



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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VOL. IV

## HELP AMERICA WIN

In 1940, the Olympiad celebration is to be held in Japan. Four years later, the nations of the world will be assembling their teams in Rome, Italy for the XIII Olympic Games. Already, Hawaii is rostered for the 1948 Olympiad. So far, United States has continually dominated the competition, but as the years go by, America's supremacy is being challenged by the various nations who have taken quickly to the call of competition.

Every four years, the going for the United States Teams will be getting tougher and tougher. America will need stronger, swifter and more skillful material. The rising young generation of Ukrainian-American Youth, with its great resources of raw material and power, can do its share in filling the proper niche for Ukrainian American athletes. Track and Field has enjoyed an immense increase in popularity in the last few years, and, finding many enthusiasts among our Youth, it provides an ideal goal for our athletically minded Youth. Let us encourage our Youth in sports activities. And one of the means of attaining this end will be by encouraging your team members and club members to take part in the Ukrainian American Olympiad to be held in Philadelphia, on Labor Day, September 7th, in conjunction with the Fourth Ukrainian Youth's Congress sponsored by the UYL-NA. Especially, encourage the youngsters and juniors to come out, and compete under safe and healthy conditions. Some day they may be the ones who will help Uncle Sam win.

In helping America win, they will bring fame and honor to Ukraine, and they will be the ones to realize all that the following paragraphs mean:

"The five interlocking circles in the Olympic Flag represent the five great continents of the earth. Under this flag the youth of the white, black, brown, red, and yellow races meet on the common ground of competitive amateur sport. It is the peaceful pursuit of happiness for all. That is what the Olympic flag stands for without any territorial or political influence.

"The ceremonies that attend the opening of the Olympic Games every four years is an impressive occasion that sets all hearts beating in unison. To watch the Olympic flag rise, ever so slowly, over all the flags of the nations gathered on a site set aside for the Olympic field of sport is an inspiration that catches the breath and wells the eyes with tears.

"To see the flag lowered, ever so slowly, at the conclusion of the games strikes a solemn Amen that echoes deep in the human breast.

"To take part in these ceremonies is a realization that something has been attained to which we must hold fast.

"The principles for which the Olympic Flag stands are simply a world-wide expansion of the

## LESYA UKRAINKA

Perhaps there are some among you who feel that your life is not full, that it lacks certain well defined goals, or that it is not worthwhile to strive to live according to high ideals in the face of the heavy-handed materialism that rules this world. Or perhaps there are some among you whose life is being blighted by sickness, who cannot as a result enjoy any of its so-called pleasures. And perhaps there are some among you, too, who see no sense in taking an active part in organized public life, in labors dedicated to one's own people, labors that very rarely bring material rewards but more often unjust criticism and even attacks. And, finally, perhaps there are some among you who seek an ideal to pursue during life and yet cannot find it.

To such we say this: Learn the Ukrainian language well enough to be able to read the few volumes containing those pearls of poetic thought and beauty which were left for us and posterity by that remarkable woman — Lesya Ukrainka. In them you will find the answers to many of your problems. Learn the language well enough to be able to read these poems in their original form. Learn it well enough, all you of Ukrainian descent, so that you may acquaint yourself with an unusually talented woman of the Ukrainian race, one whose works are bound to adorn world literature, especially that produced by women, even in their translated form.

And while partaking of their thought-provoking and inspiring qualities be sure to acquaint the world with them and their source as well.

The very fact that this unusually gifted poetess, beset from early childhood by severe tuberculosis, tormented and weakened by it throughout her entire life, becomes in Ukrainian literature a most militant figure, one who boldly challenges fate and misfortune, who in periods of acute suffering drives away from herself all sorrow and lassitude,—shows that she was made of no ordinary clay. The very fact that such a misfortune-ridden woman calls upon us never to give in to pessimism, that she becomes the spearhead of protest against all forms of oppression, that she firmly believes in the ultimate triumph of all that is fine and just — must draw to her every just and sensitive soul. And the fact that she was at all times a realist who drove away all vain dreams, who believed in real, hard work — must impress even the most hardheaded among us.

Although in her poetry she often tread the clouds, yet from their lofty heights she saw the people as they really were. She had little pity for those who weakened and fell on the road of life; but rather she cared most for those who despite all personal and national misfortunes kept plodding on, gaining new strength and courage. Of such stuff she wished all of us to be.

She was a world traveller, a master of many languages, and as such she could have well and profitably dedicated her literary talents in behalf of other peoples; especially since she made her literary debut among her native people prematurely, when but very few understood her and her works. All this she realized. And yet, as she wrote, she could not desert her people in their troubles. And although she had hardly anyone to write for — she kept on writing, for them.

Her confidence in her ultimate victory, however, was not in vain. For she did conquer. And today, when the Ukrainian people have risen and begun their battle for freedom, the figure of Lesya Ukrainka is like a guiding star for them. And as such she will remain in Ukrainian literature and in the hearts of the Ukrainian people forever.

JOIN YOUR LOCAL BRANCH OF THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION—NOW!

## BUDGET FOR THE YOUTH'S CONGRESS AND THE OLYMPIAD

To help budget the expenses of all those of our younger generation who will attend the Fourth Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America to be held in Hotel Sylvania, Philadelphia, on September 5 and 6, 1936, and the First Ukrainian American Olympiad to be held at the Northeast Field, also in Philadelphia, on September 7th, Labor Day, — the executive committee of the UYL-NA has released the following information regarding the prices for the various privileges connected with these events.

The total fee per each delegate will be \$3.00; for the guest \$3.50. This fee will include the following privileges: 1. Registration for the Congress sessions; 2. Luncheon Saturday noon; 3. admission to Dance Saturday evening at the Ukrainian Hall; 4. admission to Banquet and Ball at the hotel Sunday evening; 5. admission to Swimming Events of the Olympiad program Monday morning; and 6. admission to the Track and Field Events of the Olympiad program Monday afternoon, followed by a Picnic at the field.

Individual prices for the above privileges will be as follows: 1. — 50 cents; 2. — \$1.00; 3. — 50 cents; 4. — \$2.00; 5. — 25 cents; 6. — 25 cents.

Rates at the hotel range from \$2.75 and up per day for single room to \$7.75 and up per day for a room accommodating five persons. Reservations will also be made at private homes.

Congress and Olympiad open to all our youth

The Fourth Ukrainian Youth's Congress, which will be held Saturday and Sunday, is open to all Ukrainian-American youth that believes in the national ideals of the Ukrainian people. Each youth club represented at it has the right to send two (2) delegates. The Congress is also open to our young people coming as guests; they will have the right to take part in the discussions and all other matters except that of voting. For further information refer to previous and coming issues of the Ukrainian Weekly and also write to Stephania Monasterska, 2347 Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia, or to Stephen Shumeyko, 97 Boyden Ave., Maplewood, N. J.

### Olympiad program

The main features of the Olympiad program, which will be held on Labor Day, are: open track & field events for members of the A.A.U.; closed track & field events for members of Ukrainian clubs; swimming events; volleyball and baseball tournament; Ukrainian ballet dancing; amusement contests; dancing — Ukrainian and American. The events will be for both junior and senior girls and boys, 12-16, and 16 up. Further information and entry blanks may be secured from Walter Nachoney, 2070 East Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

On to Philadelphia for the Labor Day weekend!

Executive Committee of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

# IVAN FRANKO

By S. S.

(12)

## Franko quits the narodovtsi

The main reason why Partitsky did not keep his promise of assigning over to Franko the journal *Zorya*, but instead donated it to the Shevchenko Society, was because Franko had taken part in the funeral of one Narodsky, who had directed that he be buried without the benefit of clergy, which act both the narodovtsi and muscophiles regarded as being of a demonstrative character and for that reason assailed all those who took part in his funeral. This hurt Franko very much, and early in 1885 he broke his connections with the narodovtsi and journeyed to Kiev, where he hoped to gain financial assistance from the local Ukrainians to launch an independent journal in L'viv. This was in keeping with the advice of Drahomaniw, who did his best to discourage Franko from working for narodovtsi publications because he knew that the publishers would not permit him to write what he thought best.

His hopes of publishing an independent journal

## His hopes of publishing an independent journal

This independent journal that Franko hoped to launch was to bear the name of *Prapor* (Banner) and its policy was to be decidedly progressive, one that would satisfy the Dnieper Ukrainians and at the same time propagate progressive ideals among the Galician Ukrainians. Despite his high expectations in this venture, however, Franko was doomed to disappointment. The journal did not materialize; mainly because the Kiev Ukrainians could not or did not raise the

necessary funds. And so Franko had to return once more to L'viv and accept the position of editor of the *Zorya*, subject, however, to the censorship of its chief editor, Alexander Borkowsky. This step so enraged Drahomaniw that for a while the relations between both of them stood in danger of permanent rupture, especially since Drahomaniw was very hostile towards the narodovtsi and belabored them at every possible occasion, as in the Polish *Prawda* (Warsaw) and the *Kraj* (Petersburg).

## His marriage

Nevertheless Franko did not forsake his dream of his own independent journal, and having made friends in Kiev during the previous visit, he decided to visit Ukraine's ancient capitol once more. His mission was again fruitless; but he brought back with him this time a wife, Olga Khoronzhinska, whom he met and married in Kiev in the spring of 1886.

The little funds that the Kievans gave him Franko used upon his return for the founding of the *Naukova Biblioteka*, which published, among others, a fine work by Pavlyk upon the libraries in Galicia. Eventually this institution became the *Literaturno-Naukova Biblioteka*, which published some of Franko's works, such as the large work concerning *Vishensky*, the poem *Death of Cain*, and a review of Shevchenko's *Perebenda*.

## Loss of editorship

Nevertheless the relations between Franko and the older generation instead of improving constantly grew worse, so that finally, in the autumn of 1886, he was discharged as editor of *Zorya* for having published in it some verses by Rudansky and a number of literary reviews by Hrinchenko, which, in the eyes of the narodovtsi, were immoral. It was of no avail that Franko had shown these contributions to the chief editor before publishing them.

## SHADOWS OF FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS

by Michael Kotsubinsky

(Translated by S. S.)

Ivan was the nineteenth child in the Hutzul family of the Paliychuks. The twentieth and last was Annichka.

No one knew — whether it was the eternal roaring of the Cheremosh River and the complaining of mountain streams that filled the lonely house on its lofty treeless summit, or whether it was the sadness of the sombre spruce forests that frightened the child; nevertheless Ivan always wept, cried out in the night, and looked at his mommy with such deep and wise-beyond-his-age eyes that she would often turn fearfully away. Sometimes, frightened, she even imagined that he was not her own child. Perhaps at childbirth she had not taken the proper precautions of exorcising the evil spirits away, had not smoked out the house properly, had not lit the right number of candles, and so the cunning witch had exchanged her brat for her son.

The child grew very slowly, yet it grew, and before they realized it they had to sew pants for it. Nevertheless its strangeness remained with it. It would stare ahead of itself, as if seeing something distant and unseen to others, or it would start crying without the slightest provocation. Its pants slipping off, it would stand in the center of the room, eyes tightly shut, bawling lustily away.

Mother would then take her pipe out of her teeth and brandishing it menacingly angrily exclaim:

"Murrain on you! You changeling! Go and lose yourself!..."

And he would go and lose himself.

Tiny and white, like a bowl of dandelions, he waddled about in the green hay fields, or fearlessly plunged into the dark forest where spruce trees waved their branches over him like some mighty bear its paws.

From here he gazed upon the mountains, at the near and distant purple peaks that reared up against the heavens, at the black spruce forests with their fragrance-wafting breathing, and upon the bright green meadows that shone like mirrors within their frames of trees. Below him boiled the cold Cheremosh. Upon distant knolls lonely huts dreamed in the sun. It was so still and sad, with the black spruces dropping their sombreness upon the

swift Cheremosh, that carried it downstream, telling all of its burden.

"Ivan!... Come home!" would come the strident call for him from the house, yet he would pay no attention to it but keep on gathering raspberries, slapping a leaf on his fist in such manner that the sound was like that of a pistol report, whittling a whistle, or howling in the grass in an attempt to imitate the birdcalls and other sounds that he heard in the forest. Hardly discernible, he would gather flowers among the tall grasses in the forest glade and adorn his hat with them, and, growing tired, lie down beneath some drying hay and be lulled to sleep and then awakened by a gurgling, splashing mountain brook.

When Ivan attained his seventh birthday, he looked upon the world through different eyes. He already knew a great deal. He knew where to find healing flowers and herbs, he understood the call of the kite, the legend of how the cuckoo came into being, — and when he recounted all this at home his mother would look rather dubiously at him: maybe it was talking to him? He knew that there were evil spirits in this world, that they ruled all; that the forests were full of gnomes who pastured their cattle there; and he knew of the stags, hares and deer; that through the woods there wandered the happy Chuhayster — the master gnome who invites all passerbys to dance with him and who tears apart the restless souls of unbaptized children. He could even tell one about the mermaids that on fine days emerged from the water out upon the bank to sing; spin fantastic tales of his own creation; and tell of those drowned ones who after sunset appeared on the river rocks to dry out their white bodies. All sorts of evil spirits filled the rocks, cliffs, chasms, homes and courtyards, lying stealthily in wait to catch and harm some innocent soul.

Often, awakened in the night, amidst a stillness fraught with menace, he trembled with fear.

The whole world seemed to be a fairy tale, full of magic, mystery, both wonderful and terrible.

Now he had certain duties to perform — he was sent to graze the cows. Into the forest he drove his browns and blacks and

when they began to disappear from sight in the tall forest grasses and the young spruces and from there low to him like from beneath the surface of water, he would sit down somewhere on the hillside, pull out his flute and blow silly tunes upon it that he learned from his elders. Somehow, however, this music did not satisfy him. Impatiently he would cast aside his flute and listen mutely to those dim and fleeting melodies that he heard within himself.

From below there rose to Ivan and enveloped him the dull roaring of the Cheremosh, while his ears from time to time caught the faint peals of distant bells. From beyond the branches of the spruce peeped the worried mountains, seemingly saddened by the shadows of passing clouds that constantly obliterated the wan smile of the meadows. Their wooded slopes constantly changed their mood: when the meadows laughed, the forest frowned. And just as it was difficult to capture their true expression because of their rapidly changing face, so difficult it was also for the child to capture its inward chimerical song, that soared and fluttered its wings about his very ears and yet refused to give in.

One day he forsook his cows and began climbing to the very top. Higher and higher he climbed along a barely discernible path, amidst thick growths of pale ferns and prickly blackberry and raspberry bushes. Lightly he leaped from rock to rock, climbed over prostrate tree trunks, tore through the bushes. After him rose the eternal murmuring of the streamlets, the mountains seemed to grow in size, while yonder loomed the mighty shape of the blue Chornohora. Tall weeping grasses now hid the face of the slope, the tinkling of cow bells was as faint as distant breathing, boulders began to appear more often, until at the top there was a veritable chaos of them, with lichen growths upon their broken surfaces and snakelike tree roots winding about and choking them. Beneath Ivan's feet each stone was covered with moss, heavy, soft, velvety. Warm and fine, it hid within itself summer rains made golden by the sun, softly giving way and embracing the foot like downy pillows. Various forest berry plants had sunk their roots into the depths of this moss, and sprayed its surface with bright red and blue berries.

Here Ivan sat down to rest.

(To be continued)

## HELP AMERICA WIN

(Concluded from page 1.)

principles woven into the Stars and Stripes of the flag of the United States. So long as the Olympics are held, America wins. The test to maintain the Olympic standards is not on the competitive athletic field but in the support given to amateur athletic competition for all by the liberty-loving people of the United States.

"The youth who stands on the winning Olympic platform, hears the Olympic trumpets call forth the colors, and sees his national flag flung to the breeze to the air of his nation anthem, mounts the heights never reached by any conqueror of arms and experiences a feeling deep enough to be shared by the whole of the nation he represents."

The above lines by Frank W. Blankley express something which has been within the experiences of those two outstanding Ukrainian American athletes, Stephen Halaiko and George Kojac, and by Peter Fick who is at present in Berlin. They have done their share, and now, which of our Ukrainian American Youth will do their part to "help America win"?

WALTER N. NACHONEY

First Ukrainian American  
Olympiad Committee.

## NEWARK PREPARES FOR OLYMPIAD

Not to be left behind in the nationwide preparations among our youth for the forthcoming First Ukrainian American Olympiad to be held under the joint auspices of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America and the United Ukrainian Organizations of Philadelphia on Labor Day, September 7th, 1936. — The American-Ukrainian Youth Council of Newark is busy now forming a team to represent Newark consisting of sprinters, runners, hurdlers, jumpers, shot putters, discus and hammer throwers, swimmers, etc., both boys and girls, seniors and juniors.

All those who want to make the team should immediately get in touch with Anthony Shumeyko, 26 Morton St., or John Chuy, c/o Sitch Hall, 229 Springfield Ave., Newark, N. J.

American-Ukrainian Youth  
Council of Newark.

## POTPOURRI

By BURMA-CAPELIN

(3)

## PRIVATE PROPERTY

The doctrinaire Communist shouts: "Abolish private property!" The fundamentalist theologian counters: "Private property is sacred!"

Can private property be entirely abolished? What is the nature of the alleged "sacredness" of private property? Does it altogether exclude the possibility of public property? Is there in the above slogans anything more than an expression, in fighting terms, of different hopes?

Without individual or private property existence is not possible. Property means monopoly, and to exist, each individual must have at least food and a location in space, and what one man has another cannot have at the same time. In the nature of things, then, individual property has always been and society's existence is dependent on it.

So, too, with group ownership or group or public property. The family is the primordial owning group. Because of the long period of helplessness of the child the parent or parents have to provide for it. That which is thus for the parents and the children, or at least for their use, is then, common or group property—the group here being the family.

What the experience of mankind teaches us is that individual (or private) and group (or public) property have always existed side by side. Certain things have been owned by individuals, others by groups. But the things owned and the groups owning them have changed with changing conditions of life.

In private societies, which are usually very small, the owning group is almost invariably the family. Now, the family or other groups never do pass out of the scene as "non-owners." What happens is that certain things are reserved for ownership for groups larger than the family. The important group or agency in question in this respect is the state.

From the industrial revolution on the state at first merely put certain curbs on the exercise of the right of individual ownership of factories (for instance). Laws were passed regulating sanitary conditions; the employment of women and children, wages, etc. Certain other things the state itself began to own. The post office, and highways, besides armies and navies, became almost everywhere matters of public (or state) ownership. Over still other matters the state began to exercise a supervisory or a main directive policy. It made itself responsible for elementary education for all, for the care of the mentally ill, eventually for the unemployed, etc. In other words, the sphere of ownership or "property" of the state steadily widened. The trend today is towards more and more government ownership and control.

The main tendencies we have noted serve to show that the doctrinaire communist slogan "Abolish private property" cannot be anything but a dream. It really is a protest against the tremendous disparities in the amount of property owned by individuals. The notion, on the other hand, that private property is sacred has equally little sense when put in that verbal straight-jacket. The interests of society, bound-up in the long run with the interests of the individual, dictate an essential element of individual

## REPLY TO "INTERMARRIAGE"

Just as I was about to write the Honorable Editor a few comments on the prize winning essay submitted by the pedant ycleped Igor Magur-Roussin, whose many good suggestions—it is gratifying that he reserved the expression of his "screwed notions" for Our American Page—should be discussed before our Congress convenes, when another nom de plume writer side-tracked me with his intermarriage poser.

The Potpourri author, admitting his proposition to be primarily an academic poser, submits a typically academic answer. However, I am not interested so much in his conclusion as his premises, for the reason that the reliability of the latter largely determines the former.

The assumption that intermarriage in the case of Ukrainians is of less proportionate occurrence than in the case of many other nationalities in America is very dubious, in absence of some sort of statistical information, even if we grant that the Ukrainian immigration is recent and their culture is distinctive. The blending forces of American environment have tended to accentuate the common rather than the diverging interests of young people who contemplate marriage.

A little study may show that if the element of rational thought, which the writer claims is a factor in the selection of a Ukrainian mate, is injected into the problem, one would expect it to manifest itself strongly among the more intellectual group. Yet I find that in Detroit, at least, within the last five years our young college graduates have without exception married girls of other than Ukrainian descent. A high school teacher and a dentist have married girls of Scandinavian descent; a doctor has married an English girl; a lawyer has married an English girl; a high school teacher has married a German girl; an engineer has married a Lithuanian girl. One very capable public school teacher of music, but not a college graduate, has married a Ukrainian girl, but neither of them have ever taken part or appeared in any Ukrainian affairs.

It may be claimed that in their social life at college, they did not come in contact with Ukrainian girls and the odds were therefore against them. That answers only part of the question, for in this city I find that among those who did not go to college, a sizeable number have married girls of other nationalities, even though their contacts with Ukrainian girls were frequent. Ukrainian girls have not hesitated to marry young men of other nationalities. I know in this city of Roumanian, Serbian, Polish, Russian, Syrian, Italian, and German intermarriages of Ukrainians in addition to those mentioned. And so far as the course of these marriages has run they all appear to be successful from the standpoint of the contracting parties.

Burma-Capelin does not assert that there are or were any Ukrainians who favor intermarriage on the ground of assimilation although his language is indefinite enough to leave that inference. It is rather far-fetched to assume that any one would seriously

ownership as well as ownership by groups varying all the way from the family, such regional units as cities, etc., to the highly authoritative group—the state.

favor intermarriage on that ground. Assimilation is such a complex sociological process that intermarriage is only one of its many phases. Burma recognizes this fact in his article, and is compelled to buttress his argument against intermarriage on the ground of patriotism, for the sense in which the term nationalism is used by Burma is best expressed by its attribute—patriotism. Burma might call this "close shaving."

The point is that the nationalism of the character described by Burma is a justifiable objection to intermarriage on Ukrainian ethnic territory, but is peculiarly inapplicable in the United States of which the young Ukrainians are an integral part. The first generation is very loud in proclaiming that the American ways of living are superior to the ways of their parents, contrary to the assertion of the writer that "there is no cultural group in the world, however small, which does not regard its ways of living as being superior to those of others."

The ethnocentric concept just does not fit into the Melting Pot, because its ethnographical foundation is knocked out from under it. The Ukrainian nationalist described in the essay has preferred to close his eyes to reality rather than face it and understand it.

The argument that intermarriage is objectionable because such matrimonial treason is likely to spell a "loss," is entirely conjectural and is counter-balanced by a spectacle of a diminishing number of Ukrainian nationalists to be found among those who have contracted intermarriage.

I cannot agree that intermarriage per se is such a bug-a-boo that we should adopt a policy of disfavoring it or deploring it. Such a policy or attitude will lead to far more serious consequences than the ones which Burma claims for intermarriage. There are many reefs upon which the skiff of ethnic marriage can go to pieces, as the writer concedes. The assumption that the potentialities of disaster are greater in the intermarriage status, without relation to the American environment in which the first generation finds itself, tends to show that the advocate of disfavor cannot disabuse his mind of an imported patriotic "hangover," and cannot see that the consideration which would normally apply under ethnographical conditions does not apply in the same way and to the same extent where society is in a fluctuating state, and is rapidly adopting a new language, habits and customs, and is modifying its outlook on every vital concern.

It should not be construed that by disagreeing with the premises of Burma, I am in favor of intermarriage as a policy for any given reason. I believe that to favor a policy for or against intermarriage as a matter of principle, is to overlook the essential nature of marriage insofar as the Ukrainian-American is concerned in the matter. After all his kidding about the intricate problem of intermarriage, Burma does say in all seriousness, "really the only consideration as far as the marriage itself is concerned, is whether it will be a success." He thereby puts a quietus to his academic legerdemain, and Cupid again breathes a sigh of relief as he mutters to himself, "Its the old story—Amor omnia vincit."

JOHN PANCHUK.

## UKRAINE UNDER IRON HEEL OF SOVIETS

By A THREE CENTURY ROOTED AMERICAN

(Reprinted from The Gaelic American)

(3)

## World Opinion?

There had been such a world opinion resolutely acted upon, what would have happened would have been that the Bolsheviks would have been forced to trade legitimately with their neighbor whose autonomy they had pledged themselves to respect, and they would have been obliged to cease persecuting their own superior, educated nationals in order to make use of their expert ability. And this is what world opinion should have forced them to do, would have, probably, at least to some appreciable extent, if it had not been for the mistaken attitude of sympathy too long held towards them; for if the Russian people per se deserved—and still deserve, the world's friendliness, their leaders who have exploited them, never have.

When in America we plowed under our own crops and then bought wheat from the Bolshevik Soviets—wheat they had starved the Ukrainians to rob them of; when our engineers went over—and still go—to help them "reconstruct nature," tie up rivers and build farm machinery, because they have murdered their own brilliant technicians; and when our, presumably representative, intellectuals go across to serve on the Bolsheviks' college programs in order to help them remedy the educational dilemma their treatment of their own intellectuals has left them in; when we did—and still do—these things, we put a premium on a regime that by its deliberate official outrages against human beings and their communities, placed itself outside the pale of a modern society which, whatever its stumblings, at least upholds the standard of civilized order, humanity and justice, and endeavors to develop the conditions this means.

And now when the Soviets' government proclaims its "democratic" developments, its "parliamentary" and "constitutional" plans, we should hardly be impulsive in welcoming what may appear as measures to bring them into the ranks of rationally conservative governments. We should hardly be too ready to overlook or forget the inhumane, uncivilized means they have taken to attain to any status they may reach. The actual best fibre of the Russian people,—that representative in the groups sincerely rebelling against the old regime and suffering bitter exploitation under the new,—this sterling Russian fibre will some day gain power to assert itself. When it does, and is represented in the government in enlightened measures taken to redress the wrongs done to the various populations by the Bolshevik fanatics in power since the Revolution of 1917;—then, and then only will it be time to reach out the hand of national friendliness and recognition to the "New Russia."

## WINTER'S DEBUT

On land—  
A bitter wind  
Whistling thru  
Leafless trees  
On its way  
To cap the sea  
With Erimfe,  
Diamonds and silver bands.

# MIDNIGHT HEARD THE KOZAKS SINGING

Transl. by (Ukrainian - Folksong) Arranged by  
Waldimir Semenyia Michael Hanyuoronsky  
Marsiale

Midnight heard the Ko-zaks sing-ing, as they left for  
Don't cry, don't cry dear Ma ru-sia, don't cry, do not  
boz - - - - - lle While Ma - ru - - sia,  
woi - - - - - ry. but kneel down and,  
weep - - - - - ing dear-ly, two dark eyes did  
for your sweet heart, pray to God for  
net - - - - - lle, While Ma - ru - sia, weep - ing dear-ly,  
gla - - - - - ry, But kneel down and, fol - your sweet heart,  
two - - - - - dark eyes did net - lle.  
pray - - - - - to God for gla - ry.

# ANNA LEBO, SPRINTER, VISIONS HURDLE FAME

By BETTY HARDESTY

A sprint star with ambitions to become a great hurdler, perhaps, or an athletic director, maybe. That is Anna Lebo, who was one of the outstanding competitors in the first national track and field championships of the Ukrainian Catholic Youth League at the Northeast Field Saturday.

Nineteen and attractive, she has dark, wavy hair which is bobbed. And very keen, intelligent eyes. You like her instantly. She's friendly but she doesn't overdo it. She's frank but she doesn't brag. She's interesting, not because she has a personality that "knocks you down" with its sparkle, but rather because she has lived a very full life.

She has experienced "bumps" that have made a very big and broad personality, although physically she is slight of build and not very tall.

So she knows how to "take it." And when she failed to qualify as member of Uncle Sam's women's track and field team after the recent tryouts — did she cry about it? Not a bit of it!

"They had such a hard time getting the money to send the girls I don't believe all who qualified made the trip," she said. "I would have been more disappointed should I have made the team and then been unable to go than I was in not making the team."

### Third in Nationals

She finished third in the eighty-meter hurdles in the nationals last year. That is her pet event. She says she's "not any good" in sprints, yet she won the Ukrainian "championship" in both the 50 and 100, winning the former in 6.9 seconds and the later in 12.6.

High-jumping has always been a favorite with her. She used to high jump in her grammar school days, but they've told her since that her legs are too short to enable her to become a leader in this event. So she has virtually given it up. But hurdling? Well — that's different.

"But," says Anna, "there are so few track and field meets for women any more it is rather discouraging. My next meet will be on Labor Day, probably. The Ukrainian Youth's League of North America is planning a meet then, I am told."

She is keenly interested in athletics for women. Loves to play volley ball. In fact, played for the winning girls' volley ball team in the Ukrainian meet Saturday, just as a substitute, to sort of help. An extra volley ball player was needed, so Anna became it.

### From Luba to Lebo

It was rather a pleasure to come across a pronounceable name in the Ukrainian meet. Most of the winners and contestants boasted names a "mile long," with a heap of "cz's," etc. in them. In speaking of this Anna laughed. "Well," she said, "my real name is Luba, but my father could speak very little English when he came to this country and could understand very little when we started school. The teachers understood our name to be Lebo and that's what it has been ever since."

Since she was 12 she has worked, playing whenever she got half a chance. She started her work-

# UKRAINIAN SWIMMER AT THE OLYMPICS

Among the athletes representing the United States Olympic Swimming Team in Berlin, Germany, is Peter Fick, a Ukrainian Philadelphian representing the New York A.C.

Peter Fick, called successor to Johnny Weismuller, is considered one of the world's fastest swimmers. He is the co-holder of the world's 50 and 100 yard free style; outright holder of the 50 meters, 75 yards, 100 meters and 120 yards world marks. During his trip to the Orient he defeated Yusa, Japan's best. At the present Olympics he will compete in the 100 meters and in the 800 meter relay.

A. Y.

# YOUNG UKRAINIAN MAGICIAN WINS FIRST PRIZE

A 20-yr-old magician who barely missed winning a prize in the Buffalo Evening News-Shea's Buffalo amateur competition three months ago, came back Thursday evening to take undisputedly the first award of \$75. There was no such clear-cut decision for second money, however, so the \$25 runner-up prize was divided between a baritone singer and a tap dancer.

Stan Bakalik, 27 South street, who has entertained at various Ukrainian club affairs during the six months and who has taken magic seriously, was the prize winner. He won the audience through deft extraction of lighted cigarettes from here and everywhere, by pulling strange objects from cone-shaped affairs and by grabbing glasses of wine from seemingly thin air.

(The Buffalo Evening News  
Buffalo, N. Y., July 24, 1936).

ing career as a mother's assistant, taking care of children after school hours. Now she is working in a laboratory in Newark. She hopes to become a secretary.

But at the moment, when she isn't in the laboratory or in track meets, she reads and studies. "I'd like to learn as much as I can and I like to study," she says. She lives at 57 Waydell Street, Newark. Her sister Mary, though not an athlete, accompanied her here for the Ukrainian meet.

(Evening Public Ledger,  
Philadelphia, July 20, 1936).

Miss Lebo first came to the attention of Ukrainian American sport enthusiasts when she participated in the First Youth Day of Philadelphia, which was held last summer by the United Organizations of Philadelphia. Competing for the Social Club of Elizabeth, Miss Lebo scored decisive victories in both the 75 yard dash and in the high jump. On that day she concluded her brilliant performance by helping her team-mates, Miss Kinaczuk, Miss Donelik and Miss Elko to win their relay event by a wide margin.

Sport followers of Miss Lebo look forward to her appearance in the First Ukrainian Olympiad in Philadelphia on Labor Day, Sept. 7th, to be held in conjunction with the Fourth Ukrainian Youth's Congress, where they expect to see her continue her fine performances.

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