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YOUTH TODAY

"DANGEROUS ISSUES"?

"A MANUAL FOR INSTRUCTORS IN CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS CAMPS," recently published by the Government Printing Office, contains the following:

"HOW TO AVOID DANGEROUS ISSUES—Discussion can reach a point where it may run into dangerous issues... Should it be indicated that dangerous topics are being brought up for discussion in the class, the instructor should analyze the situation, and if it is considered unwise to deal with any given topic, lead the discussion away from that topic. One safe way is, of course, to stay away from dangerous topics."

Is it really the safe way?

Can an instructor successfully lead the discussion away from "dangerous topics"? What happens when the pupils get wise to such tactics of the instructor? Will he be able to discuss successfully any topic after such a discovery? What then are dangerous issues? For whom are they dangerous? For the pupils or instructor?

Suppose that the instructor has been successful in leading the class away from "dangerous issues." The pupils evidently have no information on those issues. When their curiosity as to those issues is aroused, will they apply for information to the instructor or to some one else, often possessing nothing more but gutter knowledge?

IS "NO SOLUTION" POSSIBLE?

And suppose the instructor is so completely successful in leading some pupils away from "dangerous issues" that they will never ask any questions about those issues; will this be a normal solution?

Olga Knopf, the psychologist, suggests in one of her works the following thoughts on this point:

"No one can avoid meeting the three problems (the problem of contact with other people, the problem of occupation, the problem of relations with the opposite sex). Every one makes a solution of sorts. Not all the solutions are satisfactory; not all of them display common sense. It is a frequent mistake for human beings to believe that if they give no answer, if they take no active stand before a problem, then they can escape the consequences of a decision. But whatever the problem may be, to refuse to answer is also an answer. Consequences follow from it every bit as much as if a decided response had been given. If a man refuses to choose an occupation because he wants to avoid a mistake, the consequences are that he is untrained for any occupation."

WHAT DO CHILDREN WANT?

Rose A. Knox, who came to New York City from Alabama to be present at the opening of Children's Book Week and to see there her fifth juvenile novel set up in the stores, said to a newspaper reporter about her writing ideal:

"In all my books I have been working entirely on Southern social material, trying to make authentic pictures for young people, trying to be faithful to events as they are."

"Modern children want reality."

(Concluded last column)

FORGING AHEAD

There is little doubt but that the American-Ukrainian youth would welcome better news coverage of the life and activities of our kinsmen in the old country. The greatest obstacle to this, of course, is that Ukraine is divided under foreign rule that seeks to denationalize the Ukrainians and therefore colors its outgoing news concerning them accordingly.

Of Greater Ukraine under the Soviets we read next to nothing in the press; primarily because of the notorious Soviet censorship and because most news about Ukraine emanates from the distant and alien Moscow. Somewhat better conditions characterize Western Ukraine in this respect, particularly under Poland and Czechoslovakia, although censorship exists in these two countries too.

Naturally, this throttling of news about the Ukrainians obscures quite effectively their national life and development. And as a result, the Ukrainian struggle for independence, despite its character, strength and longevity, is but imperfectly perceived by the outside world, while that of some primitive group of African tribes blazons forth in big headlines.

We can take consolation, however, in the fact that the daily press has to pander to popular taste, and that the latter has rarely penetrated beyond the superficial.

But it is of little account, however, whether the world press does or does not mirror fully and accurately the Ukrainian national life in the old country, for this life flows irresistibly on, unswerved from its course by even the most violent efforts of Ukraine's enemies.

Let us take Western Ukraine, for example. There, despite the most rigorous persecution by the Polish authorities, our kinsmen are manifesting healthy signs of national consciousness and development.

Only a few months ago, at the close of summer, Galicia witnessed mass demonstrations, concerts, gymnastic exhibitions, participated in and attended by thousands of Ukrainian women and girls, honoring the role of Ukrainian womanhood in the development of Ukraine.

At about the same time, mass chorus contests were held. Some of these choruses had as many as two thousand singers. Well trained and attired in their picturesque Ukrainian costumes, they helped to remind the Ukrainian people of their great birthright—the Ukrainian folk song. A little later in the season, similar contests were held by village bands and orchestras.

Last month, October, the Ukrainian National Museum in Lwiv celebrated its 30th anniversary by holding a special exhibit of Ukrainian artists, including those living abroad, such as Alexander Archipenko, now in California. The museum also sponsored a special series of lectures on Ukrainian art, as well as an Evening of Ukrainian Song devoted to the presentation of Ukrainian music of the last 30 years.

Various new Ukrainian publications have appeared recently also, with historical works predominating. They include (1) a new and excellent History of Ukraine, already published; (2) a Ukrainian Military History, dating back to the time of the "druzhinas," appearing in installments; (3) History of the Ukrainian Sichowi Strilchi, already out; and (4) History of the Galician Army, in preparation.

Besides the regular annual observance of the November First Holiday (limited in many instances to church services by the Polish authorities), this month also witnessed the Ukrainian Pedagogical Convention held under the auspices of Ridna Shkola—leading and self-supporting Ukrainian school system of Western Ukraine. It is interesting for us to note that this convention went on record declaring that the question of the realization of the Ukrainian cause rests entirely within the hands of the present-day Ukrainian youth.

Are not all these healthy signs of Ukrainian progress in the old country? And should not we strive to emulate them here in America?

LAST MINUTE REMINDER

TONIGHT, at 8 P. M., a "UKRAINIAN LITERARY EVENING" at COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, B'way & 116 St. Schermerhorn Hall, R. 305. Program to include statement by Prof. J. D. Prince, address on Shevchenko by Prof. C. A. Manning, address on Ukrainian literature by Dr. A. P. Coleman, opening and closing remarks by S. Shumeyko and Mr. J. Stetkewicz. Sr. Admission free.

They wouldn't like it if we tried to pan off perfect heroes and heroines."

A MYTH EXPOSED

"The Manchester Guardian," considered by many the best newspaper in the world, welcomes the publication of the book "We Europeans: A Survey of Racial Problems," written by Julian S. Huxley, and A. C. Haddon.

The publication of the book, "The Guardian" remarks, coincides with a growing tendency to use ethnological data, often grossly distorted, in support of policies of exclusion or suppression. It is not the question of Germany only. "In one of its most recent manifestations," the reviewer of the book says, "it has set North Europeans over against South Europeans in the quota of the United States, and thus, by the restriction of one of the outlets which relieved pressure in the Italian population, has contributed to the present international crisis."

The children of immigrants from Eastern Europe know still further reverberations of similar racial myths. In American schools such myths have been often used to instill in the children of immigrants from Eastern Europe, that they are inferior in stock to Nordic, or Anglo-Saxon, stock.

Those children could now welcome the exposure of this myth, scientifically so ill-founded, and socially so obnoxious.

COMMON SENSE AND TRUTH

Isaiah Bowman, the president of Johns Hopkins University, in an address before the alumni of New Jersey and New York, advocated a distrust of the famed plumb of common sense which forbids excursions of the mind into the unknown.

If the extolled characteristic of common sense had ruled, he noted, the theory of a flat world would have won lasting fame, locomotives would have been accepted as unable to pull more than their own weight uphill, and that disease is spread by air would still be axiomatic.

The generation that refused belief in a round world was eminently ruled by common sense, yet today it is pathetically ridiculous.

SOME DO IT IN ONE WAY, OTHERS IN ANOTHER

A program calling for \$1,638,945 aid monthly to 104,501 needy undergraduates and for 4,500 graduate students in colleges and universities throughout the nation was announced by the National Youth Administration.

Live chickens and cows, as well as canned goods, smoked meats and furniture, have been brought to College Station, Texas, by students living under a new co-operative plan.

Some 533 boys—a sixth of the student body—have set up house-keeping under the plan, living in small groups in rundown houses which they have renovated and each contributing his share of food supplies and furniture brought from home.

(Today's Ukrainian Weekly concluded in the Svboda)

THE JAY'S WING

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated by R. L. Wissotzky-Kuntz)

(1)

Tomorrow the New Year will arrive bringing with it my fortieth birthday. I have decided to celebrate this double holiday.

Ha, ha, ha! Celebrate! What is the usual celebration of a New Year's Eve? A noisy crowd, young feminine voices, which ring like silver bells; the older folks chatter sedately like oaks in fair weather; bright lights, music, songs, recitations, applause... Midnight is near... The clock starts to strike twelve... Glasses filled with wine are raised and drained, while the head of the family smashes his glass into fragments... with it all the cares and sorrows shall perish! The lights are suddenly extinguished... Everybody follows the sound of the clock and counts twelve... Long live the New Year! May new happiness last long! The lights shine brightly again... Music, songs, more wine, new toasts, kisses, merriment, handclaps... and the children, children!

But—why think of it? I was there once and drank the cup of joy and celebrated this temptation, which we call the New Year. Warm hands gripped mine, bright eyes smiled to me. And I believed, dreamed and loved... My soul basked in a rosy vapor, building golden castles in the air and lending hues of beauty and life to that which was merely a conventional lie...

But past is past. I shall start my fortieth year differently from the way I did last year and the year before. I shall live like a hermit. This year I shall try to start with more harmony, more beauty than the two previous years.

To begin with—may the devil take melancholy! During the last two years I was a novice in the cruel school of seclusion and solitude. The links of the past and present were not broken yet. I was still yearning for something. Somewhere in the depths of my soul still lived the little child which cried for mother. Now it is all vanished. The old accounts have been settled, old wounds have healed... where once storms were raging, silence and peace reigns now.

Today's feast shall be the celebration of my new outlook, my newly established mode of life. And this standard is the old Horatio's "Aequum Servare Mortem."

Without optimism, without hopes,—for optimism is a sign of childish naivety, which sees in life something that does not really exist, and hopes for something life cannot give. Without pessimism,—for pessimism is a sign of sickly cowardice, it is "Testimonium Paupertatis" which man himself creates. Without extreme indifference or enthusiasm. Without extreme sternness and obstinacy in the battle of life, but also without negligence and sentimentality. I shall look at everything sensibly, practically, thoughtfully, and first of all—calmly, peacefully, as becomes a man of forty.

A fool is he, who on the threshold of his fortieth year has not conceived the full value of life, and has not become an artist of life!

I have passed the hard school of life and, I guess, have learned something. I lost many flowers on the road of life, buried many illusions, but I rescued a costly fruit from all catastrophes. This fruit which remained untouched, is the ability to live and enjoy life. To live just for oneself, within oneself. Life is my property, and all the riches in the world cannot pay me for the minutest part of it, for a single moment. No one has right to demand any sacrifices from me, as I do not expect it from anyone.

Community, state, people? These are double chains. One chain is cast of iron—violence;

the other, parallel to the first, is woven out of soft spider-webs—conventional lies. One chains the body, the other grips the soul,—both with the same aim: to strangle, and trap, deface and lower the great, free creation of nature,—the human individual.

It is the only the individual that lives, works, thinks, suffers, fights, falls and triumphs. And my modest unit often triumphs over painful falls,—not with drums and organs, which jar upon the care of economics and wake jealousy and envy in these who do envy. This is the triumph of savages and is beneath a civilized man. My triumph is calm and quiet as a summer night. It has no enemies and wakes no envy, but it is deep, truthful, and durable. It is not momentous, not a result of mad struggle and strain. It is my everyday life, but it is elevated to a higher step, lighted by the rays of the sun, saturated with beauty and harmony.

This immobile fortress, where I live and dominate, is my creation. Hidden from all its vanities, I view the world from there. This fortress was built in my soul. Storms of the world, needs and passions pass somewhere above me, not reaching my fortress. I contribute my donation to the outside world for the material and the spiritual food it gives me. I work for a certain bureau. I do work which occupies my brains without touching my heart. I am friendly towards my co-workers but reserved. They all respect me, but no one can enter my sancta sanctorum. I never opened my soul to anyone, nor does any one care about it. As for the inquisitive—I quickly free myself of their acquaintanceship. And all those who greet me, take my hand, talk to me at the bureau, never dream that I have a real life of my own under the clock of convention and triviality. No one suspects that this dry pursuer of formality, this realist is really an artist, who knows how to live.

Here, in this quiet den, which is far from being luxurious, but suits me,—I am master. This is the light and romance of my life. I may act like a child one day and like a hero the day after, but here I am always myself. On the walls hang artificially made portraits of the masters of life: Goethe, Emerson and Ruskin. My favorite books in neat bindings are arranged on my shelves. On a pedestal in a corner stands a marble copy of the ancient statue of a boy who is trying to pull a thorn out of his foot. On every table are flowers,—my favorite chrysanthemums of many hues. On the desk lies my diary; near by is a table set and decorated. Even the blue flowers of Barvinok were not forgotten. The mischief-maker, Ivasse! It was he who invented this surprise for me. He knows my belief that Larvinok brings happiness to the New Year. Whether I believe or not, does not really matter. It is pleasant to rock oneself in a hammock of hope.

On the table are apples, oranges, figs, a few bottles of wine of the best brand and... two glasses! Ha-ha-ha! The funny mischievous Ivasse! He thought that she would be here! That there can be no celebration, that the New Year will not arrive without her. Those times have past! You are mistaken, my lad! "She," whoever she might be, does not tempt me anymore. I shall try to get along without "her," and I guess my happiness shall not diminish, at any rate it shall be purer and deeper than with her.

Since my last romance in the woods three years ago, queer feelings sweep over me at times. Whenever a young girl, especial-

ly a brunette, smiles to me, I imagine that the flesh on her face becomes transparent, and a frightful skull grins at me. Is it a sign of old age, or is it something else?

Yes! What is the program of this evening? For special occasions I like to work out a program, with the condition that I am free not to follow it. This gives me double pleasure. I enjoy and anticipate every point while planning the program, and afterwards, when I change it, the new combination gives me joy. The first on the program is Rossini's "Overture to William Tell" for the harmonium. This is my favorite piece of music, which always leaves me in an animated mood. Then we shall examine the chrysanthemum, the heliotrope and tuberoses in my salon. The poor things have been expecting me for some time and have blown into full blossom today. Then we shall have a drink and a bite. After that we shall read the last number of "Neue Deutsche Rundschau," mainly—Wilde's article about Christ. I am curious to know what such a master of style and such a sickly creation of the new hour can say about Christ. After that,—but what time is it?—Seven! Well, there is plenty of time until twelve. We shall also glance through the latest illustrations: Jugend, Liberum Veto, and the artistic almanac. Some good people provide them for us, sinners, that we may not be lonesome. Should the illustrations prove to be a disappointment, we have still another luxury saved for this evening,—a set of new records for the phonograph. I shall hear Jeres thundering from the parliamentary tribune, Gabrielle D'Annunzio's speeches on the necessity of propagating the idea of beauty among the people; I shall hear Duse in the role of Giacomina, and the chatter of Cleo DeMered with her friends. It is true, I would want to—oh, no, no! I want nothing. There is use of wanting anything above the things which common sense deems possible and within one's reach. One should not desire any baked ice. Let the youngsters and dreamers strive for the impossible! My desire must and shall go hand in hand with the possible and real.

When the twelfth hour will strike, then...

What is that? The door bell rang! At this hour! Someone to see me? Impossible! Of course, I am home to no one! Who has the right to intrude tonight and spoil my quiet, harmless, hard-earned joys?

Quiet steps in the salon.

"Is that you, Ivasse?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Who rang?"

"The letter-carrier. There is a letter for you, Sir."

"A letter, for me?"

I hold the letter in my hands. It is really a package. The address is written negligently, just my name and the name of the city—Lviv. Lucky that there is no one else by the same name. It seems, it was written by someone, who...

What is this? A Russian stamp from Port Arthur! What does this mean? Who in Port Arthur can have anything to do with me? But perhaps the letter is not really for me? Perhaps there is another envelope inside and a note asking me to forward this letter to someone. The simplest thing would be to open the envelope and see the truth. No, I shall wait awhile. Here lies before me a sealed package addressed to me, sent from a strange place by a strange person. It is a puzzle, a mystery. I love such mysteries, for my life is void of them. My life is like a wide, clean alley with green trees which leads

(Continued p. 4)

Ramblings of a Word-hunter

USURER AFTER THE FISH, OR FISH AFTER USURER?

Now, that so much is written in newspapers about loan sharks, it might be of interest to quote from "The Romance of Words," by Ernest Weekly, the following:

"SHARK was used of a sharper or greedy parasite before it was applied to the fish. This, in the records of the Elizabethan voyagers, is more often called by its Spanish name TIBURON, whence Cape Tiburon, in Haiti. The origin of SHARK is unknown, but it appears to be identical with SHIRK, for which we have earlier SHERK. We find Ital. SCROCCO (whence Fr. escroc), Ger. Schurke, Du. schurk, rascal, all rendered "shark" in early dictionaries, but the relationship of these words is not clear."

The Ukrainian language knows no connection between the two concepts.

The fish used to be called "морська собака," which will remind us at once of the English word DOGFISH, by which the English have called several species of the SHARK. They also adopted for him from the Russian language the word "акуня." Whence the origin of that word I don't know, but it looks like a popular distortion of the scientific term SQUALUS, by which a group of SHARKS is known in zoology, or else it is connected with the ACULEATUM, an aculeated animal which is armed with one sting with a reverted barb, in short, a prickly animal. "To aculeate" the dictionary defines as "to sharpen," which would throw upon the origin of the word SHARK a different light from the one shed on it by Mr. Weekly.

Lately, Ukrainian naturalists are wont to call the SHARK "пажер," "пажор." The word is evidently connected with the verb "пожирати," to devour.

The fact, that this sea gentleman is known by so many names is proof that the Ukrainians have not much direct acquaintance with him. Hence it is natural that the Ukrainian does not connect the sea monster with the usurer nor the usurer with the sea monster. The usurer is simply called "лихвар," which comes from the word "лихва," usury. He is also called contemptuously "позичайло." If the Ukrainian wants to call him by a name of an animal, he calls him "п'явка," a leech, which as you know, is used also in English figuratively to denote "one who, as it were, sucks the blood or steals the substance of his victim, or persistently holds on for sordid gain." As in English, so in Ukrainian, this word would have rather a wider meaning than the word USURER. The same is true of the word "кровопивець," which corresponds to the English BLOOD-SUCKER.

WAS "SUGGESTIBLE" USED CORRECTLY?

A reader took exception to my use of the word "suggestible" in one of my previous items in this column. She seems to be working under the impression that only a nation could be suggestible, and not a person. She thinks that though the word evidently means "able to be suggested," its use in my sentence was misleading and that the word "gullible" would have prevented all uncertainty.

That the word "gullible" would not have aroused such doubts, I grant. But I still stand by the use of the word "suggestible" as referred to persons. The Century Dictionary defines the word thus: "1. Capable of being suggested. 2. Having great suggestibility."

Under the title "suggestibility," the Dictionary quotes from Carus's Soul of Man the following sentence:

(Concluded p. 4)

Science and Progress

A Bibliographical Study in Contemporary Thought

[Address delivered at the Third Ukrainian Professionals Congress of America, Detroit, September 1st and 2nd, 1935] by N. Bunka, B. Sc. (E. E.) of Chicago, Ill.]

(Concluded)

Power Supply

Power supply is obtained from tide mills, waves motors, water falls, and steam. Some hydro-electric stations and most of the electric railroad substations are operated automatically, almost with human intelligence, being put on the system as the demand arises, going through dozens of switching operations with sequence and facility that completely outstrips man's capacity for performing such a task. Steam turbine units have been built in excess of 275,000 H. P. and are located in a compact space of 2 acres of land. If the same amount of power was to be developed by live animal power it would make a line 310 miles long, with teams of two horses hitched at tandem. Space alone would not permit the use of horses for developing of such a vast amount of power, and consequently the indispensability of technology is quite obvious. The application of the electric power in industry has increased man's power to produce 550 times and one man's production at the present time could satisfy an ordinary demand for ten people.

Research

Sixty-five years ago Princeton University introduced a new idea into the educational method—the idea that research is of prime importance in education, thus supplanting the pedantism of classics. This idea has advanced so far that today America occupies the first rank in this respect, as has been conceded to us by a contemporary German philosopher Keyserling. This is true not only of pure science but also of applied science and technology.

Small models of the St. Francisco-Oakland bridge, which is 7 miles long, have been built for testing the earthquake effects by artificially created stresses. Again a small model has been used to test the effect of the 450 feet of water head at Boulder Dam by substituting mercury for water. Finally, replacing of mines by models and the use of centrifugal force to replace the force of gravity on thousands of tons of rock is only the third example among thousands of the highly developed stage of technological research.

Science Is International

An interesting thing about science is that it knows no international boundaries and is transferrable from country to country and race to race—where there is a rational society. Sixty-five years ago Japan adopted the progressive principles of Western civilization and for almost 30 years they have already been the world's great power, originally starting with small territory and population and very mediocre traditions of the past. The right mentality, however, and the progressive ideas have carried the nation in direction quite in contrast to that of China with exactly the opposite heritage.

Scientists and Politicians

Science has diminished poverty and would have abolished it if politicians and economists had kept pace with the advancement of science. But, much to our grief, when scientists were working wonders in the physical realm the politicians and the economists were only forging poisoned ar-

rows, and as a result general advancement has been retarded. Some attempts have been made to extricate us from our present economic and political chaos but results are very feeble. The League of Nations sprang up out of this chaos but when real vital problems came up before the League Council the League of Nations' covenant was of no avail and diplomats had to resort to the old diplomatic ways of Metternich and Talleyrand.

While human mind was making rapid progress, having a rich heritage behind it, human conscience was lagging behind, making new attempts every time it faced difficult problems. Roman legality has dominated the sociological thought in Europe and probably this has impeded progress which lies as much in the conscience of the human mind as in its inventive talent.

Its Limitations

Science has its limitations, especially so in the cause of leadership. The solidity of the scientists' position does not lend him the flexibility of mind to deal with human whims and frailties, and yet turn the pages of history, go to Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon. Of what benefit to mankind were they? People worshipped them owing to the power they wielded, and that blind worship of force has been passed down to us. Even today people are obsessed with the idea that force will solve human problems whereas it can only temporarily set them aside. The real solution can come only through wisdom, science, and intelligent planning. Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini have all the power they need—even to put people to death should they so desire, yet the solution of their national problem lies beyond the boundaries of their ideas and efforts.

Progress has travelled and collapsed. Present material civilization is more secure, more tangible and cannot perish so easily. It will also keep realistic, unlike the idealistic culture which could be good or bad according to its protagonists, as, for example: the great national poets who inflamed the soul of their people who in turn took to oppressing their neighbors.

Its Future

Interest in science must be genuine and not for dividend earning or delightful dreams of poets and philosophers. Science will create new objects of interest and with them will come a change of values. Men will learn to differentiate in their beliefs between those which are mere indulgences of emotion and those which are the objective truth. This is the path by which the human mind will become mature, and which will lead to increased freedom and power. The impossible will be no longer attempted, but the region of the possible will be seen to be much greater. Man will see in what direction he can shape his destiny and he will be able to take on the task with a rational hope.

(The End)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

On WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1935, the United Ukrainian Youth Organizations of Phila., are sponsoring the First of a series of SEMI-FORMAL DANCES at the Ukrainian Hall, 849 N. Franklin St. Music by Ed. Lewis and his Rhythm Kings. Proceeds to help defray the expenses of the forthcoming Congress. We'll be expectin' you! Admission \$1.50 per couple (including tax).

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUTH?

(Courtesy—Signal Fires)

When one seeks an answer to the question "What's Wrong With Youth?" one must view the social structure as a whole. There is no question that can be raised relative to youth or youth programs of today that must not strike seriously at a great percentage of our population. Every year in our state thousands of young people are reaching their majority and are looking for an opportunity of self expression and the right to make a living. On the whole, the youth of today are interested in those things of life that concern not only their own welfare, but also that of their fellows.

In the early days when frontiers were being pushed farther and farther westward, all was well, and ours was a land of opportunity. The social and economic frontiers of today are displacing the frontiers common to early pioneer days, and of necessity make new demands upon society.

Youth "taking it on the chin"

The youth of today, like the youth of yesterday, are not afraid of the struggle and are not unwilling to make the necessary sacrifices to secure for themselves the opportunity of a normal living. However, since early in the beginning of this century, following the expansion of industry and commerce, and especially following our recent depression, youth to a larger or a lesser degree has been "taking it on the chin." In the early changes of our present business cycle, almost without knowledge of the situation, society provided for many of its youth through longer school terms, through the lengthening of apprenticeship periods and through additional requirements of training for the professions. Many of the young people at this time were unaware that vast changes were going on in the cultural and social ideas of these times. Old patterns and concepts were changing and unless many of these young people were especially alert they were molded into the existing pattern of yesterday and were not conscious of the social and economic adjustments that were being made about them; as a result many of them "missed the boat," as it were, and were left stranded on the shore of an economic crisis.

The youth of today, as of the frontier America, were quick to adjust themselves to the problems that confronted them. They immediately began to discuss the problems of the day. They started questioning some of the things that had been taught them in our schools. They saw that the abundance of life was not parcelled out to all on an equal basis. They were told by their elders to wait and they would have an opportunity to put their shoulders to the wheel; that soon the depression would end; and in the meantime they would be taken care of.

Youth and Relief

Youth rode on, as youth does because it is inevitable. They waited, but to them the doors of industry and other avenues of employment were closed. The young people found that it was necessary for them to accept relief, not that this is shameful, it is a necessity. They rebelled under the idea. They wanted the opportunity of going out on their own.

Youth Program

Thinking people throughout America realized that the waste of this useful and productive humanity could no longer be squandered and a group of interested persons brought to the attention of the Government the need of action, and as a result we now have a Youth Program, the major objectives of which are: to provide funds for part-time employment for needy college and high school students; to stimulate the development of socially desirable work projects and enter-

HAVE YOU EVER —

Slipped on a banana peel?
Run when you were scared?
Stepped on the gas instead of the brake?
Rose early to go to the bank only to find when you got there it was closed on account of a holiday?
Bought a hat, then wished instead, that you had purchased a pair of shoes?
Squeezed shaving cream (your brother's) onto your tooth-brush in place of tooth-paste?
Discovered the percolator perking water because you had forgotten to put coffee in the pot?
Found a runner in your hose after settling yourself in a bus for which you had to run?
Heard Martini sing and then felt that you had missed your vocation in life?
Walked up Broadway and imagined you heard the wind whistling through the trees? (What trees?)
Wondered why a more appropriate name such as Bronzerville wasn't given to Harlem?
Kept right on talking after the other person had walked away? (Perhaps this has happened to Gracie Allen too).
Asked yourself why you did not attend the Congress in Detroit? (You'll never know what you missed!)

Bitten into a peanut to find a small stone had been in the shell?
Stopped to pick up a purse to see it quickly disappear in the direction of small boys hidden nearby?
Walked on water with nothing under your feet but the deck of a ferry-boat? (Fooled you, eh?)
Come near to drowning, and hence, from that time learned to swim?
Seen the snow-capped mountains of Maine in the month of July?
Observed expressions on faces of passing motorists and then wondered how you look when behind the wheel?
Been in the town of Hershey, Pa.?
Crashed to earth when you lost a high heel?
Seen the beauty of the rising sun?
Dashed for a train like mad then found the train to be 10 minutes late?
Taken yourself seriously when someone said you were a big joke?

I HAVE.

M. D. SEMENKIW.

prises which are especially suitable and adaptable to youth; to provide work projects for young people between the ages of 16 and 25 from relief families; to encourage through counseling; and to promote the extension of constructive job qualifying leisure activities.

In the encouragement of this program it was not the object to attempt to shield the young people from hardships, but to attempt to open up for them the opportunities to which they are entitled. It is not to replace older people in existing positions but rather to find for these young people the jobs that are rightfully theirs.

Our Task

The task before us is to coordinate and co-operate with all organizations that have the interest of youth at heart. It is to work through on a definite basis toward a permanent understanding of the place of youth in America in order that they may maintain their wholesome self-respect and fill the niche in the communities of which they are a part.

If America fails in making the adjustment and in taking cognizance of the youth of today, it may as well sign the death warrant to continued progress because without youth and its idealism and its ability, we cannot hope to build a better America.

C. B. LUND
Assistant Youth Director
State of Minnesota.

AGAIN THE PAWN!

We just wondered if that article in the Monday, November 4th edition of the New York American, and perhaps various other Hearst papers, passed unnoticed. There in bold type a report from Paris was topped by the following caption, "Hitler Would Split Ukraine." "It has been rumored that existing diplomacy, in behalf of Ukraine by noted Ukrainians, approached Hitler with the idea in mind to establish a much needed source of help for any undertaking of freeing Ukraine." This is all well indeed, but basing all on previous experience, they—and we mean those working in our behalf—should know by this time that all past alliances have proven unprofitable. Perhaps they are relying on the inconsistency of the law of averages.

Coming down to bare facts, Hitler's Germany has suffered under the economic boycott. Its sources of raw materials are too expensive. Ukraine, with its natural riches, would be just what the doctor would prescribe for Hitler's headache. Herr Hitler could strengthen his hold on Nazi-land if he followed the course set by his strong arm colleague, Mussolini, in raising nationalism to a high pitch. And Ukraine, again, is to play the role of "The Pawn." But adding insult to injury, the article goes on to say that he plans partition of the area with Poland. "In a special appeal to France for an understanding with Germany... Germany has no design on western Europe, particularly Alsace and Lorraine, but some day the Reich would divide Ukraine with Poland." The Soviet Union, naturally, is disturbed.

November seems to be a fateful month for the Ukrainians; inspiring memories... and now dark forebodings. Which would we prefer, Russia, Poland or Germany?... We'd say an independent Ukraine!... But as it is, we have no choice in the matter... that is, not as yet.

JOHN W. KOSBIN.

PREPARING FOR YOUTH CONGRESS

With many a glint of a tear in their eyes, the ten Philadelphia delegates to the Third Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America, held under the auspices of the UYUNA, bid a fond farewell to the hospitable Detroit and to their old and new friends. The departure left a void within their hearts, and somehow that lump in the throat refused to disappear. Yet they smiled in happiness, for they knew that their stay over the Labor Day weekend in Detroit will remain enshrined in their memories for many years and that that they had helped accomplish there with other delegates would never disappear. They returned to Philadelphia, therefore, firmly resolved not to rest until greater unity and finer progress for our youth had been attained.

The enthusiasm and the firm resolution of the delegates was quickly transferred to other Philadelphia American Ukrainian youth. Realizing that the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America will hold its Fourth Ukrainian Youth's Congress next Labor Day weekend in Philadelphia, the United Ukrainian Youth Organizations of Philadelphia have determined to make it a great success by helping to defray its expenses by sponsoring a series of semi-formal balls, beginning with Thanksgiving Eve.

The success of these affairs depends entirely upon the Ukrainian youth of Philadelphia. The Committee will do its very best to hold up its end. But it's up to all young American-Ukrainians as well as those of the older generation to support these affairs by attending them and thus assure the finest youth congress ever held.

MISS MARIE KUNYCZKA,
MISS HELEN SYWULAK.

N. Y. UKRAINIAN YOUTH THEATRE

NEW YORK.—The souffleur souffled the Ukrainian Youth Theater to a charming debut last Saturday night when the 11th Branch of Young Ukrainian Nationalists presented two popular one-act comedies before a packed hall on 14th Street.

Pleased with success of the all-Ukrainian productions, General Manager Eugene Patryk immediately began preparations for the next production December 7. The cast was heartily in favor when it became known Saturday's showings had made a slight profit for their fund.

Hampered by the fact the players could hold general rehearsals only a few times before the performance, the cast presented capably "Tato Na Zarchenakh" and "Dva Domyki—Odna Firtka."

Soft lights, total darkness throughout the hall and the hoarse whispering of the souffleur just loud enough to be heard in the first rows in more emotional moments, added an innocent touch of color to the scene.

Both plays—based on genial satire of the Ukrainian peasant attempting to play a social part above him—were hilarious in their effect on the audience; and the actors themselves, who had both school and work to attend to before practice, seemed to catch the jovialness and swept right along with and without Monsieur Le Souffleur.

In "Father at the Engagement" Walter Rybka played the part of a tender and bewildered courtier to Catherine Myrnick, the debutante Wandza. Steven W. Drobuta was a tempestuous Pidpankowsky, a commissar with a trim mustache and beard quite reminiscent of the old Tsarist days. Most of the cast, including Patryk, Ann Kruhl, Maria A. Wintoniak, Joseph Iwanow, Andrew Dubas, Wasyi Wasyluk, Johanna Hulagrocky and P. Pauline Myhal, were dressed in flamboyant Ukrainian costumes.

The denouement came when the debutante and her parents were proved to be frauds, blasting the hopes of the nobility-complexed Gsyv (Rybka).

"Two Cottages—One Gate," however, was acclaimed the greater success. Starting out with a fierce and deep-rooted quarrel between the two families using the same gate, the action rapidly approached the point where the fathers decided to place locks on the gate and bar the other house.

Then Anton, son of one family, played by Drobuta, arrived after dark with his sweetheart Terenya, daughter of the other family, played by Helene V. Bellack. Balked by the doubly locked gate, the two decided to settle the arguments between their families and force them into amity by refusing to enter. This they did with uproarious and highly successful results.

But the performance was more significant than the fact of its own presentation. In producing an all-Ukrainian entertainment, the Ukrainian Youth Theater demonstrated the younger generation could take an interest in "old country" culture and do a creditable job. The enthusiasm of the audience and determination of the cast to continue was answer enough.

rl.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

UKRAINIAN INDEPENDENCE DAY will be observed by Ukrainians of Cleveland on SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24th, 1935 at the Public Auditorium Music Hall. Commencement at 2:30 P. M. In addition to a varied musical program, prominent speakers will address the gathering. Proceeds will go towards the construction of the Ukrainian Cultural Garden at Rockefeller Park.

UKRAINIAN ART EXHIBITS

A glimpse of what precious needlework and art craft treasures lie scattered among the private possessions of Ukrainians was revealed to the American public at the "Needlework of Yesterday and Today" exhibit at the famous Wanamaker Art Galleries in Philadelphia, held October 26th to November 4th.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Valentina Kachmarsky, distinguished welfare worker, lecturer and exponent of Ukrainian culture in America, the Ukrainians were able to be represented at this exhibit which featured on display many fine pieces from the museums of New York and Boston and from private collectors. As the chairman of the exhibit remarked, the Ukrainians were more wide-awake than the Poles or Russians, as neither of these nationalities were represented. The Ukrainian portion of the exhibit included heirlooms of more than a hundred years old, which were borrowed from individuals.

Along similar cultural lines, Pennsylvania's exclusive "Main Line" was given a rare treat, when, on November 8th, at Ye Oddity Shoppe in Narberth, Pa., a miniature "tour to Ukraine" was held. Mrs. Valentina Kachmarsky, garbed in native costume conducted the "tour." She spoke on the many phases of the quaint customs of Ukrainians (and told the "story behind the embroidery." Arts and crafts of Ukrainians were on display together with many unusually beautiful pieces of embroidery. An end table, recently featured in the rotogravure section of the Philadelphia Inquirer, was exhibited. This table, designed in the Ukrainian motif, was made from 1,600 pieces of rare wood, and aroused much comment as Ellis Lysak, its creator, explained the manner of its making. Ukrainian "babka," "hrust," tort and tea were served. Miss Eugenia Zadorozna, folk dancer, and Mr. John Mitz, dressed in Cossack costumes acted as hostess and guide.

HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

This week's installment of the Short History of Ukrainian Literature by Rev. Kinash is not being published due to the fact that a section of it was completed last week and that next week we shall publish Dr. Coleman's address on the Story of Ukrainian Literature as given at tonight's affair at Columbia University (see p. 1).—Editor.

To Olga B.

With loving eyes did he adore
The beauty of a Trojan Helen fair,
And terribly he vowed forevermore
For her,—hell's fires would he dare.

His soul leaped swiftly with a bound
His heart forgot all wordly grief,
And then did further him astound
By being oh,—so passing brief.

To Helen B.

In the crazed heat of a summer night
Ah—how close he stood beside her,
And anon, Love began him to excite
Some appropriate verse to render.
Sing he would like an ancient bard
Her soul he would melt to a jelly
Alas! Keats and Byron did he discard
By singing the Serenade from Shelley.

He murmured its last lay like a distant bell,
Now thought he, the moment he would dare—
But no—for from her pretty lips there fell
A most annihilable, "Oh Yeah?"
M. M.

THE JAY'S WING

(Continued from p. 2)

What seems to be the matter with me? Why should I think today of the end of the alley, the end of human life? It shall not miss us and there is no necessity of flying there voluntarily. But the letter... What can be the contents of this envelope? A newspaper correspondence? The diary of some warrior, official reports, or the last will of a compatriot, who was strangled in a strange country?

It is a woman's handwriting, but that does not mean anything. There is something hard inside. It is impossible to tell the shape of it, as it is hidden among many folded sheets of paper. It is neither a key, nor a coin... Well, let us open and see. Where are the scissors? But, perhaps, I should not open it? Maybe this letter, so quiet and tempting when sealed, will lose its charms afterwards and become the box of Pandora, out of which snakes will creep and poison my life, ruin my fortress, and spoil today's holiday. I always feared letters and I seldom write them. Every letter is a bomb. It looks like a chocolate bomb, but no one can tell whether it is not filled with melinite and will not blow you to pieces within a moment.

My hand shakes. A chill passes through my body...

Stop! It is a true sign that this letter has a fatal meaning. Wait! Do not touch it! If I threw this unopened letter into the fire,—it will burn to ashes and carry its mysteries into the great space it came from. And I would remain with another unsolved riddle in my soul,—that is all. An unsolved riddle awakens curiosity, sorrow, yearning... These are rather pleasant feelings. If I solve it,—it may wound or kill.

Ha, ha, ha! What a coward I am! I feel so sure of myself within my fortress, under the shield of my philosophy,—and here I am,—afraid of this paper visitor! Even if it were a bomb thrown by the hand of one enemy,—what harm could it do me? It can not affect me, nor anyone dear to me, for there is no one dear to me in the whole world, I think. Then—why fear?

Why then does my hand tremble? Why does a feeling of alarm grip my heart? Mechanically, without my personal will, my hand cuts a narrow strip off the envelope. Fate! If you still have an arsenal of arms against me, if just tonight, before the New Year, you have brought enemy troops to my peaceful abode, from the distant Port Arthur,—strike! We shall fight!

The letter is open...
(To be continued)

RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

(Concluded from page 2)

"A republic needs independent citizens, quick in comprehension, but slow in judgment, and tenacious in that which they recognize as right. Every honest thinker must endeavor to counteract the SUGGESTIBILITY of the masses by the proper education of our people."

I find in the Ukrainian dictionary no equivalents of the words "suggestible" or "suggestibility." Neither could I find them in the dictionaries of the Russian and the Polish language. The phenomenon of suggestibility becomes apparent only among the people who have been frequently subjected to insidious propagandas.

"A PLACE IN THE SUN"

Now that Mussolini, as once the Kaiser Wilhelm II, demands "a place in the sun," I find that the Ukrainian language can express this phrase with one word. "Осөнъ," or "осоння" means a place lit up by the sun. The Ukrainian language has also a special word to denote a place warmed by the sun: "yрпи-бок."