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EVENING of UKRAINIAN LITERATURE at COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY a SUCCESS

Before a gathering of 125 younger and older persons, including leading representatives drawn from various walks of American-Ukrainian life, a program called "Evening of Ukrainian Literature" was presented last Friday, November 22nd, under the auspices of the Columbia University Ukrainian Club in Schermerhorn Hall, Columbia University, New York City.

The program was opened by Stephen Shumeyko, who acted as chairman. In his introductory remarks he stressed the importance of readings in foreign literature as an aid towards the development of American literature (see p. 4).

The chairman then read a message to the sponsoring club of the evening's program from Prof. John Dynelen Prince, founder and present head of the Department of East European Languages at Columbia University and former Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America to Denmark and Jugoslavia. The message read as follows:

"For me it is a real delight to welcome Ukrainian studies to the Department of East European Languages at Columbia University. Since my earliest youth I have had a deep admiration for the Ukrainian people who for thousand years and more have been able to maintain their language and general culture almost intact in spite of the fact that their geographical habitat has been an undefended plain and that during almost the whole period of their history they have been surrounded by foes or at best by hostile influences. The Ukrainian character, however, was strong enough to resist all these hindrances and there can be no doubt that they will be able to maintain themselves perpetually as a race.

"It is, therefore, the earnest hope of this Department that the present courses in Ukrainian constitute merely the beginning of a more expansive development in the near future.

"Ukrainian history, language, and literature, together with its beautiful music, are well worth the attention of the western world and I can assure Mr. Stetkewicz and his auditors that nothing will be left undone by us to aid him in furthering the intellectual cause of his people.

(Signed) "John Dynelen Prince."

An address on Taras Shevchenko, leading Ukrainian poet, was then delivered by Augustus C. Manning, Assistant-Professor of East European Languages at Columbia University. The speaker dwelt mainly on Shevchenko's great epic poem "Haydamaki," declaring it to be one of the finest literary products of the 19th century. Considering the almost untranslatable qualities of some parts of the poem, Prof. Manning must be highly commended for recapturing to a large degree the original lyric quality of the poem in his translation.

Then followed an address, "A Brief Survey of Ukrainian Literature," by Dr. Arthur P. Coleman, Lecturer in East European Languages at Columbia University. He was singularly successful in succinctly compressing the entire vast panorama of the growth and vicissitudes of Ukra-

WHO'S ON TRIAL?

Twelve young Ukrainian students, including two girls, are on trial in Warsaw, Poland, on the charges of complicity in the assassination last year of the Polish Minister Pieracki. Before it is over, it may be that not they but Poland herself will be on trial—before the forum of civilized world opinion.

The trial, entering upon its second week, is an unusually tense human drama, replete with mystery and suspense, and surcharged with unusual significance to the seven million Ukrainians under Polish misrule. Far more is involved in it than the ultimate fate of these twelve young Ukrainian students.

And yet, glance at the American newspaper and you will be lucky to find a bare item concerning the trial tucked in some out-of-the-way corner. Sordid murder and the vilest of other crimes—that is news, in big letters too; but most certainly not the struggle of a nation striving to free itself of the cruel and rapacious rule of its oppressors. No, such news is only a handy space filler!

Be as it may, however, there is no doubt but that the present trial of the twelve young Ukrainian students in Warsaw is an event of outstanding political significance in the struggle of the Ukrainian people to wrest their national freedom from Poland.

It is interesting to note that none of the accused twelve are charged with direct participation in the assassination. What the Polish prosecuting attorneys seek to prove is that the accused had some, as yet unknown, manner of connection with the assassination. To do this, they are depending upon the testimony of over one hundred witnesses, most of them Polish police officers, spies and agents provocateurs.

We do not know of course who killed Minister Pieracki. But we do know, however, that numerous attempts in the past have been made by Poles themselves to assassinate leading Polish figures. The very first president of the present Polish state, Narutowicz, was assassinated by a Pole, Niewiadomski, a member of conservative Polish circles no less. Therefore, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that Pieracki could have been killed by some Pole too.

However, it is also possible that Pieracki fell victim to Ukrainian vengeance, perhaps in retaliation for the prominent part he played back in 1931 in the notorious Polish "pacification" of Eastern Galicia that evoked such a strong world wide protest. Its barbarism and vandalism is too deeply engraved upon the consciousness of Western Ukrainians to allow itself to be erased by the passage of a few years. Many of its victims that survived are crippled permanently or bear marks that they will carry to their dying day.

And then too, it is possible that the assassination was committed by some Ukrainian student who desired by this act to call the civilized world's attention to the misrule of Polish authorities over the Ukrainians. Either or both of these motives were possible, as well as others.

Standing by themselves, perhaps to many people these possible motives may not appear important enough to make understandable the assassination. But if they would step back and regard the entire canvas of the sufferings of the Ukrainian people under Polish yoke, of the breaking by Poland of international treaties guaranteeing Ukrainian autonomy, of Ukrainians being deprived of their natural right of cultivating their national and cultural heritage, of many Ukrainian students denied the right to higher education, then perhaps the assassination and present trial of the accused would appear in a clearer light;—but in such a case, however, Poland may find herself in a most embarrassing position of being on trial herself, and not the Ukrainian students.

YOUTH TODAY

IS THERE A YOUTH MOVEMENT IN AMERICA?

"There is and has been for a decade a youth movement in America," writes Heywood Brown, in his daily column in the "New York World-Telegram."

"All venerable persons stand accused of being responsible for the maladjustment of the world. They are charged with the crime of having fomented the wars in which the young men died. Indeed, by a curious paradox the elders have been identified as fierce and effective fabricators of evil and impotent warriors for liberty and justice."

WILL THIS EDUCATE THEM?

Writing about the recent elections in England, a liberal journal said:

"So far Conservatives have gone to Conservative meetings, Liberals to Liberals, and Labour to Labour. They would no more think of crossing any other portal than a Roman Catholic of going to a Baptist chapel."

The journal appears to favor a different custom, when it writes that it would be a surprise to most people to find what good arguments can be put on the other side.

Which might be just the reason which scares many people from visiting the meetings of other parties but their own.

TO HELP THEM MAKE UP THEIR MINDS?

A group of 15 and 16-year-old students at Fieldston School, high school unit of the Ethical Culture Schools, in New York City, has brought out a handbook about war, entitled "The Student Looks at War."

The handbook urges boys and girls of their age to make up their minds "whether they want to grow up to be useful citizens or cannon fodder."

EDUCATION OR RACKET?

Archbishop John T. McNicholas of Cincinnati, told the National Council of Catholic Women at Fort Wayne, Indiana, that "education is a business and even a racket in many localities."

"Parents should know," he said, "that a majority of our young people cannot profit by a college course nor even by four years in a high school."

(Concluded p. 4)

inian literature within the evening's lecture without leaving out anything of importance (see p. 2). The fine translations of the various poems and passages that appear within it were the products of the joint efforts of Marion Moore Coleman and himself.

The concluding speaker was Joseph D. Stetkewicz, Sr., instructor of the course in advanced Ukrainian in the University Extension. Speaking in Ukrainian and reviewing the addresses of the two preceding speakers, he stressed the importance of their interest in Ukrainian literature and called upon American Ukrainians to give them further incentive to continue such studies by morally and materially supporting the course in advanced Ukrainian and other manifestations of this interest in Ukrainian culture at Columbia University.

The program held the close attention of the audience throughout its entire length. Many expressions of opinion were heard at its conclusion regarding its success and the advisability of holding others of the same kind in the future.

A Brief Survey of Ukrainian Literature

By ARTHUR PRUDDEN COLEMAN, M. A., PH. D.

Department of East European Languages, Columbia University
in the City of New York

(1)

[Address delivered at the "Evening of Ukrainian Literature," held in Schermerhorn Hall, Columbia University, November 22, 1935.]

FOREWORD

I have always had the deepest sympathy for the Ukrainian people who have preserved their nationality in the face of enormous odds. This is all the more remarkable because they have been able to maintain themselves and their indomitable spirit although living on an exposed plain surrounded by enemies. There are few parallels in history to such national conservation.

I am, therefore, delighted to endorse this survey of Ukrainian literature and trust that it will be of use in acquainting the American public with the cultural treasures of a remarkable people.

JOHN DYNELEY PRINCE.
(Head of Department of East European Languages. Ed.)

In our survey of Ukrainian literature we shall at no time take sides with political movements among the Ukrainian people nor engage in nationalistic controversies. We shall give a straightforward account of the ups and downs of a culture that sprang originally into being in the neighborhood of Kiev on the River Dnieper and was carried westward by priests and immigrants to be preserved in the Principality of Halich and among the sons and daughters on the northern side of the Carpathians. It is well known how deeply graven was the influence of that early culture on the heritage of Russia, the state which grew into importance around Moscow in the time of Kiev's decline. It is not so well known how great was the penetration of that Kievan culture among the tribes to the west of Kiev, and to what extent the Kievan tradition lived on among the children of Old Kiev as a haunting memory, never completely to die, intermittently to serve as a focus for culture resurgence.

As we turn from the political connotations of the word Ukraine, which in itself is a beautifully euphonious word meaning simply "borderland," we invite you to consider certain other connotations which in the course of the centuries the word has gathered about itself.

In the first place, the word Ukraine has become a symbol of all the enchantment which poets have found in the rolling steppe lands of the south. Hear the words of Gogol (Hohol, he is called in Ukrainian) as he lets his memory evoke a May night in his native Ukraine:

"Do you know the Ukrainian night? Oh, you do not know the Ukrainian night? Just consider one: from the centre of the sky looks out the moon; the limitless arch of heaven stretches afar, immeasurable and ever more immeasurable; the moon glows and breathes; the whole earth lies bathed in silvery light; and the air, refreshing, sensuous, is vibrant with delicate sounds and there stirs an ocean of exquisite fragrance. Divine night! Enchanting night! Motionless, sighing, stand the forests, dark with shadow themselves and casting about them vast patches of shadow. Quiet and calm lie the pools. The chill and the black-

ness of their waters are gloomily embraced within the dark green walls of the gardens. Virgin thickets of birdcherry and wild cherry timorously stretch their roots into the coolness of the water and now and then murmur among their leaves, feeling mayhap sudden energy and swift resentment when a tender little breeze—the night wind—steals up suddenly and kisses them. All the landscape is asleep. But overhead the firmament is breathless, wondrous, charged with triumph. One's soul too is caught up into the immensity of it, is rapt with awe, and crowds of silvery visions arise in melodious numbers from its depths, O night divine! Then suddenly it all springs into life, the woods, the pools, and the meadows. The magnificent thunder of the Ukrainian nightingale is scattered abroad, so that even the moon in mid-heaven must pause to listen to it. As if under a spell the village on yonder hillock still drowns. Whiter and whiter gleam its clustered huts in the moonlight. Each moment their low walls stand out more dazlingly from the creeping blackness. Now the songs have ceased. All is quiet. Only here and there a light glimmers in some narrow window. Here and there before the threshold of a hut some belated family is finishing its evening meal." (From Gogol's "A May Night," one of the stories in his *Evenings on a Farm near Dikanka*. Translation of A. P. and M. M. Coleman).

Such a countryside as the lush depths of Ukraine provides, more than any other, the native homeland of the Slav soul. For, as Thomas Masaryk, himself a Slav and a keen student of Slav psychology, observes, the Slav is a lover of the plain, the mountains do not speak to his imagination as the vast rolling plain speaks.

Not only is it the rich landscape of Ukraine that sets the Slavic heart throbbing and makes the Slavic harp give forth song. It is the bitter, blood-stained history of Ukraine, the woeful part it played as the scene of endless warfare between the Cross and the Crescent, it is this too that awakens in the Slav soul that truly Slav emotion which we can express in English by no single word, and which they call in Ukrainian *tuha*. It is a sense of longing for things that might have been, a "sense of grief and melancholy, united with the past memory of things on which the heart dotes and which are no more; an unappeasable, perpetual yearning which gnaws at the soul, a perpetual enforced memory of something unattainable, a hopeless dreaming of a distant home which shall never again be seen, of people who never again will be met, a brooding over sunken splendor, over vanished beauty, of happiness and joy which gladdened life in bygone days." All this Ukraine has meant to the Slav soul.

This "sense of tears in mortal things" which the landscape and the history of Ukraine evokes is the essence of pure poetry. It has made the Ukrainian people a race of natural poets. And when, in this paper, we make mention only of so-called "poetic" literature we must never forget that all the time there was accumulat-

ing, out of the natural singing ability of the Ukrainian people and out of their everyday experiences, a rich body of popular poetry that constitutes a genuine contribution to the world's literary treasury.

The source from which Ukrainian culture takes its origin is, as we have said, the ancient city of Kiev, the first capital, at least in a commercial and spiritual sense, of Rus'. From the stock of Rurik, a Norse explorer who was made ruler of Novhorod, there sprang a line of princes who, with Kiev as the seat of their power, to some extent consolidated the eastern Slav lands and tamed somewhat the barbarism of the Slav tribes east and west of the Dnieper. As one Grand Prince after another sat upon the increasingly shaky throne of Kiev, this much was accomplished: the trade route to Constantinople was kept open and active with business; the fierce barbarians of the Black Sea coast were most of the time held within bounds; and the rudiments of Christian civilization and culture were brought, in the late 10th century, to the inland Slavs of the east. Priests of the eastern faith were the bearers of this culture, and its conservators were the monks who served faithfully year in and year out in the monasteries, writing down in Cyrillic letters the events of Rus' turbulent history and the tales of her great men.

From the lay literature which sprang up along with the priestly chronicles and which were the work of individuals from the military aristocracy which grouped around each princeling, comes the first great monument of Ukrainian as well as of Russian literature. This is the famous *Tale of Ihor's Legion* (Igor, in Russian). This account, coming from the troublous year 1185, is more than a mere history of a disastrous expedition against the Polovtsi (Cumans). It is so filled with imagery and fire and vivid, photographic description that it is a genuinely fine poem. For its sheer poetic worth it stands as Ukraine's earliest literary contribution.

From Halich, the second capital of Ukrainian culture, comes the second great monument of Ukrainian literature. Halich, heir of Kiev, had a dynasty of its own and a sphere of influence of its own extending north to the River Pripjat (Pripiet, as is spelled on most current maps) and southward, through the agency of those immigrants who filtered down into Hungary, even south of the Carpathians. It flourished for a brief moment as the conservator of old Kievan culture, especially during the 12th and 13th centuries when Kiev was being ravaged by successive hordes of barbarians.

The literary monument which comes out of Halich is the so-called *Chronicle of Halich*, a eulogy composed after the death of Roman the Brave, prince of Halich and founder of the ephemeral state of "Red Rus'" on the Dniester which was an object of desire in its time to the princes of Lithuania and the kings of Poland. The *Chronicle* recites, in the heroic manner of the *Tale of Ihor's Legion*, the exploits of Roman, how the "brave Duke Roman, monarch of all Rus," vanquishes all the pagan peoples,

Living in accordance with the wisdom of God, he strikes them down like a lion, wily is he as a lynx, wiping them out as though they had been crocodiles, he swoops down on their lands like the eagle. Courage he had like the bison."

* * *

From the 13th century with its heroic chronicles to the 16th there is a wide gap in Ukrainian literature. When, moreover, after three hundred years there did occur a renaissance, the language of the new period was as different from the language of the *Tale of Ihor's Legion* as the language of *The Canterbury Tales* was from the language of King Alfred.

This renaissance of Ukrainian culture took place around Ostrih (now Ostrog, in Poland), a town in Volhynia, at the confluence of the rivers Vilya and Horin. By the time this awakening began, that is, by the late 16th century, Ostrih had behind it a long tradition of cultural achievements. The emergence of Ostrih into a position of singular importance in the late 1500's was the result of two factors.

In the first place, Ostrih, being the capital city of a pravoslavny, or Orthodox, bishopric, was the center of a long religious struggle. Throughout the 16th century the pravoslavny church of Ukraine was waging a losing fight with Roman Catholicism and the people of Ukraine were being weaned away from it into the church of compromise which has since become the national church of Western Ukraine, the Greek Catholic or Uniat Church. In 1596 the Union of Brest set the seal of confirmation upon the Uniat Church. But the prelude to the Union had been a long series of wrenchings as the shift was made from the old pravoslavny faith inherited from Kiev to the new faith whose Holy Father sat in Rome, yet whose forms were those of the old, familiar church. Ostrih's position as capital of a bishopric made it a focal point in this struggle.

In the second place, during the latter half of the 16th century Ostrih was blessed by having among her princely citizens a real patron of learning. This was the rich and powerful noble, Constantine of Ostrih (died 1608). Constantine founded in Ostrih the first Ukrainian Classical Academy and the first Church Slavonic printing shop in Ukraine. Here, in 1581, was printed the first complete text of the Bible in Church Slavonic (this Bible was reprinted in Moscow in 1663). In the preface to the Ostrih Bible Constantine himself confessed that he had been led to the undertaking of its printing by the deplorable state of the Church, "in the grip of wolves."

Out of the war of the faiths there arose all over Ukraine and contiguous White Russia schools founded by the Orthodox monasteries. In order to differentiate their schools from those of the rapidly encroaching Jesuits, the monks taught not only religion but philosophy and history and geography as well, offering a liberal and semi-secular curriculum. Three centers of learning stand out in this transitional period. Old Kiev itself, with its Academy, Lviv (now Lwow, in Poland) and Ostrih.

(To be continued)

THE JAY'S WING

By IVAN FRANKO .

(Translated by R. L. Wissotzky-Kuntz)

(2)

(Continued)

The letter is open...

It is a letter and not a correspondence. Who could have written it? It left Port Arthur in September, just three months ago. But who writes? It is signed "Your little Jay." What does it mean? My God! And there is a jay's wing in the letter... Is it possible?... Could it be she, whom I have counted among the dead for the last three years? She, whose mysterious and impudent disappearance brought her father to his grave, and threw me from the dashing stream of social life into this quiet, isolated landing... During the last days of our friendship she used to call herself "Little Jay" and tease me about the jay, which made her nest above my window. Then she killed the bird... Could it be the wing of that jay?

My hand trembles, my heart beats and my head is dizzy. Be still, foolish heart! Have you not buried her and mourned over her grave? Can a few words scribbled by her hand and a dried wing killed years ago, disturb your peace?

There is a remedy: I shall throw this letter into the fire! I want no correspondence with the dead. Poor fool! You blabber of things you shall never do! Could you burn this letter, written by her, without having read it? Fate! I shall read this letter even if my heart bursts from anger, excitement, or grief!

"Do you remember me? Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Do you remember my laughter? You loved to listen to it. You would come to me from afar, drawn by the sound of it. Can you hear it now, over the ocean, steppes, and mountains? Does it tremble in your ear together with the wind? Does it mingle with the rays of the setting-sun? Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

Do you remember me? Do you remember that Spring with its purple sunrise, its warmth and blue skies? The storms, which were like the quarrels of lovers, and the thunder, which sounded like shouts of jolly children in an empty house?—It was I...

Do you remember me? Do you remember the dwelling in that forest? All the paths led to it, as arteries lead to the heart. From that dwelling a strong will issued orders to all parts of the woods. In that house flowed the quiet, secluded life of an old father and his adolescent daughter. A loud voice, coming from the golden heart of a man, was often heard there; and still louder, ringing songs and laughter of a pampered girl. Do you remember her? It was I.

Do you remember me? Do you remember the Meadow, where we first met? I wore a green hunter's coat, had a game-pouch with a fresh-killed grouse in it over my shoulder, and a whistle in my lips. Do you recollect how surprised you looked? I laughed at your astonishment. You wore a blouse with a leather belt and a straw hat. Your emaciated face still bore the marks of prison life. You took off your hat and begged to be forgiven for walking in the woods without permission, but the doctors told you to... and you had only arrived yesterday... You really intended to introduce yourself to my father... You know my mother and remembered me when I was a child... And begged pardon for looking at me with astonishment, but you never expected to find me looking as I did... I gave you my hand. You kissed it, and I felt how your lips trembled under your dark mustache. I asked you to take me home... You wondered that there were grouse in this forest, for you had spent your entire youth here and had never heard or seen one. I answered laughingly that they are here only for my sake,

that I conjure them with my whistle and laughter, that I am a conjurer, a witch, and you better take care... Ha, ha, ha! Do you remember? It was I...

Do you remember me? Oh, I know that you remember me! You must remember! You could not forget me! I concentrated by entire will, the fire of my passion, all the charms of my body and soul in order to imprint myself in your memory forever. I called everything to my aid:—the sun and forest, the purple sunrise, the enchantment of midday, and the melancholy of night; the tales of my father and the sounds of the woods; the raging of the storms and the quiet whisper of friends. All that was only the scenery for my part which I wanted to play before you, in order to leave in your soul an eternal powerful impression, where illusion would not differ from reality. Ha, ha, ha! My artist, are you thankful to me for my part?"

Enough! What is this raven-like repetition?—"Do you remember? Do you remember?" You know well that I do. But, probably, you do not know what memories those are. I collected all memories of you, as one gathers the bones of a cremated corpse, put them into an artistic urn which I hid away in a far corner of my heart. Let it stay there as a stimulant, not a hindrance to life.

You stretch your hand of a demon from a distant land, you raise your voice of a raven and drag that urn out of the depths of my soul. You picked the bones one after another, wrapping them in flesh and blood, skin and nerves; you breathed your fiery, hellish spirit into them and laugh and tease me now with them: "Do you remember me? It was I..."

Woman! Demon! What do you want of me? Why do you torture me? Have I ever done any harm to you? I gave you all, all that was beautiful and pure in my soul, while you played with my feelings. My entire life, my heart and soul were in every word I spoke to you, while you only aimed to leave an "artistic impression" upon me! False woman! May the Devil take you!!! All your words, laughter and tears are but a comedy, a part!

Enough!! I am now "expertus robertus." In vain are your efforts to play a role before me now, I have learned its value and price. I am strongly shielded against your arrows. I wear a visor which repels all bullets or false words, tears, and laughter like cut steel. Speak and write what you may! I look at everything with the eye of an aesthet, who sees everything false in a play. And when you will laugh I shall indifferently shrug my shoulders; when you will weep, I shall laugh and say: "No, my child! You miss such and such points to make the illusion look like reality." And if you shall fall into pathos, I shall frown and say: "It is bad taste!"

However, I shall read further. "Do not be angry with me, my Massino! Do you remember how I changed your Ukrainian name Toma into the Italian Tomasso, then transformed it into Tomassino, which I shortened into Massino. Oh, how you scolded me then, when among three series of kisses I christened you thrice.

You were always angry with me. Your love always found outcome in anger, as though this love was an unwanted, forced confession for your prophetic, apostolic lignity. Ha, ha! ha! Do you remember what an apostle and prophet you have been? You did not speak, you preached; you did not bow, you condescended. It provoked me, and I decided to drag you off your pedestal with irony, laughter, and

jest. It did not work, for your soul was shielded by patience. Then I employed other methods: heartiness and generosity; and finally the strongest, the last—my love. This you could not withstand,—and I conquered! You felt your weakness against me, and all that was masculine in your nature revolted, and you were vexed and peeved. You scolded me, but drifted on with the tide.

Do you remember all this, my Massino?

But do not be angry with me now, after three years of separation. Do not accuse me of falsity, do not blame me for playing a part. Could I have done otherwise?

You love flowers, don't you? But did you ever try to conceive their psychology? You are an intelligent thoughtful man, and you should have done so. Do you not know that blossoms are the coquetry of vegetation? That all roses, chrysanthemums, and tuberose, show off and play a part with just one aim,—you know it... They attract our vision with their rich colors: their tender petals are caressing, their fragrance, which is above description and classification, produces a pleasing effect. They penetrate to our very souls and touch our aesthetic feelings with the richest and variety of contour, grace and mysteriousness of their movements. Heliotropes always turn in the direction of the sun. Other flowers timidly close in the daytime, lest the sun should drink of their fragrance. Study their psychology, Massino, and accuse them of playing a role, showing off in a false light. Can they be otherwise?

Can a woman act differently? What to men, who are harder and less keen, seems mere coquetry, display, that forms the most intimate manifestation of woman's nature. It is to them as simple and inevitable as breathing with their lungs and walking with their legs.

Do not be angry with me, my Massino! It is not my fault that you came into my life like the hot sun, which forces the flowers to open into full bloom and pour forth their precious fragrance. Confess to yourself,—were you not happy then? Was I not a colorful oasis in your life? Was not the summer in the woods the most beautiful time in your life? You told me so then. But, now after three years of separation,—what do you say?

Do you have courage to resent that summer, merely because it has passed? What would you have? That your happiness should be the only exception in this life, where nothing lasts forever? Do you have the courage to throw stones at me because I left you? My dear Massino, in that case those stones would strike only you. I did not leave you,—you did not know how to hold me. You had six months during which you did nothing to bind me to you. Is it my fault that somebody else became master over me in less than six weeks? Really, Massino, you are to blame. Admit it to yourself. You did not trust me, you had no faith in the sincerity of my love. You accepted my caresses, all the tokens of my young, awakened feeling with the passivity of a sybarite,—tenderly, appreciatively, but remaining within the limits of your egoism. I felt it. No one knows how that hurt me. You did not know it either, nor shall you ever know and understand. But I took revenge! And if you have a fragment of human heart left, you must have felt that revenge, and you shall feel it more acutely! But with all that, Massino, do not scorn me! Having punished you, I suffered much more, a thousand times more than you, and for my sufferings..."

(Continued p. 4)

Ramblings of a Word-hunter

"THE COMMON HORSE SENSE"

The pronouncement of Isaiah Bowman, the president of Johns Hopkins University, against the use of common sense to oppose any theories which are not evident, brings back to me that the common sense for some reason is often called "common horse sense."

I was not able yet to find an explanation of this phrase. The corresponding phrase in the Ukrainian language is "здоровий хлопський розум." The idea behind this phrase seems to be that the "common" that is not schooled, not learned people are endowed with a certain amount of intelligence which enables them to grasp certain problems.

Is there anything of the kind behind the English phrase?

In this connection, it comes to my mind that the Ukrainians often use the saying, "з цього й кінь сміявсяб." (Even a horse would laugh at this).

"THE PLACE IN THE SUN" AGAIN

In reply to a question by a reader, of what gender are the words mentioned in that item, I will add that "осонь" is of feminine gender, and "осоння" of neuter gender. Both have the accent on the "сон", which evidently is connected with the SUN.

"Урївок" has the accent on the syllable "рї": The word comes from "рїти," to warm.

In this connection, may I also add that there is another word "печнице" (accent on "пе") which denotes the place where the sun beats with such a force that grass has been burnt out. It is connected with the words "пїч," FURNACE; "пекти," to bake.

The Ukrainian-Russian Dictionary, by Borys Hrihchenko, knows no equivalents, in the Russian language, of any of these words. At each of these words, it has to resort to a description of the words by a full sentence.

AND "LOAN SHARKS" AGAIN

My attention was also called to the fact that the word SHARK in the meaning "a grasping and tricky rogue, a sharper," could be translated into the Ukrainian by the word "глитай," which is connected with the verb "глитати," to swallow voraciously.

And here we come upon an interesting fact: "глитати," of course, will remind you of the English verb GLUT, which just corresponds in meaning to the Ukrainian word "глитати." Dropping the infinitive ending "ати," you will have the root of the verb "глит," a true pendant to the English GLUT. You can see from this that such a combination of sounds denotes quick swallowing with a gulping sound of air—in more than one language of the world.

OUR STORY

Last week we started in the Ukrainian Weekly the story by Ivan Franko entitled "The Jay's Wing."

The title of the story in Ukrainian is "Сойчине крило." "Сойка," the European jay, common in Ukraine, has on the lower ends of its wings bright blue bars. Youths use jay's wings to adorn their hats.

To Elaine S.

When I saw you Sunday last
My heart sprang up for joy
And beat in rhythm fast
Like the feet of a dancing negro boy.

M. M.

VALUE OF READINGS IN FOREIGN LITERATURE

[An excerpt from the opening remarks of S. Shumeyko, Chairman of the "Evening of Ukrainian Literature," held in Schermerhorn Hall, Columbia University, Nov. 22, 1935.]

It is the purpose of tonight's program to present to you a bird's eye view of Ukrainian literature, which despite its richness of style, wealth of thought, and emotion-stirring qualities, is little known here in America.

Affairs like that of tonight are important. America, as we know, is very young. Its existence up to within recent times, similar to that of every people settled upon a virgin soil, has been characterized by a fierce struggle to master its physical and social environment. In the process, America expended most of its energy and creative faculties, leaving but little of them left for the pursuit of those spiritual values upon which rests the finest of human progress, in form of advancement of knowledge, refinement, and the arts.

It is only within recent times that a more balanced American life has come into being, one whose energy and creative qualities is spent more evenly. And although the present-day economic crisis has again distorted this life somewhat, still there is good reason to believe that with the mending of the flaws in our economic structure, American life will regain its balance and devote itself considerably towards the development of its inherent cultural values.

The specific form that the development of the cultural values takes in any particular section of the globe is dependent upon two main factors: (1) traditions, and (2) type of society of that particular section.

In the case of America, its cultural development is mainly dependent upon the second factor—the type of society; for because of the country's youthfulness there are really no traditions worth speaking of.

Now, since American society has such a large element of immigrant stock within itself, it is only natural, therefore, that the American cultural development has, and will be greatly influenced by this immigrant stock. Already it is said, and correctly so, that American culture is more than anything else a combination of European traditions and American environment. And yet, it is also correct to believe that with the passage of time this dual character of American culture will gradually disappear, and in its place there will arise the real American culture, distinct, well grounded, and well finished, in a form, perhaps, that the world has never seen.

We can readily see, therefore, the importance of study of the immigrant cultural gifts to American life, with an eye towards their adaptability to the American scene.

And of these studies, what to me are the most important, are those in the field of literature. This, of course, does not necessarily mean the literature that these immigrants may or had produced themselves, but the literature of their nationality, irrespective whether it be produced in its native habitat or here in America. And why literature?—Because literature is the clearest mirror of the power-giving and inspiring elements of any nation's life.

By reading the literature of other nations, in its original and not translated form, one becomes more sensitive, and consequently can better portray even his own life. New vistas open before him. New thoughts, emotions and conceptions assail him. He gains a more discriminating intellect, which helps him to obtain a more penetrating view of life's values. Consequently, the products of his creative spirit become much more valuable. But, if he limits him-

self in his readings to the literature of only one nation, he is in the danger of either overemphasizing or minimizing the values of his surroundings and of the various factors that condition his life. Lacking a sound sense of perspective—which reading of foreign literature would help give—his puddle around which he centers his existence becomes either a heaven or hell itself.

All of this, of course, has been realized in America for quite some time. And yet, although leading works of foreign literatures have already influenced American literature in the past, in the field of poetry, drama and the novel, still they have evoked more slavish imitation than inspiration. That should be guarded against.

The present period of American life strikes me as being a very appropriate time of starting this movement here in America of taking greater interest in the literary treasures of the various nationalities that inhabit these shores. For the immigrant stock, in most cases, whether it be the older or younger generation, is still sufficiently self-conscious to be of help in the study of its cultural gifts. Furthermore, American literature itself is in the stage where it is still ripe for revolutionary changes and development. Although it has made considerable progress, still it has not the hoary traditions to hinder its progress, and it has not any particularly great men and women to overawe and cramp the artistic style and development of aspiring writers.

Imagine, therefore, the future American literature—one that would combine the best elements of the refined subtlety of the Latins, the heavy power of the Teutons, the starkness of the Scandinavians, and the vigor and deep emotion of the Slavs.

Bearing this in mind, I think that we can all perceive the value of the present studies made into the literatures of the various immigrant stocks that help compose American society, by visionary individuals as well as groups, as exemplified here in Columbia University. And we too can perceive the value of such a program as that of tonight. For us, Americans of Ukrainian descent, it is particularly gratifying that even Ukrainian literature is being delved into, here at Columbia University. Gratifying—because Ukrainian literature is so very little known here in America. Centuries of oppression and denationalization of the Ukrainian nation by its foreign rulers have even obscured its very existence, its culture, and its service to Western European civilization as a barrier against the attacks of the wild Asiatic hordes for many centuries. But times have changed. There is a revival of interest in Ukraine. The Ukrainian problem is one of the most vexing in European chancelleries.

And concurrently with all this, America too has perceived that it has within its midst Americans of Ukrainian descent, has learned something of their aspirations, and has perceived the value to itself of some of their cultural traits.

All of this has its reflection here at Columbia University in form of the newly founded course in advanced Ukrainian, as well as in a previous and tonight's lecture on Ukrainian literature.

With Apologies.

You are skinny not sveltly my dear.
Your complexion is drear not exotically pale.
Your demeanour is grouchy with a stupid leer.
And your nose is expressive of a windy gale.

I searched for the perfect She,
An oddity I find
And to love?—yea, Love must be more than blind.

M. M.

YOUTH TODAY

(Concluded from p. 1)

THIS WORLD TODAY

The world today was described as a congested road in which each nation drives according to its own rules, unwilling to make traffic rules for the good of all, by the Rev. George Arthur Buttrick, of New York City, in his sermon the other Sunday.

"War breeds war and the virus of war," he said.

"War breeds war forever, and so does preparedness.

"Another war would sweep our capitalistic system into the limbo of things lost. I prefer that our capitalists devise their own control. My radical friends tell me that this is impossible, because capitalists have never given up anything except under compulsion."

"But the Marxists are wrong, too. Persecution is the worst form of war. There was recently a famine in the Ukraine worse than any we have ever known."

"Nationalistic bombast is another threat to peace."

WHY TO THINK OF WAR?

H. M. Tomlinson in his book "Mars His Idiot" writes of young people.

"Though I shall not share much of the future with them, it is somehow important to me that their gaiety should go on—the idea that innocence should again be caught unaware, caught and lost in the insensate grind of another such mechanical and universal horror, gets between us and the sunlight."

This is just the reason why others so easily advocate war.

NEW OCCUPATIONS

More than 100 students at the University of Michigan are training for the profession of radio broadcasting.

The Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing has become the Department of Nursing in Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons.

These items will recall to many youths the hard times they had with their parents when trying to convince them that there are in America a few hundred honorable professions outside the law and medicine.

WHAT PRICE BEAUTY?

An inquest into the death of Miss Ida Ramos, who died in Birmingham, England, revealed that she died of a streptococcus infection which resulted from plucking her eyebrows.

"Eyebrow plucking is very dangerous," Dr. T. B. Rose testified. "This case is the second I have had this year."

He said the process was usually done under unsanitary conditions, and that even if the forceps and skin were sterilized, the operation still would be unsafe.

LIKE FATHERS LIKE SONS

Thomas Watkins, 42-year-old, former prizefighter, was sentenced by the court in Los Angeles, California, to serve thirty days in jail for perpetrating a kidnapping hoax on Victor Jory, motion-picture actor, in the hope of getting a job.

In Yonkers, New York, Patricia Powers, five years old, was severely burned in her home when curtains, which she had draped over her head during a mock marriage ceremony, caught fire from a stove.

IS HISTORY STILL TAUGHT?

Commenting on the controversy on the question why had America during the world war abandoned neutrality, who threw us into it, and who might have kept us out of it, "The New York Times" asks the question, Do they still teach American history in the schools and colleges?

Indeed, if they do, how do they solve the controversy? What effect has the teaching upon the youth, who hear of the interesting controversy raging on the questions?

THE JAY'S WING

(Continued from p. 3)

The end of this sentence is blurred. Was it water or tears? Perhaps it is true? Perhaps forced by her temperament, her blood, she acted as she did, and could not do otherwise?

Ha, ha, ha! I a civilized man, a materialist and determinist—ask such a question! I believe that every atom is moved by an eternal power. Then how can I doubt that a human being can act not as it is forced to? We are too foolish and stupid to understand this complicated parallelogram; too blind to see its power. Hence, our idle talk about free will and self-will of the individual. She claims to have suffered much. She blames me for not being able to bind her to me. She says I wrapped her in a cradle of sybaritism and egoism, while she showered upon me the priceless fragrance of her first love.

This, h-m, this is something. I should not think of today. This could poison not only a celebration of New Year's Eve, but even the heavenly luxuries of Paradise. No, I shall not think of it anymore. Let us read further, perhaps, we shall find something more cheerful.

(To be continued)

WANT TO KNOW ABOUT UKRAINE?

The Ukrainian Cultural Center has received the following questions from Alex W. Gina of New Haven, Conn.: What is the difference between a Ukrainian and a Russian? What are the distinguishing characteristics of a Ukrainian? Why are Ukrainians called "little Russians"? Are there any Russian Cossacks? Were any Russian Cossacks in the time of Napoleon's battle with Russia?

Inasmuch as the answers to the above questions would make too lengthy an article of material that has already appeared in the Ukrainian Weekly, we are listing, instead, a few references. It is always well to substantiate one's statements about Ukraine by a good reference, and we suggest to Mr. Gina that he show the following books to his questioning teacher if possible:

Spirit of Ukraine. D. Snowdy. Pages, 33, 40-44, 48, 110-121.

Peasant Europe. H. H. Tiltman. Pages, 193-224, 270.

Russia: A Social History. D. S. Mirsky. Pages 27, 50, 59-67, 71-90, 121, 133-4, 173-185, 191-3, 217-278.

Ukraine the Land and its People. S. Rudnitsky.

Ukrainian Weekly (Ukraine in the American Press) Volume 1, No. 2, 3, 6.

Address your questions to the Ukrainian Cultural Center, Mary Ann Bodnar, Secretary, 341 East 17th Street, New York City.

YOUNG UKRAINIAN'S ADVENTURES

At the meeting of the Ukrainian Plast, Thursday evening, Nov. 7th, 1935, Mr. Michael Tack, second class seaman radio operator United States Navy, spoke on "My Seven Years in the Navy." His talk described his experiences in Central American jungles and also included adventures in Alaska, Hawaii, Phillipine Islands, and above all the fight with Chinese bandits. One consolation he had, was receiving the **Ukrainian Weekly** in every port he visited. Mr. Tack is going to be in the East for the next three years. At the present time, he is working for a promotion.

Wish you luck, Mr. Tack.

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(Today's Ukrainian Weekly concluded in the Svoboda)