



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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## YOUTH TODAY

### MARKS HAVE THEIR USE

A passing grade in at least three-fourths of their scholastic work will be required of the 10,500 New York City high school students who will receive monthly subsidies from the National Youth Administration, it was announced in a bulletin sent to the principals by the superintendent of schools.

The establishment of a standard of academic performance for National Youth Administration students marks a departure from the practice followed in New York last year. Coupled with the requirement that recipients of the Federal grants perform some useful work, it represents another step in the effort of school and National Youth Administration officials to get away from the "dole psychology."

### THEY, TOO, STRIKE

More than 1,000 Walker County, Alabama, children remained away from classrooms, on September 21, while school authorities studied demands of labor leaders that teachers be required to join the American Federation of Classroom Teachers, an American Federation of Labor unit.

### TO STUDY VOCATIONAL TRAINING

President Roosevelt named, on September 22, a committee of 18 to study the need for an "expanded program" of Federal aid for vocational education.

Dr. Floyd Reeves, of the University of Chicago, was chosen to head the committee. Serving with him will be representatives of four government departments and the Tennessee Valley Authority, and private authorities from the fields of labor, agriculture, home economics, industry, education, and vocational rehabilitation.

"It is my thought," the President writes in his letter to the members of the committee, "that such a group should study the experience under the existing program of Federal aid for vocational education, the relation of such training to general education and to prevailing economic and social conditions, and the extent of the need for an expanded program."

### BRITISH YOUTH AND THE ARMY

Recruiting for the British Army is going badly, Ferdinand Kuhn Jr. wires to The New York Times, on September 18. And this in spite of the fact that the Royal Air Force is swamped with applicants and the navy finds no difficulty in filling its ranks.

Army officials cannot understand the reasons for which the youth of Britain stubbornly refuses to get into khaki. Only 287 young men have volunteered for the new supplementary infantry reserve since recruiting began on September 1. Generals at the War Office and politicians in the Cabinet are perplexed.

The British people have always admired their troops from the side-lines and have cheered them on parade, but they have never been in a hurry to join up.

## "UKRAINIAN AND AMERICAN WAYS"

One of our contributors recently charged the older generation, especially its organizations, with hindering the efforts of our youth to solve their problems by foisting upon them its "Ukrainian ways" to the exclusion of the "American ways."

The first natural reaction upon reading this charge is probably that of indignation at the older generation for not leaving the youth alone to work out their own fate. A sense of fairness, however, prompts a closer examination of the picture the writer portrays. Is this picture really so? Are these "Ukrainian ways" of the older generation truly hindering the progress of our youth? To answer these questions, however, we must first know something about the nature of these "Ukrainian ways."

It is very possible, of course, that under the heading of "Ukrainian ways" the writer had in mind those religious intolerances and political partisanship which so often disrupt Ukrainian unity and cripple its progress both here and abroad. It is possible too, that he had in mind those quibblings over petty matters, those many "storms in the teacup" which drain the initiative and energy of the Ukrainians so often and so needlessly. And perhaps he was also referring to some of those hoary conservative traits that characterize some of our older generation.

Any and all of these shortcomings can be correctly ascribed to the older generation, and there is no doubt but that there are elements within its ranks who try to foist them upon the youth. And yet, can these shortcomings be correctly labelled as "Ukrainian"? Are they not found among the "American ways" too? And even supposing it were possible for our youth to sever all its connections with the older generation, would such an act automatically relieve it of the dangers of intolerance, partisanship, dissension, and reaction? Hardly.

Well then, in what other possible forms do these "Ukrainian ways" of the older generation make felt their influence upon the youth? Is it in the form of the efforts on the part of the older generation to persuade the youth to study its Ukrainian background, history, culture, and language; to take a greater active interest in the struggle for freedom of their kinsmen abroad; to support and take over those modern institutions which its parents through heavy toil and sacrifices built here in America? Surely, that is not asking too much of the youth, that is not hindering the solution of its problems; rather it is the broadening of the horizon of its life and activities.

Now let us turn to an examination of the term "American ways." Here again the critic of the older generation gives no definition or examples of it. Yet in this respect he is not worse than those "100% Americans" who prattle of the "American spirit," the "American ways"; who accuse of being "un-American" even such a person as President Roosevelt—descended of one of the most distinguished American families; and who never pause to explain to the puzzled Mr. Average Citizen what they mean by these glib phrases, or advance even a shred of proof that what they claim as being American is truly American and only American.

Surely, there are no fine nor bad qualities that are exclusively the product or property of America or any other country. No one can truthfully declare that the vaunted "American spirit of democracy, justice and freedom" is only American. No one can say that the corruption which can be found in both the high and low of American society is American. All of this is most elementary. Of course. But many of us seem to forget it. So therefore, let us stop being insular. Let us stop using such expressions as the "Ukrainian way" or the "American way" or any other "way," and thereby avoid confusing the real issues of Ukrainian-American youth life. But let us all recognize that the principles upon which our lives and conduct are based are not national but universal in scope and character.

### A GOOD SHOWING

At the Michigan primary election held Tuesday, September 15 last, Mr. John Panchuk, young Ukrainian-American lawyer of Detroit, received 9,905 votes, not enough to win him the Democratic nomination for State Representative but enough to give hope to his supporters in his political future.

It is reported that the local Ukrainian political organizations were very active, but that their numerical strength was too small to swing the tide in Mr. Panchuk's favor. It is also reported that there were 77 candidates on the Democratic ballot and 44 on the Republican, and that because of such a large number of candidates the people voted according to the popularity of a name, so that there were three Murphys nominated, one of them living in a flop house and selling razor blades.

### WHAT USE A VISIT TO GERMANY?

Thirty-three students from 25 American colleges sailed, on September 22, on the North German Lloyd liner Bremen for a year's study in Munich, Germany. They are members of the Junior Year in Munich, an organization formed six years ago by Professor Camillo von Klenze, formerly of the University of Munich and Stanford University.

At a farewell tea with their parents and friends in the Hotel Victoria, New York City, the students were told by Professor von Klenze that on their return they might become "centers of influence" in music and art in a country seeking to enrich its cultural life. "You are going to Munich for understanding and experience," he said. "You must not become pro-German or anti-German. You will be there to enrich your outlook and should not form any judgment for at least six months."

He warned them not act as visitors "full of prejudices based on insufficient information" but to conduct themselves as representatives of the best customs and traditions of this country.

### OVER THE CADDLE (Над коліською)

By PETER KARMANSKY

Lulee, sonny; downward dipping;  
The sun in shady pines did hide;  
The dark skies lit up in brightness,

A sea of stars are twinkling wide.

Sleep, my sonny! lulee, lulee.  
Lulee, sonny! may light zephyr,  
Wafting Muses, thee entwine;  
Smile for me as bright as sunshine—

Radiant star thou, heaven mine!  
Sleep, my baby! lulee, lulee.

Sleep, thou fragrant, verdant flower!

Breathes soft zephyr, patters rain;  
Flourish in thy growth and vigor,  
For soon heat will parch again...  
Sleep, my baby, lulee, lulee.

Translated by John Yatchew.

(Today's Ukrainian Weekly is concluded in the SvoBoda.)

# IVAN FRANKO

By S. S.

(19)

## GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF FRANKO'S POETRY (1873-1893)

"Being a peasant's son, raised on hard peasant bread, I have always felt it to be my duty to devote the labors of my life to the cause of the common people. The hard school of life in which I was reared led me adopt already in my childhood two main rules of conduct. The first has been this sense of duty to my people, and the second has been the necessity of unceasing labors in everything I undertook. From my very childhood I have always observed that nothing comes to the peasant without heavy toil; later I realized too that to us as a nation nothing will come without a price being paid for it; that we should not expect favors from anybody. Only that which our labors wrest for us will be our possession...

"I have always placed the greatest of importance upon the gain-

ing of general human rights, for I knew that a people who wrest for themselves such general human rights wrest for themselves as well their national rights. And therefore in all my endeavors I did not aspire to be a poet, nor a learned man, nor a publicist, but above all a man."

The above words, uttered by Franko at the occasion of the celebration in honor of the 25th anniversary of his literary and public activities (1898), should always be borne in mind in evaluating his writings.

This philosophy of life which he adopted is what gave all his works that vibrant human quality which overshadows all their other qualities. Reading them one forgets the beauty of their style or structure and feels only that which Franko wants one to feel, whether it be an ardent desire to strike a blow against oppression, or to understand the plight of those

who are oppressed, or to gain hope and cheer even in blackest despair.

And yet, this attitude towards his writings was responsible for their failure to attain those heights of pure artistry in form that he was capable of, even despite the fact that some of his writings, especially his poetry, can be classed with the world's finest. Some of his poetry bears distinct signs of the little regard he had for form. He expresses this attitude in several of his poems, as when he asks the man why does he don knightly raiment, why does he exchange his hammer for Petrarch's stylus.

Чого ти, хлопче, вбрався у стрій лицарський?  
Немов боїшся насьміху і сварки?  
Чого важкий свій молот каменярський міняєш на тонкий різець Петрарки!  
Досить, досить слова до слів складати,  
під формою блискучою, гладкою,  
мов хробака під гарною лускою  
пекучий біль і сльози укривати!

Лікар іде! Не час тепер ховати  
поганих струнів. Смілою рукою  
розкрий їх треба, мимом встиду й болю  
всю гниль нещадно з тіла виривати!

Substance is what counts in poetry, and its purpose is not, Franko writes, that one should

soak in tears or sour in sorrow, or to laugh whether there be cause or not; but to be a helmsman in a stormy sea, to be one in whom the people see their leader.

не в тім, сніваче сила слова твого,  
щоб ти раз в раз мок в сльозах, кис у горлі,

ні щоб сміявся, чи с, чи не с з дого.  
Ти будь керманч наш в бурливім морю,  
щоб в тобі бачив люд привідця свого,  
і все чув добре слово в добру пору —

About his own poetry he has the following to say:

Кожда пісня моя  
віку мого день,  
протернів її я,  
не зложив лишень,  
Кожда стрічка її —  
мірку мого часу,  
думи — нерви мої,  
звук — серця страсть.

Що нам душу страше,  
то мій власний жал, —  
що горить в ній, то це  
моїх слів хрусталь.

Бо напнятий мій дух,  
наче струна-прім:  
кожний удар, кожний рук  
будить тони в ній.

І дарма, що пиве  
в них добро і зло, —  
в пісні те лиш живе,  
що життя дадо.

(To be continued)

## SHADOWS OF FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS

(Continued) By MICHAEL KOTSIUBINSKY

(Translated by S. S.)

(9)

And thus Ivan summered in the downs, until they became deserted again, as to the sound of the long trembitas the herds of sheep and cattle flowed down the slopes into the valleys below where their owners awaited them, leaving in their wake trampled grass and wailing autumn winds, and leaving also the chief herder and the camp helper to mind the downs fire until it went out of its own accord. And finally when even they had left, nothing was left on the saddened downs except shadowy phantoms of the hills that skulked about the hut and corrals in search of anything that might have been left behind.

In vain Ivan hurried down to his village; when he arrived there it was to find his Marichka gone. Just the day before yesterday she had been caught in the current of the rising Cheremosh, swept off her feet and carried down the rapids. It happened in broad daylight and many saw her being whirled about in the raging waters, heard her cries for help, but no one was able to rescue her.

Ivan could not believe this. Most likely it was a story invented by the Hudeniuks, who learning of their love had hid her from him.

But when confirmation of her drowning came from all sides, he decided to make a search for her body. Very likely it was cast ashore somewhere, and perhaps someone had buried it. And so he went down the length of the river, full of hate for its eternal roaring and its boiling anger.

Finally, in one village he did find a body that had been pulled out of the river, but he could see no likeness of Marichka in it. This could not be his Marichka, this soaked bundle of blue and bloody flesh, all battered and mishapen by the river rocks!

A great sorrow gripped Ivan. For a while he was inclined to leap from the rocks into the rapids himself: here, take me too! But despair drove him into the hills, away from the river, away from that hateful roaring stream that had sucked the last breath out of his Marichka. He wandered

through the woods, among the huge boulders, and through the ravines and gullies like a wounded bear, and even hunger failed to drive him back into the village. He fed upon roots and berries. Finally he disappeared altogether. His friends and neighbors said that he had died of sorrow, and maidens composed songs telling of his and Marichka's great love for one another and of their death. For six years nothing was heard of him, and on the seventh he suddenly appeared: burned nearly to blackness by the sun, lean, older in appearance than his years warranted, but calm and collected. In answer to the many questions, he told of having been a herder on the Hungarian side of the mountains. A year barely elapsed when he took himself a wife. One had to start upon husbandry some time.

When the pistol shots had quieted and the wedding came to an end, and his wife had driven the sheep and cattle into the corrals, even Ivan felt satisfied. His Palahna came of a well-to-do family. She was a healthy and proud girl, with a deep voice and very black hair. Of course, she was fond of expensive clothing and quite a bit of money went for silk shawls and other dear accessories, but that was nothing. One look at the many bleating sheep and the cows in the pastures — and there was nothing to worry about.

Now he had plenty to keep him busy. It was not he craved riches — not for this does a Hutzul live — merely tending his herd filled his heart with happiness. Just what a child is to its mother — so were his flocks to him. He did not spare himself in the least in the task of feeding and tending them well, in keeping them free of any of the many possible diseases, in warding off all danger from wild beasts, snakes, and evil spirits. This was no simple task, and required, besides the usual qualifications, knowledge of many occult practices, such as smoking out the devil, foretelling the future, the gathering of certain healing herbs and flowers, and the uttering of the proper incantations that kept all harm and

danger away. In this task Palahna was of considerable help to him. She was a good housewife, and he shared all his troubles with her.

"What a neighbor we have!" she complained one day. "This woman, Khima tney call her, got close to our sheep. 'My, what fine ewes!' she exclaimed, clapping her hands. And can you imagine, before she had even reached her house two of these ewes spun around and dropped dead... Murrain on her, the old witch!..."

"The other night I was passing her house," added Ivan "when suddenly I see something round rolling over the meadow, and it's all lit up, just like a star. I stopped and looked at it, and right there before my eyes it rolled right across the meadows and straight into Khima's house... May I drop dead if that's not what I saw!... If I wasn't so surprised, I could have maybe caught it..."

On another knoll close by lived neighbor Yura. People spoke of him as having supernatural powers. He was likened to God by some, for he knew everything and was very strong, a real conjurer and perhaps the evil one himself. In his thick hands he held both heavenly and earthly powers, life and death itself, health of both herds and people, and although they all feared him, yet they all needed him.

It happened several times that Ivan turned to him for help too, but each time he did he had to turn aside before his burning eyes and covertly spit: salt in your eye!...

But the greatest annoyance to them was the woman Khima. An amiable and friendly old woman during the day, she changed at night into a white dog that flitted over the neighbors' land. More than once Ivan flung his hatchet after him or chased him with a fork.

Before their very eyes the striped cow grew thinner and gave less milk every day. Palahna knew who was to blame for this. She watched very carefully, muttered various incantations, visited the cow several times in the evening, and even got up from bed during the dead of the night to see whether everything was all right. One day she set up such an outcry that Ivan ran out of the house like mad, to discover that a huge

toad was trying to cross the threshold of the stable. He began driving it away when suddenly it disappeared, and just then they heard Khima's squeaky voice call out to them from beyond the fence:

"Good evening my good neighbors... he-he-he..."

So shameless!

What things she didn't do, this old witch! She would change into white cloth that gleamed white-ly at the forest's edge, or into a crawling snake, or into a flaming ball that rolled over the meadows. They said that she even sucked the light out of the moon so that it would be dark when she went after the cattle. More than one person swore that he saw her milking the hemp brake, filling a whole pail with milk!

How much work Ivan had! He was so busy that he did not even have the time to recollect what he was doing, nor did he have time to even think of anything else besides his work. And yet there were times, most unexpected, when he raised his eyes to look at the mountains and there would come floating down to him the long forgotten sweet voice of his Marichka:

Нагадай мні, мій миленький,  
Два рази на днину,  
А я тебе нагадаю  
Сім раз на годнину...

At such times he would stop working and disappear.

Palahna, who was accustomed to working the full six days and rest only on Sunday or holiday, at which time she showed off all her finery, angrily complained to him of these derelictions from work. But she always got the sharp reply: "Shut up. Tend to your work and leave me in peace..."

Yet he felt angry at himself too.

(To be continued)

### NEW YORK CITY.

The Ukrainian Civic Center invites you to its "GET-ACQUAINTED EVENING" on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1936 at the International Institute, 341 E. 17th Street. Games, singing, lots of fun and good refreshments. Admission 25 c. Commencement at 8:00 P. M. 219,25

# CONTROL OF YOUTH AND ORGANIZATION

A REPLY TO BURMA-CAPELIN

## I.

Burma-Capelin's exposition on the control of youth organizations by the immigrant organizations is a disappointment to the readers of his previous contributions. The disappointment gives rise to a question: What is the purpose of the Potpourri? Is it to defeat the efforts of the immigrant generation in behalf of youth? Or is the object to provoke a discussion on a pertinent subject?

Youth organizations are very few, therefore the charges of control ought to be specific so that not one of them suffers from misdirected insinuation. Let us give Burma the benefit of doubt. Perhaps instead of control he means influence of the immigrant generation, to which all youth organizations are more or less subjected. So what? According to Burma's thesis the second generation has vital problems, which could be solved by youth organizations if they were not subjected to the influence of the immigrant organization. That influence is said to be very bad, because the immigrant organizations are interested in Ukrainization instead of Americanization. Hence, it were better not to have any youth organizations at all. A rather gloomy future for youth, since it is incapable of furnishing finances nor leadership. Burma's solution is that the immigrants support youth organizations, but refrain from exercising control, or influence, if you please.

Burma does not tell us what type of Ukrainian, or American, would evolve from the organization that is free from immigrant influence. He does not say what kind of influence should be exercised and by whom, in order to prevent the recurrence of that type which he describes as — successful and adjusted to American culture, but unavailable to Ukrainian youth as support and leadership. By what logic are we then to expect any different type as a

product of Burma's "utopian" arrangement?

Much could be said about the activities of immigrant organizations in the matter of Ukrainization: Burma implies that Ukrainization counteracts Americanization. That is not true. The immigrants are powerless to stem Americanization because they too surrendered to it. They no longer live as they lived in Europe; they had to adjust themselves to American conditions and change their way of living accordingly. They have become as much American as any other national group. But they do not want to see their children denationalized by forsaking associations with Ukrainians and joining other national groups. Burma does not define Americanization, but the facts of the past and the present show that denationalization has been erroneously regarded as Americanization. The two are not identical, and immigrants should not be condemned for suppressing the latter when they are in fact combatting the former.

It is a folly to presume that youth would be appreciative of assistance without giving something in return. The least that youth could do would be to strive for the attainment of ideals of their sires. Failing in this, youth would prove itself unworthy of its very existence. If that innate trait, which drives the immigrant to strive for the emancipation of his race, is lacking in his children, then of what good are the children to the adopted land? Thoroughbreds are not made artificially, but they may be maimed by such philosophy as is offered by Burma.

Youth organizations are in need of leadership, that is true. But that leadership is being trained in the immigrant organizations, which are characteristically American and differ radically from European. Training means hard work and sacrifice of time and energy.

Too often a young person, who gained leadership by virtue of youth and a smattering of education, only disrupted an organization and made a fool of himself. Youth must serve in order to earn happiness in real life, while something obtained for nothing brings demoralization and misery.

## II.

Burma's article on a good American and good Ukrainian is pathetic, which is putting it mercifully. With a sureness of a college sophomore he declares that a good Ukrainian cannot be a good American. And what are his arguments? A half page of rambling about culture and instincts, proving nothing.

What is the American culture after all, if not a composite product of the various national groups inhabiting this country? In creating American culture the Ukrainian immigrants contributed and are contributing their share. Allegation that they live in a distinct way, a European way, in an American community, is not true to fact. But live as they may, their way of living is a part of American culture that Burma so vaguely defines. Burma creates an imaginary group, supposedly a true American type, from which he excludes the immigrant and places the second generation neither here nor there. The trouble with that is — it simply does not work out that way in real life. Groups there are, to be sure; but to regard them in that light is a self-kidding fallacy. Looking into these groups, we find nothing more than the old world national groups forming a pattern of an American community.

There was in 1917-18 a great showing of Americanism, when the various groups donned one uniform and offered their lives for sacrifice as Americans. Among them were many Ukrainian immigrants, who would now be left outside the pale by Burma. There was also a group which organized itself on American soil as a distinct unit. It was equipped at America's expense, and sent across. That particular group,

led by General Haller, ruined the hopes of Ukrainian Army at a crucial time. Many Ukrainian boys are in their graves, many others are maimed, as a result of the formation of the Polish Legion. But Burma maintains that the Nationalists are toying with "tenuous assumption" by hoping that the second generation "can be of significant help in the struggle abroad." Rebuttal to this proof is in order.

Burma's extensive development of the argument of instincts, hunger and sex, fail to connect with his conclusions, and are a waste of words and space. He would be more convincing if he showed that the Ukrainian immigrant satisfies his hunger or sex impulses in a different way than is practiced by a 100 percent American. Let us take the Nationalist leader whom Burma mentions as an example. The one I have in mind may not be the same person that is cited by Burma, but he preaches that a good Ukrainian may be a good American, which fits into the argument very well. He came to America as a boy, learned his Americanism in public schools, at the same time he devoured all Ukrainian literature he could get. His studies in college were interrupted by war, he went with the AEF overseas and sampled the life in trenches. Subsequently he finished college and entered a profession. After several years he has earned the respect in his community; young and old, presumably 100 percent Americans, seek his advice and have faith in him. He is considered as "their own kind" in a Masonic Lodge (a very exclusive organization), and he votes at every election a Republican ticket just like most Americans in his community. He is at the same time a Ukrainian nationalist leader and has much to say about the working of that organization. But he likes pyro on Fridays, and he hates spinach, and he does not call to a passing girl "Hi, Toots!" like the drug store cowboys. He is therefore not a good American, though he may be a good Ukrainian. Or is he?

J. HERMAN.

# POTPURRI

By BURMA-CAPELIN

(11)

## "IS YOUTH SIMPLY WICKED?"

Since the beginning of that most recent well-nigh cataclysmic economic somersault known as the "Great Depression" there has been no little comment on the havoc which, directly or indirectly, this phenomenon has wrought on youth. Very appropriately, the young people attempting a start in life since 1929 have been termed the "Lost Generation." The sentiments implied in a phrase such as the above carry the further implication that the apparent revolt of youth, the unrest which it exhibits, is not due to it being basically any different from youth which wisecracks might commend. If the young people in America have lost faith in those things which moralizing or political jingoists prattle about it is not because they are faithless, or because they are wicked; it is simply because the social arrangements under which they live can command no faith, they have nothing to offer to youth, they deny youth the satisfaction of its most basic needs. That is one view. But there are others who see nothing but red in every protest of youth. Every disbelief on the part of youth in just those arrangements through which the moralizers and the Hearst-type political windbags have waxed fat is interpreted as deserving of unqualified condemnation; it is just simple wickedness. I should state, even at the rest of being

accused of gross exaggeration, that there is as much validity or truth in this latter attitude towards youth as there is in the Cree medicine-man's explanation that his son's hunt was unsuccessful because the son conformed not to the revelation vouchsafed him by his guardian spirit. American youth today is plagued with too many medicine-man who profess to know exactly what is good for it.

Let us approach the resolution of the problem of American youth in a systematic manner, and here I find certain sociological postulates on human nature very useful. Professor William I. Thomas, until some years ago at the University of Chicago, who, along with the late Professor William S. Sumner of Yale, is generally conceded to have made the greatest contribution to sociological theory of any men in the last generation or two, presented, after a monumental amount of inductive research, what he terms the four categories of wishes underlying all human conduct. Simplifying his scholarly conclusions, these wishes are as follows: (1) The desire for security; (2) the desire for new experience; (3) the desire for response; (4) the desire for recognition.

These wishes, let it be noted, are categories rather than specific behavior traits, that is, they may manifest themselves in a variety of forms in different individuals.

The desire for security, while essentially rooted in the elemental urge of hunger, that is, having primarily economic manifestations, also implies "the avoidance of danger, death, conservatism." The desire for new experience, "seen in simple forms in the prowling and meddling activities of the child and the love of adventure and travel in the boy and man," may for some individuals be satisfied by a good detective story, etc. It is opposed to the desire for security. The desire for response, based largely on the sex urge, is a craving for the more intimate appreciation of individuals. "It is exemplified in mother love — romantic love, family affection and other personal attachments." The desire for recognition "expresses itself in devices for securing distinction in the eyes of the public." In other words, it is that which urges one to seek status in groups additional to such as the family and similar intimate groups.

Using this platform on human nature, and applying it to American youth, we can gain a more understanding and a more sympathetic interest in its problems, in its apparent flouting of various shiboleths and conventions. It is evident, in the first place, that if these fundamental desires are systematically denied satisfaction there can be little healthy youth. We are bound to see all that we witness in delinquency, in crime, in general personal disorganization. There is bound to be unrest, lack of faith in that which elder people, already more or less secure, or that which vested in-

terests — economic, political and others — prize and wish to conserve. At the same time, any society which does not permit (in effect) the young people (or, for that matter, all individuals) the expression of their fundamental wishes needs a thorough-going change. Much of its economic and social arrangements, many of its conventions must give way to new ones which are more adapted to changed conditions of life. There never can be a perfect adjustment between the individual and society, but when the majority of young people see no opportunities for them, when we witness the toll of human wreckage which our large cities, in particular, produce annually, then there is something fundamentally wrong with society. At bottom it is potently economic, but this tells only a part of the story. Every youthful individual knows full well, or at least feels it, what it is that "itches" him or her, and each such individual knows full well, again, that many of those who are in "high places" follow an ostrich-like policy of blinding their eyes to such issues. No youth is either wicked or faithless; the society in which it lives can command little faith and it has little to offer. Society, of course, is never static, and there is good ground in assuming that the more plaintive cries, perhaps inaudible, of youth are heard, the more will social conventions, our economic structures, etc. be overhauled to permit humans to live as such in dignity and peace.

## A WAY OUT?

At the Philadelphia Congress of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America one of the topics which aroused much discussion among those present was that dealing with the Ukrainian language. One of the points which seemed to be stressed by several young people was that most attempts to set up classes in the Ukrainian language invariably met with failure after a short time. And it was generally agreed that this was due in large part to the scarcity of capable instructors who were masters of both the English and Ukrainian languages. The inability of those who were teaching Ukrainian to employ up-to-date methods resulted in their failure to arouse a real live interest in the youth for the language of their fathers and mothers. That such a situation required more serious attention on the part of both old and young Ukrainians in this country was the opinion of many who attended the Congress.

Opinions, however, rarely perform constructive work. The seriousness of the situation described was recognized about a year ago by a group of college young men and women of Ukrainian descent living in New York City. They were instrumental in convincing the proper authorities of Columbia University to incorporate a course of advanced Ukrainian in the University curriculum. To insure the success of the course this same group established a student aid fund to grant "scholarships" to as many would-be students as contributions warranted. A young man or woman receiving such a scholarship was enabled to study the one-year course without any personal expenditure.

As laudable as were the aims of this student aid fund, its operation was restricted because of the scarcity of funds. One year has passed successfully, but the outlook for the second is not so bright. If the "Ukrainian University Society Student Aid Fund" (for that is its official title), can grant only one scholarship this year, does that mean that the Ukrainian Course at Columbia University must die a premature death, because, of the several thousand Ukrainians in the United States, no one can afford to, or has not the desire to enroll in this course?

When the Ukrainian Course was instituted a year ago at Columbia University, it was looked upon as a first step in a program which has for its purpose the installation of several Ukrainian courses at that institution. "Introduction to Ukrainian Literature," "Cultural History of the Ukrainians," may be apt titles of additional courses which the University would offer were the demand for them great enough.

Why was such a program contemplated? Because the need for Americans of Ukrainian descent to teach the Ukrainian language, culture and history to those thousands of youngsters who know so little of their Ukrainian heritage, was apparent to a handful of college men and women of Ukrainian descent. The field for American-born Ukrainian teachers was, and still is unlimited. Where and how was a young Ukrainian man of woman going to prepare himself of herself to take advantage of such a favorable situation? This question will remain unanswered until a group of courses in Ukrainian shall become a part of the curriculum of some institution of university standing.

We (and this includes all Ukrainians) have made a start in this direction at Columbia University in the City of New York. Shall we not continue to work toward the goal of a greater enlightenment among our people on these shores as well as those across the ocean? If we let this course in New York fall because of lack of support, the scarcity of capable instructors of the U-

## RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

## "THREE-TEETH FLAG"?

In her correspondence on a Constitution Day celebration in Baltimore, Miss Marie Rakoczy speaks of the parade being headed by the "Three-Teeth Flag."

She means, of course, the arms of Ukraine, which the Ukrainians so far have been wont to call "Trident." Her phrase contains in a way a suggestion to replace the name of the "Trident" by the "Three-Teeth."

The suggestion has one thing in its favor, namely the fact that each word in that new formation would be intelligible to the man in the street. Everybody who knows English knows what is "three" and what is "tooth." The word "trident" is of Latin origin (*tres*, three *dens*, tooth), and as such is not intelligible to the average person speaking English.

It has a further advantage of being a word-for-word translation of the Ukrainian word: "Тризуб" follows the Latin word, translating "tres" by "три" and "dens" by "зуб."

There are, at the same time, some objections to the suggestion. Very subtle objections, to be sure, but still very weighty. The main objection is that the values of the Latin word "dens," the Ukrainian word "зуб" and the English word "tooth" are not identical. The first meanings of these words are identical: when we speak in Latin of "dens," and when we speak in Ukrainian of "зуб," we get most probably the idea of what we call in English "tooth," which is one of those bones we have in our

mouth and which we use for chewing food. Each of these languages would also use this word to denote some tooth-like objects, but in this extended use there appear already various differences among the languages. The Ukrainian, for instance, still uses the word "зуб" to denote projections from a wheel, while the American would prefer in this case the word "cog." When speaking of a harrow, the Ukrainian will speak of "teeth," while an American will speak of "spikes," or "teeth." However, when speaking of a fork, the Ukrainian will still speak of "зуби," which is "teeth," while the American will speak of "prongs," or "tines."

Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language says:

"TRIDENT, n., a three-pronged implement or weapon; specif., the three pronged fork that was the emblem of Neptune (Poseidon)."

The same dictionary says:

"FORK, n. a device consisting of handle and two or more tines or prongs."

The reader will note that the word "tooth" appears neither in the first nor the second definition, which seems to me a sufficient proof that a trident brings to an English-speaking person no suggestion of a "tooth."

I would, therefore, suggest not to speak of the "three-teethed" emblem, or arms, but simply, as we have already been used to, of the "trident."

er.

## ALEXANDER DOBUSH

In Halich, old —  
Lived a bandit bold;  
Loved he, silver and gold.  
Dobush, they called him.  
Ruthless leader of twenty-four  
Men, masters of mayhem.  
He chose his men  
By gripping their hand,  
If no blood  
From beneath their  
Finger nails flowed;  
He joined them  
To his lawless band.  
He robbed the rich  
To give to some poor wretch;  
Bards sung his deed in old Halich.  
Landowner, wealthy,  
Fat and healthy,

krainian language will continue to be felt until the time when there will be no need for such instructors. The only Ukrainians who will give the subject any thought will be those on native Ukrainian soil.

Hence, let us not merely meet in convention or congress and deplore the sad plight of the Ukrainian language among our youth. We can have American-born instructors in Ukrainian if we will but avail ourselves of the opportunity. If you live in New York, have a fair understanding of Ukrainian, and past sixteen years of age, register for the Advanced Ukrainian Course at Columbia University. If you do not qualify, then tell your Ukrainian friends about it. If you do not live in New York and you are interested in seeing the course continued, you can do your part by sending your contribution, no matter how small, to the Ukrainian University Society, 341 East 17th Street, New York City, and it will be applied to the Student Aid Fund.

STEPHEN KURLAK, Pres.,  
Ukrainian University Society,  
of New York.

Received a note  
From Dobush —  
Telling him, he's coming  
To slit his throat.  
The Pan took fright  
And left that night,  
With all the money  
He could carry.  
The wife he left  
Sick in bed —  
To the caves  
He fled.

Midnight, dark,  
Starless and stark —  
Dobush, terrible —  
With his outlaws, formidable —  
Came to the house to plunder.  
The servant let them enter.  
"Where's your master?"  
Dobush thundered.  
"He is gone,  
And his wife is in bed, Sir;  
Expecting a child,"  
The lackey meekly answered.  
"Silence, my lads;  
Quiet the horses;  
We're staying,"  
Dobush said.  
The brigands obeyed, wondering.

When the sun  
Awoke the dawn;  
The babe was born.  
His name was Alexander.  
Dobush was the god-father.

WALTER MICHAELSON,  
Ukrainian University Club  
of New Jersey.

## NEW YORK CITY.

JUBILEE ANNIVERSARY DANCE  
sponsored by AMERUKS CLUB, to be  
held at Webster Hall, 119 E. 11th St.,  
New York City, SATURDAY, Evening,  
SEPTEMBER 26, 1936, featuring 3  
orchestras. Polka Contest. Admission  
(including tax) 60¢. 219,25

THAT BORING, AND—ALL-  
IMPORTANT SUBJECT:  
LIFE INSURANCE

New York Herald Tribune has published recently in its Sunday review of new books, published at the same time, and treating of the same subject. You will agree that it must be indeed an unusual topic, lively, timely, and important, to engage two writers to write about it, and make each of the two publishers to publish separately a book on that topic, knowing that another publisher is doing the same thing.

Now this topic is neither Russian communism, nor Ethiopia, nor the Spanish civil war. The topic of the two books is, strange to say, life insurance. That is exactly that topic the very name of which is enough to make a young person turn away from as from an opened bottle of ammonia. And yet two books have been published at the same time on that ammoniacal subject, a fact which of itself ought suggest to a thinking person the thought that perhaps life insurance is after all something like ammonia: something repulsive and yet quite useful, if not indispensable.

To be sure, not for everybody. "If you have dependents whose welfare would be imperilled by your death, or if you have considered the problem of old age and impaired earning capacity you doubtless have given thought to insurance," begins his review of the two books in New York Herald Tribune Mr. Alexander Lindsey, thus in a way admitting at the very outset that if you have no dependents whose welfare would be imperilled by your death, or if you are a person who does not like to think so far ahead as the old age with impaired earning capacity, then in all probability you would have no ambition to waste your thoughts on such an irrelevant topic.

However, if you are coming out of that age in which you had nobody dependent upon you for his welfare, if you contemplate marriage or if your parents are approaching that old age of impaired earning capacity, you simply will have to give a thought to that topic, so unpleasant to the people without dependents and to those who have dependents but try to escape the responsibilities of maturity.

"It is fair to assume that as a reasonably prudent man you make it a rule to read a business contract before signing it," says Lindsey. "The chances are ten to one that you've never read your policies. You have been content to rely on your own vague notions, on company propaganda and on the reassuring generalizations of your insurance agent."

Now if you have dependents, or intend to have them, as every mature person does, and if you have provided, or intend to provide, for them protection, would you then see a bore in the person who would tell you something about that business upon which depends the welfare of those who might be imperilled by your death, and upon which depends the welfare of yourself, after you reach the old age and impaired earning capacity?

Will you turn away from us if we try to tell you from time to time more about this boring, and yet all-important, subject of life insurance?

er.