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YOUTH TODAY

THE NEW YOUTH IN GERMANY

Josephine Herbst, the well-known American novelist and newspaper woman, after her recent visit to Germany, writes in "The New York Post" that German youth much prefers sport to serious study. A professor of a technical school told her sadly that the standard of scholarship had very much deteriorated among students because of their extracurricular activities.

It may after all, he said, be of no great disaster in a country that has no future outside of war to offer the youth.

THE NEW NATIONAL AMBI- TION IN MEXICO?

Jerry Mitchell, the well-known sports writer, says that Mexican youth no longer hopes to be president, bull-fighter, bandit, ranchero or the siesta champion of his village, when he grows up.

Every Mexican boy wants to be a ball player. A ball player like Rogers Hornsby.

Is it because ballplaying is offered so much?

HONOR OR HELL?

It is reported from Gambier, Ohio, that Kenyok College has set up an "honors course" system designed to develop in the student a spirit of independent research and an "inquiring mind."

Qualified students in the upper two classes are permitted to select a few subjects in their major field in which they do intensive reading. Each week a small group meets informally with a professor to discuss problems raised by the reading.

Let us hope that the students with inquiring minds will not be told at their homes that "curiosity is the first stepping stone to hell."

SCHOOL AND CRIME

The "beautiful standards" of education, in which there is little provision for meeting the problem of individuality among students, have contributed to the wave of juvenile crime; Dr. Max McCann, dean of Lehigh University, told the convocation of the University of the State of New York, at Albany.

He discussed "Academic Standards Versus Individual Differences" as the "dilemma of education" and traced the faults of the higher educational institutions to secondary schools.

"Our standards have caused and are still causing untold damage and untellable misery to vast numbers of children in the elementary schools and the high schools and even in the colleges. But even worse, because much more widespread, is the less lurid effect on the vast masses of children who are not driven to crime but only to part frustration, discouragement, futility, boredom and various kinds of escape—into day dreams or into frivolous and unsatisfying distractions outside of school hours."

(Concluded last column)

BAZAAR

Although the First of November, commemorating the arisal of the Western Ukrainian Republic in 1918, is the most important date in a month that is unusually replete with significant Ukrainian historical dates, yet we must not forget that the 22nd of November is also well worth observing, for it is the anniversary of an inspiring event that took place back in 1921, in Greater Ukraine.

It happened like this:

In the autumn of 1920 the remnants of Ukrainian forces gave up their long protracted and courageous struggle in defense of Ukraine's independence against the onslaughts of the Communists, White-Guards, and Poles. Their retirement let down the last bar holding back the Red avalanche. Like the wild Asiatic hordes of old, the latter overran the country, burning, pillaging, destroying, and executing thousands upon thousands of innocent victims.

Yet this bloody reign of terror of the Reds in Ukraine did not extinguish the hope among some Ukrainians that their invaders could be driven out. In the autumn of 1921 a revolt broke out. A small Ukrainian force, descendants of the famous Cossacks, although badly armed and ill-equipped, met and defeated body after body of Red troops sent to quell them.

It was evident, however, that this uneven struggle could not last very long, despite the striking daring of the revolutionists. And so it happened. A much stronger Communist force, consisting of several divisions, met and surrounded the Ukrainians near the town of Bazaar, north of Kiev. A bloody battle followed, in which most of the Ukrainians were slain, a large number taken prisoners, with but eleven managing to escape.

The captured prisoners were taken to the nearby village of Mali Minki. There the Communists went through the farce of a brief "trial" and condemned 359 of them to death.

On November the 22nd the condemned were led out into the fields near Bazaar. There they were ordered to dig their own grave. When they had finished digging, they were lined up in front of the large ditch. A Red machine gun detachment took its position in front of them, and trained its guns upon them. All was ready for the slaughter.

The commissar commanding the Red troops stepped forward.

"I will spare anyone of you who will join the ranks of the Red Army and fight against Ukrainian bands," he announced.

No one replied. A deathly silence reigned. Finally, a young Ukrainian lad stepped forward, and said:

"I am Scherbak, Cossack of the former Sixth Division. I want you Red murderers to know that neither I nor my comrades are afraid of death, and we shall not serve you. We shall be avenged by the whole Ukrainian people!"

The boy stepped back into the ranks of the condemned. Someone started singing the Ukrainian National Anthem—"She ne vimerla Ukraina!" In a flash the song was taken up by all of them, a mighty, thrilling song, that rolled across the ancient steppes...

But only for a moment. A wave of the arm by the commissar and the sudden rattle of machine gun fire punctuated the singing, broke it, and then slowly silenced it. At last but a few voices were heard, faintly, "Soul and body we shall lay down for thy freedom..." and then silence...

Sheer heroism! Unheard and unnoticed by the war-weary world, but never to be forgotten by the Ukrainian people.

May the spirit of these Ukrainian heroes be ever an inspiration for us here in America too, in our endeavors to help free Ukraine of this Red barbaric menace to world civilization.

JAREMA ELECTED NEW YORK STATE ASSEMBLYMAN

We are pleased to report that Mr. Stephen J. Jarema, — young American-Ukrainian attorney of New York City prominent in local life, Vice-President of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America and member of the Ukrainian National Association, — was elected Assemblyman at last Tuesday's elections to the New York State Legislature. Mr. Jarema, running on the Democratic ticket, won easily, garnering 10,208 votes, while his nearest opponent, Republican, received but only 3,877 votes.

We wish Mr. Jarema the best of success, and may his victory as well as his future record be an inspiration to other young Americans of Ukrainian descent.

ABOLITION OF FIXED STANDARDS OF EDUCATION

It was revealed at a recent conference of college officers in New York that virtually all the institutions of higher learning in the country have abandoned absolute standards of education, and adopted an educational treatment appropriate to the individual student.

One of the prominent educators at that conference said in his report: "Unless we learn more about the abilities, effective interests, achievements and needs of individual pupils, no great improvement can take place either in college admission or in the treatment of the individual before or after admission to colleges."

YOUTH AND FAITH

"The consciousness that we are living in a time of crisis deeper than a political upheaval is growing in the minds of most thoughtful people," said the Rev. Canon James S. Bezzant of Liverpool Cathedral, England, in his sermon last Sunday, in the St. James Chapel of Union Theological Seminary, New York City. "Great revolutions do not come suddenly, but are prepared in secret in the minds of many. The first and most profound crisis we are facing is a moral one, different from those of the past because the really interesting question to the young is not one of theology but of conduct. The revolt is not against Christian theology but against Christian ethics."

The Canon's warning could move us at least to examine the manifestations of the great upheaval of our times.

WHAT ARE YOU CRAZY ABOUT?

Enthusiasts in almost every field of human interest were called crazy, a minister is quoted to have said in his sermon, last Sunday. A person is said to be golf crazy, bridge crazy, football crazy, baseball crazy or jazz crazy.

"Now the point I would like to make about all this," he said, "is that it is just because there are those who get perfectly crazy about these various things that those things survive and are carried forward. It is the enthusiasm generated from them that keeps them going."

Today's Ukrainian Weekly including Pen Enl Column is concluded in the Svboda.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

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

(89)

Ivan Semeniuk

Ivan Semeniuk (1870-1927), whose pen name was Marko Chermashyna, was born in the Hutzul (Ukrainian mountaineer) town of Kobaki, district of Kosiv, Galicia. He and Stefanik are regarded as the two great Ukrainian literary portrayers of life in the Pokutya. His works are not very many in number but are of a high quality. His first story was *Kermanitch* (Helsman) which appeared in 1896 in the *Bukovina* journal. It was followed by a number of other stories that appeared in various publications under his pseudonym. The first collection of his works, entitled *Karbi* (notches), appeared in 1901. The finest of them all was *Bilno* (eye cataract). Following its publication, however, Semeniuk stopped writing for a period of over 20 years, and it was not until after the World War and the immediate events that followed that he returned once more to the literary field. From 1922 he began contributing regularly to the "Literary-Scientific Herald," stories of an original, modern and biting character, such as *Pershi*

strill (The first shots), *Selo poterpaya* (The village fears), *Selo vihibaya* (The village is dying), *Za machukhu, molodenku* (In behalf of the young stepmother), *Boday yim put propala* (May the road lose itself to them!), *Yak dlm pidoymetsha* (As the smoke rises), and *Parasochka*. The popularity of his works permeated even into Greater Ukraine. Following the publication, in 1925, of another collection of his stories by the *Knihospilka*, his stories began to appear even in *Khar-kiv* and *Kiev* journals. All these, together with his earlier stories, earned for him an enviable position in Ukrainian literature.

Antin Krushelnitsky

Antin Krushelnitsky, born somewhere about 1874, son of a trial court official in Kolomiya, was an unusually energetic and painstaking person, who played an important role in Ukrainian life in Galicia and, from 1919, in Greater Ukraine. His wife, Maria Slobodivna, was a talented actress of most exemplary habits and life. Already as a student, Krushelnitsky produced translations and original works. In his first col-

lection of stories, *Proletarians*, however, he accomplished nothing more than a primitive naturalness. This was followed by several plays, under the pseudonym of Volodislavich, which also were of the same type. His best work is *Rubayuch* (Cutting down the forest) dealing with the mighty Beskid mountains and their inhabitants, the Hutzuls. In his political conceptions, Krushelnitsky ran practically the whole gamut of them within his lifetime, finally becoming a communist. When he reached this stage of his political orientation, he began publishing in *Galicia Novi Shlakhi* (New Roads), and after its confiscation *Kultura* (Culture). But even this latter monthly had a rough going, and therefore he migrated with his family to Soviet Ukraine. In his writings there, he began attacking other Communist writers, hoping thereby to earn the favor of Communist leaders. But when the Communists murdered his two sons because they, although Communists, were nationally conscious Ukrainians, Krushelnitsky became insane from grief. His tragedy was the tragedy of a talented and energetic person, but who, nevertheless, was not particular in what manner he earned his living.

(To be continued)

Science and Progress

A. Bibliographical Study in Contemporary Thought

(2)

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

The Greeks founded the movement, but did not sustain it with the concentrated interest which the modern Europe and America have shown. The transmission of progress from Greece to Europe lagged for centuries owing to lack of scientific spirit and the domination of authoritarianism that ruled over the human mind. Aristotle's erroneous law of falling bodies shackled human thought for centuries, while Galileo's erroneous explanation of tides bound no one. A more sparkling example of the reverence of authority exists in the case of Galen (131-201 A. D.) whose research in medicine along the line of physiology, pathology, *materia medica*, dissection, function of muscles and nerves, experimental paralysis by section of the spinal cord, and beating of the excised heart outside of body, leaves him as the foremost figure in medicine of all times, since some of the problems that he raised, remain with us to this day. But instead of developing the method of Galen's original researches, mankind more easily accepted him as an authority, and in spite of his gigantic medical works, his errors as well as his discoveries dominated medicine for 1,400 years. Yet here was the man who showed how to question nature by experiment and how to record the answer. He made a great stride forward in the application of drugs. The Galenical preparations are largely to this hour the basis of *materia medica*. It was not his fault that after him medicine in Europe stood at a standstill for centuries.

Paracelsus comes along in 1493-1541 and rivaled Galen's ideas of *materia medica* of using only plant drugs. He introduced the use of metals: mercury, iron, antimony, and others. Had it not been for a great Arabian by the

name of Avicenna (980-1037) the achievements of Galen might have never reached us, after the closing of the philosophical schools in Athens. He is the author of the most famous medical text book ever written and besides was the organizer of hospitals in Arabia which do not exist there at the present time.

Osler thinks that the concentration of the western mind on the preparation for the life after death made men indifferent to the conditions of living in this world. In this unfavorable medium for its growth, medicine and science in general were simply disregarded not in any hostile spirit but as unnecessary.

It was not until the 13th century that Roger Bacon appeared as a man of our day, with the conceptions of the scientific spirit which was important for the renaissance of science in Europe. Galileo followed him as a physicist and astronomer with a true scientific spirit. Studying the earth and the planets, especially the Saturn, he wrote: "It will be for the future and others to make observations and to determine accurately the periods of mutations if there be any persons curious enough to do what I from the same motive have done for so long." His mind has grappled with a problem far beyond him, but he trusts it still and accurately points the way to knowledge. This is the path of science and none other. C. Huygens followed in his footsteps and with a more powerful telescope solved the problem 50 years later.

Galileo inherited a clear brain and the analytic mind from Aristotle. His master, however, was Archimedes. His treatises upon dynamics, cohesion and fraction of bodies were the foundations upon which Newton built, using his observing thinking, an analytical mind. Newton's discovery of the binomial theorem and the differential and integral calculus, with Leibnitz, gave us the most powerful analytical tool of science, without which present progress of

technology would have been impossible. He laid the foundation for optics, spectrum analysis and discovered the law of gravity. His mind reached Divinity—and yet he was not a true scientist of our day. He could not separate chaff from wheat. Like Kepler devoting a lot of his time to astrology, Newton devoted his time to alchemy, much to regret of scientists. Galileo revered no man but Archimedes as his master.

Frances Bacon found the inductive method of research for science and yet he himself could not apply it successfully to explain the theory of wheat. His mind was witty and capable of illuminating the subject; but not to reveal nature's mysteries which was Darwin's method.

Darwin was not brilliant in his early age, and had no use for mathematics. However, he possessed the instinct of collecting things and a sense of keen observation. Pasteur or Newton would jump across the gaps of mysteries to conclusions that we cannot follow. Darwin does not sense nature's mysteries and then gather confirmatory information, but by the very rigour of his research, he compels nature to reveal her mysteries. He worked on the Baconian Principle until he found a tropical shell in the middle of England, and that was the beginning of a new epoch. He broke away from Bacon and followed an independent discriminating method which immortalized his efforts.

An ideal scientific man was Cavendish, a passionless recluse who took no part in politics, social reform, or religion. He had no wife, no children, no friends, and never showed the faintest dislike for anybody. Cavendish was one of the greatest investigators, clearest and subtlest minds in the history of science. He never took any part in disputes on Darwin's theories like his contemporaries. His cold passion for knowledge had no other interests like to hinder him. His mind was at the service of his passion to know. His reaction to anything was exhausted in the act of understanding that thing. He was an example of Nietzsche's objective man, the

ON THE MARGIN OF A HUMBLE WORD HUNTER

"INDIAN SUMMER"

We have been enjoying lately an unusually long spell of warm, unseasonable weather, known as "Indian summer."

The term, of course, has been suggested by the Indians, but what is the connection between the Indians and the period of warm weather occurring in the autumn, nobody is able to explain definitely. Some say that the haze, the characteristic feature of the Indian summer, reminded old settlers in America of the smokes of Indian camps. Others think that the weather was called so as it was usually predicted by old Indian weather-prophets. Still others think that the expression should be ranked with the critical attitude towards the Indian, paralleling with such expressions as "Indian giver."

H. L. Mencken in his work "The American Language" gives "St. Martin's Summer" as the English equivalent of the American "Indian Summer," while "The New Standard Dictionary" mentions also another equivalent, "St. Luke's Summer," but adds that the term "Indian Summer," though of American origin, is now used also in England.

The Ukrainians, too, know such spells of warm weather in the late fall, and they call it "бабине літо" or "бабське літо." The origin of this name, too, is obscure. Is it because the season is so crowded with various chores for women? Or has it an allusion to the alleged emotional instability of the woman, a parallel to the American phrase "Indian giver"?

However it may be, it is quite interesting that the unseasonable cold spell at the beginning of the autumn was called by American colonists "squaw winter."

THE CASE OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

The grand exhibition of chrysanthemums in New York City brings to my mind the complaint of Ernest Weekly, the well-known authority on modern languages, that the European nations, among them the English, have lost a simple instinct for poetry, which once upon the time they manifested in giving poetic names to mountains and rivers, to flowers and animals.

The word "chrysanthemum" is an illustration of the point. It is a rich, mouth-filling word, a word of learned length, and almost thundering sound, indeed, one of those words, which Weekly calls "a barrage to mask the advance of confident ignorance." However, where is the man who, using this word, remembers that it is a poetic Greek word, composed of two words, of which one means "gold," the other "flower"?

Bookish Ukrainians, too, have followed the habit of adopting foreign, high-sounding, but to a man unversed in philology foreign-sounding, words. The common Ukrainian man, however, still retains his power to give a beautiful, because simple, imaginative name to a flower. Thus Hrinchenko's Dictionary of the Ukrainian language marks as one of the folk-names for chrysanthemum the word "каниця." If you remind yourself that the verb "каниця" means to "drop one by one," to shed, like tears from the eyes, and you have observed how in the autumn the petals of chrysanthemum wither and fall off one by one, you will understand the power of the Ukrainian to give in one word an adequate expression to the mood of dying nature.

And what would you call the power to suggest the moods of nature if not poetic power?

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ideal scientist, who is only an instrument, the most indispensable one, but nothing is himself.

(To be continued)

The Aspirations of Our Youth

(1)

[Excerpts from address delivered by Stephen Shumeyko, at the annual meeting of the Executive Board of Obyednanye (United Ukrainian Organizations of America) held in Jersey City, October 26, 1935.]

To speak of the aspirations of our American-Ukrainian youth is indeed a most difficult task, for this youth, because of the somewhat extraordinary circumstances surrounding its upbringing, is still in a state of flux, with its present position in American-Ukrainian life largely undetermined and its future uncertain. However, we can speak with some definiteness about that portion of our youth—not very large, it must be admitted—which by force of its character, intellect, and deeper appreciation of its problems is slowly rising above the general level of our youth and assuming definite form.

Any understanding of our youth of its strivings and potentialities, of the evolution of its thought, is impossible without at least a rudimentary knowledge of its background and of those somewhat unusual circumstances surrounding its upbringing. In general, this background which exerts its influence upon our youth in its own peculiar way, consists of three general factors:

(1) Our youth is descended of a 40 million Ukrainian nation that has no national freedom, a nation that despite its great service as the bulwark of Western European civilization against the invasions of Asiatic nomad hordes, despite its strong national consciousness and fine culture is comparatively little known in this world;

(2) Our youth is the first American-born generation of the most recent immigration to America;

(3) The parents of this youth are on the whole of a sturdy peasant stock transplanted by the exigencies of fate into this highly industrialized American society.

Each of these three factors play an important role in our youth's life, thought and aspirations. Each offers a fruitful field of study.

Now, what are the direct influences that effect and shape our youth's life?

They are: American influences, as represented at school, work, and recreation; and Ukrainian influences, as represented at home, church, Ukrainian evening schools, and contact with others of Ukrainian nationality in Ukrainian settings.

These are the two leading forces, American and Ukrainian influences that have been wrestling over the bewildered form of our youth, each jealous of the other, each seeking to gain possession of the youth to the exclusion of the other.

Some of our youth, yielding to the naturally much more powerful American influences, have gone over, lock, stock, and barrel, into its camp, forsaking Ukrainian life entirely and becoming what is loosely known as Americanized, assimilated. The major portion of our youth, however, is still undetermined what to do, it is still in a fluctuating state.

And yet, there is a portion of our youth which has not permitted the confusion aroused by these two warring elements to overwhelm it, but seeks to harness them both into one harmonious and useful factor in its life. This is the youth which is beginning to assume definite form, which is emerging from the shifting sands of uncertainty unto firmer ground, and is beginning to create an American-Ukrainian life founded upon solid foundations, in place of the haphazard jig-saw puzzle that

it is at present. This is the youth that really counts, for it can be depended to give a true tone to future American-Ukrainian life.

To understand this youth and its strivings, one must first understand its evolution of thought in regards to both these American and Ukrainian influences, its orientation in regards to them, from childhood to more mature years.—A book can and should be written on this subject, but in the present instance the barest of bare outlines will have to suffice:

As a child our young American-Ukrainian—call him Paul; and place this scene about 15 to 20 years ago, when Ukraine was hardly known,—rarely consciously and deliberately confronted himself with the problems arising from American and Ukrainian influences in his young life. Yet these problems were there and they exerted their effect upon him, even though in many cases he was not even conscious of them. Perhaps the very first time he realized something unusual about himself, something that set him a bit apart from others, was when a teacher in the early primary grades asked him "What nationality are you?" The others had replied, Irish, German, Italian, Russian or Polish, and their answers seemed illuminating enough to the teacher. But when our Paul replied that he was Ukrainian (that is, if he was conscious of the fact) he was surprised to see a blank look appear on his teacher's face: "What was that you said?—Ukrainian?—Isn't that the same thing as Russian or Polish?" In nine cases out of ten—unless he was an exceptionally strong willed lad—he would nod his head dumbly, and the teacher, relieved that she had not stumbled upon a nationality about which she didn't know a thing (which she didn't!) jotted down our young Paul as a Russian or a Pole. And, as it is to be expected, for quite some time afterward our young Paul took the easier course when asked anything about his nationality and said that he was a Russian, or a Pole, or even an Austrian. Imagine his embarrassment and angry feelings too, when telling some classmate of his that he was a Ukrainian, he would be met with the withering correction that: "There is no such thing as a Ukrainian. I know my maps pretty good and I studied my geography and geographical reader very good, and nowhere does it say that there is such a country as Ukraine. There is no Ukraine!" would be the blasting finality, and our poor Paul, impotent with rage, inferiority, and lack of arguments to answer with, would hasten home. But no help from that quarter. It is all very well for his parents to explain to him in Ukrainian that Ukraine was once an independent state, strong, cultured, respected, but no one would believe him, not among school kids anyway, and the teacher had such a puzzled way of looking at him when he mentioned the word Ukraine or Ukrainians that he immediately hushed up.—His teacher in the Ukrainian evening school was of some help, of course, but he was foreigner, a greenhorn, and could not even speak good English.

It is very easy to perceive then, that it would have been quite a simple matter for young Paul to have forgotten all about the fact that he was of Ukrainian blood and become part of that great homogeneous and uncertain mass known as Americans. But there were other forces that prevented him from drifting away from Ukrainian life entirely.

At home his parents spoke to him in the Ukrainian tongue. Their descriptions of the old country were very sentimental and picturesque, and young Paul could easily picture for himself the U-

krainian countryside, the steppes converted into fields of wheat and other grain, dotted with groves, the straw thatched Ukrainian homes, the winding, glistening rivers. Or the stories his mother told him or read to him, about the brave, dashing Ukrainian Cossacks, how they fought against the Turks and Tartars, their adventures upon the Black Sea, their wars against the Polish nobility, the brave defense of their towns and villages. All this and what he read in the Ukrainian evening school evoked picturesque images in his mind. On the wings of fancy he flew to Ukraine, to the broad rolling steppe, and saw the Cossacks there. He joined them in many a battle, heard the clash of steel against steel, sailed with them on Black Sea forays and attacked exotic Turkish or Tartar strongholds.—Or then he went with his parents to some Ukrainian theatrical performance, that seemed so entrancing to him then, and saw stirring Cossack plays. They left an indelible impression upon his eager imagination. And then, how dear and beautiful to him was Christmas Eve with its attendant Holy Supper. His parents, seeking to recall the sensations of the old country, would prepare the same dishes as they did in Ukraine. They would bring in the "Sneep," spread straw on the floor and put hay under the table cover, and place a lighted candle in loaf of rye bread, just as they did in the old country in their peasant homes. Everything was so clean and fresh. Even the very air seemed scrubbed and washed. The flickering candle light. The singing of the "kolyady." Paul could easily picture the original of the scene—Christmas in Ukraine, with the moon outside shining softly on the glittering snow, the stars twinkling brightly in the deep blue dome of the sky, the soft breathless stillness in the air, broken only by the distant singing of the approaching "kolyadniki" (carolers) wending their way from home to home and announcing their arrival with the joyous tinkling of a bell. What a glorious night!—Is it any wonder, therefore, that something tugged at his heartstrings when he heard about the old country.—And then his parents or school teacher would make him join a Ukrainian choir. At first a task, singing of Ukrainian songs becomes a pleasure. Of course, Paul would grumble a lot, the teacher keeping the choir so long at rehearsals, but really, he wouldn't quit the choir for anything; although, of course, he would never admit this.

Thus these Ukrainian influences upon his emotions and mind gradually make young Paul conscious of the fact that he is of Ukrainian descent. There is something about them that finds no counterpart in purely American life, something that appeals to his unconscious sense of beauty, a sense which no amount of art work in the American public schools seems to touch. And these Ukrainian influences grow slowly stronger, and keep him from being swept off his feet and submerged by the powerful waves of American influences to which he subjects himself in school, work and play.

However, the years roll by our young Paul grows older with them. His mind slowly matures and he now begins to think about himself. He is no longer a plaything of emotions, although his Ukrainian character makes him quite susceptible to them even to an old age. And this problem of his adjustment to American and Ukrainian influences commands a great deal of his attention. It obtrudes upon his consciousness, whether he wants it or not. He begins to realize that sooner or later he will have to orient himself to these two powerful influences and come to some sort of

a conclusion in regards to them. Merely drifting along and letting chance settle the problem for him either one way or another, is repugnant to him. In the first place, that would be against his feeling that one should shape his life as much as possible. And secondly, the problem stirs something deeper within him. He begins to dimly perceive its significance, its ramifications upon him and others of his kind. He begins to think that perhaps there is something intrinsically great and fine in its solution, something that would benefit not only himself in some dim, unaccountable way, but would do likewise to others. He wonders:—What am I, Ukrainian or American? What is it that draws me to things Ukrainian? Isn't it possible to be both American and Ukrainian? Do I have to be only an American and forget everything that links me with my Ukrainian descent? Or can I retain my Ukrainian characteristics insofar as they are not repugnant to the American scene? And so on, and so on...

His home atmosphere, his contact with others of his kind in Ukrainian settings, his readings (laborious, to be sure) in Ukrainian of Ukrainian history or some Ukrainian story, and his aroused sympathies for the fate of his kinsmen abroad, all strike a very responsive chord within him, and he wonders why can't he remain at least part Ukrainian, even here in America. Must he become Americanized to the extent that he has to forget everything that is Ukrainian within him? Ah, but yes, sociology students tell him. He must be realistic about the matter, they say. Whether he likes it or not he must admit that the Ukrainian cultural carry-over 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. Our Paul gathers from these arguments that it is impossible for him to escape assimilation. Yet he rebels against such a conclusion. Why should he become assimilated? Merely because it is a general rule that immigrations are eventually assimilated? Well then, are general rules master of man, or is man master of general rules? And after all, what is this so-called assimilation, and how does it really work out in practice? Isn't it possible that there have been immigrations in the past, not necessarily in America, who by their vitality and strength have refused to forsake their native characteristics and become assimilated in the accepted sense of the word, but, on the contrary, have adopted their surroundings to themselves and not they to their surroundings? Doesn't this show that one should retain his native characteristics and customs where they do not directly clash with the new surroundings and help thereby improve these surroundings with new thought and meaning? Isn't it better for us of Ukrainian descent to retain as much as possible of the finer phases of Ukrainian life and seek to instill them into the American life and thereby improve both? Can't the American influence and the Ukrainian influence, instead of warring with each other, complement each other in our personality? Would not this enrich our life immeasurably, evoking new thoughts, new conceptions? And then, after all, isn't there such a thing as duty in this world? Don't we owe it to our self-respect and our honor to be of some aid to our blood kinsmen in Ukraine in their struggle for freedom?

(To be continued)

HIS SONS

By VASILE STEFANYK

(Translated by Wladimir Semehyna)

Old man Maxim was harrowing his field of spring-wheat with a team of good young horses. The spiked implements flew over the ground like feathers. Maxim threw his wide-brimmed straw hat to one side; his wide-sleeved shirt unbuttoned and worked itself up around his waist, hanging like a sack on his back, while a cloud of dust from under the harrows covered the gray hair of his head and chest. He shouted, raged, and the people on the adjoining fields gossiped: "An old dog, always angry, but holds his horses tight, yet. Rich and well-fed from childhood, but since he lost his sons he forever shouts in the fields and in the village..."

Maxim halted his horses. "Old bones are like an old willow: good for the fire but useless to chase with after horses. When the legs bend behind the plow and give way at a dance then what they are worth I don't know. Crawl, old man, up on the oven, your time has come."

He shook his gray head by the rich black manes of his horses and kept up his torrent of words:

"To climb the oven I'm able to as yet, only the oven is cold and is peeling. The pictures on the walls have turned black, and the saints look down at the emptiness like a bunch of hungry hounds. My old woman always used to decorate them with branches of myrtle and other green leaves, and gilded pigeons* in their presence to gain their favor, so that our home would bright and our children would grow well. But, although there are many of them, they're all no good, those saints. My sons gone, my old woman buried—so you, gods, will have to excuse me for my neglect—you should have cared better. Well, Starface, let's do some work—whatever God will allow us."

And so they walked from one end of the field to the other, all enveloped in a cloud of dust, while the harrows barked, bit at the earth and tore it apart in order to create a softer bed for the seed.

"You, Barefoot, you're no horse—you're a dog. You have bitten up my whole back, scar upon scar. Don't tug like that, because life has tugged me till I can hardly stand on my feet. At dawn I give you oats, I myself not having eaten; I comb you, I bathe you with my tears—and you bite me. Starface is my pal; he follows me with his dark eyes wherever I go, he feels sorry for me; but you, ugly one, have no heart. Only a short while ago you pulled out a chunk of my hair and threw it under your hoofs: I can't sell you to a ragman—but if Saint George came to me, then, by God, I'd give you away to go and fight those dragons with him!"

Then he moistened his fingers with his tongue, salved the wound on his back and powdered it with dust.

"Well, my horses, come, let's go..."

The harrows calmed down, the earth gave way, and Maxim's feet felt a spongy softness under their heels—the softness which very seldom visits the soul of the peasant. It is the soil that gives him that softness and that is why he loved it so. And when he has sowed the seed with his

hands, he would say: "I've made you a soft cradle, so grow to the sky."

Maxim calmed down—did not strain his voice—and then suddenly stopped his horses.

"Why the devil do you pain so, you old wreck, cracking at every joint? A piece of glass, damn your soul. Now harrow! And yet you can't leave the field unfinished. You, my poor field, will gain very little by this old blood of mine, because old blood, like old manure, is good for no thing; a loss to me and of no benefit to you."

Limping along he unharnessed the horses, led them to the wagon, and placed some hay before them.

"You there, sun, don't frown at an old man for making noon so early; the old man has nothing to walk with..."

He pulled out of his bag a lump of bread, a piece of salted pork, and a bottle, and began to wash his cut with the alcoholic beverage; then he ripped off a part of his shirt sleeve, wrapped his foot and tied it with the cord from the feed-bag.

"Now you can hurt or not hurt, but harrow you must."

He drank some of the liquor, took the bread, bit it.

"So this is bread? Good enough to comb a ragman's horse with; for it would peel the skin off a good one..."

"They come to see me in swarms. 'Grand-pop,' they say, 'we will cook for you, wash for you, only give us your land.' Do those shabby wenchers think that I hold my land for them? When I die then let flowers grow on my fields, and with their tiny heads let them say Our Father for the old man."

In anger he threw the bread away on the ruffled soil.

"The teeth won't take this stale crumb; let's drink, Max, it flows easy..."

"Hey there, keep quiet, don't bark over my head; who are you singing for anyway? For this tattered and scarred beggar? Fly away to your heaven; tell your God not to be sending me any foolish birds with songs. Let Him send me back my sons, because it was through His will that I am left all alone on all this earth. Let your God stop fooling me with songs; go away!"

And he threw a lump of earth at the lark, but the bird began to sing over his head even louder and refused to fly to God.

"I guess you don't understand a thing, little bird. When my little Ivan used to run after you, when he looked for your nest in the fields and played on his flute, then, did you, little bird, do the right thing when you sang—that's just as you should have done. Your song and Ivan's flute drifted over the earth, while above you was the sun—and all of you together poured out God's words above me and the shining ploughs and above all happy mankind. And God showered brightness

NEW YORK CITY

We'll see you at the Ukrainian Civic Center's FOURTH ANNUAL DANCE to be held SATURDAY Evening, NOVEMBER 9th at the Wastover Hotel, 253 West 72nd Street, at 9:00 P. M. Admission \$1.00. (Dress optional)

NEW YORK CITY

GRAND BALL tendered by Ukrainian Athletic Ass'n. Chornomoraska Sitch Branch of New York City, to be held at Ukrainian Hall, 217-219 E. 6th St., New York City, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10th, 1935. Music by John W. Seman and his Blue Falcons. Commencing at 6 P. M. Admission 50 cts. 261

NEW YORK CITY

FALL DANCE sponsored by Young Ukrainian Democratic Club at International Institute, 341 East 17th St., New York City, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1935. Commencement at 8:30 P. M. Admission 50 cts. 261,7

through the sun like through a golden sieve, and all the land, all the people shone with gold. That's how the sun made spring on earth, like in a big trough.

"And from that trough we took cakes, and the cakes lay before the musicians, and the young ones loved each other and went to wedlock—and so the spring rolled on like a sea, like a flood; it was then, little bird, that your song flowed into my heart like clear water into a new pitcher..."

"Go, little bird, go into the lands where the cakes are not all eaten yet, and where the children have not been butchered."

He grasped his gray head with both hands and bent his head low.

"Shame on you, gray head, be ashamed of yourself for talking and singing to yourself like an old woman, because nothing on this earth will help you now..."

"Oh, sons of mine, my sons, where are your heads resting now?! Not only all my land but my whole soul would I sell to be able to reach your grave with my bloody feet. God, the church books lie when they say that Thou had a Son, they lie! They say that Thou brought Thine back to life again. But I—I don't say: bring them back to life; I only say: show me their graves that I may rest beside them. Yet, Thou seest the whole world, but over my graves Thou hath turned blind..."

"May that blue dome above crack up just like my heart..."

"Come, one of you, come to the old man; as if you have not shared white beds with them. Why, they were curly like those oaks... Bring that ill begotten babe in your arms, don't be afraid, come. The old man will spread out all his rugs beneath your feet, and for the born outside the wedlock will cut up the finest cloth for the diapers because you walk around without a wedding ring and weep in disgrace..."

And he raised up his hands and called to the whole world:

"Come daughter, come to your father, we don't need a priest!"

With a cry of anguish he fell to the earth and with the soil, as if with a kerchief, wiped his tears, his face turning black. He kept on pleading:

"Or come, come, without a child, that I may see his arms around your neck, that I may see the traces of his lips upon your own, and from your eyes, as from a well, may draw his eyes and hide them in my heart as in a crypt. Like a dog will I scent his hair upon your palm... come, save an old man."

"You are living yet while they are both gone, so find your way here and bring me some hews. Pour some chilling dew upon this gray hair of mine, because it burns me like a red-hot wire. My head is burning from this fire..."

And he plucked at his hair and threw what there was to the ground.

"Gray hair, burn the earth, I can bear you no longer..."

Tired out to helplessness, he relaxed on the ground and, after a long silence, softly began to talk:

"For the first time, Andrew, who was my educated one, came to see me. 'Father,' he said, 'we are going now to fight for Ukraine.' For what Ukraine? I asked. And he picked up some soil with his sword and said: 'This is Ukraine, and this, pointing at his chest, is her blood. We are going to save the land from her foes.' Give me, he said, 'a clean shirt and some water that I may wash myself with and say good-bye.' When that sword of his flashed it blinded me. 'My son,' I said, 'but I have another younger one than you, Ivan, take him with you for such a deed; he is strong, so that I may bury you together in this soil of ours, so that the foes may not pluck it from its roots.' 'Very well, father,' he said, 'we'll go together.' But when my old woman heard this I saw right away that death had

EYES

An important feature in a person's face are his eyes. From the eyes, one can tell the expression of the whole face. When he is happy, the eyes sparkle and are bright, but when he is cross and unhappy, the eyes are the first to show the grief.

There are many kind of eyes and expressions in them. Some eyes have a dreamy and far away look in them; others seem to speak to you, while others have an alert expression.

The eye is also our camera, for with it, we take thousands of pictures daily. We must be sure to take beautiful pictures only, so that they will always remain a fine memory to us. We can hide our pictures of beautiful scenes of nature in our mind, just as we hide our snapshots in an album. Unpleasant pictures will haunt us to our death beds.

We should therefore be thankful for our eyes, and use them accordingly.

OLGA T. HRYCEY,

Cleveland, Ohio.

GIRLS, ORGANIZE FOR BASKETBALL

Basketball season will soon be here. How many girls' teams can we have organized in our district—Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio, and West Virginia? Girls, let's get busy organizing our clubs; then, when the time for basketball is here, all that we will have to do will be to practice and not have all the trouble of organizing before we can get down to work. The password for girls should be: Organize for BASKETBALL!

As soon as you have your team organized, please let me know. Will I be hearing from you, Carnegie? Butler? Youngstown? Ford City? Wheeling? Aliquippa? Ambridge? McKees Rocks? Morresen? Northside, Pittsburgh? Southside, Pittsburgh? etc. etc.

Stand by for further details.

Yours for girls' basketball,

PEARL ZORENA,

District Leader of Women's Athletics, Ukrainian Youth's League of N. A.

1919 Leishman Ave., Arnold, Pa.

wrapped itself around her like a white shawl. I went outside because I felt that her eyes had fallen out and rolled over the ground like dead stones. That's how it looked to me—the light on her forehead had already faded...

"And in the morning when they both were leaving, my woman leaned on the gate and kept her peace, but seemed to look from such a distance as if from heaven itself. And when I was leaving them at the railroad station, I said: 'Andrew, Ivan, don't turn back, and don't forget me, for I'm alone now—your mother died at the gate...'"

Till late evening Maxim led his horses through the fields but did not shout any more—but relaxed into complete silence. Children driving by their sheep and people that clattered by with their ploughs did not greet him from fear. Smearing with earth, torn and bent, he seemed to be gradually singing into the earth.

Late in the evening when Maxim had attended to his cows, watered his horses and milked the sheep he went into his dwelling.

"You, my poor friend, have grown deathly silent, as if someone had thrust a knife into you—can't say a word... But I will spread a little fire for you; yet..."

He cooked some corn-meal, put on a white shirt, ate, and fell into a meditative silence. Then he knelt on the ground and prayed:

"And Thou, Virgin Mary, be my housekeeper; Thou with Thine Son in the middle and on either side of Thou—Andrew and Ivan. Thou gavest only one Son, and I gave two..."

* Similar to the goose that lay a golden egg it is a dying out belief among the peasants in some parts of Ukraine, that gliding an egg and gluing on parts resembling wings, etc., before holy images, will bring good luck to the household.

A characteristic feature of the Ukrainian peasant home is the oven. It is built low and over it, behind the chimney, provision is made for sleeping. The shelf is about the size of a full size bed.