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YOUTH TODAY

WHAT USE THE SCHOOL?

Mr. Austin MacCormick, the New York Commissioner of Correction, is reported by "New York World-Telegram," to have said last Saturday to the high school principals and teachers of the city:

"I am convinced that the usual public school curriculum has little reality or significance for tens of thousands of children and that from this group the juvenile delinquents tend to come. Grinding them through grade after grade and stuffing them with facts which have little to do with their life interests is a process which creates problem children and problem adults."

How has the Commissioner arrived at this conclusion? And does he hope that the tens of thousands of children would read this and would question themselves; What reality or significance has for me the curriculum of my school?

THE HOMEWORK PROBLEM

The English government has accepted a motion that "it is undesirable that school children should have their evenings occupied with homework to the exclusion of rest and recreation, and that whenever practicable preparation on the school premises should be substituted for homework."

Those who led this revolt against homework in the House of Commons said that, with the exception of a few very studious, who feel compelled to go on learning in their spare hours, nearly everybody who has done homework has objected to it.

Teachers, it is noteworthy, did not object to this reform. They limited themselves to the reply that they have been set a difficult task and facing the demand to bring their pupils up to a certain standard of education, had to drive them.

WHAT BOOKS TO READ?

"John O'London's Weekly," of London, invited several distinguished writers to discuss the question:

"A young person leaves school with a knowledge of the three 'R's' and little else. To educate him for life a course of reading is required (his opportunities being limited to books alone). What books do you recommend?"

The magazine has already published the reply to this question sent in by Frank Swinnerton.

"Would you rather be learned or wise?"—Frank Swinnerton asks by the way of preface. "It is possible to be both, but many a learned man is extremely unwise, and many a wise man is extremely unlearned."

Taking for granted that his readers would prefer to be wise than learned, Mr. Frank Swinnerton advises the young people to read novels. "For a man whose early instruction has gone little beyond the three 'R's,' the novel is the best existing interpretation of life, and therefore the best training for the non-specialist mind. The novelist's one concern is with human beings, their actions, thoughts, vagaries, and fates. Regarding these, he can teach us more of the essential than the greatest mathematician, Greek scholar, economist, or totalitarian in the world."

THE UKRAINIAN PROMETHEUS

All of us are familiar with the story of Prometheus, the ancient mythological hero who stole fire from the heavens and carried it down to earth for mankind's use, and how Zeus punished him by having him chained to a rock, where every day an eagle ate his liver, which always grew again during the night.

We also know of the beautiful poem "The Caucasus" by Taras Shevchenko, the great Ukrainian poet, patriot, and prophet, which deals with the country where according to tradition stood the rock to which Prometheus was chained, a country which also was enchained—by imperial Russia. We know, too, how the double-headed Russian eagle constantly gnawed away at the vitals of this country, and how Shevchenko cheered it with the prophecy that like Prometheus of old it would eventually revive and regain its freedom.

And finally, we know also that just as Prometheus was punished by Zeus so Shevchenko was punished by the Czar. Prometheus was punished for seeking to benefit mankind by giving it fire, while Shevchenko was punished for having infused into the people a spirit of freedom and for having taught them to regard it as their most priceless treasure. And just as Prometheus has gone down in tradition as the symbol of revolutionary spirit that ever seeks to improve this world for mankind, so Shevchenko has gone down in history as one who dedicated his whole life to the cause of those who are sorely oppressed and enslaved,—chief among whom are the Ukrainian people.

And yet, why is it that the Ukrainian people have just now begun to fully appreciate Shevchenko?

The answer, in our opinion, lies largely in the fact that all that Shevchenko had prophesied, has come to pass. Right now the Ukrainian people in their native land are suffering all the trials and tribulations that Shevchenko foresaw and predicted. Is it any wonder, therefore, that they now go to Shevchenko for counsel and inspiration? Is it anything strange that his teachings have become more real to them?

And what are these teachings?

Perhaps heading them all is the love Shevchenko taught his people to bear for their native country. He also taught them not to complain of their national misfortune but to take arms against it. Shevchenko flays those who compromise with this misfortune, with their enslavement, who have lost faith in themselves and their future, and bids them to arise from their lethargy and fight!—for their freedom! He cheers us all with the prophecy that only upon the ruins of the old order will a new and independent Ukraine arise. And even though today our Ukrainian nation is enchained by four foreign powers, still, as he points out to us, we must remember that it is enchained on its own native land, on its own steppes, hills and mountains; and that the time will come, as he prophesies, when these hills and mountains will speak, when the mighty Dnieper will flow with blood, not only of the enemy but of all those renegades who have helped to enchain their mother Ukraine.

In this struggle for Ukraine's freedom, Shevchenko placed the youth in the very forefront. He had little hope for the older generation in this respect. It was youth, unafraid, unfettered by conventions or prejudices, that he looked upon as the real savior of Ukraine. And had he lived today he would have indeed thrilled at the sight of this youth in the old country sacrificing even its life in the cause he held so dear.

All this confidence in the youth, all these teachings and predictions, Shevchenko arrayed in some of the world's finest poetry. And what is more—he gave force to them by living his life strictly in accordance with them. At all times he was the undaunted revolutionist, who scorned all compromise with oppression, whom neither prison walls nor exile could cow, and who remained ever true to his ideals. Truly a modern Prometheus!

Taras Shevchenko

ZAPOVIT

(Legacy)

When I die then have me buried
And arraigned within a mound
'Neath the open sky of praries
In Ukraine, my native ground;
That the steppes and river wind-
ings

And the birds a-soaring
I may gaze on, I may listen
To the Dnieper roaring.

When the foeman's blood shall
vanish

From the river shallows
In to the sea—then, and only,
Will I hills and fallows
Leave behind and fly to heaven
To my very Master,
With my prayers. In the mean-
time

I know not a Master.

Lay my bones and wake from
slumber

Rend your bonds asunder
And with evil blood of foeman
Free yourself from plunder;
Then in kindred one united,
Free and well of spoken,
Don't forget me with a tender
Quiet wordy token.

SELECTIONS

(My Youth Before My Eyes)

Along some village green a tot:
Just like a twig from off a tree
He sits there, pointing his bare
knee
While leaning 'gainst a fence, in
dreams—
To me it seems that it is I
That it's my youth before my
eyes.

(The Mighty Word)

.....I'll glorify
Those little slaves that have not
heard—
And as a sentinel o'er them
I'll place the mighty word.

(Home)

.....In this dell,
This humble home, this paradise,
I witnessed hell. There kin and
neighbors
Were naught but slaves of feudal
labors—
No time to heed the prayer bells.

AT THE ROADSIDE

.....At the roadside
Not far from where I stood
A girl was picking hemp.
She heard my sighs and sobs
And came the cause to seek,
Then wiped my rolling tears
And kissed me on the cheek.

It seemed as if the sun shone
forth,
As if the world and all there was,
The fields, and woods, were mine
to keep...

And we, with merriment, went
forth
To water someone else's sheep.

Translated by Waldimir Semenyna.

Read your Kohzar!

(Today's Ukrainian Weekly con-
cluded in the Svobeda)

TARAS SHEVCHENKO

By CLARENCE AUGUSTUS MANNING, PH. D.

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(1)

The Romantic Period in the early part of the nineteenth century called out the appearance of many great poets among the various Slavonic nations. Everyone is familiar with the genius of Pushkin and Lermontov among the Russians and of Mickiewicz, Krasinski and Slowacki among the Poles. The name of Taras Shevchenko is often overlooked in such company and yet he perhaps deserves to be remembered as well as the more fortunate members of other nations. His life was tragic. His opportunities were limited. Misfortunes were piled high upon him. Nevertheless it is not too much to say that he was the greatest writer in the modern Ukrainian language and if there is real literary independence in the authors of the Ukraine, it is to his efforts and sufferings that such success is due.

Dark days

The early nineteenth century was indeed a sad time for the Ukraine. There had been changes in eastern Europe from the time when the Cossacks gathered around the Zaporozhian Sich, had revelled at will and had vented their displeasure on all their neighbors, whether those neighbors were Poland, Russia, or Turkey. In the seventeenth century the efforts of Khmelnytsky to win independence from Poland had only resulted in the transfer of the Cossack allegiance to Russia. The union of Mazepa with Charles XII of Sweden and the defeat of that dashing leader at Poltava had given to Peter the Great the opportunity of shattering the Cossack organization within the Russian Empire. Catherine the Great had continued the work of disintegration and at the beginning of the nineteenth century the proud and haughty Cossacks of the Dnieper had been reduced to serfdom under the iron rule of foreign overlords.

Shevchenko's boyhood

It was at that period that Taras Shevchenko was born February 25, 1814, at the little village of Morinets on the estate of Vasily Vasilyevich Engelhardt. Although the Shevchenkos were serfs, the father was able to read and write and the grandfather of the poet had played a part of some importance in the revolt of the Haydamaki against Poland in 1768. Yet conditions of life were hard for the young boy. His mother died very soon. His father married again and the stepmother treated Taras badly. Soon his father died too and by the time that he was twelve years old, he was an orphan. There was nothing for him to do but to make the best of the bad situation. The possibilities for instruction were very scanty and when the boy who was fond of art and literature appealed to the manager of the estates for aid in securing an education, he was at once sent to a bakery to learn that trade.

This period, however, was soon over. Taras showed no aptitude for the work, and when he was fifteen he was sent up to Wilno to act as servant for the son of his owner Pavel Vasilyevich, an officer in one of the Guards Regiments. Life here was very dull and disagreeable and Taras was often punished for his devotion to sketching when he should have been engaged on other duties, but his owner noticed that the drawings of the young serf-

vant were above the average and he came to pay attention to them. It was the fashion for the progressive lords of the day to maintain on their estate among their serfs artists, musicians, and actors, and Engelhardt decided that he would now have a chance to serve as a patron of the arts, and so first at Warsaw and later in St. Petersburg, he was willing to have his serf study with various teachers of painting.

Becomes free

It was in this way that Shevchenko became acquainted with Bryulov, the most fashionable of the Russian artists, whose painting the Last Days of Pompeii had been exhibited in Rome and had there attracted the attention of Bulwer-Lytton. Bryulov became interested in the young student and decided that his talent would be sufficient to justify him in making an effort to secure freedom for Taras. In this opinion he was joined by Zhukovsky, who had been one of the youthful guides of Pushkin, and by Venetsianov, and others of the more prominent and aristocratic authors of the day. Engelhardt would not listen to their requests but demanded 2500 rubles for his serf. To raise this money, Bryulov painted a portrait of Zhukovsky and disposed of it by a lottery. Once the money was in hand, the transaction went through rapidly and on April 22, 1838, Taras Shevchenko became a free man at the age of twenty four.

Kobzar

The talent of the young author developed rapidly with freedom. He had the opportunity of meeting the most distinguished writers and artists of the day for he spent much of his time at Bryu-

lov's. He continued his experiments in writing poetry and in 1840, one of his friends, Martov, published the first volume of Shevchenko's verse, The Kobzar or Bard. It was a small volume but it was a novelty, for it was written in the Ukrainian language.

Shevchenko ignored by Russian liberals

A half century before this the Ukrainian language had been employed in an Aeneid by Kotlyarevsky but it had formed almost an exception and when Gogol, himself born in the Ukraine, went up to the capitals, he at once gave up his native tongue and wrote henceforth in the traditional literary language of the day. Shevchenko did not do this and it is interesting to note that while he had won and retained the friendship of men of the aristocratic literary group such as Zhukovsky, the more democratic and liberal writers turned on him because his language and style seemed to them further from that European standard of civilization that they were aiming to introduce into Russia. Hence comes the startling fact that the leaders of Russian liberal thought never noticed Shevchenko. The period of the aristocratic poets was coming to an end and hence came much of the neglect that Shevchenko has received outside of Russia itself, for none of the intelligentsia with their dreams of Western culture would notice or recommend the young ex-serf who wrote heroic and patriotic tales in a peasant tongue. That was beyond the liberal thought of the forties.

Yet the Kobzar, small as it was, contained many gems of Ukrainian poetry. From beginning to end, it was filled with the Ukraine, with the songs and aspirations, the sorrows and the joys of the Cossacks. It reflected the tales that he had heard from his grandfather and from the other elders of the village, for however rigid and hard was the life of the serfs, the masters did not try

to control their souls and they allowed them to sing and to tell tales as they would during the long evenings.

Haydamaki

The next year, 1841, he brought out his Haydamaki, a romantic tale of the last revolt of the Cossacks against Poland. It is like Gogol's Taras Bulba, a tale of blood and iron, of dashing heroism and of great cruelty, but it certainly reflects well the mingled emotions and the wild courage that flamed in the hearts of the Cossacks as they sought to win their liberty and preserve the traditions of the Sich. On the one hand the hero Galayda is largely modelled on the typical romantic hero but in his account of the struggles and death of Gonta, one of the leaders of the movement, Shevchenko pictures all the tragedy of his people. In very truth, he set forth his motive for writing such a poem in the very introduction, Sons of mine, O haydamaki! Broad's the field and freedom! Sons of mine, go out to revel And to try your fate!— Sons of mine, O little eagles! Fly to Ukraina! Though you grow adult and active, Foreign land's a hindrance.

Ukrainians laud him

Shevchenko bewailed both the neglect of the past of his native land and also the common attempt to treat the peasant speech and the peasant songs as merely an excuse for laughter and a source of pleasure to the alien masters and the still more contemptible fellow-countrymen who were trying to imitate the aliens. For this purpose he sought to show the dignity, the grandeur, the beauty and the heroism of the old Ukrainian past and not without a note of sadness over the pitiable situation in the present. Especially in Ukraine the work created great admiration and when Shevchenko returned to his native region he was received as a great figure among the Ukrainian population.

(To be concluded)

THE NEW PLOW

By OSEP MAKOVEY

(Translated by S. S.)

(Concluded)

(2)

When they returned to Hungry Hollow, the school teacher carried his spinning wheel home, while Hrimalo dragged his new plow into the shanty. He made up his mind to try it out the first chance he got. His wife, of course, tried her best to dissuade him from this, telling him that even the neighbors would laugh at him, but he paid no attention to her. After all, he thought, the new two-furrow plow would cut his work in half! He should worry about the neighbors!

One morning, about a week later, Hrimalo rose very early and went into the shanty. There, at his feet, it lay, this new, brightly-shining iron plow, with its two shares, while beside it lay the old weatherbeaten wooden plow. The pair lay there like two strangers, one a peasant, and the other a lord. Both seemed to scorn the other. Apparently, this thought must have struck Hrimalo too, for he smiled to himself. With an amused look he lifted the old wooden plow, which was as light as a feather in his practiced grip, and leaned it against the wall in the corner. Gosh, it was a plaything, that's all,—he thought. Ah, but this new iron plow, with its two shares, that was something different. And he gazed at it admiringly. Still lost in admiration he gripped hold

of it and sought to lift it. A sudden involuntary gasp broke from him as he quickly let it down again. Whew! It was heavy!

"Ok-sa-na!" he called to his wife, for help.

She came running out, wondering what had happened. Seeing her spouse standing red-faced beside the plow she immediately surmised what had happened.

"Why don't you put the plow on its undercarriage?" she asked.

"For the simple reason that I don't want the whole village see me taking it out into the fields. First I want to test it, and then I'll let the village know about it. That's why I want to put it into the wagon, so no one will see it," he explained. "Here, give me a hand with it."

Somehow the both of them lifted the iron plow into the wagon, and then laid alongside it the old undercarriage with its two small wooden wheels. The latter, like the old plow, looked quite out of place beside the shining new plow; however it didn't seem abashed in the least by the fact. After all, a plow was just a plow.

Telling his boy to hop in, Hrimalo drove to his farm, which was situated near the forest edge. Arriving there he managed with a great deal of difficulty in getting

the plow off the wagon, placed it on the undercarriage, couple the two with an iron pin, hitch his horses to it, and adjust the double shares. Grunting and puffing he got the plow over to the edge of the farm. Now he was ready to give it a trial.

Spitting on his hands he gripped the plow handles firmly, and nodded to the boy. The latter yelled to the horses "Ho!"

With a lunge the horses started forward. Both shares catered smoothly into the earth. But the horses had barely advanced ten steps, when suddenly they came to a dead stop, panting.

"Hey, what's the matter?" Hrimalo cried to the boy, "Why don't you get them started."

"Ho!" shouted the boy at the horses. And again the horses lunged forward heavily, dragged the plow about two paces and then again stopped.

"What in the earth is the matter?" vexedly cried Hrimalo. "Here, give that gray mare a cut with your whip. She's a lazy one."

Under the sting of the whip, the gray mare jerked forward so hard that the coupling pin holding the plow to the undercarriage broke loose with a loud ping! and went sailing over the field. Freed of the pin the plow and undercarriage quickly parted.

"I guess I need a larger pin in that hole," muttered Hrimalo, stifling an oath. He took a larger one from the wagon and after putting it in drove also a wedge

RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

The Ukrainian Wedding

The interest aroused by the play "The Ukrainian Wedding," which was enacted lately in several Ukrainian colonies, prompted some readers to ask various questions concerning the Ukrainian folk-wedding.

To understand the Ukrainian folk-wedding, it is necessary to know first of all that it is composed of three main sections, namely: сватання, (match-making), заручини (engagement), and весілля (the wedding proper).

The match-making has a genre character, while the engagement is endowed with importance undoubtedly ritualistic: it is celebrated with the greatest ceremoniousness possible; it is participated in by the kin of the prospective bridegroom and the prospective bride; and before all there are sung during it certain ritualistic songs, that is songs which are sung only at similar occasions.

The preparations to the wedding proper comprise two ritualistic arts: first, вінкоплетини, plaiting of wreaths, and коровай, baking of the ceremonial loaf. Вінчання is performed in a church according to the particular rite of that church, and is rather short, as compared to the varied ceremony of the "vesilye," as celebrated by people who respect folk-traditions.

There are some variations in the manner the wedding is celebrated in various parts of Ukraine, but on the whole there are certain common features. The various provincial folk-weddings were described by various Ukrainian ethnographers, while the common features of the Ukrainian wedding were ably presented by well-known Ukrainian ethnographer Theodore Vovk, in the capital work edited by him and Prof. Michael Hrushevsky under the title "The Ukrainian People in Their Past and Present" (in Russian, Petrograd, 1914 — Ukrainian

translation under the title: Студії з української етнографії та антропології).

The Ukrainian "nothing"

Several readers expressed their interest in the question how to express in Ukrainian "nothing." The problem seems to puzzle them, though it certainly is not so perplexing as they seem to think. In fact, it is simple unless you make it complex yourself. The task of knowing it is therefore to keep it simple.

The word "nothing" means in Ukrainian ніщо (nishcho). You might have heard other words for it (нічо, ніч, ніц), but they are dialectic, and the last one is a Polishism. The literary word is one. It simply means: not anything.

Some complication arises out of the fact that this ніщо must be declined, that is changed in form to express various functions. Happily, the word ніщо has not many changes, and they are easy to form.

You simply treat ні (ni) as a prefix which does not change, and you decline only (nishcho): нічого (ni-cho-ho), нічому (ni-cho-mu), нічим (ni-chim), нічим (ni-chim). For instance: Нічого не бачить, не чує, не веже. Нічим прокормитися. Він у нічмі міри не має. Сотворити — значить з нічого щось зробити.

As you can easily see, the Ukrainian language uses double and even treble negative, and the statement still is a negation. Він нічого не бачить means: he does not see anything. You could add another negation to it, and still the statement would be a negation: він ніколи нічого не бачить, still means "He never sees anything," and він, ніколи ніде нічого не бачить, still means "He never sees anything anywhere."

The use of declensions

When I said that the word ніщо has few declensions, the reader might have found the five variations of its form too many. After all, he is used to seeing the English equivalent of it in one form. With the linguistic habits of the English language ingrained in him, he might see no reason for this number of variations.

Such a reader would be touching one of the basic problems of the science of languages, and one of the most fascinating, but also one of the broadest. Just to show him some features of the problem and to warn him against too hasty conclusions, I would like to call his attention to the strength which the language derives from the declension of its nouns, pronouns, adjectives and numerals.

The readers know of course a whole series of compound words the first member of which is SELF. Now, as you will look through those words you will notice that in some of these self-compounds SELF stands for a subject, in others for an object. Thus, in SELF-ACTION, SELF-BINDER, and SELF-COOKING the prefix SELF represents the subject: the action of one who acts oneself, the machine which binds (sheaves) by itself, (a rifle) that cocks itself. Again in such words as: SELF-LOVE, SELF-ACCUSATION, SELF-MURDER, the prefix SELF represents an object: love of oneself (loving oneself), accusation of oneself, murder of (murdering) oneself. That such a double use of this prefix is conducive to confusion is evident. But the English language has no way to get out of the difficulty.

Now the Ukrainian language knows how to evade this difficulty, and this thanks to her declensions. In all those words in which SELF represents the object, it is rendered by себе, se-be, the objective case of the now in-existent SELF. Thus SELF-LOVE becomes себелюбство, se-be-lub-

TARAS SHEVCHENKO

"Thy name shall live."

For daring — speak,
Of truth and right
And the light of freedom's flame.
They tortured him in dungeons
dark,
But could not quench that flame.

Forbidden to write
In his native tongue;
Denied the use of pen;
His thoughts were etched in noble
lines,
On the hearts of his fellow-men.

Thus for Ukraine
He suffered much,
Far beyond human ken.
And Time shall write on pages
white—
"Thy name shall live, fore'er,
Amen."

STANLEY PATRONIK.

words, the words in which SELF represents the subject, the SELF is rendered by the prefix само-, sa-mo-, which is a shortened form of the adjectival самий, samy.

Ukrainian dictionaries do not enumerate many SEBE- words but their number will surely grow, as they will grow in number also in English. I do not find, for instance, in FUNK AND WAGNALLS NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY the word SELF-HATE, and here I find in THE PROBLEM PARENT, by A. S. Neill, that word a familiar term: "Self-hate is at the root of militarism and antisemitism, our criminal code and our prison system."

The non-existent third-person SELF has preserved besides себе still other forms: собі, so-bi, собою, soboyu. And what is interesting is that the inventive Ukrainian language has tried to form new words even out of those cases of SELF. It has, e. g., the word собіччя, so-bi-chy-ty, to appropriate, to treat as one's own exclusively.

er.

into the hole to hold the pin better.

"All right now, drive them!" he directed the boy.

The plow moved slowly a few paces, and then again stopped.

"Hmm, maybe I'm not handling this plow right?" wondered Hrimalo. He lifted the plow out of the ground and saw that the space between the two shares was packed with earth. Thinking that maybe this was responsible for the heavy going he took a stick and cleaned that space out. Again the horses tugged and strained forward, and again they advanced but a few steps. In fact, the horses themselves were beginning to look back at the plow. One could easily surmise that they were wondering what manner of a plow was this! Never had they any trouble in plowing, and now the blamed thing was balky for some reason or other. The gray mare even shook her head and snorted, as if in puzzlement and indignation.

"The horses are sweating already," commented the boy.

"Let them," sharply replied his father. "Go on, drive them ahead."

This time the boy gave a particularly stinging blow to the gray mare with his whip. Either it was the blow or a sudden determination to move that thing behind her or die in the attempt, at any rate the gray mare gave a prodigious heave—and her traces broke. Just in the nick of time she recovered her balance,

and stood there, startled, glaring balefully at the indifferent plow.

"Well, can you beat that!" wailed Hrimalo, already past the stage of mere anger.

Taking the broken traces he tied them as best he could. When he got through, he once more sought to make some progress. But this time the horses absolutely refused even to try, and even whipping did not help matters.

"Eh, boy, you don't know yet how to drive the horses," ejaculated Hrimalo, and telling him to lay down the whip he got a firmer grip on the plow handles. Then filling his lungs with as much air as they could hold, he suddenly let out such a powerful HO! that the horses, startled nearly out of their wits by the roar, lunged forward so hard that the undercarriage broke loose and one of its wheels went careening crazily over the field.

Hrimalo sat down on the ground, without saying a word. The horses pawed the earth angrily. Obviously, they were as unsettled as he was. At length Hrimalo rose.

"I guess after all that this plow is too heavy for these horses," he admitted.

"That's what I've been trying to tell you all this time," his boy broke in. "What are you going to do now?"

"Nothing much," replied his father gloomily.

He unhooked the undercarriage from the plow and looked at the latter with sorrow in his eyes.

"And it's so dear too! But what can I do? Nothing! Guess I'll just have to put it back into the shanty and use my old one. Oh, my poor head!"

In lifting the plow back into the wagon the boy got his hand caught on the sharp edge of the share, with the result that he had to let go. The entire weight of the plow fell upon Hrimalo and nearly bore him to the ground. Just in the nick of time he jumped out from under. Fluently he cursed the whole plow family.

Again they tried lifting the plow into the wagon. This time they succeeded. Climbing alongside the boy Hrimalo gloomily let the horses set out for home. He only hoped that school teacher wouldn't see him. But as luck would have it, the latter popped up just as Hrimalo was nearing his home. Seeing the plow on the wagon and the broken undercarriage, he slyly asked:

"What, you have plowed the ground so early in the morning?"

"No, I didn't, and may the devil take it..."

"What's the trouble? Isn't the new plow any good?"

"Oh, there's no trouble. The plow is all right, but it's too heavy for my horses. I need oxen for it, not horses."

"Well, what are you going to do with it?"

"Nothing," replied Hrimalo shortly, anxious to get rid of this unwelcome person.

The school teacher smiled with ill-hidden satisfaction. Hrimalo

couldn't help noticing it. He winced. But he had his revenge.

"By the way, what have you done with the spinning wheel you won?" he asked.

It was the teacher's turn to become uncomfortable, for the truth of the matter was that his wife had in no uncertain terms told him that she hadn't the least intention of taking up spinning, and that was that!

Finally, Hrimalo arrived home. And, as could be expected, he certainly received a scathing reception from his spouse. He remained silent however, and somehow managed to drag the plow into the shanty again. He let it down in one corner with a sigh of relief. Walking over to the other corner he picked up the old wooden plow as easily as he would a toothpick and slung it over his shoulder. He began to feel himself again. Ah, nothing like one's own!—he thought, and went back to his plowing.

For two years the new plow lay unnoticed in the corner, until one day Hrimalo finally decided to get it out of the way. He took it to the blacksmith.

"Humph, I can't give you much for this," said the blacksmith, "for nobody will repurchase it from me. No one needs a plow like this one."

"Well, give me anything you want," said Hrimalo. "Maybe you could make nails out of it."

So the blacksmith bought the new plow—for nails.

The End.

UNITY IN OUR GOAL

In my two articles entitled "Let Us Be Frank" (Ukrainian Weekly, Jan. 25 and Feb. 1, 1936, issues) I suggested a certain plan whereby the various Ukrainian youth leagues in America, could work in harmony and not interfere with one another as they are doing at the present time. I had hoped to hear something favorable concerning this plan or see another one offered in its place. Apparently Miss Piddubcheshen, if we are to judge her views by her article "We Are Frank" (Ukrainian Weekly, Feb. 29, 1936 issue) is an uncompromising, advocate of the status quo, for she not only rejects my plan but offers none in its place. Apparently, she is satisfied with the situation as it stands. In her article, too, she raises several points that do need a little clearing up on my part.

Explaining the differences

Miss Piddubcheshen berates me for having failed in my articles to "explain the differences that arose" in the original Chicago youth committee back in 1933 and for having further failed to explain how it came about that two leagues were formed instead of the contemplated one. In other words, by implication I am charged with having failed to blame the right group. In reply to this, I hasten to say that I wasn't there then—in Chicago. When I arrived there, it was after the smoke of the battle had cleared away, disclosing two youth congresses being held during the same week. Of course, I also heard, at the Third Ukrainian Youth's Congress in Detroit last summer, an explanation of the entire unfortunate affair, which, incidentally, seems quite at variance with what the "We Are Frank" portrays it to be. But then, I don't believe in passing final judgment based upon mere hearsay. Here, apparently, Miss Piddubcheshen and I differ, where I hesitate, she boldly plunges in and passes such judgment. And yet, is that so important, casting blame upon either this or that group? Isn't it far better to give both sides credit for their obviously good but dissimilar intentions, forget the unfortunate incident, and confront ourselves with the fait accompli—that several youth leagues do exist and that some manner of harmonious relations must be established among them?

"Woman's intuition"

And now, another point.

To digress for the moment: It is a matter of common knowledge, I think, that the insufferably egotistic male in an effort to persuade himself that the weaker sex cannot really think and envision anything has invented the so-called "woman's intuition," which illusion wise womenhood tolerantly refuses to dissipate. I too have believed in it, although, to be truthful, at times I have had some misgivings about it. But never, I assure you, has my belief in it been so rudely jolted as in this "We Are Frank" article, where Miss Piddubcheshen proceeds to tell the whole and unvarnished "truth" about the case I cited in my articles "Let Us Be Frank," where a certain priest acted in a somewhat prejudicial manner towards a certain youth club that refused to join the UCYL. For how could she possibly know what particular case I was referring to when I did not mention even one fact which might help identify this club. The

case she blithely proceedse to expose is entirely strange to me. I never heard of it. It's entirely different from the one I had in mind.—Ah, me, there goes another of my youthful illusions—this "woman's intuition" I mean. But maybe I am too hasty in casting it aside. Perhaps what happened here was that—it overreached itself.

She didn't get an answer

Now I come to the third point, that certainly needs answering. Miss Piddubcheshen writes that: "At the second congress of the UCYL, the President of the UYL-NA spoke. Did we curb him? No! He said what he wanted. We were hoping for a lively discussion on the problem of the leagues. I, myself, asked that the essential differences be brought out. The question, however, was avoided. I did not get any answer."

To set this matter right: First of all, when I accepted the kind invitation to speak at that congress it was with the distinct understanding that I appear purely in my personal capacity, and in no other. Secondly, I accepted this invitation only on the conditions that (1) I would be permitted to raise this matter of several youth leagues, (2) that there would be a discussion on it, (3) and that the chief representative of UCYL would also raise the matter in his talk. My conditions were accepted. Accordingly, I appeared at the UCYL congress and spoke on the matter or problem, but—there was neither any discussion held on it nor did this chief representative even touch upon the matter in his talk. To put the matter bluntly—I was left "holding the bag." Why wasn't there any discussion? Because a motion was made and passed by the UCYL congress itself that no discussion be had on the matter or problem; but that the same should be referred to the executive boards of the leagues. This is a matter of record, and can easily be verified by referring to the minutes of the congress proceedings. And why didn't the chief representative of the UCYL raise the matter in his talk, as he had promised? That I do not know. And why after the congress was I criticized by some adherents of the UCYL for having even broached the matter?—that I do not know either. And so, if my fair adversary, Miss Piddubcheshen, "did not get an answer" to the question of the various youth leagues, it certainly was not my fault, as she seems to imply. Furthermore, if she is truly interested in that "answer" then why didn't she, as the President of the UCYL, arrange to have a talk delivered on the subject at either one of the two youth rallies the UCYL sponsored recently, a talk that would have evoked an interesting and constructive discussion. Instead, at the New York youth rally for example, the representatives of the UYL-NA, including myself, waited and waited patiently, hoping that the UCYL president would broach the matter so that we could take part in the resulting discussion, but no such official broaching was done, with the result that in the last few minutes of the rally we had to raise the issue ourselves.

Now as to the other points raised in the "We Are Frank" article, I do not see any necessity of answering them, for they are all answered in my previous articles "Let Us Be Frank." I would only counsel Miss Piddubcheshen

BE REASONABLE

At the very beginning of her article, "We Are Frank," the authoress condemns the use of diplomacy, urging frankness, and accuses the editor of the "Weekly" for using diplomacy.

Then, hardly do the echoes of the accusation fade away, when she casts veiled hints at the UYL-NA.

The first is under the heading "False Representations": "The competition... is honest... with no casting of false statements on others. With this as our policy, we would like to see it reciprocated."

The second is under the column titled "Are We Not Fair?"

"The UCYL is not trying to spread misunderstanding or work under cover. It is doing everything openly."

The third is found in the last column:

"If this League limits its activities to the religious question, etc.,... one group will be purely national or cultural with indifference and perhaps enmity toward the Ukrainian Catholic Church and its institutions."

These, no doubt, are broad hints (unjustified) aimed at the UYL-NA.

May I ask, is this frankness? Commenting on competition between the two largest leagues, she says that the competition is not unhealthy, "from our side."

No, from "your side," perhaps the competition is not unhealthy. But from its effect on American-Ukrainian youth in general, is it beneficial?

We know what happened when this same situation arose among those of the older generation. And certainly, no one wishes to see history repeat itself. Or, do they?

Further, the writer scores the "Weekly" for refusing to publish news items of the UCYL.

Be reasonable! How can you expect the Weekly to print news of UCYL when there is not enough space (every issue) for news of the UYL-NA? And isn't it reasonable to think that there are more persons interested in a non-partisan organization than in a sectarian one?

The authoress states that a group, in order to be well-developed, must develop along religious and national lines, at the same time.

What about that greatest Ukrainian institution in the United States?—the Ukrainian National Association? As everyone knows, it is non-partisan. It developed and attained great heights just because of its wise tolerance in religious and other matters.

The suggestion that if the UCYL limits its activities to the religious question, etc.,... "one group will be purely national or cultural with indifference and perhaps enmity toward the Ukrainian Catholic Church and its institutions," is unreasonable.

Taking for granted that the above is a hint to the UYL-NA how can the UYL-NA show enmity and indifference toward the Ukrainian Catholic Church when there are so many Catholic clubs and members in the UYL-NA.

to be far more careful than she was in using such words as "false." They are dangerous.

Our main goal

However, let us not dally over the question who's at fault. That is not the main issue, and that is why I ignored it in my previous articles. The main issue is the finding of a plan whereby the Ukrainian youth leagues in America could work harmoniously and not step upon each other's toes. That should be our goal. I, for one, do not believe in the status quo.

STEPHEN SHUMEYKO.

The comparison of the old country to the United States in regards to the need of the cooperation of religious and national life, is questionable.

True, our fellow men are suffering persecution in Europe, and, no doubt, religion has kept alive a national consciousness. But—we are not persecuted here in America. Our national life has developed as far as circumstances have permitted. Commendable strides in progress have been made.

Therefore, it does not mean that religion is so tied up with national life that we cannot progress by building nonpartisan organizations.

Yes, the UCYL has the responsibility of educating its youth to carry on the work of the Ukrainian Catholic Church. But it also has another responsibility, a sacred one—that of allowing its youth to build and progress in non-partisan society according to American ideals.

As I near the close of this article, one thing stands out above all others in my mind. Simply: The breakup of the Chicago youth committee, resulting in the formation of two leagues was due to, (with all respect for religious principles), a minor issue.

If the so-called Catholic group was so sincerely desirous of holding to Catholic principles, (to start the convention with a prayer), wouldn't quiet, individual prayers have brought spiritual satisfaction, just as well as any outward, oral manifestation? Or couldn't it have waited until the congress and let the congress make the final decision in the matter?

And now— if anyone has received the impression from this article that I have belittled the work or principles of the Ukrainian Catholic Church or its institutions—I am sorry. That is not the impression I hoped to have made, nor do I have any intentions of making, because I am of the Ukrainian Catholic faith myself.

My plea is, that all those who will contribute to this discussion will do so with respect towards both sides of the question.

STANLEY PATRONIK.

WINS SPEAKING CONTEST

On Tuesday evening, January 28, one of our outstanding members, George Kartychak, of 210 Ripley Place, Elizabeth, won first place in the prize-speaking contest held on graduation night in the auditorium of the Thomas Jefferson High School, Elizabeth, N.J. His presentation of the selection "The End of the Path," by Newbold Noyes, was greatly lauded by the attending large audience.

Besides figuring in the speaking contest, Kartychak was included in the list of First Honor Roll students, having an average of 92.5%.

He has also starred actively in athletics, being a member of the Ukrainian Social Club Varsity Basketball team for two years.

PETER HONDOWICZ.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

CARD and BUNCO PARTY sponsored by the Lesya Ukrainka Society, branch 171 of the Ukr Nat'l Assn. SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1936 at the Ukrainian National Home, 181-183 Fleet St. Commencement at 6:00 P. M. Admission 25 cts. Refreshments and Entertainment 49.55

NEW YORK CITY

The Ukrainian Civic Center invites you to a HOUSE TEA to be held between 4:00 and 6:00 P. M. on SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1936 at the International Institute, 341 East 17th St. A one-act comedy "Uplifting Sadie" will be presented.