



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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REPRESENTATIVE OF UKRAINIAN-EUROPEAN YOUTH TO SPEAK AT YOUTH'S CONGRESS

In these troublous times when any outbreak may precipitate a train of events that might lead to the establishing of an independent state of Ukraine, it is of utmost importance that the elements which will play a decisive role in such case, namely, the Ukrainian youth both in Europe and America, should establish closer and more cooperative relations between themselves. Failure to do this may prove to be most disastrous at some future crucial time.

To lay the groundwork of such closer relations between Ukrainian-American and Ukrainian-European youth will be one of the purposes of the Fourth Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America, to be held in Hotel Sylvania, Philadelphia, Pa., over the Labor Day weekend, Saturday and Sunday, under the auspices of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

The UYL-NA is particularly fortunate in engaging as the chief speaker on this most vital subject a recently-arrived representative of Ukrainian-European student youth, Ambrozij Holowach, chairman of the Department of Foreign Relations of the National Union of Ukrainian Students (CESUS), an organization which has branches in practically all the leading European centers of learning.

Mr. Holowach was also chairman of the Ukrainian delegation to last year's international gathering of students held in Czechoslovakia, where it played an important role in the deliberations and in acquainting others with Ukrainian ideals and aspirations. Besides, he is also a contributor to several publications, notably to the "University," published in London by the National Union of English Students. He speaks and writes English fluently, for he was born and raised in Canada, with the exception of the last six years which he spent in Vienna, where he completed his studies in composition and piano. Following a brief stay in both Canada and America he intends to return to Europe to pursue his career there.

The account he gives of the activities of Ukrainian students in Europe, of the obstacles placed in their way of obtaining a higher education by Poland inside and outside her borders, of their labors in propagating the Ukrainian cause among the foreign nationals, and of the great reliance placed upon them by these foreign nationals in most matters affecting the Ukrainian aspirations, should indeed serve as an inspiration for us here in America.

Every Ukrainian-American club should send its two delegates to the Congress and every young Ukrainian-American should attend it as a guest (with a right to take part in discussions) in order that this problem of bringing about closer relations and more cooperation between Ukrainian youth on both sides of the Atlantic, and other problems as well, should be adequately treated. The Congress and Olympiad is open to all our youth!

For further information refer to back and future issues of the Ukrainian Weekly, or write to Miss Stephanie Monasterska, Secretary of the UYL-NA, 2347

PROPER CONDUCT

Far be it for us to set ourselves up as arbiters of proper conduct for our youth at the various Ukrainian public affairs they attend throughout the year; yet we cannot refrain from venturing a few suggestions to them in regards this matter.

What prompts us to do so at this time is the fact that the youth attendance at the various Ukrainian concerts, amateur theatricals, lectures, indoor and outdoor mass meetings is steadily increasing, and also our observation that some of the youth do not properly conduct themselves at such occasions.

It is a very common sight, for example, to see young people strolling into the hall after the program, the performance or the talk is half-way over, causing considerable annoyance to everyone by distracting the attention from the stage upon themselves. It is also a common sight to see some young people blissfully ignoring the proceedings upon the platform and engaging amongst themselves in a most animated conversation, usually in a whisper that is heard clear across to the other side of the hall. And finally, there are those most annoying individuals who simply have to leave the hall just at the juncture where the speaker is emphasizing some particularly important point.

These are but few of the many examples that could be cited, and each one of them has its countless variations. They not only detract from the spirit of the occasion but also make it less inviting to those attending or wishing to attend it.

We realize, of course, that such young people who conduct themselves so improperly at such affairs do not do it purposely; they merely do not stop to think of the annoyance they are causing others and of the poor impression they leave of themselves and their manners.

Such persons should always bear in mind the purpose and significance of the affair they attend. For example, in a few months the Ukrainians in America and the world over will be observing the November First Holiday, in commemoration of that memorable date in 1918 when the Ukrainians seized L'viv and set up their own independent Western Ukrainian Republic. That is a national holiday which should be observed in the most fitting manner possible, for it is one of the brightest and most significant in Ukrainian annals; and therefore, our young people attending its commemorative exercises this year should do so with a full realization of its meaning to them and to all Ukrainian people, and conduct themselves accordingly.

Such persons should also carefully listen to the addresses delivered on that or any other such holiday. They will be surprised to learn how interesting a Ukrainian talk given by an able speaker can be, if they only follow it attentively. Naturally, if one does not listen well, he is bound to become bored and restless. How often it happens that a speaker will be dwelling upon the heroism of our young Ukrainians in the old country, of their great sacrifices in the cause of national freedom for them and theirs, when suddenly some young Ukrainian-American will rise and start walking out, utterly oblivious or indifferent of the sanctity of that moment, and of his rank rudeness. If he would only listen carefully, look behind the words the speaker is uttering and truly strive to visualize the pictures they present, he would not only behave better but, what is even more important, gain something vital and lasting from the occasion, too.

Of course, if the speaker is poor, listening to him is no easy matter; but give him a chance; who knows, perhaps some day you may find yourself in a similar dilemma, when an attentive and friendly audience will be most welcome indeed.

A little more regard for the spirit of the occasion and for the feelings of others will go a long way towards improving the conduct of some of our young people at the various Ukrainian public affairs.

YOUTH TODAY

"WE, THE YOUNG PEOPLE"

Under such title Nancy Bedford-Jones writes in the new magazine, The Woman Today, dated August, 1936, on the problems facing younger women that are so acute as to require immediate and far-going action.

"Women of today," she says, "cannot, in their prison of economic distress, wait confidently for rescue at the hands of some vague solution comparable to a knight on a galloping horse—or, this being an election year, perhaps we should say on a lumbering elephant or balking donkey."

The writer sees hope for the youth in the youth's own action. She means the setting up of the American Youth Congress and its program mapped out at the recent congress at Cleveland. "That young women and men from churches, schools, relief rolls, homes, settlement houses—from Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Communist, Socialist, unemployed, Republican, Democratic, and other groups—could band together in active struggle for a single program would have been unbelievable three or four years ago."

MORAL AWAKENING URGED FOR YOUTH

Speakers at the National Conference of Catholic Charities, held recently in Seattle, Washington, urged a moral revival among the "inheritors of a crazy-quilt civilization" that followed the World War.

"Young people have special problems which our generation has put upon them," a bishop said. "They are children of muddled parents, the inheritors of a crazy-quilt civilization... We must reshape our scale of values, even perhaps our whole scale of vocational education. It seems we must meet the problem of youth's aversion to labor and re-teach the theory of the dignity of toil and the practice of technical crafts. The white collar craving is an unhealthy product of an artificial generation."

INTEREST IN YOUTH?

After a visit to Topeka, Kansas, a Miss Margaret Eaton returned to her office at 41 East 42nd St., New York City, to resume her activities with the Young Republicans, whose organization she heads. She is imbued with increased enthusiasm for her work as she was, she reported, particularly impressed with Mr. Landon's sympathetic attitude toward the younger generation.

"The Governor seemed keenly delighted," she said, "that youth, and young women in particular, are so active in this Anti-New Deal campaign."

To be sure, such a great interest in youth is quite out of the ordinary. Who in the world would be interested in the young who are rooting for him?

Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia, or Stephen Shumeyko, Pres., 97 Boyden Avenue, Maplewood, N. J.
Executive Committee of the UYL-NA

IVAN FRANKO

By S. S.

(13)

Forced to become a Polish journalist

Finding himself and his dear ones in very straightened circumstances, Franko was forced "to enter the service of neighbors," as he later wrote of this period from 1887 to 1897 when he was associate-editor of the Polish newspaper "Kurjer Lwowski," in which capacity he "served his 10 years of serfdom."

A most unfortunate period

For Franko as a writer this period was indeed most unfortunate, for the writer now became a paid artisan, the Ukrainian poet became the Polish journalist. The bibliography of his works, prepared for the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his literary activities, fairly swarms with Polish titles during those ten

years, with only now and then a Ukrainian title among them. It is true, of course, that among his Polish works—for the most part of an economical, literary-scientific and critical nature—there is a large number devoted to Ukrainian affairs; nevertheless this period was indeed a great loss to Ukrainian literature, for it coincided with the best and most creative years of his life.

The critic

In the "Kurjer Lwowski" he spared no effort to make a good job of the duties assigned to him. Having more freedom of expression in the Polish press in regards Ukrainian matters than he did in the Ukrainian press itself, he took full advantage of it and mercilessly lashed away at all those elements in Ukrainian life that were

weakening it. Every dereliction of duty by those charged with it found Franko reporting it, criticizing those responsible for it, and giving sound and constructive advice how to remedy it.

Disillusionment

His work on the Polish newspaper was of value to him in another respect. As he wrote later: "At the time of the close of the nineteenth century when the younger Ukrainian generation broke all ties that bound it to the older generation and some of them transferred their activities to Polish newspapers—without ceasing, however, to labor for their Ukrainian ideals—the change of terrain for them brought with it a new thought: the possibility of compromise and common labors between both the Ukrainian and Polish radical and progressive circles for the attainment of common goals, especially the overthrow of the landed and reactionary ruling classes within the country... It took ten years,"

Franko adds with bitter disillusionment, "before these Ukrainian idealists finally realized that there was nothing they could gain from the Poles and that only by sowing upon one's field can one earn his own bread."

Some of his works in Polish

Besides his regular journalistic output—there appeared in the "Kurjer" in serial form several of his novelettes, such as *Manipulantka*, *Yatz Zelepuha*, *Pantalakh*, and several others. Other Polish newspapers, too, published his works, such as the "Kraj" (St. Petersburg), "Prawda" (Warsaw), "Przegląd Tygodniowy" (Warsaw), "Kurjer Warszawski" (Lwiv), "Głos" (Warsaw), "Ruch" (Lwiv), "Kwartalnik Historyczny" (Lwiv), and a number of others. He also wrote a little in German, and (beginning in 1888) some of his stories were translated into Russian and published in this form in the "Kievskaya Starina."

(To be continued)

SHADOWS OF FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS

By MICHAEL KOTSUBINSKY

(Continued)

(Translated by S. S.)

(2)

Softly the spruce cones up above him rustled, their sound mingling with the distant roar of the rapids below; the whole valley seemed flooded with golden sunlight, pierced at one point by a thinly wavering column of campfire smoke; while from beyond Mount Ihrtyz the velvety rumble of distant thunder rolled.

Ivan sat there listening, having forgotten entirely about the cows he was supposed to mind.

And it was thus, in the midst of this resonant stillness, that he suddenly heard the soft music that had been tormenting him so long, by fluttering its wings about his hearing and then fleeing rapidly away when he sought to capture it. Rigid and immobile, neck outstretched, he listened with rapt attention to the strange melody. It was not human; at least he had never heard it played before. But who was playing it? There was not a soul in sight about him on this lonely wooded mountain slope. He glanced backward, towards the rocks—and froze stiff. Seated upon a large boulder was "him," a satyr, his sharp beard thrust sideways, horns pointing downward, eyes tightly shut, blowing upon his foyara¹. "Gone are my goats... gone are my goats..." the foyara was fairly melting with sorrow. But now the horns tilted upwards, the cheeks became puffer, and the eyes wide open. "Here are my goats... here are my goats..." the notes leaped happily upward, and Ivan fearfully beheld how the bushes parted and bearded goats appeared, shaking their horned heads at him.

He wanted to flee but could not. Riveted to the spot he dumbly screamed in fright, and when finally he did find his voice the satyr jumped to his feet and disappeared among the rocks, while the goats leaped among the roots of the upturned forest monarchs blown over by the winds.

Ivan sped downhill, panic-stricken, unseeing, tearing himself loose of the false embraces of blackberry bushes, breaking dry boughs, slipping over moss, ever conscious of some terrifying forest spirits pursuing him. Finally he fell. How long he lay there he never knew.

When he came to his senses at last and recognized the familiar landmarks, he grew more composed. To his wonder, however, he discovered that the melody of that strange song played by the satyr up on the hillside now lingered within him. He drew out his fife. For a while he had no luck, the melody refusing to be captivated. Again he tried, racking his memory, catching stray parts of it, until finally when he did master it, when through the forest there flew the notes of a most enchanting and strange song, a great gladness filled his heart, flooded the sun-drenched mountains, the forest and grass, gurgled in the streams, and tickled the feet of Ivan, so that he, casting aside his fife, rose and placing his hands on his hips whirled off into a dance. His feet executed the most complicated steps with the utmost ease. One moment he would be on his toes, the next his heels would be drumming against the ground, then a leap high into the air, again a whirl. And so, upon a sunny glade, that had stolen into this somber kingdom of the spruce, the white figure of a boy capered about, just like a butterfly flitting from flower to flower, while both cows—the black and the brown, thrusting their heads through the low-hanging branches, looked upon this scene with kindly eyes, and, chewing their cuds, enlivened it even more by occasionally ringing their bells.

And thus he found in the forest that which he had sought.

At home, within the family, Ivan often was witness to trouble and misery. Within the reach of his memory the trembita² had already blown twice, notifying the hills and dales of death in the household: once when brother Oleksa was killed by a falling tree, and the second time, when brother Vasyl, a fine upstanding young man, was butchered to death by a rival clan. It was an ancient feud between their clan and the Hutenuks. Although everyone in his family boiled with anger even at the very mention of that devil's family, yet Ivan could never learn from anyone the cause of the feud. He too

burned with desire for revenge, and would often seize his father's hatchet, too heavy for him, with the firm determination to do his share of the fighting.

It mattered little that Ivan was the nineteenth child in his family and that Annichka was the twentieth. For their family was quite small: the parents and their five children. The other fifteen were resting peacefully in the cemetery near the little church.

All of them were very religious and loved to go to church, especially to the yearly festival in honor of the saint after whom the church was named. There they could meet distant relatives and friends, and there also they had a chance of gaining their revenge upon the Hutenuk family for its slaying of Vasyl and its other attacks upon the Paliychuks.

For such occasions the finest clothing would be donned, embroidered jackets, wide belts and shoulder pouches studded with nail heads, aprons interwoven with wire thread, red silk shawls, and even a snow white gugla³, which mother carried carefully on a cane slung over her shoulder so that it would not dirty or be torn in the woods. Ivan would also be given a new hat and a cloth pouch that dangled against his feet, ever threatening to trip him up.

Mounted upon sure-footed horses the whole rich calvacade started off one day over the narrow mountain trail, covering it like a moving bed of red poppies.

Over the mountains, through the valleys, the holiday-clad highlanders wended their way. The second crop of potential hay in the meadows had just burst into brilliant bloom; alongside the Cheremosh river ran a many-hued streamlet; while high up yonder, against the dark background of the spruces, there flamed beneath the early morning sun the red top of a hutzul's parasol.

It was on that day that Ivan witnessed a meeting of the two rival clans.

They were returning home, and his father seemed a little drunk. It chanced that both clans suddenly met on a narrow road between the rocks and the Cheremosh. It was a very tight squeeze. Wagons, horsemen, pedestrians, men and women—all stopped and jammed together. In the angry hubbub that rose as suddenly as a squall, steel hatchets glistened and leaped menac-

ingly before distorted faces. Like flint and stone the two clans clashed, and before Ivan had a chance to learn what it was all about his father drew back his hatchet and hit with the flat end of it someone over the head. Blood spurted, covered that person's face, and ran down over his shirt and richly embroidered jacket. Women screamed and plunged in to separate the combatants, but before they could, the bloody-faced one and his friends were already dealing telling blows upon Ivan's father, who swayed like a tree that had been cut. Ivan plunged into the fight. He did not know what he was doing. Something seemed to drive him on. But the elders stepped all over his feet and despite all exertions he could not reach the spot where they were fighting. Wild with hot anger he suddenly espied a little girl crouched against the wagon, trembling with fear. Aha! That must be Hutenuk's girl! In a flash he was upon her and without saying a word struck her over the face. She gave little cry, pressed her shirt close to her breast and began running away. He caught her near the river, grabbed her shirt and ripped it. As a result, the ribbons she had hidden in her bosom fluttered to the ground. With a cry she flung herself after them, to pick them up; but before she could, he seized them and threw them into the river. Then the girl, crouching at his feet, looked up at him with a deep glance of her black filmy eyes and quietly said:

"It's nothing... I have others... Much nicer."

It was as if she was consoling him.

Surprised by the mild tone the boy remained silent.

"My moomy bought me a new apron... and sandals, too..."

Still he did not know what to say.

"And I shall put them on and be a real big girl..."

He felt a pang of envy.

"But I know how to play the fife," he said.

"Our Fedir made himself such a nice foyara... and when he starts playing it..." she countered.

Ivan frowned.

"Yea, but I saw a satyr, too..." She glanced at him doubtfully.

"Well then, why did you hit me?"

"And why were you by that wagon?"

She thought for a moment, not knowing what to say, then reach-

¹ foyara—resembles a flageolet.

² trembita—a very long horn, often about 12 feet in length.

³ gugla—a long loose outer garment.

RAMBLINGS OF WORD-HUNTER

BEARDS IN RUSSIA

"The New York Sun," of August 4, discussing in an editorial a recent campaign of the Russian communist government against beards, says:

"Beards have been at various times symbolic of so many different things that it is impossible to tell what the Russians are gunning for when they decide that there shall be fewer whiskers in Soviet Russia. A beard can be a symbol of piety, or wisdom, or scientific knowledge, or simplicity, or rascality, to name but a few examples."

Symbolism is an interesting feature of every language, and the comparison of meaning of the same symbols in various languages I find to be a very stimulating study. A cursory study of the symbolic meaning of the beard in the Ukrainian language seems to indicate that the symbolism of the beard follows on the whole the general outlines of that of the English language. When the Ukrainian says, "Борода як у владки, сумління, як у розбійника" (he has a beard like a Metropolitan, and the conscience of a brigand), he evidently feels that the beard symbolizes a pious person. When he says, "за борода легко брехати," (it is easy to utter lies from behind a big beard), he means that the beard symbolizes wisdom of the old age, which disarms all suspicions. When he speaks of the beard as if a robber's (борода, як у злодія), he conveys the impression that the beard is the symbol of rascality. When he speaks of the бородалий москаль, bewhiskered Russian, the phrase has the connotation of rusticity, uncouthness, which, of course, comes from the general custom of men in Ukraine to shave their beards.

Speaking of beards, I find still another feature of this word of great interest. The reader probably noticed already himself that the English "beard" resembles in sound the Ukrainian word "борода," bo-ro-da. The examination of dictionaries discloses a still wider family of the word: the modern English "beard" used to be "berde," or "berd," in Anglo-Saxon it was "beard." In Danish it is "baard," in Old Friesian "berd," in German "bart," in Icelandic "bardhr." Of course, the Ukrainian word has still closer relations: the Russian "boroda," in which the o—sounds resemble more an "o" in "God," the Bulgarian, Servian, and Czech "brada," and Polish "broda." It has finally parallels in the Lithuanian "barzda," and "barza," the Lettish "bard," Old Prussian "bordus," Latin "barba," and Cornish "barb."

The word "beard" shows the tendency in America to be replaced by the word "whiskers." This word "whiskers," of course, is closely related to "whisk," a broom, or brush. And this reminds me of the descriptive Ukrainian phrase митраста борода, a broom-like beard.

ISN'T THERE A NEED OF DEFINITION?

The American Bar Association's section on insurance law in its report on social security legislation says: "No law should be enacted in any State which places a premium on loafing and grants rights to a loafer."

Apparently, the Bar Association speaks of persons of sixty-

POTPOURRI

By BURMA-CAPELIN

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(4)

WHAT IS ASSIMILATION?

Americanism, to President Roosevelt, means the New Deal; to Governor Landon and the vested business interests it means the euphemism "less government in business"; to Father Coughlin it means "driving the money-changers out of the temple"; to the Black Legion it means even such things as taking delight in a negro murder. Other groups or individuals have still different versions of Americanism, and the "man in the street" may have one all his own. So with the term "assimilation." Those who have some particular axe to grind set up their own arbitrary subjective conception, frame a standard of assimilation and use their measuring-rod, on whom they will. Thus assimilation has been interpreted in such meaningless and incongruous ways as wearing a certain type of clothes, eating certain kinds of foods, belonging to a particular creed, holding certain ideals, being naturalized, etc., etc. These evaluative conceptions get us nowhere and are not the concern of one who wishes to apply the term simply to something which is, whether or not it is desirable. It is from this descriptive angle that we are interested here in an exposition of the main elements involved in the process termed "assimilation."

If one were to move from the recently frontier mid-west of America to the industrial East, or from the North to the South, he would notice quite significant differences in the intimate customs, the attitudes, even the language of those who have been in this country even for several generations. Going outside the bounds of this country and contrasting the ways of living of, say, the Germans and the French, the Russians and the English, or any other two nationalities, one is struck again with the diversity of the customs or ways of living of different groups of people. These divergent customs, etc. of people we term "culture."

When a number of immigrants of a certain nationality land in America they come in contact, even though perhaps very indirectly and impersonally, with the culture or the ways of the people here. The immigrant has, perforce, to live in structures of some American pattern; he usually adopts, in a very short while, American clothes; he works generally in American surroundings. In these, and similar ways, his culture changes. Whatever the degree of change of the culture of the immigrant, or succeeding generations, the one process which occurs is simply this change. It is not, however, entirely a one-sided process, that is, though the immigrant culture changes most significantly, American culture is at the same time affected at least in a small degree. The resultant culture is a sort of a blend, the dominant pattern being American. One way of viewing assimilation, is then, from the standpoint of the culture change as such.

The phenomenon of St. Patrick's Irish and similar societies, composed of those who have been in America often for several generations, is not unfamiliar. This ex-

five in need of assistance or jobless heads of families.

Is the august body of jurists right in using the word "loafer" when referring to such people?

er.

ample will serve to draw our attention to the fact that though the culture of the original immigrant group may have given way almost completely to American culture yet the tradition of organization of the group, at least for festal purposes, may persist for quite some time. In other words, there is still some sentiment of group solidarity on the basis of national descent, and so long as this persists and is expressed in some formal organization, it is possible to say that assimilation is not yet complete. That is viewing assimilation from the standpoint of group solidarity.

The latter phenomenon may disappear, but individual memories persist. It is only in the very unusual case that an individual has no remembrance at all, from whatever source, of the group from which he or his ancestors sprang. There are those in America—many who came on the much-vaunted Mayflower, who, because of the conditions which forced them to emigrate, have tried to forsake all claim to being of English, Irish, German or some other descent. What they identify themselves with is the Mayflower—or "true-blue" Americanism. But even that is but one side of their attitude; eventually they do trace themselves to some distant other than the American national group. Barring exceptions, then, the universal tendency to identify oneself at least historically with some national group means that assimilation, on the individual side, is seldom achieved for generations, if then. This may be of no practical individual or societal consequence, but the fact is there. It is a societal folkway, if you please, to pigeon-hole people according to different real or fictitious criteria. This fortifies the individual tendency for identification with some ancestral national group. In any case, so long as the individual harbors some sentiments about the immigrant group from which he sprang there is an element resisting complete assimilation. In this sense not even those who came on the Mayflower are assimilated.

SHADOWS OF FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS

(Continued from p. 2)

ed wither her shirt and began searching for something.

Finally she pulled out a long stick of candy.

"My!" he exclaimed.

Half of it she bit off, and other half she gave to him with a dignified, fully trusting motion of her hand.

"Here!"

He wavered, then took it.

Both sat down, having forgotten all about the hubbub of the fighting and the roaring of the river, while she told him that her name was Marichka, that she pastured sheep already, that some woman named Marcina—blind in one eye—had stolen flour from them... and many other such things, interesting, close and understandable to both, while the gaze of her black filmy eyes gently sank into Ivan's heart...

For the third time the trembita trumpeted the news of death in the lonely hut high upon the hillside; on the second day after the encounter old Paliychuk died.

(To be continued)

FUGITIVE

What is the rising of the sun
But a sign that the night is done.
What is the meaning of the moon
But a signal that day ends too soon.

What is the motion of the breeze
But air disturbed to sway the trees,
What is the growth of scented flower
But perfume for the briefest hour.

What should I care if all of these
Were swept across the seven seas,
With you beside me—forever mine
We'd rise to heights far more divine.

M. D. SEMENKIW.

APPRECIATING ART

It was a piece of sculpture cast in vermilion terra cotta—a strange blending of a male and female head. The placard below it said it was "Family Life."

The youth visiting the Seattle Art Museum stood in front of the statue—frankly puzzled.

"It doesn't look like anything to me," he said, "but I feel as though it might be alive."

Alexander Archipenko, devotee of cubism, who created the statue, stood by, smiling.

"There is a boy," he said, "who will some day appreciate great art."

For Archipenko, who is one of the leading figures in the modern school of art and who is here for the summer, believes that people should "feel" something when they see an artistic work, but that only through education will they come to understand and judge it.

Crisply, and with only a trace of accent to show he was born in the Ukraine, the middle-aged sculptor explained his artistic theories.

"It is not enough to say 'I like,' or 'I don't like,' when you are viewing a painting, or a piece of sculpture, or listening to music. You must be able to say 'why' you like it, and base your judgment on comparison with other great works of art."

The artist, whose admirers rank him with Picasso as one of the creators of impressionistic painting and with Rodin as a pioneer in cubism, arrived in Seattle this week to conduct summer school classes in art at the University of Washington and to work with Washington stone.

He is versatile in his choice of material, working in articles from marble to chromium. He is the originator of Archipentura, an aesthetic development which he says has captured movement in formerly static painting and sculpture.

Pieces of Archipenko's sculpture in onyx, marble, terra cotta and other materials and a group of his paintings now are on exhibition at the Art Museum.

Mrs. Archipenko is also an artist of note; she is interested especially in delineating character.

Archipenko has no use for persons who brand modern art as a novelty.

"Why, the Greeks knew what streamlining is and so did even the ancient Egyptians," he said. "So-called cubism has been with us in every great artistic era. Impressionism is the highest development of art and comes in all ages.

"We are surrounded with "modern" art. The modern bathtubs, railway trains and automobiles that people admire these days, with their streamlines, are but practical examples of modernism."

The Seattle Daily Times.

YON ON HILLTOP SNOW IS SIFTING

VALSE LENTO

Arranged by M. O. Hayvoronsky.
Transl. by W. Semonyna

Violins 8ve ad libitum

or
Voices

Yon on hill - top snow is sift - ing,
Там на го - рі сніг бі - льо - кий,
До - ки я те - бе не зна - ла.

PIANO

Му dear lov - er went a - drift - ing,
Десь по - і - хав мій ми - лень - кий,
Спо - кій - но я ніч - ку спа - ла,

Went a - way, I don't know where,
Десь по - і - хав, я не зна - ю,
Те - пер хо - джу та все пла - чу,

My heart dy - ing in de - spair,
Сер - це з жа - лю за - вмі - ра - є,
По - ки те - бе не по - ба - чу,

SWIMMING EVENTS FOR THE LABOR DAY OLYMPIAD

Realizing that there are many young Ukrainian - Americans among our various organizations who are interested in Swimming, the Olympiad program (to be held under the auspices of the UYL-NA and the Philadelphia Ukrainians, in conjunction with the Fourth Ukrainian Youth's Congress) will include the following events:

SENIOR BOYS

1. 60 yd. free style; 2. 60 yd. back stroke; 3. 60 yd. breast stroke; 4. 160 yd. free style relay (four to a team); 5. 120 yd. medley relay (three to a team); 6. Diving (2 required and 3 optional).

SENIOR GIRLS

1. 40 yd. side stroke; 2. 40 yd. free style; 3. 80 yd. relay free style (four to a team); 4. Diving (2 required and 2 optional).

These events will be held in a conveniently located indoor pool near the heart of the city. Heats may be required, dependent upon the number of entries. The swimming championships are being scheduled a little before noon on Labor Day to give the participants an opportunity to get to the Track and Field events of the Olympiad in plenty of time.

There will be no limitation of events. However, if there are many heats, it would be advisable to compete in proportion to the amount of training and experience of the individual.

The prizes in the individual events will be a silver plated medal to winners and a bronze medal to second place winners. The winning relay teams will receive silver medals. Additional medals and prizes may be added to this list. This program will be under A. A. U. sanction.

There will be an entry fee of twenty five cents for the first event, and ten cents for each additional entry. These entries will close on August 29th, 1936 with the undersigned. Please send in your list of competitors as soon as possible with the proper amount of fees. For the benefit of those

swimmers who will confine their efforts just to the morning program, it has been decided that their stubs will admit them to the afternoon events at the Track & Field Championships. For all suggestions and information, kindly direct them to:

WALTER "SPECS" BUKATA,
First Ukrainian-American
Olympiad Committee
716 N. 24th Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

GIRLS' VOLLEY BALL AT THE OLYMPIAD

Volley ball has been found to be popular among the several Ukrainian girls' clubs in the East as a pastime, and as a recreation.

Some Ukrainian American girls' teams have already indicated that they will have a team at the Olympiad. However, if a great number of teams is represented and if the tournament looks as if it will be too long, a one game elimination system will be used, cutting down the time immensely.

The modern trend is to have six members on a team. Therefore, get your best six players together and start a bit of practice. A very fine Silver Loving Cup will be given to the winning team for the 1936-1937 period. This cup is now in the possession of the Ukrainian Girls' Club of Nicetown, Philadelphia. Each member of the winning team will receive a Gold Plated Medal and the players of the runner-up team will receive a Silver Plated Medal. There will be the championship medals; small, cute, and of fine workmanship with a figure of a girl playing volley ball. Each team will be allowed two substitutes, and if they are on the first or second place team, they, too, will receive a medal.

The entry fee is only one dollar per team, covering the fee of all eight players. This is to be sent in as soon as possible, with a list of your players. The entries will close with the undersigned on August 29th, 1936. None will be accepted if they are late. For information and suggestions, please write to:

MARY STABELSKA,
First Ukrainian-American
Olympiad Committee
4552 N. Colorado Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Went a - way I don't know where,
Десь по - і - хав, я не зна - ю,
Те - пер хо - джу та все пла - чу,

My heart dy - ing in de - spair,
Сер - це з жа - лю за - вмі - ра - є,
По - ки те - бе не по - ба - чу,