



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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## A DIFFICULT PROBLEM?

When one comes to discuss the problem of life insurance with any person, old or young, one often meets with a shrug of shoulders: What is the use to talk about this problem which is unfathomable?

Now, this attitude is due simply to nothing else but ignorance. The people who say this give proof that they do not know what they are talking about. Somebody must have scared them with the phrase "life insurance" as occasionally a child is scared of a bogey-man. Perhaps, they have heard of such great mathematicians called actuaries, dealing in such inaccessible as calculus, who fix the rates of insurance, and they concluded that only a man familiar with the calculus can understand insurance.

As a matter of fact, those high mathematicians called actuaries have something to do with the mathematical calculations necessary to fix the insurance rates, and to understand the mathematical formulae on which such calculations are based is no easy matter; and only a person professionally trained can perform those calculations.

From this fact, however, it does not follow that the principles of life insurance, on which the formulae and calculations are based, are equally difficult and that they, too, require special, professional schooling. The relation between the principle of the thing and the mathematical formulae involved in calculations is more or less like the relation between the principles and the mathematical calculations of astronomy: one may not know how to calculate the distance between the earth and the sun, but one may understand the laws, which are the principles, of our solar system.

The first main difficulty of life insurance is in the question how long will the people live, that is when will they die, thus devolving upon fraternal society the duty to pay their family the sum promised as insurance.

Now that question may seem unanswerable. Who can tell how long a particular individual will live? Of course, how long a particular individual will live cannot be known in advance. But that is not the question. We are not asking about one single individual, but about a whole group of individuals, in fact, a great many of them. And this, though at first sight may appear to be the same problem, or rather the sum of many single, individual problems, is not the same.

It is a fact that the people have found already a reliable method of foretelling how many people will die out of a certain, sufficiently large, group, provided these people are of the same age. Out of the actual experience of the past, tables have been constructed which indicate, with a great deal of accuracy, how many of a large number or persons, all of the same age, will die within a year; how many will live more than one year but will die within two; how many will die within 10, 20 years, or any given number of years, until all of them are dead.

Now this is what a fraternity society needs to know, not when

## AN INSPIRING DAY

In these troublous times when problems and issues fairly overwhelm us, when timidity, uncertainty, and lack of perseverance characterize some of our efforts to create a better life, it is indeed inspiring to recall what Ukrainian youth accomplished in the face of infinitely greater difficulties on that memorable November 1, 1918—whose 18th anniversary Ukrainians will observe tomorrow.

Turning back the pages of history to the closing period of the World War we find a devastated Ukraine in the last stages of exhaustion. Her western part had been the battleground of some of the fiercest fighting of the entire war. Thousands upon thousands of her manhood had been killed. And the irony of it all was that they had had to make the supreme sacrifice not for their motherland Ukraine, but for Russia and Austria-Hungary, who for generations had been oppressing and denationalizing her. Since both these powers were at war with each other, the tragic result was that Ukrainian often fought against Ukrainian, brother against brother, father against son.

It was under such terrible conditions that wartime Ukrainian youth were raised. They too, fought in both Austrian and Russian armies. And they too saw their early ardent hopes of the liberation of Ukraine dispelled by the grim and bloody reality. And yet they did not despair, but bided their time and planned for the coming of that moment when they would be able to strike a real blow for Ukrainian freedom, not as Austrian or Russian soldiers but as Ukrainian soldiers.

That moment came for them, first with the collapse of Russia in 1917, and secondly with the collapse of Austria-Hungary in 1918. In both cases Ukrainian youth forged to the front to take advantage of them. But especially was this noticeable in the latter case, in W. Ukraine.

Here, war-weary though this youth was, it immediately took on fresh hope and strength when the fateful moment arrived. There was no time for indecision or timidity, for already the Poles were planning to seize and incorporate Western Ukraine into the imperialistic Polish state that their greed and rapacity demanded. In this emergency our youth did not fail. They took a leading part in planning the coup d'etat that was to give the Ukrainians immediate control over Western Ukraine; in the setting up of secret committees in leading Ukrainian centers for that purpose; and in the manning of the necessary armed forces to support this coup.

It was largely due to the youth that this coup was executed successfully, that L'viv and other cities were seized, and that the Ukrainian National Rada was able to proclaim on November 1st, 1918 the independence of the Western Ukrainian Republic. It was the youth, too, who first laid down their lives so that this republic might live. And finally, it was the youth, lacking arms, food, and ammunition, beset by typhus, that took a leading part in defending this republic against the larger and better equipped Polish armies, supported by the French, and later, against the hordes of Bolsheviki.

Although eventually the Ukrainian fight for their newly-won independence collapsed, yet its youth spirit and idealism made it one of the most inspiring periods of the heroic Ukrainian history. Today this spirit and idealism are the inspiration of thousands Ukrainian youth in the old country in their undaunted fight for freedom.

And so, today, when we are about to observe the anniversary of November 1st, 1918, when we find ourselves in most trying times, it is well for us to recall what Ukrainian youth in the old country did then, and what it is doing today. For such recollections will help to make our observance tomorrow not an empty ceremony but one charged with vital significance and inspiration to us. They will give us greater courage in our daily struggle with life. And they will also give us the unswerving determination to make sure that the spirit, valor and sacrifices of Ukrainian youth in the cause of a free and independent Ukraine were not in vain.

## YOUTH TODAY

### HOW RADICAL ARE SCHOOLS?

The Columbia University Press published a survey of teachers' associations in New York and Chicago, under the title "On the Educational Front." The survey was made by William W. Wattenberg, a former research assistant at Lincoln School, Teachers College.

Among the interesting conclusions arrived at by the author is one that "radical" teachers' organizations are mostly composed of young persons with no hope of advancement in the school system.

### ARE THEY INTERESTED IN REDS?

In his annual report as chancellor, Dr. Harry Woodburn Chase informed the council of New York University the other day that most people in this country find communism boring, its activities dreary and pointless, and the "bad manners" of its exponents repellent.

Any seeming lack of patriotism among young people, Dr. Chase attributed to their inability to find disinterested and imaginative leadership in that direction.

### WHENCE TALKERS AND INVETERATE SMOKERS AMONG THE YOUNG?

Dr. Ernest E. Hadley, director of biological sciences in the Washington (D. C.) School of Psychiatry, told the meeting of the American Institute at the New York Museum of Science and Industry, on October 27, that he had traced to the sources such habits as excessive talking, drinking and smoking.

Dr. Hadley attributes all such habits connected with the activity of the mouth with the interruptions of feeding. The feeding interruptions, he said, exasperate the infant and these resentments, if repeated often enough, create in the psychic make-up a state of inter-personal hostility or "negativism" which manifests itself first in a refusal to eat. This creates the "feeding problems" for baby specialists, parents, and nursing.

In the growing child this "negativism" takes the form of antagonism to all suggestions and commands. It often causes persons to become "windbags," heavy drinkers or smokers, who thus find a "sort of compensation for the unconscious hostility for feeding."

Right here may lie the explanation for long-winded political speeches in the next generation, he declared.

### ELECTION CAMPAIGN AND SCHOOLS

"Little red fire is being burned for any Presidential candidate by college undergraduates of the East this year," The New York Times reports.

"Despite the alleged hair-pulling during a recent political rally at a woman's college, five out of eight college administrators questioned reported all quiet on the Eastern campuses."

a particular person will die. And hence these so-called mortality tables constitute the first basis of that seemingly impossible mathematical problem of insurance.

# IVAN FRANKO

By S. S.

(24)

## The "torn coat"

The refusal of Count Badeny, Polish governor of Galicia, to confirm the recommendation of the L'viv University faculty for the appointment of Franko as professor of Ukrainian language at that institution drew from Franko the rather bitter remark (appearing in the foreword to a collection of his stories in Polish) that:

"The coalition of the government with those Ukrainians holding positions in it helped to save Ukraine from that misfortune which my lectures would have visited upon it. For God's sake, how can you permit that man teach at the university! Why, just look at the torn coat he wears! Thus my qualifications for this position were judged by a brother Ukrainian—the same one who for his patriotic labors on behalf of Ukraine and Austria gets six or seven salaries. Naturally, be-

fore such an argument my candidacy for professorship had to collapse, while the excuse advanced for this, "politisches Vorleben," was only a pretty cover to the real reason..."

## "Zhytye i Slovo"

Undismayed by this blow, Franko plunged back into his writing. In 1894 he founded *Zhytye i Slovo* (Life and the Word), a journal appearing every two months and devoted mainly to literature, history and folklore. Based on Western European models it was the first one of its kind in Galicia. It continued to appear in this form until 1897, when it was changed into a political and literary-scientific journal, as well as the organ of the Ukrainian radicals, taking the place of their *Narod* (People), which expired in 1896.

Besides the many essays, literary reviews, dissertations, poems,

stories, and translations of Franko that appeared in this new journal, two of his novels were also featured in it, in serial form. The first was *Osnovi suspilnosti* (Foundations of Society), which was not concluded, while the second was *Zadla domashnoho ohnisha* (For the Home Hearth).

## Contributes to Reports of Shevchenko Scientific Society

At about this time, Franko was persuaded by Michael Hrushevsky, the famous Ukrainian historian, then professor of Ukrainian history at L'viv University and the head of the Shevchenko Scientific Society, to contribute to the "Reports" of the latter society. His first contribution was the already mentioned monograph on Ivan Vyshensky, which appeared in 1895. That same year he published in it his masterly dissertation on "Barlaam and Joasaph," which was a romance written in the 8th century, probably by St. John of Damascus, and being a Christian interpretation of Buddha's history. From this time Franko was a

steady contributor to these "Reports."

## His Growing Popularity

The wide range and general excellence of Franko's scientific and literary activities began at length to win for him a friendlier attitude on the part of the older generation, which heretofore had regarded him only as a rebel and a heretic, and because of this had refused to give him his just dues. Yet Franko's continued sharp criticism of the "oldsters" kept these friendlier albeit grudging feelings well under cover. Nevertheless his fame steadily grew, especially from the time when, in 1896, he issued his immortal collection of beautiful lyrics—*Zivvyle Lestya* (Withered Leaves). It is true, of course, that the appearance of this collection was immediately followed by attacks from some conservatives for some heretical ideas expressed in it, yet such voices were now in the minority. Where the youth had long ago taken Franko to its heart, the masses were now beginning to do likewise.

(To be continued)

# SHADOWS OF FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS

(Continued)

By MICHAEL KOTSUBINSKY

(Translated by S. S.)

(14)

Ivan woke up.

"Wake up!" Marichka was shaking him. "Wake up and come with me."

He glanced up at her and wasn't even a bit surprised. He only felt glad that she had come back to him at last.

So he rose to his feet and both of them started off.

In silence they ascended the mountain, and even though it was night Ivan could see her face by the light of the stars. A fence separating the hayfield from the forest appeared before them. Climbing over it they entered the majestically silent domain of the thickly growing spruces.

"Why have you grown so pale? Aren't you well?" Marichka asked him.

"It's from pining for you, my dear, for you..."

It did even occur to him to ask her where they were going. It was enough for him that he was with her.

"Do you remember, Ivan dear, how we used to meet here in this forest, how you played with me, and how I would put my arms around your neck and kiss you?"

"I do, Marichka, and never will I forget..."

Although he plainly saw her by his side, yet he had a queer feeling all the time that this was not Marichka walking by him, but a dryad. And so, remembering the tales of his mother, he was very careful to walk alongside and not behind her, for from the rear he was bound to see that bloody opening in her back through which he would be able to see her heart, stomach, and everything,—an opening which all dryads had. Wherever the path narrowed he pressed close to Marichka, so that he would not get behind her, and in this closeness he felt the warmth of her body.

"For a long time I had in mind to ask you, Ivan, why did you strike me across the face the time when we, as children, first met. That was the time when our folks were fighting, and I hid under the wagon, trembling from the sight of blood. Remember?"

"Yes, Marichka, you fled from me then. I chased you and caught you, and when I did I seized your

ribbons and threw them into the river. But you didn't get angry at me. You just gave me a piece of candy. Why?"

"Because I fell in love with you right then and there..."

All the while they kept plunging deeper into the forest. The black spruces kindly stretched their shaggy branches over them, as if in blessing, while dead silence reigned all about them, except down below, from whence could be heard the splashing of a mountain stream.

"Once I wanted to scare you, so I hid myself. I crawled into some underbrush and covering myself with moss lay there very still. You called and called, and searched everywhere. In fact, I think you were ready to cry. And all the while I lay there, nearly choking with laughter that I could hardly hold back. And when you finally found me, what did you do with me?..."

"Ha-ha-ha!"

"You shameless one!..."

She pouted prettily, giving him and arch glance.

"Ha-ha-ha!" Ivan continued laughing.

"Ha-ha-ha!" together they laughed, pressing close to one another.

She recalled to him the various other incidents of their life, the different games they played together, their bathing in cold streams, their jokes and songs, their ardent lovmaking, and their poignant farewell when he left for the downs; all such little incidents that warmed their hearts.

"Why did you stay up in those downs so long, Ivan? What were you doing so long up there? Oh, how I longed for you..."

Ivan wanted to tell her how he had longed for her then too, and how a sprite had called to him, imitating Marichka's voice; but somehow he refrained. He felt rather strange. He saw and felt Marichka beside him and yet he knew that Marichka no longer lived, that this was someone else, someone who was leading him deeper and deeper into the forest in order to lose him there. Nevertheless, he felt happy, listening to her gay laughter and girlish chat-

ter, not in the least afraid of anything, but walking alongside of her lightly, confidently, happily, as he did in the older times.

All his troubles and worries, the fear of death, Palahna and the sorcerer, Yura,—all had disappeared from his consciousness, all had flown away from him, and he felt as if they had never even existed. A carefree youthful spirit once more possessed him as he strode over these wooded mountaintops, so deadly quiet that even the rustle of the trees could not exist but had to speed down into lower lands on the surfaces of tumbling streams.

She continued:

"And I waited so impatiently for you to return from the downs. I longed so much for you. I couldn't eat, nor sing, and the whole world became barren to me. When we were together and loved, even dried oaks blossomed again; but when we separated, why even fresh young shoots withered and died..."

"Don't speak like that, Marichka, do not say that, my love... Now we shall always be together..."

"Always? Ha-ha!..."

Ivan started in alarm, and stopped in his tracks. The dry ominous laughter had ripped savagely across his heart. Alarmed and bewildered, he glanced questioningly at her.

"You are laughing, Marichka?"

"What are you saying, Ivan! I wasn't laughing. It must be your imagination. You have stopped walking? Are you tired? Come on, let's go on a little further. Come on!..."

She was begging him—and so he went on with her, pressing close to her, obsessed now with only one desire—to keep walking this way, not to be left behind, for fear of seeing instead of her dress, instead of her back... But away with such thoughts...

The forest was getting denser all the while. The warm odor of rotting stumps and fallen trunks, of this forest necropolis swept over them. Huge boulders gleamed coldly beneath their slippery covering of moss. Naked spruce roots interlaced along the path, covered with cones.

They went further and further, ascending all the while into the cold and uninviting depths of the highland woods.

Finally they reached the downs. Here it was a trifle lighter, as if the spruces had snut out behind

them all the blackness of the deep night.

Suddenly Marichka started in alarm and stopped. She cocked her head slightly and listened. Started, Ivan looked at her searchingly, and saw a look of fright sweep over her. What had happened? But Marichka impatiently stopped his unuttered question, placed her finger on her lips as a sign for him to be still, and then—suddenly disappeared. All happened so swiftly that for a moment Ivan did not even know what had taken place.

What had frightened her? Where had she gone? He stood there for a short while, expecting her to reappear any moment. But when she did not, he called out softly:

"Marichka!..."

Like a frightened bird his voice disappeared into nothingness. Again it became very still.

Ivan became really alarmed now. He wanted to search for Marichka, but he did not know where to look for her, as she had disappeared so suddenly that he had not even seen which way she had gone. And yet there was the danger that she might get lost or fall into some deep ravine. Perhaps it would be a good idea to start a fire going, and help her thus find her way back.

## NEW YORK CITY.

**HALLOWE-EN MASQUERADE BALL** tendered by the St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Club at their New Spacious Club Rooms, 334 East 14th St., New York City on **SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1936.** Music by Myron Baron's Royal Arcadians. Awards for Best Costumes. Commencement at 9:00 P. M. Subscription 40 c. 255

## NEW YORK CITY.

A **DANCE** to be held **EVERY THURSDAY** Evening starting **November 5, 1936**, by the St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Club, at the Ukrainian Hall, 217-219 East 6th St., New York City. Music by the ever-popular orchestra of Myron Baron and his Royal Arcadians. Commencement at 8:00 P. M. Admission 35 c. Come down and enjoy a very pleasant evening. 255

## NEW YORK CITY.

Don't forget to make merry at the Ukrainian Civic Center **HALLOWEEN BARN DANCE** on **SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1936** at the International Institute, 341 E. 17th St. Admission only 35 c. Commencement at 8:00 P. M. Come in overalls, gingham and costumes. Prizes for costumes. Door prizes. 237-

## AUTUMN LEAVES ARE FALLING...

By ANATOLE KURDYDYK  
(Translated by S. Shumeyko)

[Note: This story is suitable for declamation at a November First Holiday program.]

They took him away, her Stephen, two such dirty Reds, with sharp steel on their carbines—and she pitter-pattered after them without e'en a tear.

Pittered-pattered, with doddering ancient feet through the village, the fields (the hoar was already settling on the road), her shawl askew and her hair damp with perspiration sticking to her forehead. Under her arm a little bundle: a shirt and a piece of bread—for him. Her heart heavy with fear.

On and on, after them, without e'en a tear.

In the early morn they had quit the village, and now at noon they were already in the city.

They led him inside a large gate. It clanged shut after him. A heavy blow to the chest with the butt end of the carbine drove her reeling back.

—Beat it!...

She glanced up from the ground—a heavy bearded face, with not a trace of mercy in it. So she cringed, just like a dog driven away from home, her eyes fastened to this gate that had swallowed her son.

While from the chestnut tree nearby leaves fluttered down-down...

She sat down on the steps opposite the gate, her mind in a whirl. The city was deathly quiet ("they" had come yesterday)—and yet how familiar it was.

How many times had she hurried here from the village when her son worked as an apprentice here. She flew to him then, young, happy, for she could not be without him for long! In her bosom—money, and in a little package—apples, red, like blood...

And now, opposite her a gray wall, tall, forbidding, with black windows. A dreadful wall...

Such were her thoughts, creeping like a climbing ivy along a wall, touching every window, reaching to the very roof.

Wait! They will surely free him! Why should they hold him?...

Dry leaves rustle on the paved walk. Some fall into her lap. She knows they mean:

Autumn...

With ancient hands, shriveled, like these leaves, she aimlessly smooths them out before her.

And opposite her the wall and the pacing guard: Shakh! And again: Shakh!... Shakh!

Wait! They must free him!...

Above the wall, black, ragged clouds scud by. The wind rushes down the street, whirling the leaves before it, whipping her skirt...

No! She won't go away! She is waiting for Stephen!

Someone passes by. Glances at her. She raises her eyes to his face—and lowers them. He too seems to be suffering...

Again the street is still. Only she is alive and that one over there, pacing back and forth with the shining steel on his shoulder.

This autumn afternoon is so chilly... She draws her shawl closer—while the cold pierces to her very breast...

Footsteps again. Someone is being led, just as was her son. The ravenous gate opens, and closes! But no Stephen...

The leaves whirl about, rustling, tumbling...

Several hours pass by. The gate opens. Voices. The guard is being changed. She looks up. Yes,

that's him, the one who brought her son here...

And slowly she stretches her foot, rises...

Oh, what is it that grips her heart so!

Crack!—from inside the wall. The echo of the shot pierces her heart.

She walks over to him—to this murdering Red...

Yes, she will kiss his hand, anything; she must know, where is her Stephen...

She approaches, but he already knows what she wants:

—He is no more, mother. Didn't you hear?...

He points with his hand towards the wall. A gasp...

The little bundle drops to the ground. She runs to the gate. But he seizes her by the shoulders:

—Go away!

She tears his hands away, falls to her knees, crying wildly:

—Stephen!... Stephen!...

But those cursed hands are so powerful, and her age so weakening... They carry her bodily to the middle of the street, drop her there. Her aged body thuds against the hard pavement:

—Stephen! My son!... My baby!...

But the cobblestones are deaf, as deaf as those who took him away.

She does not know that her voice is growing weaker and weaker, that it is all in vain: the stones will not heed her cry.

She raises herself—and feels within her chest a terrifying emptiness. Such an awful void, through which wild winds shriek and groan...

She starts unsteadily towards the gate again. But the guard calls out to her:

—Go to the cemetery. He will be there...

Without a word, without e'en a tear, she bends and picks up her bundle, that had rolled into the gutter, and goes. Her chest is burning, her walk so unsteady, and on her forehead—sweat, cold like drops of dew...

She knows, where the cemetery is. Towards that way her tottering footsteps bend... Her feet are so heavy, but she goes on. One street is passed, a second, and a third. She sees nothing; nothing matters to her. Only the rustling leaves touch her consciousness. She feels them caressing and kissing her feet.

At last, there it is—many, many, trees... Leaves are falling everywhere and the wind is sighing...

Entering the gate she looks. A wagon is standing, and piled on it lie human bodies. She feels her feet become leaden. With difficulty she drags herself over to the wall, against which she leans, while in her heart a great burning stone has been suddenly rent asunder!

This stone is so heavy, like the very earth itself. It drags her down. She does not sit—but falls to the ground...

They are taking those bodies off the wagon. Bloody corpses. She looks on with stony eyes and counts:

—No, that one is not mine—not he—not my Stephen...

Thud! into the grave. Thud!

Thud!

While dusk steals over the cemetery.

And finally she sees him. Just as the others, so they drag him

## VALUE OF CONGRESSES

In a recent article by Burma-Capelin, sub-captioned "At Omnia Et A. M. D. G.," we come across this paragraph:

"Well then, look at much of what you or I—the supposed leaders—are doing about this. Yes, we have the youth organizations. We call conventions annually. Who comes? A sample of those who can afford the luxury of a convention. We spend a few days, enjoyable all right, in pleasant company, carry away pleasant memories of these associations. Yes, we might discuss some matters, listen to some speeches. To what extent does all this permeate or affect the mass of youth? In most cases, it is the local which achieve a good deal more than the annual gathering—in any case, beneficial and essential though the latter are."

This is the thought given to the readers to digest. It is the opinion of that writer.

"We spend a few days, enjoyable all right, in pleasant company, carry away pleasant memories of these associations." Although he qualifies this statement by vaguely speaking of the essential and beneficial aspects of the conventions, yet substantially he says that these pleasurable contacts are like those of a dance, confined to those present and not affecting the mass of the youth. Does this not mean that these conventions or congresses could be easily dispensed with in the lives of the great majority of young Ukrainian-Americans?

Of course, the conventions are pleasurable! Why shouldn't they be! Is pleasure in this sense to be condemned as idle and non-profitable? Is it fair to put an emphasis upon this aspect specifically and then generally cover up for anticipated criticism by generalities?

Let's appraise the situation. What have the youth leagues accomplished in their brief existence of four years or so? What can they accomplish in the future?

Since I am acquainted with the activity of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, I shall confine myself to it.

(1) A great benefit of the congresses of the UYL-NA, in my opinion, has been their inspiration value to those who attended them. This value cannot be measured by statistical analysis. It is part of one's personal experience.

Look at the first congress, held in Chicago, where the UYL-NA was founded. In that year in our locality, Newark, we began to witness for the first time the beginning of Ukrainian-American organized youth life on any appreciable scale. It was largely initiated by an individual who had attended the congress. The second UYL-NA congress, in New York City, gave impetus to our youth organized life there and helped to centralize it more. Among those present at it was a handful of Detroiters. When that handful went back to Detroit, they said to the Detroit clubs, in effect:—We're going to have a youth congress here next year. If we're to

off too. His shirt is white. his head black with congealed blood. And then—thud!

She wants to fly, to rise, to jump to him—but that stone in her chest is so heavy, she cannot...

She wants to cry out—and this stone gets into her throat...

So she just whispers, like a child:

—Stephen, Stephen, my baby...

The autumn leaves are falling upon her, rustling. Falling on her dishevelled head, her shoulders, feet...

make a good showing we must have more co-operation than we have had in the past.—And they certainly helped to make the third congress the best held up to that time! Furthermore, the Detroiters were so infused by the spirit engendered by their cooperative work that about forty of them travelled to Philadelphia to attend the fourth congress. They did it not because they had any more money than many of those who stayed home, but because they felt it to be their duty to come. Their showing was a tremendous inspiration to many of us.

The Philadelphians came through splendidly in their inaugural sacrifice to the spirit of the League. They added and improved in the details which experience had shown to be lacking theretofore.

In other words, these few people who had attended the congresses went back home and told their friends and acquaintances about the League. They infused circles in their neighborhoods with their spirit, and, as a result, local youth organizations arose where previously there had been none. They helped youth to become a positive element in Ukrainian-American life.

Our indulgent critic speaks of the pleasant company and pleasant associations. How pitifully inadequate are those words. These meetings of our young people from all over America and even Canada have made names and places live. People in far away places have become dear friends. And partly to retain the respect of one another these friends labored hard in their localities to accomplish things. This is a proven fact. Selfrespect and joy in achievement were thus promoted by the congress. The work of scattered localities was infused with a higher purpose and spirit than that engendered by purely local and material considerations. These people worked with no intention of profiting thereby in any material way; theirs was a triumph of spiritual values. Their pleasant associations had created values which can never be known to the world, for the world regards such achievements as a matter of course. Most of this concrete achievement can be traced to a "few days enjoyable all right, in pleasant company... Yes, we might discuss speeches. To what extent does all this permeate or affect the mass of youth?"

True, the efforts have been small in comparison to the mass of the youth, but these individuals cannot accomplish everything with the pitifully inadequate means at their disposal. There are only a few of them—a mere handful, comparatively speaking. They have no finances; their areas of activity are circumscribed by their particular localities. They must make their respective ways in the world and at the same time find a little time to give to their Ukrainian activities. Some even work and go to school, leaving little time for self. Their means of accomplishment lie in the power of the voice and mind in the immediate vicinity. Those whom they do not contact, go on in their ways unaffected. Is this a rebuke to those who attend the congresses?

(2) The local youth in each area at which the congress has been held have been given a chance to attend the affairs of the congresses at a very nominal cost. Merely the fact that many young people have been willing to travel such distances as they have and spend their hard earned and long saved money, has made several hundred youth in each of the congress cities curious. Is it not possible and probable that some of those local youth who attend-

## HAVE THE UKRAINIANS LEARNED THEIR LESSON?

Today almost every nation on the European continent is arming rapidly and preparing for war. War clouds are hovering over the horizon. The nations fear and distrust each other. Secret treaties are being made, defence pacts signed. An ominous tenseness pervades over most of Europe.

As things look now, there is a good chance of another war soon, a world war perhaps. It may not come this year, nor maybe not the next year, but it is bound to come sooner or later. The countries which are today training such huge armies and building so much costly war machinery, are not doing this for just defence purposes. European dictators have other plans besides just defending their respective countries. This war is inevitable.

Yet, when war does come, will the Ukrainians be prepared? Will they fight for one common cause, for the freedom of Ukraine? Or will they split up into different factions and fight each other?

One of the chief reasons why the Ukrainians were defeated in the World War was because they did not stand together. Beguiled by cunning propaganda, many of them joined the Bolshevik armies, while others went to help Skoropadsky and the Germans. Some Ukrainians even joined Denikin, a ruthless White Russian leader. As a result of this, at a time when Ukraine most needed a united front, the Ukrainian people were foolishly fighting each other. That was one reason why Ukrainian independence eventually collapsed.

In this coming war the Ukrainian people will strike for freedom. And this time they will have to strike with a united front and strike hard, for it may be their last chance.

However, perhaps the Ukrainians in Europe have finally learned their lesson. Maybe the barbaric persecution and starvation of them has finally taught them that they will get nowhere as long as they fight each other. Perhaps, bitter experience has taught them that if they stand together shoulder to shoulder and fight their common foe, they are bound to win.

Let's hope so. I may be wrong, but it is my opinion that the Ukrainians in Europe will fight together next time. After all, it's about time they did.

The same that was (and likely still is) true of Ukrainians in Europe is today true of Ukrainians in America. Almost in every city where there are some Ukrainians there is discord and several different political and religious factions. Yet, there is no excuse for this, for Ukrainian-Americans have the privilege and plenty of opportunity to organize themselves into one powerful organization. They should leave religion and political prejudices out of this. They can argue about religion when Ukraine is free. The same holds true of Ukrainian political factions. If all of the various Ukrainian organizations would only consent to join and form themselves into one powerful nationwide Ukrainian organization such as the Ukrainian National Association—Ukraine would be half free already. Unfortunately, however, some Ukrainians are so prejudiced that they can't see straight. They are of the type who are willing to argue by the hour, the merits of their respective political or religious group, not realizing that their faction alone cannot do much, while if it would join the Ukrainian National Association it would make them stronger and at the same time increase the power of the U. N. A. And the more powerful that the U. N. A. gets, the better are the chances for Ukraine's freedom.

Until the Ukrainian-Americans discard their prejudices and do some serious thinking they will not be able to help Ukraine much when the critical time comes. If

## WOULD-BE LEADERS

"In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician if you be not knowing therein." I came across this quotation from rules of conduct found in a manuscript kept by George Washington in his early manhood. Need we question the reason for our first President's success? Can't we but by scanning his life see the interpretation and application of this same axiom? Now, this exactly is the reason for this article.

Our Ukrainian-American generation is certainly in a dilemma. Being hemmed in between old European and American ideas, it is having a perplexing time. Truly, this and many other situations are making it, very definitely, a bed-ridden patient. However, this condition instead of being cured, is, contrary wise, sadly made worse because of "physicians who know nothing therein," or speaking more plainly, because of leaders who knowing nothing of the function of our youth's mind are continually feeding it on mis-applied ideas, and often in wrong doses. This is, in my belief, one of the fundamental causes for lack of interest among our Ukrainian-American youth toward Ukrainian culture, politics, or related subjects.

Will someone please explain, how is it possible for anyone who never was himself a youngster in America, who knows little if anything of the processes of the younger generation's mind—to teach, lecture, and even dare an attempt to organize the youth that he or she is not capable of understanding? or how, on the other hand, is it possible for the average Ukrainian-American to even grasp what he or she is saying.

A pharmacist is not legally a pharmacist until he has passed state examinations. His is a responsible position, safeguarding the lives of hundreds of people. A law student is not a lawyer till he too has met certain requirements, because in time to come he will help destiny to shape the lives of scores of people. Then why in heaven's name is an uneducated, and more often, a mis-understanding person permitted to even try leading our Ukrainian-American development? Is it because he has an inspired feeling for Ukraine? Because he considers himself a patriot? Because he wants to show how capable he is of organizing this impossible youth, or because in return for his efforts he expects something akin to adulation? True, on the other hand, there are those who often with good intentions, unwittingly destroy instead of build. In either case, as I have already stated, they are people trying to accomplish something of which they "know nothing therein."

Now having stated the problem, it is only natural that I be asked for a possible solution. Here's where I fool you all, for it's going to be much simpler than you expect. I know of a group that has none of these existing defects, at least the youth in general is not conscious of them, if there be any. Here the youngsters cooperate as one. Here are no domineering "egos," or hopelessly unfitting executive committee. In short, it is the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, an organization by the Ukrainian-Americans for the Ukrainian-Americans. I went to one of its congresses for the first time this year, and never was I more thrilled or delighted. Now I not only venture to say that I think, but that I know this League will in time become a constructive and dominating element in our Ukrainian-Americans' life.

MARY BURELLA,  
New Haven, Conn.

the Ukrainian people would only present a united front they can be invincible. However, until they do unite themselves, their chances for success are very slight.

WALTER SKASKIW.

## UKRAINIAN ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM

A mighty band of blood-thirsty Panthers, led by quarterback Michaelosen, Ambridge Ukrainian, clawed their way to a 7-0 victory over a great Ohio State team before 75,000 frenzied fans.

Kabaelo, a Ukrainian on the Buckeye team, did his best to score on the Pittsburgh team, but still another Ukrainian, Souchak, of the Pitt team, helped Michaelosen turn back the Ohio tide.

Two of the greatest grid teams in the country, say the sport writers, opposed each other in this battle of giants. And to us Ukrainians, three of our noble sons fought in this battle of brain and brawn. How many more Ukrainians are starring on the gridiron this season in college ranks? That is the potent question at the present time on the minds of many sport loving young Ukrainians. And that is the answer we want to get, sport fans!

You will recall that last year, thanks to the fine cooperation of several young Ukrainians, I managed to compile and have published the first complete 'Ukrainian All-American Football Team!' Each and every player selected was verified to be a Ukrainian. It was a great team, with such stars as Pincura and Kabaelo of Ohio State, Michaelosen and Souchak of Pitt University, Kotys of Villanova, and Stelmach of New York University winning places in the line-up.

Several of these men are back this year in college football, and we firmly believe that enough Ukrainian grid stars can be uncovered once again to make possible a compilation of the second annual 'Ukrainian All-American Football Team.' Let's go, young Ukrainians, and assemble together another great team and prove to the world that Ukrainians are important factors and playing important roles in grid victories all over the country.

Those of you who know of any Ukrainian playing on any college team, would greatly facilitate matters by letting us know this fact. If some football player's name sounds Ukrainian to you, write to him directly at school, or to the college registrar, and inquire of his nationality. If and when, after such a procedure, an athlete is found to be a Ukrainian, please forward to me by November 15th the following information:

(a) Full name of player, (b) College represented, (c) Position played, (d) His home-town, (e) Class in school, (f) Height and weight, (g) Comments on player.

If all the data cannot be obtained, then send what you can. Just as soon as a player is found for each of the eleven positions, the 1936 edition will be released through the press, both Ukrainian and American.

Let's go, young Ukrainians. Line up for the second big drive, and with the proper teamwork and all-around cooperation, we'll surely crash through with another 'Ukrainian All-American Football Team!'

ALEXANDER YAREMKO,  
641 North 16th St.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## DEMOCRATIC CLUB ENTERTAINMENTS

A most congenial and hilarious old time was had by all at the New York Young Ukrainian Democratic Club Beefsteak Party, held at the Club rooms, October 7th. All members and friends responded to this first social event of the season with much enthusiasm. Rare Ukrainian delicacies were served and dancing was plentiful between bites. The club activities for the near future were also announced.

All friends and members are invited to the Club rooms every Wednesday night.

A. WILEY.

## VALUE OF CONGRESSES

(Concluded from p. 3)

ed out curiosity have become more fervent and will work harder in the future and will also attend future congresses?

(3) A solidifying factor, as yet in the experimental stage, is the sports program of the League. The local clubs in the past played suitable local opposition without any thought to playing Ukrainian clubs in particular. At present this situation has improved. We find that Ukrainian club representatives who have attended a congress attempting to book other Ukrainian clubs in a reasonable area; a few in fact even now go veritably tremendous distance to play or compete with a special Ukrainian club, which they never would have done if it had not been for the League and its congresses. In the future, sport activities among our youth will be much more extensive in scope, which of itself, will help to weld many of our youth together.

(4) The program of the League is the issue at controversy. In the past it certainly has been mainly the work of a few individuals—each learning from the experience of the preceding congress. In this work we need and can use ideas. The viewpoint presented by Burma-Capelin has already been considered. The difficulty is the method of putting the ideas into action. What we ask of Burma-Capelin is: Can he give to us a specific method of attacking the problem practically? How can we help the Ukrainian-American youth which is surrounded by the conflicts of cultural patterns in extricating itself from them?

JOHN ROMANITION,  
The Ukrainian University  
Club of New Jersey.

## DETROIT YOUTH ACTIVITIES

At the second meeting of the season, held October 14, the United Ukrainian Youth Organization elected new officers with Mr. Steve Dobryden as president, Miss Elsie Boyko as vice-president, Miss Olga Shustakewich as secretary, Mr. Wm. Kuzik as treasurer, and Mr. John Mudreyko as Sergeant-at-Arms. The Board of Directors are: Mr. John Evanchuk, Mr. John Korolishin, and Mr. Steve Danielson.

Before the new officers were elected, a program of the year was planned with our former president, Mr. J. Panchuk. The first undertaking will be a dance, to be held November 25.

It was decided upon to give a concert sometime in December. This concert will be presented by the talented youth of Detroit, with a program similar to the one held last year.

A grand ball will be given at the Book-Cadillac Hotel after the Christmas season, and another athletic meet will be held during the summer.

At the first meeting held this fall at the International Center, Dr. J. Kozelko exhibited the moving pictures which he took at the congress in Philadelphia with his movie camera. All the members gathered around the screen with enthusiasm and excitement, all receiving a thrill in seeing themselves, their friends, and scenes from the athletic meet projected on the screen. Next year the members hope to make it possible for Dr. Kozelko to take pictures of the entire congress, thus leaving substantial and permanent evidence to our future generations of the work that is being done by this ever increasing and growing organization of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

Olga Shustakewich, Sec'y

## NEW YORK CITY.

The Ukrainian Civic Center invites you to its FIFTH ANNUAL DANCE on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7th, to be held at the Aldine Club, 200 Fifth Avenue, 23rd Street, on the 14th floor. Admission \$1.00. 243-