



LACK OF KNOWLEDGE PLUS POLISH PROPAGANDA

Back in August, 1934 geographers from various countries flocked to Warsaw to attend the International Geographical Congress. Among them was Louise A. Boyd, delegate of the United States Government as well as of the American Geographical Society. A photographer of note she took advantage of her stay in Poland to tour the countryside and make a photographic record of its rural life. This record was published last year by the geographical society in form of a volume entitled "Polish Countrysides—Photographs and Narrative."

When early this week the book was shown to us, it naturally aroused our interest, as anything dealing with Poland would; for under Polish rule, in a compact mass of about 137,000 square kilometers, there dwell on their native heath around seven million of our Ukrainian kinsmen.

With some curiosity, therefore, we opened the book to the "Acknowledgments," with which Miss Boyd introduces her work. Our attention was immediately caught by the following lines expressing her gratitude for the hospitality extended to her by her Polish hosts:

"Our hosts and hostesses went out of their way to show us their country from an intimate, personal point of view. We were enabled thereby to gain a far truer and more sympathetic understanding of the fundamental factors governing their lives than would have been possible had it not been our good fortune to visit a country where hospitality is so eminently a national trait."

Knowing the Poles as we do, this acknowledgment of their hospitality by a foreign observer struck us as especially significant. Of course the Poles are a hospitable people—just like any other people. Yet on many an occasion this hospitality has proven itself to be only for those foreigners who in their travels placed themselves entirely under the guidance of their hosts. Those others who preferred to travel about by themselves, who were curious to see more than was shown to them, and who were prepared to report their findings back home, soon found themselves beyond the pale of this hospitality. In fact they were subjected to a most inhospitable treatment, including strict police surveillance. Ask Negley Farson, the American journalist, for one!

Knowing this, therefore, we knew what to expect after having read Miss Boyd's warm acknowledgment of the manner she was treated by her hosts. From beginning to end her work contains not even one mention of Ukrainians or Ukraine. Evidently for her there are no such people in Poland as Ukrainians. Though she toured (by auto) such heavily Ukrainian-settled areas as Volhyn, Podolia or Huculschyna—all she saw were Poles. True, her book contains some unusually fine pictures of Ukrainian peasant and mountaineer types, of Ukrainian landscapes, of Ukrainian village and church architecture; and she writes enthusiastically about their colorful qualities, especially about the costumes worn by the women and men. But she labels them all as being either Uniat (Ukrainian Catholic Church) Huculs (Ukrainian mountaineers) or as Ruthenians—the latter being the ancient and long-outmoded Latin name for Ukrainians which some Polish chauvinists still use today in an effort to confuse the Ukrainian identity. Nowhere does she call them by their proper and recognized name—Ukrainian.

This omission on Miss Boyd's part to recognize the Ukrainians for what they are, becomes all the more glaring when we examine a recently-published (1937) Polish book "Wyprawa Kijowska 1920 Roku," written by General Tadeusz Kutrzeba, in which he tells of how the Polish Army together with General Petlura's Army of the Ukrainian National Republic fought jointly against the Bolshevik offensive upon Kiev. Throughout this book the author, a close associate of the late Pilsudski, uses the term Ukraine, Ukrainian, and Ukrainians. Even when he recounts the events of the Polish-Ukrainian War—during the course of which the Poles managed with Allied aid to overrun and conquer the self-same Ukrain-

ian territories through which Miss Boyd toured—does this Polish general (and he is no exception) designate the Ukrainians by their proper name. Really, it is too bad that it was not this military person but a group of chauvinistic geographers and professors who conducted Miss Boyd on her trip.

We do not wish to judge Miss Boyd too harshly, for evidently she was an unwitting abettor of her hosts' efforts to beloud the very existence of Ukrainians; also, for the past few years she was chiefly engaged in photographing ice forms and glaciers in the Arctic regions, where there are no oppressed races nor national movements to concern oneself with, as in Europe. Nevertheless, before undertaking her picture-taking tour of Poland, she should have at least learned something of the country, of its social, economic and political set-up, of its policies, and of its treatment of its national minorities, especially of the largest of them—the Ukrainians. "In traveling," Samuel Johnson once remarked, "a person must carry knowledge with him, if he would bring home knowledge."

Had Miss Boyd first equipped herself with such basic knowledge, then she would have seen the Ukrainians and recognized them as such. And although the partitioned and enslaved Poland of former years would still have evoked from her a glow of compassion, her admiration for the "unified and progressive" Poland of today would not be so high; instead it would be tempered by the realization that the country is today ruled—as H. G. Wells states in his "Shape of Things To Come"—by an "aggressive, vindictive and pitiless dictatorship," which has set itself "to the zestful persecution of the unfortunate ethnic minorities (about one-third of the entire population) caught in the net of its all too ample boundaries," and that, furthermore, "in the treatment of the Ukrainians involved in liberation, Poland equalled any of the atrocities which had been the burden of her song during her years of martyrdom."

Equipped with such knowledge, Miss Boyd would not have written, as she did, that the language of these "Ruthenians" is a "dialect of Russian." Russian philology itself has long ago exposed the falseness of this drive of Russian imperialists. Back in 1905 the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences issued a special decision affirming the independence of the Ukrainian language. Conscientious Polish scholars themselves recognize this independence. In 1815 the Polish philologist, G. S. Bandkte, wrote that, "the Ukrainian language, whose seat is in Kiev, is at least as old as Russian, and therefore it cannot possibly be a Russian dialect."

All this Miss Boyd would have learned had she made an elementary study of Poland and the Ukrainians under its misrule.

But then, of course, her trip would not have been so pleasant. For, knowing all this, she would not have been satisfied with being shown just what her hosts wanted her to see. No doubt, she would have rebelled against them, in which case her book, "Polish Countrysides," would have been far different. And her "Acknowledgments" in it would also have been different. Instead of expressing her gratitude for the warm hospitality extended to her, they might have been somewhat in line with what H. Hessel Tiltman, the British author and traveler, wrote in the foreword to his excellent volume on "Peasant Europe" (Jarrolds, London, 1934):

"I cannot forbear, however, a brief acknowledgment to the zeal and enterprise shown by the police authorities of . . . Poland—in seeking to prevent any foreign observer from talking with the peasants, and thus learning the truth about the political and economic conditions which whole peoples are now enduring—conditions which, directly traceable to the peace settlements and the chauvinism and bad faith of the victorious governments, will remain a challenge to statesmanship and a menace to the peace of Europe until dramatic changes have been made, and justice returns to the peasant lands."

THE BLACK COUNCIL

(CHORNA RADA)

By PANTELEYMON KULISH

(Translated by S. S.)

(29)

CHAPTER XI

Rising early the next morning, Petro went to the stables to feed his mount. To his surprise his father's horse was gone. Evidently his father, perturbed by the what had been revealed to him last night, had been unable to sleep and had left even before daybreak.

Despite the invigorating morning air, Petro felt quite heavy of heart. His was indeed a most unfortunate love. At first he had grieved because Lesya had apparently scorned him; then later he had grieved when he learned that she was already betrothed to another; and now his grief was even more acute at the realization that she loved him but that it was impossible for him to take her as his wife. "Oh lord!" he half exclaimed to himself, "how wonderful it would be to live with her as man and wife!"

So enamoured was the young Kozak with her that it seemed to him that the sun shone only where his beloved could be found; and where she was not, all was dreary darkness.

Another in his place would probably have ignored the fact that she was engaged to someone else and that he did not have his father's blessings; very likely he would

have taken her anyway and fled into the wild steppe. But Petro was not of that sort. Such a thought did not even enter his mind. Rather than to risk his father's displeasure and sully his honorable name, he would sooner pine away to death from longing for her. About the only thing he could do, he thought, would be to go down to the Zaporozhe upon his father's death, and there outfit an overseas expedition and go raiding the various Turkish coastwise towns and strongholds, and in the heat of battle with the infidels lay down his life for Christianity. In the meanwhile he would avoid meeting Lesya as much as possible, and keep his unfortunate love a secret. So after walking about the stables for awhile, he turned into the woods, as was his habit when he sought solace from his troubles.

Turning to the left he proceeded along a narrow path that sloped gently downwards until he came to a clearing. To his surprise he perceived at its other end a small hut, out of whose chimney smoke was curling lazily. His first inclination was to go and see who lived there, but then on second thought he decided not to, since it was just daybreak and its occupants might still be asleep. He was about to leave the clearing

when he espied a man coming towards him from the hut, led by young, blackhaired girl. It was evident that the man did not want to be led in this manner, for he was attempting to draw his hand away from hers. "Let me go, Nastya. Stop leading me as if I was a drunk coming from the tavern. Here I want to go galloping about the steppe on my horse today, and yet you still lead me about like a little baby. Let go, I say, let me go!"

Petro recognized him immediately. It was Kyrylo Tur. For some reason or other he felt very happy at seeing him, although their recent meeting was a deadly combat.

Seeing Petro standing at the edge of the clearing, Kyrylo rushed forward and greeted him warmly.

"How are you?" he exclaimed. "Little did I reckon that you would be able to rise again after that last blow I dealt you. And yet, to tell you the truth, I never thought I would ever rise myself after what you gave me. That was certainly one sweet bout, I must say!"

"Tell me about it, brother," the young girl spoke up, looking fondly at him.

"Hush, woman!" replied Kyrylo. "This is something that wouldn't interest you anyway. The home, the hearth, the pillow—that's all that life means to you. For us the steppe and the sea—there to try our luck against fate—that is life. But why should I discourse with you about this is beyond me.

Quit bothering me. You know, friend," he said, turning to Petro, "I thought I was really leaving this earth, together with all its vanities and women. Already I was crossing the threshold to a different world, when some good people got a hold of me and returned me to life again. I suppose they thought they were doing the right thing, and that there is nothing better than this miserable existence of ours. Yet anyone with the least bit of sense in his head will realize that loss of life is not such a terrible thing after all."

"But how did you ever get here?" asked Petro, interrupting Kyrylo's musing.

"Very simple. The good people got a hold of me, began to coddle and bathe me, and make me drink all sorts of medicines made of flowers, and finally they brought me here. And do you know to whom? To my mother! As if I was a little boy indeed. Once the women here got their paws on me, there was no getting away from them. They've been doing their best to convince me that I'm a sick man. Me, a sick man! Ha-ha! Why I can wrestle with a bear! Thank the Lord though, the Holy Man came around and saved me from dying from ennui among all these women. With his songs and his man's way of looking on things, he made it much easier for me."

(To be continued)

There are two perfect men; one dead, and the other unborn.—Chinese Proverb.

The Education of Hrytzko

By IVAN FRANKO

Translated Anew by S. S.

(Condensed)

The geese knew nothing about it. Even that very morning, when father had conceived the idea of sending Hrytzko to school, they knew nothing of his intention. And much less did Hrytzko himself. He, as usual, rose in the early dawn, breakfasted, whined a bit, scratched himself, took a willow switch and skipping along drove the geese before him from the pen to the pasture.

As usual, the white gander pointed at him his rather small head with its red eyes and wide red bill, hissed fiercely, and then, cackling something to the other geese, waddled into the lead. The old goose, also as usual, refused to remain in the moving ranks and soon quit them to wander off into a ditch. For this dereliction Hrytzko gave her a smart cut with the switch and called her a "rascal"—an epithet he reserved for all those who refused to recognize the sovereignty of his rule in the pasture. Clearly then, neither the gander nor the old goose, nor, for that matter, anyone in the entire company of them—a full score and five—was aware of the impending transfer of their lord and master to a far less exalted position in life.

And thus, when the final news broke: when father, coming in from the field, called Hrytzko home and gave him into the hands of mother, so that she would wash, comb and dress him, just as God had ordained, and when, furthermore, father took him by the hand and without even a word of explanation led the already much alarmed boy through the pasture, and, finally, when the amazed geese perceived their erstwhile leader entirely transformed into a new being, with new boots, new felt hat and a new red belt—there burst from them a sudden and very loud cry of wonder. What was this? A white gosling with its neck outstretched ran up to him, as if to see him all the better; while the brownish goose also stretched out her neck and dumbfoundedly regarded him for quite some time, unable to utter

even a peep, until finally she regained her voice and there sped swiftly from her: "d-de-de-de!"

"Foolish goose!" Hrytzko muttered scornfully, and turned away, as if to say: "I'm not that far gone that I have to reply to a goose no less." Or perhaps it was because he did not know himself whither he was bound.

Soon they entered the upper stretches of the village. Neither father nor Hrytzko said anything. Finally they reached a rambling old building with a straw-thatched roof. Boys, of all sizes, shapes, and age were streaming from various directions towards this building. Beyond the building in the garden could be seen the pacing figure of a tall man, dressed in city clothes, but wearing no jacket.

"Hrytzko," said father.

"Huh," replied Hrytzko brightly.

"See that building?"

"Yeth."

"Bear in mind that that is the school."

"U-huh."

"Here you'll come everyday to study."

"U-huh."

"Be a good boy then, and listen well to the teacher. I am going over to him to register you."

"U-huh," said Hrytzko, hardly knowing what his father was talking about.

"Go along with these boys. Here boys, take him with you!"

"Come," said the boys and took Hrytzko with them, while his father went into the garden to see the teacher.

* * *

The class began its studies. The teacher was saying something, displaying before him little square tablets, upon which were drawn curiously-shaped hooks and props, and every time he displayed a new one the boys shouted something; but it was all beyond Hrytzko's understanding. For that matter, he

* "de" — in Ukrainian meaning "whither."

didn't even pay any attention to the teacher, but found a great deal of amusement in the antics of the boys seated around him. One of them was assiduously picking his nose with a stubby forefinger; another was trying his utmost to stick a stalk into Hrytzko's ear; while the third was diligently applying himself to the task of pulling out loose threads from his threadbare jacket; already before him there lay a goodly-sized pile of threads, yet he kept on pulling more.

"What you pullin' dem for?" asked Hrytzko curiously.

"Oh, I'm going to take them home and eat 'em with my borsch," the other calmly explained; and for quite some time afterwards Hrytzko wondered whether the boy was in his right senses or not.

"Hrytz! You're not paying the least bit attention to what I am saying!" the voice of the teacher suddenly boomed at him, and simultaneously Hrytzko felt a sharp pain in his ear, which the teacher had seized and given a sharp tweak. The pain was so excruciating that tears sprang into his eyes. When he recovered his senses the boys were already reading from a set of tablets which the teacher had arranged before them. Untiringly, over and over again, they chanted in singsong fashion "A-ba-ha-la-ma-ha." For some reason or other this procedure pleased Hrytzko very much, and he too joined in the chorus, his thin piping voice shrilling high above the others, "a baba halamaha." Even the teacher became impressed by this, and thinking that he had an apt pupil before him sought to give him further opportunity to distinguish himself by arranging a new combination of letters, reading "baba"; but Hrytzko, not even looking at the new word, piped at the teacher, "halamaha." The whole class roared with laughter, including the teacher himself. Hrytzko looked around in a puzzled manner, and then turning to the boy next to him, asked, "Why don't you thay 'halamaha'?" and not until he felt the sting of the teacher's ruler over his back, did he first realize that something was amiss somewhere...

A year elapsed since that fateful day. The high hopes of father for his son as a scholar had long since evaporated. The teacher had

frankly told him that Hrytzko was the "18th sort of a dunce" and that he would do far better by taking the boy out of school and putting him back to tending geese. And indeed he was right, for after a year attending school Hrytzko returned home just as wise as he was when he first entered. To be sure, he had by this time memorized that awe-inspiring "a baba halamaha" so well that even in his sleep he was heard to recite it. But that seemed to be the limit of his education. The other letters of the alphabet whirled about in his mind in such a confusing manner that he could never recognize them. And as for reading and writing!... Whether all this was because he did not have a retentive memory or whether perhaps the teacher was to blame, no one could say; however, one thing was certain—that the designation as the "18th sort of a dunce" was not only limited to Hrytzko but applicable to most of his companions, for all of them dreamed of that day when they would be free from the constant canings, ear-twistings, jabs, hair-pullings, and once more appear in the full glory of their dignity and importance as lords of the pasture.

Hrytzko, of course, longed more for a return to this status quo than any of the others. The Confounded Reader, which a year's hard use had well-nigh reduced to shreds, that cursed "a baba halamaha," and the more cursed teacher had wearied him him so much that he moved about like some cowed creature. But finally July arrived; his father relented and said to him one day:

"Hrytzko!"

"Huh?" replied Hrytzko.

"From today you won't have to go to school any longer."

"Uh!"

"Take off your boots, hat, and belt, tie up your pants with a rope, don that old cap, and go out and tend to the geese."

"Uh!" exclaimed Hrytzko happily.

* * *

Geese—as usual—are awfully dumb, and again they'd know of the impending change; although it was to be a happy one this time. For during the whole year they had been tended by the neighbor's boy, Luchka, who usually did nothing more in the pasture than

The Ukrainian-American Boy

By HELEN M. SYWULAK

[Address delivered at the Ukrainian American Youth Rally, in Newark, February 12, 1938.]

Under a microscope, bacteria may appear to swim, worms wiggle. Differences are noticeable, however, in more closely related animals—amoeba and paramecium, two members of the phylum protozoa that are vastly different, as two Ukrainian boys, although belonging to the same species, may seem worlds apart.

Although heredity and environment are controversial issues among scientists, the general belief is that both play an extremely vital part in the development of all living matter. So, in our observation of the Ukrainian boy we will consider both these factors. It's hard to say whether the fact that one of these factors is constant simplifies our research or makes it more difficult. All our subjects are of common ancestry—Ukrainian—hence this dispenses with the issue of heredity, even though at times we wish we could fall back on it and explain some odd behavior or misbehavior of our subject as due to variances in heredity.

Although this is beside the point, don't you think it's rather odd to treat warm-blooded Ukrainian boys so cold-bloodedly?

Environment

Perhaps the easiest way to take care of variable environment is to

take exemplary phases of several variances of environment.

First, we see the Ukrainian boy in the home; or don't you think a boy's home life has anything to do with his girl friends? Stop and contemplate the matter and you will find that this situation is vitally important, for won't this young man's future life be a repetition of his present home life with some fortunate or unfortunate young woman?

When our parents came from Europe, they settled here amidst hardships. The father went to work in factories, the mother stayed home to take care of the house and children, daughters grew up under the mothers' protection; but what became of the sons? Far be it for me to try to justify the Ukrainian boys; I'm just citing the situation as it exists. Without the guiding hand of the fathers, the sons often became street corner loafers, pool room sharks or any number of varieties of this type.

Although the male element of Ukrainians may be as quick to accept some modern progressive ideas as does the female element, very few recognize modern progressive ideas as regards the home and family life. Ukrainian history begins with a patriarchal system and although most societies have changed, our Ukrainian man is or thinks he should be, the

ruler and supreme advisor of his family. It's strange how little American education has done for the Ukrainian boys along these lines. They still think that they should be boss.

Modern trends more and more play against the tendencies of the Ukrainian boy. The Ukrainian girl is alive to these trends and makes the most of them, but too many Ukrainian boys have gotten into a rut and cannot grasp the importance and significance of today's swift pace.

Marriage

Today, marriage is a very different institution from that of but a decade ago. As a rule, young girls of today do not regard marriage as a transfer—that is, having a husband take care of her instead of her father. Nowadays, young girls marry for companionship, because they feel they have something in common with a certain young man, or to further some purpose. So why is it that Ukrainian boys still persist in thinking that the girl they marry should be a kitchen drudge?

For a long time, Ukrainian men have looked down on their women. For some unknown reason they seem to think that the female intellect is inferior, but we women know better.

Ukrainian girls take advantage of every opportunity offered them and today's Ukrainian girl is on the average better educated, in the sense that she is more widely read and informed on practically all matters of importance. Why don't the Ukrainian boys perk up and become educated?

The "date"

This brings us to our second phase of environment—the "date." Also, we come across a strange idiosyncrasy in the actions of the male species of Ukrainians. When a Ukrainian lad asks a Ukrainian lassie for a date he does so with one of two extreme purposes in mind. Either he's out to paint the town red and doesn't care with whom, or he takes her out with the view of eventually making her his wife. Both these attitudes are repugnant to Ukrainian girls. We don't accept some invitations because of the implication that such an invitation might carry with it, or else we hate to accept because the Ukrainian boys' interests are so fickle.

And if we do accept, what do we do on a date? How many Ukrainian boys can converse intelligently? How many have any idea of where or how to entertain their date? Too few, I'm afraid. But, on the other hand, how many Ukrainian boys are there whose idea of an enjoyable evening is fulfilled when they are properly or rather most improperly soused? Too many, I'm sure.

Dances

A favorite phase for young Ukrainians to congregate is at dances. Of course, Ukrainian girls like to be taken to these Ukrainian club sponsored dances by Ukrainian boys. Our only complaint is: "If the boys only knew how to behave."

Ukrainian boys seem to think they are fulfilling their social obligations if they ask certain girls to dance. But we sympathize with the other members of the weaker sex and we believe that the fellows should ask our friends to dance. There seems to be some law or other that regulates a certain number of young women to be wallflowers at most every dance. However the proportion of wallflowers is far too large at Ukrainian dances.

Then the number of boys who come to dances and reverse the general procedure—they are self-made wallflowers—is almost unbelievable. My recommendation is not that all Ukrainian boys learn how to dance, although that's a grand idea. I was only thinking that the boys should think of their pride or the impression that such actions make on the very girls they are out to impress favorably. Occasionally, when the Ukrain-

YOUTH IS FLEETING!

Here is something that never, never occurs at any of the Ukrainian clubs in any city in the U. S., be it large or small. If it did, I would have heard about it.

It is the middle of the week. A group of young Ukrainian men and women are leaving the Ukrainian Club after having spent an enjoyable evening playing basketball, volley ball, doing gym work, swimming, reading, dancing, playing checkers or chess and perhaps nibbling on a bar of chocolate or enjoying a soft drink.

Such an event never occurred in any of our Ukrainian clubs, for the simple reason that until now a room and a pool table seemed to have answered the purpose. But does it? Not by a long shot. I have made a careful survey of the subject and after serious deliberation I am ready to state that our Ukrainian clubs have progressed very little, if at all, in the last 25 years. A room and several pool tables then. A room and one pool table now. What progress! What foresight! Now bear with me just a moment. Perhaps you in Oshkosh have advanced a little further than that; but on the whole, the Ukrainian clubs are in a state of lethargy, secure in the feeling, that, "What was good enough for your fathers should be good enough for you" (meaning the Ukrainian Youth).

"Oh, we want the youth to have a good time. We would like to offer them a cheery comfortable, homey place in which to gather during the week, but you understand how things are? We are not a rich people." No we're not rich, but we don't have to be.

Have any of you leaders of the Ukrainian clubs, every seriously considered the prospect of offering the youth something worth while, something that they want, like the things that can be found at the YMCA or International Houses? You notice, I said, seriously considered the prospect. You may have started to consider something for the youth, but never followed it to its culmination.

If the Ukrainian youth want something on the order of a YMCA and are willing to pay yearly dues for it, why can't their dues be paid to a Ukrainian club which is equipped like a YMCA, and let the Ukrainians benefit by it. A dues of 50 cents a month and a membership of 100 would yield a yearly income of \$600. Certainly a Ukrainian club could offer the youth at least some of the things they want. Why try to appease them with a room and a pool table?

Times have changed! I'm as loyal and true Ukrainian as anyone can be, but why belong to a Ukrainian club and visit it throughout the week, when it offers so little. My friends are of the same opinion. Disloyal? Oh no, just practical!

DAVID CHMELYK.

Ukrainian girls are inclined to praise themselves, you'll find that it's because they excel in some occupation, study, sport, or other enterprising hobby. Many Ukrainian boys however are given to bragging about how much liquor they can, presumably, hold. Or else, they'll boast of the number of parties and dances they crashed. Only in club activity is the conduct of Ukrainian boys almost impeccable. The boys that have the foresight to join Ukrainian clubs are usually boys with characteristics that other Ukrainian boys can well envy and try to copy.

Summing up, we can say that Ukrainian boys have one important factor in their favor—they are Ukrainian. However, if they don't look about them and become cognizant of the fact that they are American-Ukrainians in the year of Our Lord 1938, their fine Ukrainian heritage will be overshadowed and perhaps lost—perish the thought!

dig holes, make mud pies, and cover himself with dust. As for the geese, he didn't give them even a hoot, and they were forced to shift for themselves. Misfortune and tragedy dogged their footsteps at every turn. More than once they wandered off the pasture into some neighboring farm, and usually received such a reception there that they barely waddled out again. Winged danger flew ominously close several times and nearly caught one or two of them. Five young goslings and nine geese were sold in the market (it was indeed a heart-breaking parting). The well-feathered one, wandering into someone's garden, was caned to death there, and then, in a most barbarous manner, tied to the end of the cane and dragged all over the pasture, to be finally and unceremoniously tossed over the fence into her pen. But the cruelest and most recent blow of them all was when a hawk seized an upright young gander, the pride and hope of the whole flock, and bore him struggling away, never to return. Alas, it was indeed a most unfortunate and tragic year. And yet, despite all this the flock increased in size. Thanks to the white gander and the brownish goose, (as well as two or three of her daughters), the flock had increased during the year until it numbered as high as 40.

And thus when Hrytz appeared among them that morning, willow switch in hand—the sceptre of his authority, at first they just stared at him and only one faint hiss of surprise was heard. But neither the white gander nor the brownish goose had forgotten their former pastor. With shrill cries of happiness and furious beating of wings they threw themselves at him.

"De-de-de-de?" gaggled the brownish goose.

"Why, in school, of course," Hrytz replied loftly.

"Oh! oh! oh!" exclaimed the white gander in surprise.

"Don't you believe me, you old fool?" angrily demanded Hrytz, and gave the gander a cut with the switch.

"Ah, sho-sho-sho?" Ah, sho-sho-sho?" honked all the geese, swarming all around him.

"That is, what did I learn in school?" Hrytz formulated their question.

"Ah, sho-sho-sho?" honked the

geese again. To which Hrytz replied:

"A baba halamaha!"

A great hiss of surprise and astonishment arose, as if none of the geese could comprehend such deep and abstruse wisdom. Hrytz stood by proudly, so haughty! But not for long. For at last the white gander found his voice.

"A baba halamaha! A baba halamaha!" he shrilled in his ringing, metallic voice, stretching himself erect, and flapping his wings. And then, turning to Hrytzko, he hissed, as if to shame him all the more:

"F'shem! F'shem!"

Hrytzko was heart broken, shamed! To think that in the space of one fleeting moment the gander had grasped and repeated all the wisdom and learning that it had taken him one whole year to gain! That was the final straw!

"Why didn't they send him to school?" he thought bitterly, and drove the geese out into the communal pasture.

*) "sho" — similar to "scho," which mean "what."

THE NIGHT WE MET

I got a thrill the night we met,
A thrill which had me quite upset;
You had no right to come that way

And, laughing, steal my heart away.

I wondered what had come o'er me;

Just why that thrill had come to me;

But, holding hands in our good-bye,

I found my answer in your eye.

MARY SARABUN.

PRIDE

Pride, thou base and cruel varlet
You squelch every outlet
For the soul's expression in emotion
Only firm rules govern your devotion

How many hearts have you broken
Leaving only sorrow as a token
Of your base and haughty vanity
Possessing neither kindness nor charity

Pride, cruel, hateful, master
More people have died of you
Than cats of curiosity!

Once you entered my soul too
Now get thee hence, faster, faster!

T. BRESKY.

RAY OF SUNSHINE

By RAY DAMER

FOR MEN ONLY

In this ever fast moving world, the women have made great strides toward their objectives. After a century-long campaign for the "rights of women," we find victory more than won. Women have effectively demonstrated that they can equal men in feats of physical endurance, in swimming, in certain sports, can take over their jobs, can wear their clothes, invade their barber shops, smoke their cigarettes, and swear.

But with all these added rights were the women content? They were not!

Women's move was to remodel the men. Men as they were—were too demanding, too brutish, too masculine, too domineering, etc. Through the medium of movies, newspapers, magazines, novels, radio the women have influenced men to become gentlemen, gallant, immaculate dressers (not a hair out of place), "yes-dear" type husbands, considerate and understanding at all times.

But are the women content now? They are not!

In all the popular publications, the women writers (they are supposed to express the popular opinions of the day) portray the females as clever young women, who are telling the boss, boy friend, or husband what to do and when to do it. These same women writers in picturing men claim that they are "softies"; that they are declining in their role as men and husbands; that they are becoming obedient errand runners; and even accusations are made that men are the weaker sex.

Those of us men—who are in our romantic stage, are sometime bewildered. How in the world do these modern women want us to treat them. Perhaps a little advice from a matured worldly person such as J. P. McEvoy would help. He is a noted traveler, lecturer and writer of books and magazines about the younger generation and their problems. Mr. McEvoy in his series of articles called, "Father Meets Son," gives this advice to young men about women:

"If a woman has no respect for you now, she won't have any more for you later. A woman's respect is not based on what you have, but on what you are. Someday you will have a wife, and if she doesn't respect you in a cottage, she won't respect you later in a mansion. And if she doesn't respect you, your children won't respect you. And when they go out into the world, they won't respect anybody or anything, and the things that will happen to them will break your heart, if you have any left by that time.

"Of course you want a certain woman's respect, don't you? Then earn it. 'None but the brave deserves the fair.' Like old saws, this has teeth in it. Listen to what she has to say, weigh it carefully, then make up your own mind. Then stick to it. If she coaxes, be charmed but unyielding. If she pouts, be amused but firm. If she cries, don't get frightened. This, too, will pass. Console her—but stick! If she gets angry, admire her spirit. Tell her she was never so attractive. She'll hate you, but not for long. The compliment will remain in her mind long after the reason for it is forgotten. But if she dissolves and yields, then you are really in danger. Be alert. Stick. She will come back to the attack again as soon as your guard is down. If you are still at your guns, she will realize you are no ordinary adversary. Now she will turn on everything. She will smother you with charm. She will dazzle you with smiles. She will drown you with tears. Where are you, young man? Courage! Stick! Hang on! Ah-h-h, the sun is breaking through. Look! A rainbow. Hark, the lark! The battle is over. You

YOUNG UKRAINIAN GIANT BOXER

By Stan Baumgartner

A giant aspires to become a Philadelphia Inquirer A. A. heavy-weight Diamond Belt champion.

Ben Moroz, six feet, nine inches in height, weighing 275 pounds, an American Carnera with feet like tugboats and fists like pillows, is the young man who seeks the glory and honor that go with an Inquirer A. A. champion.

Will he be another Carnera? Cy Kushner, athletic director of the Older Boys Crime Prevention Unit, who is responsible for the development of Moroz, believes that his protege will even surpass Carnera.

"He is smarter, more agile, more determined, has a killer instinct which Carnera did not possess and is much younger," said Kushner. "I expect great things of him."

At present—posing for pictures—Moroz looks everything that Kushner says of him. He talks intelligently, is mentally quick on the trigger and looks like a tremendous tackle rather than a boxer.

The Giant has had only one fight and that was against Nick Florentino. He lost that when he sustained a cut eyebrow in the second round of the Daily News tournament at the Arena. Since then he has spent his time developing a defense that will keep everyone away. His reach mixed with cleverness in defending himself will make him practically invulnerable.

A friend brought Moroz to Kushner—and the Older Boys mentor tried to discourage him from fighting. "I always do that in order to find out whether they really want to box or are seeking notoriety," said Kushner, "Moroz, however, would not be discouraged. He insisted he wanted to learn to box—and he has.

"In the past two months he has torn down two sandbags, and oh, boy, how he can hit."

The youngster—he is only 20 years old—is in the finest possible hands when he is under the wing of Kushner and the writer, as well as thousands of boxing fans, will follow his career in The Inquirer A. A. joust with interest. He may be the next heavyweight champion of the world.

(The Philadelphia Inquirer, December 28, 1937)

have fought the good fight and victory is yours. And what is the reward? Respect. The girl realizes for the first time that you mean what you say and stick to it."

Men, the above words of J. P. McEvoy are worth reading twice. Don't you think?

NEXT WEEK

This column will present, "For Women Only."

SUNSHINE BON-BONS

(Out of your-truly's scrap book)

Bride and Groom: "A bride wears white," said the speaker, "as a symbol of happiness, for her wedding day is the most joyful in her life." "And why do men wear black?" someone asked.

Happiness: We walk around everywhere hunting for happiness. Where is it? I will tell you where it is. First, happiness is to be found in a sound body. Second, happiness exists in a sound mind.—Salesmanship Applied by P. W. Ivey.

The Art of: Be like the late Will Rogers who could tell unpleasant truths without hurting.

Study: Many of the things we study are, "Brilliantly useless."

Jimmy Durante knows a producer who lost his health getting wealthy and then lost his wealth getting healthy.

ST. LOUIS UKRAINIANS TAKING GREATER INTEREST IN POLITICS

I am happy to report the activities of the Ukrainian young people of American politics, especially for the Ukrainian nation.

Many of them are joining the local Ukrainian Democratic Club, which is affiliated with the other nationalities in the Naturalized Voters League of St. Louis.

The first one to join this Club was Mr. Michael Chomyk. This young man is interested in sculpture and is very ambitious in that line. The local International Institute commended him very highly for his ability. Another noteworthy personage joining the organization is Mr. Pete Chulick, former athlete of McKinley School. Chulick is an embalmer and undertaker, following his late father's business. Mr. Leo Malaschak and Mr. Michael Goldak, both electricians by trade, also saw fit to join their own political group.

Remarkable it is, that all above mentioned personalities are members of St. Vladimir Brotherhood of the U. N. Ass'n.

Gossip is going on, that the next meeting, which falls on March 1st, will find many more young Ukrainians joining said organization.—Mr. Motherway, the City Prosecuting Attorney, is scheduled to address the meeting.

PETROWSKY, Chairman.

NEW YORK CITY

YOUNG UKRAINIANS—A lecture on the subject of the noted BREST-LITOVSK TREATY will be given by Mr. Volodymyr Dushnyck in Ukrainian National Hall, 217 E. 6th St., New York, N. Y., at 2:30 P. M., SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1938. There is no admission, and young and old are urged to attend, in order to refresh and learn the significance of this modern chapter of the Ukrainian History. The lecture is sponsored by 10th Branch—ODWU. 46

NEWARK, N. J.

WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY BALL sponsored by Ukrainian Sitch A.A. to be held at Ukrainian Sitch Ballroom, 229 Springfield Ave., Newark, N. J., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1938. Music by Royal Ramblers. Commencing at 8:00 P. M. Admission 40¢ (including wardrobe) 46

ELIZABETH, N. J.

The Ukrainian Social Club of Elizabeth invites you to attend its FIFTH ANNIVERSARY DANCE with Streamers, Balloons and Confetti to be held on SATURDAY evening, FEBRUARY 26, 1938 at the Ukrainian National Hall, 214 Fulton Street. By popular request, we feature "Lou" Demmerle and his WNEW Dance Parade Orchestra. Admission 40¢. Commencement 8:30 P. M., till?? For an unforgettable good time do not fail to attend.

BAYONNE, N. J.

FOURTH ANNUAL DANCE of the Ukrainian Athletic Club, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1938 at the White Eagle Community Center, East 23rd St., Bayonne, N. J. Two Bands—"The Esquires" & "The International Orchestra". Subscription 50¢.

CARTERET, N. J.

9th PRE-LENTEN DANCE given by the Ukrainian Social Club on SATURDAY evening, MARCH 5, 1938 at the German Lutheran Hall on Roosevelt Ave. Ukrainian-American dance music will be furnished by Tony Lane and his Rhythm Rascals. Admission 35¢. We cordially invite all Ukrainian youth clubs to cooperate with us. 46,52

CARTERET, N. J.—COHOES, N. Y. The Carteret Ukrainian Social Club Basketball Team will engage the powerful Ukrainian Athletic Club of Cohoes, N. Y. in the first of a series of tilts at the Carteret High School gymnasium on SAT. MARCH 5, 1938, the game starting at 7:30 P. M. sharp. Why not make a date and attend the game and later join your friends at the Pre-Lenten Dance. 46,52

CHICAGO, ILL.

FIRST ANNUAL BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT sponsored by the Young Ukrainian Nationalists of Chicago at St. Augustine's Gymnasium, located at 50th and So. Tiffin Streets, on SATURDAY and SUNDAY, MARCH 12 and 13, 1938. Entree at 6:30 P. M. 46,52

"AKRON UKES" TO THE FORE

Rapidly gaining recognition as one of the leading Class "B" basketball teams of the city, the Akron Ukes have compiled a record of 31 wins and 8 losses during the current season. They are undefeated in the Y.M.C.A. League, with 10 straight victories to their credit. Entering the second half of the Akron Church League, the Ukes are in first place, and are being regarded as "the team to beat" for the title.

Taking their stand among the leaders of the Ohio State Ukrainian Basketball League, the Ukes recently journeyed to Windsor, Ontario, Canada, for a two-day sojourn, and returned with two more victories, defeating the Canada C.Y.M.K. team by 49-26 and 38-34 scores. Johnny Pulk and Bill Fedoe shared scoring honors on the Canadian jaunt.

A 2-0 forfeit is claimed by the Akron Ukes over the Ukrainian Basketball Team of Detroit, Michigan.

Playing the Cleveland Sacred Hearts for the second time this season, the Akronites again emerged victorious, winning a closely contested battle by a 30-27 score. Johnny Pulk again led the Ukes with 7 points, being followed closely by Johnny Lesnak, who scored 6. Oleksyk of the Sacred Hearts led his team with 10 points. The teams were evenly matched, and a good battle prevailed. This win gives the Akron team a record of 7 games won, out of 8 played in the Ukrainian League, the lone loss being administered by the Rossford team in another game in Akron.

The Akron Team is composed of boys who are members of the Ivan Franko Club, youth branch of the Ukrainian National Association. GENEVIEVE ZEPKO.

N. Y. TRIDENT ELECTIONS

On February 4, 1938, the Ukrainian Tridents Club, 22 East 105 Street, New York, N. Y. held their yearly elections. The new officers are: Taras Dusanenko, President; Jimmy Nykyforchyn, Vice President; Mary Moskwik, Secretary; Harry Polche, Treasurer; and Bill Belous, Financial Recording Secretary.

Boys and girls from eighteen years of age and upward are welcome to join. We are now opening a drive for new members. Come down on Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock.

BILL BELOUS.

EAGLES DEFEAT RUSSIAN BEARS

The Ukrainian-American Eagles' basketball team recently played the Russian Bears and won by a score of 35-32. High scorer for the Eagles was Tovan who netted 11 points. Stanley gained 7 and Blinco and Bill Panzen both scored 5. The game was played in New York City, all players being New Yorkers. The U. A. E. also has a basketball team in Jersey City and this team recently defeated the Holy Name Society, also of Jersey City.

T. L.

SPRING VALLEY CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

At the annual meeting of the Ukrainian Tridents of Spring Valley, New York the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, George Syvenky; Vice President, Edward Stipley; Treasurer, Virginia Kashinsky; Secretary, Anne Brega; Sergeant-at-Arms, Michael Hladchuk; Reporter, Mary Brega.

Cordial thanks are extended to the former officers for their fine and extensive work.

NEW YORK CITY

BALCON DANCE sponsored by the St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Club of New York City at their Club Room, 334 East 14th St., New York City, on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1938. Music furnished by the ever popular orchestra of Myron Baron and his Royal Arcadians. Admission 40¢. Commencement 8:30 P. M. An enjoyable evening will be had by all.