



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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Vol. II.

## YOUTH'S LEAGUE ANNOUNCES PLANS FOR COMING YEAR

The Executive Board of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America has issued for publication a statement concerning its activities for the year of 1934-1935, a summary of which is as follows:

The main and primary purpose of the formation and existence of the League can be best expressed by quoting the preamble to its constitution:—"We the Ukrainian youth organizations do hereby unite ourselves into the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America in order to reach a better understanding of the problems, ideals and aspirations of the Ukrainian people."

Obviously enough, the purpose of this "understanding" etc., is to perpetuate here in America the finer phases of Ukrainian life, culture and tradition and to create of our American-Ukrainian youth a strong force, one that will effectively aid the Ukrainian nation to free itself of foreign tyranny and set up its own free and independent state.

But before our youth in America can become an effective factor in this great task it must first have a basic knowledge of the problems, ideals and aspirations of the Ukrainian people. Without this foundation our youth will soon pass off the stage of Ukrainian life and endeavors.

And therefore, the scope of activities of the League for the coming and future years will be governed by the principles enunciated in the preamble to the Constitution.

For the year of 1934-1935 the general program of the League will be as follows:

- (1) To dispatch monthly to every branch of the League an exposition or lecture of some interesting phase of Ukrainian life, written in clear and interesting manner. Each club will be pledged to devote a certain portion of its time to these lectures;
- (2) To influence the youth towards taking a greater interest in Ukrainian activities, particularly in the observance of Ukrainian national holidays, such as the November Holiday, and if possible to take the initiative themselves in arranging the programs for such observances;
- (3) To hold a series of essay contests on topics relative to Ukraine for the purpose of stimulating greater interest in Ukraine;
- (4) To raise a permanent fund for the publications of works on Ukraine in the English language;
- (5) To call to the attention of our youth, books and articles on Ukraine and its people appearing in the English language;
- (6) To organize our students in America;
- (7) To influence our youth to join the organizations founded by its parents, attend Ukrainian schools, join Ukrainian choruses, take part in Ukrainian theatricals, and in general, manifest a greater interest in American-Ukrainian life;
- (8) To contact our youth in America with that of the old country;
- (9) To bring into life resolutions passed at the last youth's congress;
- (10) To foster sports relations among our youth clubs.

Clubs not as yet members of the League and desiring to take advantage of the above program are urged to join now, for the activities are about to begin.

## THE NEED OF EXCHANGING THOUGHTS

A number of our readers who attended the recently held Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America either as delegates or as guests, have already taken advantage of our invitation by sending to the Ukrainian Weekly their thoughts and opinions on the various phases of the Congress. Since we anticipate that others will do the same, we believe that a few general comments in this connection would be in place.

### Impartiality and Fairness to All

First of all, we wish to emphasize most strongly that we recognize no privileged characters among our contributors, as few of our readers seem to think for some reason or other. We give no special preferences to one and none to another because the latter belongs to a different "party." In our eyes all of readers and contributors to the pages of the Ukrainian Weekly are equal. It is immaterial to us whether the contributor lives "near New York" or in "Oskosh, Kalamazoo, for both of them may find their articles either accepted or rejected. The only body in whom we are interested in and whom we give preferences is—Our Youth. And therefore, we beg of our young people to ignore the insinuations cast by a few of the older folks regarding the impartiality and general fairness of the organization the Ukrainian Weekly represents as well as of itself.

From the very outset we have endeavored to make the Ukrainian Weekly an organ that will stand as a shining example of fairness and impartiality to all. We have steered carefully around the pitfalls of those prejudices and "party" differences that have created such havoc within the ranks of the older generation of American-Ukrainians, and we have counselled our young people to do likewise. In our eyes, some of the partisanship that many of our elders manifest in pursuit of their "party" beliefs and "platforms" are ridiculous, to say the least; in fact as ridiculous as would be the situation wherein a group of Americans settled in Ukraine and there tried to bring into artificial life the party differences between the Democrats and the Republicans.

By pursuing this policy of impartiality, fairness, and tolerance, we believe we shall gain the full confidence of our youth, and that with this confidence it will be possible to build here in America a strong and powerful force, one that will put the efforts of the older generation in the shade, and that force will be a united American youth of Ukrainian descent. Such is the goal of the more thinking and active of our younger people, and we believe it can be reached if our youth discards the old world prejudices, and has full confidence in itself.

### Show the Good and Bad Sides

The Youth Congress gave those of our youth who attended an opportunity to quietly and intelligently discuss many of the issues facing us. A comment on this discussion, pros and cons, appeared in last week's issue of the "weekly." We refrain from commenting upon it in turn, but shall await to see what others have to say before drawing conclusions.

### A Suggestion

And in conclusion we wish to make a suggestion to our young folks, particularly to those who attended the last Congress as well as those who will attend the Third Ukrainian Youth's Congress next year. And this suggestion is that they and others discuss on the pages of at least the Ukrainian Weekly all of the issues touched upon at the last Congress. In this manner, when our young people assemble next year, they will have a far better orientation of the problems facing them, which will undoubtedly inure to their benefit and that of the Congress.

## YOUTH BRANCH OF U. N. A. FORMED IN WILKES BARRE

Another youth branch of the Ukrainian National Association has been recently formed, this time in Wilkes-Barre, Penna. This is but further indication of the growing interest of our young American-Ukrainians in the Association and the realization by them that this Association—which was founded and built up to its present strength, wealth and solidity by their parents—will soon pass entirely into their hands, or rather the hands of those who join it.

The newly formed youth branch of the U. N. A. in Wilkes-Barre held its meeting on September 16th, and the following were elected as officers: Peter Bonk—President, and Iván Zvárych—Secretary. It has been given No. 157 as its branch number. Assisting in its formation was the Secretary of the local older people's branch, No. 99, Mr. Peter Hetman.

Those of our young people who have not joined the Ukrainian National Association are urged most strongly to do it now, before the present Jubilee Year with its attendant special privileges for new members is over.

The Ukrainian National Association was formed (1894) by the parents of our present younger generation of American-Ukrainians. And thanks to their efforts it has always been the largest Ukrainian organization among the American-Ukrainians, one that has always taken the leading part in our American-Ukrainian life. Today it can take pride in the fact that its membership is reaching the 31,000 mark, and that its assets amount to about \$3,500,000.

All of this, together with other benefits and privileges will pass into the hands of our young people—provided, however, that they join the Association, and join now!

Here is your chance, young American-Ukrainians, join now and become heirs to all that the largest, oldest and wealthiest Ukrainian organization in America can offer to you.

## UKRAINIAN DAY AT WORLD'S FAIR

Negotiations with the officials of A Century of Progress have been completed, and the Ukrainian Dancers' Club of Chicago, under the direction of Vasile Avramenko, will present a Festival on the "Ukrainian Day," at the Court of States, on October 7th. Details of the program are being arranged at present.

With the realization that A Century of Progress will close forever on the 31st of October, the committee in charge is striving to make this affair one that will be remembered for years to come.

Those seeking further information should write to: The Ukrainian Day Committee, 6300 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The committee is comprised of Dr. M. Siemens, Avramenko, and L. Shemerdiak.

## A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH  
(A free translation by S. S.)

(34)

### Gregory Skoworoda

The rising of liberal thought among the wealthier classes and the so-called intelligentsia of Ukraine beginning with the 18th century together with the growing reaction against the oppressive and political conditions found its first concrete embodiment in the person of Gregory Skoworoda.

### His Life

Gregory Skoworoda was born in 1722 in the district of Póltava, Ukraine. After studying in Kiev he went to countries of Western Europe to continue his studies and in search of new ideas.

Besides being an ardent student he was particularly fond of travelling by foot through various countries and observing at first hand the life of the different classes of society. His wanderings took him through Ukraine, Poland, Hungary and Italy. As result of these wanderings Skoworoda became imbued with the new spirit of liberalism and equality that was beginning to sweep through Western Europe at that time.

Upon completing his studies he settled down as a teacher of the

Pereyaslav Monastery, but this sort of teaching was not much to his liking, and so he gave it up to enter the service of a wealthy Ukrainian as a tutor. Subsequently he received an appointment to the faculty of one of the leading universities of that time, in Kharkiv. But even here he did not remain for any length of time for the different philosophy of life he had begotten during his travels and wanderings continually clashed with the hide-bound traditions of the staid university, and in the end he was forced to give up his position as professor, refusing to desert his convictions. From this time on, he never again taught in any school or university. He decided to dedicate his life towards the teaching of the common, ordinary type of people, those who did not have the opportunity of attending any manner of schools. He became what can aptly be called—a teacher-at-large.

### First to Advocate Universal Education

Often amidst great hardships and dangers, penniless more often

than not, Skoworoda travelled throughout Ukraine, even to the furthest corners, and everywhere preached his message of a new order of things. But what he emphasized most, was the absolute necessity of establishing universal education, so that the masses of people could receive its benefits as well as those of the wealthier classes. This idea of universal education was hitherto entirely without precedent in Ukraine, and it readily found root in many thinking people. The idea became known as "nationalistic."

Contemporaries of Skoworoda regarded him as the "travelling academy" and placed a far greater value upon his teachings than upon what could be obtained in any university. A great many of his teachings were never put into print because they were "illegal" in the eyes of the Czarist government that sought by every means possible to denationalize the Ukrainian people.

He travelled from one village to another and taught the people in the language and manner that they could understand. He taught everywhere—in the shadow of churches, in market-places, school rooms, humble homes of peasants, any place where he could find listeners. And as a result of these teachings he be-

came a beloved and popular figure among the masses of the Ukrainian people. He became known as the "Socrates of Ukraine." And by his work he paved the way for Ivan Kotlyarevsky.

### Summary

From this short review of our spiritual life in the ancient times we can conclude the following:—During the first period of Ukrainian literature there really was nothing native but practically all was imported from Byzantium; but that in the middle period there appears in the literature of Ukraine a definite nationalistic trait. The writers are no longer foreign but native, and their works instead of being based on abstract "bookish" themes begin to take on new life and vigor, one closer to the life of the people, one based on the general viewpoint of the people coupled with the spirit of the intelligentsia—the combination of song with the book. The national tongue of the people steadily advances as the literary tongue of Ukraine, but does not definitely become so until with the coming of Ivan Kotlyarevsky.

(To be continued)

## IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(A tale of olden Cossack times)

By ANDRIY TCHAIKOWSKY

(A free translation by S. S.)

(12)

### 12. Helpless captures a Tartar Prince

Up to this time Helpless had remained on the outskirts, itching to get into the fighting, and yet prevented from doing so because he had at the end of a rope the Tartar captive whom Triska had entrusted in his care. When his companions were fleeing before the Tartars he had fled with them, driving ahead of him the Tartar horse with the Tartar on it. Even during those dangerous moments he could not help but laugh at the ludicrous sight he must have presented, fleeing for his life, and yet holding on to his captive. The latter, tied on a rope, reminded him so much of a calf being led to slaughter... But now, Helpless could no longer hold back from the fighting. Giving his charge to a young Cossack, he threw himself into the battle. It was difficult, however, to approach anywhere near the heart of it, for the Cossacks were massed on all sides. Just then he saw several Tartars break through and head for the steppe. An idea struck his mind.

"This is right along my street," said Semen to himself. He took his lassee off the horn of the saddle.

Another Tartar broke loose, and started to head for the steppe. The lassee swung in the air, and like a snake settled over the fleeing Tartar's shoulders, felling him heavily to the ground.

Helpless drew his sabre, placed it between his teeth, and with both hands took in the slack while getting closer to the prostrate Tartar. Reaching the latter he took the sabre in his hand and calmly and methodically slew him.

"My bullet will go faster and further than your lassee," remarked "dyid" Panas at his side, as with an unerring aim he picked off in the distance a fleeing Tartar.

"But who wants to bother loading a clumsy musket," replied Helpless.

And thus the two, conversing calmly, went about their business of catching stray Tartars.

Helpless was beginning to weary of the sport of lassoeing fleeing Tartars and was about to give it up, when he saw out of the corner of his eye a Tartar dashing away from the fighting.

Something about the Tartar's appearance caused Helpless to give chase. Getting close to him Helpless swung his lassee, and in a second the Tartar was on the ground, while the riderless horse galloped into the steppe. Helpless leaped off his mount and ran up to the prostrate Tartar to put an end to him. The latter raised his hands over his head and cried frantically:

"Don't strike! Don't strike! I am wealthy, and will give you much gold. Don't strike!"

Helpless lowered his sabre. He recognized the Tartar to be some prince of high rank, judging by the rich clothing. Bending over him Helpless tied him up securely, and assisting him to rise led him over to the side.

By this time the battle was practically over. All around lay dead and wounded. The Cossacks, dismounting off their horses, went about, giving aid to wounded Cossacks and killing off the wounded Tartars. In those days no quarter was given nor expected. It was always a fight to death, for neither side could encumber itself with prisoners unless they were wealthy and would bring ransom. The only exception to this was when the Tartars captured Ukrainians alive in order to sell them in the slave markets.

Nedolya, the Cossack commander rode around, his hand on his hip, directing. He gave orders to a number of Cossacks to catch the Tartar horses that were wandering around nearby.

"Where is Triska?" he suddenly demanded.

"He was the first to go down," someone replied. "He turned back to face alone the entire Tartar force, and by his sacrifice saved the others."

Nedolya's face clouded. He had known Triska but a short time, yet in that brief interval he had perceived in him a splendid character, a brave Cossack. He resolved to find the body of Triska and have it buried fittingly.

"Let's search for him," he commanded. "You, Stephan, Antin, Danilo, come along with me and help me find him." The Cossacks called, mounted their horses, and the group dashed off in the direction where Triska had been seen last.

A few moments of riding brought them to a pile of dead. Most of them were Tartars, with seven Cossacks among them, but Triska was not one of them. This was the small band that had attempted to rush to the succor of Triska and had found itself cut off. The Cossacks continued their search. Finally they perceived in the distance another, but a smaller, mound of dead. Spurring their horses they saw that with but one exception all the sprawled out figure were Tartars, and that the one exception was Triska himself. He was lying face down, his hand clutching his sabre, with its blade broken off.

The Cossacks leaped off their horses. Nedolya made a rapid examination, turning the body over on its back. The head was terribly battered, several ribs and both legs were broken. Nedolya bent over and paced his ear against Triska's chest. He detected a faint beating of the heart. Just then Triska's eyelids flickered open.

A look of recognition appeared in his eyes as he discerned the Cossacks bending over him. His breathing was very faint. His lips moved, as if he wanted to say something.

Nedolya raised Triska's head a trifle and gave him some water to drink. It seemed to revive Triska a bit. He looked gratefully at Nedolya.

"Forgive me, Triska, for sending you into this," Nedolya said, trying to suppress his emotion.

Triska faintly moved his hand, and said, gaspingly, "May God... forgive me... as... I forgive you... Pray brothers..." and with these last words he gently expired...

The Cossacks stood around, bowed in grief.

The sun was already setting, its red-tinted shafts lighting up the bloody battlefield, when the little group returned, bearing Triska's body in their midst. Nedolya gave orders to bury it carefully. For high above them vultures were circling, waiting for that moment when the moving figures below them would go away, so that they could swoop down to a gory feast.

Nedolya gave further orders to search for wounded Cossacks and bury the dead before darkness settled.

Everyone went to work. While a number busied themselves in gathering up the wounded and dead, others began digging a large grave for the Cossack dead. Still others went around the Tartar dead in search of booty. But of all of them "dyid" Panas had the most work to do. With his sleeves rolled up he tirelessly went from one wounded Cossack to another, cleaning and tying up the wounds.

Darkness fell upon the earth. Fires were lit. By their light the work went on uninterrupted. Sentries were posted to prevent any surprise attack from the Tartars who had remained in the Tartar camp on the banks of Samara river.

Nedolya was seated by a campfire, conferring with several Cossacks, when into the circle of light stepped Semen the Helpless. Nedolya looked up inquiringly.

"Pane sotnek, I have a Tartar captive..." began Helpless.

"If you mean the one with the broken nose, the one who guided us, then the devil with him!" interrupted Nedolya. "He is of no use to us now."

"But I promised mercy to him if he led us right. And he did," explained Helpless.

"Then do whatever you want with him," said Nedolya, rather impatiently.

(Concluded on page 4)

## POLAND'S IGNOMINIOUS CLAIM OF EQUALITY

Poland crashed lately the front pages of American press with her solemn notification of the League of Nations Assembly that she would no longer be bound by the Minorities Treaty.

This Minorities Treaty was another solemn declaration of Poland, at Versailles, in 1919, made with a still greater solemnity at the occasion of the recognition of Poland as an independent nation. Thus, the repudiation of the Minorities Treaty by Poland constitutes a repudiation of another more solemn declaration made by Poland 15 years ago.

Poland was then resurrected as an independent nation in the name of the principle of self-determination of nationalities. It was in a way a fulfillment of the promises made by the Allied and Associated Powers to each race subjugated by the Central Powers to have a national independence on the territory inhabited by the compact mass of her people. The Minorities Treaty was a condition imposed upon the recognition of Poland by the Allied and Associated Powers because Poland, while suing for this recognition as an independent nation by the right of self-determination of nationalities, was at the same time displaying toward other races a spirit quite contrary to that expressed in the principle of self-determination. The Minorities Treaty intended to guarantee to the so-called racial minorities in Poland their racial entity; Poland promised to respect the free cultural development of these races and agreed to grant them the right to appeal against the infringements of these rights to various international tribunals.

The guarantees invoked by the Minorities Treaty came in time to be used as a protection of peoples who were not racial minorities in the true sense of the term. Immediately upon her reconstruction, Poland attacked several of her neighbors in the East. Taking advantage of the Ukrainian-Russian war, Poland attacked the Ukrainians from the back, and eventually obtained under her military control a vast territory occupied by the compact mass of the Ukrainians. The territory thus occupied compared in size with Denmark, Belgium, Switzerland, and Bulgaria, and the number of the Ukrainians,—about six and a half millions,—compared with the population of such nations as Greece, Albania, Chile, Estonia, Ireland, and Finland. While the resurrection of Poland was in a way a vindication of the principle of the self-determination of races, as far as the territory occupied by the compact masses of Poles is concerned, yet the occupation by Poland of these territories occupied by compact masses of Ukrainians and White Ruthenians was a gross violation of the same principle. . . . the Allied and Associated Powers were unable or unwilling to deprive Poland of these territories, they applied the principles incorporated in the Minorities Treaty to these peoples. Poland was suffered to retain her occupation on the condition that she would recognize the rights of the non-Polish races for free development of their cultural and ethnic entities and to respect their rights to appeal to international tribunals, such as the League of Nations.

Poland accepted these guarantees without a protest. It is only now, fifteen years after the acceptance of this Minorities Treaty, that she attempts to repudiate the Treaty on the ground that it serves as an earmark of her na-

tional inferiority. If the Treaty limits Poland in her rights as a nation, it limited her at the time when she entered the agreement. For the agreement Poland obtained the recognition of her occupation of non-Polish territories, and an attempted repudiation of the Minorities Treaty is nothing but an attempted repudiation of the agreement from which she obtained all the advantages, which she does not intend to return. It is clearly a breach of contract.

Poland's attempt to repudiate the Minorities Treaty might win wider sympathy if she had proved herself a worthy guardian of the non-Polish races under her sway, if she had taken such a good care of the racial rights of the non-Polish races that appeals of these races to the international agencies had never occurred. Such a treatment of non-Polish races would make the Minorities Treaty appear as a superfluous guarantee. Fifteen years' period might be a rather short time to base the judgement about the good behavior of a nation upon, but in Poland's case she was not able to keep up with the good behavior even in so short a period. In fact, Poland has never respected the rights of the non-Polish races under her sway. She herself has admitted that she has been using the occupation of non-Polish territories for the purpose of a forcible Polonization of the non-Polish races. Not the respect of the racial entities of the non-Polish races was her object, but a forceful destruction of these entities. Not the principle expressed in the Minorities Treaty was used but the systems which had been in use in the Russian and German empires, against Poland. Having, for fifteen years given proofs of her evil intentions to disregard the solemn promises made in the Minorities Treaty, could Poland now win the consent of other nations to her open repudiation of the Treaty? When the Polish Minister declares that the racial entities of non-Polish races would be respected as they are guaranteed by Polish constitution, is there anybody in the world so naive as to accept this empty promise after Poland has disregarded the rights of other races in spite of her solemn international obligations?

Poland's mistreatment of non-Polish races has already become several times an object of complaints before the international tribunals, and at one occasion Poland was officially reprimanded for her gross violation of the Minorities Treaty. The breach of the Treaty by Poland is thus a matter of public record. Is this then the behavior which should entitle Poland to claim abolition of the Treaty as wounding her national pride?

Has Poland taken to her heart the condemnation of her non-Polish races by the League of Nations and has she corrected her ways with them? Nothing of the kind happened. The condition of non-Polish races under Poland did not change to the better. It remained the same. If a change there was, it was only this: chafing under the public condemnation of the world, Poland made special efforts to prevent the non-Polish races from bringing their complaints to the attention of the world. Poland, which has been using these appeals to win the sympathies of the enlightened opinion of the world in favor of her independence, started a special campaign to cut off the non-Polish races in following her foot-

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE UKRAINIAN LITERATURE UPON THE UKRAINIAN MOVEMENT

(Address given at the Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America, by Waldimir Semenyna)

"Я є шляхтич і віком не позволяю на се..."—in other words, "I am a nobleman and do not permit anybody to take such liberty," exclaimed a shabbily dressed young man to the judge of a district court, when the judge happened to address the youth by the Ukrainian intimate pronoun Ти—thou. The judge apologized. I heard this, if not in exactly the same words then at least in substance, from one friend Dr. Tzehelsky, and it left a lasting impression upon my mind. At first it may sound odd and even humorous when we judge the words without their proper background.

Here in the court room stands that poverty stricken but young man, in shabby clothes but with his head held high, and demanding an apology from the presiding judge of that court for the offence of having been addressed by the intimate term "thou." The question of what would the average man that frequented that court have done, and what type of a national character would this feature represent if all the people assumed the same attitude comes into one's mind. The pride that goes with the ability of a people to stand up for their rights and privileges is an absolutely positive feature, and the causes that instill this pride in the individuals of any nation are to be treasured by everybody.

My subject deals with one of these causes. Nothing in the Ukrainian history has had such an influence on the Ukrainian Youth Movement as had and still has the Ukrainian literature. Even those of us here who are not acquainted with it, have had their life moulded in one way or another by the influences of our literature, directly or indirectly through our parents and their organizations.

Although our pride is national and, as in the case of the young man in the courtroom, is woven into a tradition, we cannot forget that our writers have contributed a great deal to the crystallization of the Ukrainian ideal which is the cause of our gathering here.

Ukraine possesses a native culture of a much higher level than that of its neighbors—to the extent

steps in winning sympathies for themselves. The present attempted repudiation of the Minorities Treaty is one of the important steps in that direction: the non-Polish races suffering under Polish oppression are to be deprived of that limited forum which the League of Nations or the International Tribunal at Hague may offer. They are to be bottled up in Poland. They should have against the Polish abuses only such remedies as the Poles themselves would be willing to grant them. The Poles would be not only the culprits, but also the judges of their own crimes, and the executionists.

To the people who have been brought up amidst oppression, this might perhaps appear as a guarantee of peace and order and prosperity, if those oppressed are deprived of the right to protest, but in the minds of the people who have been raised upon the principles of liberty and democracy there is no room for doubt that to deprive the people suffering from oppression of the right to raise a peaceful protest against the oppression may result only in forcing them to rise in revolt.

that centuries of attempts at colonizations by Poland and Muscovy have failed, because all foreign masses are quickly absorbed and assimilated by the Ukrainian masses—but we cannot and must not forget that the leaders of those masses have been influenced to a great extent by the compilation of Ukrainian historical facts and folklore treasures by our writers.

A young nation is rising to recognition: Is it any wonder that our writers were nationalists at heart, that our literature is 'nationalistic'? Since our people are getting more and more closely bound in their struggle for independence—is it any wonder that our youth was always drawn to those writers that advocated national unity?

Of those writers, the two that stand out the most prominently are Shevchenko and Franko—the bard and the prophet. Some say that we lack literature, or rather lack the type of literature that would be of universal appeal. I question this, but even then, are we that much in need of such literature? Would we have gained if Shevchenko had adopted for his work the international creed? He did not, but instead, branded the Ukrainian youth with his own national desires—to the extent that millions are suffering daily for the same cause.

It was the youth that first responded to Shevchenko and Franko and became the mainstay of the Ukrainian Movement for Independence.

It is always the youth that follows the leader of truth, and it is the task of the writers to bring the truth to the youth's attention.

Since Franko, we have had and have numerous men and women that have dedicated their lives to that profitless work among Ukrainians called "literary career."

Among them is an old gray-haired woman (I prefer to call her our grandmother) who for half a century had devoted her life to this same cause of spiritually helping the Ukrainian youth. She is almost 80, and yet she is young. Judging her by her writings, I wonder if she has not gone through a process of rejuvenation. As young in spirit as any of us, and yet working as she does, she is practically starving. And yet Uhana Krawchenko writes:

For your daily bread remember,  
Never stoop to grief,  
For in proudly facing setbacks,  
You will find relief.

All your troubles, terrible though  
They may now appear,  
Will take flight—and you yourself  
will  
Wonder at your fear.

This is the spirit with which we all should be imbued. This is the Ukrainian spirit which makes us and will never break us. This is the spirit that our youth for generations has been guided by and will always be guided in our work for the future. This is the spirit of our good literature.

The influence of our literature has been reflected in this country by the organizations that have been built up by our fathers for our benefit, and had it not been for the men, reared by our litera-

ONCE A YEAR

By THEODORE LUTWINIAK

(Concluded)

Mrs. M. C. Cole, head of the Institute, invited the guests and delegates to a tea social... which generous and unexpected invitation the youths appreciatingly accepted. It was at tea that Ted introduced himself to Miss Kudrik. Ted learned that Miss Kudrik was a very frank girl who didn't hesitate in telling people what she thought about them and who didn't care what they thought about her. She was unusual in that she had spirit and regardless of what other people thought of her Ted thought she was, to put it in plain American, O. K.

Having left Miss Kudrik, Ted had his tea (into which he had put five cubes of sugar... unconsciously, of course). A few minutes later Alexander Yaremko introduced Ted to Miss Mary Sarabun of Bridgeport, Pa. And from there on Ted really began to enjoy himself.

Saturday evening Ted, Al Yarr, Mary Sarabun, Anna and Marie Kuniycka and Anthony Shumeyko decided to go sight-seeing in New York City. They boarded an "L" on 14th Street and got off at 42nd Street. Walking along 42nd Street they almost broke their necks trying to see the top of the Empire State Building (unsuccessfully, of course). Al must have been searching for a lost brother or something for he stopped and talked to several taxi-cab drivers.

Ted was at the Instituté early Sunday morning—he wanted to be "in on everything." Many of the others were already there.

The Congress was eventually resumed with Mr. Bukata of Elizabeth, N. J., being the first speaker. The title of his address was "The Old—the New." Mr. Bukata surprised the audience with his address. He had many good ideas and was perfectly frank and convincing. Ted was impressed by Mr. Bukata's unexcelled vocabulary. He had never before heard so many "big words" used consecutively, as was the case with Mr. Bukata in his address.

Alexander Yaremko (Al Yarr) of Philadelphia, Pa., spoke on the sports angle. He brought out the fact that the Ukrainian youth can obtain much newspaper publicity through being active in sports, making America Ukraine-conscious by advertising Ukrainian sporting events formed the basis of Mr. Yaremko's talk. Ted saw some good points in the address, mainly, that the more publicity the Ukrainians receive in American newspapers the more popular they will become.

Mr. Jarema of New York City gave a talk on the organization of Ukrainian youth clubs. He stressed the point that if there isn't any discipline in a youth club there will be no club. Mr. Jarema also spoke on the type of men needed to organize and preside over a Ukrainian youth club. "All clubs are bound to their constitution" and must see to it that the constitution is a good one.

Eventually, the Congress was adjourned until after dinner. The dinner was without incident, Ted being unable to eat his chicken due to a sudden attack of tooth-ache.

Several resolutions were passed at the Congress, one of them being to send petitions on conditions in Ukraine to various authorities. Ted missed a part of the Congress for a certain person wanted to see him in the lobby. When he

returned the Congress was practically adjourned.

The League's dance was a successful affair. As Ted didn't know one step of dancing he became a "door watchman" (seeing to it that no persons got into the dance hall without a ticket). In rapid succession he became a hat-and-coat-checker and a bartender (only soda was sold).

It was at the dance that Miss Zalopany introduced Ted to Miss Afinowitz of Cohoes, N. Y., but as Ted's services were needed at the "lost and found department" (check-room) he barely got a good look at the girl.

Ted, watching the dancers dance, behind his soda-counter, wished that he had at least tried to learn the art. The dancers certainly were enjoying themselves immensely.

After the dance good-byes were said and the guests and delegates departed... Ted simply hated to tear himself away from his friends but as it had to be done sooner or later he did it later.

Ted was accompanied by several boys from Newark, N. J., when he went home on the train. Some of the boys stretched themselves out and went to sleep.

It was 3:30 A. M. when Ted finally "hit the hay." He fell asleep with the thought in mind that he had never before in his life had a time such as he had at the Congress. He resolved, before the sand got into his eyes, that he would attend the 1935 Congress if he had to rob a bank or bribe the members of his club to elect him as a delegate.

Ted dreamed happy dreams that night.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE UKRAINIAN LITERATURE UPON THE UKRAINIAN MOVEMENT

(Concluded from page 3)

ture, who have taken a lead in uniting our parents into these organizations we would not be here today.

At the time that a new nation was born in America, the Ukrainian stronghold—"Zaporozhian Sitch" was destroyed by Catherine II who ordered her emissaries to prevent the spread of the Ukrainian "radical republican ideas and their thoughts of independence." It was during this time that in St. Petersburg the American envoy, Francis Dana, who was sent to Russia in 1781, was ignored for about two years and who left Russia fully disgusted. I just mention this fact to show you that the ideals of our writers, which we should cherish, are the same ideals as of those American revolutionists who had established this government under which we live. Although these ideals may have changed somewhat here, our ideals must remain the same till the dawn of a better day.

It is for this reason that we must get better acquainted with our literature and put every effort to help the people working in that field. It is the sum of the little remembrances of our young people that help our authors to go on. It is the sincerity of youth's response, of youth's expression, that keeps our writers striving ahead against all odds—because in youth lies the only hope of the realization of their and our ideals.

SUNSET ON THE SUSQUEHANNA

September evening and a Sunset on the Susquehanna. The river—like a sheet of platinum—lies flat and motionless. Grey-green shadows dim the outline of the shore. Gigantic trees leave their reflections upon the water like vast pictures upon a silver screen.

Hushed softness everywhere. As if to cradle the oncoming death of day. Night birds silently wing their wanderings down stream. All else is solitude.

Yet look aloft! See you far off in the western sky a gorgeously colored canvass spread across the heavens. In the background a range of rugged mountains rise scarlet and crimson as their illumed forms are bathed in the fire of the sunset.

At the base of the mountains the bluest of blue oceans laps the sandy strip of a sun-kissed shore. Far to the right a rocky cove cups the misty spray from waves that playfully dash themselves against the lower cliffs.

Over on the left beneath the pale gray shadows of the mountains now grown less luminous, the cold sands of a desert await the night. The outlines of many forms as though a caravan were tolling the last weary steps of a journey's end.

Slowly the colors fade. The picture grows blurred and indistinct. The mountains mold into a mound-like mass. The blue of the ocean is blind to the sight. Night places a black canopy over the throne of Day. Gone is the Sunset on the Susquehanna.

MARGARET D. SEMENKOW

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FROM A FRIEND

Dear Sir,

For some time, Mr. Lucyszyn, who mends shoes for a livelihood and dreams of a free Ukraine in which men may worship God and live in liberty and happiness, has been giving me his copies of the Ukrainian Weekly, and I have read them with much interest. I am greatly impressed with the spirit of liberty which is expressed on its pages. Especially that of the younger generation. When the youth of any people are filled with the spirit of liberty and willing to sacrifice and toil to attain it, there is hope for that people.

My heart is with the Ukrainians in their struggle for a free land and the privilege of development which they can never have under Bolshevism. May their ardor never fade, and may they never cease to struggle until their noble object be attained.

The peace of Europe would be greatly enhanced if the Ukrainian people of Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Roumania could be united into one great, free, God-fearing country. May the day be hastened when this will be accomplished.

Yours respectfully,

Rev. Arthur J. Bailey, Pastor Peoples M. E. Church, 811 Garden Avenue Olean, N. Y.

Fond Mother—David, I'm shocked to hear you use such language. Did you learn it at school?

David—Learn it at school? No. Why, it's me that teaches the other boys, mother.

BAYONNE, N. J. Autumn Dance sponsored by Ukrainian A. C. at Ukrainian National Home 33-35 W. 19th St., Saturday, September 29, 1934, at 7 o'clock. Admission 35¢. Music by Harry Panas and Orchestra.

IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(Continued from page 2)

"But I have still another captive," persisted Helpless.

"But why the devil are you encumbering yourself with a lot of captives?" exclaimed the exasperated Nedolya.

"You don't understand," replied Helpless. "This second prisoner is some sort of a prince or high official. And he promised ransom too," he added.

"Bring him over here then," ordered Nedolya.

In a moment the Tartar prisoner, young and dressed richly, was led before Nedolya.

"What is your name?" demanded the latter in the Tartar tongue.

"I am Mustapha-Aga, son of Ibrahim, the Khan's Grand Vizier," the captive proudly replied.

"And I tell you," interrupted one of the Cossacks before Nedolya could proceed further, "that you are the son of the very Satan himself, and the Khan is his brother..."

"Shut up!" cried the Tartar furiously, stamping his feet in rage at this gross insult. "Don't you dare insult his highness the Khan, for he will wipe you all off the face of this earth."

"And before he does, I'll send you straight to where you belong," replied the angered Cossack, drawing his sword.

"Quiet!" thundered Nedolya to the Cossack. "This is not your captive." Then turning to one of the Cossacks he called "Tichone!"

The one called, a young and handsome Cossack, stepped forward.

"As soon as it gets dark take ten Cossacks to help you and take this prisoner to our 'polkownek.' Tell him all what happened. And don't forget, mind you, to bow before him and convey our best wishes."

"But what about my share of the ransom," Helpless asked, bewilderedly.

"Don't worry, you'll get it," said Tichone. "You, Tichone, be sure to tell the 'polkownek' that part of the ransom money belongs to a Cossack named Semen the Helpless. It will be much better this way Semen," he said, turning to Semen, "than for you to go around with your prisoner like a keeper with his pet bear."

"Yes, that's true," slowly replied Semen, his fears of losing some of the ransom quieting down. "Now let me see," he started to count on his fingers. "I would have to lead him around, watch him, feed him..."

"Yes, and for your pains he would kill you the first chance he got loose," interposed one of the Cossacks, laughing.

"Well, in that case, farewell Ago!" said Semen. "Bow for me before your father—what the devil is his name; but the devil with him anyway—now don't you get excited, for war is war." Semen bowed mockingly, and added humorously, "I thank the Lord for not letting you fall in hands other than my own."

The Cossacks roared with laughter, holding unto their sides.

"The capturing of this Tartar means more to us than our victory," Nedolya remarked quietly to "dyid" Panas. "The 'polkownek' gave strict orders to capture a Tartar of high rank. From him he expected to get information regarding the movements of the horde."

(To be continued)

(TODAY'S "U. W." CONCLUDED IN SVOBODA)