



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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## LIFE INSURANCE IS NO LONGER A WAGER

Two marvelous things happened in the history of life insurance in the progress of civilization. One of them was the discovery of the very principle that most of the risks of existence could be transferred from one person to a whole group of persons,—the principle which became the very foundation of every kind of insurance. Another was the discovery of the just rates at which death insurance should be given.

At the beginning of life insurance such rates were a mere guesswork. No matter what the people paid for it, nobody knew if they paid enough or too much. Indeed, nobody even tried to find the just amount. Moreover, now that we know, we also know that, had even those people tried to find the just amount of rates they would have failed, just as even the most experienced mathematician has to fail in the simplest addition when he does not know the elements which he has to add.

They would have failed as they lacked completely the necessary data. They were gathered only slowly, by adding the facts through many generations and by attempting to find some order in those phenomena. Those pertinent phenomena, in life insurance, were, of course, deaths on the occurrence of which the insurers had to pay insurance to the insured. Now about death only one thing seemed to be certain, namely, that it must occur in the life of every person. Everything else, especially when it should occur, or from what cause, was all problematic. And those were exactly the sides of the question which mattered, as even the simplest people could discover that a man who will die within a year should pay a different rate for his insurance than the man who will live yet 50 years.

When the life insurance, all based upon guesswork as it was, spread and embraced many millions of people, some thinking men discovered certain helpful regularity about death, which allowed such thinking men to guess, or even prophesize, with scientific accuracy, the time of death of the people. Not that they discovered the time of death of each individual person. Far from that. This is still a mystery unlocked by science. But they discovered the time of death of a great number of people. Given a great number of people, it became possible to foretell with something approaching scientific certainty, how many of those people would die within a year, how many within two years, and so on, until all of them will be dead. Basing upon the experiences of the past ages, scientists have even composed the so-called mortality tables which cast those experiences of humanity in the matter of death into almost immutable tabulations.

Everybody capable of any thinking will at once grasp the importance of this discovery for the business of life insurance. Once it became known how many peo-

## REMEMBER YOUR UKRAINIAN TRADITIONS

Last month Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor General of Canada, visited a Canadian town whose population is almost entirely Ukrainian, and there delivered an address to our people which, as reported in the Winnipeg "Free Press" (September 22, 1936), ran as follows:

"I thank you most warmly for the way you have received me today. I do not think that anywhere I have gone in Canada I have been welcomed with a more beautiful ceremony. . .

"I am very happy to be among you today. I am among people who have behind them a long historical tradition, for it was your race which for centuries held the south-eastern gate of Europe against the attacks from the East. I can well imagine that this country is home to you, for these wide prairies are very much like the great plains of south-eastern Europe from which you came. During my tour of the prairies I have come across many of your people and I am glad to see that in a short time you have come to be a vital element in the Canadian nation. You played your part in the Great War. Today I find your sons in the permanent and non-permanent militia. Wherever I go I hear high praise of your industry and hardihood and enterprise even under the most difficult conditions. You have become good Canadians."

And then he uttered these significant words:

"The Ukrainian element is a very valuable contribution to our new Canada. I wish to say one thing to you. You have accepted the duties and loyalties as you have acquired the privileges of Canadian citizens, but I want you also to remember your old Ukrainian traditions—your beautiful handicrafts, your folk songs and dances, and your folk legends. I do not believe that any people can be strong unless they remember and keep in touch with all their past.—Your traditions are all valuable contributions towards our Canadian culture. . ."

And in conclusion, emphasizing that "You will all be better Canadians for being also good Ukrainians" Lord Tweedsmuir added in Ukrainian: "Я бажаю вам всім щастя і здоров'я."

To these words of golden advice given by the Governor-General of Canada we merely wish to add our hope that their significance will not be lost upon our Ukrainian-American youth, and that this youth will always bear in mind, to paraphrase his concluding remarks, that they will all be better Americans by being also good Ukrainians.

## GET THEM NOW

The large number of requests for information about Ukraine and the Ukrainian people that we constantly receive prompts us once more to list a few of the various books and booklets in English which contain a rich store of such information and which can be obtained at the "Svoboda" bookstore:

"Spirit of Ukraine," by D. Snowyd; Ukrainian contributions to world culture; illustrated; \$1.00. "The Ukrainian Question," by Lancelot Lawton; the political aspect of it; 50 cents. "Taras Shevchenko," by Prof. D. Doroshenko, with a foreword by Prof. C. A. Manning; the life and works of the poet; 35 cents. "The Kobzar of Ukraine," by A. J. Hunter; translations of poet's works; illustrated; \$1.00. "A Voice From Ukraine," by Percival Cundy; Franko's life and works, and translated selections of his poetry; 50 cents. "A Brief Survey of Ukrainian Literature," by Dr. Arthur P. Coleman; 35 cents. "Peasant Europe," by H. Hessel Tiltman; several excellent chapters about the Ukrainians; illustrated; \$4.25. "Immigrant Gifts to American Life," by Allen H. Eaton; references to Ukrainian contributions to American culture; illustrated; 185 pages; \$3.00. "The Cauldron Boils," by Emil Lengyel; a chapter on the plight of Ukrainians under Poland. "A Political and Diplomatic History of Russia," by Prof. George Vernadsky; including an extensive treatment of the Ukrainian national movement; \$4.00.

## YOUTH TODAY

### INSTEAD OF COMPLAINING—ACTING

Michael Gordon, 33-year-old sign painter of Piscatawaytown, N. J., and six youngsters of his neighborhood picketed an intersection, the other day, of the super-highway with Middlesex Avenue, near New Brunswick, in protest against the negligence of authorities in installing a traffic light at that intersection.

Gordon and his juvenile adherents marched back and forth in the center of the highway at the intersection, carrying banners such as "Stop This Murdering," "Death Valley" and "Drive Cautiously." Gordon tried to stop every car that approached, telling the motorists that his father had been killed there.

After an hour of this picketing, Gordon and his followers were told by the police to stop for their own safety.

### EDUCATION OUTSIDE SCHOOL?

In his public statement about Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, at Troy, New York, Dr. William Otis Hotchkiss, the president of the Institute, called attention to a new emphasis which the school places on the importance of student activities outside the classrooms.

"Some people seem to think," Dr. Hotchkiss said, "it is a bit unorthodox for the head of a school to lay stress on anything that is neither classroom nor the study of books. The reason for this feeling is, I believe, an incomplete notion of just what education really is. People have read and thought of our schools as 'our educational system' for so long that they have come to think of schools as the only place that youth can be educated.

"My observation is that we have several kinds of institutions that do more important educational work than our schools, and many kinds that are almost as important. The youth that never got any education outside of books and the classrooms would be a very poorly educated person, indeed.

"Education includes what we learn in our homes, what we learn from newspapers and radio, what we acquire from physical, mental and moral contacts and what we learn from doing things ourselves, including our mistakes."

### OFF THE EDITOR'S DESK

CECILIA CHAWLUK—Thank you for the clippings. Parts of "Fate of Ukraine under Soviets" have been already reprinted on these pages.

ple out of a certain group will die within a year, it became practically possible to compute the rates which the insured have to pay for their protection. Nowadays this activity of computing the rates is so highly developed that practically every organization, private or public, organized as a private or a cooperative enterprise, can sell insurance to the people computing the rates in strictly scientific manner.



# IVAN FRANKO

By S. S.

(22)

Although Lys Mykyta is the best and most popular of Franko's poems written especially for children, Abu Kassim's Kaptal (... Slippers) is quite popular too. Having a translation of it (by Waldimir Semenyna) on hand, we quote herewith an excerpt from it:

## Abu Kassim's Slippers

I

In Bagdad, that great old city,  
Years ago when yet the pretty  
Caliphs held sway over life,  
Lived a man who, like old Harry,  
Was so tight he would not marry  
So as not to feed a wife.

Although rich he would not revel  
And was dirty as the devil,  
Walking around like a tramp,  
Muddy shirt of heavy pattern  
Ready to fall should he fatten  
And the pants of sieve-like stamp.

His bald head, instead of turban,  
He wrapped with a dirty ribbon,  
Torn, greased, and quite colorless;  
Coat,—a sack-made proposition,  
Belt,—a tree-bark composition,  
Thorns for pins,—just one great  
mess.

Abu Kassim, merchant, dealer,  
So was called this money peeler,  
Traded with sweet perfumes,  
scents,  
And when he walked through the  
city

Mobs would follow him with pity  
Like they followed once the saints.

But what drew the most attention  
To this miser, I must mention,  
Were his antique shoes, so rare.  
They were shoes! I don't mean  
Nanny!

Must have served the devil's  
granny  
At her wedding or some fair!

Where he got those diver's sink-  
ers

Long he wore them?—different  
thinkers  
In their search were moved to  
tears.

Only cobblers of the city  
Could have sworn that that od-  
dity  
They had patched for some ten  
years.

All the patches without knowing!  
All the leather! All the sewing  
Cobblers' hand did,—without  
length!

Dozen soles they must have pad-  
ded!  
And the patches they had added  
With which to increase the  
strength!

And the top of last hard layer  
He had charmed, like some sooth-  
sayer,  
With some nails as resort.  
And what nails! Ones, shaming  
bunions

Or the heads of early onions,  
From a blacksmith he had bought.

And the heels, with their graces,  
Left the widest horse shoes traces  
When they stepped upon soft earth  
While the vamps, although sewn  
double,

Were so patched that without  
trouble  
They resembled some tree's girth.

Noah's Ark, I am quite certain,  
Could not present such a curtain  
As did Kassim's boots command.  
They resembled fresh-cut timber—  
Just imagine bags of sand!

That's why all the population  
Used to watch, with admiration,  
Kassim's efforts to walk straight;  
How the beggar puffed, perspired,  
Dragged his feet, yet never tired—  
As if handcuffed to this fate.

These poor slippers, so well noted,  
Were, by people, so oft quoted  
They became proverbs in time:  
If one faced some heavy weather:  
"Kassim's slippers were no better,  
I can't do it for a crime!"

Listen then how, in derision,  
Mother Fate, to clear his vision,  
Started to pick on his soul,  
Till for all his vulgar meanness,  
His bad habits and uncleanness  
He had paid his duty toll.

(To be continued)

# SHADOWS OF FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS

(Continued)

By MICHAEL KOTSIUBINSKY

(Translated by S. S.)

(12)

It was an uncomfortably hot day. A crown of vapor wreathed Mount Ithritz and all the earth steamed with humidity. From the gloomy Mount Chornohora came thick dark clouds, releasing more showers upon the drenched earth, while now and then the sun would break through, causing everything to shimmer in its rays. It was so hot that Palahna would never have climbed to the summit of the mountain shadowing her home had it not been for the dream she had, which foreboded ill for the cattle. And so she determined to go and see whether anything was amiss among them.

Around her climbing figure white vapors eddied about; it was as if the mountain streams were actually boiling. From down below could be heard the roar of the Cheremosh, as it leaped from rock to rock.

No sooner did she reach the top, however, when from Chornohora a sudden gust of wind swept past her, causing the trees about her to sway and creak. "I hope it's not a storm," she worried, turning her back to the wind. Her fear was justified. A flash of lightning and a peal of thunder erupted from the heavy bluish-white cloud that appeared over the Chornohora. The wind began to race through the forest, bending the tall spruces to its will, and turning both the highlands and the lowlands into heavy somberness. It was out of question to try to go any further. Palahna sought shelter beneath the tent-like covering of the nearest spruce. All around her the trees swayed and groaned. The sound of the rolling thunder grew ever louder. Forbidding shadows sped over the mountains, obliterating all color, while the distant peaks became lost in the approaching storm. "I hope it doesn't hail also," she thought apprehensively, drawing her short sleeveless jacket closer about her.

About her and overhead the roaring grew louder. No doubt, evil spirits were chopping up ice taken from frozen waters, while lost souls of the departed ones were filling their bags with this ice and, riding the clouds, scattering it over the earth. "All our

hayfields will perish beneath the ice, and the poor cattle will low in sorrow because of their hunger," Palahna thought bitterly.

She had hardly finished the thought when a sudden peal of thunder cracked down about her ears. Beneath its succeeding shattering impacts the very mountains seemed to rock. The wind began to shriek as it tore through the forest, and Palahna had to hold on with all her strength to the tree trunk to prevent herself from being blown away. Suddenly in this maelstrom of sound and fury she saw the figure of a man climbing up the steep slope toward her. He was savagely fighting against the wind, his legs swinging crazily like those of a crab, his hands seizing hold of rocks and bushes as he pulled himself slowly but steadily upward. Already he was near. The incline became less steep now, and bending double he broke into a run. In a few moments he reached the top. Palahna immediately recognized him. It was Yura, the sorcerer.

"He's probably after me," she thought, frightened; but evidently Yura did not see her.

He took his stand facing the huge storm cloud moving towards him, folded his arms on his chest, and tossing his pale face proudly upwards stared forbiddingly into the cloud. He stood there thus for a moment, while the cloud moved ominously upon him. Suddenly with a powerful movement he flung his hat to the ground. In a flash the wind seized it and whirled it downhill. Then with his long black hair flying behind him, he raised aloft the short staff he was carrying in his hand and hurled a shouted command at the cloud.

"Stop! I won't let you pass!..." The cloud seemed to pause and consider this for a moment, and then in reply launched a forked flash of lightning at him.

"Oh!" Palahna screamed and flung her arm before her eyes to shut off the sight.

When she looked again Yura was still standing there as before, his curls twisting behind him like a bunch of snakes.

"Aha! So you're like that!"

he shouted at the cloud. "In that case I must curse you. I curse you, therefore, thunders and lightnings, storms and tempests. And I order you, o evil cloud go to the left, into the forests and waters... Go and disperse yourself like the winds... Go and lose yourself, for here you have no power."

But the cloud only shrugged itself indifferently and began to move towards the right, over the hayfields.

"Oh, my!" Palahna clenched her hands in despair. "It will surely ruin all the hay."

But Yura refused to give up. Only his face grew paler and his eyes blacker. When the cloud moved to the right he moved with it, when it moved to the left he did likewise. He kept running after it all the time, fighting against the wind, waving his hands, and threatening it with his staff. Like an agile ox he whirled about, striving to drive the cloud in the direction he wanted it to take, wrestling with it, pushing it... Just a little more, a little from this side... He felt an overpowering might within himself, as he ward off lightning flashes that crackled about him and invoked all sorts of curses upon the stubborn cloud. The wind had blown apart his jacket and was beating against his chest. The cloud roared and crackled, spit lightning at him, blinded him with its driving rain, hovered over his head, ready to pounce upon him; while he, bathed in his own sweat, gasping for breath, struggled with the evil one, hardly conscious any longer of what he was doing, only fearing to lose his now fast-ebbing strength. All that he felt now was his power weakening, his breath leaving him, the wind tearing his shouts to shreds, the rain flooding his eyes, and the cloud overpowering him. With a last supreme effort, however, he raised his staff skywards and shouted:

"Stop!"

And the cloud suddenly stopped. It raised itself in surprise, reared backwards like a horse, rumbled its anger at being bested in this combat, and then—began to plead with him:

"Let me pass. Where else can I go?"

"No, I won't!"

"Let us pass," wailed the lost souls in the cloud, bending low beneath the weight of their bags filled with hail.

"Aha! Now you plead with

me!... Nevertheless, I curse you: away with you into the limitless beyond—where the neighing of horses, the lowing of cows, the bleating of sheep, cannot reach, where even the crows cannot fly, where a Christian voice is not heard... There I permit you to go..."

And wonder of wonders—the cloud cowered, humbly turned to the left, and the lost souls emptied their bags over the river, so that the hail showered harmlessly into its waters and upon its banks. A white curtain heemed to descend over the mountains, while something rumbled in the deep valleys. Yura fell to the ground exhausted, breathing heavily.

And when the sun tore through the cloud and the wet grasses once more smiled, Yura saw, as if in a dream, Palahna running towards him. She shone with gladness, like the very sun itself, and solicitously bent over him, asking him:

"Has anything happened to you, Yurchiku?"

"Nothing, Palahna my dear, nothing... Did you see! I drove off the storm..."

And he extended his arms to her...

And thus, Palahna became Yura's mistress.

## MY DREAM OF YOU

Last night, my dear, I dreamed of you.

I dreamed; a thing I seldom do. How foolish does it seem to me For, in real life, it could not be.

Oh dear how thrilled I was to see You coming, in my dream, to me! 'Twas heaven too to have my hand Held close in yours beneath the sand.

The seashore where we spent the day Was paradise in every way.

Although without you life will be blue I'll have a memory—my dream of you.

MARY SARABUN.

## To Mary Y.

She was a rose in red bedight, He a nightingale.

And in tropic summer night He sang a lovelorn tale.

Lovely song, many chants,— Her fragrance he seeks.

Now the rose is much forlorn, He, woefully sad.

Alas! it is autumnal morn Old love cannot be had.

No more song, he recants,— Her fragrance reeks.

M. M.



# POTPOURRI

By BURMA-CAPELIN

(14)

## THE FORGOTTEN MAN

"The Forgotten Man" of whom I write here is that individual in Ukrainian-American society who does not appear in the newspaper headlines, seldom even in "the fillers"; to whom no books are dedicated; to whom no toasts are proposed. He does his daily tasks with fortitude and veritable heroism, he is the solid foundation of Ukrainian-American Society, even though his name nowhere appears even on that corner-stone of an institution which, without his honest toil, would not exist. This "forgotten man" is the average Ukrainian man and woman, who emigrated to the supposed land of milk and honey to eke out an existence, to assure a better future for his children than that which was his own lot. This is "the forgotten man" not only because he is not the recipient of public plaudits but also because very few of us stop to realize all that he has gone through, very

few of us consider what a trying experience emigration is; few, if any, can adequately interpret the heroism which actually belongs to the so-called "average Mr. Ukrainian," a heroism, even though unheralded. To appreciate this, let us attempt to sketch, however feebly, a sort of a natural history of experiences of what might be considered a "typical immigrant"—of this "forgotten man."

Simply defined, an immigrant is one who moves from one country to another, or more descriptively, from one culture to another. Such a movement, the mere fact of being transplanted, if you please, from the society of birth to another very different, is a crisis in itself. Emigrating from the land of one's birth, means a break, even though partial, with one's family, other intimate associates, those with whom the hearth of friendship, of congeniality, burns brightly. The immigrant not

only experiences the heartaches of parting with those who are members of his family or other intimate groups, he is rooted out, figurately, from all those social surroundings—the village, the informal or formal groups or clubs—which gave him satisfaction, a satisfaction rooted in a community of understanding. He leaves, again, those symbols which are less meaningful to him—as, the particular form of government which, though it may be oppressive, is yet something he knows, he has been oriented to it.

His first feeling in America is, then, one of intense "loneliness" to use a popular term, a feeling of nostalgia. In the early years of Ukrainian immigration, particularly, one did not immediately come to friends. Usually the immigrant landed in strange surroundings, not infrequently among people who could not even understand his language. Someone to whom he could in his own honest humble way tell his thoughts, his hopes, his disappointments, freely and fully—there was not. The immigrant moved about with a whole world

of thought and emotion imprisoned, longing for release, in his heart. In the old world he was a member of various groups, the family particularly; through these groups he had some sort of status. Divorced from these old associations, and not yet incorporated into new ones, the immigrant feels not only a lack of intimate response such as one gets in the family, but he is otherwise "a nobody," his natural craving for recognition is not possible of satisfaction. Then, take the matter of finding a job; without a rudder, without a compass, he flits from one factory gate to another, eventually accepts those terms which are offered, for he knows nothing of American conditions, and his economic "incarceration" begins. I say "incarceration" because, the Ukrainian was not used to factory work; it was the wide open field which gave a living in the old land, the field where, working, he could sing mused upon the skies, absorb the aroma of orchards, listen to the songs of birds. Or, if he was an artisan,

(Concluded p. 4)

## Communism and Our Youth

By JOHN PANCHUK

An address delivered at the Fourth Ukrainian Youth's Congress of the UYL-NA

It seems that the present cycle of economic depression has made America youth conscious in a larger degree than ever before. The institutions of learning accelerated the surge of youth consciousness by graduating thousands upon thousands of young people into the ranks of unemployed. Industry disgorged vast numbers of those who were beginning to feel settled and secure. And government was importuned to assume new functions to alleviate the hopeless condition of unemployment.

The economic distress of youth became articulate through so called Youth Movements, one example of which was the American Youth Congress. Resourceful young men and women formulated programs, slogans and a declaration of rights, and proclaimed that the Congress "stands for those sterling principles of justice, equality, and a good life for all, which were enunciated in the Declaration of Independence on July 4th, 1776, and for which our forefathers battled in the American Revolution." Seemingly organized youth demanded to be heard, and insisted upon its constitutional rights. The press and the pulpit expressed itself favorably. The leaders became jubilant. When lo and behold the militant espousal of out and out Communist principles by the guiding spirits cast a shadow upon the movement.

Just what is Communism and why does it dampen youth activity in America, and in what way does it concern the Ukrainian-American youth?

The ideal Communism is a Utopian state and as such is as old as Plato's Republic. History is replete with Communistic theories and societies. We all have read at one time or another of Thomas More's Utopia or of Morelly's and Rousseau's exposition of a Communist state. And in our own American history we have read of Robert Owen's experiment in the early part of the last century. However, for all practical purposes we associate Communism with the present political system of Soviet Russia.

The Soviet rulers, of course, disclaim the existence of Communism, representing that it is the ideal which they hope to achieve through Soviet dictatorship. According to Communist Party writers, under Communism there will be, first, social ownership of the means and implements of production; second, social operation of production organized according to a plan, and on a large scale; third, free choice by each of his labor, and as much work as he wishes; fourth, distribution according to needs with complete satisfaction of everyone.

The cardinal principle of the Communist Party is that a Communist society can be established not by peaceful means, not by argument and persuasion, but by revolution and dictatorship only. They verily proclaim the doctrine that the means justify the end. One of their agencies is the Third International organized by Zinovieff. Two of the four attributes of the Communist state have been achieved under the Communist system, to-wit: Abolition of private property and making industry, agriculture, commerce, and education government functions. All power and wealth is concentrated in the dictatorship. The individual, however, looks in vain for the absence of exploitation and oppression of man by man, for disappearance of classes, and the vanishing of the state.

Communist dictatorship having achieved power, frowns upon all civil rights as counter-revolutionary and subversive demands. Communism in practice is based upon the theory that the individual is incapable of deciding what is best for himself or looking out after his own welfare. He must renounce freedom of speech and thought, he must submit to minute regulation of his daily conduct, and he must submit to all disciplinary measures imposed upon him.

Lately the Soviet subject was informed that he would enjoy a measure of civil and personal liberty and would be granted the secret ballot. These rights and privileges were permitted by the dictatorship and were not guaran-

tees wrested by the people and made secure by a constitutional limitation upon the powers of the government. That this was no Magna Charta or Bill of Rights is evidenced by the recent arrests and wholesale execution of those who dared to differ with the ruler. Stalin giveth and Stalin taketh away, blessed be the name of Stalin—expresses by paraphrase the supreme omnipotence of Communist dictatorship.

How vastly different is this from the society where the doctrine of "the consent of the governed" can still transform the occupant of the White House into a private citizen without bloodshed and violence, where nine old men can calmly and dispassionately annul the most significant codes of law affecting the welfare of the entire nation without a finger being lifted to jeopardize their lives or their office, where no names or persons are respected in the heat of argument or debate, where no system or plan is sacred, not even the Supreme Law of the Land. How easy it is to raise the voice of dissent, of protest, and of opposition in a democracy like ours.

It is the prerogative of youth to be the vanguard of all liberal movements. Capitalizing on this postulate and appealing to the spirit of fair play, we find the Communist youth proffering ready made resolutions at every youth gathering, and insinuating himself to every youth movement to promote his party propaganda.

If we appraise the typical principles advocated by the Communist youth in the United States in the light of liberalism we find that they advocate abatement of war and Fascism; that they oppose narrow Nationalism, but favor firm Internationalism; that they oppose military training in the schools and urge the abolition of C.C.C. camps, the abolition of child labor; that they favor unemployment insurance, and collective bargaining, and that they demand academic freedom in schools. At the last session of the American Youth Congress in Cleveland, the Communist element acted favorably even on a resolution proposed by the Catholic group favoring religious tolerance. It would therefore seem that the Communists are not as dangerous as they are painted to be.

But this tactical approach of

the Communist youth to the youth problems in the United States is hard to reconcile with the tacit approval, by them, of all the excesses of the Communist Party in power. We must be skeptical of the Communist who says that he is for the constitutional guarantees of free speech and free assembly, for justice and equality, when in the same breath he advocates abolition of private property, the dictatorship of the proletariat, and the restriction of civil rights to the ruling class only. We have seen this type on the campuses of our universities agitating peace parades and students strikes under the pretext of championing academic freedom.

The Ukrainian American youth is perhaps more wary in heeding the insidious infiltration of Communism in this country than some of the other groups, because of the horrible experiences of its kinsmen under the Soviet rule. And because of this historical situation we are and should be prepared to challenge every Communist movement among the youth of America wherever opportunity presents itself, in the class room, public forum, private gathering, and in the press.

We can never forget the fate of Skripnik and the Krushelnitskys, and we are mindful of the death of Chuprinka and Hrushevsky. We have no more forgotten the organized famine in Ukraine that the official brutality of the Cheka and the OGPU. The forced labor, the concentration camps, the Solovetski exile, the mock trials, and the political suicides all belie the existence of even the semblance of common civil liberties under Communist dictatorship. If there is one thing our Ukrainian descent devolves upon us it is a moral duty to stubbornly oppose Communism no less than Fascism its twin sister of despotism. We are traditionally democratic, sometime even to the point of being anarchistic. As new citizens of a great democratic commonwealth let us perpetuate the traditions of freedom we inherited from our Cossack forefathers and let us preserve the institutions of democratic government which the American Revolution and the framers of the Constitution vouchsafed to posterity.



## RAMBLINGS OF WORD-HUNTER

### WORRIED ABOUT THE PRONUNCIATION OF UKRAINIAN WORDS?

While learning to spell Ukrainian words in English (to "transliterate" them) one is often baffled by the question: how will the American reader read this word? Will he render the sounds exactly as the Ukrainian readers read them?

As a contribution to this question comes to my mind the problem: how to pronounce the name "Toledo"?

In the headline "London at Toledo Warns of Serfdom," of The New York Times, October 14, we will pronounce the syllable "le" as "le" in "legal."

When reading the headline "Drive by Loyalists Gains Near Toledo," in The New York Times, of October 13, the reader might feel inclined to pronounce "le" more as "le" in "legacy."

And this is quite natural, as Toledo in the first headline means a city in the state of Ohio, in the second headline a city in Spain. One would not read the first in the Spanish fashion, nor the second in the American fashion, though the American city was named probably after the Spanish.

This would seem to point out a lesson that in some cases one cannot expect the reader to know at once how to pronounce every Ukrainian word transliterated into English. In some cases he might be first taught how to pronounce every transliterated into English. In some cases he might be first taught how to pronounce it.

### TOO MUCH OF "SWING"

One day The New York Times carried the headline: "Roosevelt Starts Swing to Rockies on 13-State Tour." On the following day it had the headline: "Look to President to Swing Nebraska."

The first headline means simply that Roosevelt starts on a tour to the Rockies; the second headline that the President is expected to win to his side the voters of Nebraska.

The Ukrainian word which corresponds to "swing" is махати, ma-kha-ty (in completed action: махнути, makh-nu-ty). The first meaning of the word is to sway, to whirl, as: махати крилами, махати хустиною, to flutter wings, to wave a handkerchief. Then it means to brandish, to flourish, as: махати мечем, махати батою, to brandish a sword, to swing a whip.

Still further, the word assumes the meaning "to move swiftly" as: махнути на село, махнути (човном) за ріку, махнути в степи—to hurry to the village, across the river (in a boat), to the steppes. The Ukrainians say, „Махай один за другим, куди пустився," which means: "Go, one after another, as you started!" and the saying, "Махай поза хрест!" means, "Go behind the cross!" (to be understood a cross that stands at the road-side), which means, in other words, "Do not go the way other, Christian, people go!" (not-Christians are supposed to avoid the road at the side of which there stands a cross).

The Ukrainian word, however, has nothing to parallel the conversational meaning of the word "swing" in such phrases as "to swing the state," in which it means as much as "to carry," which is, to capture, to win.

## POTPOURRI

(Concluded from p. 3)

he received pleasure from turning out the shoe, the bench, the tool—for these he began and finished. He had pride in his product. Contrast this with the average factory! Shut in, in the first place, from the beauties, the "freedom" of the natural environment; and, secondly, no longer turning out a certain finished product by himself, but becoming a mere cog in a giant machine, hour after hour screwing on the same bolt, punching the same holes, never even seeing the product on which he adds his one little operation. The job, then, aside from other unpleasantnesses and inadequate payment becomes simply a means of keeping body and soul together; in and of itself, it brings little or no satisfaction. This has to be sought outside working hours and outside the sphere of work. And when working hours, as early they were, are twelve and more a day he has little chance for recreation, change, etc. Day after day he turns to the same task, with the same fatigue, with the same routine to be repeated.

After a while the initial feeling of nostalgia disappears; the immigrant is incorporated either in a family, or in some mutual benefit organization, some church group, some social club, or in several of these, where now he finds the intimacy of association and understanding, and the status which he had lost temporarily. He feels more at home, generally more happy. These associations are naturally, at least in their more personal and more intimate form, with Ukrainians. Through his membership in various societies he obtains a national education, informally, of course, but nevertheless an education. He is a more conscious Ukrainian than he was when he first arrived in America; Ukrainian old world politics come to have a real significance to him. He is met, however, with a variety of issues bewildering to him; different organizations preach different philosophies to him; somehow he resolves these, and perhaps after a period of conflict, aligns himself with this or that particular group or party, and thereafter confines most of his associations to it.

He may, if convenient, become a naturalized American citizen, and may cast a vote, but in a general way his participation in American political life, as even of the so-called "masses" born here, is more a formality than a direct influence on the trend of affairs. Unconsciously he meets American culture in a most concrete manner through his children who, beginning with grammar school, are soon dominantly under the influence of American institutions. This fact in itself requires some trying adjustments on his part; for a long while he will find it difficult to accept so-called American attitudes of his children. And even in the end these may be puzzling to him, so that he simply resigns himself to an apparent inevitable fate, he may simply dismiss the attitudes of his children with a nod of the head and, "Oh, well, they're Americans, and so it must be."

The near-end of his "sojourn" in America will find him somewhat accommodated to the American situation, but with a somewhat doubtful measure of satisfaction that his life has been a happy one. His main source of happiness may lie in the fact that he knows his children will not have to begin at the lowest rungs

## AIDING UKRAINIAN COURSE AT COLUMBIA.

I feel quite sure that many others besides myself are intensely interested in the present Ukrainian Course at Columbia University of New York City, and that Mr. Kurlak's recent article must have distressed us with its prediction of a seasonable death if further educational and financial action isn't taken. It was much to my surprise to hear of this unexpected danger, for I was confident of the local Ukrainians supporting such an enterprise with avidity. (It would be most interesting to know how many students have taken this course to date.)

However, since such a presage has been felt, will you allow me to make a recommendation?

Mr. Kurlak states that a year has passed since the institution of said course at Columbia. Would it not be a good idea to have several of these students map out a territory among themselves which they might cover within an allotted time in this fashion: With proper identification and introductory data, I'm sure many of the already prospering youth clubs would welcome one of these representatives to a designated meeting at which he could expound upon the curriculum, explain and perhaps even illustrate how the class is conducted, and make clear to the club that the existence of Ukrainian classes at prominent universities is not a personal matter but a national stride towards valuable recognition. In this manner, I feel quite sure, a wider and a more complete circle of cooperation and interest will be drawn around us. Whether any of the clubs will offer prospective students or a pledge of financial assistance (through a money raising method of their own particular kind, be it a monthly dance or card party or raffle, etc.) at least the trips will prove climactic—the Ukrainian Course at Columbia will either thrive or die!

Then, too, another solution, as I suggested to a fellow delegate at the Philadelphia Congress of the UYL-NA, might be the incorporation of a Ukrainian Correspondence Course, which could be controlled by the New York group and mailed to those of us

of the ladder as he had to. But the immigrant mother or father may be broken in spirit, in health, and perhaps still concerned over their ability to comfortably retire when three-score or more years approach. The entire period in America unfolds itself in memory with mingled feelings of joy and sadness; whether the balance has been on one side or the other is something which the heroic Ukrainian immigrant sojourner in America will not be able to decide.

This, sketchily, indicates something of the personal drama of the immigrant, something of his trials and tribulations, the emotional sets. Only when we fill in this sketch by a sort of a mental rendezvous through all his experiences, can we, particularly the second generation, feel a deep sense of homage, of respect and admiration due here. It is not an undue sentimentality, then, to suggest that atop some commanding mountain in Pennsylvania, say, there might be raised a monument to this "forgotten man," something like the monuments to the "unknown soldiers"; a monument which would symbolize and suggest the heroism of each individual who staked his all for a possible better future, and—honorably toiled for it, without any public paens chanting his honor, without even a recognition that heroism is not necessarily something of which the world takes note.

## WHAT FOR THE STUDY? FOR TITLE OR KNOWLEDGE?

Yale's Division of General Study, a distinct departure from the traditional graduate school work in the United States, has begun its second year.

The plan has attracted national attention among educators. It meets the needs of students who do not wish to work for a Doctor of Philosophy degree, but wish to acquire a broad background of the basic principles relating to their field.

Admission requirements are the same as for the regular degree candidates. Among those enrolled this year are the following professionals: Secondary school teachers, pre-medical and pre-law students, librarians, museum workers, newspaper men, adult educationists, orchestra leaders, social workers, and art critics.

who are unfortunate in not having access to the University itself, but fortunate enough to hold good positions in surrounding cities and having interest in such a pursuit. The assignments could be addressed to individuals desiring to undertake the course or to clubs wishing to devote one of their meetings to study. Tuition, of course, could be adjusted accordingly.

Will Durant says: "Wise philanthropy can give us new facilities for transmitting and augmenting the cultural values of the race. Let our schools and universities be supplied with all their needs; let our teachers be better paid, from the country school-house to the highest chair of instruction in the land; let experiments in education be promoted without hindrance or fear; let a thousand contests and prizes, and a hundred thousand scholarships stimulate rivalry, study and creation... and let great benefactors lift up the people with intelligible teaching and civilizing music sent forth every evening on the wings of the air."

Let Ukrainians pay heed!

CECILIA CHAWLUK,  
New Haven, Conn.

### NEW YORK CITY.

The Ukrainian Civic Center invites you to its FIFTH ANNUAL DANCE on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7th, to be held at the Aldine Club, 200 Fifth Avenue, 23rd Street, on the 14th floor. Admission \$1.00. 243,-

### 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¢. 231-

### 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,-

### PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Miss MARIA NAHRNA, who has travelled through Ukraine, will give a LECTURE at the meeting of the St. George Brotherhood, Br. 238 of the U. N. A. on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17th at the Ukrainian Hall, 247 N. Franklin St., at 9:00 P. M. No Admission. All welcome.

### ELIZABETH, N. J.

A HALLOWEEN MASQUERADE DANCE sponsored by the Ukrainian Social Club of Elizabeth, will be held on SATURDAY Evening, OCTOBER 31, 1936, at the Ukrainian National Home Ballroom, 214 Fulton St. Prizes awarded. Admission only 35¢. Swing music by Paul Flammia and Disc-Royal Commanders. 243