



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



Supplement to the SVOBODA, Ukrainian Daily.

Published by the Junior Department of the Ukrainian National Association.

No. 49.

Jersey City, N. J., Friday, December 7, 1934.

Vol. II.

## YOUTH TODAY

### The Importance of Song and Dance Emphasized by First Lady

In a recent nation-wide broadcast, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt declared that a study of the high schools in many towns and cities would disclose many serious problems confronting our young people.

She urged the necessity of healthful recreation as one of the helpful means in meeting the problems of adolescence. "Group singing and dramatics are perhaps the best outlets at this age," Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt said, as she advocated saving young people from dance halls and boys' gangs.

And in what race does group singing and group dancing play a more prominent role than among the children of Ukrainian parentage?

### Low Level of Fraternities

The National Interfraternity Conference, held recently in New York City, struck a very pessimistic note. College fraternities lack serious-minded students. Fraternity scholarship has lost ground seriously. One out of every ten fraternity members leaves college, owing his chapter money. To deal with delinquent fraternity it was recommended even that members delinquent in their financial obligations, be reported to college officers and their privileges, including credits and diplomas, be suspended.

Are these merely the signs of the days, or do these facts point to a progressive decay of fraternities?

The chairman of the conference said that overbuilding of chapter houses had shifted the emphasis of fraternity life from the spiritual to the financial. This seems to be in line with the well-known warning that commercialization of intercollegiate sports is a constant threat to the ideals of worthy universities.

### Youth To the Rescue?

In his public appeal for a complete reorganization of the Republican party, Senator Borah urged Young Republican clubs all over the country to form a nucleus of the movement for the modernization of the party.

And the Young Republican clubs responded to the call.

And who should be more interested in the fitting the party system to the needs of the day than the youth?

### Showed Friendship by Act

Two little girls, the older of them 12 years old, appeared at the West Side Court, in New York City, and handed to the head-keeper all their savings, amounting to \$2.50, and asked to accept this in payment for one half of the punishment imposed by the court upon their friend, Noobar Romanos, a painter. He had been sentenced to pay 5 dollars or to serve two days in jail, for he had driven a nail into a public tree in order to rig up his radio, to

(Concluded on last column)

## YOUTH BULLETINS

No. sooner did the American-Ukrainian youth begin to stir and awaken to life, then there began to appear various "newsettes," "scratches," bulletins, gazettes, and even "newspapers," mimeographed or printed in the English language, and serving as a medium of exchange of thought among this youth. The life of these "publications" was breath-takingly brief, for those who issued them in most cases lacked the necessary training and preparation. Nevertheless, their work was not in vain, for they laid down a precedent for future similar endeavors.

Today, when our American-Ukrainian youth is beginning to perceive its latent strength and capabilities, the importance of such bulletins, etc. becomes more apparent. This youth is beginning to really appreciate the wisdom of that old adage, "Know Thyself." It is beginning to realize that its Ukrainian descent and background have moulded its character and potentialities to a great extent, more than is generally supposed. And it knows, that without a basic knowledge of this background, it will be forever handicapped in life, its goals will never be definitely clear, it will not be able to probe itself and discover its capabilities as well as drawbacks, and finally, it will not get to know itself.

And therefore, realizing all of this, the American-Ukrainian youth seeks to obtain this knowledge and help solve the many problems peculiar to it. But in this great task our young people are handicapped by the fact that they are so scattered throughout America. They perform must have a medium that will conquer this great obstacle of space, and bring them together to a closer understanding of themselves and their problems. And the best medium at the present time for this—is the press, even in so humble a form as the above mentioned "newsettes," "scratches," and bulletins.

Several such bulletins have recently appeared, one from Chicago, another from New York, and the third, from the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America—the latter being somewhat larger and of a more general character than the first two. Although they are humble in form and content, yet these bulletins are valuable—aside from their informational character—in that they portray the thoughts of our youth on the many phases of Ukrainian and American-Ukrainian life, thoughts that will help the youth gain a better knowledge of itself and its background.—For example, these bulletins draw the attention of our young folks to the importance of Ukrainian national holidays, such as November First, and explain to them why they should take an active part in their observances. The bulletin of the Youth's League points out why the 40 million Ukrainian nation was unable at the close of the World War to retain its hard-won independence, citing the opinion of a well known American authority on international affairs. The Ukrainian Civic Center bulletin contains a fine article urging the girls to read "Nowa Chata," an illustrated Ukrainian women's magazine, published in Lviv. The Chicago bulletin, issued by the "Chicago Group of the UYL of NA," criticizes most severely the custom of each locality in America to have several observances of the one and same Ukrainian national holiday; whereas there should be but one observance, participated by all. This bulletin also makes some timely comments upon the deportment of elders at public manifestations.

Thus, at a glance, we can perceive the value of bulletins issued by the youth, such as the above. They tend to make the youth more conscious of their common problems and their origin. Each locality should have one. And all should exchange. And we of the Ukrainian Weekly will be most glad to act as a sort of center, an ocean into which all these streams of American-Ukrainian youth thoughts and opinions will flow.

## UKRAINIAN YOUTH DIES MONTH BEFORE NUPTIALS

McKEES ROCKS, PA.—John Salak, age 23, treasurer of "The Ukrainian Youth of McKees Rocks, Pa.," a youth branch of the Ukrainian National Association, (No. 166), died last week. Funeral services were held last Saturday.

The deceased was a very active figure among the Ukrainians of McKees Rocks. It is reported that more than 800 people jammed the St. Mary's Ukrainian Church, where the funeral services were held, while about 1,700 people awaited outside.

Plans had been laid ready for John's marriage to Mary Kubant, age 19. The wedding was to take place immediately after the Ukrainian Christmas. Prospects for the future looked very promising. Tuesday morning his mother, Mrs. Anna Salak, went upstairs to awaken him so he could get to work on time. But he had died of heart trouble.

The funeral was held in the same church where his wedding was to take place in a month. Standing near the casket were the six intended bridesmaids, dressed in white. On the other side of the casket were the six intended ushers, dressed in black.

Mary Kubant mourned in somber black.

## GOOD FELLOWSHIP NIGHT IN PHILADELPHIA

Bringing together the outstanding citizens of Philadelphia and the leading Ukrainian organizations, the Ukrainian Institute begins a third year of activity in Philadelphia, as Mrs. V. Kachmarsky presents the annual Good-Fellowship Night on Friday, December 14, at the Ukrainian Hall.

The feature of the evening will be a mythical "Trip to Ukraine," in which more than two hundred prominent Americans will mingle with the Ukrainian guests and together see and hear some of the finest examples of Ukrainian culture. Mrs. Kachmarsky will be the toastmaster. A fine program will entertain the guests.

The affair is being given for the benefit of the Ukrainian Institute's Christmas and Student Aid Funds.

## UKRAINIAN CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR

John Yatchew, a prominent Canadian lawyer of Ukrainian descent, has recently announced his candidacy for the mayoralty of East Windsor, Ontario, in 1935.

which he listened while he painted his pictures, which his friends, the little girls, liked so very, very much. Romanos had no five dollars and went to jail. He had served one day, when the girls appeared ready to pay for the balance of the sentence with their savings.

Their explanations were of no avail. Their friend had to serve out his time. "Thank you, sir, anyway," they said, leaving the court.

## A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

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

(44)

### His new friends

Soon he was able to count among his closest friends, such people as Soshenko, a young student-painter, Eugene Hrebincea, the well known writer of fairy tales, Zhukovsky, the Russian poet, and Brulov, a well known painter of that period. These and others took a great liking to Shevchenko, perceiving in him a splendid character and a great talent. What worried them most was the fact that he was a serf, and as such subject to the slightest whim of his master Engelhardt. They therefore resolved to free Shevchenko.

### How Shevchenko's friends freed him of serfdom

A conference was called by these friends of Shevchenko, at which other Ukrainians were present too. There it was resolved that Shevchenko's freedom must be purchased at all costs. But how? — for they had no money. They went to Engelhardt. Perhaps he would help them? But no. Engelhardt, perceiving which way the wind was blowing, set the exorbitant sum of 2,500 rubles as the price for Shevchenko's freedom; and no amount of pleading would make him change his mind. With heavy hearts, Shevchenko's

friends returned, for the price set was far beyond their means. Finally, they hit upon a scheme. Brulov would paint a picture of Zhukovsky, and then this painting would be raffled off; the proceeds to be used to buy Shevchenko's freedom. And so it came about. The raffle tickets were sold, for both the artist and the poet were famous men, and Shevchenko's friends at last had the necessary money. They went to the astonished Engelhardt, and although he demurred, yet he had to keep his word. Shevchenko now became a freeman.

Now that he was no longer a serf, Shevchenko had the right to enter the Academy of Fine Arts in St. Petersburg, which he did. Under the tutelage of Brulov, who taught there, Shevchenko became one of the leading students there-in.

### Shevchenko turns to poetry

Moving in learned and artistic circles, Shevchenko, quickly perceived his disadvantage of not having had a regular schooling. He determined, therefore, to get a good education through self-schooling. He began to read voraciously. And as a result of this reading, and of coming in contact with finer literature and thought,

there was awakened in Shevchenko the hitherto dormant great poet. Less and less he began to pay attention to painting, and devoted more of his spare time to the writing of poetry.

### "Kobzar"

In 1840 there appeared in St. Petersburg his first collection of poetry—the "Kobzar." In these poems Shevchenko portrayed the sad fate of the Ukrainian people, once free and mighty, now enslaved in their own native land.

### "Poslanye" and "Kawkaz"

In 1843 Shevchenko quit St. Petersburg and travelled to his native land Ukraine. His fame had preceded him, and everywhere he was met with open arms and hailed as a great poet. But the greatest welcome he received was in the household of Prince Repin. It was during this period that he wrote what is considered as his finest poetry: "Poslanye" (Message) and "Kawkaz" (Caucasus), wherein he boldly condemned the rule of the despotic tsars.

### Shevchenko is arrested by Russian police

In Kiev, Shevchenko came into contact with leading Ukrainian patriots and writers, such as Kulish and Kostomarov. He also joined the previously-mentioned secret society, "Cyril-Methodius Brotherhood." The members actively discussed among themselves how

serfdom and all its attendant evils could be abolished. A Russian police spy overheard such talk among the members, including Shevchenko, and reported the same to the local authorities, saying that the members were striving to stir up rebellion in Ukraine against Russia and set Ukraine free. Immediately, as told previously, the Brotherhood was disbanded and its members arrested. Shevchenko escaped arrest with the other members, because at the time of the raid he was at the wedding of Kulish. But he was arrested on his return, while crossing the Dnieper.

"...not to be allowed to write or paint!"

Following an examination, the police reported to the then reigning Russian tsar, Nicholas I, that Shevchenko wrote poetry in the Ukrainian language, and that in this poetry he not only dared to criticize the tsar and his family, but also condemned the rule of Ukraine by Russia, and praised the ancient Cossack glory. For this Shevchenko was sentenced to serve time in a penal battalion in the distant steppes of Asia, far away from home. Nicholas I himself signed the sentence, adding the postscript that Shevchenko "was to be kept under the strictest guard, and not to be allowed to write or paint!"

(to be continued)

## IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(A tale of olden Cossack times)

By ANDRIY TCHAIKOVSKY

(A free translation by S. S.)

(22)

### 22. Pavlush extricates himself from a dangerous situation

When all the herdsmen had fallen asleep, Pavlush rose silently and stole over to the hollow tree where he had hidden some supplies for just this occasion. After filling the sack with them, he donned his fur-lined coat, and picking up a saddle, carefully made his way over to the herd of horses.

During the evening he had already tethered the black horse he intended to flee on. Quickly saddling him, Pavlush jumped into saddle, crossed himself, breathed a prayer, and was off.

Because of the intense darkness, Pavlush had to ride carefully and slowly. Every so often a vague shape would loom out of the darkness. This was usually a Tartar tent or hut, which he carefully skirted, so as not to awaken the sleeping inmates. Once he heard horse's hoofs, the sound coming towards him. He stopped, his heart beating rapidly. But it was only a riderless stray horse who had broken loose from his tether.

When dawn broke, Pavlush was quite some distance from Kodzhabaku. There were no Tartar tents or huts in sight. He would have liked to stop to rest for a few moments, but decided to press on, putting as much distance as possible between himself and the town. He knew that his absence by now had been discovered, and that if delayed he might get caught.

Several times he encountered Tartars, who stopped him. Each time he extricated himself by saying that he was going on a mission for his master.

He was congratulating himself upon this, when he perceived in

the distance another Tartar riding towards him. In a few minutes the Tartar, a burly ruffian, reined his horse besides Pavlush.

"Where are you going?" he inquired, roughly.

"My master, Suleman, has sent me on an errand," Pavlush replied boldly.

"He sent you on an errand on his prize horse?" exclaimed incredulously the Tartar, recognizing Suleman's favorite mount.

Pavlush felt his heart sink. Evidently this Tartar was acquainted with Suleman. Before he could say anything further, however, the Tartar, his suspicions now thoroughly aroused, seized Pavlush by the arms and bound them. Then taking Pavlush's horse by the reins, started to lead him back in the direction of Kodzhabaku.

Now he was in for it, bitterly thought Pavlush. Just a few moments ago he was congratulating himself, and now he was being led back to the tender mercies of Mustapha. For a moment a great sorrow fell upon him, sorrow that he was so young and yet he would have to die now. But what's the use of worrying, he thought, plucking up courage. Such is Cossack fate. If I have to die, then I'll die, that's all.

Pavlush began to cheer up. In fact, he was beginning to feel rather proud that he, a mere boy, would die in true Cossack fashion. No doubt he would be impaled, or have his head cut off. But he would go bravely to his death, he resolved. The enemy will not see the slightest trace of fear in him. He would show them how a Cossack dies, he vowed. Why, before he would die he would curse the Tartars with his dying breath. Won't they squirm, he

thought to himself. Won't the Tartars be furious when he, just before they cut off his head, will bellow at the top of his voice, "You are all swine, and the biggest swine of you all is your Manomet!" This picture struck him as being so funny, that he laughed out loud.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the Tartar.

"Can't I laugh?" replied Pavlush.

"You probably don't know what's awaiting you," said the Tartar.

A sudden thought struck Pavlush. He saw a way out of this predicament. He replied,

"If they are going to do any cutting off of heads, it will not be one head, but two heads."

"What do you mean," asked the Tartar. "You haven't got two heads."

"No," replied Pavlush. "But I have one, and you have the other."

"And why should they cut off my head?" laughed the Tartar.

"You'll see soon enough."

"What are you talking about?" asked the Tartar, growing a bit exasperated.

"You expect that you will get a reward for bringing me back, don't you?" asked Pavlush.

"Why, of course. Suleman-Efendi is a rich man, and he will reward me handsomely."

"Just as always?"

"Just as always."

"But I'll wager you that this time he won't. He'll have your head cut off this time together with mine, or at least have you whipped within an inch of your life," declared Pavlush.

"Listen, boy, if you don't stop this foolish nonsense, I'll cut your tongue off," the Tartar roared, now thoroughly aroused.

"Don't get excited, for I'm telling you the truth," said Pavlush. "Just answer me this question. — Are you going to let me go to where I was headed for before you caught me?"

"No!"

"In other words — you are going to take me back to the home of Suleman?"

"Yes!"

"Very well," said Pavlush, with a resigned air. "I just will have to return home, that's all."

"But weren't you running away to Ukraine," asked the Tartar. For the first time a doubt entered his mind as to whether he was not barking up the wrong tree after all.

"Why, of course not," replied Pavlush in an amazed tone. "My master, Suleman-Efendi, sent me to get a medicine-man. In the steppe this medicine-man lives. A famous man he is. My master's young son is very ill, and can't be cured. The Ukrainian captives knew of this medicine-man and of his great healing powers, and they told my master about him. And since this great man is my grandfather, on my mother's side, Suleman summoned me and said to me, 'Go into the steppe in search of this great medicine-man and fetch him here at once. Take the best horse that I have. Tell him that I shall shower him with gold, if he will cure my son. But if you come back without this medicine-man, then you shall pay for your failure with your life.' Now, since you have stopped me from performing my mission, you will be the one to pay with your life."

"You are lying," said the Tartar, a trifle uneasily.

"You'll soon see whether I am lying," replied Pavlush, cheerfully.

The Tartar grew frightened. He knew how merciless Suleman could be when aroused. And here to make things worse, Pavlush began to prod his horse to go faster, as if he was anxious to get back to Suleman.

"Why didn't you tell me of this sooner," demanded the Tartar.

"Because I did not think of it myself," thought Pavlush, but out loud he said,

"Now I can tell you all. Such is the custom among us — when

(Continued on page 3)

## APPRECIATION OF MUSIC

We cannot see until we know what to look for; we cannot hear until we learn how to listen. We have all read of those "that have eyes and see not, and ears that hear not." Yet how few people realize what care and study, what love and enthusiasm are needed to make a good listener, especially to that rarest, subtlest form of sound—music. How many go out to shoot that kind of beauty without the vaguest idea of its "seasons and haunts and the color of its wings" and naturally come back emptyhanded.

"Music," someone has said, "is the fourth need of man: Food, clothing, shelter—then music." At first, hearing that may seem beyond the truth. "Nonsense," says the intensely practical man, "I have lived fifty years, have built up a fortune, and I don't suppose I have given six hours to music in all my life." But his attitude proves nothing. He has got along without music, but that is no evidence that he has not needed it, that his life would not have been far richer and better if its influence had been admitted.

The man that hath no music in himself,

Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils,

wrote Shakespeare: and while it must be admitted that he exaggerated and that many an excellent person has no love for music, it is nevertheless true that music should have a very real part in every man's life.

We often hear people say, for example, that they are fond of "popular music," but that what they call "classical music" is too dry and "heavy" for them. They say this complacently, as if it were entirely the fault of the music and their state of mind couldn't possibly have anything to do with it. Yet the reason for their preference is that while their ears can catch the commonplace swing of the rickety march-tune or the swaying waltz, they cannot seize the more delicate beauty of a melody by Mozart or Chopin. Let them cultivate their powers of hearing by listening with their minds as well as their ears, and these rarer, finer beauties will charm them more each day, while the old favorite will in the same proportion grow to seem more and more noisy, meaningless and stale.

One of the chief defects of popular music in comparison with classical, is its extreme simplicity. The rhythm of almost all popular music is absurdly simple. It does not follow that good music must necessarily have a complex rhythm; but the simplicity of the popular song is the simplicity of weakness and ignorance, not that of true art.

Another way people unconsciously confess themselves poor listeners is in preferring oratorios to symphonies and quartets, as so many of the half-musical do. They are so little trained in listening to music for itself, that they like to have words to tell them "what it is all about." In opera, they have also the scenery and the actors to look at, and those not only help to explain what is going on, but give them something to focus their wandering attention upon. And so they decide that opera is a higher form of art than instrumental music because they cannot follow the

latter. But it is really the other way around. The better one comes to understand music, the more clearly one sees that it has its own meaning, quite independent of words.

Of the thousands of people who consider themselves lovers of music, it is surprising how few have any real appreciation of it. It is safe to say that out of any score of persons gathered to hear music, whether it be hymn, song, opera or symphony, a number are not listening at all but are looking at the others or at the performers or at the scenery, or are lost in their own thoughts. Still more are basking in the sound as a dog in the sun—enjoying it in a sleepy, languid way, but not actively following it at all. Then there are two or three to whom music is bringing pictures of stories. Visions of trees, cascades, mountains and rivers fill their minds. They dream of princesses in old castles, set free from magic slumber by brave heroes from afar. There are only a few, then, who are attentively following the melodies and living over again the thoughts of the composers, really appreciating, by vigorous and delightful attention, the beauties of the music itself.

It is evident that, for the enjoyment of music which is not only highly complicated structurally, but of the most intense emotional content, there must be repeated hearing of the same composition before one will have an understanding of it. One of the lures of good music is that each time one hears a composition new beauties are revealed.

There is the appeal which music makes to our feelings and emotions: one piece makes us sad or wistful, another is glad or merry, or exultant, another is noble or sublime. And so important is this emotional value of music by which it expresses our innermost feelings that we can well say, "Music is the language of the emotions."

There are examples when composers deliberately seek to portray sounds from nature. In the "Pastoral Symphony" by Beethoven, there are to be heard bird calls and other sounds suggestive of a pastoral scene. In like manner, Rossini in his "Overture of William Tell" presents a realistic storm with the rumbling of thunder and the sharp flashes of lightning.

Music as a usual thing, however, seeks to portray the abstract mood entirely apart from any specific event or scene. A spring song, therefore, does not attempt to portray the picture of spring so much as to suggest something of the buoyancy and exhilaration which comes to one during the first lovely days of spring.

Music as a vehicle of emotions possesses tremendous potency. The ability to react to the mood, in music is almost instinctive in everyone. The art of music has reached a state of complexity which demands something more than an emotional response. The formal structure of a composition possesses an intellectual interest of its own, which yields to the music lover a vast amount of pleasure. A consciousness of the structural characteristics of a composition is to be compared with the ability to apprehend the structural perfection of a beautiful building. It is into this field of appreciation that the music-lover must delve, if he is to enlarge his capacity for musical understanding.

Music appeals to us in a variety of ways, some of it especially in one way and some in another.

Why is it that we so much prefer a clear, mellow voice to a hoarse croaked one, or the tone of a fine old violin to that of a cheap fiddle. They both sing or play the same tune, yet there is a great difference in the pleasure they give us. The sound of a good tone pleases our ears as much as a bit of brightly colored ribbon pleases our eye, or a piece of velvet our sense of touch. Now, this pleasure that clear, mellow, rich tones give our sense of hearing is the first and the simplest appeal that music can make to us. Even animals like to hear musical sounds and some of them dislike discords and rough noises.

You must all have heard, sometimes, melodies sung by poor, thin voices, or played on cracked old pianos, that nevertheless charmed you by their own beauty. With very little of the appeal to the sense of hearing, they yet delighted you. It was a beauty of shape, and it appealed to your minds.

Music makes these three different appeals to us: the sensuous appeal to the ear, the appeal to the mind or intelligence, and the expressive appeal to the emotions. "There is in music," said the French composer, Saint-Saens, "something which traverses the ear as a door, the mind as a vestibule which goes yet further."

The way of looking at music as merely an entertainment is very common and has brought upon it a great deal of contempt, and so that many do not consider it an art at all. The story I once read of Mozart, one of the greatest of musicians, shows the way he regarded his work.

The last ten years of his short life, Mozart spent in the great pleasure loving city of Vienna in great poverty. He had to earn what he could by playing at concerts and giving piano lessons and could make hardly anything out of what he wrote, because people didn't understand it and wouldn't buy it. He was so poor that sometimes he and his wife were found by a friend who came to call upon them, waltzing together to keep warm, and yet, when his publisher said to him, "Write in a more easy popular style or I will not print a note or give you a cent," he replied: "Then I have only to resign myself and die of hunger."

If Mozart could willingly face starvation rather than lower his idea of what good music should be, and if not only he, but Bach, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann and scores of others could even glory to be poor and unknown and overworked for the sake of making music, oughtn't you and I be glad to take some trouble in order to appreciate it?

In music, you have your part to do as well as the musicians. Indeed, music can exist only when three persons work together for it in sympathy. First, there is the composer, who must make his piece as beautiful as he can. Then there is the performer, who must unselfishly try to convey the composer's meaning. And thirdly, and just as important as either of the others, there is the listener, who, instead of sitting there lazily and enjoying what is easiest to understand, must be willing to do his share by really attending and trying to appreciate the best.

In a few years, the boys and girls will be men and women who will help decide what kind of music we shall have. Will we then give the singer who can touch the highest note a fortune,

## IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(Continued from page 2)

you go after a medicine-man, then you must not look behind nor tell anyone where you are going; for if you do, then all is lost, for he won't be able to help the sick person. When you find the medicine-man, the first thing he will ask you is whether you looked back or told anyone where you are going. If you tell him the truth, that you did, then he won't even bother going back with you to the sick man, for he knows he can't do anything then. But if you lie to him, and tell him you didn't, when you really did, then although he will come with you he will not be able to cure the sick person anyway. And therefore, that is the reason that I don't want to go to the medicine-man now, for even if I lie to him, he would not be able to help Suleman's son. And Suleman will surely cut off his head. You see, I feel sorry for my 'didush.' I would hate to see him die. He is such an old man, about 150 years. And he has a long beard, reaching way down to the ground. When the wind blows, that white beard covers his face. . . .

And thus Pavlush prattled on, rather amazed to find that he had such a vivid imagination. He was interrupted by the now well frightened Tartar.

"That's enough! Hold on for a second! I'll untie your hands."

"Oh, no you won't," said Pavlush, drawing away from the Tartar. "For I want to live. If I return without anything, then Suleman will have my head cut off. So you come along with me. I'd much rather have your head cut off than mine."

The Tartar made a move to run away. But Pavlush grabbed his horse's bridle and held on for dear life, bawling like a calf all the while. Now the Tartar really believed all that Pavlush had told him. With an oath he whipped his knife.

"You want to kill me?" cried Pavlush. "Good, go right ahead. It's all the same to me. If you kill me, then they won't be able to cut my head off. But my horse will run away directly back to Suleman. They will send out a searching party for me. And they will go after you until they find you, for my master likes me very much. Here is my neck. Cut it!" And with these words Pavlush stretched out his neck.

Without another word, the Tartar suddenly wheeled his horse, and galloped off as fast as if a thousand devils were after him. Pavlush cried after him.

"Hey wait! Wait!" But the Tartar did not even turn around.

When the Tartar was out of sight, Pavlush ceased his bellowing. He started to laugh so hard that it was with difficulty he retained his seat in the saddle. Now he was free once more.

(To be continued)

and let the singer of our joys and sorrows starve? Will we applaud the pianist with the liveliest fingers, and let him who devotes himself to beauty go unheard? Will we encourage the empty music of the street, rather than the music in which the deep and noble sense or beauty is embodied? Or will we do our part toward making our country as great in music as it already is in business, science and invention?

Miss SOPHIA J. HNATKIW,  
37 Weaver Street,  
Rochester, N. Y.

## OUR PROBLEMS

By WALTER BUKATA

## Introduction

The writer plans to submit from time to time articles dealing with social problems, local organization, methods of arousing consciousness of nationality, and other topics which affect our life here in America. The articles shall be of a controversial nature and therefore argumentative. They shall reveal the author's views, unadulterated by compromise.

The success of the articles will be judged by the number of communications or articles that will seek to expose fallacies or take opposite views. By such means we shall create a forum where thought will be molded by an exchange of opinion, so that we all may be mutually benefited.

Following is a fundamental outline which will be developed by subsequent articles:

Why are we to organize?

Whom are we to organize?

Who is to organize?

How are we to organize?

Answer these questions as regards our organization life in America and you will find the solution to many of our problems.

To the casual observer the queries and their possible answers appear elementary. It seems as though the writer is making much ado about nothing. But... let us check the list superficially...

Why are we to organize? The question calls for a reason—the reason, if carefully studied, will give the organizer an answer to subsequent and more involved problems.

Whom are we to organize?... we speak of the subject of our operation or work and once we ascertain whom we are to organize—once we learn the true character of our youth—we will necessarily revise our method of dealing with them. We will speak their language—satisfy their wants. We will not offer them food for which they have no taste.

Who is going to organize?... a vital query—in the words of Elbert Hubbard—"Show me the leader and I will tell you the type and characteristics of the men he leads..." True words—A leader to be such must be effective, yet many who try to lead our youth in their localities fail in this basic test. They have failed to study themselves—the specific type—how then can they hope to study and learn the composition of the many types of personalities that make up the social group? On our leaders depends our future life and development. Good leaders will raise our standards and ideals; bad leaders will effect our social and national downfall.

How are we to organize?... The answer to this question will yield to us the method—beyond which important point there remains only the task of the realization of our plans.

Answer the questions Why... Whom... Who... and the answer to the last, "How," becomes apparent of itself. Madmen are credited sometimes with having method—yet many sane deliberate and thoughtful people do not know how they will accomplish the work they have undertaken. How then can they hope for results?

There are many questions to which youth seeks answers. It is the duty of those who undertake to lead to help discover the solutions. To say that the Ukrainian

## UKRAINIAN AFFAIRS IN AMERICA

## PHILADELPHIA ASSEMBLY OF U. N. A. CREATES JUNIOR BRANCH

When the monthly meetings of the assemblies of the Ukrainian National Association are held, the youth are conspicuous by their absence. Although many successful campaigns have been waged for new members, no great increase in membership will be accomplished until the youth become interested in the regular routine of the Association's work.

The usual replies to queries concerning their absence at these meetings are, "my parents have always handled those matters," or, "I have no desire to attend meeting because the older members are always bickering among themselves." The first excuse is no good reason for their continued lack of interest and laziness on their part to "those matters." The second excuse can also be very easily eliminated.

For example, the St. Vladimir Assembly No. 105, in Philadelphia, Pa., has organized a junior branch with members between ages of 14 and 24. This branch is operated in all respects like that of the senior assembly. Its purpose is two-fold: it acquaints the youth with the various duties and obligations of the Association and also prepares them to take over the management of the entire assembly when that step becomes necessary.

Every member, who has some initiative, should organize a similar junior branch of the Ukrainian National Association in his or her own community, or conduct a personal campaign among those lethargic members to become active in its affairs. The Ukrainian National Association can continue its valuable work among the Ukrainian people in the future, only when it receives the full support of the youth.

IVAN PTASHYNSKY

## NEWARK YOUTH OBSERVES NOVEMBER FIRST

Rarely have the Ukrainian people of Newark witnessed a more inspiring sight than that which occurred on Sunday, November 18, 1934, when the local youth, organized into the Ukrainian Social Club, with the aid of a group of young people from the local Chornomorska Sich, presented solely on their own initiative, talent and direction the November First (Listopadove Svyato) commemorative exercises—in commemoration of that memorable

Youth must begin to live in an organized fashion is not enough—it must begin to think. And collective thought, which inevitably manifests itself in either social or political views, is planted and nurtured by leaders. To withhold from the less-learned the product of one's education and accomplishments and still persist in retaining the distinction of leadership—is no patriotism, and no progress.

Through an exchanging of opinions and views, we are going to help make the Ukrainian Weekly a sort of a "training school for future leaders,"—so that the ultimate policy of our entire organized youth body, when its representatives meet at the Third Ukrainian Youth's Congress next year in Detroit, will be tangible, concrete and practical.

(to be continued)

November 1, 1918, when the Western Ukrainian Republic arose.

Our local young people have been constantly hearing that they should take a greater interest in American-Ukrainian life, and also prepare themselves for that day when they will take over the responsibilities of the older generation on their own shoulders. Accordingly, to prepare themselves better, a number of these young people organized themselves early last Spring into the Ukrainian Social Club. This Club, a member of the Ukrainian Youth's League of N. A., has striven to live up to the finest Ukrainian ideals and traditions. And in pursuance of these ideals, the club decided to take the initiative in observing this year's November First Holiday.

For over a month and a half, the young people labored. Finally the fateful day arrived. The young people were on pins and needles, anxiously wondering if anybody would come. For there were still certain elements among the elders who either could not or would not understand the idealistic motives behind this youth observance of November First, but took an antagonistic stand against the whole idea.

And what a thrill and joy that evening turned out to be! For not only was the hall packed literally to the rafters, but the entire program went off without a hitch. Many a spectator exclaimed afterwards that he had never seen a more striking November first observance.

The curtain arose, disclosing the members of the Ukrainian Social Club, dressed in Ukrainian costumes. With verve they sang "Live Ukraine!" Then, in clear and faultless Ukrainian, Evelyn Kalakura delivered a stirring opening talk, bringing tears to many a spectator. A youth male octet appeared (G. Prokipchak, S. Fik, M. Chyz, M. Surma, J. Orenchak, and S. A., and D. Shumeyko), and with the finish of experienced singers spiritedly sang three fine Ukrainian war songs. Then a blood-quickenng recitation in Ukrainian of the "Ukrainian Warriors' March" by Tillie Parascuk. Then a well executed piano solo "Dumka" by Anna Zelin (It was a pity a better piano could not be obtained—the one used was obviously not for concert use). Next, a really splendid String Quartet from the well-known Hayvoronsky's Orchestra of New York (John Geba, Olga Holubovich, Julia Geba, and Stephen Marusevich). The Quartet's competent and beautiful playing of Ukrainian melodies will be long remembered in Newark. Concluding Part I was a talk, given in English to the youth, on the meaning of the November First, by Stephen Shumeyko, organizer and adviser to the club.

Part II opened with a stirring dramatic sketch given by a group of youths from the local Sich, depicting the capture of L'viv by the Ukrainians. Acting as the declamator to the sketch as well as its director was Stephen Fik. Then there appeared on the stage the guest speaker of the evening, Dr. Luke Myshuha, who held both the young and old spell—bound with his account of the arisal of the Sichowi Strilchi and the part they played in the eventful days of the birth of the Western Ukrainian Republic. He urged the youth to take their inspiration from these famous young Ukrainian warriors who with courage in their hearts and a song on their lips fought so valiantly for Uk-

## N. Y. UKRAINIAN GIRL WINNER IN COSTUME CONTEST

At a Masquerade Ball sponsored by the Boys' Fraternity Club of Lexington Ave., New York City, on Thanksgiving Evening, a "costume contest" took place. More than 200 people (in costumes) were present, and among these were two Ukrainian girls—Miss Anne Troskey and Miss Anne Hazy, both of N. Y. C.

Miss Troskey attracted considerable attention with her costume, which, needless to say, was Ukrainian. Miss Troskey, "a stranger among strangers," was selected by the judges as winner of the Grand Prize. She and Miss Hazy were practically the only Ukrainians at the affair.

Miss Troskey, a member of the Ukrainian Civic Center, has recently won a third prize in a beauty contest. She is 18 years old.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK.

## EXCITING GAME FOR PHILADELPHIA

Keen rivalry will be the keynote of a soccer game to be played by Ukrainian-Americans vs. Polish-Americans this Sunday, December 9th, 1934, at the Central High School Field, 29th St. near Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. The game will begin at 2 P. M. Admission 25 cents.

This game will be one of the highlights of the current sport year. Our youth should be on hand en masse to cheer our players on to victory.

PHILADELPHIAN.

Following Dr. Myshuha, a girls' quartet appeared (Kath. Stec, Anne Shumeyko, Kath. Bahney, and T. Parascuk), and sang in a beautiful fashion several Sichowi Strilchi melodies. Then a dramatic recitation in English—"November Night"—given with understanding and feeling by Olga Nastuk. Again the splendid playing of the previously mentioned String Quartet. A spirited recitation in English of Franko's "Be Prepared" (Tr. by W. Semynyna) by Sophie Fello. A few words in the Ukrainian and English to the older and younger folks by a sincere friend of the Ukrainian Social Club, Mrs. W. Nastuk. Finally—the closing, with a bouquet of flowers presented by the club members to Mary Shumeyko, piano accompanist, whose coaching was responsible for the fine singing. "Sche ne vmerla Ukraina!" concluded this first all-around youth observance of the November First in America.

The audience, which had received each number most warmly, slowly departed to their homes. That night and many nights afterwards the principal topic among the Newark Ukrainians was this youth concert. The youth had shown to the older generation that the Ukrainian spirit and idealism was strongly coursing in its blood, while the older generation by its attendance at the concert demonstrated that it will always give its fullest support to American-Ukrainian youth of Newark in its endeavors to improve and continue the works, tasks, traditions and ideals of its parents.

KATHERINE BAHNEY

Newark, N. J.

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