that you had sold everything."

"And to that Jew too!" *Opanas* interrupted, with a bitter smile.

"And that you had immediately quit the village for parts unknown," I continued. "You can understand yourself why it was that I didn't know what to think."

"Well, what did you think?"

"Nothing. I came to the conclusion that the whole matter was a riddle, and that logic itself would never solve it."

"And what about my other former friends? What did they think?"

"It so happened that I did not speak to any of them about it. You know yourself that you didn't mix with them much."

"Of course. They most likely forgot all about me!" exclaimed *Opanas*. "That's good anyway."

"But tell me, *Opanas*. What did happen to you? You seemed to be headed in one direction when suddenly you changed to another. What happened? Did some kitty cross your path?"

"What? Kitty? Do you remember her?"

"Who?"

"Why, you just mentioned her! That means that you do know something about me. How did you guess it? Or did someone tell you? Or maybe she did herself..."

Somewhat excited, he looked searchingly at me.

"Excuse me *Opanas*, but for the life of me I really don't know what you're talking about. Whom did I mention? And who is she?"

"Kitty!"

"What sort of a kitty?"

"What's that? You don't remember Kitty? And your really don't know what happened to me?"

"Of course not. Not in the least. What sort of a kitty are talking about anyway?"

"So you don't remember. Weren't you ever in *Suberlova*?"

"Just a few times."

"Well, that's where..." and he paused.

Long-lost memories of the *Suberlova* coffee house came back to me. It used to be a popular-night gathering place for students and young bloods. I rarely visited it, and when I did it was during the day, so it was no wonder that the name *Kitty* meant nothing to me.

"There was a waitress there," *Opanas* rather reluctantly began recounting, "who in her time was very well known. They called her *Kitty*. She was a brunette, with luxurious hair, with black, sparkling eyes. Her face—blood with milk. Her teeth—wonderful. Upon her lips such a smile that one's heart beat faster at the sight of it. Her voice—in conversation, for she didn't sing,—was such as I have never heard before or since. All of her, every movement, every line, every word, every glance of her eyes—all were so enchanting that from the very moment I laid eyes upon her I forgot everything. It seemed to me that there was no equal to her in the whole wide world. No wonder they say that love's a malady, a mania. When I first saw her, heard her voice and laughter, I fell prey to such a malady that I didn't even have the slightest wish nor will to fight it off. You know yourself that I never was partial to girls. But this time I fell so hard that I completely lost my head. It was just as if I had found myself in the midst of a forest fire. I lost all my will power, my strength, everything! I felt that fate had glanced into my eyes and that I couldn't possibly ever flee from her."

Opanas paused for moment. He was breathing rapidly now from having said so much in one breath. On his pale cheeks two red spots appeared, as if driven

RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

THE STORMY PETREL OF THE CONGRESS

A New York paper, which brought recently a picture of Congressman Marion A. Zionchek with a caption *The Stormy Petrel of the Congress*, set me upon another hunt after this Stormy Petrel.

I found that PETREL is a clipped form of the word PETRELUS, which is a diminutive form of PETRUS, the Latin name of Peter. Ernest Weekly enumerates several words which took their origin from proper names, and clipping words is a universal linguistic tendency in English. The form of the word is Romance; if rendered in Anglo-Saxon, it would be Peterkin.

PETREL is the name of a sea-bird. It is called so in allusion to the well-known Scriptural story of St. Peter's walking upon the sea, and carries with it the picture of this bird, small in size, scurrying fast, far at sea, no matter how rough it may be, tripping up and down the waves. It drops down its legs, running on its surface, and fluttering its wings just enough to support its feet. Thus skimming the waves, it feeds upon tiny sea animals washed up by the sea lashed by winds.

These facts of natural science were little known by ancient mariners, and they had in such moments little time or desire to pay closer attention to the doings of the bird. In their minds the sight of the bird, its strange call became associated into one whole with the howling of the storm, and thus the bird has come to be

reputed as the bird which causes the bad weather. This ancient belief was in time exposed as a superstition, which is a belief devoid of any foundation in fact, and then the superstition was modified, and petrel's call came to be known among sailors as a harbinger of a coming storm, just as the rooster's crow means a coming storm to the Ukrainian farmer.

In this manner, the word has an interesting story, both linguistically and sociologically. The bird is known also by other names: STORM-PETREL and STORMY-FINCH being the most common.

The Romance origin of the English word PETREL points to the fact that it must be known by a similar name in French. In German it is called Sank Peters Vogel, or Petersvogel, which is St. Peter's bird. The name has been also carried to Ukraine, where on the shores of the Black Sea it is known locally as "petryk," which is Little Peter. Usually, however, the Ukrainian will call the bird by the general name of sea-gulls: чайка, chy-ka. Its call was well described by Shevchenko in a poem, in which the call was compared to weeping of a mother seeking her children.

What element of these experiences the writer of the leaders in the New York paper had in mind when he called Representative Zionchek the stormy petrel of the American Congress, is not evident at the first glance. The heading could not refer to storms in the Congress, as Mr. Zionchek surely cut a very small

figure in the debates in the Congress. Nor could it refer to the petrel's call, as Mr. Zionchek's coming to the Congress does not announce anything resembling a storm in the Congress. It only could refer to his strange behavior outside of the Congress, which has no connection with it but the accidental fact that Mr. Zionchek happens to be a member of the Congress.

The Problem of Transliteration

Mr. Zionchek's name is spelled in Polish newspapers as Zajaczek, (pronounced: za-yon-chek). Etymologically it is a diminutive of the noun ZAJAC, hare (parallel to the Ukrainian заяць, зайчик).

This fact that the same name is spelled one way in American papers, and another way in Polish papers, is an interesting illustration of the problems of transliteration. Those of us Ukrainians, who have often troublesome problems of transliteration are inclined to think that these troubles are due exclusively to the fact that the Ukrainians use the Slavic alphabet while the Americans use for their language the Latin alphabet. Out of this arises the problem—how to render by means of the Latin alphabet, the sounds of the Ukrainian language which were already rendered by means of other letters, namely Slavic characters. It seemed very often to all of us that if the Ukrainian language were using the Latin alphabet, there would be no problem of transliteration of Ukrainian sounds into English. We would be using simply the same alphabet; and we could then write our words in English just as we would write them in Ukrainian.

Now this opinion is challenged by the fact that Mr. Zajaczek

saw it necessary to change his name for Americans into Zionchek. That is, he disregarded the Polish spelling of his name and used another spelling. Why he saw this necessary is evident; he saw that his name spelled in the Polish fashion would be unintelligible for American readers. In all probability they would not be even able to print it as their printing shops usually lack the letter "z" in the second syllable, which is not a common American "a" but an "a" with a symbol of nasality under it to call the attention of the reader that it is a nasal vowel. Even if an American learnt how to pronounce this Polish sound, he would not know how to spell it to others, as this sound has no name in the English alphabet.

All this seems to be quite a digression from the Ukrainian and English languages, of which I usually write in this column, and which are of primary interest for the readers. The digression, however, is of interest to us because of the propaganda which is carried on among the Ukrainians under Poland to make them use the Polish alphabet for the purpose of transliterating Ukrainian words into the languages using alphabets originating from the Latin alphabet. This incident with Zionchek's name seems to indicate to an unbiased person that if Poles themselves experience difficulties in transliterating their words into English by means of their own alphabet, the use of this alphabet for the transliteration of the language using the Slavic alphabets is subject to great doubts.

What Purpose This Inquiry Into Words?

As some might wonder at the long hunt for the meaning and origin of a word or phrase, that just happened to be used by a newspaperman or a writer, and ask themselves, what could be the purpose of such a long inquiry?—I take the liberty of quoting the following passage from an illuminating article by Ruth Stretz entitled *WHEN SHOULD READING EXPERIENCE BEGIN?* published in the May, 1936, issue of *PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION*:

"Just what is meant by reading experience? To those with formal concepts, the interpretative emphasis will be placed upon the word *READING*. To others with concepts made flexible by constant study and research the emphasis will be placed upon the word *EXPERIENCE*. To the first group, 'reading experience' means the mechanics of formal reading; to the second group reading means the provision of rich, vital, and significant experiences which are valuable in and of themselves now and have deferred value later when connected with the abstract symbols of the actual reading process."

From the above quotation the reader probably has already guessed that I place the emphasis upon the word *EXPERIENCE* and would like to find in reading rich, vital, valuable, and significant experiences, and that I would like to make this column a help to those who seek such things in their reading.

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To Julia P.

I cannot from myself dissuade
My Love's own and tender feeling
As rampant thoughts my mind
invade
Jealousy needs no concealing.
What matters later what is said
When cruel injury is done
The heart is much disquieted
And Love is now for aye undone.
M. M.

out by some inward fire. He talked with his eyes riveted to the ground; it seemed to me that he was plumbing the very depths of his soul and was afraid to look me in the eye for fear his eyes would reveal it to me in all its nakedness. For a few moments he remained silent, then taking a few sips of tea he returned to where he had left off, speaking in a manner unusual to him, hurriedly, brokenly, as if catching the pictures that floated through his memory like some storm clouds.

"I was not a frequent visitor to Suberlova. One time, however, I somehow stayed there until it was evening. I was sitting reading a newspaper, when suddenly raising my eyes I saw—her. I stared at her, not believing my eyes. Great wonderment—that was the first and strongest feeling which took complete possession of me. "It can't be! Is it really so?"—whirled about in my mind like dry leaves in an autumn wind. I just sat there and stared at her. When she passed among the tables my eyes followed her like faithful hounds after their master. And when she approached me I began to tremble. When she disappeared I sat like one stricken deaf and dumb, awaiting her. Hour passed after hour, and it didn't even occur to me to leave. To leave? What for? Where to?—when here was my whole world, my sun, my life. Somewheres near eleven o'clock some of my friends came in, already quite drunk, uproarious, happy, and singing. They sat down behind two tables, ordered cognacs, and seeing me dragged me over to them. In a few moments she entered, bearing a trayful of the cognacs ordered.

"Ah, Kitty!" they all began shouting and pressing towards

her. "Servus, Kitty! How are you?—Wie geht's?"

Hands reached towards her, some to take the glasses of cognacs, other to touch her, to paw and pinch her. I stood there trembling, feeling as if red hot coals had been cast over me, my head swimming, unable to utter even a word. But she went about her duties absolutely unperturbed, indifferent to all the shameful pawings of her and the raucous yelling. An aloof smile played about her lips, as if all this drunken roistering did not even reach her toes, did not even touch her, and so could not defile her.

I also took a glass of cognac from her hands and in the act felt her eyes rest upon me. My confusion became greater, blood rushed to my head, and that cognac plunged down my throat like a fiery river. Somehow I managed to order another cognac, and after that I don't remember what took place. All that I know was that in my pockets there were twenty gulden, of which the following day I could find not even one, and that the whole night through we uproariously sang all sorts of songs, banded cynical humor, and—that she sat on my knees and pinched my ears while I wept, kissed her hands and incoherently babbled:

"Kitty! My life! Kitty!"

Who, when and how he took me home, undressed and put me to bed, I don't know. I awoke the following day some time near evening, with a splitting headache. My throat burned, there was a constant roar in my ears, and I could not recall where I was and what had happened to me the previous night. Only after I rose from bed and soaked my head in water did I begin to remember. I felt neither shame nor sorrow, and the only thoughts

that were with me were those that I had no money left to enable me to see her again that evening. However this was not such a great difficulty. I quickly sold some of my clothes, some books, my watch, and 10 o'clock that evening I was again at the coffee house and again I suffered the same torments, the same panic, the same hot and cold feeling, when I saw her. She walked among the tables as yesternight, aloof, self-possessed, with the same smile; there was not even a trace of any weariness nor sleeplessness as a result of the previous night. Not once did she look in my direction; or perhaps she only pretended not to. I sat mutely until one in the morning, drinking one coffee after another, not daring to speak to her; nor did she speak to me either, even though she smiled and laughed at the sallies others made to her. After one I rose and left for home.

From that time I began to live from night to night. I cut my classes, stopped even thinking about myself, about my future, my career. The only thing that concerned me and upon which I based my whole existence was that I saw her, that I heard her laughter, and her voice. She became for me life itself. But after that first night I didn't speak to her again, and she seeing that I neither drank nor spent money there did not pay any attention to me. But this did not bother me in the least. I did not feel jealousy when others joked with her, embraced her, pinched or kissed her. I, it was evident, was not in love in the ordinary meaning of the word. I only felt an absolute need of seeing her everyday, just we feel the need of light, air and water.

(To be continued)

UKRAINIAN FARMERS IN THE UNITED STATES

By WASYL HALICH

(Reprinted from Agricultural History, Vol. 10, No. 1, January, 1936)

(2)

Although a few settled on farms immediately after the Civil War, the main movement to the land took place during the years after 1890. It slackened for a time during the World War, apparently because of the high wages in industrial centers and because many were serving in the American army. This was particularly true of the Ukrainians of Chicago who had been moving to farms in Indiana and Wisconsin.

When the Ukrainians turned to farming, the best land was already occupied, and they had to take what was left. There were several alternatives, the purchase of developed farms with modern buildings, the acquisition of barren and cut-over land, much of it unfit for settlement, or homesteading in the Dakotas, Montana, and Wyoming. Lack of capital prevented the purchase of high-priced improved farms. Yet, it is interesting to note that most of the Ukrainian farmers in America are landowners, the number of renters and hired laborers being insignificant.

In New England

The Ukrainian farmers in New England are widely scattered. Individuals have been farming there for nearly fifty years; group settlements, however, are a more recent development. Many bought so-called abandoned farms, and just as the New Englanders of early colonial times turned to the sea or moved westward, so many of their Ukrainian and other Slavic successors who settled on the same farms two hundred and fifty years later were forced to supplement the family income from elsewhere. Many of them worked in factories of the nearby cities where there was employment, and tended the farms part time and with the help of their families. Frequently, the men worked in the mills during the day and returned to their farms in the evening. Such part-time farmers are common along the coast.

One of the largest Ukrainian rural settlements of New England is at South Deerfield, Massachusetts. Other groups of considerable size are located near Colchester and Willimantic, Connecticut, Rutland, Vermont, and Manchester, New Hampshire. These communities have about forty Ukrainian farmers each and support their own churches and other social institutions. Like other immigrant farmers in this section, they experiment in an effort to get the most out of the soil and make it pay. In many cases they are successful and make a living from their small farms. Those situated near the cities confine their attention to gardening, poultry, dairying, and hog raising as they have a market near at hand. The settlements in the interior also raise grain crops. Wherever possible, they till the soil intensively.

New York

The State of New York has the largest number of Ukrainian agricultural communities. Long Island is dotted with farms operated by Ukrainians, and several of their settlements are large. Here their farms are small, being about 10 acres in extent, and are confined to truck crops. In spite of the size, the farms are profitable, for New York City and its suburbs furnish a ready market for fresh vegetables, fruits, and poultry in

normal times. Long Island potatoes are well known in the metropolis. The farmers also raise beans, beets, cucumbers, tomatoes, cabbages, parsnips, carrots, garlic, and other garden products. Large trucks come each day during the growing season to collect the produce and haul it to market. These small farmers are better off than their fellow countrymen who work at manual labor in nearby cities, and they are well satisfied; rarely do they complain. Scientific methods of farming are used whenever possible, and the Ukrainians take better care of their machinery than do the native Americans. The farm houses do not differ from those of Americans except that flowers are grown in profusion about them. There are also a few Ukrainian communities in the central part of the State, the most important being in the vicinity of Galway, Broadalbin, Lee Center, Glenfield, Spring Valley, and Durhamville. These Ukrainians are engaged primarily in dairying and fruit raising, and their farms are much larger and more profitable than those in New England, the average being probably 90 acres. Most of the Ukrainian farming communities in New York were started during the decade 1910-1920.

New Jersey

New Jersey has a considerable number of Ukrainian farmers in various parts of the State. The oldest rural settlement started about 1908 in the vicinity of Great Meadows. The first to go there were laborers on the truck farms. Year after year, new immigrants joined them, mostly from two villages in the Ukraine, until they became quite numerous. At first they worked for wages or on a percentage basis, saved money, and eventually bought land from their American employers, gradually forcing them out of the community. The extent of this penetration is seen in the enrollment at the Alafeno rural school. As late as 1912 almost all of the children were of American stock, while in 1934, out of seventy-five pupils, only one was of American ancestry, all others being children of Ukrainian and Polish immigrants.

The largest colony in New Jersey is near Millville in the southern part of the State, and its story is slightly different. About 1912 a Ukrainian real-estate agent named Metolich began to advertise land for sale in that vicinity. The advertisement was so appealing, one might say sugar-coated, that its influence was felt not only in the nearby urban centers but also in far-away North Dakota. A number of Dakota farmers sold their large farms and moved to Millville where they purchased small strips of land. Many soon became dissatisfied with their new holdings and complained that the land had been over-advertised and even misrepresented, but it was too late to mend matters. About two hundred families built homes, farm buildings, churches, and schools at Millville. After the first years of hardship they became more contented and remained. Their farms are small, being 10 or more acres in extent, but the sandy soil is productive and easily cultivated. Many of the farmers grow truck crops. Nova Ukraina, a newer and smaller settlement, is near Plainfield.

(To be continued)

LECTURE ON U.N.A. IN DETROIT

The Ukrainian community in Detroit, Mich. dedicated last Saturday the grounds upon which a Ukrainian National Home of the U.N.A. Branches will be built next year. The chief speaker at the ceremonies was Mr. Dmytro Halychyn, Recording Secretary of the Ukrainian National Association.

Taking advantage of his visit to Detroit a lecture was arranged for the local young American-Ukrainians on Friday evening, May 29th. It was presided by Mr. John Evanchuk, with Miss Olga Shustakevich acting as secretary.

In his talk Mr. Halychyn explained to the youth the meaning and significance to them and to the Ukrainian people in general of such an organization as the Ukrainian National Association, and how important it is that the youth join it and continue the works of its parents—who founded it and built it to its present height despite the greatest of difficulties. He pointed out that the Ukrainian National Association is not an ordinary insurance company but a fraternal organization, one that is very closely interested in the welfare of each individual member, one which promotes among its members a spirit of brotherhood and friendship, and one which unites American-Ukrainians irrespective of their religious or party convictions. Then he cited some of the achievements of the Ukrainian National Association during the 42 years of its existence, both here in America as well as in the old country. Besides taking a leading part in the organized life among American-Ukrainians, aiding them in their progress, giving a lending hand to many a person in need, aiding Ukrainian institutions here, helping to send our youth through higher schools, and giving our youth moral and material encouragement in other fields—as well, the Ukrainian National Association, the speaker brought out, has also been a great help to the old country by it sending large sums of money there every year. Only recently, too, the Association was of considerable help to the flood sufferers here in America.

One of the interesting phases of Mr. Halychyn's talk was the difference between an ordinary insurance company and a fraternal organization such as the U.N.A. By reason of its structure and its sole insurance basis an ordinary insurance company cannot compete with a fraternal organization such as the U. N. A. in the amount and scope of the personal attention it can give each individual member, nor can it play such an important role in the organized life of the people as does the U.N.A. The U.N.A. is not an ordinary business enterprise but an organization in the fullest meaning of the word. The ties that bind the members in the U.N.A. are far more stronger and durable than those of ordinary insurance companies. And, what is more, the U. N. A. has a national convention every four years at which delegates of all its branches gather and set out its policies.

In view of all this, and in view of the fact that our parents, who built the U. N. A. to the point where it now is the largest Ukrainian organization in America, are now beginning in their advancing years to look upon us, the youth, to carry on carry where they are leaving off,—it is absolutely necessary that we, the American-Ukrainian youth, join the Association as quickly as possible and take an active part in it. It is so constructed that it will always be adjusted to all our needs. And yet its rates are not

THE HOBBY COLUMN

We have here an article from an amateur photographer Bill Huszar. Bill wrote upon request and I wish to take this opportunity of thanking him for his cooperation. Bill lives at 2102 North Goodman Street, Rochester, N. Y. Those of you who would like to communicate with him in regard to photography would be interested to know that Bill has requested Pen Pals in The Pal Column. Bill's article reads as follows:

PHOTOGRAPHY

Photography is an art or a process of producing pictures by the action of light on certain substances sensitized by various chemicals.

To become better acquainted with the developing and printing of pictures we shall take a trip through my little studio.

The room is in complete darkness except for a small red safe lamp, which acts as a guide in all work of developing and printing.

You will then notice three trays. The first tray, on the left, is the developer; the developer is a solution containing many different chemicals which bring out the picture on the film. Film is sawed up and down for seven minutes with a temperature of 65 degrees Fahrenheit, in the developer. The film is then washed in the second tray, which contains water. After that it is ready for its final operation in the third tray, which contains the "Hypo" or fixing bath. The fixing bath is composed of chemicals that cause the film to become clear and free from developer solution.

The film is left in the fixing bath for fifteen minutes, washed for fifteen to twenty minutes, and then dried. The film should be completely dried before it is cut according to size.

It is now that the printing begins.

We take a frame five inches by seven inches and a negative, putting the emulsion or the glossy side on the glass with the two stripes on the negative to hold it in place. The paper is then put on the negative where the top is fastened to the frame.

We will then see a box with a 60-watt bulb. The frame is put on the box. The time varies on different prints. If the negative is clear, less time is required than on a blurred negative. The average negative requires from one to ten seconds.

We take the paper out of the frame and find that there is still nothing on the paper. It is put into the developer solution for about forty-five seconds, then dipped in the water fifteen minutes. It is then left in the fixing bath for fifteen minutes and after that is washed for ten minutes. The pictures are all ready to dry.

They are put on tin covered with black coating, and then dried with a blotter. The pictures are pressed so they won't curl up. When the pictures are dried a border is cut around them. The work is then finished.

All contributions to this column should be sent to:

THEODORE LUTWINIAK,
81-83 Grand Street,
Jersey City, N. J.

any higher than those of ordinary insurance companies. So it is up to us, therefore, to join it—now!

Incidentally, it is my opinion that many more such talks like that of Mr. Halychyn should be given for our youth. I know it to be a fact that many of the youth are but little acquainted with the U.N.A., and such talks would go a long way towards swelling the ranks of the U. N. A. with new, young members.

At the conclusion of the lecture an open discussion was held, in which Mr. J. Panchuk, Mr. N. Shustakevich, Mr. Mychaluk took part.

OLGA SHUSTAKEVICH,
Vice-Pres. of Club Mazeppa
Branch 183 of the U.N.A.