



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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VOL. IV

## YOUTH TODAY

### WHERE THE PARTIES STAND ON YOUTH

The weekly "Nation" in its issue dated July 18, published as a supplement a comparative view of the position taken by six major party platforms on the basic issues of this year's election campaign.

Under the caption "Youth," the supplement summarizes the stands of the various parties as follows: "Democratic Party: Our youth have been returned to the road of freedom and prosperity. We will keep them on that road."

"Republican Party: Silent."

"Socialist Party: Demands the passage of the American Youth Act and federal appropriation for the establishment of public schools and free city colleges to make possible a full education for every young person; asks for the abolition of the CCC and the National Youth Administration as threats to the 'wage and living standards of organized labor.'"

"Communist Party: Demands provision of 'opportunity, education, and work' for youth as embodied in the American Youth Act. Asks for the maintenance and enlargement of the National Youth Administration."

"Union Party: Congress shall re-establish conditions so that youth may earn a decent living while perfecting themselves in a trade or profession."

"Chicago Farm Labor Conference: Advocates 'a measure that will provide adequate funds for a youth program that can give youth the opportunity for education and work.'"

"We are too prone," the "Nation" says in the editorial, "when we read a party platform at all, to read it as we might read an oration and be carried along on the tide of its eloquence. We don't see the gaps and omissions. We mistake rhetoric for reality. We don't smell the evasions or glimpse the straddles. But distill out of all the verbiage and attitudinizing the actual and concrete proposals of any party on specific issues, and something is gained."

### A REALISTIC PICTURE OF YOUTH?

"Our immediate obligation is to the youth of the church," Rev. Dr. Frederic S. Fleming, the rector of Trinity Parish, New York City, says in his statement, introducing The Trinity Year Book.

"Youth is not afraid of religion, nor is it indifferent. But it hates sham and unreality and it despises the frantic refuge taken in insipid and unworthy devices calculated to preserve their interest."

"The Christian religion needs a Youth Movement, an enterprise worthy of the farthest reach of the aspirations of our youth, a crusade that will disown these petty and temporary expedients in a new loyalty to a high and exalted challenge to the heroic and splendid spirit dwelling in them."

### WINS HERO AWARD

The Army and Navy Legion of Honor picked 12-year-old Katherine Van Horn of White Cottage, Ohio, as the winner of its gold medal, awarded annually to an American boy or girl for performing the most heroic act during the year. The girl saved two boys who were coasting last Winter into the path of an approaching express train.

## A PICTURE OF OLD COUNTRY YOUTH

In the face of the present budding efforts to bring about closer relations and some form of cooperation between the Ukrainian-American youth and the Ukrainian youth in Western Ukraine and elsewhere in Europe, it would be highly beneficial for all concerned to learn something of one another. For only upon such mutual understanding and appreciation of one another's problems can any sort of lasting relations be established between Ukrainian youth on both sides of the Atlantic.

In this connection a sidelight cast recently upon Ukrainian students in Europe, by a Polish woman writer, should prove to be most illuminating to us here in America.

As we already well know, our youth in Western Ukraine are being steadily deprived by Poland of their right to obtain a higher education. Everywhere they find various discriminations practiced against them. As a result, great numbers of them are forced to leave their native but enslaved land and study in foreign countries, very often amidst great hardships.

A number of these students are studying today in Vilna, Lithuanian city under Poland. It is concerning them that this Polish woman writer, Yakina Budkowska, writes in a recent issue of the "Kurjer Wilenski." Explaining that these students were denied admission into Lwiv University, she continues as follows:

"Here they are preparing for the duties that face them. Some of the weaker characters drop out, losing themselves in their present environment, for they fear to return to their native land because they do not feel strong enough to plunge into the party and national conflicts; and thus they become assimilated, and... philistine. The majority of them, however, are clearly potential fighters for Ukrainian independence, future leaders of the Ukrainian national movement.

"During summer vacations such a student returns to his native village, in order to actively participate in its local political and cultural activities. He is regarded there as quite an authority on many matters; directs the politico-social work, and is responsible for the molding of the local public opinion on the various questions of the day. He has plenty of work. In rain or shine he covers on foot, horse or wagon a territory within a radius of a score and more kilometers, visiting village after village, arranging mass meetings there, delivering speeches, distributing literature of a propaganda character, receiving reports of various types of local organizations, and founding new organizations where necessary. Such labors exact of him a great deal of energy, and self-sacrifice.

"Such is his role in this life that were he to step out of it he would automatically discredit himself before public opinion, and henceforth be regarded as a parasite.

"These students hold themselves aloof of Polish life; yet they are careful observers of it and Polish psychology.

"Accustomed to the sharp Polish-Ukrainian antagonism in Galicia, they seek no companionship among the Poles. If brought to a Polish home they conduct themselves with great reserve; but if they are met with kindness, understanding and respect for their ideals—they become quite at home, friendly and frank.

"At all times these students remember that they are members of a foreign, little known, and often falsely evaluated by us, nationality. They conduct themselves in a very gentlemanly fashion, remembering that by them their people will be judged.

"They impress one by their wide reading and understanding of the various political and social questions, as well as by their unusual knowledge and able judgement of conditions in Poland."

In conclusion, this Polish woman writes:

"The young Ukrainian nationalism is a strong, healthy and ambitious movement; we should not underestimate or ignore it."

## THE FUTURE OF UKRAINIAN LANGUAGE IN AMERICA

What is the future of the Ukrainian language in America? Will it soon perish here, or will it flourish, and, if so, along what lines? Of what value is it to our Ukrainian-American youth? What means are open today to those of our youth who are interested to study it, learn to appreciate it, and benefit by it? What are the shortcomings of these existent means? Is our youth showing any real interest in the study of Ukrainian? How has the youth taken advantage of the course in Ukrainian given at a leading American university?

All these and many other similar questions will be posed and discussed at the sessions of the coming Fourth Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America, to be held under the auspices of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, in Hotel Sylvania, Philadelphia, Pa., over the coming Labor Day weekend, September 5th and 6th, in conjunction with the First Ukrainian-American Olympiad, to be held on Labor Day itself, September 7th, at the Northeast High School Field.

There is no denying that these questions relative to the Ukrainian language here in America are vitally important, and their treatment at such a nationwide congregation of Ukrainian-American youth will go far towards clarifying them. All those of our youth interested in this matter then, should attend the Congress, either as a delegates (two to a club) or as a guests with the right to take part in the discussions. This Congress is open to all our youth and clubs that believe in the national ideals of the Ukrainian-American people.

### Fees

The total fee for delegates will be \$3.00 and for youth guests \$3.50. It will include the following: registration; luncheon Saturday noon; admission to dance Saturday evening; admission to banquet and ball Sunday evening; admission to swimming events of the Olympiad Monday morning; and admission to the track and field events of the Olympiad Monday afternoon, followed by a picnic.

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 can also be had at private homes.

For further information write to Stephania Monasterska, Secretary of the UYL-NA, 2347 Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., or to Stephen Shumeyko, Pres., 97 Boyden Avenue, Maplewood, N. J.

### To Our Athletes

All those who intend to participate in the First Ukrainian-American Olympiad should immediately obtain their entry blanks from Walter Nachoney, 2070 East Allegheny Ave., Phila., Pa. Entries will close August 29th!

Although pole vaulting has not been included in the program, yet if a sufficient number of requests are made for it, the event will be included. Notify the Olympiad chairman immediately.

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

# IVAN FRANKO

By S. S.

(14)

## "Pansky Zharti"

Let it not be supposed, however, that during the period of his connection with Polish publications Franko completely "broke the Ukrainian pen," for he actually was of some service to Ukrainian literature during that time. Early in the year 1887 he wrote one of his most famous poems, *Pansky Zharti* (Landlord's Jokes), which one critic, Gregory Cehliński, who did not care so much for his lyrical poetry that appeared in his collection *Z Ver-shyn i Nyzhyn* (From Heights and Depths. First edition, published in 1887, contained *Pansky Zharti* also.), characterized it as "monumentum ære perennius," an epic poem of the finest quality and beauty.

The theme of this poem concerns the abuses suffered under the system of serfdom which existed legally in Eastern Galicia until 1848. In it Franko portrays an old priest who was a veritable father to his flock, helping all that he could to help them. His labors on their behalf met with the displeasure of the local wealthy landlord Migutsky. When the latter learned that the villagers were about to destroy their saloon and build a school, he became very angry at the priest for his "seditious" teachings. But on the side of the villagers was a government commissar, a German, who, courting Migutsky's daughter, suffered a sharp insult from him. This official informed the villagers that the emperor had in mind to free

the peasants of their serfdom. In order to merit this expected freedom, the villagers determined that on New Year's Day they would swear off drinking. But when they came to the church to do this they found the doors closed upon the order of the landlord. Indignant, the villagers rang the bells as an alarm. At this moment a number of hoodlums in the landlord's pay came running up with whips and an order to the peasants to begin cutting lumber in the forest on this holy day. The people rebelled and bloodshed was imminent when the old priest appeared and quieted them. And when Migutsky, who was standing by, began sneering at him, he quietly warned him that:

„Усе свої границі має,  
І що ніхто таких границь  
Безкарно не переступає.”

(Everything in the world has its boundaries, and no one can overstep them without suffering the consequences).

Laboring in the forest with the others the old priest finally fell to the ground in exhaustion, and when the hoodlums sought to beat him they were set upon by the villagers. At this juncture the landlord appeared again and made fun of them for reaching for their axes when he was only "joking." This "joking," however, caused the old priest to die, and the people continued to suffer in serfdom. In Spring the commissar arrived and sought to make public the emperor's proclamation abolishing serfdom, but the landlord

had him seized and locked up in the dog kennels. On Easter Day, however, the landlord obtained his just dues, for he was seized by soldiers and led away to prison. As a result of this confinement he died and his properties were bought by a Jew. Eventually the Jew became the master of the entire village.

In depicting the Easter Day, the first day of peasants' freedom, Franko rises to the very heights of his poetic talents. We quote the opening lines:

Великдень! Боже мій великий!  
Ще як світ світом, не було  
Для нас Великодня такого!  
Бід-досвіта шум, гамір, крики,  
Мов муравлисько, все село  
Людьми кишить. Віс до одного  
До церкви пруть. Як перший раз  
„Христос воскрес” заспівали,  
То всі, мов діти, заридали,  
Аж плач той церквою потряс...  
Так бачилось, що вік ми ждали,  
Аж дотерпілись, достраждали,  
Що Він воскрес — посеред нас.  
І якось так зробилось нам  
У душах легко, ясно, тихо,  
Що, бачилось, готов був всякий  
Цілий землі і небесам  
Кричати; співати: минуло лихо!  
Найзлійші вороги прощались,  
Всі обіймались, цілувались,  
А дзвони дзвонять, не стають  
А молють бігає мов п'яна,  
Кричить що-сила в кожний кут:  
„Нема вже панщини, ні пана!  
Ми вольні, вольні, вольні всі!”  
Ба й дітворя, що в старших баче,  
І собі вигукне, неначе  
Перепелята по віаці.

(To be continued)

## TO THE UKRAINIAN YOUTH

I have been assigned the explaining to you of the why and wherefore of the coming Fourth Ukrainian Youth Congress to be held in Philadelphia, Pa., on September 5, 6 and 7, 1936 at the Hotel Sylvania, Locust and Juniper Streets. So if I may be so bold as to use the famous Lincoln-esque style, I shall dutifully proceed.

Two score and some years ago, our fathers came forth upon this continent, dreaming of glory and a new freedom. Now, we, Ukrainian-American youth, are about to engage in a great Youth Congress, testing whether the heritage of our forefathers can long endure. We will meet to further the heritage of our forefathers; we will come to incorporate the beauty and the culture of Ukraine with the beauty and culture of our own great nation. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. In a large sense we can dedicate our efforts to this incorporation. It is up to us, the youth, who have the power to add, to further the beauty of our heritage. The world will little note what we do here or say here, but it is for us, the youth, to be dedicated to the unfinished dreams which they have thus far so nobly advanced. It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task before us—that from our fathers we take increased devotion to those dreams for which they gave the full measure of their devotion, that we resolve that those dreams shall not have been dreamed in vain, that our culture under God shall have a new birth, and the heritage of the Ukrainian people shall not perish from our youth.

With fondest hopes that we may have your whole hearted co-operation, I remain, sincerely,

ANNE OBOBCZAK,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## SHADOWS OF FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS

By MICHAEL KOTSIUBINSKY

(Continued)

(Translated by S. S.)

(3)

Hard times came upon little Ivan's family after the death of his father. Trouble nestled itself within the hut forever it seemed, all previous good fortune flowed away, one hay field after another was sold, and the flocks of sheep melted away like snow at the coming of Spring.

Yet within Ivan's memory the death of his father did not linger as long as his encounter with the little girl, who although shamed by him without the slightest justification nevertheless had given him in a most trustful manner half of her candy stick. And so, into his curiously sad nature there now trickled a new element, one that unconsciously drew him into the mountains, carried him over their peaks, through forests and valleys, everywhere where there was a chance of meeting her—Marichka. And finally he did: she was pasturing lambs.

She welcomed him as if she had long expected him. Would he pasture lambs together with her? Of course! Let the brown and black bovines bellow and toll their bells to their hearts' content; he will go and pasture her lambs.

And how they pastured!

The white ewes, bunched together in the shadow of a spruce, gazed with foolish eyes upon the two children rolling in the moss, their ringing young laughter breaking the hushed stillness of mid-day. Growing tired, the two clambered on the white rocks and from there fearfully gazed into the depths of a gorge, from whose

other side there loomed steeply heavenward the black form of a tremendously high mountain, that seemed to exhale into the air all its sombreness. Nearby, a large brook plunged down a fissure cut into the mountainside, its greyish beard cascading over the rocks. It was so warm and lonely there, in the ancient stillness of the forest, that the children could hear their own breathing. Yet their ears stubbornly caught and magnified every forest sound, so that they could hear stealthy footsteps, the dull thudding of an ax, or the panting of heaving chests.

"Do you hear, Iva?" whispered Marichka.

"Why shouldn't I? Of course I do."

They both knew that an unseen hatchet was roaming through the forest.

Fright drove them lower down into the valley, where the brook flowed more peacefully. They made themselves a little dam in one spot where it was a little deeper and, undressing, splashed around in this improvised swimming hole like two young animals who know nothing of the meaning of modesty. The sun's rays caressed their light hair and beat upon their eyes, while the icy water pinched their naked bodies.

Marichka was the first to get cold, and began running about to get warm.

"Wait!" Ivan shouted, clambering out too. "Where are you from?"

"F-from Ya-vor," she replied, her teeth chattering.

"And whose girl are you?"

"Kowal's."

"Well, so long Kowalowa!" Ivan cried, but kept on chasing her and pinching her until both grew tired, but warm, and threw themselves upon the grass.

Along the bed of the brook, beneath the meadow brilliant with its flaming sun flowers, frogs sorrowfully croaked their tales.

Ivan leaned over the brook and asked them:

"Kuma—kuma—what have you cooked?"

"Burak! — borsch. Burak — borsch. Burak—borsch," croaked Marichka.

"Buraki-ki-ki!... Buraki-ki-ki!" both of them screeched, with their eyes tightly shut, so that the very frogs themselves grew silent in surprise.

And thus they pastured, losing lambs more than once.

But when they grew old their play together became ancient.

Now Ivan was already a young man, lean and strong, a young spruce, who kept down his curly hair with butter, wore a wide leather belt and a finely woven hat. Marichka, also, now had her hair done up, which meant she had reached marriageable age. They no longer pastured lambs together, but met only on holidays or Sundays, usually by the church or in depths of the forest, so that the elders would not know of the love affair between the children of two rival clans. At such times Ivan would often play for her on his floyara. Lost in his thoughts, his eyes fastened upon something far beyond the mountains, something visible only

1. burak—beet; borsch—beet soup.

to himself, he would place the floyara to his lips, and a most enchanting song, one never heard before, would gently flutter down upon the grass of the meadow in the shade of the spruces. One felt a strange chill at the sound of the first few whistling notes; as if bleak winter had laid itself upon the graves of the dead. But soon, yonder over the hills, rose the sun-god and rested his flaming head upon the earth's surface. Winter stirred uneasily, its power weakening, waters awakened, and the earth became filled with the ringing songs of released rivers and streams. The sun rose higher, diffusing itself into a cloud of flowers. Spirits of the Spring trod lightly over the newly sprouting grasses. Spruces warbled into the redolent air their greenness, grasses smiled in their freshness, and throughout the whole world there were now but two colors: green—the earth, and blue—the heavens... Down below sped the rushing Cheremosh, carrying on its broad bosom the green blood of the hills, restless and swirling...

And then the trembita!... Ta-ra-ta... Ta-ra-ta...

The shepherd's heart sang in gladness, the sheep bleated their joy at the smell of new fodder... Rushes in the pastures swayed in the warm breezes, while from his winter's den among the boulders old bruin emerged, and rearing upon his hind legs tested his roar, as through sleepy eyes he already saw his prey.

Spring showers beat down upon the stirring earth, thunder rolled over the peaks, and chilly blasts of the evil one came whining down from the black Chornohora... when suddenly there again appeared the sun—the right cheek of God—and glinted upon the

# RAMBLINGS OF WORD-HUNTER

## LANDON IS CALLED REAL COOPERATOR

This is the headline of a news item in "The New York Times," which reports that the Republican chairman, John D. M. Hamilton, hailed Governor Landon for the spirit of cooperation manifested by Landon's announcement that he would attend a conference of Governors of the drought states to be called by President Roosevelt.

We can see from the body of the story what is meant by "co-operator": evidently one who is capable of cooperating with others. Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary, however, defines the word thus: "COOPERATOR, one who cooperates; specifically, a member of a cooperative society." It gives also: "COOPERATIONIST, one who advocates cooperation; especially, a member of a cooperative society."

This word is, of course, of Latin origin. It was also adopted into the Ukrainian language, ко-опе-ра-тор, ko-o-pe-ra-tor. It has several meanings: (1) one who works with another person; (2) one who advocates cooperation, or cooperative enterprises, or is a member of a cooperative society; (3) a parson's assistant, a vicar, or a curate. The necessity of making the differences more distinct impelled some Ukrainians to use the word кооператист, ko-o-pe-ra-tyst, but the innovation proved unsuccessful; evidently, the pressure of need was too small: the reader could hardly fall into the mistake of taking one concept for another.

## PUZZLING ENGLISH IDIOMS

The Associated Press reports from Berlin that English idiomatic expressions are often a puzzle to German journalists. A sports-writer in the "Berlin Zwoelf Uhrblatt" takes Gene Tunney to task for having addressed Max Schmeling, "Well, how are you, old man?"

This, the writer finds, was a "most tactless remark." Schmeling, an old man? The idea! Why he showed Joe Louis what he could do at 31.

Well, well, one could remind the German writer than the German language (and incidentally the English, too) is in its turn very puzzling to the Ukrainian ear, when the German will ask for the age of a baby, saying in effect, "How old is it?" The Ukrainian would not refer to the baby as being old. He always asks, "What is his age?" or to be exact, "How many years has he?"

The phrase, дівка, двацять літ стара, current in America, is a word-for-word translation of the English phrase. In English, the phrase, though puzzling to a Ukrainian, is perfectly correct; in Ukrainian it is a perfect stranger.

## "REACTIONARY"

Under such title "The New York Times" brings an interesting leader on campaign tactics of Democratic orators in the presidential campaign, prefacing it with the following remarks on the use of the word:

"The word is coming into high favor again. It is reappearing in

political writings and speeches. There it serves as a substitute for thought, or definition, just as Macaulay said that a long word of Greek derivation often did. 'Reactionary' frequently occurs as a form of epithet, a convenient kind of condemnation applied to a man or a political party. If Democratic orators cannot think of anything else to say about Republicans, it is easy to dismiss the lot of them as just so many reactionaries. Exactly what this means, it is regarded as unnecessary to state."

Well, if we hold to the idea that language is used primarily to convey thought, we better always ask, "Exactly, what does this word mean?"

## NOT ONLY BEARD

Replying to an oral inquiry of an interested reader if the word "beard" is the only word in English which is related to a corresponding word in Ukrainian and many other languages, I would like to say generally that there are of them quite a legion. Ilarion Svyentsitsky, the well-known philologist, in his "Нариси з історії української мови" (Outlines from the History of the Ukrainian Language, Lwiw, 1920) gives a long list of words which the Ukrainian language shares with other (so-called Indo-European) languages. His list comprises 168 words, and it surely is not complete. He divides them into several groups, such as: words describing the parts of body; the family; the settlements; domestic animals; foods; etc.

Taking at random words of the first group, the reader finds there, for instance, the words for the: eye, ear, nose, arm, tooth, nail, lips, heart, and blood.

Thus the English "eye" corresponds to the Ukrainian "око," the Lithuanian "akis," the German "Auge," Latin "oculus," Greek "omma," Iranian "aksi." The English "ear" is related to the Ukrainian "ucho," Lithuanian "ausis," Latin "auris," Greek "ous," and Iranian "ushi." The English "nose"—Ukrainian, "niz," Church-Slavonic, "нос," German "Nase," Latin "nares," Old-Hindoo "nasa." English "tooth"; Ukrainian "zub," Lithuanian "dantis," German "Zahn," Latin "dens," Greek "odous," Iranian "dan." Ukrainian "серце," Lithuanian "szirdis," German "Herz," English "heart," Latin "cor, cordis," Greek "kardia," Iranian "hrd." er.

## AT TWENTY-FOUR

'Tis true Theophilus, I'm twenty-four today,  
How fast the years steal by in silent, endless train!  
You wish to shake my hand, you say I should be proud?  
I should be proud? Of what?  
These years I've spent in vain!  
No, friend, I am not proud; I hang my head in shame,  
Those glorious, burning years through which I used to laze,  
"There's always a tomorrow," I used to say and yawn.  
And now all my tomorrows have turned to yesterdays.  
But hark! Theophilus, I start anew today,  
I have learnt my lesson well so there's no need for sorrow.  
I'll build—but wait—that girl—she looked at me and smiled,  
Farewell, my friend, I'll tell you more—tomorrow.

SOCRATES,  
Clintonville, Conn.

swinging scythes mowing down hay...

And so, from peak to peak, from brook to brook—darted the happy melody of the floyara, so airy, so clear, that you could actually hear the rustle of its wings...

Ой прибігла з полонинки  
Біла овечка —  
Люблю тебе, фаяна любко,  
Тай твої словечка...

Gently the spruce needles tinkled, softly the forests whispered their cool dreams of summer nights, faintly the distant cow bells tolled, while the gloomy mountains showered down their ancient sadness.

With a roar and crackle a felled tree plunged down, while the earth sighed in sympathy—and again the trembita wailed. This time it heralded death... Someone had gone to his final resting place. High into the air the call of a cuckoo mounted—but no longer could he hear it...

Marichka responded to the playing of the floyara, like a dove to its mate—with songs. She knew ever so many of them. Where she learned them—she could not tell. It seemed as if they had been cradled with her, had bathed with her, had been born within her breast, as bountifully as the spruces upon the mountains. Upon whatever here eye fell; no matter what happened anywhere: perhaps a sheep had perished, a young man had loved, a girl had betrayed, a cow grew sick, a spruce rustled—all this poured itself out into song, as simple as those mountains resting there since ancient prehistoric times.

She had no difficulty in composing new songs. Seated on the ground, alongside Ivan, arms

wrapped around her knees, she would keep time by gently swaying backwards and forwards. Her rounded calves, burned by the sun and nude from the knees down, offered a striking contrast to her white dress, while her full lips rounded themselves most delightfully when she began singing:

Зозулька ми закувала сива та ма-  
ленька.  
На все село іскладена пісенька но-  
венька...

Marichka's song recounted an event well known to all: how one Andriy became enamoured by Paraska, how his love grew so strong that he died of it, warning others of the dangers of loving strange maidens. Another was about the sorrow of a mother whose son died in the forest, crushed by a falling tree. The songs were sad, simple and moving, so that one's heart bled listening to them. She usually concluded them with:

Ой кувала ми зозулька тай коло  
потічка.  
А хто ісклав співаночку? Іванкова  
Марічка.

She had long given herself to Ivan, when she was yet thirteen. And is it any wonder? Pasturing the goats and sheep she had plenty of opportunity of observing them during the rut-time, and it seemed so simple, natural, as old as the earth itself, and thus no unclean thought ever entered her heart. Of course, from this copulation goats and sheep became gravid; but there was always the sorceress. Marichka had no fears in this respect. Beneath her belt, next to her skin, she carried a head of garlic over which the sorceress had murmured incantations, and so nothing could harm her. The very thought of this made her smile to herself, and she would wind her arms around Ivan's neck.

"My dear Ivanku! Will we always be together?"

"If God so wills, my sweetheart."

"Sometimes I think not. There's too much hatred between our families."

His eyes would then grow dark with anger and his hatchet would plunge quivering into the ground.

"I don't need their consent. Let them do what they want, but you're going to be mine."

"Oh, my—my! what are you saying..."

"Just what you hear, dear."

And just as if to spite the elders he would whirl her about at the dances so fast that their very sandals would nearly fly off.

Ivan's hopes, however, were not realized. The family steadily sank into sorer straits, there was not enough to do around the household for all of them, and someone had to hire himself out.

Worry gnawed upon Ivan.

"I shall have to go up into the downs, Marichka," gloomily he told her one day.

"If you must, then go," she replied humbly. "Such is our fate..."

And with songs she adorned their parting. A heavy sadness filled her heart at the thought that their trysts in the still forest would have to be discontinued for a long time. Her arms around his neck and her head pressed against his cheek, she sang softly:

Ізгадай мні, мій миленький,  
Два рази на днину,  
А я тебе ізгадаю  
Сім раз на годину.

"Will you remember me always?"

"I will, Marichka."

"'Tis nothing," she cheered him. "You'll go to pasture sheep and I'll go to make hay. I'll climb to the top of a hay rick and look up into the downs, and you blow your trembita... Perhaps I'll hear you. When fogs settle down upon the mountains I'll sit down and cry that I can't see my beloved. But on clear nights I shall look for the star that is right over the down, and I'll know that that star is shining on my Ivanku."

"Only I shall sing no longer..."

"But why? Sing, Marichka, sing; don't grow unhappy, for I'll soon return."

Yet she continued to shake her head sadly.

Співаночки мої милі,  
Де я вас подію  
Хіба я вас, співаночки,  
Горами посію,

Then turning to him:

Гой ви мете, співаночки,  
Горами співати,  
Я си буду, молоденька,  
Сльозами вмивати.

Marichka sighed, and added even more sorrowfully:

Ой як буде добра доля,  
Я вас позбираю,  
А як буде лиха доля,  
Я вас занехаю...

"Yes, maybe I will forsake them..."

Ivan listened silently to the sweet girlish voice, musing over the thought that she had long already sowed the mountains with her songs, that they were being sung by forests and meadows, ridges and downs, rivers and streams, and the sun itself... But the time will come when he will return to her and she will gather them all up, so as to have them for their wedding...

(To be continued)

# POTPOURRI

By BURMA-CAPELIN

## ANENT MR. PANCHUK'S "REPLY"

Mr. Panchuk's attempted reply to "Intermarriage," is riddled with gross misinterpretations or misrepresentations of what I actually stated. The commentator alleges that I imply that intermarriage on the ground of assimilation is favored by some Ukrainians. Whether or not this is a fact, I made no reference to this aspect of it. If Mr. Panchuk will carefully read the paragraph concerned he will note that I spoke of "Americanizers," assuming without justification, it seems in this case, that Mr. Panchuk was acquainted with the fact that the promoters of so-called "Americanization" schemes have almost invariably been Americans of the second, third or older generations. Secondly, Mr. Panchuk makes a travesty of my statements when he alleges that I made an attempt to "buttress" my argument on the "ground of patriotism" which he understands to mean nationalism. I recommend to Mr. Panchuk a re-reading of the third paragraph. I was discussing the attitude of the nationalist, the reasons therefor, and the consequences of his attitude if it were to become the core of definite policy. And incidentally, I might enlighten Mr. Panchuk that, while a distinction between "patriotism" and "nationalism" may be "close-shaving," it is so in the same sense that a distinction between a "horse" and a "cat" is. To Mr. Panchuk this latter distinction may be "close-shaving" because both are animals. Thirdly, Mr. Panchuk's slipshod misinterpretation reaches ludicrous lengths when he rambles about the "ethnocentric concept" not fitting into the "Melting Pot." Well, it does not; my assertion was 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." When I stated "cultural group," anyone of Mr. Panchuk's apparent grasp of ethnology would know that both the "culture" and the "group" aspects change in a situation of contact of two different culture groups. In other words, the ethnocentric attitude may be but a survival in such a situation; it flourishes in isolation. Fourthly, I do not know what to think of the state of Mr. Panchuk's mental alertness at the moment when he penned the following mystic prose: "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." If this sentence means anything, the second part contradicts the very thing the first part asserts.

Aside from the above, there are two matters of fact on which Mr. Panchuk takes issue with me. First, as to the extent of intermarriage in the case of Ukrainians as contrasted with other nationalities; secondly, on the relative probabilities of success of mixed and like marriages.

Regarding the extent of intermarriage, I made my statement in terms of probability, in other words, having no precise statistical data, I ventured on the basis of less precise data and general impressions, to state that the chances were over fifty percent (probable) that intermarriage in the case of Ukrainians was not as frequent as in the case of

many other nationalities. Mr. Panchuk's few cases of intermarriage do not disprove this. Moreover, for the actual statistical data, such as it is, which lends weight to my general statement, I refer Mr. Panchuk to three sources: "Draschler, J., Intermarriage in New York City, especially pp. 66-68; Wessel, B. B., An Ethnic Survey of Woonsocket, especially pp. 105-106; and Young, C. H.: The Ukrainian Canadians, especially pp. 157-159.

Regarding my statement that mixed marriages are likely to succeed than like marriages, I might again remind Mr. Panchuk that I am making a generalization, not pronouncing that every mixed marriage is liable to wreck or that every like marriage is immune to it. And without extending on this subject I might commend to Mr. Panchuk the following studies which, aside from personal observations, tend to confirm, though by no means conclusively (because these studies are not thorough enough), my conclusion that Cupid better send its dart to a "Ukie" rather than a "non-Ukie": "Mowrer, E. R.; Family Disorganization; Mowrer, E. R.; The Family; Mowrer, H.; Personality Adjustment and Domestic Discord; Groves, E. R. and Ogburn, W. F.: American Marriage and Family Relationships". I might sum up my attitude for Mr. Panchuk's benefit as being essentially this: Other things being equal, the chances of success in a like marriage are greater than they are in a mixed marriage. This is warrant enough, for one who values marriage, to be discreet in the sense I outlined in my original article.

## CONGRESS SPECIAL

Delegates and guests to the Fourth Ukrainian Youth's Congress at Philadelphia who reside in Detroit and vicinity, and also any person who will travel through Detroit to the Congress may obtain a reduction in railroad fare by taking advantage of the reduced rate of \$19.45 secured by the local United Young Ukrainian Organizations.

A first-class air-conditioned coach has been chartered from the Michigan Central Railroad, and the reservations are limited to thirty-three people. The round trip fare per person from Detroit to Philadelphia will be \$19.45 and inasmuch as twenty-one individuals have already paid their deposit fees there are accommodations remaining for only twelve more persons.

The Ukrainian Youth Congress Special Coach will leave Detroit Friday, September 4th at 4:50 A. M. and will arrive in Philadelphia at 7:48 P. M. on the same day. Individual tickets will be issued for the return trip so that anyone who wishes to stay in Philadelphia for a few more days after the Congress has adjourned may do so.

Those who desire to travel with this group must get in touch with John Panchuk, 1429 Barlum Tower, Cherry 7872, Steven Danielson, 2370 Danforth, Hamtramck, Trinity 2-2020, or with Stephen Dobryden, 14585 Michigan Avenue, Dearborn, Oregon 5000.

STEPHEN DOBRYDEN.

## A REMINDER:

The Ukrainian Civic Center of New York City will commemorate its FIFTH ANNIVERSARY at its Fifth Annual Dance on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1936 at the Adine Club, 200 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. Remember this date! Details will be announced later.

## EXPERIENCES OF A TRAVELING PEN PAL

I have been corresponding with many people of different nationalities for more than six years. Pen Pal-ing has become a hobby with me, and, just to convince you, I honestly can't name a more interesting pastime. Why, I liked corresponding so much that I took it upon myself to conduct a "Pen Pal Column" in the "Ukrainian Weekly." To say that this column was a "hit" would be putting it rather mildly when one considers the fact that just about five hundred Ukrainians have had their names and addresses published in it. Yes, Pen Pal-ing certainly is the hobby of hobbies!

I correspond with quite a few Ukrainian people, needless to say, and have already succeeded in personally meeting quite a number of them. The best part of Pen Pal-ing comes when one meets his Pen Pals personally. Try it...and find out for yourself.

I'll never forget the time, two years ago, when one of my Pen Pals visited me at my home in Jersey City, N. J. It seems that this particular Pen Pal wanted to attend the Second Congress of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, but it so happened that he arrived in New York City the day after the Congress came to an end! And, what makes it seem more complicated, is the fact that he came from Philadelphia, Pa...only a three to four-hour ride to New York City! How he happened to be a day late will have to remain an unsolved mystery.

Now I didn't even as much as suspect that I'd receive a visit from a Pen Pal that particular Monday morning (a rainy morning, at that) and I didn't bother to prepare for his arrival. You can imagine, then, how astounded I was to hear a "knock, knock, knock" on my door. Wondering who on earth could be going to the trouble of getting wet to see ME I opened the door of my very untidy home (you see, I was busy typing out a "Pen Pal Column" and when I am busy typing its just too bad for the house. Papers, clippings, newspapers, letters, pencils, erasers, typewriting necessities and a lot of other things were strewn all over the otherwise tidy house).

"Yes?" I inquired of the unfamiliar young man I found standing in the hallway.

"Are you Theodore Lutwiniak?" the young man asked in return. I was almost sure that he was a bill-collector, despite his young appearance. I prepared to throw him down the three flights of stairs he had just climbed in order to see me.

"That's my name," I told him, ready to jump on him the minute he flashed a paper that had the appearance of a bill.

"Well," said the visitor, "I am Mike from Philadelphia...one of your Pen Pals."

I almost fell through the floor on hearing this. "Not Mike... THE Mike... from Philadelphia?" I whispered unbelievably. I think I must have frightened him somewhat, for he prepared to run away. "Well, I'll be a tut, tut, tut!" I cried. Then, recovering myself, I said: "Come on in, Mike...make yourself at home." He hesitated a second or two (and I don't blame him. My disheveled appearance would frighten even a blind man...and I still can't figure out how Mike thought I looked good enough for him to take the chance of going into the house!) The house look-

## FIRST UKRAINIAN YOUTH FIELD DAY IN DETROIT

Under the auspices of the United Young Ukrainian Organizations of Detroit and vicinity a very successful field day was held on Sunday, August the 2nd.

Shortly after 12 o'clock noon, the beautiful Broadway Park, with its winding lanes, the running brook and the large shady trees, was transformed into a flood of merry-making humanity. By 3:30 the field events were well on the way. The starting shot sent off senior contestants in a 100 yard dash carrying Dan Burban, Mike Pryoyla and Paul Solodky to victory. In the following events, which were carried out with fair timing and precision, the victors were:

**Senior Boys:**—220 Yard Dash—M. Nazarko, Burban, Zablocky; 440 Yard Dash—Dziadek, J. Hawrylcw, M. Nazarko; 880 Yard Run—Ruban, P. Hawrylcw, Pochynok; Shot Put—Ruban, Semonenko, Woytowicz; Broad Jump—P. Hawrylcw, Solodky, S. Nazarko; Relay—Dziadek, Paul Hawrylcw, John Hawrylcw, Mike Hawrylcw.

**Junior Boys:**—75 Yard Dash—M. Danielson, Shieda, Markiw; 220 Yard Dash—Danielson, Pitpyryhora, Markiw; 440 Yard Dash—Drygosh, Pitpyryhora, Danielson.

**Girl:**—75 Yard Dash—Mary Suzycki, Sonia Malaniak, Stella Malaniak; 220 Yard Dash—E. Koban, Sonia Malaniak, Stella Malaniak; Baseball Throw—Stella Fill, E. Koban, Rose Chudio.

The final score:—Club Trident—54 points, Y.U.N.—20 points, St. Mary's—17 points, Club Mazzeppa—5 points.

The medical attendants were Dr. A. T. Kibzey and Dr. A. Procki.

All winners were awarded gold, silver and bronze medals, while the gold trophy was awarded to the club scoring highest number of points in all events—Club Trident.

A great deal could be said about the splendid field event, the great interest and enthusiasm aroused, the grand picnic, the approximate 5,000 spectators and guests, the 60 and some contestants, the really refreshing refreshments, the good music and dancing, but the writer is more overwhelmed with the true spirit of cooperation, good sportsmanship, good fellowship, and fine leadership, so splendidly exhibited on the part of the Detroit youth. It was a revelation, indeed, to see the animosities, so prevalent among our elders, replaced by such virtues and friendliness and good fellowship, regardless of affiliations or convictions. The youth organizations and their leaders worked like Trojans to make their first field event a success and their efforts were well rewarded not only materially but in the way of setting an example for other localities. Detroiters have proved what can be done where "unity", "solidarity", Ukrainianism, and "work" are substituted for discord, disharmony, lack of true Ukrainian spirit and laxity.

It is quite obvious that Detroiters will be among the many participants in the First Ukrainian-American Olympiad in Philadelphia, following the UYL congress.

Great work Detroiters! Keep right ahead.

A. OLESKOW,  
Chicago, Ill.

ed like a wreck...and so did I... but Mike didn't seem to mind, to to my great relief. We found quite a bit to talk about and soon became the best of friends. Incidentally, believe it or not, but I am typing this article in Mike's home in Philadelphia, where I am vacationing for the week! Mike won't know anything about this until its published...then, I suppose, I'd better make myself scarce! Yes...there's nothing like meeting your Pen Pals in person!

(To be concluded)  
THEODORE LUTWINIAK.