



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



Supplement to the SVOBODA, Ukrainian Daily

Published by the Junior Department of the Ukrainian National Association

No. 24

JERSEY CITY, N. J., SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1936

VOL. IV

## YOUTH TODAY

### WORLD WE LIVE IN?

Speaking before the students graduating from the Todhunter School, in New York, their parents and friends, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt emphasized the need of team-work in their own circles an interest in their country.

The speaker declared that the world today is an "exciting" one, and she expressed hope that youth would in the future have sufficient "interest and curiosity" to "know" their country and the ways of its people.

### IS THERE A HOPE FOR HUMANITY?

In his speech, delivered at the Swarthmore (Pa.) College baccalaureate service, on June 7, the Rev. Dr. Alexander Purdy, of Hartford Theological Seminary, expressed his faith in the "magnificent heritage of modern youth, a belief in truth."

There are too many "play-boys" writing and thinking today, he said, but in spite of this concern with trivialities, he predicted that civilization would advance because of its spiritual achievements.

### LEARNING ORGANIZING

Dr. Ellen Fitz Pendleton, president of Wellesley College, at the occasion of her resignation from this position, discussed the question of woman leadership and co-educational schools.

In her opinion, girls who hope to see women assume leadership in business, civic life and the professions can get their best training in the woman's college rather than in the coeducational institutions, where they must compete with men.

"In a great many small ways women lose out in a coeducational institution," she said. "They do not have the chances to learn to organize and deal with and lead all the varied groups on the campus such as they find in the colleges for women."

### SECURITY FOR YOUTH

"Safeguards for young people at work involve three points of attack."—Miss Katherine Lenroot, Chief of the United States Children's Bureau, said at a dinner given by the Vocational Service for Juniors in New York City; "first, with reference to their entrance into industry; second, with reference to the opportunities which industry affords; and, third, with reference to the relationship of vocational life to the entire economic, political and social structure of the nation."

The importance of the problem of the children working in industries is attested by the fact that during the seven months of 1935 following the Schechter decision (which abolished the N. R. A.), some 11,000 boys and girls 14 and 15 years of age received certificates permitting them to leave school for work, in 129 cities located in 29 states covered by the monthly reports of the Children's Bureau.

(Today's Ukrainian Weekly, including Pen Pal Column, is concluded in the Svoboda.)

## PROFIT BY THE MISTAKES OF OTHERS

No longer commanding the awe and respect it perhaps once did, Congress recently suffered another blow to its prestige as a result of the escapades of one of its members, Congressman Marion A. Zionchek, of Seattle, Washington. And to make matters worse, the unfeeling press has pounced upon Zionchek's high jinks with such gusto that some newspapers have even featured them over the deliberations of that august but harassed body of the people's representatives itself. Truly, enough to make a Clay or Calhoun turn over in his grave.

Imagine the feelings of these illustrious pillars of congressional sanctity were they alive today to read some of the excoriating attacks launched upon congress as a result of the antics of one of its members.

Sarcastically the "Columbus State Journal" writes that in congress there are persons who by their conduct uphold the theory of—Darwin, because they behave like monkeys on trapezes in a circus. The same journal "sincerely" thanks Poland for her "gift" to America in the person of Congressman Zionchek.

A well known woman columnist writing in the New York World-Telegram states that Zionchek arrived in America from Poland at about 7 years of age, i. e., at about the time when to a certain extent the foundations of a person's character have been already laid. Because of this, she writes, the blame for Zionchek's conduct could be laid at the door of Poland and the Poles. But, she continues, the trouble here lies in the fact that it is possible to discern in Zionchek's conduct a great deal of this "typical-Americanism." And so, she concludes, it is not possible for America to rid itself entirely of the blame in this matter.

We are not concerned here, however, with casting blame either upon America or Poland or both. What does concern us is that—here we have a man, born in the old country of poor Polish parents, coming to America with them as a child, gaining an education, winning the confidence of the people in his locality, being elected by them as their representative to congress, serving as an inconspicuous member of it for several years, and then suddenly without warning engaging in a series of wild escapades, each one more senseless than the previous one, and in one stroke destroying his whole career and all the hope and confidence of the people who supported him. What made him do it?

To claim that Zionchek is insane or nothing but a fool would be the easiest solution. But the matter seems a bit more complicated. Prior to his outbursts he was a quiet, inconspicuous member of congress. What caused the eruption within him? Was he a mediocre person who unable to make himself known by ability and hard work suddenly decided to get a lot of easy publicity by means well known to us now? Or was he a young man of ideals who found them shattered by the graft and corruption commonly linked with politics and cynically decided to have one grand splurge, that would make all America sit up and take notice, and then quit the public career for good?

But that is only one aspect of the case. What about the effect of Zionchek's conduct upon the growing youth of foreign-born parents? Will they have such a high regard for the American scene when they perceive what it has done to one of their class? Will they not look at this "typical-Americanism" with askance? Or will they place all blame upon the country of their parents' origin and consequently lose all respect for it?

Whatever effect it may have upon others, however, for us, the younger generation of American-Ukrainians, it should serve as a distinct warning of what bad upbringing, or a weak character, or lack of principles, can do to a person.

We must always bear in mind that our parents by virtue of hard work, courage in adversity, and belief in higher ideals have won themselves here in America an honorable name. That name will remain unsullied as long as we their children hold those qualities sacred.

## HONORING OUR GRADUATES

This year, as for the past two years, the Ukrainian Weekly will publish a list of American-Ukrainians graduating this year from high schools and colleges. Such a list is impossible, however, without the full cooperation of our readers. Accordingly we urge all those who know of our young American-Ukrainians graduating this year to send the following information to the Ukrainian Weekly before July 4th:

**High Schools:** (1) Name of graduate (2) Address, town and state (3) Name of school, town and state (4) Type of course (5) Honors received (6) Intend studying further? (7) Name and address of person sending the information.

**College or university:** (1) Name of graduate (2) Address, town and state (3) College or graduate school (4) Degree received (5) Honors and honorary societies (6) Intend studying further? (7) Name and address of person sending the information.

The graduates themselves are especially urged to send this information.

## FIRST CONGRESS OF UKRAINIAN LEMKOS IN AMERICA

The recent movement to unite the Ukrainian Lemkos in America, give them a better conception of their Ukrainian nationality, uproot the destructive muscophile elements among them, and finally, help the Lemkos in the old country, assumed definite form last Saturday, June 6th, at the First Ukrainian Lemko Congress of America, held in Philadelphia, Pa., in the local Ukrainian National Home.

Attended by some fifty delegates from various localities as well as guests from leading Ukrainian organizations, the congress was instrumental in the founding of an organization known as the "Ukrainian Lemko Defense Organization of America." Its officers are as follows: Pres.—Vasile Levchik; Vice-Pres.—Dmytro Kapitula and Anastasia Rybakova; Rec. Sect.—Andrew Smith, Ass't Rec. Sect.—Michael Kotlyarchuk; Fin. Sect.—Peter Ikalovich, Ass't Fin. Sect.—Michael Radyk; Treas.—John Borisevich, Ass't Treas.—Matviy Kachmarik; Organizer—Michael Dudra; Comptrollers—Vasile Tytanich, Stephen Fik, Stephen Peltz.

The delegates paid considerable tribute to Michael Dudra, the young Ukrainian who came to America from the old country over a year ago and who greatly contributed towards strengthening the Ukrainian Lemko movement in America.

The congress was presided by Chairman Dmytro Kapitula, with W. Dushnyk and I. Zazvorsky—secretaries.

\*Lemkos—a branch of Ukrainian mountaineers that live in the westernmost part of the Ukrainian section of the Carpathians, in around the Low Beskid.

## WHAT'S THE USE OF SCHOOLING?

Ninety per cent of the people are "functionally illiterate" and their taste in reading does not extend beyond "cheap drugstore magazine literature," Dr. Irving Maurer, president of Beloit College, Worcester, Mass., said when addressing the graduates of Worcester Academy, parents and friends at the commencement exercises on June 8.



# IVAN FRANKO

By S. S.

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

(5)

## The year 1880

The year 1880 is important in the life and works of Ivan Franko, for the considerable amount of reflective lyric poetry he wrote then not only definitely showed him to be a poet of unusually great talent with certain well-defined tendencies but also its youthful, energetic and unconquerable spirit attracted to him great numbers of Ukrainian youth.

In construction the poetry written during this year is superior to that of preceding years, being smoother, although still far from his later (1896) collection *Zivvyle Lestye* (Withered Leaves). It consists of *Vesnyanki* (Spring Songs), *Scorbni Pismi* (Songs of Sorrow), *Niehni Dumki* (Thoughts in the Night), several sonnets and three or four satires.

## Vesnyanki

Although Franko's *Vesnyanki* number fifteen in number, yet only nine of them were written during 1880, six of them being written in prison during the Spring of that year. It is perhaps because of this imprisonment that Franko felt so keenly the beauty and significance of Spring and portrayed it so vividly in this set of lyrics.

In the first of the *Vesnyanki* the poet describes how greatly winter marvelled when it found its icy grip weakening because of the arrival of Spring, and how it tried

by cold winds and snow to kill the little flowerets springing to life, only to find herself powerless to do so; and thus:

І наддуже над тим  
Дивувалась вона,  
Що на прит той дрібний  
В неї сили нема.

(But most of all the winter marvelled that over these tiny flowers its strength could not prevail.)

In the second poem Franko pictures a storm, which with its thunder and rain becomes in Spring the source of life, and then likens it to the one aroused by the resurrection of nations.

The third poem—Spring, like the second, consists of two parts: in the first he bids the plowman to sow the golden seeds during the "lucky" time, while in the second he calls upon his kinsmen to sow in their heads thoughts of freedom, in their hearts brotherly love, and in their chests courage for great battles in the cause of bettering the fate of all.

In the fourth the poet portrays Springtime in Ukraine, and concludes the last verse with an ironic note:

Давення, прахів співами ліс  
І возура кує коло кладен;  
Дорогою тягнуться віз —  
Секвестратор в селю за податок.

(While the whole forest resounds with the call of birds, and

the cuckoo sings by the foot-bridge, down the road there crawls a wagon, and on it—the village tax collector.)

These are but few of the *Vesnyanki* but sufficient to give us an idea of what they are like.

## Songs of Sorrow

The very title here clearly indicates the tone of this collection of lyric poetry. With one exception, "The people have forsaken me," all were written in prison during March, April and May of 1880. Although thoughts of the rebirth of nature outside the prison walls gave Franko hope in the future and resulted in his *Vesnyanki*, still the realization of his immediate surroundings inside the walls made him melancholy. *Scorbni Pismi* give vent to his feelings then, yet they also show that even in the darkest hour he cheered himself with the thought that his sufferings would not be in vain.

Perhaps the most striking of these poems of sorrow, probably because of its theme, is "the people have forsaken me," written when after his return from prison Franko was boycotted because of his radical teachings. In it he compares himself to some wild beast roaming in the hills, friendless, with no one to share his troubles, and concludes with the following moving words:

Як би в саляні кривавій знов  
Мір я все своє горе розляв,  
Я би виплавав всю свою кров,  
Щоб нічого з людьми не діляв.

(To be continued)

## CONTENTMENT

I love the cool, clear water  
And the fine, white sand,  
And the pure, breezy air—  
The touch of the Master's hand.  
How I love to lie awake there  
And listen to the song of the sea  
While the world is far away  
And my thoughts are lost in  
reverie.

## MY HOBBY

Whether I'm tired  
Or whether I'm blue,  
If I'm unhappy or  
Crave for something to do,  
I find joy and contentment  
Solace and cheer  
And my time is well spent  
If my hobby is near.

## EVENING BREEZE

The gentle evening breeze  
Whispering thru the willow trees  
Seemed to be telling a very long  
story  
Perhaps of love or sorrow or  
glory.  
It murmured softly and low  
As the branches swayed to and  
fro  
And it seemed to console and to  
cheer  
The trees and flowers that were  
growing near.  
And just as it consoled trees and  
flowers  
As it whispered condolence among  
the bowers  
So does it cheer and strengthen  
me  
When I am in need of sympathy.  
HELEN M. TYRCYK.

NEW YORK, N. Y.  
GRAND ANNUAL OUTING and  
BOAT EXCURSION to Croton Point  
Park on steamer "Mayfair" given by  
Ukrainian Democratic Club and Women's  
Auxiliary SUNDAY JUNE 28th,  
1936. Boat leaves at 9 A. M. from  
Battery Park Pier A. Round trip in  
advance \$1.25, at Pier \$1.50. Children  
under 12 years 75 c. Music by John  
Seman and his Blue Falcon Orchestra.  
Tickets for sale at the Club Room,  
59 St. Mark's Place, New York City.

# BÄTKIVSCHENA

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated by S. S.)

(Continued)

(4)

We finished drinking our tea, but neither of us felt sleepy. I was curious to hear the rest of Opanas' dramatic story, for it was giving me a vivid picture of his quiet but deeply passionate nature. On the other hand it was evident that Opanas was glad to find someone before whom he could confess, someone who was not only a good listener but who also understood and sympathized with him. He rubbed his forehead with his palm, looked at me a trifle distrustfully, as if apprehensive of my judgement, but seeing nothing on my face that would discourage him from continuing, he again turned his eyes towards the corner and resumed his tale, in a quiet, resigned voice:

"To tell you the truth, all that happened after that to me was nothing but the devil's dance itself; a better description for it I can't find. Sometimes it seems to me that the whole affair was nothing but a dream, under whose spell I still remain even now, and that any moment I might wake up and find myself to be the student I was before I met Kitty. Other times I am quite ready to believe in miracles, in predestination, in magic, or in anything you have, so impossible does everything about it appear to be. You will understand, of course, that I'm unable to recount everything perfectly that happened to me then. It's likely that many important phases escaped because amidst the storm of unusual events my whole attention became centered mainly on unimportant trivialities, on

mirages, which I later found wretchedly impossible to piece together.

It started with my receiving from home one day a telegram saying: "Hurry home immediately. Your father." I felt a slight pang when I read this. But since I received the telegram about nine in the evening just when I was leaving my quarters for the coffee house to once more to feast my eyes upon Kitty, and since my very hands were trembling from haste to get to her, I threw the telegram on the table without giving it a second thought, pulled the cap over my ears, for a snow storm raging outside, and although the thick flakes driven by a high wind made it impossible to see more than a few yards I hurried through the streets as fast as I could. I had in my pocket several guldens, received for the watch I had sold. In a half hour I was sitting inside the already familiar coffee house amidst clouds of tobacco smoke and drunken hubbub. Drinking black coffee I made a show of reading a newspaper, but all the while I kept a close watch over the door from which she would emerge. Ten o'clock passed—and no sight of her, eleven passed—still no sight of her, twelve passed—and not a sound or sight of Kitty. I sat there like one fever-ridden, drinking one black coffee after another, my head whirling, the printed words before my eyes jumping and assuming all sorts of fantastic shapes, my thoughts all jumbled. Finally after a hard inward struggle I ventured to ask

one of the entertainers what had happened to Kitty.

"Oh, she's not coming here any longer!" The girl gayly replied, sitting down on the chair alongside me and blowing smoke from her cigarette straight into my eyes.

"Why?"

"Are you curious to know?"

"Of course I'm curious."

"But it's not interesting enough for me to tell."

"Well, what will make it interesting enough for you to tell?"

"Ha, ha, plenty. But first of all two cognacs, to make our conversation smoother."

I ordered two cognacs. She touched glasses with me, had a little sip and poured the rest into the tray. I also just tasted the liquor and put my glass down.

"Now, tell me what happened to Kitty."

"She's not here any more."

"But where is she?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because I have to."

"But why? Did she strike your fancy?"

"Whether she did or not is beside the question. The fact is that I have to know where she is now."

"None of that now. Tell me, are you fond of her or not?"

"Yes, I am."

"Are you in love with her?"

"Terribly so."

My lips were smiling, but my heart felt like bursting.

"Oh, if it's as bad as that—But drink! Why don't you drink?"

I drank my cognac.

"Two more cognacs!" she cried to the waiter.

"Does the gentleman wish it?" the waiter asked me without looking at her.

"Yes!" I replied mechanically, without taking my eyes off her.

Again she blew smoke into my eyes from her cigarette.

"Terribly in love! Poor boy! And for what reason? Go ahead, tell me, why do you love her?"

"Do I know?! It just so happened. But where is she?"

"Maybe at home."

"Why didn't she come tonight?"

"Because she was discharged. Or maybe she quit herself. I'm not sure about that."

"Where does she live?"

"Here, on the second floor."

It was as if someone had pushed me. I felt a wild urge to push this girl aside, leap from my chair and run to Kitty, no matter where she was, just to see her, to be near her at least for a few moments. However I quickly composed these feelings, and assuming an indifferent air I called the waiter over and paying the bill, left. Once outside, I involuntarily wiped the perspiration off my forehead and heaved a deep sigh, as if I had just rid myself of a heavy burden. I began walking aimlessly, striving to puzzle out what had happened and of what significance it was for me. She had to quit working in the coffee-house. Well then why? But that's not important. Yet she's without work! Maybe she is badly off? Maybe she was driven out of work, and not paid too? Maybe she has an old mother, little brothers and sisters, whom she has to support? My imagination became inundated with various situations in which this seemingly already lost girl appeared as a heroine, one who sacrificed her maidenly honor in order to support her dear ones. I resolved to visit her, to find out from others more details about her life, and give everything I had to help her. I laid out all sorts of plans of how to approach her, and gain her confidence. And with such



## RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

### THE PROBLEM OF TRANSLITERATION

In several London newspapers a discussion crops up from time to time about the ways of transliterating Russian words.

Lately in the London "Observer" I noticed several letters from readers on the transliteration of the sound which is rendered in the Slavic alphabet by the sign *ш*. The sound proves troublesome to the English because the English language has no such sound. Hence the diversity in the manner proposed to render this sound in English. "Some suggest 'sch,' some 'shch,' and the German system uses 'schtsch'" — says a lady in her letter to the editor.

The writer of the letter objects to all those methods, and bases her argument on the nature of this sound in Russian and perhaps in every other Slavic languages, including Ukrainian. She writes: "There is, however, no 'ch' sound in this letter. There are no compound sounds in the pronunciation of any Russian consonants. This letter is simply a prolonged or soft 'sh.' The softness may be attained by putting 'y' after it, which is more difficult perhaps after a final letter, but not so difficult before a vowel. In transliterating this letter the same symbol as for 'sh' should be used, but with some diacritic sign added."

"Diacritic," or "diacritical," means "marking a distinction." The writer thus requires the introduction of special marks over English letters to denote that they are a transliteration of Russian sounds. If the English will

adopt such a method is hard to say, though they have already adopted such method for the transliteration of Czech words, the method which the author of the letter to the "Observer" advises to be used for the Russian sounds as well (I cannot reproduce here this section of her letter as we have no Czech letters in our stock).

As to the validity of her argument, she is right when she says that "in a perfect system of transliteration there would be one sign for each letter," but this system would require from the reader of foreign words not only to know how to transliterate the various sounds of a foreign language, but also to learn the various sounds of that language, as they are sounded in the original languages, without reference to the sounds of the English language. Though this may be considered an ideal, still it can hardly be considered possible. I do not think that there are many people who can render perfectly the sounds used in two different languages. H. W. Fowler, in his great work "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage," thinks that "to say a French word in the middle of an English sentence exactly as it would be said by a Frenchman in a French sentence is a feat demanding an acrobatic mouth," and the lady writing to the "Observer" means exactly a parallel task, namely, pronouncing Russian words in an English sentence as a Russian would in a Russian sentence.

Mr. Fowler gives his reasons for what he considers just as difficult as to be an acrobat: "The muscles have to be suddenly

adjusted to a performance of a different nature, and after it as suddenly recalled to the normal state."

Hence he arrives at the conclusion: "It is a feat that should not be attempted; the greater its success as a TOUR DE FORCE, the greater its failure as a step in the conversational progress; for your collocutor, aware that he could not have done it himself, has his attention distracted whether he admires or is humiliated. All that is necessary is a polite acknowledgement of indebtedness to the French language indicated by some approach in some part of the word to the foreign sound, and even this only when the difference between the foreign and the corresponding English sound is too marked to escape a dull ear."

And thus the solution suggested by Mr. Fowler in this particular problem of transliterating the Slavic *ш* would be to give up the work of teaching the English or the Americans the intricacies of that sound as it is sounded in Slavic languages and to be contented with teaching them the sound which approaches it. The best way to do this, to my knowledge, would be to let them know that *ш* could be rendered approximately by sounding two sounds, namely "sh" (as in "ship") and "ch" (as in "cheese") closely upon one another. Though such compound sound would probably not render perfectly the original Slavic sound, yet it would shorten the process of introducing Ukrainian words and names into the English language. And after all it would not be very wrong etymologically as many of these *ш*—sounds in Ukrainian (and other Slavic languages) originate from a convergence of the sounds

of: "s," "z," or "sh," with "ch"—a sound.

### WORD-WRANGLERS

The world-renowned "Manchester Guardian," which is very alive to the problems of the English language and writes on the various phases of it regularly, has received a letter of protest against certain linguistic usages. "You have maddened us," "The Guardian" quotes the writer, "with 'Definitely'; must you make us foam at the mouth with 'Necessarily,' to which my daughter is fast falling a victim?"

The author of the interesting column "Miscellany" in the "Guardian" concludes from this letter that some people seem to be rather easily enraged. "Nevertheless, it seems only fair to remind the aggrieved parent that the daughter might be falling a victim to even more troublesome complaints; mumps or measles, for instance, or falling in love with the chauffeur and running away with him. An addiction to the word 'necessarily' seems a relatively mild form of disorder; in the way of domestic disabilities or discord really determined youth can produce far bigger embarrassments than that."

He warns the protestant not be enraged at "definitely," as there is the word "definitively" which some people find still more infuriating. "And if the real gist of the protest is concerned with overworked and worn-out phrases, what about 'foam at the mouth,'?"

"His revolting daughter might not inappropriately retort that people who foam at the mouth necessarily and definitely put themselves out of the court as champions of the better sort of English." —er.

resolutions in my mind I reached home, undressed and lay down to sleep.

I slept soundly till about two the following afternoon. I was awakened by a loud knocking on the door. It was a messenger boy. I opened the door, signed the receipt, mechanically opened the telegram, and read: "Come home immediately. Your Father." I was surprised. What is this? I had already received one such telegram. Maybe through mistake this was the same one? It happened so before, for our postmaster would sometimes get drunk and get his mail and telegrams all mixed up. And if this was not the case, what could be the matter? Why telegraph the same message twice? Why ask me to come home now, in the dead of winter? The station closest to my home was small, four miles journey by sleigh, and I didn't even have any suitable clothes for such a trip. What did it all mean? I scratched my head in perplexity, drank a glass of water and fell asleep. And when I awoke near five my first and only thought was that of Kitty. What had happened to her? How could I reach her? Where could I find her? As for the telegram, I didn't even give it a thought. I dressed, locked my room and ran out into the city. After dining I hurried to the Virmenska Street on which stood the coffee house and began pacing in front of it, hoping to catch sight of her when she appeared, and then—well, I didn't know what I would do then, but I felt within myself an unbreakable resolution, an unwavering certainty that I would take some sort of a decisive step.

Somewheres near seven she appeared, dressed modishly, and wearing a varicolored hat with a large feather. My heart stopped

beating for a few seconds. I bowed to her; but to approach her, to say something to her, was beyond me. She nodded her head slightly to me and proudly went ahead down the street. I followed her about twenty paces to the rear, my eyes following that feather on her hat just like a sailor follows the north star. I was jostled, my feet stepped on, the snow whirled into my eyes, but to all this I paid not the slightest attention. Once she looked back and then again the second time. Evidently she had recognized me. What was happening within me at that time? It's terrible to even think of it now. However, one thought overpowered all others: Is she that sort? — Although most natural this thought nearly drove me frantic. I hurried after her, all a'tremble, breathless, oblivious of everything but her, while she, it seemed, hurried even faster, ever drawing further away from me, picking out the busiest streets, until finally she reached the market place, and going along one side of it she turned off into Tribunal Street. Her hat gradually began to lose itself in the sea of hurrying humanity and finally disappeared altogether. I sprinted ahead, turned this way and that way, but nowheres was she in sight. Like one crazy I ran through all the surrounding side streets, around the market place, through Halitsky and Mariatsky squares, but no Kitty. She disappeared like vapor. Meanwhile the snow kept coming down, heavier than ever. Around ten o'clock the snow-clad streets began to get deserted. For some time yet I paced like a guard in front of the building in which she lived, but in vain. She did not appear. Maybe she had already returned? Or maybe she was delayed somewheres? But where?

There was not other night coffee houses besides the Suberlova. Vainly I racked my mind for an answer until somewheres after after twelve midnight I returned to my quarters, distraught, tired, wet from the snow and perspiration. The janitor opened the door for me and growled something about my coming in so late, especially since there had been a messenger earlier in the evening with a telegram for me. What is the matter with those telegrams? — I thought and waved my hand, as if chasing away some pesky flies. To think of worry about my "batkivschena" at such a time was neither my will nor wish, even if I had the strength to do so. I undressed, shivering in the unheated room, and after wrapping a quilt around me in bed and throwing on top of it all my wet clothes I lay there with my teeth chattering until heavy sleep finally descended upon me.

In the morning I awoke with a terrible headache. I felt as if someone was knocking a wedge into my skull. Groaning I raised my head a little and only then realized that someone was angrily hammering away at my door. Somehow I managed to crawl out of bed and on my bare feet go to the door and open it. In the cloud of frosty vapor that billowed into the room there stood a telegraph messenger.

"I was beginning to think that you were murdered or had been burned to death," he exclaimed "I'm knocking more than a half an hour already."

With these words he handed me two telegrams.

"One of these came last night," he explained, "but I couldn't deliver it to you because you weren't home. I hope it's nothing important."

I signed receipts for both of them, gave him twenty cents, and gripping the telegrams in my hand, my teeth chattering, I closed the door and crawled back into bed. A feeling of extreme lassitude enveloped me. I lay like a log, trying to get warm. To move even a finger or a toe seemed to me a mighty task. And thus with the telegrams clutched in my hand I fell asleep.

What happened further, I do not remember. All that I know is that through my sleep I heard loud knockings on the door, cold hands upon me, which squeezed me like pliers, and then a greyish, impenetrable fog.

(To be continued)

### NEW YORK, N. Y.

A ROSE DANCE tendered by The St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Club, to be held at their Club Rooms, at 334 E. 14 St., N. Y. C., on SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1936. Music by Ray Maroneck and his Royal Grenadiers. Subscription 50¢. Hundreds of real roses to be used for hall decoration and to be had by patrons at the close of the dance.

### BARGAINS FROM OUR BOOKSHOP

Would you pay a penny for a song? Then purchase a copy of the at-How many Ukrainian songs do you know?

Does your club like to get together and sing folk songs?

Do you sing, play the piano or violin? attractively bound book

### 201 UKRAINIAN FOLK SONGS

FOR \$2.00

(a penny for each song)

It contains the most popular Ukrainian melodies, with Ukrainian and English titles, music, words and verses. Order today from the Svoboda Bookshop, 81-83 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

P. S. If you already have a copy, consider giving this book as a gift to some lover of Ukrainian music.



## UNLUCKY IN LOVE

Romeo again Repulsed. Jilted too many Times for Anybody's Good.

That settles it. After what happened last night I want to have absolutely nothing more to do with the fairer but what in my opinion is the more fickle sex. Last night, as you probably don't know, this young would-be Romeo was jilted. Yes, again. This totals up to about one hundred and ten let-downs in all. The above figure may be an exaggeration to some extent, but the point I am trying to get across is that I have been set back on my heels much too much for my own or anybody else's good. You know, or should know, that a person can be jilted just so much and no more.

### Pangs of First Love

At 15 years of age I was going through what is known as the "pangs of first love." The girl was a beautiful, blue-eyed blonde. To be exact, Miss Marion Davies, of the movies. The happiest moment of my life up till then was when I received from Miss Davies a photograph of herself. In return for a written request from me accompanied by twenty-five cents. A few years later I was terribly crushed to hear that someone had been beating my time with Marion right along. Perhaps it served me right. You see, I was not overly faithful to Miss Davies, either, as there was a freckle-faced, tom-boyish Irish girl named Theresa in my own home town in whom I possessed a great interest. Unfortunately, Terry, as she had been nicknamed, was not interested in me but in a fellow Irisher who starred in basket-ball on the town's High School team.

### Three Million Women More

My affairs of the heart being in such a state, I decided to leave my home town and come to New York City, which at the time boasted about three million more women than our town of some fifty thousand combined male and female population. Yet in New York City my luck as far as love is concerned has been no better.

### Providence Girl Doesn't Count

To date, only one member of the weaker sex, along with my mother, as yet has not washed her hands off of me. This being the blonde lass in Providence, R. I. However, I am afraid the girl in Providence doesn't count. In the first place, she is a first cousin of mine. Secondly, on her last birthday she was only five years old. At times I wonder if the reason she still cares for me is because there are such things as birthdays and Christmas day once every year.

### Stuck by Blondes

Incidentally, throughout my fruitless career as a romanticist, I have stuck to blondes and blondes only. That is, until last Autumn, when the trend in milladys hair went from blonde to a dark shade of red. That switch from yellow to red left me in quite a predicament. There were weeks without end when I couldn't get to see blonde regardless of how intensely I looked for one. So I countered by no longer excluding myself in favor of any one particular color.

### May Remain a Bachelor

But after what happened last night, women with hair blonde, brown, red, black or any other hue that in the future may become stylish, will not receive so much as a tumble from me. Yes,

## UKRAINIAN FARMERS IN THE UNITED STATES

By WASYL HALICH

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

(3)

### Pennsylvania

In Pennsylvania the Ukrainian farmers are scattered. Some of them are former urban residents who disliked city life and turned back to the soil. In mining regions from which the coal has been removed, the mining companies have sold land to their former workers, the Ukrainian, Slovak, and other Slavic immigrants, at a very low price. Very often the growing timber was worth the price paid for the land. It supplied lumber for farm buildings, and often there was also some for sale. This sort of land is usually hilly, but many of the Ukrainians were accustomed to such topography, having come from the Carpathian region of the homeland. At first, they sought part-time work in the mines, but as mining receded farther and farther from their homes, they had to devote their full time to farming. Through hard work by the entire family they were able to sustain themselves, and today they continue to cultivate their hilly farms intensively wherever possible, and to raise cattle, hogs, and sheep. Besides these individual farmers scattered through the State, there are large Ukrainian agricultural communities at Doylestown and Albion, the latter having nearly seventy families. In these communities every farmer owns his farm, and few of them are mortgaged. The crops are widely diversified.

### Protestant refugees

The Protestant refugees who fled from the province of Kiev to escape the religious persecution of Czar Alexander III and the Russian Orthodox Church constitute an important as well as interesting element of the Ukrainian immigration. Some of them came to America as early as 1885 and 1887. They worked in the manufacturing district of Philadelphia until they had accumulated sufficient money, and then they began farming near Yale, Virginia, in 1894. A number of Ukrainian farmers also settled at York, Virginia, and at Curtis Bay, Maryland. Their farms consist of 10 to 40 acres of partly cleared land with poultry as the chief source of income. Many of the families still rely primarily on the cities for their earnings. Several are storekeepers, bakers, and contractors.

### Unscrupulous agents

Occasionally unscrupulous agents of steamship companies ignored the destination selected by Ukrainian emigrants and sold them tickets on ships to places far distant from where they had expected to go. Two of the agents, Potocki and Missler, of the North German Lloyd line, surpassed all others in this evil doing. Some were even transported to the Hawaiian Islands where they were reduced to a position of servitude on the plantations. Finally, through the threatened intervention of the United States Government, they were set free, and several migrated at once to San Francisco.

In this way many of the Ukrainians who had no intention

I am seriously contemplating on remaining in Bachelorhood. From this day on there shall be no more woman chasing on my part. As far as I am concerned, the mademoiselles can go chase themselves.

DIMITRI HORBAYCHUK.

of settling in the Southern States found themselves stranded there. In 1896, nineteen families from East Galicia were routed to Georgia by Missler rather than to Canada as they had planned. Within a few months four of these families made their way to Philadelphia where they brought charges before the Austrian consul against the North German Lloyd Company. The others, however, remained in Georgia, and having purchased abandoned plantation land near Nitra, they turned to fruit raising.

### Texas

In the same year, agents of the North German Lloyd Company shipped a large group to Texas instead of to Canada where they had expected to take up homesteads. On reaching Texas the poor immigrants discovered the treachery. As there was no free land available and they had to do something at once, they turned to the cotton plantations, the railroads, and the coal mines. While looking for work, they discovered Polish communities and settled near them. Since they had no ready cash to buy farms, they rented abandoned plantation land on a share basis. Most of them are still renters. The largest Ukrainian farm settlements in Texas are near Bremond, Anderson, Marlin, New Waverly, Schulenburg, and Dundee. In most of these communities they raise tobacco, cotton, and grain.

Many of the Ukrainians were not contented in Texas. The most frequent complaints were against the heat, the poor water, and the snakes. When Oklahoma was opened to settlement, they, in company with thousands of native Americans, rushed there, and Oklahoma now has several hundred Ukrainian farmers, the largest settlements being at Harrah and Jones. Arkansas and Missouri have a number of widely scattered Ukrainian farmers. In the latter State, there are large groups in the mining region near Desloge and St. Francois.

### Michigan and Wisconsin

Michigan and Wisconsin have received Ukrainian farmers for nearly forty years. In Michigan, the Ukrainian communities are found at Copenish, Fruitport, Pinconning, and Saline. Here most of the Ukrainians bought wooded land without buildings and converted it into fruit and corn (in the American sense) farms, and there are now over two hundred families living on them. When the Ukrainians began to settle in Wisconsin in the late nineties, about the only land available at low price was the cut-over land in the northern part. They helped each other clear away the stumps and underbrush, and eventually, after years of hardship, they came to enjoy a moderate degree of prosperity. The early settlers are now well-to-do, having large farms and spacious buildings. In the settlements at Clayton, Lublin, and Thorp, the farms vary in size from 80 to 1,000 acres. Although the farmers here experiment with many crops, the chief income is derived from dairy products. Later comers have not fared so well. After the World War many Ukrainians left the cities and purchased farms in Ohio, Indiana, and a few in Illinois. The Bolegay, a Ukrainian real-estate agency in Chicago, placed scores of families

## ATTENTION NEW YORK TRACKMEN

First call for Ukrainian trackmen in New York City who are interested in participating in the First Ukrainian National and Field Championship Games sponsored by the U. Y. L. of N. A., to be held in Philadelphia on Labor Day, in conjunction with the league's 4th congress. Dual meets with track teams of other nationalities are pending. The stronger the turnout the greater the chance for victory, so get your spikes out of hock and let's see you get into your stride.

Novices—watch future issues of the Ukrainian Weekly for information regarding the day tryouts are to be held.

Address all mail to

MICHAEL WASYLYK,  
35-41 Crescent Street  
Astoria, L. I.

## TURCHYN ROCHESTER CHAMPION

One of the outstanding high school runners of Rochester is a Ukrainian-American. He is Peter Turchyn of Franklin High School. Pete is last year's champion for the 100 yard dash and the 220 yard dash.

Recently during the Interscholastic League Championships, Turchyn shattered the Franklin Field record for the 100 yard dash when he sped over the distance in 10.2 seconds. Pete held the old mark of 10.4 seconds with two other school-boys.

However, in bettering the old mark, the victory was a costly one for Turchyn because he finished up lame and this prevented him from competing in the 220 yard, another one of his specialties.

## UKRAINIAN GIRL WINS ART AWARD

One of the chief attractions of the Art Fellowship Exhibition held in Kolbourn Hall promenade in Rochester, N. Y. several weeks ago was a sculptured portrait head by Olga Stadyk, local Ukrainian girl, which won first award among the entries for this exhibition. Another Ukrainian exhibitor there was Mary Stadyk, secretary of the Fellowship.

The exhibition was held in conjunction with American Composers Festival. Dr. Howard Hanson, conductor of the festival, in inviting the exhibition dwelt upon the analogy between sculptural form and music.

Rochester Times-Union.

## UKRAINIAN PROGRAM IN SAYRE, PA.

A program entitled "A Trip Around the World" was presented several weeks ago by the students of Sayre (Pa.) High School under the direction of Miss Iva Lord. Of the number of nationalities represented in it the Ukrainian group made the finest impression. Their presentation consisted of a mythical stop in Ukraine heralded by the playing of the Ukrainian national anthem on the piano by Miss Stella Durance. Then came a sketch entitled "Friends At Home," in which the Misses H. Tsybulsky and P. Durance, dressed in Ukrainian costumes, exhibited some beautiful Ukrainian hand-embroidered articles (made by Mrs. Tsybulsky), conversed in the Ukrainian tongue (to give the spectators an opportunity to hear what it was like) and finally, danced several typical Ukrainian dances, such as the Hopak Kolem, Chumak, and Kolomeyka. Bringing the program to a close was a violin solo by Miss N. Durance of Prysovsky's "Ukrainian Dumka," with Miss Carpenter at the piano.

J. H. and H. D.

on land in Indiana and nearby States. The depression beginning in the late twenties drove many of them from the cities.

(To be concluded)