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PROTEST MEETINGS AGAINST POLAND

During the past few weeks a number of mass protest meetings against Poland have been held by American citizens of both Ukrainian and Lithuanian descent.

The Ukrainian protest meetings have been provoked by fresh acts of Polish oppression in the Ukrainian territories seized by Poland during the Polish-Ukrainian war and assigned to her (in 1923) by the Council of Ambassadors.

Among these acts has been the insolent attack made by a Polish deputy of the Sejm against Archbishop Metropolitan Andrew Sheptitsky, head of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church. Though this attack has been aptly likened in effect to that of a dog barking at the moon, nevertheless so deeply venerated is the Metropolitan both as a churchman and a great patriot that it has caused a veritable storm of protests to arise, in the old country as well as here.

Another act on the Polish Government's part that is evoking indignant protests is the official ban placed by its Bureau of Censorship upon the use of the ancient name "Halichyna" (Galicia) for the territory designated by it, and the forcible substitution in its place of the term "Malopolska" (Little Poland).

"Halichyna" is a historic Ukrainian name. It is derived from "Halich," capitol of a Ukrainian principality of the 13th century. Since then "Halichyna" has always been used by the Ukrainians, and its latinized form "Galicia" (derived from "Halicia"—latin name for Halich) by all others, including the Poles. Never was this territory known as "Malopolska." Despite this, however, the Polish authorities are attempting to foist it into general use, and punish those who refuse to recognize it. Any mention of "Halichyna" or "Galicia" in the old country newspapers, for example, is immediately deleted by the censor (as we can see for ourselves in the newspapers that reach us here), and the paper itself is subject to confiscation.

By this and other notorious means Poland is continuing her attempts to hide the fact that about seven million of her population is composed of Ukrainians—dwelling on their ethnographic (though now Polish-occupied) lands since time immemorial, fully conscious of their national rights and waging an undaunted struggle in the pursuit of them. It is to counteract this form of propaganda and to expose the Polish policies towards their kinsmen in their native land, that Americans of Ukrainian extraction are holding these mass protest meetings.

The Lithuanian protest meetings, on the other hand, have been provoked by the events surrounding Poland's recent ultimatum to Lithuania demanding the establishment of normal diplomatic and consular relations between the two countries. These relations Lithuania had severed soon after when, in 1920, a Polish military adventurer, General Zeligowski, had crossed the border at the head of a Polish army and seized Vilna, ancient capital of Lithuania. This seizure, as was subsequently revealed, had been hatched by Marshall Pilsudski. The League of Nations made several attempts to reassert its authority in this matter, which had been flagrantly flouted by Zeligowski's action, but they were fruitless. In 1923 the self-same Council of Ambassadors that had given Galicia to Poland, set its seal of approval on the raid by formally assigning to Poland both Vilna and the district surrounding it. Powerless to do anything else, Lithuania broke off all relations with Poland, including the severing of telegraphic and railway communications and the closing of her frontier on the Polish side. Such has been the state of affairs between the two countries until now. Threatened with war by a country much more powerful than herself, Lithuania capitulated to Poland's demands for the restoration of more normal relations with her.

Both the Ukrainian and Lithuanian protest mass

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS

UKRAINE UNDER THE U.S.S.R.

In connection with the celebrations of the 20th anniversary of the Red Army, it is instructive to note the results of the last "clean-up" among the Army Officers. "Dilo," February 22nd, 1938, informs us that out of 4,000 officers of the Higher Command nearly one half were shot or imprisoned, that out of 18,000 officers of the Kiev (Ukraine) and Minsk military districts more than half have been liquidated, that the Soviet Press declares that the Officers' Corps of the Red Army is unprepared to carry out its duties. So much for the myth of Red military solidarity!

Collapse of Communist Drive in Ukraine

"Visty," Kiev, states that in the Kiev district, the Committee of the Communist Party issued a circular concerning the new membership drive in that region during the latter half of 1937. The Committee deplored that only 816 persons became members of the Party—because so few applied. It severely criticized the regional Party Committees for the collapse of the membership drive. In many sections of the Kiev district not one new member was enrolled, in some there were only one or two who applied for membership.

Another Chief for G.P.U. in Ukraine

It is reported that yet another change has been made in the headship of the G.P.U. of Ukraine. Israel Moses Leplewsky (who succeeded Balitsky—condemned for separatist activities a few months ago) has now been removed, and his place taken by O. I. Uspensky, former chief of the Orenburg G.P.U.

Liquidators to be Liquidated?

At the January Session of the Moscow Party Leaders it was disclosed that, in the last Party "purge" of 100,000 persons 40,000 were in Ukraine. "Visty" January 29th, 1938, reports that 3,422 persons were ejected from the Party in Kiev alone. On January 26th, the paper wrote: "The facts show that the enemies who should themselves have been eliminated from the Party were the ones who conducted the clean-up. Thus for example Discantov, an enemy of the people, operated in the Mariupolsk Party Committee and eliminated from the Party many persons who were honestly devoted to the Cause. In the Kiev Party Committee the enemies of the people ejected, en masse, many good communists. This work was done by Kudriavtsev, an enemy of the people, who was formerly secretary of the District Committee of the Party."

UKRAINE UNDER POLAND

"Novy Czas" February 21st, 1938, reports that Dr. S. Baran, member of the Ukrainian Parliamentary Representation, has pro-

tested against the arbitrary action of the Board of Censors at Lwiv, towards the use of the name Galicia (Halychyna) for that part of Eastern Poland that came formerly under Austria.

Said Dr. Baran before the Polish Sejm on February 15th: "Yesterday the Board of Censors of the district governor's office in Lwiv informed the editors of Ukrainian newspapers that from that day the use of the names Galicia and Galicians was forbidden on pain of confiscation and further reprisals. I wish to bring to the attention of this House that those names are historical. It is an undeniable fact that until 1340 there was an independent Halych-Volodymyr State (Galicia and Volhynya) which embodied almost in toto those Ukrainian ethnographic territories which are today within the boundaries of the Polish State. It is only by common usage that Poles have recently instituted the word 'Malopolska'—Little Poland. Up to now it has been our practice and our right to use our historic name. We shall fight this decision and shall never abandon our historic name."

Unfair Allotment of Public Funds

"Dilo" February 17th, 1938, reports a speech by Deputy W. Kuzmovich during the debate of the Budget Committee of the Council of Ministers. The Deputy referred to the allotment of the National Cultural Fund: "Although the income is derived from general taxes paid by Ukrainians as well as Poles, there is not one Ukrainian scientific or fine arts institution which receives any aid from the Fund. Ukrainian representatives are unequivocally opposed to this policy. Let the Fund be supported by Poles alone if you wish to continue the present policy, but if it is to gain its income from general taxation in the future it must give proportional support to Ukrainian cultural enterprises."

UKRAINIANS IN RUMANIA

That the policy of the new Rumanian Government remains, substantially, what it was under M. Goga and what it has been ever since the Minorities came under Rumania in 1918, is clear from evidence that reaches us.

It is reported that the Rumanian Home Ministry has suppressed all newspapers printed in Russian, Yiddish, and Ukrainian, which has resulted in the closing down of the whole Ukrainian Press in Rumania. Professor Yorga's organ characteristically states that these newspapers did not belong to national minorities but were owned by Jews who used them to incite the minorities against the Government. As regards the bogey of Jewish ownership we can state authoritatively—without prejudice to the Jews—that it is certainly not true of the Ukrainian Press.

This last and perhaps greatest of all the many deprivations suffered by Ukrainians in Rumania has rendered them, virtually, without a voice.

(Ukrainian Bureau, London)

meetings then, as can be seen, have much in common. Both of them have been provoked by Poland's callousness to the rights of others. And both of them, we hope, will expose this callousness to the eyes of the American public.

Taras Shevchenko

Looming against the background of Ukrainian history and casting all others into the shadow is the figure of Taras Shevchenko—the great Ukrainian poet, prophet, and martyr.

Rarely in world history has an individual gripped the hearts, the imagination, and the intellect of a nation to such an extent as has Shevchenko done to that of the Ukrainian people. And what is more rare is the spell his spirit continues to exercise to this very day over the most varied classes of the Ukrainian nation: rich man, poor man, learned man, unlettered man—all fall under the sway of his influence, all worship his memory and teachings.

It must indeed have been some unusual power within him, his life, and his works to evoke for him such a feeling of love, respect, and submission among our people—a people who by nature are rather suspicious of any unusual talent or power, for fear that such talent or power might be used to further exploit or oppress them.

It would be interesting, therefore, to re-examine some of those qualities and acts which have enshrined Shevchenko forever in the hearts of the Ukrainian people; especially since most of us, young Ukrainian-Americans, know so very little about him.

Childhood Days

Taras Shevchenko was born in the little village of Morintsy, near Kiev, a district wherein the Haydamaki in 1768 had rose in rebellion against their Polish overlords. Born a serf, Shevchenko's early childhood days were but an ever-recurring cycle of misery and poverty. When he was nine years of age, his mother died. His father, unable to take care of the children himself, married again. The step-mother, a widow, brought her own children to the Shevchenko home, and from thence dates one of the most miserable periods of the poet's life.

Already as a young lad, Taras Shevchenko exhibited unusual talent for learning and painting. Seeing children of the landowning classes getting an education, he yearned to do likewise, but be-

cause of his status as a serf he could not. Finally he managed to place himself under the tutelage of the local village church precentor—the "dyak." Shortly afterwards his father died. Taras now became an orphan, with his lot worse than before.

Studying under the village "dyak" was a very difficult task. He did not have any sort of a primer or grammar book, but had to learn to read directly from the Holy Scriptures, which was indeed a most difficult task. His teacher, a worthless fellow, was more often drunk than not, and whipped Taras for the slightest fancied infraction of obedience. But Shevchenko's ambition to obtain an education was so intense that in spite of the "dyak's" mistreatment of him he did learn how to read and write. Being unable, however, to endure the hardships, beatings, insults, and hunger any longer, he ran away from the "dyak."

"This was the first despot whom I learned to know," Shevchenko later wrote. "He taught me the inextinguishable hatred I have ever since felt for the tyranny and domination of one man over another. My childish heart was wounded and shocked at every turn by this despotic schooling and hardened itself against the world, the way the hearts of helpless men always harden themselves until at length, patience ends and vengeance and flight ensue. One day when I found him lying in a drunken sleep, I seized his own rod and whipped him with all my childish strength in repayment for his cruelty to me."

In a neighboring village, Shevchenko encountered a group of artists who were decorating the local church. Having been always interested in painting and drawing, Shevchenko decided to throw his lot in with them, hoping that for the work he would do for them, they would teach him how to paint. But such did not turn out to be the case. Taras was given the task of carrying water for them and grinding colors on an iron plate, but not once was he given the chance to paint. Seeing he was wasting his time, he ran

away once more. This time he became a shepherd. "I longed," he later wrote, "to shepherd the innocent flocks, fancying that while thus engaged, I would have an opportunity to read undisturbed my treasured stolen picture book." This he did while tending the flocks, and dreamed of the day when he would become a man of learning. Alas! these dreams led him into trouble, for the lambs began to wander away—and soon Taras was relieved of his duties by the indignant sheep-owner.

One day, Shevchenko met a painter who, perceiving great talent in him, became quite interested in him. He would have immediately apprenticed the talented lad to himself and taught him painting, but for one thing—Shevchenko was a serf. So Taras went to his manor-lord and begged for his freedom, explaining the reasons. But the young lord, Engelhardt by name, instead of freeing Taras, made him his lackey.

In St. Petersburg

Engelhardt was a man who did a great deal of traveling through various countries, and wherever he went Taras perforce had to go too. But although the new master was a hard taskmaker yet now Taras was able to find a bit more of spare time, which he utilized to good advantage, painting and drawing every chance he got. Several times he was caught doing this, and received a good whipping. Finally, however, came the day when Engelhardt perceived the boy had a great deal of talent for painting, and seeing in it a chance to make a neat profit for himself, decided to sent Taras to St. Petersburg to study.

Here, in St. Petersburg, Taras was able to pursue his studies unhindered. His teacher was a certain Shirayeff, to whom Engelhardt had apprenticed him. "This man," wrote Shevchenko later, "combined the functions of a church reader and deacon with decorative painting and the painting of saints. Not being much impressed by this trinity of genius, I hurried out on bright summer mornings to the St. Petersburg Summer Gardens, to sketch the statues there." It was in these gardens that he met other students, including some from his native Ukraine.

Soon he was able to count

among his closest friends such as Soshenko, a young Ukrainian student-painter, Eugene Hrebinka, the well known Ukrainian writer of fairy tales, Zhukovsky, the Russian poet, and Brulov, one of the leading painters of that period. These and others took a great liking for young Shevchenko, perceiving in him a splendid character and a great talent. Realizing, however, that as long as he remained a serf he could not advance very far, they decided to buy his freedom. This they did by having Brulov paint a picture of Zhukovsky, which they raffled off, and since both these men were famous they managed to get enough money in this way to pay the 2,500 rubles which Engelhardt demanded for Shevchenko's freedom. And thus, at last, Shevchenko became a free man.

Now that he was free, Shevchenko had a right to enter the Academy of Fine Arts, which he did. Under the tutelage of Brulov, the director of the school, Shevchenko became one of the leading students there.

The Coming of the Poetic Muse

Moving about in the society of cultured men, being a friend of artists and authors, Shevchenko quickly realized his disadvantage in not having a formal education. He therefore determined to get it through self-schooling. At this time he was twenty-four years of age. He began to read voraciously. And as a result of this reading and coming into contact with fine literature, there was awakened in Shevchenko the hitherto dormant great poet. The coming of the poetic Muse to him was also due to his vivid imagination, which the newly-won freedom from serfdom had liberated. It was on the wings of this imagination that he flew back into his native land—Ukraine, and there revelled in the natural beauty of the Ukrainian landscape, or grew sad at the sight of his native steppes strewn with high burial mounds, wherein lay the famed Kozaks of bygone days. Vivid pictures of Ukraine's heroic past swept over him, followed by reminiscences of what he himself had seen and experienced as a lad. It was around such pictures and reminiscences that Shevchenko's poetic imagination wove and embroidered the fabric of his first poems.

(To be continued)

"MOSES"

By IVAN FRANKO

Translated by Waldimir Semenyna
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CHAPTER I

For two score years did Moses wander
Through a desert, in a halting line,
Before the people of his tribes came near
The boundary of Palestine.

Though here are sands and Moab's naked cliffs
Are staring, painted russet-red,
Not far away the Jordan river winds
And flows through groves with pastures clad.

At Moab's feet, on sterile plains and sands,
The Israelites are camping now;
To cross those tops, even to look beyond,
Unwillingness will not allow.

Within their ragged and wind battered tents
The lazy nomads are asleep
While sheep and oxen gnaw the thistle food,
Their eyes aflame and sunken deep.

That with its wonders their long promised land—
That ruby they are to retrieve,
Awaits them just beyond those naked hills
Not one is willing to believe.

For two score years their prophet spoke to them
About that promised fatherland
But all the greatness, beauty of his words,
Was lost among those grains of sand.

For two score years did Jordan's sapphire stream
And valley, then unparalleled,
Entice and chase them o'er the desert sands,
Like some mirage which they beheld.

But losing faith, in time, the people cried:
"It is not true, the prophets lied!
The desert is, our home and here we will die!
How long then must we wait and why?"

And so they stopped to expect and to hope,
To strive and new goals to attain,
And messengers to send, and even stopped
To look in that direction—as in vain.

Thus day by day in Moab's still ravines:
Above, the sun looks down in wrath
While Israel is dreaming in its tents—
A life comparable to death.

The Hebrew wives alone are working now;
Some roast their meat as supper nears,
While sheep with oxen gnaw the thistle food
Which try their efforts and draw tears.

And in the fields the children played their games
Which caught the elders' breath, as bold:
With cities built of sand and manned they fought
In battles that surprised the old.

Quite often, half asleep, the fathers watched
And each one shrugged or shook his head;
"Where could they learn, where did they get
those games?"
Inquiringly the elders said.

"Why, in the desert we have never seen
Or heard of pranks with such odd roles;
Could it be that the prophet's very words
Have gripped the children's blood and souls?"

CHAPTER II

But in this dreaming tumult there is one,
Within his tent, who cannot sleep
But on the wings of steadfast thoughts and grief
Soars far beyond those mountains steep.

"T is Moses the Prophet, by all forgotten;
"T is time's now feeble aged slave
Who, without children, herds, without a wife,
Alone is standing by his grave.

All that he had in life he sacrificed
For one idea, one just cause,
And suffered, shone, and flamed throughout his
task,
And for it—worked without a pause.

Like a storm did he tear his people
From Mizraim and slavery,
And from the closeness of the prison walls
Was leading them to liberty.

And like the soul of all their souls combined,
He very often did ascend
To peaks of unknown heights of ecstasy
Which faith and inspiration lend.

And on the turbulent waves of their souls
In days of trial and of drought,
Quite often, also, did he sink with them
Into abyssal depths of doubt.

But now his voice—which has grown faint
from age,
With inspirations long since dead—
Has lost the power over the fathers' sons
That over the fathers once it had.

Words of that promised and wonderful land
To them is just a fairy tale;
The meat of their herds and butter and cheese
Is all the favor they will hail.

That their fathers from Mizraim have fled—
Their long migration through the sands,
To them is nought but foolishness and sin
And people's ruin in strange lands.

Now Dathan and Abiram hold the reins
Through discontent, in which they breed,
And to the prophet's words their answer is:
"Our goats are hungry and in need!"

And to his call to them to march ahead:
"Our steeds have not a single shoe."
To promises of conquest and of fame:
"The foes are fierce and many, too!"

Choosing A Career

(Explanatory Note:—In an effort to aid our young people choose their life careers, we are publishing this series of articles. The one below, second in the series, appeared in this month's issue of POWER. Kind permission to reprint it on these pages was obtained from P. W. Swain, its editor, by one of our readers, Michael Kozak of Chicago.

"SO YOU WANT TO BE AN ENGINEER"

If so, you will be interested in this letter from a practicing engineer to his nephew. Case and letter are real, so names are withheld

"DEAR BILL:

You will graduate from high school next June. Your father tells me you want to be an engineer (not just sure what kind), and asks me to advise you regarding your education and summer jobs. I am mighty glad to do this, because I think you have the ability to go places in engineering if you get the right start. For many years I have been thinking about this matter of job preparation and noticing which men got ahead and which didn't and why. I have discussed job training with many college professors and with successful engineers and business men in many industries.

"To get us right down to brass tacks, I have laid out the attached job-preparation chart, which sums up my own observations and convictions,

"No two men ever see things exactly alike, yet I feel, Bill, that the average engineer of long experience will admit that this chart is at least 80% right. Certainly all successful business men and engineers agree about the importance of a getting along with people and of being able to express yourself successfully in writing and in speech.

"A few engineers, and many of the professors, might claim that I have overstressed the importance of picking up a lot of practical skills before graduating from engineering school. Yet the longer I live the more certain I become that certain elementary skills are as fundamentally useful as Ohm's law and the multiplication table, because they enter into every move the engineer makes in actual life.

"Don't get the idea that you can safely postpone some of these things until after you get your diploma. Did you ever hear of a

great musician who confined himself to the theory of music in his early years and didn't start thumping the piano until he was twenty five? No, youth is the time to learn to play an instrument, to skate, swim, ride a horse, sail a boat, dance, get along with people, run a typewriter. I can't see any good reason why you should wait until after graduation before learning how to write a business letter, swing a hammer, push a file, sell a bill of goods or get along with a bunch of workmen.

Land on Four Feet

"Before I explain how to use the job chart, I must deliver one more piece of advice, based on long experience and observation. You've probably read inspiring stories about men who start young preparing for one specific job. In general, I don't think it's a good plan, although there have been spectacular exceptions. I'm not underestimating the importance of having a definite purpose in life, but feel that too-early specialization is very dangerous. Observe the ways of the cat, Bill. She knows more than one way to jump. Her outstanding talent is the ability to land on four feet under any and all circumstances.

"To be safe you've got to be versatile. How many men today are actually in the jobs they picked for themselves 20 or 30 years ago? How can you be sure about what you will be doing in 1958? When that day arrives, the job you planned may not even exist, or the rapidly changing world may have created a new, and much better, opportunity for you somewhere else. There is always a lot of chance and uncertainty in human affairs. Above all things, prepare yourself to land on four feet no matter where you are tossed. That means being able to do those simple every-day things that enter into all jobs everywhere.

"I hope you get this point, because it is important. Don't decide right now that you are going to be an air-conditioning engineer or a

diesel engineer (whatever that is). Train yourself in the general fundamentals of mechanical and electrical engineering. At the same time, acquire some skill in the simple every-day operations of all engineering and business occupations. I repeat, start right now learning how to talk and write English, work with people, sell, handle tools and machines, write business letters, keep simple accounts. Then you will be equipped to make a living with your hands and end as far up the line as your head, your adaptability, your energy and your good luck can carry you.

"It's about time I explained that job chart. The names at the top of the columns indicate general classifications of jobs. Starting with an engineering slant, you are almost certain to land in one of these classifications eventually, but it's hard to tell which at this distance. Therefore prepare, to some extent, for all of them.

"Down the left-hand side of the chart I have listed important elements of job preparation and background. These are grouped as general skills, special skills, field experience and college studies. Every one of the listed items is part of the necessary preparation for some job or other. Most of them would be helpful in hundred different jobs.

Rating Chart

"The next thing I did was to consider how much value each element of this imaginary preparation would have after you were established (say 15 years from now) in any one of the general job classifications. I have rated a particular item of preparation 1 where you would find it essential or extremely important and 2 where it would be helpful, but less essential. You will better understand what I meant if you will look at the shop mechanic. Early shop training has real value in any job you may later get, but it will be more important in some lines than in others. I rate it 2 if you later become a sales engineer and 1 if your final job is on the engineering side of factory work.

"To simplify matters, I have considered only the requirements of the advanced job. That is why, for example, I have listed sales experience and ability as a number

1 requirement for engineering research. That might not seem to be necessary, but it will be if you ever become a research executive faced with the problem of 'selling' ideas to your staff and of 'selling' the financial heads of your company the necessity of an adequate research budget.

"If you look through the various columns you will find that certain background elements, particularly the first three, are essential to success in any job you might get. Now isn't it just common sense to equip yourself as soon as possible with those skills that will help you to earn a living and move ahead no matter where you may land.

"You may not particularly admire the man who goes through life smoothly by shaking hands, writing smart letters and talking glibly, but the fact that it is done so often proves that these abilities have tremendous commercial value. Now your mind is constructive; a comfortable existence as a 'hot-air artist' wouldn't satisfy you. You propose to do useful things and know what you are talking about. Fine; you are in line to become a useful citizen! Nevertheless you must add the qualifications of a salesman to fundamental worthiness if you expect to accomplish much, certainly so if you seek the maximum personal return in salary and recognition.

"What every salesman has is 'ability with people,' listed under 'General skills.' By this I mean the ability to win the friendly cooperation of all kinds of people, to get along with your boss, your equals and men under you, to get along with those to whom you sell and from whom you buy. No matter what title may be engraved on your business card, you will find that life is largely selling.

"If the engineer cannot get other people to help him put his sound ideals into action, his technical knowledge has no commercial value and he himself will never be able to hold a good job, regardless of his engineering ability.

"When it comes to writing ability, I haven't in mind so much the writing of articles as the ability to write business letters, reports and notes that will put the recipient in the right frame of mind and get things done the way you want them done. Bad letters and clumsy reports will get you no-

To gain of pastures and new, fertile land:
"We are quite satisfied right here!"
Then, when the God-sent message he brought up:
"Keep still, deceiving mutineer!"

And when he warned them with Jehovah's ire,
Whose arm does everybody reach,
Abiram had forbade him even to dare
"To make a sacrilegious speech."

And at the meeting of the Israelites
With honors paid at Baal's knee
The noisy Dathan managed to obtain
From them the following decree:

"Whoever makes prophetic claims and then
Talks nonsense which he thinks is wise,
And promises the unlightened mass
God's anger or some paradise;

"Who dares to preach rebellion and unrest,
To urge the people from their way
And beckons them beyond unfriendly hills
Where ruin gapes and stalks for prey,

"He, as example to the rest of them
Who have from reason been dethroned,
Shall, without a hearing, be found guilty
And by us all bespate and stoned."

CHAPTER III

The eve approached and in a gentle breeze
The day long heat did slowly tire
While over the hills the skyline seemed to flame
Like some gigantic distant fire.

Like that awaited shower from above
A coolness everywhere had spread
And action soon prevailed in all the tents
Which recently in sleep were clad.

From every nook, over stony winding paths,
With jars which they had made from clay,
The dark-eyed daughters of the Israelites,
With rhythmic strides begin their day.

With jars perched gracefully upon their heads
They're walking slowly toward a bluff;
With skins in hand some go to milk the ewes
Which for themselves have not enough.

The older of the children jump around
Like little rabbits of the plains:
They race each other, shout and cheer, or shoot
From bows made out of father's canes.

From this and yonder tent one plainly hears
Girls' laughter merged with angry cries;
A song of grief comes drifting from afar
On waves of dusk, and slowly dies.

And now the elders, fathers of them all,
Have left their steeds for open air
And all their eyes are centered on the hills,
Then they observe the plains with care.

Is there by chance a movement in the hills
Which would betray some lurking foe?
Perhaps some evil spirits of the north
Have sent a hurricane to blow?

No, all is quite; so they start to talk
About those common daily themes:
"Our ewes are giving us less milk each day,
And the lambs look underfed, it seems!"

"Besides, that thorny fodder that is left
Will not suffice the beasts' demand...
It seems that we shall have to venture forth
In search of better pasture land.

"To Media Abiram does advise
While Dathan wants to go beyond,
And Moses? He, no doubt, will keep his peace
If of his life he's really fond."

Then all at once there rose a warning cry:
Each friend turns to his neighbor's call;
The tents are pouring out a varied mass
Of human beings, small and tall.

What is it? Have they trapped some roaming
beast?
A foe is making his descent?...
No, Moses! Look! 'T is Moses that came out
Into the open from his tent!

Though years and all his suffering, in pair,
Are bending him into a bow,
His eyes, those clouds with their potential fires,
Are burning with a sparkling glow.

Although his hair, now, is as white as snow
On top of that old hoary frame,
His head is crowned with beams of silver rays
Like shafts of wisdom and of fame.

And now he is heading for the holy tent
Which stands in the middle of the square
Extending its four corners of belief
To earth's four corners of despair.

In the middle of this tent there lies a chest,
Once copper bound from knee to knee,
And in it rest Jehovah's ten decrees:
The codes of triumph and of liberty.

But for a long, long time no one has dared
To pass the threshold any more;
A fear is guarding it each night and day
As would a dog his master's door.

Beside the temple, on the morning side,
Imbedded, lies a massive rock;
By custom fixed 't is usual to speak
To all the people from this block.

Upon that boulder Moses now ascends;—
The people gasp and stop all still:
Could this be true? Is he to prophesy
Against the people's spoken will?

And we will be obliged to stamp and crush,
To cut away a dying tree,
To kill one whom our fathers used to call
God's messenger of victory?

There, on the outskirts of the gathered mass,
His anger turns Abiram red,
While people in the middle of the crowd
By Dathan with contempt are fed.

where fast. Talking ability, of course, includes the ability to keep your mouth shut at the right time. It might be defined as the ability to use spoken words (plus discreet silence) to make people think well of you and cooperate with you.

"There won't be enough summers between now and your graduation from college for you to get extended experience in all the indicated fields. If you must choose, I suggest that you spend at least one summer in a shop. Be sure to get some greasy job in overalls, running a machine, chipping castings, helping machinists or millwrights, oiling engines or something, like that close to nature. Learn how men feel toward a boss, which qualities they like in him and which they don't. Learn how it would be wise for you to be-

have when you get to be a boss. Begin to get that 'shop sense,' for the lack of which some smart theoretical engineers suffer.

"It would be a good idea to spend one summer in a store. You might work in a hardware store, or you might deliver groceries. This will teach you the simple little things about every-day business, about keeping a lot of details straight and keeping customers satisfied. Most important of all, it will initiate you into the mysteries of salesmanship.

"I could keep talking all night on this subject of job preparation, but I haven't the time and I guess you can get the idea from what I have said and from studying the chart. And though you're got some tough years ahead, there will be lots of fun, too, if you go at it right.

Your Uncle."

		FINAL JOB								
		Design	Engineering Selling	Factory (business end)	Factory (enggr. end)	Construction	Consulting engineer	Power engineer	Research	
PREPARATION AND BACKGROUND	General Skills	Ability with people	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
		Writing ability	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
		Talking ability	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
	Special Skills	Handling tools	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	1
		Speeches	2	1	1	1	2	1	2	2
		Writing letters	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
		Writing reports	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
		Bookkeeping	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	2
	Field Experience (Summers)	Typing	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
		Freehand drawing	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	1
Shop mechanic		1	2	2	1	2	1	1	1	
Construction		2	2	2	2	1	1	1	2	
College Studies	Office	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
	Selling	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
	Drafting	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	1	
	English	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
	Physics	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	1	
	Chemistry	1	2	2	1	2	1	1	1	
	Math.	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	1	
Drafting	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	1		
Economics	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
M.E. studies	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	1		
E.E. studies	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	1		

STANDING OF UYLA WESTERN DIVISION TEAMS.

	Games played	Won	Lost	Percent.
Detroit	4	4	0	1000
Akron	7	6	1	857
Rosford	8	5	3	625
Cleveland	4	0	4	000
Sacred Hearts				
Windsor	6	0	6	000
Canada				
Cleveland	3	0	3	000
Yun No. 8				

Thus far it has been a red hot race for the championship in the Western Division. All the teams have played good hard clean games and the teams which have been beaten have been beaten by small margins.

Due to the fact that the Western Pennsylvania and Illinois team showed so little interest, they will not be represented in the championship race.

The teams which have not as yet fulfilled tournament requirements will be dropped from the race unless they take care of them at once.

STEPHEN MADEZKI,
Basketball Director of the Ukrainian Youth League of North America.

NEW YORK CITY
Something New! Something Gay!
You have a date with the Ukrainian Civic Center on JUNE 18, 1938 at their ROOF DANCE at the International Institute, 341 E. 17th St. Further details about this opportunity to dance beneath the stars will appear in later advertisements. 70

M-me XENIA VASSENKO
Famous Moscow Opera singer, teacher of many prominent artists, Gives Vocal Lessons. Appointment by telephone only. Address: 250 W. 75th St., New York City. Tel.: Endicot 2-9711.

BRIEFS

February 12th, Leo Rodak, a Ukrainian boxer of Chicago, Ill., defeated Al Manriques, of Mexico, at Memphis, Tenn. Both are in the featherweight division.

The "Fact DIGEST" of March 1938 writes on page 93 under "COURTING" that, "The maidens take the initiative in the Ukraine or Little Russia, where they call upon their boy friends for love-making."

In the book "THE CRUSADES FROM MEN AND SAINTS," by Harold Lamb, Garden City Publishing Company, Garden City, N. Y. there is a mention on page 80 of Monomakh the Grand Prince or Duke of Kiev, taking part in the Crusades. The brief mention states that he was "bulbous with fat and age, so that he had to be propped in the saddle with two stalwart slaves to ride at either side and support him during procession."

In Willie Ratner's column entitled "PUSHING THE BAG," in the Newark Evening News, of February 17, '38 there is mentioned Bronko Nagurski as being a Ukrainian and not Pole or a Russian. Mr. Ratner credits the Ukrainian Chronicle for the source of information.

MIEL.

WIN FIVE OUT OF SIX

The Young Ukrainian Nationalists (Y.U.N.) team of Cleveland made it five victories in six starts this season, (their first season), at the expense of a German church team, "First Evangelical," here in Cleveland, January 24th, winning 27-24.

Nicholas Bobeczko paced the winners with sixteen points. Bernhard tallied 8 points for the losers.

NICHOLAS BOBECZKO,
Sports Director Y.U.N.

Ray of Sunshine

By RAY DAMER

EUROPEAN STUDENT STUDIES AND WORKS HARD

IT has long been known that the European student is more serious minded and more mature than our typical American "campus" collegiate. The European student pursues his university courses with hard work and diligent study; with the determination to master the subjects and become skillful in his profession. The American student, however, too often goes to college for the prestige of being a professional man or woman, for culture, for contacts, for friendship and for the rah-rah of football games.

Recently, the American student has expressed preference for scholarship over athletic honors. Some authorities believe that the American student could become a serious student of study if there were not so many outside activities competing strongly with his education. These outside activities are constantly distracting his attention from self study and hard work—there are too many radio programs to listen to; too many picture shows to see; too many automobiles to ride in; too many ball games to see; too many meetings to attend, etc.

The European student, on the other hand, has less pleasures and therefore has more time to think about himself—more time to study and plan for the future. He or she is always aware that the university training is a privilege for the fortunate few and that he or she must make the most of it.

The Americans who visit the European universities note the solemn manner in which their entire system of education is conducted. In fact even the school buildings themselves have that joyless, gloomy appearance. There are no campus, fraternity houses, dormitories, football stadiums, and no recreation halls.

The European universities carry on a course of study which would be almost impossible to the average American, who is in the habit of studying a wide, scattered and often unrelated series of courses. Specialization is the most dominant trait in European learning, whether in the junior or in the far advanced years. Supply of trained men and women is especially planned for. For example, in a certain country in Europe if it is estimated that 1,000 doctors will be required in 1941, admission to the study of medicine will be restricted to that number and those who are not chosen will have to undertake some other sphere of work.

Politically, the European student is far more advanced than the American student. Knowledge of political events and even active participation in them is far more widespread than in United States. No doubt tradition, education, and environment have all contributed to this condition. The European system of education has constantly reminded its students about the responsibility and loyalty they owe to their country. It is such education and background that has made heroes of our Ukrainian European students. Although Poland has constantly punished these students with death, jail and brutality—they have repeatedly organized, protested and fought bravely for Ukraine.

ONE FOR MR. DAMER

I wish I knew some girl on whom I could depend,
One who knew how to use a broom
And who could mend
My shirts and socks and underwear
When they are torn,
It's really more than I can bear,
Gosh, I'm so forlorn.
Give me a blonde or you can make
It a brunette, Damer
I'm not particular, I'll take
What I can get.

HERR PILL.

CONNECTICUT CLICKS?

If, in the past two months, the Ukrainians had lost all calendars and lacked adeptness at computing dates by the heavenly orbs and the elements, we still should have been able to keep abreast of our calendar-equipped neighbors just by reading the columns of the Ukrainian Weekly. Not a rash statement at all! Just look at some of the titles of affairs sponsored by our Ukrainian clubs: Mid-Winter Dance, Snowball Dance, Commemoration Dance of Unification of Ukrainian Territories, Concert of Christmas and New Year Carols, U.Y.L. of N. A. Rally on Lincoln's Birthday, Valentine Dance, Washington's Birthday Dance, and Pre-Lenten Dance.

In this category of wide-awake Ukrainians falls the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut. In addition to the almost weekly rallies, socials, basketball games and bowling matches, this thriving organization of young people sponsored a Semi-Formal Dinner-Dance at the Pavilion Royale in New Haven in commemoration of Washington's birthday. Its success, socially and financially, was due primarily to the commendable efforts exerted by the committee of ten, headed by M. Cecile Chaluk, of New Haven, and the graciousness and helpfulness of its patrons and patronesses, Messrs, and Mesdames A. Mereschak, J. Radzik and A. Malanchuk, of Ansonia and Wallingford. The attractively prepared bids presented an item of interest to both the Ukrainians and non-Ukrainians in its page of "Little-Known Biographical Briefs on Washington."

One of the highlights of the evening was the presentation of a handsome trophy by John Selemen, U.Y.O.C. Sports Director, to Emil Kuchma, manager of the victorious St. Mary's Ukrainian Basketball Team of Bridgeport. This team had the enviable record of defeating all the competing teams of the U.Y.O.C. Basketball League and also holding the excellent average of having played fifteen Bridgeport Church League games, winning all but about three. Perhaps much of their success can be attributed to the enthusiastic support and encouragement of their pastor, Rev. Andrew Beck, who does everything but get out on the floor with the team!

Only seven short months, and what a vast change has taken within Ukrainian youth circles in Connecticut! The U.Y.O.C. marches on!

WUNOVTHA TEN.

ARKAN

Hutzuls, tall and hale,
Lithe eagles of hill and dale,
Gathered in the dusky shade
Of pines that circled a Carpatian glade.
Arm in arm, in half circle, they went;
Maidens, to the edge of the glade, they sent.
Close by the margin of the wood,
Side by side, the musicians stood.
Leader started. Hills with music rang.
As one away the dancers sprang.
Away they danced; and the mountain air
Scattered the brown locks of their hair.
They circled and stamped in sheer delight,
Craggy mountains re-echoed with their might.
Hutzuls with Arkan tunes in their head
Poised a moment and around they sped.
Hutzul, dances and sings,
Overhead, the eagle wings,
Who is freer, bird or man,
When both follow each other's plan?

WALTER MICHAELSON.

(Today's "Ukrainian Weekly" is concluded in the "Svoboda.")