



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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VOL. III

## THIRD UKRAINIAN YOUTH'S CONGRESS OF AMERICA

Our young American-Ukrainians have reached that point in their group development where they regard with serious interest the coming Third Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America—which will be held in Hotel Statler, Detroit, Mich., over the Labor Day weekend, August 31st and September 1st, 1935, under the auspices of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America—a non-partisan national youth organization.

Our young people realize that at this Congress (which will be attended by youth delegates of American-Ukrainian youth clubs from all parts of America) questions and problems arising from their Ukrainian background and American environment and vitally affecting their present and future life will be seriously deliberated upon. The Congress will be a constructive effort to improve the American-Ukrainian youth situation. For that reason alone it is expected to draw a record attendance.

Besides the serious side there will also be a lighter side to the Congress, in form of the varied entertainment to be provided for those attending, including a grand ball and a banquet, Saturday and Sunday night respectively.

Every American-Ukrainian youth club, which is based upon the national ideals of our people, and which has not as yet elected its delegates to the Congress, is urged most strongly to do so now, before it is too late.

Labor Day week-end travelling rates will be of great help to the delegates. The League is negotiating for further reductions.

All communications regarding the Congress should be mailed to Steven G. Danielson, Treasurer of the League, 2370 Danforth St., Hamtramck, Mich. Those from the East should also notify Miss Anna J. Balko, Chairman of the Aiding Committee, 51 Kent Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., so that travelling reductions can be obtained for them. Ukrainian Youth's League of N.A. Stephen Shumeyko, Pres.

## TWO UKRAINIANS ENTER WEST POINT

Two young American-Ukrainians, John Michalchuk of Yonkers, N. Y., and Vladimir Yaletchko of New Britain, Conn., were recently sworn in as cadets at the United States Military Academy at West Point.

Mr. Michalchuk rose from the ranks. After graduating from high school and then business school he joined the army. He served a year in Hawaii where besides his regular duties he attended an officer's school. Of the 100 candidates who took examinations to enter West Point he was the second highest.

Mr. Yaletchko received his appointment through Congressman F. J. Sisson of New York. He was graduated from Troy, N. Y. high school in 1933 with honors. He then studied chemical engineering for a year at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and enlisted in the National Guard. He prepared for the military academy at West Point Prep, Fort-Totten, L. I., N. Y.

## UKRAINIAN CANDIDATE FOR ASSEMBLY

Stephen J. Jarema, an American-Ukrainian attorney of New York City, was designated to go to the State Assembly in petitions circulated by Dr. S. Goldenkrantz, leader of the district, through the Eight Assembly district Tammany Club.

## GOOD MANNERS

On the whole, our young people are a mannerly lot. Yet we have noticed time and time again examples, sometimes quite flagrant, of ill bred behavior among some of them. This set us to thinking. Who is responsible for this?

Manifestly, it could not be the parents;— as one young Miss seemed to think. Their manners, it is true, do not at all times conform with American standards. Still that does not mean that they have none, for they have manners, but of their own standard.

Let us take, for example, table manners. Here most of us, at some time or other, have experienced annoyance and even despair at the sight of some of our elders eating in the manner they were accustomed to in the old country. Yet how many of us have stopped to realize that the basis for their way of eating is as good as that of American table manners. Just talk with your parents sometime, and find out for yourself how they had to eat in the old country, out of one common bowl, and how careful they had to be to avoid collision with someone else's hand or spill even one drop. That was quite a feat. Yet our folks managed it with admirable grace and precision. Isn't that good table manners?

Now let us take the manners of our elders in connection with personal relationships. Here too we must remember that they are descended of a sturdy peasant stock, and no peasant, no matter how fine and upright, is ever known for polished manners. When he is forced to wrest a living from the soil by the sweat of his brow, he has no time for parlor tricks. And then too our Ukrainian peasant was constantly harassed and persecuted by the foreign occupants of Ukraine. That certainly was not conducive to beautiful manners. Yet despite all this, he never lost his innate sense of respect for other people's feelings—which is the essence of good manners. Here in America, although he may not be very familiar with all the niceties of conduct, still, instinctively, he is a gentleman.

And therefore, if any of our young American-Ukrainians are guilty of bad manners, it is not the fault of their parents but of themselves. Their surroundings may have some influence upon their conduct, that is true; but not of a determining nature. It all depends upon the individual.

Perhaps some of the readers may consider this a rather delicate subject to deal with in an editorial. We do not. For only recently, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, publicly rebuked the youth for its manners, declaring:

"In respect to manners and personal conduct present-day habits as manifested in every sort of public place and personal relationship are time and again shocking. One wonders why it is that youth can come to full adolescent years with no apparent appreciation of the difference between good manners and their opposite."

To present the brighter side, however, we quote from a previous Youth Today column an opinion as expressed by one high school teacher not from the "effete East" but from the "rugged West" at the recent convention of the National Educational Association, at Denver, Colorado:

"Boys feel the need of learning how to live with others," he said. "In my classes in home economics boys usually choose to begin their work with a study of social customs, or 'manners,' as they have dubbed the unit. They consciously want a greater sense of security in their relationships with others. I believe that most of the bad behavior of boys in social groups is compensatory—to cover up, by seeming disregard of others, their own feeling of inadequacy in meeting the situation."

Yes, teacher, but what about the girls?

## YOUTH TODAY

### WHAT "THE WOMAN" EXPECTS OF YOUTH

At the occasion of "Youth's Day," which was held in June in the city of Stanislaviv, in Western Ukraine, Mrs. Olena Sheparovych, a well-known Ukrainian social worker, writes in the "Zhinka," the well-edited fortnightly review of Ukrainian women, as follows: "The audience in the hall was a great disappointment to me. Are these people youth? Why, these are people of various ages... perhaps, there are no old men, but youth, as I understand the word, are absent, too..."

"After greetings pronounced by the delegates of various central institutions, there followed reports given also not by the youth, but older people. A question arises: why has the organizing committee found a young speaker only for the address on the cause of the women, while they chose as speakers for all other questions old, well-known public men?"

"The speeches at the Youth's Congress not only failed to inspire the audience, but even to make them interested in them. A better impression was created by the mass exercises of the second day of the Youth Congress."

### HALF SLAVE, HALF FREE

This is the title of a stirring article in the recent issue of Harpers Magazine, by George R. Leighton and Richard Hellman.

It treats first of all of the question of employment for the youth.

But, "how ironical it is," the authors remark, "that in a country where statistics are worshiped, where we can tell, almost to the decimal, how many mules or refrigerators we possess, we have no idea of the size of our unemployed population!"

Well, with or without statistics, it still remains the most vital problem of youth today.

### FATHERS AND SONS

Or is it also the most vital problem of the today's society as a whole?

Just let me again quote Mr. Leighton and Mr. Hellman:

"One such (young man), the son of an executive in a large business, graduated from college three years ago and, despite the efforts of his father, has as yet been unable to get a job. Now observe the father. A few weeks ago the father called an employment agency on the telephone. He needed a stenographer who must be male, must have graduated from high school not earlier than 1934, could not be older than eighteen; he must be white, Protestant, and the "American type"; he must be ambitious, aggressive, and accustomed to dealing with people. The pay was fifteen dollars a week, attendance at evening sessions of a local college would be encouraged, and there were opportunities for promotion."

"All this while the son of the executive who is doing this hiring is without a job and is himself in the crowd that his father won't touch."

Today's Ukrainian Weekly including List of Graduates is included in the Svboda)

# A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

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

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### Receives his Ph. D.

In order to finish his studies Ivan Franko went to Vienna, where in 1892 he received from the University his degree of Doctor of Philosophy. In 1895 the Professorial Collegium of Lviv University elected him as Instructor of Ukrainian Literature. The Government, however, refused to confirm the appointment, on the ground that Franko had spent some time in prison, — although he was guilty of no crime save that of preaching doctrines which were considered as revolutionary by the authorities.

### Franko — the man of many talents

From this time on Franko devoted himself entirely to literary, scientific and social work, dedicated to his people. He became the leading figure of Galician Ukraine.

Poet, novelist, author of many splendid stories and poems for children and youth, an expert in folklore, translator of foreign classics, literary critic and historian, researcher in the field of social-economic problems, play-

wright, a popular writer on practically every subject covered by science and education, an editor who was the source of inspiration to countless writers and journalists, a popular agitator among the masses, an authority on Ukrainian culture, and science, — that was Ivan Franko.

### His work

The finest example of Franko's poetry and a distinct asset to Ukrainian literature is his famous epic poet—Moses. His novels and short stories also show him at his best. In them he presents a striking portrayal of the Ukrainian people. The exploitation of the proletariat by the privileged classes finds considerable space in his writings. The youth especially interested him. He often went far out of his way to help them. Some of his best poetry is dedicated to them, forming a valuable addition to Ukrainian juvenile literature, and including such well known poems as *Lys Mykyta* (Reynard the Fox), *Abu Kasemovi Kapchi* (Abu Kassim's Sandals), and *Pryhody Don Kikhoty* (Adventures of Don Quixote).

### The Moses of the Ukrainian People

Franko's scientific works earned for him fame not only among his own people but foreigners as well. He founded and edited during 1895-1897 *Zhytya i Slovo* (Life and the Word) which appeared once every two months near the close of the last century. He was also, beginning in 1898, one of the chief editors of *Literaturno-Naukovy Vistnyk* (Literary-Scientific Herald), and a member of the editorial staff of the Reports of the Shevchenko Scientific Society. He was the *Kamenyar*. (*Kamenyari*—stone breakers, name of one of his finest poems) who hammered away at the rock of hopelessness and indifference of the Ukrainian people of his time, the *Blacksmith* (another of his poems) who beat upon the heart and conscience of his people, the *Moses* who lead his people in the direction of the Promised Land.

### Some of his stories

His output of literary works was prodigious. When in 1898 a list of titles of his works was published in honor of the 25th anniversary of his literary activity, it covered 127 pages. Of his novels the best known are: *Zakhar Berkut*, *Boa Constrictor*, *Poti Tchola* (By the Sweat of His Brow), *Dlya Domashnobo*

*Ohnyscha* (For the Home Hearth), *Poluyka* (Skein), *Perekhrestni Stezhki* (Cross Paths), *Sim Kazok* (Seven Tales), *Na Loni Pryrodi* (On the Bosom of Nature) *Misiya* (Mission), *Tchuma* (Black Plague), *Kazki i Satyri* (Tales and Satires), *Manipulyantka* (Manipulator—a woman clerk), and *Veliky Shum* (A Great Roar).

### ...and poetry

Of Franko's poetry the following are best known: *Z Vershyn i Nyzyn* (From the Heights and from the Depths), *Zivlyale Lystya* (Withered Leaves), *Miy Izmaragd* (My Emerald), *Pryhody Don Kikhoty* (Adventures of Don Quixote), *Abu Kazemovi Kapchi* (Abu Kassim's Sandals), *Koval Bassim* (Blacksmith Bassim), *Koli Sche Zviri Hovorili* (When Animals Spoke).

### His great service to the Ukrainian nation

Franko suffered want and poverty throughout his entire life. It was not until 1913, just a few years before his death (May 29, 1916) when the 40th anniversary of his literary work was being observed, that a group of his friends managed to raise for him a fund of 30,000 crowns, with which they purchased a home for him in Lviv. This gift was but a very small payment for the great service Ivan Franko rendered the Ukrainian nation.

(To be continued)

# Ukrainian Folk Pottery

One of the most characteristic branches of Ukrainian folk art constitutes pottery.

Its original source is the same as that of every department of folk arts: the desire of the Ukrainian people to adorn everything about them, their persons, their houses, and all their appurtenances.

### Who Are Its Creators

I speak of the Ukrainian people intentionally as this folk art

hand at it. Or to leave it if the art no longer satisfies your longing.

### The People Love Their Folk Art

This attitude towards the artistic work, to be sure, militated against its higher development. If it was not thought much of by its creators and by the peasantry from among whom rose the creators, it could not naturally be thought much of by the richer

bought decorated pottery in preference to the bare pottery.

### Ukraine Famous For Her Porcelain Clays

Outside of the creators and the patrons of arts there is yet needed another factor for the creation of a folk arts, and that is the existence of natural materials which are used in producing objects of arts. Speaking of pottery, I mean before all good pottery clay. Now as to this, Ukraine has always been famous for her pottery clay. Professor Stephen Rudnitsky, in his geography of Ukraine speaks of pot-

tery the "Hutsul Land," speaks of the glory and beauty of the Hutsul pottery.

### Folk Arts and Life.

Given the artist, the consumer, and the material, the creators had, first of all, to adopt their creations to the practical needs of the people. In the course of many ages a great variety of requirements arose, and in response to them a great variety of pottery articles was evolved. Thus we have pottery for cooking, for the table, for preserving milk, for keeping drinks, and so on, in a simply endless variety.

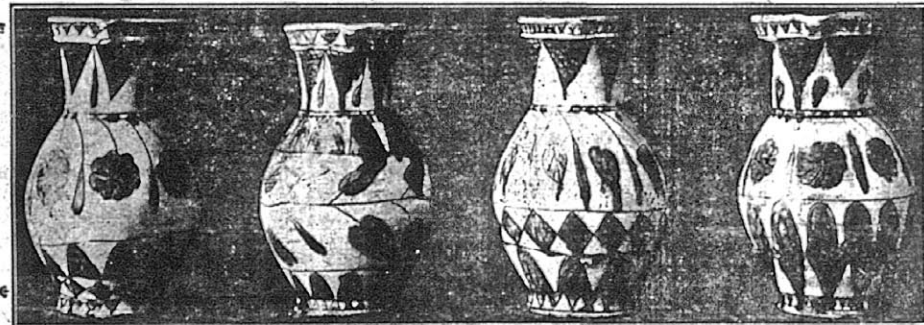
A great variety of shapes of the same article was produced, as could be seen from the illustrations enclosed in this article. There are here eight specimens of the most common of the pottery vessels, the well-known "zbanok," i. e. earthen pitcher. The reader can see among them at least two basic forms. The use for this vessel is quite varied. In the vessels with a wide neck the Ukrainian farmer would keep a liquid which he would like to pour easily. He may keep in it water or milk, especially sour milk. Mowers and reapers carrying in one hand their scythes, sickles or pitch-forks, and in the other such pitchers are a familiar sight in Ukraine all through summer. The porous vessel keeps the drink cool. To protect it against flies it may be covered with a piece of cheese-cloth or even a wisp of fresh grass.

The reader himself can now imagine the difference in use for the other type of the "zbanok." Its narrow neck means that the owner would not like to spill much of its contents should it be accidentally upset. It is used to keep whiskey, mead, oil, kerosene, and the like.

### Whence Their Beauty?

Now that we have some conception of the practical side of these utensils, we may proceed to the artistic side. The reader may observe first the structural design of the "zbanoks." He can see for himself the good proportions of each of the vessels. The form is simplicity itself. Each of them is adorned by appropriate color and line designs. To be sure, the pottery of poorer classes cannot have the fineness of the pottery used by rich classes. There is a decided hurriedness

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is not a creation of a class of professional artists, but to a great extent the creation of the entire race. The creators of these arts are not self-conscious professionalists or artists. They care very little to leave behind them great personal reputations. They hardly ever look upon their work as art. If reputations are built in spite of it, they do nothing consciously to make them. No special apprenticeship is necessary: you are free to look at such an artist and try at once your own

classes of the society, who could pay for the uncommonly artistic creations. But lacking the support of not numerous but rich classes, this folk art had simply masses of poorer consumers. The Ukrainian villager and townsman has always had a great liking for such art. In every peasant house are found shelves of decorated vessels of different sorts. The peasant did not speak of supporting folk arts, he was not even conscious of doing anything for the arts, but he instinctively

tery clay deposits around Kiev, Chernyiv, and Poltava. He mentions Kiev and Lviv as centers of Ukrainian pottery making. V. Bilachevsky, who wrote on peasant art in Ukraine in Charles Holme's *Peasant Art in Russia*, published by "The Studio," of London, England, speaks of the beauty of Poltava pottery. Mr. S. Makovsky in his "Peasant Art of Subcarpathian Russia," speaks of the pottery of Uzhorod, Khust, and Sevlus, while Prof. Volodymyr Shukevych in his great work on



# Orientation of the Ukrainian-American Student

By STEPHEN W. MAMCHUR, M. A.

[Note: The following is a talk given by Mr. Stephen W. Mamchur, of Yale University (Institute of Human Relations), at the Second Congress of Ukrainian Catholic Youth's League of America. He raises a number of highly controversial points in regards to Ukrainian policies and American-Ukrainian youth. We are interested to know the opinions of our readers on these points, whether they agree with him or not, and why?—Editor.]

I have chosen to speak on the "Orientation of the Ukrainian-American Student," and as I go on, I shall make clear with what particular phases of this general topic I shall deal. In order, however, that you may understand why I make the suggestions which I shall make later on in my talk, I find it necessary to describe very briefly what I regard to be the REALITY situation of Ukrainians in America. And this description of what I call the Reality situation of Ukrainians in America is, in greater or lesser degree, similar to that of any other nationality which has migrated to America. In other words, let me sketch what the essence of the general immigrant situation is.

## The immigrant

It needs no explanation to grasp the fact that an immigrant is one who has moved from one cultural milieu to another. That is, when one moves, he moves not as a simple physical skeleton; he moves as a personality; as an individual who has a certain language, a certain religion, certain occupational abilities, skills and attitudes, certain manners and usages in connection with marriage and family life—and all that goes to make up living. In other words, the immigrant comes with a culture—(based on his historical experience), which though it may not be vastly different from that somewhat hard-to-define American culture—it is yet different from the latter in some degree. It is for that reason that the immigrant—in order to live as a human being—i. e. to express himself according to his culture—establishes various institutions, "societies," the church, the press, the mutual benefit organizations, the dramatic and literary clubs, choral groups, and the organizations which aim primarily at helping those of his nationality abroad. Now—these series of institutions constitute, by and large, the "world" in which the immigrant in America lives. It could not be otherwise; true, he works usually in American institutions, and has other commercial contacts with the latter; when children grow up they are important American-culture-carriers into the home, and thus somewhat also contribute to the change of the culture of the parents. But essentially the immigrant participates little in the American world; his distinct culture, coupled with the fact that he comes with an occupational background which sets him, upon his arrival here, in the lowest occupational class in the country—that of unskilled labor—not only serves to keep him apart from the American world, but actually makes Ukrainian society of tremendous value to him. This immigrant society, at first constituted to admit the individual's cultural expression, later served in turn to actually preserve his old world culture—his national identity. Hence, by and large, though the culture of the immigrant changes, the degree of change is small; he is essentially a Ukrainian—and as such he dies.

## His descendants

But the situation is very different with his descendants, those

born in America. The children have, it is true, a certain amount of Ukrainian culture transmitted to them through the home; and through familial participation in the immigrant society; but the primary fact that from the age of six or so they attend American educational institutions coupled with all that that signifies,—means that the attitudes and values of the children—their culture—will be very different from that of their parents;—they become progressively less Ukrainian, and simultaneously more American. Some may become completely identified with American culture. But whether or not that happens in the second generation it is inevitable in later generations; one may remember his national ancestry but that is all. His interests have become the interests of those about him; and their culture, his—American.

## Assimilation

This process is not peculiar to Ukrainians; it is a fundamental social law; it represents what happens to any nationality (not race, e. g. Japanese—for this introduces complicating factors of physical features, e. g. color) in the situation of the immigrant. To put it briefly: assimilation is inevitable whether we like it or not; it cannot be stemmed—though it may be delayed. And it is largely with the situation which delays it that I shall deal.

To return to my original statement, then, if we are realists—if we look squarely at the facts in the situation, whether or not they please us or others—we shall have to admit that the Ukrainian cultural carryover in America, with its attendant institutions and organizations though an essential, and in most ways a beneficial process—is, at the same time, merely a transitional one—one of temporary duration—unless, of course, immigration is renewed.

It is, then, to this reality situation of the eventual inevitability of assimilation that the second generation of Ukrainians in America—those born here—have to orient themselves. This orientation has two sides: first, that which refers more particularly to the Ukrainian aspect; and, secondly, that which refers to the American social situation. The two are interlinked, but for purposes of exposition, I shall treat them arbitrarily as if they were distinct.

But, let me say, that I treat of the problem as it confronts particularly the student and I am not thinking, except in certain individual cases, of those of the first generation. And by "student" I do not mean necessarily one who is at least a graduate of some university. Whoever has a live interest in life, whoever seeks knowledge, whoever attempts to unravel the so-called "secrets" of the physical and the social world, is a student, a scholar—in the true sense of the word. There is a world of difference between mere schooling and education; the fact that you are here is, I would say, in itself testimony that you are all students in the very best sense of the word—whether or not you may exhibit diplomas and the like. So, in a sense, what I say, refers to all those present here.

## What is your attitude towards the Ukrainian Question?

Well, then, what is to be your attitude towards what I may term the "Ukrainian question?" This Ukrainian question is a sort of a double-edged sword: one with face turned towards the Ukrainians in America, the other, referring to the lot of Ukrainians abroad. I shall deal with each of these aspects in order.

How many times have you, as a student in high school or univer-

sity, had to listen to some grave person indict you somewhat as follows: Why don't you speak Ukrainian more often or more fluently and accurately? Why don't you develop yourself in written Ukrainian? Why don't you know more about Ukraine's culture, her glorious past, her achievements and disasters? Why don't you know more Ukrainian history, literature, art? Why don't you tell the world you're Ukrainian, boast about it, and never miss an opportunity to emphasize your national ancestry? Why don't you read more Ukrainian newspapers? Why don't you belong to a Ukrainian dramatic society? choral group? literary club? young people's club? Why don't you attend Ukrainian functions more often? Why, in a word, don't you "stick" with Ukrainians and so on and so on, the monologue continues; irrelevant examples from other nationalities are cited—and sure enough, the bewildered Ukrainian-American thinks: he or she has committed the unpardonable sin, has been sort of a snivelling knave, a renegade to some sort of a "sacred" ideal that should have been all but apotheosized!

## "Dissecting" the indictment against the youth

Now, let us "dissect" this indictment against Ukrainian-Americans, particularly students, and see how much sound sense it contains. The policy, by implication, advocated therein, I shall call the Isolationist Policy—for certainly if followed literally, its effect would be to isolate Ukrainian-Americans from contacts with other Americans, from those of a different national background than Ukrainian, from those, in fact, with whom we live—and with whom we should naturally associate at least as much as with Ukrainians. Now, remember, to be sure, I am all for us having a better command of Ukrainian; acquaintance with several languages is certainly a mark of a scholar. Then, again, the fact that most of our parents are fluent in only their native language means that we need to, and shall pick up at least a working knowledge of Ukrainian. I am also all for us knowing more about the culture and tradition of our nationality—of course; that too, is a mark of a scholar. I do, again, recognize that there is no necessity for being apologetic about our national ancestry. I do, further recognize a moderate participation in Ukrainian societies. After all, we belong to families—and, if for no other reason than that, we should participate in these organizations, for they are the only ones in which our parents, by and large, can participate; our partial participation in them tends, then, towards the stability of the family. I also recognize the superb and almost incalculable value of these organizations for the individual self-expression in such forms of art as music, folk-song, drama, dance, handicrafts, etc. I recognize their educative, their amusement and recreational values, and their function of preservation of the beauty—the resplendent tradition of Ukrainian folk-culture. Ah yes, full well I realize how much poorer we would be, how much poorer America would be, without the preservation of those artistic forms of Ukrainian culture, which are not only a balm to the weary Ukrainian soul, but are a dessert (as it were) which has a universal appeal, which is not confined to Ukrainian tastes—which is, in a word, a universal language, so beautiful, and in many cases, incomparable, peerless! Ah yes—I thrill at the colorful Ukrainian costumes; at the melody and pathos of the song—the song which strikes a

note in human hearts which, I dare say, no other national song can! Ah yes, the opportunities to recite to act in dramas to sing—which are afforded to Ukrainian-American children by these Ukrainian societies are of incalculable value to the children. They give them a means and a mode of self-expression, of artistic individual development. And again, full well, I realize the purely amusement and recreational value of some of these organizations. In our impersonalized city life these societies provide a need which might, otherwise, find our young people on street corners, in taverns, with gangs and what not. This much, then, I recognize—and more, as far as it pertains to those who are not strictly students.

But the indictment against us—which I have termed "the isolationist policy" cannot be taken too seriously to the letter. As far as the student is concerned it is a matter of practicable policy. Here he is in America, born here, and here he shall live—and fare well or fare worse. The fundamental incontrovertible fact simply is that if we are going to achieve those posts in the economic and social life of this country—those posts to which our abilities entitle us—we must, of necessity, identify ourselves with Americans. Does that necessitate any unusual rational policy? No—it means simply following what I call the "natural" course. To the student, it means that his association will have to be largely, (not exclusively,) with those who share his interests; i. e. largely, with other students irrespective of their nationality. To the student, it is a matter of practicable policy. If he were, for example, to take the isolationist seriously, he would be spending the time which he should spend at his studies (in order to excel) or at his special interests or in social contact with students in his field—he would be spending this time, I say, in rehearsals for and presentations of Ukrainians plays, concerts, dances, studies, on committee and executive work, etc., etc. Time after all, is limited; and two jobs cannot be done well at the same time. Attention to studies must come first and this necessitates a mild boycott, perhaps temporary, if aught else.

## A policy of Contact and not Isolation

Secondly we hear so much sheer undiluted "bunk" about the prejudice of Americans towards Ukrainians. I have looked for this all my life and I have not found it, except in the vapors of unadjusted fanatics. True enough, there is a certain antipathy because of competition and strangeness; but remember, when the American knows us he regards us on our merits without regard to our national ancestry. And it is up to us by mixing to get to know the American, and simultaneously, he will get to know us. In other words, a policy of contact—not isolation—is the one which will guarantee to us that place in the American social order to which our abilities entitle us. As far as the student is concerned, the policy of isolation can only relegate him to the lowest economic strata from which, by difficult degrees, our parents had to rise.

Let me emphasize this point by a sketchy example from Canada. There is one school of thought among Ukrainians there which is isolationist in the extreme. The group in control is interested, (as a matter of fact, for its own existence) in Ukrainian students living in the so-called Ukrainian Institutes. These institutes isolate the Ukrainian student almost com-

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# Street Scene

By THEODORE LUTWINIAK

Many things can happen on city streets... things such as accidents, rioting, suicides and so forth. Murders are also common and so are fires, robberies and other things of that type. Now and then, however, a bystander may witness something amusing... or something that seems amusing.

The incident I witnessed occurred when I was going home after having enjoyed myself at a Ukrainian affair in New York City. I was about to enter a subway station when I noticed a man a few steps away from the station who was surrounded by all kinds of flowers. A sign at his feet read: "25 cents a dozen" ... so he was obviously selling the flowers.

I was about to go into the station again when something else attracted my attention. A passerby, having seen the sign and the flowers, went up to the peddler and asked him how much he was selling the flowers for. I thought it unusual... the passerby had read the conspicuous sign and now he was asking questions about prices. I felt that something interesting was going to happen, so I lingered.

"What?!" exclaimed the passerby. "You want twenty-five cents for a dozen of these weeds? Why, its outright robbery!" The passerby seemed angry and was actually shouting. His exclamations attracted a small crowd.

"I wouldn't give you fifteen cents for the whole works!" continued the passerby. "On second thought," he added, "I wouldn't even give you a dime!"

The flower peddler was showing signs of nervousness... but he didn't say a single word. He simply pointed to the sign and then to the flowers, the gesture suggesting that the passerby either pay the price or go somewhere else for flowers. Incidentally, the flowers were really beautiful and were worth much more than twenty-five cents a dozen. I couldn't understand what the passerby was making such a fuss about... but I soon found that he was simply having some "fun" at another person's expense. More and more people were being attracted by the passerby's angry exclamations, and the passerby, noticing this, became more and more abusive. The poor peddler was becoming frightened.

The passerby picked out a dozen different flowers, shoved them under the peddler's nose and said, sarcastically: "So you want a quarter for these, eh?"

The peddler spoke for the first time. He said, in a meek tone: "Have you a dozen flowers there?"

"Yes," the passerby answered, somewhat amused.

"Well," said the peddler, "if you wish to take them with you they'll cost you twenty-five cents. Please don't start any trouble—"

"Say listen, don't use that tone when speaking to me!" interrupted the passerby. "I told you before what I thought about your flowers... and as for giving you a quarter for these," referring to the flowers in his hand, "here's what I think of them!" He threw the flowers on the ground and stamped on them. This brought a laugh from the crowd. The peddler was now very confused and frightened. He said only one word, and that word seemed to be a cry for help.

It wasn't addressed to anyone in the crowd, for the peddler stared right through the passerby and seemed to address someone who was quite a distance away. There was a far-away look in his eyes, and even the one word he uttered sounded faint and distant. That word was simply, "Mary."

The passerby continued destroying flowers, snouting insults... telling the peddler what he thought of him and all flowers in general. The crowd continued to laugh at the poor man's plight... there didn't seem to be a sympathetic soul among them.

The peddler again called for "Mary"... this time a little louder. The passerby heard him and turning to the crowd, said: "Look, he's going to get a girl to chase me away! Haw haw!" With this he threw a bunch of flowers at the peddler's face. The poor man again called for "Mary," and the passerby threw another bunch of flowers at him.

This went on until all the flowers were scattered over the sidewalk. The scene was really touching, but the crowd was unimpressed. I looked around to see if there was a policeman in sight so that a stop could be brought to this foolishness, but I couldn't find one.

The passerby continued to torment the peddler. He picked up the "25 cents a dozen" sign and flung it into the gutter. The peddler, in desperation, actually screamed for "Mary." He was so frightened that he seemed to be on the verge of collapse.

I was wondering how long this sort of thing was going to go on when a girl, who seemed to be about ten years old, forced her way through the crowd and ran to the peddler. She put her hand in his and said: "Father, what have they done to you?" The peddler, feeling her hand in his and hearing her voice, said: "Mary... you have come." He seemed to be happy... glad that she heard him calling for her—but he cried... great tears fell from his eyes and sobs shook his body.

The little girl looked at the crushed flowers lying on the ground, and then scrutinized the crowd. "Who has done this thing?" she asked. All eyes turned to the passerby. "Did you do this?" the girl asked him. The passerby laughed at her and made ready to go away. "Wait a minute," the girl said. "Why have you done this?... and you—" addressing the crowd, "why didn't you stop him? Why can't my father earn a living without being bothered? My father depends on his flowers for a living... we'd starve if his business was ruined." She then turned to the sneering trouble-maker. "How could you do such a thing?" she screamed. "Can't you see that my father is blind?"

The passerby and the crowd were shocked upon hearing this. It was easy to see that each and everyone of the funsters were sorry... embarrassed and ashamed. It was at this point that the policeman finally arrived.

"What's been going on around here?" he asked, taking in the whole scene in a glance. "Who's been bothering this blind man?" The girl, known as "Mary" pointed at the passerby. She was crying, too. Her father tried to console her.

The policeman walked up to

## UKRAINIAN POTTERY (Concluded from p. 2)

about the ornaments, a certain primitiveness. But simplicity of the design is not felt as a drawback, as barrenness. The decorations emphasize the beauty of the outline of each object. They may remind you of some beautiful shapes and colors in nature, but they would not make you think painfully of what they are. They follow the surface so snugly that you could never mistake them for some rough bulges on it. If you could imagine yet the peculiar color, creamy, or yellowish color of the background, and the greens; and the browns, and blacks of the lines, you would understand not only why they are so popular among Ukrainian peasantry, but why they offer such a delight to foreign observers as e. g. to J. Gordon and S. Makovsky in their book on the peasant art in the Ukraine beyond the Carpathian mountains. Indeed, such is the beauty of these vessels that many a painter has been tempted to paint just such simple earthenware brought to the fair on a market day and arranged irregularly on the bare ground, and Charles Holme in his "Peasant Art of Russia" reproduced such a picture by the Ukrainian painter Vasyi Krychevsky.

### Would You Like To Follow Ukrainian Pottery-Artists?

There are still many and many sides to this problem of Ukrainian folk pottery, such as the ways of making them, the manners of decorating them, to say nothing of the history of this interesting art, its great antiquity, but the space does not permit me to treat of them. Some day, perhaps, when our interest in this phase of our folk arts will be more lively, I might find time and space to say some more about the very creative process of this art itself—so that some of us who might be interested in following our fathers in this art, might see how this art is practiced in Ukraine.

the funster. He was raging... boiling mad. "Looking for trouble, are you?" he said in an angry tone. "Well, I'm going to give you all you're looking for." He took off his coat and started to roll up his sleeves. "This isn't official," he said. "I'm doing this on my own hook... and I'm sure that my superiors will approve my actions. Anybody'd be glad to teach guys like you a lesson at any expense."

He struck the sneering trouble-maker in the face, knocking him down. The man got up and charged the policeman... and was again knocked down. The crowd went wild at this... they were all cheering for the officer—encouraging him. The trouble-maker was knocked down a third time. He was bleeding from the lips and nose, and his left eye was badly cut. He lingered on the ground, catching his breath.

"Come on up and fight!" the officer said, quietly. The trouble-maker got up on unsteady legs and struck at the policeman. The latter, however, evaded the blow, and, measuring his blow carefully, struck the trouble-maker squarely on the chin. This time the trouble-maker did not get up.

The policeman rolled down his sleeves and put on his coat. He turned to the cheering crowd (crowds are funny that way) and said: "This blind man and his daughter will starve unless the ruined flowers are paid for. I'm going to pass my hat around and anything any of you may put in it I am sure the man and his daughter will appreciate."

## ORIENTATION OF STUDENT (Continued from p. 3)

pletely from all but the most ephemeral kind of contacts with Canadians; and they indoctrinate the students with a vicious isolationist philosophy. The consequence is, that the Ukrainian student, after he has been at the Institute anywhere from 1 to 8 years, comes out as an absolute stranger to Canadians! He is a species of a "true" Ukrainian, I'll admit, but he is totally unfit to take his place among Canadians. Unaccepted there, he turns back to Ukrainians, becomes a virtual parasite, is embittered against Canadians, and finds it expedient to continue propagandizing the isolationist policy of the Institutes. And so the cycle of isolationism goes merrily on.

### The choice is yours

Let us never forget that those who advocate, explicitly or implicitly a literal following of the isolationist policy (which I briefly set forth a while ago in that monologue), are not personally disinterested. Some may advocate it because of a deep sentimental attachment to the old world—only natural in the immigrant. Others advocate it because they live off the organizations which they beg us to support and participate in. But whatever the motives are, the simple fact is, that they neither understand nor appreciate the problem of the Ukrainian-American. We have to take our choice between isolationism and consequent relegation to being hewers of wood and drawers of water for Americans; and the policy of contact in the widest sense and consequent successful economic and social adjustment. There are no other alternatives. Fanatic Ukrainians we may be—and remain a sort of a caste in this country; or realists we may be—and take our place in the American social structure after the fashion of our abilities. The choice is yours.

(To be concluded):

The crowd, of course, didn't hesitate in putting money into the hat. After the hat went around the policeman counted the money that was put into it.

"Sixteen dollars and sixty-two cents," he said. "Enough for the man to get more flowers with which to start a new business... and enough for room and board." He gave the money to the blind man, who tried to refuse it (some people are funny that way). In the end of course the man took the money (the officer had to threaten arrest first) and went away with his daughter. Meanwhile, the trouble-maker revived.

"You're coming with me," the officer told him. "And if you start any trouble I'll give you a taste of this," motioning to his nightstick.

It was just another street scene... but one that will live in my memory a long time. Officers, as a rule, are not supposed to fight... but I saw one who did. I think he did the right thing because he not only taught the trouble-maker a lesson but the crowd, as well.

The question is this: Why do some people insist on picking on defenceless people and starting trouble? A person would think that they'd know better. I suppose, however, that taking into consideration the fact that there are all kinds of people on this earth, there would have to be people of the trouble-maker type. Its too bad that there aren't more people of the policeman's type.