



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



Supplement to the SVOBODA, Ukrainian Daily

Published by the Junior Department of the Ukrainian National Association

No. 49

JERSEY CITY, N. J., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1935

VOL. III

## YOUTH TODAY

### WHEN ARE WE MATURE FOR MOVIES?

The children's court in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, has ruled that no one below the age of six may attend an amusement film in the Federal district and that children between six and fourteen see only those pictures deemed "proper" by the censorship board.

### HOW MUCH DEPENDS UPON THE METHOD OF TEACHING

The Boeing School of Aeronautics in Oakland, California, initiated last summer an experiment in aerial education whereby flying students begin on a phase of airmanship that heretofore has been regarded as the crowning achievement of the finished pilot—instrument flying and radio navigation in a hooded cockpit, which simulates "blind" flight through fog or clouds.

The first student to be trained under the new system saw the ground, in his first twenty hours of flying, but once, and this was when the cover of his cockpit came unlatched accidentally and he couldn't resist the temptation to take a bird's-eye view of the world before "going back under the wraps." After six hours instruction he was flying the plane so well that the instructor started him on radio beam orientation and navigation. After thirty hours of flying, when the average student pilot would just about be trusted to fly around within sight of the airport on days when the weather was good, the student, flying "under the hood," took up the chief pilot of United Air Lines and demonstrated his ability to fly by instruments and radio like an old-timer.

The experiments of the school with other pupils confirmed the findings. English military flying schools are already interested in the revolutionizing method of aerial instruction.

### GOVERNMENT ORGANIZES A FREE ART SCHOOL

A new free art school for underprivileged students has been organized in New York City under the Federal art project of the Works Progress Administration.

The school, to be known as The Design Laboratory, has quarters at 10 East Thirty-ninth Street. The registration for the first term began on December 2. Some 200 students can be instructed on the single floor which the school has taken. The school will accept only students who cannot afford to pay for instruction.

The Design Laboratory will place greatest emphasis upon instruction in industrial design.

### EQUAL OPPORTUNITY TO ALL

A special telegram from Norwalk, Connecticut, to the New York Times reports that 14-year-old daughter of John Barrymore and Michael Strange will appear there on December 19 in the annual Christmas play of the Thomas School, where she is a student.

What circumstance has decided in favor of sending this telegram to the great metropolitan paper? The young actress's histrionic talent, or the renowned name of her father?

(Concluded last column)

## THINK IT OVER

For quite some time many of our young American-Ukrainians have been excusing—with a most noble display of good intentions—their ignorance in the matter of Ukrainian literature with the comforting thought that it was too difficult a subject to master and of little value if mastered.

Imagine their feelings, therefore, when they heard of the recently held Evening of Ukrainian Literature at Columbia University, where two Americans of the Anglo-Saxon race no less, both members of the university faculty, discoursed easily and eloquently, and with obvious familiarity with the Ukrainian language, on the various aspects of Ukrainian literature and its value in American cultural life.

To say this sort of thing is most irregular—would be too mild. It is against all rules and precedents. It isn't fair to these young people. If they, born and raised in Ukrainian homes where they have heard the Ukrainian tongue spoken from their earliest childhood, cannot master the Ukrainian language, then it is indeed highly presumptuous for Anglo-Saxons to learn it—and sufficiently well enough to translate such a difficult poem as Shevchenko's "Haydamaki" or prepare a comprehensive survey of the history of Ukrainian literature.

And then, to add fuel to the flames, there was that remark made during the evening by one of the professors, to the effect that since Ukrainian literature is sufficiently interesting to attract Americans of Anglo-Saxon descent their surely there must be many Americans of Ukrainian descent who are devoting themselves to even deeper study of Ukrainian literature, as well as history, traditions, customs, and the like. Despite the speaker's obvious sincerity, those who searched for it could not help but find an ironic note in that remark—applicable to themselves.

But that was not all. There was still another such ambiguous remark. It was said there that in the past Ukrainian literature owed a great deal of its progress to various individual patrons who supported it with monetary and other material contributions. Was the speaker inferring that our leading professional and business people become such patrons of Ukrainian literature here in America? Perish the thought. Doesn't he realize that being a patron to the arts is not good business policy? Of course, it may cause such a patron to go down in history, but who wants to adorn the pages of history in preference to handsome cash profits.

But then, of course, anything can happen today. Perhaps there are some such people among us who are blissfully blind to the value of money and personal gain and who would rather devote themselves to some such lofty ideals as the advancement of their nation's culture and world civilization.

Seriously speaking, however, there already have been and are such people, back in the old country as well as among us here in America. So perhaps the golden words of our learned friends at Columbia University will not be wasted after all, but will be taken in their literal sense by our people, both young and old.

### A VALUABLE BOOK

Another French book about Ukraine has appeared recently in Paris. It is "L'Ukraine Dans La Littérature De L'Europe Occidentale" by Elie Borschak, Ukrainian writer and journalist. Over 200 pages in length, it consists of comments upon the various leading articles about Ukraine that have appeared in Western European press during the past 500 years. The author spent over 14 years of exhaustive research and work in preparing the book, delving into the libraries and museums of Vienna, Vatican, London, Paris, Stockholm, and others. Some of the material he gathered has already appeared in the Paris "Le Monde Slav." It is particularly valuable in showing that Ukraine was quite well known in Western Europe before Russian and Polish propaganda succeeded for a time in obscuring its very existence.

### A SOLUTION OF "BOY PROBLEM"?

A suggestion for the solution of the "boy problem" through the establishment of twenty centres in cities—now said to be actively producing delinquents—was made in the fifty-first annual report of the Madison Square Boys Club, in New York City, issued on December 1. It was estimated that it would cost \$10,000 annually to maintain each centre.

Every centre, the report said, would need an experienced boys' leader and inexpensive quarters in a vacant store or loft building, to be equipped with games. Boys' club programs would be established under the supervision of the nearest established boys' club. Membership would be open to any boy in the neighborhood. Each potential delinquent would be considered the direct responsibility of the centre, which would cooperate with the police, the Children's Court and neighborhood organizations.

Wouldn't the purpose of the future citizens be served better if the people interested in boys talked not of saving the boys from delinquency but of giving them opportunity for healthy activities?

### HOW THEY ENCOURAGE THE YOUNG

"An Anthology from Those at School" is the subtitle of "The Threshold, 1935," a collection of youthful essays in verse and prose edited by R. W. Moore and published by Selwyn and Blount, of London, England.

Dr. Arlington in an introductory note says that the standard of the pieces included is high, especially of those in verse. The book contains much that readers of mature age could enjoy.

The editor hopes that its publication will encourage literary ambitions in boys of public and secondary schools and justify an annual publication of their best efforts.

Critics consider the experiment a success and hope that the editor would produce next year an equally good anthology.

### HERE'S A YOUTH PROBLEM

New York police say that two youths, Michael Yasso, 19-year-old and Antonio Del-Prete, 17, took part in several holdups in Harlem within the last two months. They were said to have used a toy pistol in a series of robberies which netted them \$700.

The police story is no guess; it is based on the confessions of the two youths made at a police station, after they had been captured.

### YOUTH IN POLITICS

A fad developed among Portuguese school children to wear small Ethiopian flags in their buttonholes, and the same school children took active part in public demonstrations staged in movies, when Mussolini was shown in speech or action.

School authorities took measures to suppress the fad of wearing Ethiopian flags, and film censors ordered to cut out sections of news showing Mussolini.

Will the removal of the opportunity to exhibit emotions destroy those emotions?

(Today's Ukrainian Weekly concluded in the Svbodda)

# A Brief Survey of Ukrainian Literature

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

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in the City of New York

(Continued)

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

What now of the language of this 16th century awakening? The literary language of tradition was, of course, Church Slavonic. But that language had by this time become tremendously influenced by the slipping in of words from the vernacular, even in the religious books, so that a real Ukrainian language was emerging. The first translation of the Gospels into Ukrainian was made during this time, between the years 1556 and 1561. This translation is the so-called *Peresopnitsky Evangelium*. It was undertaken and carried through during the time of the Archimandrite Gregory, "for the better education of the Christian common people." The language that was growing up on the borderland, based as it was on dialects of White Russian, Polish and Russian, strongly affected the Church Slavonic basic language of this Gospel text. Ukrainian was fast becoming a written, as well as a spoken, language.

The final years of the 16th century witnessed a veritable flood of writings in Ukraine. Arising out of the battle of the faiths and out of the need for school books, these writings were of a two-fold character. They consisted of polemical writings on religious and theological subjects, and philosophy and belles lettres, in the latter class mostly dramas. It is interesting to the Slavonicist to note that a good deal of the polemical literature at the beginning of the 17th century was an attempt to answer the Sermons of Peter Skarga. The most important philological work that came out of this first Ukrainian renaissance was the Slavonic Grammar of Melety Smotritsky (1619). This work was used for a long, long time in Ukraine, and even Lomonosov studied it. Then too there was the *Slavono-Russian Lexicon of Pamva Berinda* (1627), a work that was often reprinted and that has a good deal of historic value as the first attempt at a dictionary of the Ukrainian tongue. Whatever poetry flourished in the schools was under Polish influence and inspired usually by the advent of a new hetman or a new metropolitan. Drama too was strongly influenced by the Polish fashion of playwriting. It consisted mostly of short interludes to be played between the courses of a banquet or for the entertainment of an important guest. These little plays were very popular. They are important, too, for they were written in the vernacular and they depicted scenes from the life of the Ukrainian folk, making use of really living and typical figures.

About the beginning of the 17th century the center of Ukrainian culture shifted again from Ostrih back to Kiev, and again the reason for the shift lay at the door of a great personality. This was the Metropolitan of Kiev, Petro Mohila (1597-1647). Mohila came of a noble Wallachian family. Having studied for a time in Paris in his youth, he returned to Kiev to enter a monastery. Mohila's greatest service to the Church and to his race lay in his work with the Brotherhood of Cyril and Methodius. The monastery

of the Brotherhood in Kiev he greatly improved. Before Mohila's time Greek had been the language of the Brotherhood schools and Greek the instrument through which the culture of the ages had been handed down. Mohila now gave the preference to western learning, replacing the Greek tradition with the Latin. Students were sent west by him to study in the universities of Paris, of Italy, of Germany and of Poland.

Mohila's innovations were not well received. His cultivation of the west brought him into disfavor, as a matter of fact, with the devotees of all the three faiths that were warring in his domain. The Orthodox priests thought he was a traitor to his inherited faith, the Greek Catholics accused him of too western leanings, while the Roman Catholics were convinced that Mohila was teaching Calvinistic and heretical doctrines in his school. Finally all united in an effort to destroy the school, kill Mohila, and undo his work, root and branch. Mohila's school in Kiev was, however, the first institution in Ukraine that was really up to western standards and it became, in spite of all opposition, the seed-ground for the whole of Orthodox Slavdom, the "law-giver of literary forms and tendencies."

Mohila's misfortune was that he came a little too late as a worshipper at the altar of Latin culture, for he took from the west a culture that was moribund if not defunct, the culture we know in the west as scholasticism. However, dead or dying as western culture was in the early 17th century, there was still life enough in it to invigorate the emerging culture of Kiev and to inspire a considerable body of writings adorned by the popular Ukrainian speech. Those writings constituted a step forward in the steady march toward a genuine Ukrainian literary language.

We come now to the times of those two strong Russian monarchs, Peter the Great and Catherine. In accordance with the policy of Russification which both these monarchs pursued, Kievan culture lost its originality and even its identity. In 1720 Peter the Great decreed that henceforth no books were to be printed in Church Slavonic except in early editions and that these were to be adapted to conform to the church books of Great Russia so that no dialectic differences should crop up in them. The Ukrainian language was driven out of the schools, even out of the Academy of Kiev, and by 1775 Russian had completely superseded Ukrainian in all these schools. Ukrainians of aristocratic families went abroad to study, first to Gottingen, then, after Peter had founded his own university, to St. Petersburg. In this period the non-clerical schools of Great Russia interested young Ukrainians more than their own out-of-date, decidedly clerical, even Jesuitical, schools did. By the middle of the 18th century Great Russia had become the official language of Ukraine and the vernacular was used in writing only in humorous or satirical verses or in the traditional interludes. In 1818, Pavlovsky, in his Ukrainian grammar, stated that he considered Ukrainian a dying

language. Thus spoke the Ukrainian Dobrovsky.

The 18th century did produce, however, a group of important writers from Ukraine in the persons of Kapnist, Bogdanovitch and Gnyedich. Since, however, they wrote in Russian, they cannot be considered in the story of Ukrainian literature. The only interest the higher classes had in their Ukrainian tradition during this time was a kind of romantic and nostalgic pride in the Kozak glory of the 16th and 17th centuries, and among the lesser Ukrainian gentry a certain spark of national feeling was kept alive by historical writings concerning the Kozaks, especially concerning Khmelnitsky. The most interesting of the writings of this time was the *Istoriya Rusov*, written, it is now believed, by a Ukrainian official, Gregory Poletjka, and circulated in manuscript all over Ukraine (printed in 1846). It told the story of Ukraine from the earliest times to the period of the Hetman Rozumovsky. It demanded autonomy for Ukraine and praised to the skies the Hetman Bohdan Khmelnitsky, calling him the veritable instrument for the carrying out of the "plans and designs of God."

The 18th century produced, moreover, one of the most interesting personalities in the whole range of Ukraine's literary history. This was the wandering philosopher Gregory Skovoroda (1722-94). Born in 1722 of a good Kozak family in Chornukh, in the Kiev district, Skovoroda studied both in Kiev and in Petersburg. At first music was his special passion. Later on he turned to the army and was on the staff of General Wisniewski's army, which took him to Budapest and Bratislava. When Skovoroda returned to his native Ukraine he first became a teacher of poetry in Pereyaslav, where he himself wrote a manual of poetry; then he became a teacher in Kharkiv. In spite of good offers to enter a monastery, Skovoroda remained of the laity, because, he said, he had no desire to increase the number of Pharisees. A good many years of his life, when he might have been teaching in the University of Kharkiv, Skovoroda spent as a wandering philosopher, travelling all over Ukraine and calling upon everyone he met to become more upright in his living. The basis of his philosophy lay in his own answer to the question, "In what is happiness to be found?" Skovoroda found it in that inner peace which comes from self-knowledge and from the release of whatever talent God has given one. Skovoroda's books, though numerous, were none of them nearly so important as his own living. By his own example he was a force for good, his own way of living taught courage, love of freedom, simplicity and quiet dignity.

We come now to the second Ukrainian awakening, to those years which were the herald of the present day. The date of the beginning of this new awakening coincides almost exactly with the opening of the 18th century.

The founder of the new Ukrainian literature was Ivan Kotlyarevsky (1769-1838), an inspector in the Institute for the Instruction of Children of the Impoverished Nobility in Poltava.

Kotlyarevsky's work, though not large in bulk, was noteworthy for two reasons. His themes and his forms were in the strictest Ukrainian tradition and he used the vernacular instead of the strange hodge-podge that had been the literary Ukrainian of the 18th century.

Kotlyarevsky's two best known works are, *The Travesty of the Aeneid* (printed in 1798 without the author's knowledge) and *Natalka of Poltava*. The former is full of references to social and political events and injustices in Ukraine, the latter rich in details of Ukrainian life. Like the old dramatic interludes both came straight from the people and reflected the life of the people. Here is a fragment of Kotlyarevsky's reflection *On Human Fate* from *Natalka*:

O human fate—fate is blind!  
Serving often men of evil and unworthy mind.  
Letting good men suffer, knock about,  
Luckless in whatever they venture out.  
But whosoever 'scapes false fortune's frown,  
Lives on, like cheese in butter, sleeves rolled down.  
Without a trace of intellect lives pleasantly,  
While brilliant but unlucky men watch life pass fruitlessly.  
O human fate, why can't you play an open game with us,  
Always so kind to others and to us contemptuous!

Through this, as through all of Kotlyarevsky's work, shines the poet's love of truth and of justice.

Though Kotlyarevsky had many minor imitators most of them are forgotten. Only one of them need be remembered and he simply because he had a famous son. This is Vasil Gogol, father of the illustrious Nicholas Gogol. The father, a true Ukrainian, wrote comedies for the native theatre. Only fragments of his work are extant, one of them, *Prostak* (A Simple Fellow), being not very different from Kotlyarevsky's *Moskal-Chariwnik*.

The real Ukrainian renaissance was somewhat delayed in spite of the good start Kotlyarevsky had given it. It did not come into full being until the second decade of the 19th century, and then not in Kotlyarevsky's town of Poltava. It was Kharkiv, the first capital of post-war Soviet Ukraine, that became the capital of the Ukrainian renaissance of the 19th century. In 1805 a rich Ukrainian named Karazin gave a great impulse to Ukrainian awakening by assisting in the foundation of a university in Kharkiv. Though at first this pioneer university in the south lacked specialists in all branches, it became, nevertheless, an important center and an inspiration to Ukrainian culture.

\* This and all translations that follow were made by the writer with the help of the following, to whom gratitude for such help is hereby expressed:

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Mr. Joseph D. Stetkewicz, graduate fellow in Chemical Engineering, Columbia University.

Mr. Theodore Sokolowsky, former student at Teachers' College, Columbia University.

Mr. Stephen Shumeyko, Editor of *Ukrainian Weekly*, English supplement of the daily *Svoboda*.

The verification of all the selections was done by Martin Moore Coleman. (To be continued.)

# THE JAY'S WING

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated by R. L. Wissotzky-Kuntz)

(3)

(Continued)

"I am sending you our jay's wing. Do you remember the bird, whose nest was above your window in the little forest-house where you spent your summer? I made you stay there, for I wanted to have you near me. Every morning, with my hunting outfit on, I would come to greet you, and every morning that jay would announce my arrival to you with her merry chirping. I loved her as I would an intimate friend. For her sake I spared all the jay-birds in the woods, because I feared to shoot her by mistake. Do you remember how often we sat in front of the house in each others arms, watching the jay in happy oblivion? She would clean her nest, then sit down quietly and gaze at us with steady sensible eyes. Her eyes had a magic influence over you. During those moments your kisses and caresses were more passionate than ever. During those moments, it seemed to me that I could look into your soul and see a world of wonders there. Then jealousy crept into my heart. I began to hate the bird. It seemed to me that you really loved her and not me. Her jolly singing woke you every morning; her busy pattering about her nest cheered your monotonous life; her curious eyes filled you with magic charm, and bewinged your words. And I hated her as my rival. Do not laugh at me, Massino! It is the truth. My hatred grew to such an extent that the voice of any jay spoiled my disposition. I could not stand her along side of me. Then—I killed the bird...

I came to your house one morning at the usual time. I planned to approach quietly, so that the hateful jay could not hear me, and my voice, not her's, would waken you that morning. But when I was about fifty feet away, as soon as the bird noticed my green dress, she began to jump above your window, uttering sounds which seemed to me filled with malice. Simultaneously your hand appeared on the window. She woke you,—not I...

No, I could bear it no longer. I lifted my gun, and aimed at the jay. A shot resounded, feathers flew up, and my rival lay in a heap with her wings still trembling.

You came running, pale as a ghost. You did not smile, nor stretch both hands to me as usually. You said with scorn:

"What have you done, Manusia? You have killed our little jay!"

But reaction took place in me as soon as I fired the shot. My hands trembled. I wept and kissed the dead-bird's bleeding little head. Do you remember how you wiped the jay's blood off me and kissed and soothed me? But you could never find out why I had killed the bird...

I knew then that we were doomed for separation, that the dead jay opened an abyss between us. I hid her wings among the pages of my prayer-book and never parted with them. I brought them with me here, to Port Arthur, and I am sending you one of them now. It seems to me that a half of my soul departs with it. If this half reaches you, it will be up to you to decide whether the other half shall follow. If there is still a spark of love for me in your heart, a drop of desire to see me,—it shall draw the other wing, the second half of my soul to you.

Fly, my little jay, into the wide world! Fly to the one who loved to listen to your chirping, to look into your eyes. Let your wing flutter over his soul, kindle the fire that is dormant under the ashes of disillusionment and indifference! Bring to him sweet dreams and pleasant memories! Move his heart, fill it with yearning, light bright sparks in his eyes, then cloud them with pearly

tears! And when he will ask: "Where have you been? What have you seen?"—be silent!"

You are getting sentimental, dear lady. Poetic words and tearful phrases are not at all becoming to you. There is a whole lot more to be read. This is the eighth page. If the rest is of the same nature, it is tiresome. To be truthful, Miss Mania, I am not a bit touched, for it is all phraseology. There is no deep feeling in it, and you know, I am an old-timer, and could not be fooled easily. The story with the jay is out of place, and so is the mystery about the wing. It becomes little children or old women, but not you, Mania, nor me.

I shall read a little more. If it is the same nonsense, I shall either leave it until tomorrow or throw it into the fire. I am not at all curious. I will much rather listen to the phonograph records. It is much more interesting than sentimental blabbering of this adventuress from Port Arthur. Well, let us see what is written further.

"I know, Massino, that you hate sentimentality. You must be tired of my writing, and ask yourself: What does she want? Is she forever going to bother me with her tiresome questions—do you remember?"

That woman is the Devil herself! It seems that when she wrote, her soul conversed with me, and while she wrote down her phrases, her eyes of a lizard followed every move of my soul. She leads a silent dialogue with me, answering every question that is born in my brain. It is a great talent! Or perhaps, it is something else? Let us read further and see whether she can use a different tone.

"I shall tell you something you never expect. Do you know that I am coming back to you? I shall soon bury my husband and be free. Then I will come to you. Do not think me heartless. I am true to my husband as I was true to his seven predecessors. But he cannot live very long. During the last attack a shell tore off both his legs and his condition is hopeless for the last two weeks. I am nursing him day and night. In the few free moments I am writing this letter to you. When gloom eats in heavily into my heart, I laugh to you in my thoughts. When cruel reality crushes my soul, I think of my past, my youth, happiness, and you,—always you, my Massino..."

And I shall have you again. As soon as Mikola Feodorovitch will die. He is expected to die any minute. I will immediately leave this hell. I shall board any Chinese boat and shall rush,—to the bottom of the sea, or to you, my Massino. I do not want to capture you, nor do I expect anything from you. It is immaterial to me whether you will welcome me or cast me away. I does not matter! I only want to see you again and clasp your hand. After that—who cares...

You see what a dreamer I am. You would say: "A foolish little jay!" Well, I have not changed for the three years we have lived apart.

Do you believe in confession? When a child, I was very pious. My mother was very religious and brought me up accordingly. I always found wonderful relief in prayers, and peace in confession. Then came gay, thoughtless youth. My father was a free-thinker and with his jests and arguments he shattered my childish faith. Later came the storm which carried me like a leaf all over the world and finally dropped me here, at the end of it. And during that time I never prayed, although there were painful terrible times. But now the night is so quiet and clear. The fragrance of autumn hours through the open window

together with the warmth of the night. Somewhere far away the restless sea is audible. Small lights twinkle upon the waves. At times great streaks of light fall across the sea. Those are search-lights watching the treacherous Japanese. My patient sleeps with a heavy slumber that is almost death. Over him weeps the shadow of his mother who is far away... I am sitting right near the bed and writing, conversing with you, my Massino. I am leaning against you like a poor, unfortunate orphan, wandering in a strange world. This contact with you leaves a softness in my soul. I feel the presence of a higher, nobler spirit...

Do you remember this marvelous passage in the Bible?

A storm was raging, but Jehovah was not in the storm; it was thundering, but Jehovah was not in the thunder; a powerful wind was blowing, but Jehovah was not in the wind. An earthquake shook the earth, but Jehovah was not in the earthquake either. But the storm passed, the sun shone from the blue sky, a faint breeze swept over the flowers and—lo! Jehovah was in that faint breeze.

At this moment of quietude, peace and rest, which are so rare in my life, I feel this wonderful breeze. My soul opens like a flower which closed its velvety petals during the storm. I feel the need of confession. I must share my misfortunes, my sufferings and experiences with someone.

Massino, my beloved, the only one on earth whom I truly and boundlessly loved and still love! I beseech you, listen to my confession. I ask no mercy for myself. I do not ask you to forgive my sins, I ask nothing, just listen to my confession. After that do as you please.

Femina,—animal clerical. Someone said this and made no mistake. Women are always governed by feelings. And as a flower turns to the sun, they turn to that which can best touch the strings of sentiments. Mysteries, secrets, sacraments,—this is their element. Their nature actually is in need of all this. If people would not have any faith in miracles, the woman would create it. Did not the first miracle occur to a woman? The snake spoke to her! If there were no churches with sacraments, the woman would create them too. No wonder that during the early era of Christianity the woman played such an important part. What fools these radicals are to speak of equality of man and woman. How is that possible? And of what use is it? Give them equality and governmental rights, and they will become the support of all reactionary and bureaucratic movements. Give them education, when to them it is just a new sort of make-up, a new way of attracting a certain kind of a husband. Of course, there are exceptions which should be treated differently.

But I guess this will do. Why give in to such an outburst of anti-feminism? Let us listen to the confession of our jay from Port Arthur.

"Oh, the last scene, the last scene of our life together! Do you remember it, Massino? It is still vivid in my memory. My father was away to Lviv and was supposed to return late that night. After a day's work over some book, you came to our house towards evening. We were having tea,—you, I, and Henris, a young assistant of my father, who came here a month before. Do you remember him? He was a young man of twenty-six, rosy and delicate as a girl. The slightest hint of love or woman made him blush. He worked hard, was quiet, obedient, gentle and polite. Do you remember him, Massino? Oh, I guess you do

remember, nor should you ever forget him. I laughed very much that evening. I knew the cause, but never suspected that I laughed for the last time. You told us how you gathered mushrooms in the morning and spoke to a peasant. That led you to a general analysis of the condition of the peasant. You developed your plan of solving the agrarian problem. I always loved to listen to your reform plans. Do you still carry them with you? But that evening I was far away from your mushrooms and your agrarian reforms. Other worlds, full of luxury and marvels, were before my eyes. Worlds, of which you, my poor Massino, never dreamed. Worlds of unheard of wonder, passionate love, and freedom. I carried this burden in my soul for many days, cherishing the sacred thoughts and watching over them, lest I share them with you. I made a serious face and asked, how you were going to apply your ideas to life. You spoke about the necessity of propaganda, a people's party, and elections. I was so amused, so amused by your talk! You were absorbed in thoughts of the future, work among the people for the good of humanity, but failed to know what was going on right about you. Your eyes rested upon me with such assuredness and love, while I laughed at your blindness, goodness, and childish credulity.

Henris mentioned that he had to get horse ready to go to a neighboring village on a business errand. He went out without glancing at me. We remained alone... Twilight was falling. An owl was heard in the woods. You listened...

"A nice bird," you said, "but whenever I hear it I get chills in my heart"

"As though something is dying," I added.

"As though some demon laughs and mocks human faith, human hopes."

"And human love," I added sentimentally. I felt like laughing, laughing...

"We all know," you continued, "that it is a perfectly harmless, innocent bird, and yet its voice has such an effect!"

"Are you sure that there is no meaning in it?" I asked.

"What meaning could there be?"

"Perhaps really some evil spirit laughs at us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" rang out your laugh. "At us?! Are we to be laughed at?"

"At our love, perhaps. He might be envying us."

"That is possible. But we have a strong shield against his arrows."

"What is it?"

"Our love, its power... its greatness. This intimacy and truthfulness, which prevents the possibility of any shadow between us."

You said it with such childish fervor, such assuredness, that I had no heart to tease you. I closed your mouth with a burning kiss.

"Do you trust me, Massino?" I asked.

"Is it possible not to believe you? To distrust this?"

And you caressed me and kissed my lips. Just then the sound of bells became audible.

"Henris is going away," I remarked casually.

"Let him. It is a beautiful moonlight night," you answered, holding me in your arms.

The gate opened, and we could hear the carriage near the house. I kissed you once more and said, "Let me go, Massino, I shall be back in a minute."

I ran into my room and gave vent to mad laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" One minute, Massino! I shall be back in one minute! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

How long did you wait? This minute lasted a bit too long, my poor, stupid Massino! We have not seen each other since then.

(To be continued)

## RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

### INNOCENT WORDS WITH EVIL CONNOTATIONS

Commenting on the report of the creation of twenty new Cardinals at Rome, of whom one is the Secretary of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, "The New York Times" calls attention to the strange connotation acquired by the word PROPAGANDA.

"Much has been said since the World War in exhortation of propaganda. It may come as a surprise to many people to find the word of such respectable and even impressive origin."

"Because propagandists will often lie, it is no help to clear thinking to make Propaganda and untruth always synonymous. They are not. The right to preach, to proselyte, to convince, is a right which no one will readily give up. The proper way to deal with Propaganda is not to dismiss it with a shrug of shoulders but to scrutinize it. It may lead us to the truth."

As yet it is not certain whether the campaign to rehabilitate the word PROPAGANDA will succeed. In this connection, it might be of interest to note that the Latin word PROPAGANDA has also been adopted into the Ukrainian language and is used in it without the nasty connotation which it has acquired in English. Пропаганда means simply efforts towards the gaining of support for an opinion or a course of action. There is no connotation of dishonesty.

On the other hand, however, we may see a similar connotation of moral condemnation attached to other words which the Ukrainian has in common with the English language. Thus, for instance, the word PAMPHLET in English means simply a booklet, while in Ukrainian памфлет means a booklet written in biting and vituperative tone. What the English language calls PAMPHLET the Ukrainian calls брошура, which, of course, is the French word known also in English adaptation as BROCHURE.

### THE HONORABLE "KIBITZER"

Charles W. Hurd wires to "The New York Times" from Warm Springs, Georgia, that President Roosevelt "found considerable amusement in driving up and down a lane skirting the fairway of the Warm Springs golf course, meanwhile 'kibitzing' members of the White House staff and newspaper correspondents who were playing there."

The headline-writer gave the news the leader: "ROOSEVELT TAKES ROLE OF 'KIBITZER'."

Who or what is a "kibitzer"?

I learn from Arthur G. Kennedy's Current English that there is quite a controversy about the origin of that word. Mr. Kennedy quotes a writer of an article upon the influence of Yiddish upon English as an authority to the statement that the word "kibitzer" is of Yiddish origin. A "kibitzer" in Yiddish denotes a participant in a card game who does not sit at the table nor gets the cards, but hangs behind a real card-player and gives him advice. Some people who combine the knowledge of card-playing with the knowledge of Yiddish tell me that a "kibitzer" might be occasionally permitted to take the cards into his hands and show by actual playing the hand how he knows the game, whereas another assistant at the game, the so-called "tsitzer," is permitted only to say "ts-ts," which is an exclamation of astonishment or surprise.

Calling our president a "kibitzer" suggests to my mind the possibility of inquiry into the character of the "kibitzer," such as: what makes some people assist other people at card-games, without risking their money or even uneasiness of losing a game? What makes them give advice, which is to act the role of one

who knows the game better? And what is usually their behavior in other matters, that is outside the games and plays? Are they also "kibitzers" in the matters of their careers, that is criticize others for their work, while they themselves do not work in any career? Are they also "kibitzers" in the matters of love, criticizing others for their solution of love and marriage, while they themselves never venture near that solution? Are they "kibitzers" in social life, in politics? Or is it the other way around: that is, isn't the usual way with the "kibitzers" to "kibitz" in cards, and to know no "kibitzing" in the serious spheres of life?

Even in the word-lore alone, the inquiry could be pushed beyond the point reached by Mr. Kennedy. I know as a matter of fact that this "kibitzer" is known also in the Ukrainian slang, where the word means in the first line exactly what it means in English. It is, however, used also in a wider meaning, denoting one who courts girls, without serious intentions, for the sheer pleasure of amusement. The Ukrainian slang has a verb "кібітувати" which means: to flirt.

Another interesting line of inquiry is suggested by the fact that the German language, from which Yiddish originated, has the word "Kibitz," which is the popular name of the bird which is variously called in English: plover, lapwing, pewee, peewit, tirwhit. The word "lapwing" describes appropriately the bird's flying habit, the names "pewit," "pewee," and "tirwhit," imitate the call of the bird; while the name "plover," as Ernest Weekly tells me in THE ROMANCE OF WORDS, comes from French PLOUVIER, and that from vulgar Latin: PLUVIARIUS, belonging to rain. I think that many readers have already noticed the connection between the German "Kibitz" and the English "peewit," "pewee," and "tirwhit." They will also notice the connection between these words and the various vernacular Ukrainian names for the same bird: "кигиска, кигитка, кигиця, кигичка, in some sections even "кибіска" and кібіска. They all, too, are imitations of the bird's call, and they are synonyms of the well-known Ukrainian name of the bird "гайка," as this bird is no other than the one used so poetically in the song, attributed to Mazepa himself, to describe Ukraine's misfortune in settling along the highways of people's migrations. Now this bird in folk-songs of Ukraine is described as a kind of dandy:

Ой, не коси, бузьку, сіна,  
Заросиши по коліна;  
Нехай гота чайка косить,  
Що на баквир шапку поносить.

The phrase about the bird's cocked cap is, of course, a poetic description of the tuft of the lapwing, which usually is tilted to one side, and which gives the bird an appearance of dapper coxcomb. What is more natural that this should have suggested the use of this bird's name to denote a dandy who flirts with girls just for the sake of amusement, a development which finds a strange corollary in the fact that the word "plover" was once used to denote a woman of loose character, (as now is the word "quail") which is in a way a feminine counterpart to the masculine "кібіт" in the Ukrainian slang. er.

### On Passion.

It is often asked  
What is passion?  
What can it be?  
Perhaps the tumult of flesh  
Restrained to mutiny.  
Or merely—  
A violent insanity  
That bodes good to no one.

M. M.

## "NOTHING VENTURED--NOTHING GAINED"

In his contribution appearing in the Ukrainian Weekly dated November 22, 1935, Mr. John W. Kosbin, an old and dear friend of mine, reveals he is virtually trembling in his boots for fear that Ukraine will become "Again the Pawn!" if the diplomatic overture reported being rendered by certain "noted Ukrainians" for the benefit of German ears should strike a harmonious note.

The reason upon which Mr. Kosbin lays the foundation for his fear is not a very formidable one. In his own words, this reads: "... basing all previous experience, they—and we mean those working in our behalf—should know by this time that all past alliances have proven unprofitable." True, very true indeed. But Mr. Kosbin forgot to mention—purposely, perhaps—that these alliances were generally made with Russia or Poland, each rivaling the other as a time-enduring enemy of Ukraine. Down through the centuries the relation existing between Russia and Ukraine has been very similar to that of step-mother and step-child, respectively. Before the humanitarian eyes of the world, Step-Mother Russia never fails to affectionately and tenderly pat the golden-haired head of its step-child, Ukraine, and lovingly exclaim in a gentle voice filled to overflowing with mother love: "Dear 'Little Russia,' flesh of my flesh—blood of my blood!" But whenever the humanitarian eyes of the world are focused momentarily elsewhere, the step-child Ukraine, or "Little Russia," is meted out a dozen or more brutal blows and kicks at the hands and feet of Step-Mother Russia for each tender pat on the head; it received previously while this same Step-Mother Russia was giving a grand, tear-jerking performance of Mother Love before susceptible and saccharine loving extraneous audiences.

Yes, when the eyes of the world are diverted from "The Drama of Disguised Evil Doings," also known as "Mother Love—Russian Style!" unfortunate Ukraine receives rough treatment from Russia not only physically, but spiritually as well, so that blood and beliefs of brotherly love ooze slowly but surely from innumerable wounds, bearable only because they have long ago with their intense barbaric cruelty deadened the mind beyond all feelings of pain.

Ukraine's relations with Poland—her other enemy with whom she has had alliances in the past, have not been, nor are they at present, as austere and harrising as those with Russia. Yet this should not be interpreted as meaning that Poland possesses a warmer spot in her heart than Russia for Ukrainians. This paradox may be attributed to the fact that, unlike Russia, Poland has no Siberia, therefore cannot exile at will and simultaneously thousands of Ukrainian families to a bleak, frozen hell. Nor has Poland made any progress with the "liquidating" system of the firing squad as practiced with such telling results in the modern Russia of the Soviets. But we should not wonder at Poland's backwardness. Because Poland cannot by any stretch of imagination be termed a proletarian paradise like Russia where, we are told, freedom rings loudly—even though the church bells are forcefully prohibited from doing likewise. So, with Poland not being as chuck full of liberty as Russia, Polish governmental heads naturally do not possess the freedom to treat the Ukrainians in Poland exactly as the commissars treat Ukrainians in the land of the OGPU.

Is it any wonder that the alliances made by Ukraine with Russia and Poland prior to now have all been, as Mr. Kosbin writes, "unprofitable"? Common sense tells us that if any alliances are made with these two countries

in the future they, also, will not only be "unprofitable" but total detriments to Ukraine's struggle for emancipation.

But staring us in the face is the truth that, without intervention, without the assistance of a strong and friendly European power, or powers, it is not only impracticable but also impossible for Ukraine to tear herself loose from the death grips of Russia, Poland, Rumania and Czechoslovakia. Why impracticable and impossible? Because Ukraine has not the well equipped man power necessary for such an accomplishment. Ukraine has the will to free herself, but not the way—unless she does find some powerful, friendly nation or nations willing to assist her in her undertaking. Alone, Ukraine will never succeed because she is empty handed. As a matter of fact, saying Ukraine's hands are still intact is stretching the point quite a bit—she has been so badly bruised and battered of late.

We Ukrainians want "an independent Ukraine!" Furthermore, we are not averse to have some country send its able bodied fathers, husbands and sons to fight for this "independent Ukraine!", nor are we unwilling to have this country lose thousands upon thousands of these fathers, husbands and sons by death to bullets, shells, gases or disease, while many thousands are crippled for life, thereby equally lost. No, we are not averse to have some country perform this great sacrifice for us. PROVIDING—we can show our appreciation to said country by saying sweetly: "Thank you, kind Sir!" But to show our gratitude by concessions? Never! Why, Ukraine would be "Again the Pawn!" Not necessarily. By "concessions" it is not always meant the granting of land, but often only the granting of special privileges.

If it should be possible for Ukraine to become allied with some European country other than those now occupying Ukrainian soil, free herself as a result of this alliance, and to her ally for help received grant nothing more than special privileges—in what way would Ukraine be playing "The Pawn"?

"Nothing ventured," we are told, "is nothing gained." Rather than have Ukraine lie in torment under Russia, Poland and the smaller fry for a few centuries longer, it is much more preferable that she form some sort of an agreement with a first class world power and make an attempt to rise to her feet.

DIMITRI HORBAYCHUK.

### WHERE OR WHERE? . . .

As one who has lived in Rochester many years and been greatly interested at all times in the sport activities of our local young American-Ukrainians, I must confess myself greatly disappointed this year at the absolute dearth of this sport activity. It is something that I can't understand. The St. Josaphat Reserves after winning a city basketball championship in 1933-34 disbanded. And what has happened to the St. Josaphat Baseball Team which finished in first place in the Municipal League in 1934? What has happened to the Varsity of St. Josaphat's? None of these teams can claim that they lacked support from the Ukrainian people of Rochester, for such was not the case.

I would like an answer to my questions; not in words but in action!

T. O.

You were lovely and I held you close,  
And your lips did enchant me more  
You sighed and wrinkled your nose,  
And I was yours forevermore.

M. M.