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YOUTH TODAY

SANTA CLAUS IN TROUBLE

A police bodyguard had to accompany Santa Claus on the streets of Oxnard, California, because the city fathers feared mob violence against old St. Nick.

A week ago, when Santa first arrived in town, he greeted all the children in the City Plaza with free candy. But when the candy supply ran out, ruffians knocked him down and walked on him, tore his whiskers and left his coat and trousers in tatters.

So Santa is not going to take any more chances. He will be well supplied with candy and will have a bodyguard, just in case.

WAS THIS INITIATION INTO A CULTURAL INSTITUTION?

Einer A. Palmgren of Charlotte, North Carolina, is in Duke Hospital at Durham with severe burns received when shellack with which he had been painted caught fire during his initiation into a fraternity at Duke University.

Dearmon Moore of Charlotte said that Palmgren's clothes had been removed and the shellack applied. No one seemed to know how the shellack caught fire, he added, but Palmgren became enveloped in flames. The boys present quickly extinguished the flames.

The flames were accidental, Moore declared, adding that the fraternity members were cooperating with college officials in an investigation.

Could anything more be expected from so highly cultural institutions than cooperation in the investigation? Wouldn't it be perhaps better to play at hanging new members of the fine fraternity? The danger of fire would be then eliminated.

WHAT USE TEACHING THAT DOES NOT TAKE?

The Board of Education of the city of New York is considering establishment of a "laboratory" to analyze teaching methods and curricula with the purpose of discovering waste in teaching.

By this is understood—teaching that does not take. Some members of the Board believe that city schools waste \$12,000,000 annually through the application of the nineteenth century methods to twentieth century schools.

Why not start at scrapping first the remnants of more distant centuries?

FROM ALL SIDES

A plan for furthering peace education among the children of New York materialized with the formation of a children's leaders commission at a conference of leaders in juvenile work called by the American League Against War and Fascism.

Its work will be largely directed toward educating children under 14 against war and fascism through the use of anti-war and pro-peace dramatic and pictorial studies.

Father Le Buffe, the business manager of the Jesuit Weekly America, speaking in Baltimore on the spiritual side of education, said that "over a recent period of time, 70,000 Boy Scouts have been lost to the Pioneers, a communist organization." He urged religious teachers in his audience to train Catholic youth to fight communism, atheism and other destructivisms.

(Concluded last column)

"Mental-Misfits"

The problem of "mental-misfits" graduating by the thousands from higher institutions of learning occupies not only the new but the old country too. Quite recently the Ukrainian daily Chas, published in Chernivtsi, capital of Bukovina (under Rumanian rule) caustically criticized those students who somehow manage to squeeze through college or university. Although they proudly hold themselves out as "intelligentsia," the newspaper points out, in reality, however, they are nothing more than "mental-cripples" or "intellectual-proletariats," whose education is of little benefit to themselves and society.

Reading this we cannot help but ask—who is to blame for this unloosening upon the world of hordes of ill-trained college graduates?

A careful consideration of this question leads to the paradoxical conclusion that although primarily the fault is that of the student for neglecting to take full advantage of the many opportunities offered him by college education, yet basically the fault lies within the system of formal education itself. Why? Simply because formal education is not sufficiently high and comprehensive enough to allow for the vagaries of human nature and conduct.

Our criticism in this respect, however, should be tempered by a realization that formal education is just about emerging from its primitive stages. For a long time it was frankly considered as being nothing more than a tool and weapon of the vested interests and institutions, both secular and religious, that ruled the world down through the centuries; and it touched only a very small minority. With the coming of democratic ideals, however, formal education began to undergo a healthy transformation, one in keeping with the new social values.

And yet, these very same democratic ideals that gave it new life and spirit are one of its chief weaknesses today. And this is due to the common misinterpretation of the meaning of democracy, a misinterpretation that admits young people by the droves into colleges irrespective of their talent and ability and clogs them up with a lot of dead-wood—young folks who see very little in life other than a good time, nothing deeper in their studies than to somehow get a passing mark, and who excuse their woeful ignorance by blaming the college, the courses, the teachers, everyone but themselves.

Such young people should be made to realize that despite all its acknowledged weaknesses, formal education today represents a marked development over that of former times. They should realize that the lot of the average present-day student too, while not exactly enviable, is still certainly far superior to that of his predecessors. Despite all the hulabaloo about regimentation, his individual talents and capabilities have the fullest possible freedom of growth and development, at least here in America anyway. True, his immediate horizon is not only very bright, and in the sphere of earning a livelihood quite forbidding. But even the darkest clouds are eventually swept away. Courage in adversity and a high character are his most valuable assets.

It is in this latter connection that we should look at the case of the Ukrainian students in their native land under foreign rule. There are very few in the civilized world today who have to suffer more than they to obtain an education. Naturally, the weaker souls drop out. But the majority of these Ukrainian students, armed with courage, character, and strong will, steadily forge ahead, both in their studies and national life, and grow stronger in the process too. Every fresh persecution serves but to tap a new source of strength and endurance in them, so that today we find many of these discriminated-against, abused and persecuted Ukrainian students making far better records in school and society than the state-pampered Russian, Polish, Czech or Rumanian students.

CANADIAN OVERTONES

Heralded as a pioneer work in its field and as the only available authority on the foreign language poetries of Canada, the newly-published CANADIAN OVERTONES (Columbia Press, Ltd., Winnipeg, 1935, \$1.00.) is an interesting anthology of Canadian poetry written originally in Ukrainian, Icelandic, Swedish, Norwegian, Hungarian, Italian, and Greek, and translated and edited with biographical, historical, critical, and bibliographical notes by Watson Kirkconnell, well-known to the Ukrainians for his previous translations of Ukrainian poetry.

The Ukrainian section in this anthology is the largest, containing representative specimens from the work of 17 Canadian-Ukrainians. The preface to it is a comprehensive treatment of the status of Ukrainians in Canada, their arrival and settlement, their cultural activities, and their poets. In summing up his evaluation of Ukrainian poetry in Canada, the author declares:

"And finally, we have in this work a spontaneous, moving, and profoundly illuminating portrayal of the emotional and intellectual reactions involved in a great modern migration of peoples into the midst of a strange land and an alien culture. Centuries hence, Ukrainian-Canadian poetry will be treasured as a record of human experience."

We highly recommend that CANADIAN OVERTONES be found on the bookshelf of every young American-Ukrainian, as it is truly a fine and useful book.

(Concluded from 1st column)

Herbert Hoover, the former Republican president of the United States, in his address delivered on December 16, before the John Marshall Republican Club of St. Louis, said,

"In conclusion, I should like to say a word to the young men and women among my listeners. Some of us have not much more span of life. We have seen America grow in greatness. Except the cost of war, we have seen increasing security to the average man. Our interests is for those who will carry the burden and create the glories of America after us. We will continue fighting. But you have to live the years, you have to carry America on."

"It is your pockets into which the government will reach deeper and deeper if this goes on. It is you whose opportunities are being limited."

"I have but one suggestion. That you study the history of your country. That you survey its scene today. That you debate every phase of this government. That you carry this debate to every street corner, every school-house, every shop and every counting room."

A MOVE AGAINST JUVENILE CRIMINALITY

As another step in New York City's crime prevention campaign, juvenile community centres to reduce delinquency among local boys and girls will be established soon throughout the city by the Juvenile Aid and Crime Prevention Bureau of the New York Police Department.

FLAMING YOUTH

President of Smith College was forced to proceed against flaming youth: he prohibited Smith College girls to knit in class-room. And he goes on to hope that gum-chewing will be prohibited, too.

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)

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

Shevchenko the artist

At this time it was Shevchenko's ambition to publish a comprehensive artistic work on Ukraine in pictures. For such a work he actually received a commission from Kiev, and toward its completion he set about at once collecting ethnographic material, making etchings of churches and old monasteries, looking over ancient graves. In 1847 this ambitious work was cut short. Shevchenko was imprisoned by the agents of the tsar for participation in the program of the Brotherhood of Cyril and Methodius. On his person there was found, when Shevchenko was examined, a fragment of his poem, *The Dream*.

... the poet

The Dream, as its name suggests, is a vision of the times in which the poet lived. Its most beautiful lines are those in which Shevchenko finds himself awakening to the beauties of his own Ukrainian landscape:

"Dawn! Flying, I watch it from above...

Along the rim of heav'n its blazing heralds run,

While song of nightingale from some dusk-haunted grove

Welcomes the sun.

A breeze blows tenderly and cool,

Steppe land and field alike in azure haze are dreaming,

Deep in the gorges and above each pool

Young willow shoots are greening.

Heavy with ripened harvest hang the fruit trees,

The poplars, slender, straight and tall

Stand like watchful sentries,

Talking together, back and forth they call.

Around it, 'round this land, as morning breaks,

Garlands of flowers twine anew, And everything turns green; it wakes

To bathe itself in morning dew. Then, radiant and fresh, it goes To meet the sun.

No end of this the far horizon shows,

Nor hint of source from whence 'tis sprung.

And none can mar the beauty of the place

Nor add a cubit to its perfect grace.

What is then?... poor soul of mine!

Whence comes such pain?

My soul, tortured with woe, Why do you weep in vain,

Why sorrow so?

Do you not see?

Do you not hear the people cry? Then look... and know... While I shall fly

Beyond the azure clouds into the upper air;

There is no justice, right, nor mercy there,

No laughter can be heard, nor even tears..."

Plight of the Ukrainian people

Shevchenko then paints with bitter strokes the plight of the Ukrainian folk... how they tear even the skin from the poor cripple's back when they snatch off his ragged jacket, all because, forsooth, he can pay no tribute to the fattening, upstart squire; a widow, he sees, crucified because she can not pay her head tax; the bright hope of some family, the only child, a son, he beholds, shackled and dragged off to the army; a child, its belly swollen with hunger, he sees ly-

ing beside the fence while its mother cuts the grain of the rich squireling; he sees the unwed mother disowned by her family, cast out by the young squire who is responsible for her plight, stumbling along like a dying person, swaying with dizziness... and he cries,

"Does God see, from behind those clouds,

Does he see our tears, our ills? Perhaps he sees, and helps...

Like yonder hills

That stand eternal, drenched In human blood..."

Shevchenko's death

For punishment Shevchenko was made a common soldier in the Imperial army and exiled to Orenburg, where he was forbidden the solace of painting or of writing. Ten of the best years of his life Shevchenko spent in this bitter exile, and from it he returned a broken, grey, old man. He settled in St. Petersburg among friends, dreaming always of the time when he would retire to Ukraine. But death followed exile too swiftly. On the 10th of March, 1861, Shevchenko died. He was buried, as he had wished to be, "on the broad steppe of dear Ukraine."

His education

Shevchenko had very little formal education except what he gave himself. He wrote in Ukrainian because he knew that language as he knew no other, and because he had drunk in with his mother's milk an abiding love for everything that the Ukrainian tongue carried in it. As he grew older he tried to familiarize himself with world classics, reading as many as possible of them in the original. To this end he learned Polish from a girl in Wilno, so that he could read Mickiewicz and

Bohdan Zaleski, the latter, like himself, a lover of the Ukrainian landscape. The English, German and French classics Shevchenko read in Russian translations.

Haydamaki

Shevchenko's first great work was his *Haydamaki* (1841) (which Prof. Manning has just translated), a long poem in eleven cantos with a prologue, an epilogue and an introduction. Its theme is the terrible massacre of 1768 when the oppressed Ukrainian peasants on the west bank of the Dnieper rebelled against their Polish overlords and under the leadership of Zaliznyak and Gonta caused a gory night. For this Shevchenko obtained material from old people in his village who had actually gone through the massacre. From his grandfather and from the revolutionary literature dealing with this tragic period he pieced out the whole tale.

From such purely Ukrainian themes and sympathies Shevchenko quickly turned to a broader world. His naturally peaceful and sensitive soul became filled with a great pity for all suffering humanity, especially for all suffering Slav humanity. His poem *The Dream* is the fulfillment of this broadly human sympathy. It is a protest, done with burning pen, against all oppression. "Rare, in world literature," says the Czech critic Machal, "are such bold and aggressive political songs as Shevchenko's *The Dream*."

Thus Shevchenko's poetry, born of the folk poetry and of the soul of Ukraine, written with the highest artistry yet with Biblical simplicity, was dedicated to the extermination of what to the poet was the greatest evil in the world, human bondage, particularly the brand the Russian Empire was most familiar with, serfdom. It is not strange that the poet was crucified for his dream of human freedom.

(To be continued)

THE JAY'S WING

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated by R. L. Wissotzky-Kuntz)

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(Continued)

Fantastic thoughts came to my mind. I wanted to wire to my father or with the aid of the police find out the truth about Henris' parents. But, uncertain of everything, I feared everyone and locked myself up in the hotel. One night Sigmunt brought Henris who was dead drunk.

"My God! Uncle! What happened?" I shrieked.

Sigmunt burst into laughter. "What uncle am I to you? Prepare the bed for this fellow. He sure is soured!"

Henris fell upon the sofa and immediately began to snore.

"You are not my uncle?! Who are you then?"

"Oh, Henris and I belong to the same company."

"What do you mean?"

"Did he not tell you yet? Still keeping you in a state of childish innocence? I want you to know, Manya, that we are benefactors of humanity. We relieve rich people of their troubles."

In terrible amazement, I looked at him with wide-open eyes. He laughed and made a very explicit gesture, which signified picking pockets. I turned pale and could not utter a sound. Later I tried to hang myself in the adjoining room. Sigmunt found me in convulsions and took me down unconscious.

I was ill for two weeks after that. Henris was always with

me. He told me his story, which sent chills through me. Not bad at heart, but misled since childhood, he went through the entire school of thieves at Warsaw.

We spent a month at Warsaw, after that we went on a "tour," as Henris called it. Sigmunt, the two of us, and a few more suspicious looking people went to Lodz, Dombrow, Radom, and other cities. Sigmunt was the leader of the gang. Gradually I was initiated into their plans. I was to wear conspicuous cloth, promenade with Henris along boulevards and other public places, and attract the attention of rich men. In the meantime the other members of the gang "worked" those places. And I knew it, Massino! My soul revolted against it, while my lips smiled: I was under the devilish influence of Sigmunt. As life went on, Henris' personality faded and vanished, and I soon paid no attention to him. I feared Sigmunt, but his strength, intelligence, and energy, attracted me.

I remember once at Dorpat Henris was caught in the act of stealing and arrested. I sat alone at the hotel, when suddenly Sigmunt rushed in.

"Manya, dress up in your best clothes, and do not forget about fresh linen."

I did not understand and looked at him in amazement.

"Do not look at me like a calf looks at a new gate!" he said sharply. "Henris was arrested. Before he is transferred to the main prison, you can save him."

"I?"

"Yes. Here is fifty rubles for the police-officer. Ask him to take you to the chief-of-police, whom you shall beg for Henris. Do you understand? Hurry up!"

In ten minutes I was on my way to the police-station. An hour later Henris was free. Do you know the price of his freedom?

That night I again tried to hang myself, but again Sigmunt rescued me from the noose. He seemed to have guessed my feelings and was watching me.

Our tour through Russia lasted quite long. In Spring we came to Odessa. There Henris disappeared. Sigmunt told me that he was caught in theft on a steamer and was thrown into the sea.

"Well, Manya," said Sigmunt to me one day, "Now you are mine!" I looked at him in anguish, for I felt myself in his power.

"That milk-sop was not worth a single hair of your luxuriant tresses," he said, embracing me, "I shall show you how a husband can love."

When Sigmunt was to me the chief of the gang, surrounded by mystery and reverence, his personality interested me, and I used to

thing that I could love him. But now, when he appeared before me as a mere man, homely of face, old, crude and uncultured,—I hated him. My hatred grew more bitter when he forced his love upon me, and haunted me. The more I hated him, the worse I treated him, the softer he became, the stronger his passion for me, the weaker his will.

"Manya," he often said, when we were alone, "you will bring me to a state of mind when I shall put an end to both of us!"

"Too bad!" was my usual answer, "I care very little about myself and still less about you."

Sigmunt was arrested at Nijnii Novgorod and I remained alone. I was free and I had some money. But I was broken and corrupted by the dreadful life. What could I do? Go home? Where to,—to whom? What for?

I bought a ticket to Moscow without any reason. I thought I might find some work, some shelter there. On the way there, I met an engineer, who was bound for Irkutsk and further beyond the Bykal to build railroads. We became friendly. He was not married, was going to far, uncultivated lands, where he expected to get a considerable amount of money. When he asked me to join him, I agreed without hesitation.

Volodimir Semenovitch was a wonderful man. I never met such delicacy and tender sympathy in a man. He guessed my thoughts and desire, showed care and affection for a stranger, and showed at the good men Russia has. But

Volodimir Semenovitch was a wonderful man. I never met such delicacy and tender sympathy in a man. He guessed my thoughts and desire, showed care and affection for a stranger, and showed at the good men Russia has. But

Ramblings of a word-hunter

THE UKRAINIAN GIVES NAMES TO THE MONTHS

Every time I come across the name of a month in English, I cannot help but wonder how it came about that the language of such power of expression in every department of human thought contented herself with such a sloppy nomenclature for the months of the year.

As you well know the names of the months in English are as a whole of Roman origin. Of course, there is nothing wrong in such adoption of foreign words into one's language if the need arises, but was there really a need to lift the whole of the Roman calendar bodily and transfer it into English? Did the English language really gain anything by this wholesale adoption? Do Roman names of English months contribute anything for the beauty and splendor of the English language? Occasionally, adoption of foreign words may bring you into contact with deep thoughts, strong emotions, or lofty ideals of other races, but could anything of the sort be claimed for this adoption of the Roman calendar?

Just let us take one month after another, and let us analyze what really bring us these names, and let us use for the sake of comparison the names of the months of the Ukrainian calendar.

Arthur G. Kennedy, in his CURRENT ENGLISH, says that the name of the month of March honored Mars, god of war. It was quite proper for a martial race like ancient Romans to do that. It might even appear proper for some modern race to instill martial spirit. But would such purpose be advanced by calling a month in the year by the name of a war-god of the ancient Romans? What purpose can be served by such honor given to a Roman god, whose very memory the offsprings themselves of those Romans have long abandoned?

Spring

The Ukrainians too, have tried to adopt this name into their

soon I learned how quickly they can fall.

We stopped at Irkutsk to wait for instruments and instructions from Petersburg. Weeks and months passed,—nothing came. My Volodia received a large salary, but could not do any work without implements. After our honeymoon was over, we grew lonely. There were no books, no people. The winter was cold, snowstorms severe. Soon my Volodia began to come home drunk. At first he would excuse himself and feel ashamed, but he soon got over it. He was very pleasant and mirthful when drunk. One vice attracted another and he became a passionate gambler. I found out about his card passion when he lost all he had, including me.

An owner of a gold mine, Svetlov, came to Irkutsk from a distant part of Siberia. He was a middle-aged man. Stories were told about his wealth. He saw me with Volodia and fell in love with me. As soon as he had learned that our union was illegal, he began to contemplate how to get me into his possession. When Svetlov heard about Volodia's love for cards, he got him drunk, induced him to play cards, and won all his money. Then he lent Volodia some money, which the wretch soon lost. Finally, Svetlov asked Volodia to stake me. If Volodia wins, they will call it square; if Svetlov wins,—

(To be concluded)

language, changing it according to the sounds of their language into *марот* and *марець*. They have even formed some derivatives out of its such as: *мартовик*, *марчук*, *мартюк*, *марцівка*, etc.—which are names for various animals born in March. In spite of this, however, the ancient Ukrainian name of the month refused to die, and the literary Ukrainian language had simply to follow the vernacular and to reinstate the ancient name for March that refused to die. This name *березень*, or *березиль*, comes apparently from the word *береза*, which is no other but the English BIRCH. The birch, being the first tree to show the stir of the warmer weather, was chosen as the symbol of the spring. *Березень* thus evokes a concrete picture of the slender, pendulous twigs of birch bursting into the first buds, the heralds of the awakening of nature.

"APRIL (Aprilis),"—says Arthur G. Kennedy, "has been somewhat fancifully and doubtfully explained as the 'opening' month of the new spring season." If the scholars are in doubt as to the meaning and origin of this word, what can it offer to the man in the street, who as a rule has no time to stop to consider the origins of the words he uses? Compare with this mysterious borrowing of doubtful contents the names the Ukrainians have for the month. Most commonly they call it *квітень* or *квічень*. There is nothing mysterious, doubtful or fanciful about its origin. It is written all over the word. It comes plainly from the word *квіт*, or *квітка*, *квіт*, which means FLOWER: In short, this is a month of flowers. The season when flowers strike the eye of the most prosaic man in the street, when they break from half-frozen ground, when they push through snow patches lying under bushes. The months of snow-buntings, violets, snow-drops, cowslips, and primroses. In some sections of Ukraine there was another name for the month, *вербяниця*, which is of course connected with the Ukrainian word *верба*, the WILLOW; and denotes the month in which the willow bursts into spring bloom. This variant, though still in use in vernacular, has been abandoned in the literary language, as the Ukrainian feels that the names of the months should all have the same ending (*-ень*).

"MAY,"—to quote again Kennedy, "was dedicated to the goddess Maia," but who knows who was that Maia, to whom the whole month is dedicated? Some literary Ukrainians tried to call the month after the international fashion "май," but soon gave it up when they discovered that the people called it "травень," which simply means the month of grass, or the month of greenness.

Summer Months

"JUNE has been generally supposed to be derived from a family name famous in Roman history, Junius. The summer months of JULY and AUGUST were named to honor the great emperors Julius and Augustus Caesar." (A. G. Kennedy).

Well, it was perhaps very nice of Romans to dedicate months to the memory of their famous emperors, but who remembers nowadays why they were famous? And even if you know your history, what have names of the illustrious Romans to do with our summers? The Ukrainian simply cannot see any connection. He looks around and tries to catch some most characteristic feature of the month, and call the month by it. No emperor Junius for him. He is busy with his bees, and knows that this is the season when the queen bee lays eggs into honey-comb cells, and larvae

are hatched out of them. BEE LARVAE are called in Ukrainian *черв*, *черва* and the month in which most of this hatching is done is called *червень*, *червень*. In some sections of the country, in which bee-keeping is not popular, where the emphasis in husbandry is upon cattle-raising, the Ukrainians call this month *бидзень* or "гедзень." Now, the word "бидзень" is merely a variant form of the word "гедзень," and this "гедз," if you have an ear for the sounds of words, you probably already have recognized as the kin to the English word GAD, a provincial variant of the GAD-FLY. When, the cattle, stung by those gad-flies, raise their tails and run about on the pasture, to shake off the pests, the Ukrainians call this *бидзатися* or *гедзатися*. Hence the name of the month in the vernacular.

In the next month of the year there is also not a trace of the illustrious Roman emperors. The Ukrainian pays no more attention to Julius Caesar than he paid to the illustrious Junius. He sees before him the nature, trees and animals, and they are more important to him than the glories of distant Rome. In some sections the Ukrainians call the month of July *квівач*, or *квічень*, from the verb *квівати*, which means to "sway the head," as horses do when vexed by flies. In other sections the month was called *линець*, or *личень*, from the word *липа*, the lime-tree, or linden-tree. Who has seen a linden-tree in full bloom, lending its crown a whitish tinge, who has smelled the aroma of the flowers, and heard the zoom of the swarms of bees gathering honey from them, knows that the picture of a lime-tree was chosen as a symbol of the month. This was the name which was adopted by the literary Ukrainian language for July.

With the next month the Ukrainian nomenclature takes another turn. Surely, not even now towards Augustus Caesar, but with his interest to the practical side of his life, he calls the month *серпень*, from the word *серп*, a "sickle," the most characteristic farming tool of the harvest in Ukraine. The Hutuls of the Carpathian mountains, who have little use of the sickle, call the month "копень," from "копа," a hay-rick; this is with them the month of hay-harvest.

The name of the following month, in English, means as much as "seventh month," though it was the seventh month in the old Roman calendar, and is the ninth month in the English calendar. After that follows the "eighth" month, the "ninth" and the "tenth" month of the year (which is in fact, the tenth, the eleventh, and the twelfth month of our calendar). You can now readily see that such names give no food to imagination. They do not individualize each of these months, rather obscure the individualization, treating each of them as if there was no difference between them.

The ninth month of the year is called by the Ukrainians *березень* from *берез*, a plant similar to Scotch heath, which blooms in this month. With this ends the summer, and now the colder season is approaching.

Autumn

"October" is called in Ukrainian *жовтень*, which is the month of yellow leaves. "November" is called "листопад," the month of falling leaves,—two good descriptions of autumn months.

The Winter Season

In some sections of Ukraine "November" is called "грудень," which name came from "груда," frozen earth lump. This name, however, was used in other sections to denote the following

month, December, which in the former regions is called "грудень," the month of cold weather.

The remaining two months of the winter bring us to the striking differences between the two languages. "JANUARY"—says Kennedy, "was the month of the two-faced god Janus, and FEBRUARY the month of Februa, the Roman feast of purification and expiation." Which again was very nice, perhaps, for Romans, but for us has not even so much meaning as the last year's snow.

The Ukrainian calls January *січень*, which is related to the verb *сікти*, which means to cut, to cut with sleet, each frozen drop being imagined as an arrow penetrating deep into the skin. It makes me think of the lines of "Song Sparrow," by William Cullen Bryant:

February bleak
Smites with his sleet the traveler's cheek.

The month of February is called by the Ukrainian *лютий* or still better *лючень* (to conform its ending of the name to the general form of the names of the months). This *лютий* means "severe," and refers, of course, to the weather. It describes that inclement weather, that occasionally brings the Ukrainians a frost so severe that it can frost-bite the horns of three-years old oxen.

A Picture of the Mind

We may now observe certain general tendencies in this mental activity exerted in giving the names to the months of the year by the Ukrainian.

We have seen that the Ukrainian refuses to adopt ready-made names for the month from other languages, but prefers to call them by old names of his own workmanship. In those names he tried to individualize each month by some characteristic feature of nature of his most important agricultural activities. On the whole, in the months of late autumn, winter, and the spring, when he has little to do in the fields, he observed the nature and called his months by the striking features of nature in each particular month. When work began to occupy his attention, he called the month by various work, by processes in bee-keeping, in animal husbandry, and harvesting his crops.

Hence it is that enumerating the months of the Ukrainian calendar, you may seem like evoking a whole series of associations peculiar to various seasons as they follow upon each other in Ukraine. By giving such a name to each month, the Ukrainian arouses your interest in the season. To be sure, the things he tells you about each month, are all common, ordinary, familiar things, but he tells you something observed by him, his own first-hand experiences. These experiences are common to other races in similar geographic situation, and so the names could evoke also in other people the associations of familiar experiences of nature and work.

Nothing of the kind can happen to the man who is told of the Roman names of the month. In all the names of Roman god and goddesses, illustrious Roman families and famous Roman emperors, to say nothing of the Roman numerals, could there be anything that compares in power of suggestion to the Ukrainian names of months? Is there any wonder that those names evoke in the Ukrainian no responses? To him they bring as much as the name of sugar to the man of the Ukrainian story who has not tasted sugar, but was told of it by his uncle, who had been to a wedding, where sugar was eaten and praised for its sweetness.

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A CORRECTION

The new Ukrainian daily "Українська Вісті" is published in Lv'v, and not Warsaw—as stated in last week's issue.—Ed.

THE UKRAINIAN WRESTLER WHO REALLY WAS A COUNT AND A SOLDIER

(Courtesy—Worcester Telegram)

He lives in an imposing white cottage, in Grafton... the man who was a Cossack. He, who has known intimately war and bloodshed, is today a gentleman farmer proud of his "two and a half cows" and his sleek thoroughbred dogs.

He has packed into his less than forty years adventures wild and more colorful than most men dare to dream. He lived through the red horror which was the Russia revolution. He was wounded four times in the World War, and holds medals from the Czar. A nobleman by birth he is still called "Count" Zarynoff.

All those close encounters with death, all the hardships and daring exploits of his life made him a man and a fighter. The severe and rigid military drill... Cossack training begins when a boy is six years old... put Spartan blood into his veins. When he found his entire life new-fashioned on the anvils of war, and himself an exile, he wasted no time bemoaning his fate. The old life as an officer and a nobleman was over. Very well, he would make himself a new life. With nothing but his bare hands on which to depend, he has made that life and centered it, in that quiet, dreamy farm in Grafton.

Already his days as a Cossack seem far away. He speaks of them fleetingly.

An exciting life

"An exciting life, a hard life, yes; it was good training. But one is never wholly free. I have had all kinds of adventures, but many of them I forget. They are better forgotten. That was my life; that was my country. But now all that is past. Now I am an American citizen and this is my country." Count Zarynoff fell silent a moment. Then he shrugged. "There is no comparison. That was my home, yes... but this..." His eyes sweep over the quiet bounds of his Grafton farm... "this, I tell you, is heaven!"

He takes us into the house and opens the kitchen door. His wife, who is a young and lovely New Englander smiles a welcome.

He takes us upstairs, murmuring, "Now I show you what I treasure most in all my life!"

Medals, perhaps, or some dearly prized souvenir of his native land. But he takes us into a small nursery and bends over a crib. A baby of about three months, opens an eye and grins. He is very like his father.

"My son!" Speaks Count Zarynoff in a voice of pride. He puts an arm about his wife and asks, "Now do you understand me when I say this is heaven?"

This small farm in Grafton is more than a milestone in this man's adventurous, exotic life. It is an accomplishment. He has been a long time coming to it. There were years when he wandered over the face of Europe, making a name for himself, before venturing to this country. In those days of ruin, and of exile, he must have promised himself that someday he would begin all over again, buy his own land, have his own home.

Grafton is proud of its "Russian Count," as he is erroneously called throughout the town.

I am Ukrainian

"I am not Russian, but Ukrainian," Count Zarynoff explains patiently, with the patience of one who has said this many times. "You see, Ukraine is a word meaning border, so ours is a border country. Formerly it was an independent country in the south-eastern part of Europe, with a population of more than 40 millions.

"Years and years ago Greater Ukraine came under the rule of Russia and until 1917 was under the control of the czars. Then

came the revolution and Ukraine found its own system of government—but only for a short time.

"I was a Cossack, all true Cossacks come from Ukraine. The word, cossack, means one who rides a horse ably, so there were bodies of riders in Russia who were called cossacks also. I am a native of Kiev, and graduated from the Nicholas Academy in Petrograd. It was while serving as a Cossack officer, in the World War, in the Galicia sector, under General Brusilow, that I received the fourth wound from that war."

Some Ukrainian history

Kiev is a very ancient stronghold. Situated as it is on the Dnieper river, which flows into the Black Sea, it was early established as a center on a most important "water road." Kiev, Count Zarynoff explained, goes back to the days of wandering tribes and of conquering neighboring princes. It was stormed by Tartars, conquered, at one time, by Lithuania, and the population dispersed. Later, it was transferred from Lithuanian control to Polish. It was seized by Russia through a temporary treaty and finally transferred permanently.

Even in those years there were Cossacks on the Dnieper. They had established amid the rapids of the river, a famous stronghold, similar to a monastery. This stronghold was on the islands and no woman could enter it; married Cossacks lived outside.

The Cossacks established their own government, entirely democratic and though the Polish government made every attempt to reduce them to obedience, they remained fearlessly independent. Those early Cossacks were always ready to join any enterprise which promised adventure and plunder. They were known for their daring exploits on every coast of the Black Sea. Their sympathies, also, appear to have been with the peasantry long suppressed by Polish aristocracy.

They established towns, reinforced with forts. They built churches and monasteries and, in time, no part of Russia was better peopled or cultivated than Ukraine.

The Cossacks rose against the Poles and by the treaty, already referred to, came under Russian rule. Their liberties were first guaranteed; the Ukrainians left to collect their own taxes and manage their own affairs; but then their liberties were sharply curtailed. Finally, Count Zarynoff believes it was during the reign of Catherine the Great, serfdom was extended to the once wild and free Ukraine. The peasant farmers were definitely forbidden to ever leave the estates.

Their language was suppressed by later Czars. Ukrainians insist theirs is a distinct language; Russians appear to regard it as a dialect, however, and to find in it traces of Polish origin. Ukrainian speech was not allowed printed nor presented on the stage; all Ukrainian poetry was suppressed; the language could not be taught in school nor university.

Then came the World War and subsequent over-throwing of imperial Russian government by the Communists. Ukraine gained temporary independence. The nobles of the Ukraine country were no more popular with the peasantry, who had come into sudden power, than were those of Russia.

So this man, George Zarynoff, who had fought so long and so ably for his country found himself exiled... because he was of noble birth!

The feats of the Cossacks are too well known to need repetition. To be a Cossack is to be a very agile and adept rider, whose "bag of tricks" and versatility is astounding. A "trick" and a mat-

ter of training, Count Zarynoff tells you, this leaping onto a running horse, this riding two horses at once, riding standing upright or standing on one's head. A trick which took years and years of practice and which developed iron muscles.

He becomes a wrestler

To this early training, Count Zarynoff owes his agility. In the army barracks, there was boxing and wrestling and the young Zarynoff established a reputation for himself in the latter sport. Soon his regiment was matching him against wrestlers from among other groups of hardened riders. Many times the young Zarynoff won these contests, until his brother officers called him "champion wrestler of the Cossacks."

This is his chief inheritance from Cossack days.

"When I left my own country and I must begin all over again, I determined to be a good wrestler. So I travelled all over Europe, meeting this famous wrestler and that one and working hard until I had won the championship of all Europe.

"I went to Australia and met many of the best men there. Then and only then when I have built a reputation in those countries, did I come to the United States," recalled Count Zarynoff. "That was about 12 years ago."

Count Zarynoff has been matched against many of the leading wrestlers in this country. He conquered many of them and has established a reputation for speed, power and agility. He has not yet defeated the formidable Ed Don George, holder of the World championship (since lost to O'Mahoney). He has met him more than once; the first time ending in a tie. He met him again last year in Lowell and told briefly of the match.

Had he, Zarynoff, won?

He shook his head and looked straight at his questioner. "No," he said with blunt honesty. "I lost. It is the second time I have lost to that man." Then he shrugged. "Who knows, perhaps, next time I win."

He took the matter very lightly, as befits a good sportsman. He was much more willing to talk about Zarynoff, Grafton farmer, than Zarynoff, the wrestler. Some time this fall, he will leave the farm and journey either South, or to California, for a series of matches. It is a living, a very remunerative living. But his wife and baby will not be able to accompany him, and he will, he intimates, be glad to get back.

Everywhere in the world of sports he is billed as the "Russian Count."

"They learn I was a Cossack; they hear me called 'Count,' and everywhere people ask if I am really of noble birth," he said. "I say yes, but I am no longer a Count. I am a plain American citizen. What I mind most is to be called 'Russian.' I am not Russian; I am Ukrainian." He repeated it again with weary patience. And hatred and resentment, born of those centuries of suppression of Ukraine by the Russians, looked out of his eyes.

His "religious room"

There was another "flashback" from the Grafton farmer to the Cossack when he took us upstairs into what he humorously calls his "religious-room." It is a small room with a bar at one end of it. On the walls hang momentos from Australia and his Cossack sword and sheathed-hand saber. He drew his curved sword out of its worn case and showed how the Cossack slashes downward with it in the kill. He drew the sharp-bladed saber; wide as a butcher knife, out of its leather sheath. His great fist clenched about it and made a striking motion.

"I have had many close encounters with death and have saved myself with this," he said tersely. It is often the right-hand, the very life of the Cossack, when his sword is gone. You notice the groove down the

THE UYL-NA DRIVE FOR NEW MEMBERSHIP

The Ukrainian Youth's League of North America has begun a drive to increase its membership to include all Ukrainian youth clubs that are interested in social cultural activities. It is a great pleasure to extend to each of you a hearty welcome. A welcome to share the many opportunities that the League affords.

The organizers and administrators of the Ukrainian Youth's League feel that the organization is one that is engaged in a work that should be of great interest to all Ukrainian youth. Those who have been instrumental in organizing and developing the League look back with pardonable pride upon that which has been accomplished thus far. We can not, however, stop to rest on our journey forward. The future beckons and our ultimate goal is to reach a point where we shall find every Ukrainian Youth group a member of our national organization, the Ukrainian Youth's League of N. A.

"In union there is strength" and the best interest of the clubs which believe in perpetuating Ukrainian ideals, culture, and tradition can be most effectively carried out only when all the clubs band together. This can be realized if new members write in immediately for application forms and the previous members make known their intentions to renew their applications for the 1935-1936 period!

The purpose of the present drive is to assist, in every way possible, all officers of our Youth Organizations to familiarize themselves with the aims and objects of the League; following which we hope to have the officers urge their clubs to JOIN THE UYL NOW!

The press has been kind enough to do its part in the support of this splendid work and it is now up to you, Young Ukrainians, to build up the medium that can be recognized as a central agency in American-Ukrainian life—THE UKRAINIAN YOUTH'S LEAGUE OF NORTH AMERICA. This is your organization! We are here to serve you. We beg your friendship and ask for your cooperation.

Margaret D. Semenkiv,
Recording Secretary,
Stephania Monasterska,
Corresponding Secretary,
2347 Fairmount Ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

YOU TOO, M. M.?

You too, M. M.? We men go fast. I stopped and read your lines, aghast;

You, tangled in a woman's net, A man I thought they'd never get. Hooked by a woman, hard and fast.

And so another hero passed Who for a while stood steadfast Then fell for blonde or some brunette;

You too, M. M.?

Worst yet, you caused me to lose caste,

I sneak through alleys, head downcast;

Your initials, to my great regret Are just like mine; now I'm beset By friends who all exclaim, aghast,

"You too, M. M.?"

Mike Mallon, age 12.

center, for the blood to run out. When I take this in my hands, I am back there fighting and death is close around me."

Then Zarynoff shrugged and put back the knife which had run red with the blood of men. In an instant, he was the quiet and contained gentleman, showing us pictures of himself as "a likely lad in full uniform."

Zarynoff himself is a stocky man with short but powerful arms. His face is happy and youthful, though he is prematurely bald. His disposition is naturally jolly. He likes fine clothes and in street-wear presents the appearance of a prosperous business man.