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VOL. IV

YOUTH TODAY

AND WHO ARE YOUTH?

"There ought to be a law which provides that nobody can attempt to speak for 'American youth' without first producing a convincing birth certificate," writes the well-known columnist, Heywood Brown, in The New York World-Telegram.

"Under the present order anybody who does not have to be wheeled on to the platform assumes the privilege of leaping up to announce what the boys and girls of this country want from the government."

A nice example of this tendency Mr. Heywood Brown claims to have observed at the late Republican convention in Cleveland. A lady delegate, who was a pleasant and personable woman who bore her middle forties with grace and fortitude, "advanced briskly to the speaker's desk and I was all for her until she began, 'We young people of America—'"

UNIVERSITY OFFERS MODEL SCHOOL

A six-week demonstration school, including elementary, junior and senior high school classes, will be conducted by the School of Education of New York University during the Summer months.

Pupils will be gathered from the various parochial, private and public schools of Greater New York. Classes will start July 7 and continue through to August 14.

TO STUDY PROPAGANDA

A course on "Education and Public Opinion" will be given this Summer at Teachers College, Columbia University, New York. Professor Clyde R. Miller, director of the bureau of educational service, will conduct the course, which will begin on July 6 and continue six weeks.

Propaganda in education and the news will be discussed in that course.

YOUTH ASKED TO HELP BUILDING "NEW ORDER"

In her address at the commencement exercises of Radcliffe College, at Cambridge, Mass., Miss Josephine Roche, Secretary of the Treasury, emphasized the fresh equipment for leadership and the young idealism of college graduates, and appealed to them to join the older persons who are striving to break down barriers in order to build "a new order of the ages," as conceived by Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin and John Adams.

Miss Roche expressed her sympathy for young persons emerging into a "world made so hopelessly chaotic today by the grown-ups." She declared that "youth is not alone in suffering from obstructionist tactics," and that many of the older generation also had been made victims.

"A world which has been passing through such unprecedented experiences of human denials and suffering as ours, must, it would seem, emerge with infinitely more perception of our interdependence and mutual interests," she said. "It is this common field of interest that we must constantly stress and point out clearly for all to see, and for all to enter. Only so will we break down the barrier which keeps us apart in age categories, thwarting cooperative effort and understanding."

YOUNG PATRIOTS ON TRIAL

Although the press is commonly regarded as the mirror of life, still there are times when the efficacy of its reflective qualities is a matter of grave doubt. We have in mind in this connection the complete absence of reports in the American press of the trial in Lwów of twenty-three young Ukrainians of both sexes on charges of revolutionary activity against Poland. Although the trial is unusually dramatic and significant, yet American newspaper correspondents pay no heed to it. It is indeed fortunate that we have here in America a Ukrainian press to portray for us such matters, otherwise we might never know what is going on over there.

The defendants in this trial consist of young Ukrainians drawn from various walks of life, from the farm, from the city, from the poorer classes as well as from higher society. All of them are upright young men and women, well educated, and belonging to the so-called intelligentsia. They now find themselves before the Polish court simply because of their Ukrainian patriotic activities.

The specific charge brought against them is membership in the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists,—an organization which arose in those dark days immediately after the World War when the newly arisen Western Ukrainian Republic, attacked on all sides by its various enemies, was finally overthrown by Polish forces; but only after the latter were aided by Allied help, especially by French money, ammunition, supplies, equipment, and generals. The OUN strives by revolutionary means to regain this lost independence for the Ukrainian people. And that is why Poland makes every effort to stamp it out.

Although no one can deny to Poland the right to bring to trial any of its subjects accused of conspiring against it—even though this conspiring takes the form of Ukrainians seeking to regain that which rightfully belongs to them—still everyone does expect that such a trial will be conducted according to elementary rules of justice and court procedure, that the defendants will be given the right to defend themselves, to explain to the court and jury why they committed the act they are charged with, namely, entering the ranks of the OUN.

Despite such natural expectations, however, Poland has fallen down miserably in this matter of a fair trial for these twenty-three young defendants. It absolutely refuses to permit them to give any such testimony, under the penalty of additional punishment. It refuses to permit the drawing aside of the curtain that would disclose how these young Ukrainians and others of their kind were persecuted from their childhood days for their Ukrainian nationalistic aspirations; how difficult Poland makes it for Ukrainian youth in general to obtain an education, simply because of their nationality; how well nigh impossible Poland makes for Ukrainian professional men and women to make a living without renouncing their nationality; and how even today it forbids in schools the use of the word—Ukrainian.

And yet, not satisfied with denying to these defendants their fundamental rights, Poland also makes every effort to make their trial as secret as possible. Especially do the Polish authorities forbid the reporting by newspapermen of any testimony given at the trial that might inure to the benefit of the Ukrainian cause.

It is apparent that what Poland fears most is that the outside world might learn of the heroic attitude of the defendants and their devotion to Ukrainian ideals. This is borne out by the admission of Polish officials themselves, when they expressed their fear that news of this trial might have unpleasant repercussions for Polish reputation abroad.

This latter fact, of course, might serve as an excuse to the American press for its complete failure to report this trial. However, secret trials in other countries have always been quite well publicized, and this one could be too. But whether it is or not, our young people here should make it their business to inform the American public of what their kinsmen in their native land have to suffer under Polish and other foreign misrule.

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.

UYL-NA MAILS TO CLUBS BOOKLETS ABOUT SHEVCHENKO

Pursuant to its policy of sending to American-Ukrainian youth clubs books and booklets in the English language dealing with Ukraine and Ukrainians, the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America through the medium of its Cultural Center will mail out this coming week copies of the newly-published booklet by Prof. V. Doroshenko entitled "Taras Shevchenko—Bard of Ukraine," dealing with the life and works of Ukraine's greatest poet. It is published by the "Obiednanye."

Written in English, with a preface by Prof. C. A. Manning of Columbia University, and containing translated excerpts of Shevchenko's poetry, this booklet should prove to be of considerable value to our youth. It is being sent absolutely free of charge to youth clubs, with the sole stipulation that it be read at the meetings and discussed.

Any youth club that does not receive this book or that has not received any of those previously sent out should immediately notify the Ukrainian Cultural Center of the UYL-NA, in care of Miss Mary Ann Bodnar, Secy., 341 E. 17th St., New York City.

"STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES"

A brochure that should prove to be of considerable value to our youth is "Strangers Within Our Gates," written in English by Rev. Leo. I. Sembratovich, Ukrainian Catholic priest of Detroit, Mich., with a foreword by Bishop Michael J. Gallagher of Detroit. The author, well known for his studies in the Oriental liturgies of the Catholic Church, presents in this brochure an instructive exposition of the various rites of the Catholic Church and dwells considerably upon the Byzantine or Greek rite of the Ukrainian Catholics. There are interesting sections dealing with the Ukrainian calendar, style of church buildings, the iconostas, the antiminsion, the analogion or tetrapod, liturgical books, liturgical vestments, church music, liturgies, the sacraments, etc.

IVAN FRANKO

By S. S.

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

"Thoughts in the Night"

Of the several poems written by Franko in 1880 that enter into his cycle of *Nichni Duml* (Thoughts in the Night) two are especially noteworthy, namely: *Neperehyadnoyu yurboyu idut za dnyami dnyi moyi* (In endless multitudes my days go by) and *Chl olovo wazhke pilwe u moyikh zhilakh* (Does lead flow within my veins). Both of them are written in a pessimistic vein.

In the first Franko writes that the days of his life that go by like endless multitudes, are as terrifyingly monotonous as the oily clouds that move sluggishly over his head. Without action, without thought, with his hands folded, his whole being becomes petrified, and thus passes away his youth, like that clear river of the steppe that disappears in desert sands. And so, he bitterly concludes:

Гинь, гинь, хоч жити ще не встиг,
І слід загниє за тобою,
Розсипнегся, мов сніг весною —
Лиш в серці тиск важкого болю
Єдиний слід минулих днів.

(Perish, disappear like snow at the coming of spring, and all traces of you shall perish too; only the pain within your heart will remain to remind you of your bygone days.)

In the second poem Franko wonders whether perhaps lead instead of blood flows within his veins, whether some hand has stopped the action of his brain and dammed up the stream of his thought,—for:

Так важко, звільна хвиля, годни дав
Повзуть безбарвні, непроглядні стада!
І дух у тілі, багачись, зомліє...

(So sluggishly do these minutes, hours, and days crawl, like some colorless, and boundless herds! The spirit, indeed, has fainted away...)

"Excelsior"

A thought and spirit provoking cycle of Franko's poetry is the *Excelsior*, which includes the previously mentioned *Naimyt* and *Kamentari*. In 1880 Franko added two more to this collection, they are *Khristos i Khrest* (Crucifix) and *Chowen* (Boat).

The first is a symbolic exposition of the poet's views on the struggle between the old and the new order. It recounts a legend of how in a field beside the roadside there stood an ancient cross bearing an effigy of Christ on it, and how it hung there until weakened by the blasts of wind the nails broke and Christ fell to the ground, and how there on the ground the grasses joyfully embraced Him while flowers en-

twined themselves about His head to form a chaplet, and how thus on nature's living bosom, blood, wounds and tears all washed away, Christ in peace reposed, until some pious souls perceived Him there and straightway they picked him from the grasses and flowers and lifted Him on high again, but since they had no nails to transfix the pierced hands they took bonds made of wheatstraw and thus bound Him to the cross again.

This legend Franko likens to those devout souls of today who perceiving how from Calvary's wood of suffering, from empty worship, from the sacrificial smoke and meaningless ceremony, from falsehoods, blood and tears, in a word,—how from the cross Christ comes down among the people and in so doing becomes a man, closer, nearer to us, and by His holy example leads us to freedom,—upon seeing this, these devout souls strive mightily to pluck Christ from among the people and ever with bonds of falsehoods tie Him once more to the cross. This last part is worth reading in its original form:

Тек побожні пересуди,
Бачучи за наших днів,
Як з старого древа смерті,
Із почитання богів,
З диму жертв, з тьми церемоній,
Із обман, крові і сльоз,
Словом — як з хреста старого
Сходять між людей Христос,
І як, ставши чоловіком,
Ближчий, вищий нам стає
І святим приміром своїм
Нас до волності веде,
Силуються понад людськість,
Будь-що-будь, підняти Христа,
І хоч брехні перевеслом
Прив'язати до хреста.

(To be continued)

"Well now, what do you want of me?"

"Nothing," I replied. "I am fortunate enough that you are looking at me."

She laughed outright: "I must say that you certainly are most unusual. But tell me, what do you intend doing?"

"I do not know."

"Did your parents leave you much?"

"I do not know. Probably no money, only land, a farm."

"How much could it be worth about?"

"I can't say. Probably three or four thousand."

"Hm!"

She paced the room thoughtfully, and then turned to me:

"What do you intend doing with your estate?"

"I don't know."

"Perhaps you want to take up farming? And maybe you want me to go with you, become a peasant woman and feed the geese and hogs?"

Startled I stared at her. Such a wish appeared to me to be absurd, unthinkable.

"Come, now, say something. Think."

With both hands she shook me by the shoulders.

"I shall do anything you say," I whispered.

"Yes? Well, that's fine. For that I like you. Here!" And she leaned over and kissed me on the forehead. At the touch of her lips my blood quickened.

"Listen, then!" she said, sitting down again alongside me and drawing me close to her with her left hand. "I like you. Do you want to come with me?"

"Where?"

"Into the wide world. I have no intention of remaining in this cursed L'viv. This is not the place for me. Here I am Kitty and nothing else. But I am ambitious. I feel within myself strength, talent, spirit. Do you want to help me escape this wretched place?"

"I'll sacrifice everything to help you!" I exclaimed ardently.

She gave me a side glance of slight amusement.

"Why, you're even good looking when you're not souring. I like to see such gallantly in young men. Here..."

And taking my face in her hands she kissed me full on the lips. The room whirled about me. A most delicious feeling of ecstasy filled my heart. I felt as if I would faint from the very power of it.

"Listen, carefully, then," she continued. "A week from today I am leaving L'viv. I simply must, for I can't stand it here any longer. If you want to accompany me, then be ready by that time. Liquidate all your affairs, sell your estate for the best price you can get. Do the best that you can. A week from today I shall be waiting for you, here in this room. If you don't come by that time, I will not be here any more, and no one shall know where I've gone. Were it not for you, were it not for the fact that I felt attracted to you from the very start, were it not for what I read in the papers about you, I would have left last week yet. Do you understand now? Here, kiss me and go and do what you think is best. I am not forcing you to do anything; I shall only wait for you. If you want to taste the fruits of happiness with me, then come. And now—good night."

I fervently kissed her lips and hands and left bereft of all will power, completely her slave. My fate was already sealed, and it did not even occur to me that I could possibly do anything to change it. (To be continued)

BÄTKIVSCHENA

By IVAN FRANKO

(Continued)

(Translated by S. S.)

VI

Opanas paused a moment in his recital, regained his breath, wiped the beads of perspiration off his forehead, and after ascertaining that I had not fallen asleep, continued:

"I awoke in the hospital. There they told me I had been in a coma for two weeks. The janitor had heard my groaning and called the police who forced open the door and finding me unconscious had taken me to the hospital. Both telegrams as well as a few letters that had come later I found in the drawer of the night table alongside my bed. One telegram read: 'I bless you. Your Father.' The other one notified me of my father's death. One of the letters was from the village scrivener who wrote of how my father had caught typhus and then my mother a few days later, how both of them called for me and had telegrams sent urging me to hurry home, and how finally my father died and a few days later my mother. The scrivener then informed me that since my father had willed everything he owned to me it would be best for me to hurry home as quickly as possible in order to settle the estate.

I finished reading these telegrams and letters and felt a little strange. It seemed to me that all I had read was nothing new to me, that I had known it right along, that I had been at my father's funeral, that I had received my mother's blessings,—in a word, that I had experienced everything that one usually does at such occasions. And thus I did not feel any unusual emotion when I finished reading. It was as if something had happened that

had to happen. In fact, I began to breathe a trifle easier, as if some manner of bonds that had kept me tied down had now suddenly snapped, leaving me to fly wherever I wished, to start my whole life anew, to do that which I dared not do before. And as for Kitty, I forgot all about her. She no longer existed for me.

I was forced to remain a few more days in the hospital before I obtained my discharge from it. However when I found myself outside in the street in the cold wintry air, when for the moment my eyes became blinded by the glare of the snow on the ground, in that very moment I was overwhelmed by a wild desire to see Kitty again, to find her, to lay at her feet everything I owned. With uncertain steps I made my way to where she lived on *Virmensky Street* and took my stand in front of her house in the hope of seeing her emerge. For several hours I stood there until finally I had to start pacing up and down the street in order to keep from freezing. Suddenly I saw her. She was coming from the direction of the market. Abashed and stricken dumb I stood rooted to the spot. Approaching she glanced toward me, smiled slightly, paused, appeared to reflect over something, and then coming closer said:

"Come with me."

I started in wonder, as if someone had struck me. Nevertheless I followed her mechanically. On the second floor I found her, a lighted candle in her hand, awaiting me. I paused in indecision. She took my hand and drew me after her, whispering:

"Come."

I entered her room. She closed the door and invited me to take off my overcoat and sit down. Her quarters consisted of one large airy room and a niche, in which stood a bed. The apartment was furnished as a salon, everything about it bespeaking simple but fine taste. A most delicious feeling of warmth crept over me; whether it was of the room itself or her personality I do not know. She took off her wraps and hat, revealing herself dressed in a stylish woolen dress, with her hair done up in a most charming manner. Her face was in complete repose, without the slightest trace of any worry on it. She moved about easily, with a grace that instantly captivated me. After adjusting her hair before the mirror and then the flowing tie she wore beneath her throat, as if to give me time to compose myself, she finally stood before me. Looking into my eyes, with a half-smile on her lips, she asked softly:

"Do you love me?"

I made no reply but seized her hands and passionately kissed them. Tears welled in my eyes.

She sat down on the chair beside me and embracing me drew my head to her breast. I sobbed softly.

"Now, now my little fool," she said. "I knew it all along. But why didn't you come immediately, when Natalie told you where I lived? Did you first have freeze nearly to death?"

Surprised, I looked at her.

"Yes, I know everything. I read about you in the papers. Even about the fact that your parents died."

Only now I realized that the telegrams and letters I had read in the hospital had been already opened. How was it, I wondered, that I had not detected that immediately? Meanwhile she had risen, stirred the fire in the stove, turned the lamp wick a little higher to give more light, and again stood before me.

OUR MOTHER

[To remind our readers that care and devotion lavished upon our mothers should not be limited only to Mother's Day, we publish the following. Edit.]

Motherhood has been exalted above all other stations in life. All the beautiful madonnas of art bespeak the glory and beauty of motherhood. Christianity has placed the motherhood of Virgin Mary on the rank of saint and we pray to her loving mother-heart for comfort.

Motherhood is a long period of unselfishness, a Christ-like quality of character. From the hour of birth, a mother's greatest aim in life is to care for, and protect her child. This feeling never wholly leaves the mother-heart, and that is why she suffers so keenly when disappointed in her children. For the proper development of the child, mothers should guard against giving up too much and too often for growing children. Mothers of today train their children to appreciate the sacrificing love of parents and train them to see the need of mutual sacrifice in the home. What is more satisfying than a thoughtful child, and what reflects greatest credit on the intelligence of the parents?

Motherhood, or more broadly speaking parenthood—is a life of discipline. How earnestly and unselfishly they work to provide clean and proper home surroundings. And what a struggle to teach the child his or her part in keeping the home clean! In the child's early life comes the discipline that will show to the world what sort of patient training the parents have given their children.

In the health care of our children the school is like a foster parent and home.

Parents today cooperate with school-nurses and doctors in the care of the children. It is a wise mother who wins the battle for ten hours sleep when they are little and will not be so apt to have late street walking children when they grow up. The mothers of our nation who take part in the great organization of the Parent-Teacher-Association, are our greatest hope today in subduing the restlessness of our youth, caused by the uncertainty of unemployment. It is the mothers' loving heart who keeps the home together, if only to share the humblest. Parent is the child's pattern, who sets a good example. It is sad but true, that some of the lawlessness of youth today can be traced to the bad example of some parents. Obedience and respect for law is the first duty of every citizen of a self-governing state, and I am proud to say that statistics prove that Ukrainian people are law abiding citizens and train their children to be the same.

New emphasis on Mother's Day this year. We are trying to make the people of America realize that America's death rate for mothers who die in child birth is higher than in many other countries. Over 15,000 mothers last year didn't answer the roll call on Mother's Day in United States. They died having babies. At least 10,000 could have been saved if people knew the importance of maternity care. Out of 22 countries the maternity death rate in the United States is the highest. This is a frightful waste of life, at the time the mother is most needed. What is more pitiful than a baby infant without a mother? Therefore, prenatal care should be given to the expectant mother. Period of

RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

English-Speaking Union?

The Manchester Guardian some two months ago discussed in a lengthy editorial Mr. H. L. Mencken's article in the Yale Review, in which he spoke of the unwillingness of the custodians of English on the other side of the Atlantic to absorb the vigorous new words and phrases coined by Americans.

"The Guardian" sees the advisability of adopting into the English language some Americanisms, but objects to an indiscriminate adoption of some others. "In the United States," writes the "Guardian," "job holder" may be a better description than is 'public servant' of one type of worker, but it does not follow that it would be better in another country; much depends on the conditions on which jobs in the public service are attained and held."

"Famous Swindler, Now 69, Held Again"

Thus is the leader of a news item in The New York Times, of June 4, 1936.

The use of the the word "famous" in connection with a swindler, even if he happened to be known for personal charm rather for his ability to swindle, strikes me as a licence.

"Fame," James C. Fernald says, "in its best sense may be defined as the applause of numbers. We speak of the conqueror's fame." There is, of course, an evil fame, but why not use "notoriety"?

"Novelist" in Ukrainian and English

Speaking of the death of Gilbert K. Chesterton, Ukrainian papers called him *невеііст*.

Of course, the Ukrainian word is of the same origin as the English word "novelist." Both come basically from the same words, namely the Latin adjective NOVELLUS, a diminutive of NOVUS, new.

However, the Ukrainians took from the Italian language NOVELLA, which corresponds to the English SHORT-STORY, and so in the Ukrainian "novelist" is one one who writes short-stories. The English, on the other hand, took from the French the word NOVELLE, which denotes a narrative of greater length, and so the NOVELIST came to mean in English a writer of longer works of fiction. The Ukrainian calls the NOVELIST—*новіістар*.

The Swashers

Under such a title the well-known English essayist Ivor Brown writes in the London "Observer" an interesting essay on the cricket season, and incidental-

growth, proper food and clothing and good habits, assures a strong healthy mother and child. We are apt to pass on from parent to child our likes and dislikes and prejudices. We can do so much in our contact with our friends by telling them how important this period is. There are many free agencies and clinics to give help at this time and save this pitiful waste of life. Let all who have the great privilege of being mothers, always remember that the "hand, that rocks the cradle rules the world."

Our mother's wrinkled brows are caused by worry over us 365 days a year, so let us spend every day of the year thinking of, and caring for her, too!

ANNETTE L. KMIETZ,
Yonkers, N. Y.

ly, on the striking words used in the game.

"Gregory, remember thy swashing blow." So was the servant tarred on the battle in the brawling of the Capulets and Montagues. Swashing. It is a good, rich word. The braggart swashed his buckler and the brave man swashed his foe. In the Lexicon of the nineteenth century we come to slams, swipes, slashes, slashes, and slogs. Swipe, perhaps, is the best of them, but the word has been insulted by its application (in the plural) to the feeblest tittle, whereas it should obviously be kept for the strongest. It emerges from all this that we insist upon a sibilant to give the effect of descending blow; swash, swipe, swish, and swat; smite, slog, and slam. The biffs and bashes and beats and batters must take second place in this tourney of alliterative violence."

The Ukrainian language imitates the sounds of blows in a similar manner, but it renders them more often with the sibilant "sh" or "sh" than with "s": swash—швиі, швиігати, швиігнути, цвохати, цвохкати, цвох.

Zionchek Again

I noticed that Polish papers, writing of the "stormy petrel of the American congress," spell his name not only in the original Polish manner Zsżczek, but also in the usual American manner Zionchek.

Why the Congressman in question choose to spell his name Zionchek, we understand perfectly. He meant of course that the Americans, with a little coaching on his part, will read it in three syllables as Zi-on-chek, which would be almost exact pronunciation of the Polish word "zajczek." By doing so, however, he placed his Polish friends in a predicament: writing of him in Polish newspapers, they naturally used the American spelling, but then they exposed themselves to the possibility that their readers would read this word in a Polish fashion, which is two syllables as Zionchek, in which case the Poles themselves might not recognize their representative.

The trouble arises from the very fact that both English and Polish use the same alphabet, but each of them enunciates the same signs in a different manner. When the Pole spells his name in the Polish fashion the English will pronounce the word differently than the Poles would, and should then the Pole try spell his name in such a manner as to make the English read the name in his manner, then the Poles would often read this name in a different manner.

AN INVITATION

"Summer is a coming in" and so is the annual deluge of enticing pamphlets and gayly illustrated booklets expounding the beauties of the mountains, the seashore and the woods. From their descriptions and illustrations we can almost hear the pine trees whisper to us from some lofty mountain peak, or revel in the coolness of the ocean waves, or feel the peace and awing majesty of the deep forests, or thrill to the bright lights of a big city. Then too, we mustn't forget that the Ukrainian Youth Congresses call us to Philadelphia this year also. Where, oh, where, shall we go?

No matter where you finally decide to spend your vacation, the Ukrainian National Association extends its invitation to you to visit our building. If you plan to be in or anywhere near Jersey City (or on your way to or from the Philadelphia Ukrainian Youth Congresses) just drop in at 81-83 Grand Street and see for yourself why we are proud of our building and want you to see it too. We'll show you the murals on the walls of our lobby that are reproductions of paintings of Ukrainian scenes. Perhaps the Ukrainian borders on our ceilings will catch your eye too. (Many a fair damsel has sat down and sketched the design to embroider it later on a blouse or towel.) Then we'll make a stop in the reception and meeting room of the U. N. A., where the annual board of directors' meetings are held. Here are hung many informative maps of Ukraine that came from Europe and were on display at the World's Fair in Chicago. The editors' department will be our next stop to see what happens to your article that you sent in and then to the press room with the "big press" that prints the "Svoboda" and the "Ukrainian Weekly" and the "little presses" that print books, magazines, tickets, throwaways and other miscellany. Our bookshop will be our last stop so that you can browse around. We have the largest collection of Ukrainian books in the country, as well as many books about Ukraine in the English language. We could go endlessly telling you what you would see, but we'd much rather have you come and see for yourself.

This house that holds the Ukrainian National Association is not the house that Jack built, but is the house that tens of thousands of Ivans and Wasyls and Marys, all Ukrainians, have built over a period of 40 years. It is a center for their membership in the Association and is THEIR creation. Perhaps some of those who come here will be inspired with the progress made by our parents and will begin to plan and work for further progress to equal theirs. And in time to come there may arise (to use a typical American phrase) a "bigger and better" Ukrainian center.

Whether you want to be inspired or not, come anyway and be met with true Ukrainian hospitality by the Association, the "Svoboda" and the "Weekly."

M. A. B.

BARGAINS FROM OUR BOOKSHOP

Would you pay a penny for a song? 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?

Then purchase a copy of the 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.

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¢. Music by John Seman and his Blue Falcon Orchestra. Tickets for sale at the Club Room, 59 St. Mark's Place, New York City.

Extracts from the Press

UKRAINE AND THE ROMAN EMPIRE

In a leading article in the "Daily Express" on May 11th, 1936, reference was made to the fact that in 400 A. D. Ukraine was part of the Roman Empire together with Britain, Turkey, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Palestine, Egypt and all the Northern coasts of Africa.

HOUSING IN U.S.S.R.

So much has been written about the "paradise" in which the workers live in U.S.S.R. that too much prominence cannot be given to the report by Sir Walter Citrine, General Secretary of the Trades Union Congress, published in "Labour," May 1936. The facts recorded are the result of a meticulous survey and are certainly not in any way likely to be exaggerated.

"There is not the least doubt that the present housing program, extensive as it is, is not only not catching up with arrears but is not even keeping pace with the growth of population... Neither at Leningrad, Moscow, Gorki, Dnieproges, Kharkov or Baku, could I find any evidence of overcoming the shortage... In the country districts, too, the congestion is rather terrible. Several times I asked the Russian officials with whom I came in contact to show me some new housing which had been provided by the Soviets for the peasants. But not in a single instance was this done. I was told that the peasants looked after themselves. In other words, that they built their own houses... In my travels I could not see much evidence of new building of any kind in the villages..."

"We then drove in the motor-car towards the October district. Here, again, there were many slums on the hillside. The wretched state of the houses had to be seen to be believed. If the inside corresponded with the outside, they surpassed for dirt and squalor any I had seen previously..."

"I saw married couples living in the same room where from fifteen to twenty single men were accommodated. More often than not, no water was laid on to these barracks, and washing had to be done outside or in a small porch, with water brought from a neighboring pump. Nor was there any provision for cooking beyond oil stoves in many of them. At Dnieproges I was told that there were 40,000 people living amidst such conditions."

"Generally, I was extremely disappointed at the inadequate housing of the people. There was nothing to come up to the standards set by the socialist municipality of Vienna in Austria. Neither as to the facilities available to the tenants or the extent of the accommodation or even from the aesthetic point of view, did the Russian apartment houses seem to me to equal that notable achievement."

"It was very discouraging to me to find the conditions I have depicted. As may be imagined, I had some difficulty in investigating conditions which are generally not obtruded on the notice of the average visitor. After eighteen years of revolution, there are people still living there in conditions scarcely fit for animals much less human beings."

"I jotted the particulars down in a notebook while I was actually in the apartments, so that what is recorded here does not depend in the slightest degree for its accuracy upon my memory."

(Ukrainian Bureau, London)

WANTED: Bright young man, law student, to clerk in law office. Please write, stating age, qualifications, salary expected and hours available. Room 1904, 401 Broadway, Manhattan. 143

UKRAINIAN FARMERS IN THE UNITED STATES

By WASYL HALICH

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

(Concluded)

The Dakotas

The Ukrainian farm element in North Dakota has an interesting history. The members of the first group to arrive there came by way of Canada in 1896 and 1897. They had intended to settle in the Dominion, but, disliking their immediate prospects, they were persuaded by Dakota agents to try the plains. In some cases their transportation was paid. These first settlers were from East Galicia, and they settled on land that later became known as the towns of Belfield and Wilton.

A group of the Protestant refugees already referred to met a co-religionist, a Ukrainian-German named Peter Zeller, on shipboard who dissuaded them from going to Virginia as they had planned and took them with him to Trip, South Dakota. At the close of the winter, many took trains for Harvey, North Dakota. Ten families, however, bought horses, wagons, seeds, and other necessities to start farming in a new country, and trekked there in covered wagons, reaching their destination after plowing through mud for two weeks. They filed homestead claims in McHenry and McLean counties, and several of these pioneers, still living in Kief and its vicinity, frequently tell of the hardships of their trip and the first years in North Dakota. They wrote to friends and relatives in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Ukraine, and as a result hundreds soon joined them, the largest number coming directly from the province of Kiev in the Ukraine. Within fifteen years the Ukrainian element rose to about eight thousand.

The climate and soil of this region resemble those of the Ukraine, and because the land was free and there was freedom of religion, North Dakota became the haven of the Ukrainian Protestants. They settled on a strip of land about 40 miles in length and about 15 miles in width, through which the Soo Railroad was built in 1908. The population is solidly Ukrainian with only rarely a Norwegian or a German farmer. In the central-western part of the State, Ukrainian immigrants occupy about half of Billings and Dunn counties. Much smaller groups live in Williams, Barnes, Trail, and Pembina counties. In 1933, they numbered close to ten thousand. South

A TRIBUTE TO MILTON

On wings of pale-checked dawn
You came for just a day
To inspire the forlorn
And reason with the gay.
For this—your priceless aim—
Your reward, now, is fame.

In profound solitude
You perused the classics;
Then did your life seem crude—
As crude as a Cynic's,
But at length you decreed
That your talents be freed.

Your sage and learned quill
Their penned gold-gilded verse
That to us fore'er will
Be inspiration's nurse.
And when this task was done,
The Fates sighed, "Be thou gone!"

And thus when Hesperus,
And sable-tressed night tolled
Your destined leave from us,
You responded when called.
As the sun reaps the dew,
Thus, brother, Death claimed
you.

MYRON RUZYLA.

Dakota likewise has a large Ukrainian population, but they settled among farmers of other nationalities and did not form compact groups.

Coming from the steppes of the Ukraine, these immigrants were well fitted for life on the plains of North Dakota, and it did not take them long to become accustomed to the climate and conditions there. Their first few years, as with all pioneers, were filled with hardship. When the land was hilly, the enormous deposits of drift stones had to be removed. In some regions there was trouble with the ranchers. However, endurance, hard labor, and thrift brought a measure of prosperity and progress. Sod houses were replaced by wooden structures, horses by tractors, and buggies and wagons by automobiles and trucks. Instead of their original 160-acre tracts, most Ukrainian farmers now have 320, 480, and even 640 acres. Several own three and four sections each. While subduing the wilderness these Ukrainians did not neglect the education of their children; neither did they limit it to the three "R's" and consequently, they produced people prepared to hold higher positions in life.

A few of the Ukrainian farmers in North Dakota and other States have sought to better themselves by turning to business in nearby villages. The most common enterprises that have interested them are grain elevators, grocery and hardware stores, farm implement shops, and in recent years, gasoline stations. A number have been quite successful. Others have become carpenters, shoemakers, or barbers, each according to his taste and ability. In nearly every case, they have proved capable and have made a success of their work. Probably the most successful rural business men are those at Kief, Butte, and Max, North Dakota.

During the World War many of the Dakota Ukrainians moved to Montana. The largest and oldest Ukrainian settlement there is at Scobey. It was started by a group that came by way of Canada about 1897. There are also farming communities at Sand Creek and Larlan, and farther west, near Giltedge, several Ukrainians have ranches.

The Ukrainians hold a definite place among the immigrant farm groups of the United States. There are nearly 3,800 Ukrainian families, or 26,000 individuals, living in eighty-five rural communities, and about one-third as many more on widely scattered farms throughout the country. Nearly all of these communities are sufficiently large to maintain churches, schools, or other forms of social organization. The Ukrainians have sought social as well as economic progress, and its achievement is manifested by schools and some forty-nine rural churches. Most of them have desired to give their children a good education, and as a result, many of the second and third generations are teachers, nurses, physicians and technicians. As farmers, the Ukrainians are industrious and thrifty, and cooperate with their neighbors of other nationalities, perhaps even better than they do with each other. Appreciating the opportunities that America offered them, they are ready to participate in all good works in the land of their adoption.

Ukrainian Youth Activities

"UKRAINIAN EVENING" IN JERSEY CITY

A very enjoyable "Ukrainian Evening" program was held early this month at the International Institute of Jersey City, N. J., under the auspices of the newly-organized girls' club—Ukrainian Arts Society of Jersey City. The program was arranged to suit every taste: those in search of the beauty found considerable enjoyment in the fine exhibition of Ukrainian embroidery and woodwork, loaned for the occasion by Mrs. A. Wagner, Mrs. L. Kozaczok, Mrs. N. Petryshyn, and Mildred Milano-wicz; those who are partial to dancing took part in the group dancing under a competent director of the Institute, and watched the spirited dancing of a group from the Ukrainian Dancers Club of New York City; those who were musically inclined joined in the singing around the piano, led by the jovial William Gela, who introduced a surprise into the evening's entertainment by having some of the members of the "Lys-senko" Chorus he directs sing melodies from a Ukrainian wedding; and finally, those who were in need of refreshments found the same waiting them as a result of the efforts of Olga Mandat and the baking of Mrs. Skubova of New York City. Acting as hostesses and ably discharging their duties as such were Mrs. Anna Wagner and Mrs. Eugenia Dmy-triw.

A great deal of credit for the success of the evening should be given to the untiring efforts of the girls of this newly organized Ukrainian Arts Society, especially to its President Mildred Milano-wicz, who introduced the Ukrainian dancers as well as models wearing Ukrainian costumes, and whose warm personality helped the guests feel at home. Other officers of the club who did their share were Mrs. Mary Stehnecke, vice-pres.; Mrs. Sophie Gill, treas.; Vera Gela, sec'y; Olga Mandat, social chairman; Marie Kolesnyk, educational chairman; and Helen Milano-wicz, publicity chairman.

A GUEST.

TRACK MEET IN NEW YORK

The First Annual American-Ukrainian Field Day, sponsored by the American-Ukrainian Club Council of the City of New York, will be held at Rice Stadium, Pelham Bay Park, Bronx, at 10:30 a. m. Sunday, June 21st.

The eight clubs of the council will participate in the first athletic meet of its kind to be held in the State of New York. They are: the Ameruks, Vladimirs, Manuks, Ukrainian Junior Knowledge Society, and the Tridents, all of Manhattan; Brameruks of Brooklyn; Ukrainian Social Club of Astoria; and Club Ukraine of the Bronx.

The most honored award will Slobadin One Mile Relay Trophy to be presented by the prominent lawyer and the honorable assemblyman of the 8th A. D., Manhattan. The winning girl's combination in the 400 yard relay will be the recipients of the coveted award.

The featured trophy for the boys will be the John W. P. Slobadin One Mile Relay Trophy. The winners of the field event will be entered in the First Ukrainian National Track and Field Championship to be held in Philadelphia on Labor Day under the auspices of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

N. PAWLYSHYN.

SEEK GAMES

The Wilmington Ukrainian Lions of Delaware seek games with any first class Ukrainian baseball team in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. Sunday games are especially sought. Write to Nicholas Figun, 1222 Peach St., Wilmington, Del.