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MARKIAN SHASHKEVICH

Last Monday, June 7th, marked the 94th anniversary of the death of Markian Shashkevich, the man who did for Western Ukraine what Ivan Kotlyarevsky had earlier done for Eastern (Greater) Ukraine: introduced the vernacular as the medium for Ukrainian literature in place of the strange hodge-podge that had been used during the 18th century, and thereby hastened the rebirth of the modern Ukrainian nation.

Shashkevich was born in 1811, in the village of Pidlesya, district of Zolochiw, Galicia, Western Ukraine. His father was an impoverished priest. Upon completing the village school he entered the gymnasia, where he first showed his interest in writing, especially verses. His next step in his formal education was into the theological seminary in Lviw, from which he was soon expelled for absenting himself without leave. From thence on began his life "in the world," a life of hardship, privations and want.

What soon caught Markian's main interest was the revival of national spirit among the Slavic peoples. Accordingly he studied it and its background. He realized that the period in which he lived was characterized by the arisal of new social values and conceptions. The ordinary common man, the peasant, was at last beginning to come into his own. No longer was it a universal custom to look down upon him. Even literature began to take him to its bosom.

Markian sadly observed that this new movement was leaving the Ukrainians untouched. He decided, therefore, to tear down the barriers that were holding it back. To do this properly, he realized, was only by enlightenment of the Ukrainian masses, the peasantry, which, unlike the intelligentsia, had remained Ukrainian. Since this task was too gigantic for any one person, he gathered around him a group of talented and idealistic young persons, chief among whom were Holowatsky and Vahylevich, who led by Shashkevich formed the famed "Ukrainian Trinity." Together they explored Ukrainian history and folklore, and used their findings to awaken their people to their ancient glory and future destiny.

In 1835 Shashkevich wrote an ode commemorating the birthday of the Austrian Emperor Franz I. The ode would have passed unnoticed were it not for the significant fact that it was the first poem to appear in Galicia written in the Ukrainian mother-tongue spoken by the masses and scorned by the intellectuals. Shashkevich soon created another sensation when, after his re-admittance to the seminary, he delivered an address before a distinguished gathering in the same tongue, and not in the usual Polish or time-honored Church-Slavonic. Such examples so impressed the Ukrainian youth that many of them began to emulate him, including several young clergymen. The same year, too, Markian issued a pamphlet in Polish strongly condemning the introduction of Latin letters into the Ukrainian language.

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The next task task the indefatigable Markian took upon himself was the writing of a book which, written in the vernacular, contained all manner of Ukrainian folk songs, poetry, prose, based upon Ukrainian life, history, and culture. He called it the "Zorya." To his great pleasure the Vienna censor, the famed Kopitar, praised the work, especially for the language it was written in, but to his dismay his professor of theology, Benedict Levitsky, the Lviw censor, banned it because of its "peasant tongue." Nothing daunted, however, Shashkevich managed to have the book published in Hungary, under the new title of "Rusalka Dniestrova," some copies of which managed to be smuggled into Galicia. The appearance of this book in 1837, exactly one hundred years ago is most significant, as it definitely marked birth of the modern Western Ukrainian Literature.

Shashkevich's life from thence on was a miserable one: hounded by the police; persecuted by the church authorities, who shunted him from one impoverished parish to another; and oppressed by the government, which refused him the usual pension.

Nevertheless Shashkevich did not desert his ideals nor his work. He persisted in writing in the Ukrainian tongue, although poverty dogged his every step. He translated sections of the Evangelium and psalms into Ukrainian, so that they would become more comprehensible to his people. He wrote unusually fine sermons, fables, an excellent reader for children, and many other outstanding works. Although poor, he never failed to help the needy, and although ill, his presence and his word never failed to inspire those who came into contact with him.

The cruel bludgeonings of life finally downed him. At the age of 33 he died. Had he been permitted to live under normal conditions, there is no telling what Shashkevich could have accomplished for the Ukrainian people. Yet what he did during the pitifully brief span of his life, was enough to place him in the foremost rank of Ukrainian patriots, martyrs, and writers. He set the Western Ukrainians on the path leading towards their ultimate freedom, and from that path they have never swerved.

LANGUAGE AND THE NATION

The graduation this month of thousands of youngsters from Ukrainian evening and day schools throughout the country focuses our attention once more upon the problem of the future of the Ukrainian language in America.

There is no gainsaying that this problem is vitally important to us, especially when viewed in the light of the fact that language and national consciousness are inextricably interwoven, both being absolutely dependent upon one another, and neither being able to exist without the other.

The British, for example, a people upon whom it can be said the sun never sets, find that essentially the bond that holds them closest together is not that, as it would seem, of economic interests, but of one common language. It is this bond that makes of them such a powerful people, that makes them acutely aware of their time-tried and time-honored traditions, and that inspires them to cultivate and perpetuate these traditions no matter where they be, whether it be in their water-locked isles or in the distant and exotic lands of their far-flung empire.

Yet theirs is but one example of the great role played by language in the development of nations. Many such others can be cited towards the same end.

And observe, too, the similarly great role played by language in the very rebirth of nations, such as that of modern Ukraine, which perhaps is the finest example of its kind in modern history, although the revival of the Czechs nationality is also a good one.

It should be clear to all of us, then, that aside from certain anthropological characteristics and cultural traditions, a nation's claim to life and freedom is founded and dependent upon its people having a common language of their own.

Here in America, of course, our interest in advancing the learning of the Ukrainian language among ourselves is predicated not only upon our ambition to aid the Ukrainian nation, but also upon our duty to America to introduce into her growing culture some of the finer elements of our Ukrainian heritage, chief among which is that of literature. Then, too, there are the cultural benefits accruing to us personally from learning the language of our parents and forefathers, upon which we have dwelt already too many times to bear their repetition here.

Primarily, however, the main reason why we should continue with unbated zeal to acquire at least a working knowledge of the Ukrainian tongue is because of its vital importance to the Ukrainian nation and cause. And how vital is this importance can be readily seen in the forcible attempts that have been made for centuries by the enemies of Ukraine to destroy her language and deny its very existence. Even today, ridiculous as it may appear, such attempts are still being made by the chauvinistic oppressors of Ukraine, in total and blind disregard of the fact that the Ukrainian language has advanced too far in popular, literary, and scientific usage to be ever destroyed.

At all times let us bear in mind, therefore, that the Ukrainian language is the strongest bond that binds all of us of Ukrainian descent, no matter where we live, whether it be here in the United States, or in Canada, or in Brazil, Argentine, or in France, Germany, England, or even in the Far East, or in Ukraine itself.

This bond must ever be kept strong, and never permitted to become weakened or broken by disuse. For how else will all of us of Ukrainian origin, scattered throughout the world, and speaking English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, and even Japanese and Chinese, be able to know and understand one another, and our Ukrainian nation as well, without a good knowledge of the Ukrainian tongue.

So, let us learn it, and learn it well.

SHASHKEVICH MONUMENT

In commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the appearance of the famed "Rusalka Dniestrova," a monument to its author, Markian Shashkevich, including a statue of him sculptored by the world famous Ukrainian, Alexander Archipenko, will be unveiled in the near future at the Ukrainian Museum at Stamford, Conn.

A fund is being raised for this purpose. To date $1,816.70 has been raised. Our young Ukrainian-Americans are especially urged to contribute towards this fund. Send all donations to Rev. Lev. Chapelsky, c/o Ukrainian High School, Stamford, Conn.

POST-CONVENTION THOUGHTS

It will not take long for the 19th Convention of Ukrainian National Association to pass into oblivion. With a feeling that all is well in the U. N. A. we lapse into the course of other attractions, and when four years roll by we will again resort to the phrase "v spravi formalni" as a matter of course. While we are on the road toward "bigger and better" conventions, a few pertinent remarks at this time may be appropriate. For bigger they shall be with the growth of the organization, but thinking and planning in advance will make the conventions better.

The first apparent weakness in our convention lies in the number of delegates. Here the democracy of our institution defeats itself when the majority decrees that discussion be cut short. When more than fifty delegates arise for recognition on a trivial matter, some because they have something to say, others to have their branch numbers recorded in the minutes—then a veritable bedlam breaks loose and the convention becomes unwieldy. And yet, an attempt to revise numerical representation was voted down almost unanimously! The prediction is, that the next convention will become so unruly due to size, that a new system of representation will be forced through.

In spite of printed reports of the officers, four days were spent in listening to and discussing them. Even disregarding the personal reports of the gentlemen who had "tricks up their sleeves" and who wasted much of the valuable time unnecessarily, the discussion could have been considerably curtailed by eliminating questions related to routine and details of the organization. A column in **Svoboda,** entitled "Question Box" or something similar, would remove many trivial matters from the convention floor and give a wealth of information concerning the U. N. A. to members and prospective members.

The method of electing new officers, especially the primary, needs to be revised if the semblance of efficiency is to be preserved. There is no reason why a candidate should not be required to submit at least a dozen signatures endorsing him for office. It would eliminate many candidates who do not wish to run, or whose chances are negligible, and would simplify the work of the Election Board considerably. After all, the object is to preserve the institution of convention because it is the best method for membership to express its will, and to put off the day of regional conventions as long as possible for the sake of unity in the organization. And this can be done by eliminating waste in time and effort of the convention.

The part played by young delegates in the conduct of the 19th Convention cannot be overlooked. They went into the game like old-timers and asked for no special privileges because of their youth. Although attempts were made to use the term "youth" as a "Sesame" toward desired goals, they were usually made by the older delegates. The fact remains, that young delegates played the game on equal terms with the older generation and made their gains not by virtue of youth but in spite of it. Youth has entered the competition in which ability is the determining factor. And that is a healthy sign for the future of U. N. A.

Having won several places in the Supreme Assembly, youth delegates are due for a critical test of their abilities to hold responsible positions. The test may be more severe than is applied to the older generation, but it cannot be avoided. Youth has been admitted to the council and the older generation expects results. Without being aware of it, the young delegates on various committes were under constant surveillance of the elders during the course of the convention. The diligence with which the young lady attended to her duty as secretary of the convention was not lost to the observation from the floor; neither did a young committee member escape censure for sleeping on the job. The period of probation will continue for those elected to offices for the next term. Let us hope that four years hence they will all give a good account of themselves and justify the confidence which has been placed in youth.

G. HERMAN.

THE BURGLAR

By VASILE STEFANIK

Trans. by Stephen Shumeyko

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"It matters not whether I be of the peasantry or nobility," replied the burglar to his captors, "the fact remains that since you're drinking you'll never let me out of your hands alive."

"You certainly spoke the truth then, the holy truth, and for that I admire you!" ejaculated Michael.

"Well, before you kill me, suppose you let me have some more whiskey to drink, so that I won't feel anything when you start working on me."

"Of course, here, take it, and drink all you want; but that you should try to burglarize my home is beyond my understanding! Man, I'm hard, hard like a rock, and no one who gets into my clutches ever gets out of them!"

The burglar drank five more glasses of whiskey.

"I'm all set now, so go ahead and beat me as much as you want."

"Whoa, wait a moment, my friend. You're ready but we're not. You've been drinking five to our one, and we've got to catch up with you first."

Michael was in high spirits, Maxim seemed to have something on his mind but afraid to divulge it, while George was uneasy.

"I can see that we're in for trouble, and I'd like to back out of it, yet something draws me to it, with chains it draws me to him... Ah, well, let's have another round."

"Let me have your hand, sir, I want to kiss it," spoke up the burglar suddenly to Maxim.

"Oh, now, man, you're showing fear; oh, that's not nice!"

"I'm not afraid, really I'm not, I'll swear to it."

"Then what?"

"Well, I feel much easier now and I wish to kiss this man's hand; he's an old gray-head, old enough to be my father."

"Let me alone, man, I've got a soft heart, and I don't want you to kiss my hand, so let me alone I say."

"Do give me your hand, for you'll have a sin if you don't, as I want to kiss you as I would my father."

Michael and George gaped at this, their drinks forgotten. They could believe their ears.

"It's a trick, that's what it is. Listen here you, we're wise to such tricks."

Maxim looked about sheepishly, he didn't know what to make of all this.

"He guessed it that I'm soft-hearted, guessed it right away!"

He said this in order to justify himself before Michael and George.

"Give me your hand, sir, give it to me, but give it to me from your heart, so that when I kiss it I'll feel much better; I know I won't walk this earth anymore, so let me take farewell of you this way."

"But I don't want you to kiss me, for if you do I'll become soft as putty. And don't worry about my forgiveness, for you can have it."

"Oh, please do let me, I beg of you. You'll make my death so much easier if you do. I'm not drunk, honest I'm not. Please do!"

"Shut up, man, stop whining, and stop trying to trick us, for I'm liable to take a swing at you," thundered Michael.

"Why do you keep on thinking that I'm trying to kid you. Really I'm not. You see it's this way: when I downed my last drink I suddenly realized that I simply would have to die and that before I do I would have to kiss this man's hand, so that God will sooner forgive my sins. Give me your hand, sir, please. Tell him to give me his hand."

"Why doesn't he let me alone. I'm such a softy, and I simply can't stand this."

Maxim did not know what to do with himself in this dilemma. He was embarrassed like a girl.

"That's always the case with a soft-hearted person, always he's exposed to ridicule. You all know it, just a few drinks and I'm ready to cry. You shouldn't have called me here in the first place, for you know me well enough..."

The burglar sought to seize Maxim's hand and kiss it.

"He's just trying to take advantage of you, Maxim, so you'd better go."

"Let's have some more whiskey, George, and let's drink three glasses at a time too, so that we'll get good and sore."

"Don't go, Maxim, don't leave me sir, for I'm about to die. I'm not afraid, I swear I'm not, it's just that I want to die peacefully..."

The burglar began to tremble all over, his teeth chattering. Michael and George kept on drinking, ignoring him completely.

"What are you afraid of, there's nothing to be afraid of. I'll give you my hand, I'll give it, let them beat me up too, I'll give it, here, here, take it and kiss it, just as you want..."

The thief seized hold of his hand and clung to it, while Maxim rapidly winked his eyes, as if someone was slapping him over the face.

"One should never be a soft-hearted person, for he's never good for anything..."

Michael uncurled his muscular fingers slowly and showed them to George.

"Man! They're strong! They're just itching for a fight, itching so hard that once they grab a hold of anyone they'll tear his very flesh out!"

But George did not reply, he just kept spitting into palms and refilling his glass.

"There, there, that's enough, you poor fellow, let my hand alone, so that I can go. There's no God here, so I can't remain here. Take your hands away from me, let me alone, for I tell you I feel so embarrassed that I don't know what to do with myself."

"I want to kiss the holy picture yet, I want to kiss the threshold too, I want to kiss everyone, everyone in this world," the burglar was shouting frantically.

George's wife jumped off the oventop and fled. Michael got out from behind the table, drunk and black as a thundercloud. George rose to his feet and seemed to trying to recall to himself that there was something he had to do.

"Maxim, get out of this house, beat it, for I'll wring your neck if you don't; go on, get out!"

"I'm going, George, I'm going. I'm not saying anything, am I? Don't be angry at me, for you know yourself what a soft-hearted man I am. It seems to me that you will sin if you go through with what you are about to do, and so I'm leaving..."

"Go ahead, go, for you're not a man but an old woman!"

"Well, I repeat, it's just that I'm not suited to such things, I..."

Maxim rose from behind the table and went to the door.

"Goodbye, and don't blame me, for I am, as someone once said, not for such things..."

Only the burglar was now left behind the table, somewhat pale, yet cheerful.

"And now, will you get out from behind that table, or do we have to get you out?"

"No I won't come out, no I won't, for here I have to sit beneath these holy pictures."

"Oh, yes you will, most certainly you will, for we're inviting you to."

And they threw themselves upon him like a pair of famished wolves.

ONE TRUTH

They say the world is round and yet
I often think it square,
So many little hurts we get
From the corners here and there.
But there's one truth in life I've found
While journeying east and west:

The only folks we really wound
Are those we love the best.
We flatter those we scarcely know.
We please the fleeting guest,
And deal full many a thoughtless blow
To those—we love the best.

JUSTINE SMARSH,
Boston, Massachusetts.

ORGANIZING A YOUTH FIELD DAY

By Walter N. Nachoney

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—The following article was written in 1935 especially for publication in the Jubilee Book of the Ukrainian National Association, but due to lack of space it was not published therein, together with several other articles.

Although this article uses for purposes of illustration an event that took place in the summer of 1935, namely, the Youth Field Day of Philadelphia, yet because this event is claimed to have been the first venture of its kind among Ukrainian-Americans, and because it was initiated and conducted solely by the youth of that one locality—unlike, for example, the later-day (1936) First Ukrainian-American Olympiad, initiated and conducted (in Philadelphia) by the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America—we believe this article merits printing even at this time, **especially** since it endeavors to answer many of the questions our youth are asking in preparation to conducting similar youth field days in their own localities.

The writer of this article, Walter N. Nachoney, was the Director of both the Youth Field Day of Philadelphia and the U. Y. L. N. A.—sponsored First Ukrainian American Olympiad.)

The idea of a Field Day for the Youth of Philadelphia (held in 1935—**Editor)** seems at best to have been a spontaneous proposal from several sources, several years ago.

But this was an idea of a few and, as an idea, it was worth nothing. Ideas are but the skeleton of being; they must be muscled with reality; there must be execution and materialization. First of all, the suggestion of a Field Day had to be popularized, it had to be "sold" to the people. However, this moved along slowly and nothing actually was being done. The thing that had been accomplished up to this time was —the implantation of an idea. That was the most important thing!—and therein lies a hint. Those who would like to have a Field Day in their own locality must go out and hammer home the idea to old and young. Talk it up! In short, be good salesmen!

Birth of the Idea

Quite unusually, about one year ago exactly, things began to happen in our City of Brotherly Love. A prominent and well known personality among local Ukrainians, invited to his home a group of interested young Ukrainian Americans for the purpose of encouraging much needed Youth development. At this meeting, he mentioned that, as an example of things that the group could work for, we could present a Youth Field Day. The startling suddenness of the proposal, together with the promise that one of the older organizations would back up a Field Day to an extent as that of any ordinary picnic, provided the group with a real incentive. The idea expanded and even though most of those present had never attended such an affair, they were heartily for it. The Youth was to provide the program and was to show the older generation what it was capable of doing. It was also to help in picking a suitable site and, most important, finance the matter of prizes.

"A Perfect 'Set-Up'"

During the ensuing months, a perfect "set-up" appeared which was bound to guarantee a large measure of success for the totally new venture that we were planning. This "set-up," which could be thought of as a natural geographic unit of development, was the formation o. the United Youth Organizations of Philadelphia, a body consisting of two delegates from each individual Youth Club. This gave us a real basis for co-operative activity because one must remember that the scope of such a project as a Youth Field Day was beyond the means of any individual club, especially from the administrative angle. Such an arrangement made possible a general agreement to side-track any activities that would clash with the Youth Day, thus insuring general participation and support to an appreciable degree. Therefore, to effectively present a Youth Field Day, there had to be collective action among several clubs, whether it be three or thirty. As a result, it seems that some sort of a union will precede any attempt for a Youth Day. This embodies hint number two! Get as many clubs as possible in your vicinity and let them work together on the plans. Have them enter their own teams into the competition, and no matter how loose their union may appear, or be, they will make your Youth Field Day interesting and enjoyable. Our Philadelphia group started early, and under the impetus of very successfully sponsoring a huge get-together dance, the United Youth Organizations formed their Youth Day Committee on March 26th, 1935. This was the first definite initiatory step to a Field Day five months later.

Athletic Events

From the outset, we recognized that our two main problems would be the arrangement of a program and the method of financing the prizes. It was suggested that there be five main divisions of activities—Athletic Contests, Gymnastic Events, Amusement Contests, Ballet Contests and a Choir Contest. Under the heading of athletic contests we considered a standard list of track and field events, a baseball tournament, a volley ball tournament, and swimming events. Tennis was ruled out early because of the difficulty of administrating this event. To match the contestants more evenly for the track competition, we had to make two age groupings—12 to 16, and over 16. These applied to both boys and girls. Events such as the discus and the javelin were automatically dismissed at the very outset because they can be very dangerous near a crowded picnic ground. Conforming to modern educational practice, the element of strenuous competition was removed from the girls' events, by cutting down the number of running dashes and their distance. In the junior division, the trend was decidedly toward field events demanding from the young boy "skill abilities" rather than "endurance abilities." The maturity factor in youngsters must be considered always, especially for the girls. We originally planned junior girls' events and even had medals prepared for them, but, because only a few entries were received, these events were dropped. It is doubtful that there is enough interest to justify their return to the program in the future. There is nothing that can spoil your Field Day more quickly, and make it more uninteresting than a small number of contestants. The baseball tournament was planned as a five inning elimination affair, as five or six teams were expected. Due to the difficulty of getting a suitable playing area at the picnic grounds, a play-off was impossible. The award of the trophy was based on the team's performance during the season. Volley-ball for senior girls was suggested as a parallel activity to the boys' baseball tournament. It does not require much equipment and it can be easily administered.

Swimming and Gymnastic Events

The addition of swimming events to our program was considered from the outset, but as it soon became apparent that it would be hard to get a picnic ground near a lake or any kind of swimming place, and so these races were dropped. It so turned out that the farm which was picked did have a pool and we returned swimming to the program, but not until we passed on the sanitation of the pool. We were dissatisfied with the stagnant appearance of the water, and as we were bent upon safeguarding the health of our contestants, we waited until proper sanitation measures were assured. At first, such gymnastic events as field drills were thought to be possible, which, no doubt, would recall to the older generation the striltsi and sokol activities that are carried on in the old country. However, one of the boys' clubs in the city did not have enough time for preparation, and the one drill that we had hoped for, had to be given up. A group exhibition of free exercises for boys, or rhythmic work for girls, has a definite place in a program for a Field Day. The work must be simple and elementary, not intricate, and with plenty of time for practice under skilled supervision. It can do much to show the beauty of a great number of individuals working as one. Pyramid building holds great possibilities because it appeals to young boys and it is catching to the eye of the onlooker in the stands. On the whole, gymnastic work adds color to a Field Day, and if Ukrainian material is not available then some local or school team could be invited to exhibit their skill.

Amusement Contests

We reserved a big place for amusement contests, but somehow we were so busy with the numerous activities that we could not squeeze in a single potato race or dressing contest. There are unlimited numbers of good, hilarious contests that can provide entertainment for both contestant and spectator. These are never formal in any way. The entries should be obtained on the spot. Using ingenuity, and keeping all age groups in mind, you may have a very cute 25 yard race for 4 year olds, or a side-splitting sack race for 40 year olds.

(To be continued)

WOMEN DON'T WORK

It seems there was once a Ukrainian farmer named Clem. He was known to the village as a hard working and thrifty fellow. He was a good husband too, as husbands go. He had, however, one fault which in the eyes of women of the village eclipsed all his other good points. He always came home from the fields with his team, complaining loudly how hard he worked, in fact how hard all men worked, while the women stayed home and took life easy.

"For it's no work," he would say, "to cook the potatoes, milk the cows, wash and mend the linen. That's just a pleasant pastime."

For a long time Clem harped on this topic, to which the women listened patiently, until one day Clem's wife, Cleo, tired of his complaining, decided to teach him a lesson. When he came home that night grumbling as usual how hard he worked, while she took life easy at home, she said:

"I know your speech by heart now, so save your breath, my good man. Since you say that women do nothing all day, and only you work hard, suppose we change our jobs. I'll go into the fields with the team to plow and you stay home and take my place.

"What, you plow?! What do you know about it?" laughed Clem derisively.

"We'll see. Tomorrow we'll have a try-out," replied short and ample Cleo, looking up into the face of her tall and lanky husband Clem.

Cleo slipped out early the next morning, before Clem was up, quickly harnessed the horses and took the team out to the fields to plow. Clem stayed home. He had to cook the dinner, tidy up the house, feed the pigs and milk the cows. He didn't know where to begin. The pigs began to squeal. So he went first to attend to them. It took some time before he fed and quieted them.

While he was putting the house in order, he heard the tinkling of the cow bells telling him it was milking time. He dropped what he was doing and went out to the stable to milk the cows. When he filled up one pail with milk he set it down and reached for another; the cow in backing up kicked it over and the milk spilled all over the floor. Clem swore, and the same moment thought of the dinner. He'd better start the fire and set on the corn meal to cook!

In the meantime Clem had forgotten to close the house door and the pigs got in. While chasing the pigs he tripped and fell and made a large bump on his head. The cows started mooing in the stables, for he hadn't fed them yet!

To feed the cows he had to climb into the hay loft for some hay. Being in a hurry Clem fumbled for the step on the ladder, slipped and the ladder overturned, leaving Clem hanging by the back of his pants on a stick of wood protruding from the hayloft, while the hay fell from his hands.

At that moment he heard a knock at the nome door.

"There's no one at home!" yelled Clem. The beggar, coming to the barn door, saw the hanging Clem and helped him get down.

"Oh, my!" cried Clem, in an anguished tone, "the corn mush must surely be burned by now. What will Cleo think when she comes home to dinner! The house is not in order, there's no dinner ready, the cows are hungry! My, my, my!" clucked Clem dejectedly, "what will she say!"

Just as the beggar had left, Clem's wife arrived. She hardly recognized the neat yard and the tidy little house!

In the stable the milk was spilled, in the barn the hay was strewn, all over the floor, where once it had been so neatly swept and clean. The ladder was lying on the floor. Coming to the house, everything inside was scattered all over the rooms.

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked Cleo in a terrified voice. "What has happened here?"

"Well, you see it was like this," lied Clem glibly, "the gypsies were here. They wanted to steal the pigs. I had a hard time chasing them! They messed up the whole place, as you see. Finally they stole the milk and ran away."

Cleo smiled to herself, slyly, seeing very plainly through Clem's explanations, but she kept her tongue in her cheek and started to cook the dinner, borsch and kyleshy.

Before long, the house was neatly in order, the barn was swept, the ladder in place, and the cows fed and sent to pasture again.

After dinner, Clem heaved a great sigh of relief, and without a word hurried out. He took a whip in hand and cracking it joyfully took the team out into the fields.

From that time on Clem became a model husband and never once complained that he was overworked while the women stayed home and did nothing. He had learned his lesson well and realized that a woman's work is just as tiring as a man's, if not more so, and that to make a home what it really means, a woman must stay in it.

THEODOSIA BORESKY.

Winnipeg Choir Scores Success

Before an audience consisting of over 3,000 persons, the 100-voiced Ukrainian National Choir under the direction of Dr. Paul Macenko presented a concert in the Civic Auditorium of Winnipeg, Canada on May 22nd, that won considerable acclaim from Canadian critics.

"The Winnipeg Evening Tribune" wrote that the "music was like the costumes, full of rich color and variety," and that the concert "showed how rich a gift of music is being contributed to Canadian culture by Canadians of Ukrainian origin."

Among the soloists was Peter Ordynsky, well known Ukrainian-American baritone, whom the Evening Tribune critic also praised: "Ordynsky was most effective in six songs. Known well in Winnipeg for his singing with the Koshetz choir, he was encored following each group. He sang with energy that fitted well the theme of the music."

Several local soloists also took part, including Miss Jennie Kucher and Miss E. Pawlukewich. Several dance selections were performed by a group of dancers directed by Miss G. Kootaw.

MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM AT PALMERTON

A Mother's Day Program was presented by the St. Vladimir Youth Club of Palmerton, Pa., at the parish hall. It was preceded by Requiem Service in church for those mothers of the parish who had died. The program itself began in the afternoon, and consisted of the following: (1) Opening address by Rev. M. Skordinsky, who also acted as master of ceremonies; (2) Singing of "Christ Has Risen!"; (3) a play entitled "Nezvichayni Hosti," in which the players were—Elizabeth Yonchak, Andrew Hishta, Mary Selisky, Ella Krawchuk and Kathryn Marchu; (4) "Nasha Mati," a poem recited by Anastasia Hushta; (5) Acrobatic and Tap Dancing by Esther Kobinetz; (6) Accordion and Mandolin Selections by Michael Dutko and Helen Hishta; (7) "Moya Mati," a poem recited by Helen Kost and Helen Kuba; (8) Vocal Duet—"V Hayu Zelenim" and "Skazhi Meni Pravdu"—by Ann Marchu and Kathryn Kuba, accompanied at the piano by Steve Matzuk; (9) Accordion Selections—Helen Kabinetz; (10) "Naykrasche Slovo," a poem recited by Mary Krepicz; (10) "Mamo Moya Ridna"—recited by Mary Derewainey; (11) Tap Dancing—Sophie Pukas; (12) "Mama," recited by Helen Krawchuk; (13) Ukrainian Dances—Kathryn Dutko and Olga Derkacz.

A light lunch was served. Prizes were awarded to Mrs. Kitt and Mrs. Rudak for being the oldest mothers present. Both are 60 years of age. Also to Mrs. Kathryn Kost, mother of thirteen children. The program ended with the singing of the Ukrainian National Anthem.

A. MARCHU.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

GRAND PICNIC sponsored by the following societies: **"Proswita", "Zaporozka Sitch", "Zolota Lypa", Amer. Ukr. Youth "Proswita", "Mohylnica"** all of New York and **"Ukrainian Cossacks" and "Liubow"** of Brooklyn, N. Y., on **SUNDAY, JUNE 20, 1937 at Ulmer Park,** Foot of 25th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Park open at 10:00 A. M. Admission 40 ¢. Two orchestras: J. W. Seman and N. Antoshkiw. (BMT Subway, West End Line, Coney Island Train, to 25th Ave. Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

PHILLY CULTURAL CENTRE PROGRAM

Before a capacity audience in the International Institute, the Philadelphia Ukrainian Cultural Centre presented on May 22nd its second annual Ukrainian Cultural Night concert-display that brought favorable comments from the many Americans that were present.

The concert, in which only youth talent took part, included musicales, folk-dancing, a talk and a elaborate cultural display. Those performing were: Soloists—Michael Gorshko, Frank Lawryk and Marusia Lawryk; Violin-piano—Stephanie Palmer and Marie Kish; "Ukraine As I Saw It In 1931"—talk by Bernard Woolford; Dance solos—by Zenovia Tymkevich and 6-year-old Luba Holowaty; Dance duet—by 10-year-old Zabolotna and Lishnowsky; Greetings from Mr. Hatch and Mrs. Karner of the I. I.; Avramenko Folk-Dancers—Marie Zayats, Katherine Kushina, Marie Kish, Mary Kwasinska, Mary Bugera, Eugenia Zadorozna, Stella Deputat and Helen Sywulak, leader; Accordionist—Thomas Chromchak; with Alexander Yaremko who introduced each number and interspersed the program with talks on Ukrainian culture.

In the display which attracted considerable attention were the fine embroidered works of Miss Marusia Lawryk of Chester; those of Mrs. Holowaty; art works of the Kostrubiak sisters of Lansdale, Pa.; art of Michael Kachmarchyk; collections from Ukraine of Maria Nahirna; and the literary display of the Ukrainian Cultural Centre, including its publication, the "Ukrainian Chronicle."

Following the performances, refreshments were served, followed by dancing, all of which was free. All expenses were covered by the U. C. C., its members, and the performers who cooperated so nobly. All the city papers had advance notices of this affair, with pictures of Ukrainian girls in costume appearing in the Daily News, the Public Leader, and the Sunday Inquirer. Once again the Philadelphia Ukrainian Youth came through with flying colors!

MILITARY POWER IN THE U. S. S. R.

According to reliable information from Moscow the Commissar for Home Affairs, Yezhov, the successor of Yagoda, may be shortly replaced by the Chief of Soviet General Staff, Marshal Egorov. This would seem to indicate an increase of military influence in the U. S. S. R.; but the news is not yet confirmed.

(Ukrainian Bureau, London.)

THE NEW DAY

The day was dawning clear and bright;
Old Sol, a spark in sapphire slices,
Slowly arose from out of the night
And bid all living things to rise.

The sky became a rainbow-hue:
Aurora's tints of dawning light
Upon a canvas of Heav'n's own blue—
An art surpassing works of might.

O'er the horizon Old Sol rose,
As nature, in her soothing way,
To burdened mortal did disclose
One more hopeful, God-given day.

KAY SHUPIANO.

NEW YORK CITY.

STRATOSPHERE DANCE on the New Roof Garden of the International Institute, 341 E. 17th St. Sponsored by the **Members Council of the Institute. SATURDAY, JUNE 19th** at 8:30 P. M. Subscription 50 ¢. Come and dance under the stars. (In case of rain the dance will be held in the auditorium.)

MEET THE CHAMPS

Now, that all eyes are centered on Cleveland, you might as well look over the boys who have become the '36'—'37' basketball champions. We wish to bring within your focus the Cossacks' Fine Arts Club cagers who a few fortnights ago were guilty of stifling the hopes of the determined Chester Lyons quintet of Chester, Pa.

When the club announced its candidature in the U. Y. L. of N. A. Basketball League a large turn-out of prospective members appeared for the initial practice. It was during this practice that yours truly got the buzz in his encephalon that the club would be the perennial survivors of the league and lost little time to promulgate an admonition to outside teams.

The team was confronted by the same obstacle that faced other teams. Working schedules of players would not permit thorough practices. Securing transportation, expenses for long trips, and weather conditions were few of the other perplexities. Fortunate enough to have a large squad and with the generous backing of honorary members—led by Asst. Att.-Gen. J. T. Bilinski—the Cossacks easily overcame their impediments.

Looking over the team's records we find the Cossacks well versed in the art of basketball and the National Title well earned. The Cossacks, pioneers in Ukrainian sports, have won the Ohio State Title for the fifth consecutive year. Last year, the Clevelanders had the distinction of being nosed out in the Western Play-off by the strong Monessen contingent who later won National honors. As we look back on the past records of the Cossacks constituents, we find that all members of the squad are products of Lincoln High—a school known for basketball supremacy. Three of its members held berths on the All-Scholastic team; two members played college basketball, while others were instrumental in winning local titles.

The fellows wish to acknowledge the fine work performed by Basketball Director John S. Billy and his trusty colleagues. Through their untiring efforts plus U. Y. L. splendid cooperation, great progress was made this year. The boys also wish to thank their competitors for their great display of hospitality and sportsmanship. At all times, congeniality reigned irrespective of the outcome of the game.

An incident worth mentioning took place in Chester. The Clevelanders traveled 460 miles to Chester for the finale. Trouble was had on the road and the boys believe that they have set an endurance record between the two cities. The distance was made in twenty-four hours—just in time for the game. The Chester contingent seeing the Clevelanders taxed of their energy, postponed the game to the following evening. This magnanimous act cost the Chester Lyons the title. The reaction is best described in the heavy-hearted words of M. Kozub, captain of the Cleveland Cossacks, "We felt like chumps instead of champs after the game which appeared sacrilegious for us to win."

As we write "finis" to another successful year in basketball we wish to add that the trophies and glory are only secondary to the friendships and pleasant memories that we will cherish as long as we live.

RUSS MILAN.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

A Summer Festival Dance sponsored by the **St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Club,** to be held at their Club Rooms, **334 East 14th St.,** on **Saturday, June 12, 1937.** Music by Myron Baron & His Royal Arcadians. **Admission 40¢. Commencement 9:00 P. M.** All welcome for an enjoyable evening.

"Remember Your Dad"

The Mother's Day has since passed by,
The flowers we gave to her have died;
The lingering fragrance of their smell,
Will in Mother's heart forever dwell.

We honor Mothers with flowers and poems,
But somehow it doesn't seem fair;
For there is a man standing beside her,
Who too has silvery hair.

A Dad is so seldom honored,
With flowers, poems or such;
Do you stop to think he done his part,
And loves you just as much.

His hands are strong and steady,
His gentle touch so firm;
He is always willing and ready
To help, wherever his children are concerned.

When next you think of Mother,
And with silent voice you praise;
Just a little thought for Dad,
For he also saw you raised.

He too, suffered all your pain,
He worked to give you wealth and fame;
He passed on to you a spotless name,
And hopes you carry on the same.

Think of Father, when you think of Mother
Always think of them together;
For together they stand to watch for you,
And fondly recall years passed from view.

SOPHIE FELLO,
Irvington, N. J.

UKRAINIAN DRAMA IS WELL PRESENTED

The St. Peter and St. Paul church hall was filled to capacity last night at the presentation, by the St. Peter and St. Paul players, of a Ukrainian tragedy, in five acts. The play itself was a powerful one, dealing with the story of a beautiful young Jewess who became a Christian to wed a youth who later heartlessly abandoned her for other women. Forsaken by her husband and by her own people, the bride ends her life just as her husband seeing the error of his scenes, returns to her. The lighter scenes in the play included folk dancing, and choral singing in the Ukrainian woodland. The members of the cast were Anna Hwozdewich, William Shuran, Roman Hwozdewich, Esther Hylwa, Anna Aleskewich, Peter Klancko, Mary Felenchak, Esther Shuran, Mary Hylwa, Sam Cirkot, Sam Zuraw, Steven Brenia, Daniel Gariek, Peter Ferko, Stella Cherowski, Eva Lechus and John Hylwa. The prompters were John Radjek and Michael Krywkew. The members of the church choir appeared as peasants in the play. The performance was a splendid one, the cast showing excellent talent.

("The Evening Sentinel," Ansonia, Conn., May 17, 1937.)

CHICAGO RADIO CONCERT

Ukrainian Young Women's Chorus of Chicago, under direction of Sam Chuba, will appear on the WGN-Henry Webber Program, over the Mutual Network, Monday, June 14th, 1937, at 9:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time (Chicago time).

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

JUNE FROLIC sponsored by the **Young Ukrainian Nationalists' No. 8 SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1937 — 8:30 P. M., at St. Peter & Paul Picnic Grounds.** (Directions: Broadview Rd. to Pleasant Valley then to Hoertz Rd.) Music by The Cavaliers. Donation 25 ¢.