



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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Needed: A Spirit of Inquiry

Everytime we pick up an English page of any one of the Carpatho-Russian or some of the so-called Russian newspapers, we are reminded that Russophile propaganda, based upon that catch-phrase of "the unity of all Russian peoples," is still lingering with us here on these shores.

The term "Russophile" is quite unfamiliar to our young people. Yet during the 19th century it was quite a horrific bugbear of the Ukrainian national movement. It represented a deliberate and rigorously pursued policy on the part of the Russian Government and other allied agencies to confuse Ukrainian national identity, by holding out to the world that the Ukrainians were in reality but a branch of the Russian race. In fact, it went as far as to deny the very existence of the Ukrainian language and culture.

The whole idea, of course, was fantastic; and its collapse was hastened not only by the Ukrainian national development but even by Russian historians and scientists; who in disproving it showed that, unlike many of their predecessors and some contemporaries, they were more interested in the search for truth than in the imperialistic ambitions of their autocratic rulers. Before it collapsed, however, it managed to dupe some credulous souls even among our own people, especially those who happened to live in the isolated and backward sections of Ukraine, notably in the sub-Carpathian regions. And when some of the latter emigrated here to America, they brought with them this false and long-disproved conception of the relations between the Russian and Ukrainian peoples.

Where these emigrants settled and lived among such of their kinsmen who were conscious of their true nationality, they soon recognized their mistake and returned within the Ukrainian fold. But where they settled by themselves, and especially where they became exposed to the influence of their more rabid members, especially their priests and agitators, then they remained "Russian." This despite the fact that they continued to speak the Ukrainian tongue and remain ignorant of Russian.

Nevertheless, today there is beginning to appear among them a slight improvement in this respect. There is becoming visible among them a more tolerant spirit towards all those things Ukrainian from which they ostensibly severed themselves. Where formerly they vehemently denied the very existence of the Ukrainian race (in order to justify their incongruous position, of course); today the opposite is growing to be the case.

Where but a year ago, for example, there originated from among these "Russians" a ponderous tome (written by a priest especially for their young people) containing "documentary evidence" of the "historical development of the senseless Ukrainian separatism in America," and declaring that "Ukrainism is a senseless political invention imposed upon the Little Russians by the Austro-Polish-German politicians in cooperation with the Archbishop Sheptycky, Metropolitan of the Uniat Church in Galicia," and further emphasizing that "Ukrainism was originated by the Poles," that Ukrainian history is "non-existent" (poor Hrushevsky, all that work for nothing!), that the Ukrainian language is a "jargon" and a "linguistic scheme to denationalize the four million Little Russians of Galicia," and other such silly and muddled nonsense;—today, on the other hand, we have such a Carpatho-Russian semi-weekly as "Lemko" (Nov. 26—New York City) writing on its editorial page that "there is a Soviet Ukrainian republic, there is a Ukrainian language, there is a Ukrainian national culture. And we shall never agree with those Russian nationalists who claim that there is no Ukrainian language, there is no Ukrainian folk culture, and that the Ukrainian people are not entitled to the right to learn their native tongue and to develop their native culture." This article, it is only fair to add, takes a stand against those Ukrainians who

POSTISHEV REPORTED SUICIDE

LVIW.—The Ukrainian daily "Dilo" reports that rumors are afloat in Moscow that Postishev committed suicide, seemingly because his wife was executed by the G.P.U.

Postishev was one of the highest ranking Soviet officials, and a former dictator of Ukraine.

LORD HALIFAX BERLIN TALKS INCLUDE UKRAINE

LONDON.—According to the Ukrainian Bureau here, the local dailies (such as the Daily Express and Daily Herald) report that during the conversations Lord Halifax recently had in Berlin, the subject of Ukraine was brought up and discussed.

The Ukrainian Bureau advises that such was likely the case, for of recent times the Ukrainian cause has taken on added importance in international diplomacy, and Lord Halifax is well acquainted with it.

JOIN YOUR LOCAL BRANCH

of the
UKRAINIAN NATIONAL
ASSOCIATION

YOUTH INVITED

The regular annual meeting of "Obyednanye" will take place next Saturday, December 18, at 81-83 Grand St., Jersey City, Time: 1 P. M. Will discuss relations between our youth and elders.

Youth are invited to attend. Write for pass—"Obyednanye," Box 122 New York City.

UKRAINIAN NATIONALISTS ON TRIAL

LVIW.—Early next year there will take place before a Polish criminal court in Tarnopol a trial of twenty-three Ukrainian men and women, charged with membership in the illegal Ukrainian Nationalist Organization. Those charged are now in prison, awaiting the trial.

FRENCH PUBLICATION WRITES ON UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

PARIS.—The local weekly "Ukrainian Slovo" reports that in the latest issue of the Bulletin of Historical Studies of Eastern Europe there has appeared an article by Prof. Myron Korduba concerning the literature of Soviet Ukraine.

Success is something which must be won; reputation is something which must not be lost.—Christopher Cole.

allegedly are filled with hatred towards Russia and the Russian people;

If such a spirit is beginning to appear among the older generation of these "Russians," how much more then should it appear among their younger generation, who should be free to a large degree of the old-world prejudices and delusions that beset their parents, and who should, therefore, examine themselves and learn whether they are of Russian or Ukrainian descent.

Thus far, according to our observation, such a spirit of inquiry in regards their true origin has not been evident. The English pages published as supplements to these "Russian" newspapers continue to represent them as Russian. In the "Young Lemko Page," for instance, its writer counsels those readers who are asked to what nationality they belong "to tell the person that you are a Lemko which is a dialect of the Russian language." He does not in the least counsel them to remember that the Lemko regions in the old country are part of Western Ukraine, and that among the Lemkos can be found some of the most ardent Ukrainian nationalists.

The situation, however, should not be regarded as discouraging. We believe that with the passage of time and the gradual emergence of these young people from the influence of their "Russian" elders, some of them will really strive to find themselves in relation to their true national background. In a spirit of impartial inquiry, they will strive to acquaint themselves with Ukrainian history, traditions, and culture. They will especially read such excellent works in English as "Russia, a Social History," by Prof. D. S. Mirsky, and the more-recently published "Political and Diplomatic History of Russia," by Prof. George Vernadsky of Yale. Both these books are written by real Russians, and both of them treat broadly the Ukrainian national movement, and recognize it as such.

Such is the spirit of inquiry and search for the truth we expect of the "Carpatho-Russian" and "Russian" youth, especially of their leaders, such as the young man who recently was raised to the post of editor of the entire "Amerikanskij Russkij Vestnik" (Homestead, Pa.), as well as the others who work on the youth pages of "Pravda" (Philadelphia), "Svit" (Wilkes-Barre, Pa.), and other such papers.

Perhaps, at some future time, even meetings can be arranged between outstanding Ukrainian and "Russian" young people for such a purpose.

THE WEEKLY COMMENTATOR

SIMPLICITY OR—IGNORANCE?

Simplicity is the keynote in modern news reporting. The most intricate subjects are whittled down to the size and shape of the average man's mind; movements of a very involved nature are tagged with a glib name; all to the end that his sense of comprehension may not become over-strained, nor the digestion of his breakfast or dinner disturbed. As a result, while his general knowledge becomes broadened, it also becomes very much thinned.

A good example of this is in the case of Ukraine. From time to time this name crops up in the American press, usually in relation with Hitler's dream of expansion towards the east. "Hitler plans to sever Ukraine from the Soviet Union," can be said to be the general tone of such reports. Parenthetically speaking, the uniformity and regularity with which these reports appear give rise to the suspicion that whenever American press correspondents in Europe are at a loss as to what to write about German-Russian relations, they fall back upon this stock theme.

This suspicion becomes strengthened when one notices that nothing new has really been added to this matter since it first saw the light of day in Der Fuehrer's "Mein Kampf" (although, to be sure, rumors and charges of Germany's designs towards Ukraine were afloat even before the war). Since then the term Ukraine has

regularly appeared in this connection.

Yet hardly ever is an attempt made in such press reports or editorials to explain the significance of this country Ukraine, of its people, what do they represent, to what do they aspire, and what they are doing to attain their national aims. Almost always it is just—Ukraine. Just a name. Just a pawn in international "diplomacy." And that may be said to be the sum and total of many an average American's conception of Ukraine, based upon what he reads in the daily press. At most he regards it as something the Kremlin owns and the Wilhelmstrasse wants.

Such is one of the results of newspaper simplification. Or is it—ignorance?

At any rate, our young Ukrainian-Americans should do something about it.

Their course of action needs no elaboration here. It is obvious.

A BIG DIFFERENCE

"This is not Moscow," was what a group of workers employed in the Standard Cap and Seal Company located in Jersey City were told last Monday night by the local Chief of Police when they engaged in the first sit-down strike in that city's history. With these words, the Chief, aided by his two score and five patrolmen, proceeded to eject them.

Unwittingly the Chief planted the seed of communism in these strikers. For inferentially he told

them that sit-down strikes are common and permitted in Moscow; ergo, Moscow is for them a better place than Jersey City.

Some kindly soul should take pity on these misinformed strikers, and tell them that while in Jersey City they eject sit-down strikers, in Moscow they are quite likely to shoot them.

So they had better remain where they are!

WORSE THAN WAR

In the Napoleonic Wars, lasting over a period of eighteen years and ten months, there were 684,270 battle casualties,—writes Dr. Leroy T. Patton, professor of geology, in an article in the "Military Engineer."

But in the year of Our Lord 1935, he further brings out, there were 1,317,000 automobile casualties on the American highways.

War, then, is not such a terrible thing. Daily we have with us something far more dangerous.

A THIRTEEN-YEAR OLD PUBLISHER AND EDITOR

An inspiring story of youth initiative and perseverance is that of thirteen-year old Gordon H. Pihl of Clifton, N. J., who is the sole editor and publisher of the monthly 24-page magazine "Tiny Tot," which has a guaranteed circulation of 1,000 copies.

About a half year ago, Gordon was one of a group of boys who laboriously were publishing a typewritten bulletin for the club to which they belonged. Apparently the future of this bulletin did not intrigue him very much, for he decided to quit working for it and publish a paper of his own. Re-

vealing his plans to no one he went about soliciting advertisements, and in June there appeared the first issue of the "Weekly Blast," an eight-page paper. Every word in it was written by him, and even its advertisements were set up and illustrated by him.

The "Weekly Blast" was a success, in that it made for Gordon enough profit to start in September "Tiny-Tot." According to The Newark Evening News, the magazine has brought its youthful publisher letters of praise from journalism schools and magazine and newspaper editors from all parts of the country.

"Tiny Tot" is printed on excellent stock; and contains seven and a half pages of advertising, stories, poetry, cuts and articles. It is significant that the handsome profit each issue brings him, Gordon spends it in making the next one better.

Except for his monthly editorial and an occasional story or article by him, all of the material used in "Tiny Tot" is written by adults. The design on the cover is by an anonymous New York artist. For that matter many of the other contributors also prefer to remain anonymous.

Besides being publisher and editor of this magazine, Gordon is also its bookkeeper, cashier, advertising and circulation manager, in fact everything else on his magazine. All his spare time outside of school is spent working on it.

His is indeed a fascinating hobby, one which may lead him into fertile fields as he attains maturity.

THE BLACK COUNCIL

(CHOENA RADA)

By PANTELEYMON KULISH

(Translated by S. S.)

(19)

It would have been hard indeed to find a better matched pair of combatants than Kyrylo Tur and Petro Shram: both accomplished swordsmen and fighters; the one wide of shoulder and girth, standing there like a bull, his feet seemingly rooted to the ground; the other, younger, taller, and more agile.

Their swords rang and sparks flew as the two clashed, cutting, thrusting, and parrying. At first they engaged cautiously, testing out the other's attack and defense. Then gradually they warmed up, advancing, retreating, feinting, their swords swishing savagely through the air, or darting forward like lightning. Neither, however, could draw even a drop of blood from the other. The violent exertion began soon to tell on them. Breathing heavily, the muscles on their arms standing out like cords, their eyes glowing, the two were now hacking away at each other in a manner that boded quick death for the one who did not parry in time. Sparks flew. Suddenly—clang! and both swords broke off at the hilt.

"Well, how are we going to finish it?" demanded Petro, all thoughts of peace out of his head by now. "Shall it be with bare hands, or with pistols? No one is going to accuse me of not being able to take care of Kyrylo Tur."

"No, not with bare hands!" replied Kyrylo, breathing heavily, "for that's a peasant's way. You couldn't throw me to the ground hard enough to knock life out of me anyway. I'd rather go to the devil than give Lesya up to you! And not with pistols either! It's no great feat to put a bullet in

the other's skull. Anyone can do that. But my comrade and I have a pair of Turkish daggers, of the same size and length. We'll take each other by the hand and swing with the other; and may God have mercy on our souls!"

He took from Chornohor the latter's steel dagger, measured it with his own, and gave it to Petro. Claspings their left hands together, the two now engaged in combat even more deadly than the one before.

"Kyrylo!" cried Chornohor. "Get this over with fast, for already the pursuit is getting near."

"Don't fear," gasped Kyrylo. "Before they get here, I'll be through with him."

"Oh, thank God!" cried Lesya. "That's our men!"

The approaching Kozaks could now be seen plainly, galloping across the steppe towards them. In their lead was Somko; behind him Pavolotsky Shram; and behind the latter about half a dozen other horsemen.

Topping a rise they could see the swaying figures of the two duelists, their daggers gleaming reddishly in the crimson rays of the rising sun. While the two were still using swords, old Shram had no fears about Petro being able to come out victorious over Kyrylo Tur, despite the latter's prowess; but when they took to daggers, his heart grew cold, for such type of combat often ended with the death of both fighters. He and Somko were already nearing the ravine, when suddenly they saw Petro and Kyrylo plunge their daggers simultaneously into each other; both toppled to the ground.

CHAPTER IX

Chornohor immediately leaped off his horse and ran to his comrade's aid. Lesya fell to her knees beside Petro and applied her kerchief to the deep wound in his side to staunch the flow of blood.

"Petro, my dear, Petro!" she screamed, all her maidenly reserve gone now, in anguish at the thought that he who had fought so valiantly for her might now be dying. Despite her efforts, however, the blood kept on flowing, through the kerchief and over her hands. At the sight of it, the poor girl lost control of herself completely. Sobbing and crying loudly she threw her arms around the inert Petro as if by that very act she hoped to keep him from leaving this earth. When Somko, Shram and the others thundered up to her, after they had encircled the ravine, she paid no attention. "There, there, girl!" said Shram, dismounting. "You won't heal the wound with tears. We'll tie it up with a belt. Maybe it's not so bad after all."

But Somko, instead of helping Shram or showing any anger towards the two miscreants, who had attempted to kidnap Lesya, began to busy himself trying to bring Kyrylo back to life.

"You poor fellow!" he spoke to the motionless form. "All the while I thought you were joking with me when you threatened to kidnap Lesya. Now I know that evil spirits got you in their grasp. I'd rather not marry at all than see you thus before me."

The fact that his fiancée was grieving over the body of another, calling all sorts of endearing names to it, did not seem to impress him in the least.

"I don't know what kind of a heart you have, sire Hetman," protested Shram to him, "for you to waste your time on such a dog as the one at your feet."

"Well, what do you expect me to do, sir? Leave him here to rot?"

"Of course. Let him perish just as he deserves!"

"No, sir, Kyrylo never did that to me when I was in a tight spot. He always went ahead and saved me."

"Saved you! and now he nearly took your fiancée away."

"A fiancée I can have whenever I want one, sir, but there's only one Kyrylo Tur."

Lesya overheard these last words. "So, that's the way he loves me," she thought, and there and then she lost forever any affection she may have had for him before.

Shram was also hurt by this. So Somko can feel sorry for such a bandit like Kyrylo, he thought, while the fact that my Petro is lying here unconscious is of no matter to him.

But Somko had not forgotten Petro. No sooner had he tied up Kyrylo's wound, then he hurried over to Petro.

"How is he?" he asked solicitously of Shram. "Here take my cloak and rig up a stretcher for him between two horses."

"Take care of your Zaporozhian, sire Hetman," growled Shram in reply. "Petro has a father to take care of him."

With this he took off his own cloak and making fast both sides of it to the saddle pommel of each horse, lifted Petro up and placed him on it. Holding on to him carefully he moved off.

"In such fashion, my son," he sadly ruminated, striding behind the horses, "has it come for me to rock you in the Kozak cradle. It looks like God has fated you to suffer death wounds not in the cause of mother Ukraine, but for a maiden belonging to someone else."

(To be continued)

MAKER and WRITER OF HISTORY

Two years ago late last month, there died Michael Hrushevsky, whose whole life was a direct refutation of Metternich's remark that "the men who make history have not the time to write one," for though Hrushevsky was one of the greatest figures of the modern Ukrainian movement for independence, yet he was prolific enough to also become one of the greatest historians Eastern Europe has ever produced.

Following is brief sketch of his life.

Michael Hrushevsky was born in Kholm, Ukraine, September 29, 1866... descended of a military line... father a pedagogue... studied in Gymnasium at Tiflis, and then in Kiev University under Prof. V. Antonovic... from childhood passionately fond of his native Ukraine and its past... became professor (1894) at Lviv University of Eastern European history, specializing in Ukrainian history... continued as such until World War... reorganized the Shevchenko Scientific Society in Lviv and was its head for many years... created a new school of Ukrainian historians... with aid of Ivan Franko and H. Hnatiuk strengthened the cultural ties of Western Ukraine (Galicia, etc.) with Greater Ukraine... became one of the editors of the Literary Scientific Herald in Lviv (1898)... founded "Publishing Company"... co-organizer of the Ukrainian National Democratic party (1898)... founded Ukrainian Scientific Society in Kiev... enlisted aid of foreigners interested in Ukraine... helped to found Ukrainian library in Kiev... aided in issuance of gazette for Ukrainian peasantry, and various other publications for Ukrainians... was connecting link between Western Ukraine and Greater Ukraine... hated by Ukraine's foes because he was symbol of Ukrainian desire for independence... at outbreak of World War returned from Lviv to Greater Ukraine... was promptly arrested and exiled to depths of northern Russia by Russian authorities for his Ukrainian activities... returned to Kiev in 1917-1918 (Russian Revolution) and became head of Ukrainian Central Rada (Parliament)... labored unceasingly for Ukraine... became emigre (1920), following Bolshevik occupation of Ukraine... aided Ukrainian Society of Journalists and Writers found free Ukrainian university (which later was transferred to Prague)... founded and directed the Ukrainian Sociological Institute in Vienna, resumed literary activities (History of Ukraine and History of Literature, in French; 8th vol. of History of Ukraine; first 3 volumes of History of Ukrainian Literature, etc.)... returned back to Ukraine (now under Soviets) in 1924... dedicated himself to studies and writing... became member of All-Ukrainian Academy of Sciences... active and honorary member of many foreign scientific societies and academies... became head of historical branch of Academy... revived expired publications... founded new ones, ("Ukraine," "In a Hundred Years," etc.)... fortieth anniversary of his literary activities observed in 1927... Communists began to persecute him more and more for his "nationalistic leanings" and "idealistic" treatment of history... issued (1929) 9th vol. of monumental History of Ukraine... lauded by American Historical Society... persecution by Russian and Ukrainian Communists of him came to a climax... exiled to Moscow... poverty, sickness, blindness... death... A martyr to the Ukrainian cause.

Betrothal Ceremony in Ukraine

(An excerpt from the novel "Marusia.")

By HRIHORY KVEETKA

The Day of St. Peter and St. Paul came; and they tasted meat once more. And on the next day, before sunset, Nastya ran into the house, breathing heavily, and crying: "Naum! Naum! I am sure the marriage-brokers are coming."

"To whom?"

"To us, to us! They are at the doors already. Make ready the table and sit down quickly on the bench. As for you, Marusia, go into the other room quickly and adorn yourself."

When Marusia heard that the matchmakers were on their way she let everything fall from her hands and her mind became a blank. She kept her eyes fixed only on her mother, and her cheeks were flaming. Usually they were rosy enough, but now they became crimson as clusters of kalina (cranberry). So her mother in the end had to fairly push her into the other room where she began to dress her daughter in a new plakhta, and everything that a girl should wear.

Then someone knocked three times with a staff on the door. Naum quickly fetched a new coat and belt, arrayed himself in these, girded himself, trembling as if he were afraid, and muttered to himself:

"O gracious God, give my little daughter a good husband! Not for my sins, but because of her own goodness send her happiness."

A second time three knocks were heard, made by a staff. Naum, now dressed, swept the crumbs from the table-cloth and moved the bread, which was always on the table, towards the pocootie, or corner of honor, and Nastya lit the candle standing before the holy icons; and then he sat on the bench and waited. For the third time, three knocks were heard.

Then Naum crossed himself and said: "If ye are good people and with a good word then we invite you into the house. Nastya, come also and sit down."

Then Nastya, who had by this time attired Marusia, went out, and, crossing herself three times, sat beside Naum, and after Naum's summons two Starosti or matchmakers came into the hut. They were worthy, burly town-folk in blue zhupans of English worsted,

girded, bearing staves. The elder of the two carried in his hand a holy loaf. And behind him was Vasyl... O, protect us, Mother of God! He was neither alive nor dead, his face like a white-washed wall.

They entered the house; the Starosti prayed to God, and bowed to the host and hostess.

Then Naum (although he knew them very well, but just for tradition's sake), said: "What people are ye; from whence do ye come? Why has God brought ye here?"

The elder Starosta spoke: "Allow us to bow to you and to serve you with good words. Hear us without indifference and if there should be that... then we, of course! But if our speech is not to your liking we will return. And for proof that we are honest people, and have some manners, behold the holy bread in our hands."

Naum took the bread, kissed it, and put it beside the loaf on the table, saying: "We accept the holy bread: we are not unmindful of what you say. Sit ye down, good folk. We don't know what will happen yet, but in the meantime don't don't tire your feet more: perhaps you come from a distant place—from what Tzardom or Dominion is it?"

The elder Starosta replied:

"We are foreigners, *Niemtzi. We come from the Turkish land. We are trappers, youthful braves. Once in our land there fell a deep snow and my comrade said to me: 'Why look everlastingly on this blizzard? Let us seek elsewhere for game.' We rode, following many trails, but found nothing. Then we met this Duke,* riding on a bay horse."

(Here he bowed to Vasyl, who arose and bowed in return, since they were alluding to him) "And at that meeting, he said: 'Hai, ye trappers! Youthful braves, hunters! Do me a favor. Show your friendship. Not long ago I came across a fox—or a marten—possibly it was a beautiful girl. I ask of you no food nor drink. I wish to get her. Help me to catch

* An ancient custom was that of calling a bridegroom "the Duke" and a bride "a Duchess", during the three days of the wedding ceremonies. — Transl.

her. Ask of me whatsoever your soul desires. I'll give you ten towns and a stack of grain!"

"We youthful hunters needed exactly what he promised. We followed the trail along all the towns—the first led us to Niemech-Chine and thence to Turkey; we went through all the Czardoms and Dominions but could not find her. Finally, we said to the Duke: There are many other kinds of game in the fields, besides the martin, so let us look in another place; maybe we will find a beautiful girl there.' But the Duke was like a log which you cannot budge, and said, 'I have travelled all over the world, in many Czardoms and Dominions, but never did I see such a martin, such a beautiful girl.'

"So we followed the trail and came to this village—the name of which we do not know—we lost our way in the storm, but at sunrise set out and followed the trail. It led to your house. The martin went into your house; we would catch it. Probably, our mink is a beautiful girl in your house."

"Here we make an end of our speech. Do you make an end of the matter. Give to our Duke the martin—your beautiful daughter. Will you give her up now, or allow her to grow a little older?"

While the starosta was making his traditional speech Marusia was in the other room on her knees, bowing her head to the floor, praying that her father would give her to Vasyl; and the latter, sitting on the bench, was watching her through the open door, sighing deeply, and from time to time meeting her eyes. And when the Starosti had recounted their story, and it was the father's turn to speak, Marusia leaned against the door and listened.

But Naum, frowning, remained silent for a time. And then he said:

"I do not know how to speak in this matter. I cannot speak in rhymes as is the custom. I thank ye for all your labors. You have come from a great distance. Maybe you will drink a cup..."

(Translated by Florence Randal Livesay and Rev Paul Crath, B.A.)



BETROTHAL CEREMONY.

An etching by Taras Shevchenko.

RAY OF SUNSHINE

By RAY DAMER

GLORIFYING THE UKRAINIAN BORSCH

Borsch is the most famous of the Ukrainian dishes. In fact it is world famous. Today, in the international cook books, borsch is mentioned and recipes are given for its preparation. Leading restaurants on Broadway and throughout the country feature borsch on their menus. Borsch is one food that is eaten with gusto by rich and poor alike.

When the Ukrainian wife first began making borsch we shall never know. We do know that many years ago the Ukrainian wife cooked very little of fancy, tasty, and spicy dishes. She was more interested in cooking simple, substantial meals. It was such meals that kept her family in good health and vigorous strength.

The Ukrainian wife's skill was due to her ingenious knack of combining of food materials. Her recipe for making wholesome dishes was very simple. She simply combined all the natural fresh vegetables, legumes, cereals, meats and cooked them together in their juices. It is supposed that such combining of food materials led to the making of the first borsch.

Borsch made from modern recipes cannot be truthfully called borsch—instead it should be named "red beet soup." Real Ukrainian borsch must be made in the original Ukrainian fashion. The basis of good borsch is "beetroot kvass." Beetroot kvass is a non-alcoholic fermentation, resulting from the beets being soaked in water. Here are the directions.

Recipe—Ukrainian Borsch

Clean, wash and scrape beetroot. Cut into pieces. Fill wooden barrel or glass jar and alternate layers of whole beetroots well washed. Pour in cold water so that no empty place remains. Seal the barrel or jar and keep in a cool place. The beetroot kvass will be ready for use in two weeks. It can be kept a whole winter if the quantity of water is kept constant and any mildew that appears wiped or skimmed off. The proportion is 5 large beetroots to 4 quarts of water.

When the beetroot kvass is ready you can begin to make borsch. You need the following:

- 3 cups of beetroot kvass
- 4 large fresh beetroots
- 1/2 lb. dry mushrooms
- 2 onions
- 1 cabbage
- 4 large potatoes
- 1/2 lb. lima beans
- 1 stalk celery
- Salt, flour, oil or butter.

Take 3 cups of beetroot kvass and mix 3 quarts of plain water, adding 4 teaspoons of salt. Add 1/2 lb. dry mushrooms which have soaked overnight. Put into pot on fire. When the mushrooms are cooked add 3 large beetroots shredded (like wooden matches), 1 large whole beetroot, 4 peeled potatoes, 1 stalk of celery. When the large beetroot is cooked add 1 young tender head of cabbage, cut into 6 or 8 parts.

Into a small saucepan put a little of oil or butter, 1/2 tablespoon of flour and 2 finely chopped onions. Fry until onions are golden. Dilute the mixture with 1/2 cup of borsch. Then pour into the pot with the borsch and let boil. Cook the lima beans (soak overnight) separately and put into the borsch juice before serving.

For variety 2 lbs. of spare ribs or bacon may be used instead of mushrooms. Egg yolks, cream or milk may be used instead of oil or butter. Baked potatoes can be served.

Eat and serve borsch often. It is both wholesome and delicious. The younger Ukrainian generation although a bit sophisticated, welcomes borsch as a change from the typical standardized American

UKRAINIAN WOMEN'S LEAGUE HAS CONSTITUTION PROGRAM

The Ukrainian National Women's League, Branch 40, Sunday night celebrated the 150th anniversary of the United States Constitution at a special meeting in Ukrainian Parish Hall. Attorney Maria Phillips delivered an address on "The History of the Constitution." Mayor Gross, unable to attend, was represented by Miss Irene Welty, supervisor of recreation, and Assistant District Attorney Joseph E. Gehringer.

Preceding the program, league members and friends attended religious services in St. Mary's Orthodox church, Rev. Joseph Fylyma pastor.

A costumed choir of 35 voices under the direction of John Zadowsky, rendered American and Ukrainian selections.

A group of Ukrainian folk dancers under the direction of Michael Lawryk danced the Meteliza, Kozachok Podilsky, Honyveeter, Kolo-myka, Kozachok Solo, the sword dance and many other dances native to Ukraine. Michael Blashchak's orchestra furnished accompaniment.

Short addresses in English and Ukrainian by Rev. Fylyma and League Secretary Lawryk completed the program, which was under the direction of the League President Hrishko and Miss Mary Turczyn.

("Allentown Morning Call," November 9, 1937).

meals. For those who are interested in food from the standpoint of health—borsch is an ideal health food, containing Vitamins and Minerals in abundance.

Exchange of Recipes

There are dozens of different ways of making borsch. They are all delicious and all can be classified as of Ukrainian origin. If you or your mother makes borsch that is different from the above recipe—please send it in to me. The recipes that come in will be printed in this column at a future date.

MANY THANKS

To the editor of the Ukrainian Weekly for giving me the opportunity to write the column; for his many suggestions, comments and his constructive criticism. Many thanks to the following people who in one way or another have aided this column: Anne Elkewicz, Peter Olynyk, Martin Gula. Many thanks to all readers who sent in those lovely encouraging letters; to all readers who have entered the contest.

CONTEST WILL SOON CLOSE

Hurry! Enter this simple, easy contest. Join in—in the spirit of Ukrainian competition. No matter where you reside, let me hear from you through this contest: All you have to do is to answer one question—using your own way—spelling, correct grammar, fancy handwriting will NOT count.

WOMEN: please answer this question: What are the six qualities I admire in Ukrainian men.

MEN: please answer this question: What are the six qualities I admire in Ukrainian women.

Two prizes will be awarded—one to a woman and one to a man. The winners will receive as prizes a \$2 book—any Ukrainian book you may choose within the price range.

Mr. Stephen Shumeyko and the writer of this column will act as judges.

All your replies will be held strictly confidential, if you desire them to be so.

Remember, the contest will soon close. Write today and become eligible for the prize.

Please send all letters to: Ray of Sunshine Contest c/o Ukrainian Weekly, Svoboda, 81 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

WOMAN

Lovely, mysterious and strange
 Possessed of many moods that
 change
 Fascinating, enchanting, glamorous
 She makes life worth living, more
 glorious!
 Full of virtue, sweetness and
 beauty.
 Catty, logical and witty
 So jealous, wicked, and so good
 Loving or hating, as suits her
 mood
 God made her so lovely, change-
 ably and sweet
 So man might find in her his
 world complete.

T. BORESKY.

HONOR U.N.A. BRANCH OFFICER

At a surprise banquet held at the Ukrainian Church Hall in Akron, Ohio, Sunday, November 28th, approximately 200 members of Branch No. 295 of the Ukrainian National Association gathered to pay tribute to Mr. Alex Zepko, their present treasurer and fellow associate.

Helen Ivancho, the youngest member of the U.N.A., presented the honored guest with a large bouquet of flowers. Mr. Mike Petruha, President, also presented Mr. Zepko with a gift from the entire association, in the form of a cameo ring. During the evening, Mr. Zepko was the recipient of several congratulatory messages, including one from the Mair Office of the U.N.A. in New Jersey, lauding him for his devotion and untiring work for the organization. He was also notified that he had been chosen Honorary Captain of the Ukrainian Boys' Team, one of the outstanding Basketball teams in the city.

Speakers included several members and officers of the Ivan Franko Club, the youth group of the U.N.A. in Akron. They extended their sincere appreciation to the honored guest for his aid in the formation of their youth branch, and expressed hopes that they would be able to serve their group as faithfully as Mr. Zepko did his. Other speakers during the evening were Rev. P. Sereda, Mr. Mike Petruha and fellow officers and friends. The Committee in charge included Mr. Alex Huryn as toastmaster, Mr. Mike Petruha, Wasil C. Pulk, and Mike Filas.

AN OBSERVER.

HOW'S YOUR BOWLING GIRLS?

The Ukrainian girls of New Haven under the sponsorship of the young "Banduryst" have organized a bowling team. They played their first game Sunday, December 5, with the New Britain Ukrainian girls, and having succeeded in winning their first match, after a period of two months practice, hope to play other Ukrainian girls' teams in the near future.

This match was arranged by the sports director of the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Conn., John Seleman.

Any team wishing a match write to Manager Cecilia Chawluk, 1245 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn. Pauline Fedeshin, Captain.

Generosity, to be perfect, should always be accompanied by a dash of humor. — Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.
 Next to ingratitude, the most painful thing to bear is gratitude. — Henry Ward Beecher.

A DEBUT

The Ukrainian Junior League in. Natalia Kobrynska entertained at a Card Party—Kaffee Klatch, Tuesday evening, November 16th at the Ukrainian Hall, Philadelphia, to introduce that branch of the Soyuz Ukrainok.

Assisting in the receiving line were the Junior Leaguers and among notables present were Mrs. M. Holowaty, president Women's Citizen Club, Mrs. Boyko, president Daughters of Ukraine, and Mr. T. Swystun, sponsor Ukrainian Radio Program.

MARIE ZENTH.

WILKES-BARRE TEAM WINS

The Ukrainian Youth Club basketball team opened their season last week under the capable leadership of their new coach, Peter Elko. They played three games and won two of them.

On Tuesday evening, November 30, the U.Y.C. played their strongest rivals, the St. John Russian Falcons and defeated them by the score 19-26.

At the end of the first half, the Russians were leading 8-3. In the third quarter our boys rallied and garnered sixteen points, which put them out in front 19-13. The final quarter was the fastest of the game, the Falcons allowing but seven points to their six.

This was the third time these teams have met; the U.Y.C. winning two of the three. Before the season is over they shall meet a few more times.

The team does not belong to any Ukrainian league but would like to hear from different clubs about organizing, joining or booking games.

PETER C. ZUMCHAK,
 833 N. Washington St.,
 Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

NEW YORK UKRAINIANS WIN FROM EAGLES

(Reported by Paul Ripka)

On Tuesday, November 16th, 1937, the New York Ukrainians and the Ukrainian-American Eagles met at the Brooklyn Navy, Y. M. C. A. and played a game of basketball. The end of the first half showed the Eagles leading 15 to 9...but the New Yorkers made an amazing rally during the second half and won out, the score being 47-32. Both teams were only recently organized and both show exceptional playing ability. Teams wishing to play the New York Ukrainians should communicate with Paul Ripka, 1397 East 2nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

New York Ukrainians: Braginetz, 8; Egnatchik, 2; Karasik, 5; Dusanenko, 8; M. Ripka, 0; Turchan, 14; P. Ripka, 0; Czarnecy, 10.

Ukrainian-American Eagles: Smith, 13; Mackesy, 0; Barna, 0; Murphy, 6; Cierski, 0; Melko, 13.
 THEODORE LUTWINIAK.

GLASTONBURY WANTS GAMES

The Glastonbury, Conn. Ukrainian A. C. would like to book road games for Saturdays and Sundays with Ukrainian basketball teams in Stamford, Conn., Woonsocket, R. I., Boston, Mass. or any locality within 100 miles of Glastonbury.

For games write to:
 Manager Ukrainian A. C.
 28 Hebron Avenue
 Glastonbury, Conn.

Why send the same hackneyed type of card each year? Be original and send Ukrainian Christmas cards. A wide assortment of new Christmas Cards done in Ukrainian style on sale at "SVOBODA" BOOKSHOP, 81-83 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J. 5¢ EACH 6 FOR 25¢