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ONE FOR ALL, ALL FOR ONE

Life insurance is a product of advancing civilization. The cave man knew nothing about it. However, even today, with the cave period far behind our backs, there are many people who know nothing about it, and do not care to hear about it. If you were to tell them that life insurance as any kind of insurance is an important matter, they might answer you, with a wave of hand, that the only insurance or protection they need is in themselves.

Though expressing the sentiments of the cave man, such people would at the same time make us, perhaps, realize how much the man has advanced since the days of cave dwellers. Indeed, in those days, and for many centuries after that, the man's only protection was himself. His risks were his risks. His losses, no matter of what kind, were his losses. He had to stand them. There was no way of getting away from them, no way of circumventing them, no way of sharing them with others.

Only gradually, by slow steps, a new idea developed. The beginning was made in the sphere of marine travel. The ancient Greeks were the originators. Seafarers, as they were, they came upon the idea, to loan money on ship cargoes with a provision that, if there was to be a wreck, the loan was not to be paid. The new idea is evident at the very first glance: here the loss of the ship did not fall upon the owner of the ship alone, but both upon him and upon the man who loaned him money. Out of this idea there grew gradually a great development: marine insurance, under which all the owners of ships combine together to pay losses to those of them who fall victims of a maritime accident. They say that the first marine policy, which is a contract, was written in Belgium in the year 1300. That is it took a dozen centuries to make the second step.

Another step was made again some five centuries later, in the sphere of fire losses. Again the same principle was found useful: the people menaced by the loss from fire banded together, with an understanding to pay the loss to that man from among them who should actually suffer a loss from fire.

And then another step was made when the same principle was applied to life. The idea seems now simple enough. Death of the family's bread-winner is a loss to the family. Why then not to apply to this loss the same principle as to the loss of the ship on the sea, or to the loss of a house by fire? Yet, though simple, it took the people many years to apply this principle, to the new sphere. The old idea of "every man for himself" still prevailed, and the new idea took hold of the people's minds only slowly. Every least obstacle frightened them away. Even today, in the century of general education, many a man still knows little, or nothing, about the new principle, the principle of the union "One for all, all for one!" and still vents the thoughts, or rather the emotions, of the cave-man: My protection is in me alone!

"WHAT WILL I GET OUT OF IT?"

Quite often when we attempt to persuade some young person of Ukrainian descent to learn something of his Ukrainian heritage, history, traditions, and culture, to get into the habit of devoting at least a small portion of his time to the study of the Ukrainian language, we are met with the disconcerting reply: "Yes, what you say is all very nice; but, putting the matter practically, what will I get out of it?"

That is indeed a poser, one that, figuratively speaking, usually sets us back on our heels for the moment. What possible answer can we give to this self-assured modern young person, when he has long settled to his satisfaction what is worthwhile in this world and what is not, when in his conception only hard material values rule this earth, and when he thinks that anyone who reasons differently is hardly more than a fool. Sentiment and ideals — they are only claptrap to him, empty words that orators wax eloquent about, that he himself spouts about if he sees any gain in it, but which no one with any sense takes seriously, for they are nothing more than hindrances in the path of any person who wants to "get ahead" in life. And so, in the face of such a "materialistic" attitude, what possible answer can we hope to venture without incurring the risk of his derision.

Perhaps we could touch some responsive chord within him by reminding him of his duty to his forbears, who sacrificed a great deal, often their lives, in order that their descendants, that persons like himself, should be proud of their Ukrainian origin. Perhaps, too, we could cite a similar duty to his parents, who likewise sacrificed a great deal for his sake, and whom nothing would make happier today than the sight of their children taking a greater interest in those phases of their Ukrainian heritage that have been the very core of their life-long strivings and aspirations. Ah, but no. All this is beginning to border too closely upon sentiment, and that is something that his "materialism" finds quite hard to stomach.

We could, maybe, call to the attention of this young "realist" the declaration often reiterated in the old country press that any one who fails to take an active interest in his nationality, in its past and present life and endeavors, is unworthy to be regarded as a member of it, for by his indifference he brings nothing but dishonor upon it. But we are afraid that this might be a little over his head; especially if he has fallen under the "realistic" influence of those internationally-minded "intellectuals," of those spineless "pinks" who ignore all the many splendid and truly noble deeds that nationalism has accomplished and yet who constantly prate about that which its perversions have brought into being.

Or taking a new tack, we could ask this young modern what concrete benefits does he derive from those various cultural courses he took up in school and college, which today are of little or no use to him in earning his daily bread and keep. But it is very likely that he will run true to form here too, and reply expressing his regret that he did take them up. The thought that these cultural courses can be of help to him even today in broadening the scope of his outlook and capabilities and in enriching his personality will most likely escape him.

And so at length we fall back upon an argument that might stir a little interest in him, namely: that by studying his Ukrainian background, history, culture and language, he thereby awakens within himself those long dormant qualities that have been imbred within him by a long line of Ukrainian ancestors; qualities that have been dormant simply because in his hurried efforts to adjust himself to what in his conception stands for 100% Americanism he has completely neglected them. And only by studying himself in the light of his Ukrainian heritage, only by running the entire gamut of emotional experiences which readings in the Ukrainian language about Ukrainian life would engender within him, can he awaken these dormant qualities, capabilities within himself. — Won't this, at least, be of definite value to him?

YOUTH TODAY

NEW SUBJECTS IN SCHOOLS.

It was disclosed at a recent annual food conference of the New York City High School Dieticians Association that school officials hope to educate the high school pupils in better table manners and to teach them proper respect for food, considering its cost and the work that goes into its production.

NYA FACING CUTS

School officials in New York City are confronted with the necessity of chopping off 5,000 or more names from a list of 15,000 high school and parochial school students applying for National Youth Administration aid in the city.

YOUTH'S ATTITUDE REVERSED?

The American press, with other publicity media, has been a "dominant factor" in arresting crime among youth, Hugh Clegg, assistant director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, told the annual newspaper institute of New Jersey Press Association at Rutgers University, held at New Brunswick, N. J., on October 5.

The tendency fostered in recent years by the newspapers, motion pictures, and the radio to lionize "G-men" and other law-enforcement agents instead of lawbreakers, Mr. Clegg said, has spurred youth to emulate "soldiers of peace" rather than the criminals.

MILITARY TRAINING UPHOLD

The Board of Superintendents of the school system of New York City ruled, on October 5, that maintenance of student R.O.T.C. and naval reserve units was wholly legal provided that attendance was voluntary and did not conflict with regular class hours. No academic credit is given for the military drill.

The superintendents expressed their opposition to the establishment by principals of student "spy" committees, but said that they could find no evidence to indicate that such committees were in existence.

The rulings were made in response to requests by the United Parents Association.

YOUTH HAS BETTER OPPORTUNITIES

The Museum of Modern Art, in New York City, announced, on October 6, that it has acquired nine water-color paintings by children from its current exhibition, "New Horizons in American Art," which comprises the outstanding work done by artists all over the country on the Federal Art Project of the Works Progress Administration.

One of the Federal Art Project enterprises represented in the show is the teaching of art to thousands of children. In New York City alone some 30,000 children receive instruction from Federal Art Project teachers in settlement houses, schools, libraries and other institutions.

The children, whose pictures have been acquired by the Museum, vary from 9 to 13 years in age.

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

IVAN FRANKO

By S. S.

(21)

"By the Sweat of Their Brow"

The same year, 1890, when Franko was the guiding spirit of the newly-arisen and unprecedented agitation among the Galician Ukrainians for economic, social, political and cultural reforms, there appeared in L'viv a famous collection of his short stories, *V pot'i chola* (By the Sweat of Their Brow), with a foreword by Drahomaniv, the latter containing Franko's autobiography in the form of an "excerpt of a letter from Ivan Franko to Michael Drahomaniv."

The collection was 300 pages long and contained twenty stories drawn from the life of those who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows. Practically all the stories in it, as Franko himself points out, "picture real people whom I knew, real facts

that I saw or heard about, and deal with those sections of our country which I, as they say, measured with my own feet; in this sense—they are all parts of my autobiography." And yet the collection does contain some stories that are truly autobiographical in character, such as *Maly Myron* (Little Myron), *Hrytzeva shklina naooka* (The Education of Hrytz), *Olovents* (Pencil), *Schoen-Schreiben*, and *Na dni* (On the Bottom). (The first two of this series appeared in their translated form in the *Ukrainian Weekly*.)

After them come, as if in kaleidoscopic order, stories of the peasants who suffer as a result of an unjust and oppressive social and political order. [*Dobry zarobok* (Good earnings), *Lisy i pasovyska* (Forests and Meadows), *Sam sobi vynen* (Alone to blame)],—and further, a story

about unfortunate workers (*Mular* [Mason]), one about the Jews (*Slymak* [Snail]), one about thieves (*Khlopska komisya* [The Peasants' Commission]), one about gypsies (*Tsihani* [Gypsies]), and several about homeless girls (*Manipulantka* [A Girl Clerk] *Mezhi dobrimi ludmi* [Among Good People], *Lisishina chelyad* [Lisishin's Household]),—all of them forming a complete and vivid picture of suffering and oppression, relieved only by the biting humor and satire (*Dobaniuk*, *Istoriya moyeyi sichkarni* [History of My Straw-Cutter], *Dva priyateli* [Two Friends]), satire whose source lies in the various shortcomings of the people portrayed by Franko.

The appearance of these stories in this one collection was met with quite a warmer reception than that which greeted them when they were appearing individually prior to that time (as early as 1880), for the collection presented a complete and an understandable picture of the struggles and strivings of those Ukrainians who earn their daily bread by

heavy toil, a picture whose significance could not be missed, whereas the single stories presented but segments of this picture, segments which by reason of their isolated character often appeared distorted. All of the stories are markedly realistic in tone, and the strain of the warm sympathy for the oppressed and downtrodden that runs through them makes them all the more engaging.

Poems for the children

In the same year, 1890, Franko began to release his poems for the children. Among the very first of them was the famous *Lys Mykyta* (Mykyta—the Fox), so popular among Ukrainian school children, which is based on that famous medieval popular epic of Flemish or Low German origin, "Reynard the Fox," in which all characters are animals. The next year, 1891, came his version of Cervante's *Don Quixote*, and the following year, 1892, *Abu Kassim's Slippers*.

SHADOWS OF FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS

(Continued) By MICHAEL KOTSUBINSKY
(Translated by S. S.)

(11)

It was the day before the great holiday in honor of St. George. On the morrow he was to take the keys from cold St. Dmytro and assume reign over the earth. The rising waters upon which the earth floats were to lift it nearer to the sun; St. George was to sow the forests and the meadows; the sheep were to take on wool just as in summer the earth takes on grass; and the hayfields were once more to don their mantle of fresh greenery. For tomorrow Spring began, a day of joy and sunshine. And when the sun began to set, bonfires flamed anew, and lowing cattle were driven through them, to make them as spirited as the flames and as numerous as the particles of its ashes.

The people went to bed late that night before St. George's Day, even though on the morrow they had to rise early.

Palahna awoke just as it was beginning to dawn. She was about to drift off into sleep again when she remembered that today was the holiday, and that she had to go into the meadow to dig up the salt, the roll and the necklace she had buried on Annunciation Day, and thereby insure good fortune for herself and her household for the coming season. She cast aside her warm coverlet and stood up on the cold floor. Ivan was still sleeping, while the black mouth of the oven yawned widely in its corner. Palahna unbuttoned her nightshirt, drew it off herself, and standing there naked looked apprehensively for a moment at the sleeping form of Ivan. Satisfied that he would not wake up immediately she stole to the door, opened it, and stepped outside. The door creaked shut behind her and the chill of the early morning air enveloped her nude body. The mountains were still sleeping. Sleeping also were the forests, like severe monks;—a hoary frost covered the meadows and hayfields; while a light mist hovered about, lending an air of unreality to the entire setting.

Palahna trod lightly over the wet grasses, shivering slightly. She was sure that no one would see her, and if anyone did, so what? But then, it really would be too bad, for then the spell would be broken and it would be

useless for her dig up what she had buried. Well, she had to chance it. Gradually she became accustomed to the coldness. Her well-fed body, which had not yet known motherhood, so rosy and gleaming, like a gold-toned cloud brimming full with warm spring showers, swept proudly over the young grasses of the meadow. Finally she reached the beech tree where she had buried the salt, roll and necklace. But before beginning to dig she raised herself on her tiptoes, lifted her hands as high as she could reach, and luxuriously stretched herself, her joints gently crackling. Suddenly she felt all her strength leaving her. Something was wrong. Her hands dropped nervelessly to her sides, and slowly she looked around. In that instant the whole world whirled around and she felt herself dropping and dropping into a burning, bottomless pit.

Yura, the sorcerer, stood on the other side of the fence nearby, looking at her.

She wanted to scream at him—but could not. She wanted to cover her nakedness with her hands, but had not the strength to raise them. She tried to flee—and seemed to have become rooted to the ground. And so she stood there, powerless to do anything save to glare stubbornly into those burning black eyes of his that seemed to drain her remaining strength.

Finally wrath stirred within her. All was lost. There was no use of her digging now, for the spell had been broken by this intruder. She forced herself to bring this wrath to the surface, and angrily exclaimed:

"What are you staring at? Haven't you ever seen?"

Without lowering his eyes, with which he had her bound, Yura flashed his teeth:

"Never, Palahna, have I seen anyone like you."

And he began climbing over the fence towards her.

She well saw how the two gleaming eyes swept towards her, yet she stood there rigidly, bereft of all will power, unable to raise a finger to ward off this dreadful or perhaps sweet danger approaching her.

Already he was near. She saw the embroidered seams of his jacket... white strong teeth smiling at her... a half-raised hand... The warmth of his body touched her, and yet she still stood there immobile.

And only when steel fingers closed upon her hand and drew her to him did she scream. Jerking herself free she turned and ran in the direction of her house.

The sorcerer stood there, his nostrils expanding and contracting, eyes shining, watching Palahna's white body fleeing over the wet grasses.

When she had finally disappeared from view he turned back to the fence, climbed over it, and began scattering the ashes of yesterday's fires so that the grazing cattle would multiply themselves plentifully...

Palahna reached her house in a very hot temper. Lucky that Ivan had not seen her. Can you beat it, a fine neighbor she has, murrain on him! He had to see her in such a state!... What a scoundrel!... And all her efforts to insure good fortune for herself for the coming season gone to naught!... She stood there undecided whether to tell Ivan or not. No doubt there would be a fight between him and Yura. And yet one had to be very wary of a sorcerer. Who knows what might come of such trouble... Better if she had given him a good slap in the face and let it go at that... And yet Palahna knew that she could not have raised her hand against him. Even at the very thought of him she felt a pleasant, warm weakness steal over her. She felt as if her whole body was wrapped up in a web spun by those black burning eyes of his. And throughout that whole day those eyes never ceased to keep her enmeshed within their spell.

Two weeks passed and still Palahna did not tell Ivan of her encounter with Yura. She only regarded him more searchingly. There was some heavy burden that he seemed to carry within himself; possibly a heavy secret sorrow that gnawed upon and weakened his body; something old and watery that filmed his tired eyes. Perceptibly he grew thinner and careless in appearance. No, Yura was more handsome. If she wanted a lover, she'd prefer Yura any time. But Palahna was of the sort who would not be taken by force. And in addition to that she felt angry towards Yura.

Once they met by the river. In a flash it seemed to Palahna that she was naked, that she was again enmeshed by those eyes. As if in a dream she heard his voice:

"How did you sleep, Palahna darling?"

The answer was already on tip of her tongue: "Fine, and how did you?" but she stifled it and curling her lip disdainfully she raised her head proudly and swept past him as if she did not even see him.

"How do you do?" again she heard his voice.

But she did not turn around. "Now I'm going to have trouble," she thought apprehensively.

And so it proved to be. Returning home she was met with the news from Ivan that an ewe had died. Yet to her surprise she did not feel put out by the news in the least. In fact she felt angry that Ivan was making such a fuss about it.

She did not meet Yura again after that. Nevertheless her thoughts constantly turned towards him. She heard so much about the might and powers of this ardent Yura, who had said that he knew no one more beautiful than Palahna: He was all-powerful, and knew everything. He had but utter a word and cattle died, people grew thin and turned black as smoke. He had power over life and death. He could drive away clouds and prevent hail, reduce to ashes his enemies with his burning eyes, and kindle love for him in any woman he wished. He was an earth god, this Yura, who desired Palahna, who stretched his hands towards her, those hands that held all earthly power...

Sometimes she felt alien to her cattle and husband, and with a longing filling her heart she would go into the meadows where she would again feel upon her breast the warm breath of Yura, or the steel grip of his hands. He would have surely possessed her if he had been there then.

But he did not appear...

NEW YORK CITY.

FUN, FROLIC and FESTIVITY will reign at the FALL DANCE sponsored by the Ukrainian University Society of New York on Saturday night, October 24, 1936, at the International Institute, 341 E. 17th St. Dancing to swing rhythm as played by John Mudry and his Lido Club Orchestra. Balloon Dance and door prizes, free refreshments. Admission only 50 c. 231-

RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

WHO STARTED THE SANDWICH?

In one of the late issues of The New York Times I find the following correspondence:

Tracing the Sandwich

To the Editor of The New York Times:

The New York Times reports Dr. Logan Clendenning as telling a teachers' convention that the sandwich was invented by the Earl of Sandwich.

However, as my father has shown, it was the invention of the great Jewish teacher, Rabbi Hillel the prince, who lived between 70 B. C. and 70 A. D.

The Jewish people during the Passover feast ritual still follow Hillel's custom of eating a sandwich made of two pieces of matzoh (unleavened bread), containing mohror (bitter herbs) and haroseth (chopped nuts and apple, to resemble the mortar of the Egyptians) as a reminder of Hebrew suffering before the Deliverance from Egypt.

HAROLD ROLAND SHAPIRO.

New York, Oct. 5, 1936.

Leaving on the side the question who invented the sandwich (it be both true that rabbi Hillel invented it first, and then Earl of Sandwich invented it again, after the first invention had come out of use and had been forgotten), it still remains a linguistic fact that this dish has its name from the Earl of Sandwich.

The immigrants from Ukraine, of course, adopted in America the "sandwich" into their language and treat it nowadays as an old member of their native language, inflecting it as a masculine noun ending in "-r."

The word has already been adopted into the Ukrainian lan-

guage in Ukraine. You won't find it yet in the dictionary of the Ukrainian language by Borys Hrinchenko, as the adoption of the "sandwich" took place after the publication of that dictionary.

From this does not follow that the Ukrainians before that time had no idea of what they call nowadays by name of "sandwich." It came to them long ago, but as it came from France, it was called by the French name CANAPE, which the Ukrainians adopted to their language as канапка, kanap-ka (with the accent on the penultimate) and inflected it as a noun of feminine gender. You will find this word also adopted into the English language, and so Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language says: "CANAPE, n. (French) cookery: fried in butter or fat and served with anchovies or other relishes as hors-d'oeuvre."

Similar process of popularization of the sandwich must have been noticed in other Slavic languages. While in modern vernaculars of those languages the sandwich is already fully at home, older dictionaries of these languages were compelled to give a long description of the sandwich. A Russian dictionary, for instance, describes the sandwich as a slice of fried meat between two slices of bread, and a Polish dictionary defines it as buttered bread interlaid with slices of meat. Both dictionaries then add that the sandwich has an equivalent in the word "tartinka," which is from the French word "tartine."

The Russians, not satisfied with that one adoption from the French, had also adopted the German word "Butterbrot," though "Butterbrot" means simply buttered bread, and the sandwich is trans-

lated into German as "belegte Doppelstulle," or "belegtes Butterbrot," i. e. buttered bread overlaid (with meat). The slovenly adoption of the "Butterbrot" into the Russian language was satirized by some observant linguist in the anecdote about the Russian student, newly arrived to Germany, who, coming with his friend to a restaurant, and wishing to have a sandwich, asked him, "Comrade, how is in German 'butterbrot'?"

THE TROUBLE WITH "MOHORYCH"

In an unpublished work on The Ukrainians of Eastern Galicia, I have noticed a struggle of the author with the Ukrainian word могорич, мо-хо-рыч. He describes it as a drink by which a deal is celebrated.

The Russian-English Dictionary by A. Alexandrow translates "магарычъ," which is the Russian equivalent of the Ukrainian "mohorych," as "wetting a bargain; drinkham, douceur."

All my searches in English dictionaries failed to discover the meaning of "drinkham," while "douceur" has slightly different meaning than "mohorych": "douceur" is a gift, or bribe, while "mohorych" is neither one nor the other.

It seems to me the best way out is to use the phrase "wetting the bargain." "A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles" says: "TO WET, to celebrate by drinking; to have a drink over. It gives as an example that good old English custom of 'wetting a commission' (in the army or navy), and the custom of 'wetting a title.'"

"In some places," a quotation says, "a man can scarcely wear an article of dress, which has not been 'wetted,'" and the Ukrainians know exactly a similar custom of "pidlywaty"

(which is, literally, to water) a new dress, and a "sport," who buys a new suit, but does not wet it, is not considered a good sport in some circles.

In America, very little is left of that custom, both among Americans and among Ukrainians. Indeed, among Americans the custom of wetting a bargain came to be known as a Dutch custom, and the "New English Dictionary on Historical Principles" says that "DUTCH, or WET, BARGAIN is one concluded by the parties drinking together," while Frank E. Vizetelly in his Desk-Book of Idioms and Idiomatic Phrases defines the phrase in a different manner, saying: "A dutch, or wet, bargain: a transaction closed with a drink." You understand, of course, that it is one thing to close a transaction with a drink—as is the Ukrainian custom,—and another, quite different thing, to conclude a bargain by drinking together, and this seems to have been the custom in some sections of America, or England, following quotation: "I hate a Dutch bargain that's made in the heat of wine."

Though the habit of "wetting the bargain" is already on the wane,—yet in some sections of America it persists. I knew a lawyers' firm in Canada, in which the younger partner of the firm, a man of Irish constitution, was delegated by the firm to go to the saloon with a client, whenever the old client invited the lawyers to have a drink. In Ukraine the custom had its limitations: only deals of greater importance, such as the purchase of a horse, cow, or ox, called for the "mohorych." An anecdote satirizes a woman, coming home from a fair, where she bought a horsewhip and is blaming herself for forgetting to stand a drink after the bargain.

POTPOURRI

By BURMA-CAPELIN

(13)

AD OMNIA ET A. M. D. G.

A veritable hornet's nest seems to have been stirred by some of my most recent contributions, particularly the one on "Immigrant Control and Second Generation Organizations." Most of the comment has been entirely beside the point; my commentators have, in some cases, used sarcasm for argument, and in some other instances, have been putting words into my mouth." To clarify, then, some of my points, and thereby also, to answer, finally, all the comments on my preceding contributions.

First, I made and make no charges of any sort, against any specific organization; my purpose is not to make charges, but to shed light, if you please.

Nor, again, to paraphrase an editorial comment, did I "charge" 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." There is a lot said in the above sentence! My disagreements with it are, therefore, numerous: I made no charge; I did not even suggest that the older generation had any precise policy about the problems peculiar to youth, as distinct from those common to all of Ukrainian descent; I did not use the word "foist," which implies deliberate, rather than

unconscious effort; and finally I nowhere intimated exclusive Ukrainization activities.

To re-state, then, my attitude; and explain some of the issues.

My purpose was not the criticism of any one organization; nor was it a categorical criticism of all activities. Perhaps my commentators will better understand me if I emphasize that I was criticizing certain activities, not organizations. This point is very important to grasp; there is a great difference. There is, I dare say, no individual who will not recognize that most of the work done by all Ukrainian youth organizations is not only indispensable, but inevitable. On this I hope to touch in some of my succeeding articles. Yet this still allows for activities which are not of distinct or direct benefit to youth. To point this out is not to condemn.

Again, I dislike to use the word "criticism," for my comments, however dogmatic, were given in the sense of suggestiveness for the greater usefulness of all these organizations. Inasmuch as it appeared to me that the matters which were neglected in the activities are apt to become chronic, the attention of youth could best be drawn to this by a little pulpit dogmatism—so I thought, and was not mistaken. That, incidentally, Mr. Herman, is one reason for the supreme confidence, even though to suit you

I may be but a high school sophomore. You see, there is not much sense in repeating platitudes; it would be a sorry state for Ukrainian organizations if all we did was pat each other on the back. In a democracy progress is made through discussion, through disagreement; we should beware of the scourge of mental senility.

Now as to the older generation and their organizations. Of course we owe a world of a debt to them—if one wishes to put it that way. And as an eulogium it is perfectly in order, but that is not the point. The point simply is that they do the best they know how, and that if the young people sink into the attitude which is so much closer to them (to be explained presently) but which is not an object of constructive activity by their organizations, is just their own delusion, then manifestly the end of most of youth's effort towards its own "rehabilitation" is close at hand.

On the matter of "control." The behavior of each one of us is daily unconsciously controlled by the mass of custom, tradition, or ways of living handed down, with some changes, from generation to generation. It is nothing necessarily insidious; certainly we are, to a great degree, unconscious of it. The immigrant control referred to is, in a similar sense, nothing insidious; it is simply a fact, and inevitable, and to a point of decided benefit to youth. But it is not something our well-meaning parents or our leaders of the older generation "foist" on us; it is very naturally an outcome of a

certain situation in which individual wills and desires are essentially of little account. Mr. Herman will likely counter in his playboy language "So what"?—so, on with the job.

As I indicated in my articles the supreme individual problem of the second generation child is that of making out some satisfactory adjustment between those customs, or culture traits, or ways of living, or attitudes which the parents share because of birth in a different culture and the counterparts of these subsumed under the term "American culture." I am only too well aware of the fact that it is no easy matter to define American culture. But that a difference exists is potent enough: take the Ukrainian wedding customs. Surely the editor of the Ukrainian Weekly will admit that these differ from American practices—nebulous though these seem—in connection with marriage. And incidentally, for Mr. Herman's enlightenment, weddings relate to one of the two basic urges which all humans share and which I mentioned in my article. So do courtship customs, etc. But it would take me much beyond reasonable space to catalogue all these different ways of living. I am not passing judgment on them, either; they exist and are indispensable. Let the reader recall the different situations which he or she meets in daily routine and one will get a clear idea of the different ways in which these may be solved were

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POTPOURRI

(Concluded from p. 3)

one acting in a so-called American fashion" or according to Ukrainian tradition.

As a result of this existence literally between two different cultural worlds the individual in many cases experiences severe conflict. This is nothing academic. Go into the homes of our people, get the intimate stories of the boys and girls and you can then begin to appreciate their special difficulties. The American world expects them to behave in such and such a way; the Ukrainian world in a different way. If the conflict is severe enough the child is "inadequate"; it lauds in court, leaves home, or becomes a ward of a social agency. Even if it reaches not the social agency it suffers in a variety of other ways. So do the parents, too; for them the problem of adjustment is no easier. And this exactly is the crux of the problem situation of Ukrainian (as of other) second generation youth. When over and over again we meet boys and girls shattered in spirit, in morale, and knowing their life histories in general terms, knowing how large a role this culture conflict plays in their disorganization; knowing, further, that they themselves cannot quite identify their difficulties, eventually "break down," etc., — how can we remain apathetic to so general a situation? I call this the problem of youth, because it touches for good or for ill the life of every single individual.

Well then, look at much of what you or I—the supposed leaders—are doing about this. Yes, we have youth organizations. We call conventions annually. Who comes? A sample of those who can afford the luxury of a convention. We spend a few days, enjoyable all right, in pleasant company, carry away pleasant memories of these associations. Yes, we might discuss some matters, listen to some speeches. To what extent does all this permeate or affect the mass of youth? In most cases, it is the local which achieve a good deal more than the annual gatherings—in any case, beneficial and essential though the latter are.

Or again, if (just supposing) in the face of the culture conflict problems so real, we tell the young people that what they need is more nationalism, more knowledge of Ukrainian history, a greater appreciation of Ukrainian culture, the support of the struggle for independence abroad, the pursuing of a political program of one stamp or another, are we not, if we be entirely honest with ourselves, are we not offering them wine when they ask for bread? I am not meaning to imply that these things are not important, and I have as much regard for those who think that youth's problems can essentially be alleviated by their greater church attendance as by their being stalwart young nationalists, or anything else. But I must admit, with infinite regret, that these particular capsules of activities do not get to the heart of the problem. Programs which include activities along that line are essentially Ukrainization programs for the point of reference is Ukrainian culture not the American social situation. They in fact are not problems at all, from the standpoint of youth; young people will remain religious; so too, will they have respect and regard for all the institutions of their parents if but there is recognition that their unique situation cannot be simply solved by their falling in line with activities sanctioned by

THE SONG SISTERS

The singing Shymansky sisters, professionally known as the Shy Sisters, despite their tender years (Natalia 7, and Gloria 13) are old radio and vaudeville performers, having been in radio for three years, and having appeared in in theatres on the same bills with Bebe Daniels, her husband, Ben Lyon; Leo Carrillo and other screen and stage notables.

Their home is in Philadelphia, city of their birth. Recently, accompanied by Daddy and Mama, the girls traveled to New York City to appear in and to be the hit of a Ukrainian radio ball, held at Webster Hall.

Ukrainians numbering in excess of fifteen hundred, this scribbler one of them, came, listened, and were conquered by the voices of these two young Ukrainian interpreters of song. True, there were other deserving of praise performers on the program, but set aside by side with Mr. and Mrs. Shymansky's little girls, the others, with one exception, a male dancer, can best be disposed of with the comment that they also ran, or sang.

During the course of their first medley of Ukrainian songs, where both girls sang and Gloria played on the Bandura to boot, the audience repeatedly broke in on the singing with thunderous, spontaneous applause which momentarily would drown out completely the voices of the two talented youngsters. Especially was the applause deafening whenever Natalia, head and shoulders smaller than her thirteen year old sister, would with her little arm make a sweeping gesture which she associated with the dancing of the Ukrainian Kolomeyka.

At the conclusion of their first group of songs, Natalia and Gloria received seven curtain calls; this number, however, would surely have reached ad infinitum had not the M. C. allayed the encore-seeking audience by informing it that the song sisters would sing again later on in the program.

This they did, this time Natalia switching from Ukrainian words to English, and Gloria exchanging her Bandura for a violin, the song was "When A Gypsy Makes His Violin Cry." Natalia's rendition of it was definitely the best piece of child singing this writer ever listened to. No, we are not related.

A little later found me talking with the girls and their mother, Maria, who looks young enough to be taken for an older sister. Gloria and Natalia are the only children in the family. They began singing four years ago. The mother has so far been their only singing teacher. Now she has taken on the additional headache of business manager for her daughters. My nearness to the girls was a chance for me to prove my suspicion that they were blue of eye. They are. Natalia has golden-yellow hair. Gloria's hair is a nice shade of light brown. The younger Natalia is the prettier of the two, but her sister is no slouch when it comes to looks

either. Both are very lively. Watching them reminds one of the animated Abbe children who toured and authored "Around the World in Eleven Years."

At my request, the Shymansky songsters reviewed briefly their correlative careers to date as artistes. For two years they held forth on a weekly children's hour at one of Philadelphia's radio stations. After having done with the children's hour, they immediately were grabbed up by a rival station and put into a feature spot of their own, every Wednesday afternoon from 5:00 to 5:15. Then followed a contract with still another Philadelphia radio station, here they also had a weekly fifteen minute program of their own, this time on Sunday afternoons. It is to this latter station that they are supposed to return in the early fall. They have been vacationing during the summer. Now to the vaudeville in them. The two played a weeks engagement at the Majestic Theatre in Paterson, N. J. Last year Gloria and Natalia were contracted to play for one week at Atlantic City, on the same bill with Leo Carrillo. The two sisters were held over for a second week. It slipped my mind to inquire if Mr. Carrillo, also, was retained for a second week. They were all set to appear at the Roxy in New York City, but authorities who look after the health and welfare of children in that city put their thumbs down, contending the girls were much too young for the five-a-day grind. As far as future vaudeville engagements for the two are concerned, it all depends on Gus Edwards, they now are under his care.

The Shymansky girls radio and stage activities have not retarded their educational progress. Thirteen year old Gloria (she will be fourteen this coming November) started attending High School when the present school term got under way. Natalia, only seven, is in grade 3B. Both girls are in solid agreement that music is their main forte in life. As has been previously mentioned, Gloria not only sings but plays the violin and Bandura as well. Natalia is preparing herself to be able to tell that one about how they laughed when she sat down at the piano, and cheered when she got up. She is taking piano lessons.

As I was about to take leave, a large crowd pounced upon us. Admirers from Long Island down expressly to get a glimpse of the song sisters. Before leaving, I promised Natalia and Gloria I would be sitting in the front row at the Roxy when they would be playing there. O. K., said Gloria, it's a date. Don't forget, chimed in Natalia, we'll be looking for you in the front row at the Roxy. But as I bring back to mind their singing, I become skeptical about these two appearing at the Roxy, more likely it will be the Radio City Music Hall. They are really that good.

DIMITRI HORBAYCHUK.

FARMERS FROM THE WEST

Two of the Detroit athletes, who trained so conscientiously for the First Ukrainian-American Olympiad decided after the meet to break training. Imaginary tastes of excellent port, sherry, Virginia Dare, were on their lips and minds, so off they went to get some. With this object in mind they toured the big city of Philadelphia to make such a purchase. However, according to the Pennsylvania state laws, liquors could not be sold on legal holidays; and this was Labor Day. This would have undoubtedly stopped many, but it did not daunt these two courageous chaps; it made them more determined to quench that undying thirst. Ah! at last! They entered a drug store. With furtive looks about them, they whispered pleadingly—"Please sell us some wine!" "No!... Oh! Badges... Conventioneers... Detroit... Wait a minute, I think I have some very old wine in the cellar. I'll get it!" Taking his flashlight with him, after fifteen minutes of waiting, he came up with two bottles bearing such fancy shapes that they would have been the pride and joy of any glass blower. Dust—thick dust covered the exterior of these works of art. "This wine is six years old. The choicest of all French wines. Each berry that went into it was individually crushed to get the fullest benefit of its juices. Only Napoleon drank such a drink." Fluently waxed the apothecarian as to its qualities—the longer he spoke the more desirable it became. The description warmed the cockles of the boys' hearts and made their mouths water—the other wineries were put to shame—the thirst was about to be appeased. They bought both bottles and a Boston bag to carry them. Nobody was going to see them break the law!

The two boys took a taxi-cab and got to the train just in time. The Detroit delegation had the situation well in hand—and after bidding farewell to their hosts—were off for home. After a considerable distance was travelled—the two lads came out with paper cups and each member was treated with some of that cherished vintage that they had been hearing so much about since the start of the homeward trip. Doubt rankled in the minds of a few, for this was indeed an unprecedented generosity on the part of the two fellows; everyone sipped his drink. "Smells kind of funny, but it goes down smooth," says a little girl. "I can read French, it says Muscatele." "My folks make better wine!" exclaims another. The boys are nice to treat us like this!" voiced the majority. This choice liquor was downed and quietness again prevailed for the youth was tired. After a little time had elapsed, there suddenly was heard from the far corner of the special coach very audible snickers—they became louder—then loud laughter which rumbled at first and then grew into a thunderous uproar. The two lads howled out their newly-discovered secret.

The reason for the delegation from Detroit looking so healthy when they arrived at home, was that the bottles which the two athletes had bought a Boston bag to carry—were two bottles of "Builder-Upper," one teaspoon before each meal—and they took it by the cupful—Detroit always does things in a big way. Stuck all the way through!

DANIELSON.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

The Ukrainian Social Club of New Brunswick, N. J., is sponsoring its first **PLAY and DANCE on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17th 1936**. The affair will be held at the Workmen's Circle on 53 New St. Music furnished by The Rhythm Kings. Commencement at 7:00 P. M. Admission 35¢. — Olga Wasyluk, Sec'y. 237

NEW YORK CITY.

Don't forget to make merry at the Ukrainian Civic Center **HALLOWEEN BARN DANCE on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1936** at the International Institute, 341 E. 17th St. Admission only 35¢. Commencement at 8:00 P. M. Come in overalls, gingham and costumes. Prizes for costumes. Door prizes. 237.

COURSE in the Ukrainian LANGUAGE

every Monday and Wednesday, 7—9 P. M. Beginners Class: 9—10 P. M. Intermediate Class at the International Institute, 341 E. 17th Street, New York City. Admission Free. — 237 N. Novovirsky, Instructor.