



Democratic Nationalism and Imperialism

By CLARENCE A. MANNING

The nineteenth century was a period of intense contradictions, the importance of which were scarcely recognized in their own day. On the one hand, it was a period of intense colonial expansion...

The same century witnessed the successful ending of the struggle for the unification of the Germans and of the Italians and, for the first time in centuries, Germany and Italy appeared on the map of Europe as united states.

Result of Contrasting Tendencies

The result of these contrasting tendencies appeared at the end of World War I, when the British Empire rapidly changed into the British Commonwealth of Nations and the German, Hapsburg and Russian Empires collapsed.

These same currents were carried over into the twentieth century and served to produce World War II. The new national states flourished, the demands of the oppressed peoples of the Soviet Union grew

Poet's Corner

HUCKSTER

In an old red truck he clatters through the town, Laden with fruit of summer, for he brings Produce from his farm where the river fastens down...

stronger and more acute, insofar as they could be heard from behind the iron curtain. On the other hand, the new Fascist Empire of Mussolini, the Nazi regime of Hitler and the bloody purges of Stalin were insisting upon ever greater and greater suppression of all individual and national feelings and aspirations.

How can all this be explained? It is not enough to attribute it, as the Marxians and their friends, to the influence of capitalism, the rise and decline of the bourgeoisie and the growing power of the proletariat who were destined to be the next ruling class...

Conceptions of Greeks and Romans Different

The conceptions of the Greeks and the Romans were at odds. The sense of belonging to the Greek people, already inherent in the poems of Homer, received a definite flowering in the cooperation of the Greek city states in the wars against the Persians.

In both cases there was little interference with the language and customs of the people, even though they were regarded as barbarous. Pagan Rome was willing to tolerate and reverence any deity which its worshippers wished to erect in the city, provided only that they would return the same to the official gods of Rome.

On the other hand, the great Asiatic empires of this and succeeding centuries, the rulers of Persia and later of the Mongol Empire and even the Ottoman Empire of our own days, did not care to interfere with the religion, manners and customs of their subjects, provided they paid due tribute and submitted quietly to the excesses of their conquerors.

A Radical Change With the Acceptance of Christianity

With the acceptance of Christianity as the state religion, the situation changed radically. There was felt throughout the world of Europe a sense of unity and though this was soon broken politically and religiously, its roots remained and it took its external form in the use of Latin in the West and of Greek in the East.

languages; they still lived their own lives and they had little or no reason to concern themselves with what was being done by their betters. They travelled little and those who did were either transported in relatively large groups from one estate to another or they were bold and resolute souls who broke with their homes for good and tried never to return to them.

Multiplicity of Titles of Rulers

Each section of the population from the king to the humblest peasant had its own rights, obligations, freedoms and limitations and with the relative lack of communication, they asked nothing more. The state was bound together by the feudal oath which was considered unbreakable and bound the sovereign and each successive class below him to maintain the status quo.

It was this feeling at Kiev that allowed the Grand Princes to fight resolutely with one another, to replace one another, without any marked plundering of the population. Yet it did weaken the state in its frontier position against Asia and it often allowed such tribes as the Polovtsy to gain unnecessary influence in the conduct of the government.

(To be continued)

VET NEWS ROUNDUP

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. The son of a friend of mine was killed in an automobile accident on his way to report to his draft board. Would he be covered by the free automatic indemnity paid to survivors of Korean servicemen?

A. No. Indemnity coverage of selectees is limited to those who died as a result of disabilities incurred while en route from the draft board to the induction station, or who die within 120 days after the incurring of such disabilities.

Going around the elevator shaft on the third floor. Andrew is brought to a step by a lightning reflex of his memory... 1932... They had an All-Ukrainian OGPU then? he had also been led for interrogation: his overcoat over his shoulders, open shoes on his bare feet, taken from solitary confinement and accompanied by two bullies, he had come out of the narrow, ironclad door that connected the jail with the administration building, going around the same elevator shaft...

There he had stood at the same spot with another man. Short, lean, with large eyes, with broad, dark eyebrows, very, very sad. They had been waiting for the elevator, summoned, apparently, to another conference at the institution which, although not dealing in culture and art, still supervised the souls of all the artists and romanticists. It was Mykola Khvylovy. The god whom Andrew had worshipped with all his friends. Once, Andrew had been fortunate to make his acquaintance. Even before he met him, that little man had been the guiding star of his youth, and the day Andrew made his acquaintance he considered the happiest day in his life.

GPU, OGPU, NKVD — initials of the Soviet State Police.

The Garden of Gethsemane

(Excerpts)

By IVAN BAHRIANY Translated by Adam Haldij

(2)

muscle. Andrew had also pretended indifference, without recognition. He had passed by him without stopping.

Andrew's heart began to flutter: "He has recognized me! In any case, he has undoubtedly guessed that tragic, invisible connection between his burdensome worry and the fact that such a young man, with such a thick, curly mane, is being escorted by two bullies."

"He recognized me! No doubt about it!" In that green youth whom perhaps once he had not noticed, he recognized a courageous fighter, matured in the cells of solitary confinement, whose hair turned grey in the baptism of fire.

Andrew could never forget that look. It seemed to him then that those eyes flared violently, crying out: "Be brave, my friend!" Those eyes always stood before Andrew and that, perhaps, gave him the strength to bear so much, without breaking.

Now those eyes are before him again. Andrew treads grimly and endeavours with all his might to remain indifferent. He hears the alarming droning with which the atmosphere is charged, thinks that all the bars are here because many brave men, marked with the same stigma as that audacious romanticist with flaming eyes, cannot stand the bitter cup, but refuse to surrender, and leap head first down the crevasse between the stairs, running away from the path to Golgotha into the abyss of non-existence; he thinks about it and tries to be indifferent.

Before him was quite a green youth, quite sympathetic and seemingly good natured. His tired grey eyes smiled somewhat mockingly, and the face was reasonably naive and pale. A strand of his blond hair fell on his brow. He was in civilian clothes, in a snow-white shirt, with rubber bands grasping its sleeves above the elbow. He had a cigarette in his mouth which he tried to push from corner to corner, attempting to direct the thin stream of smoke away from his eyes. He looked at Andrew, studying his face and his figure, maintaining a long pause.

years. Am I automatically entitled to vocational rehabilitation training at Government expense?

A. Not necessarily. One requirement of the law is that you must need the training to overcome the handicap of your disability.

hardest sphere of a modern hell, prepared for lowest criminals, the so called "spies", "insurgents", "military traitors of the fatherland." Perhaps for that reason, with every floor passed, Andrew finds it harder to preserve his peace of mind. "Could it not be on the fourth floor?" But, on the fourth floor, the jailer did not say "straight on" as Andrew had expected, only "higher up". And they went higher. Now, with every step, Andrew finds it harder to walk, and not because the number of steps trodden is increasing, but because the number of steps to go is diminishing. With every step, Andrew clenches his teeth harder.

At last, they have arrived. On the fifth floor, the jailer said "straight on," and they obliquely crossed the vestibule and turned into a corridor on the left.

"Turn around," said the tiny jailer, when they come halfway down the very long corridor and halted in front of a door, over which hung a number with three digits. Andrew, attempting to preserve the maximum of his composure, turned towards the wall, and the jailer knocked at the door.

Approaching the immobile figure, "the little archangel" clicked his heels lively and handed over the receipt. And then, having had the receipt signed by the figure at the desk, he, without raising his head, turned about face and walked out sharply, as though running away, merely, while leaving, pointing a chair out to Andrew, as though saying fearfully, without words: "Take a seat, there!" Andrew stood there for a while and then sat down. He sat, closely surveying the bent figure under the green lamplight, so immersed in his papers, the figure lifted his head—and Andrew was even a little surprised... The face of the awed "archangel" seemed to be some mistake in view of what he saw. A fleeting feeling of some disappointment took hold of him for a moment, suspecting here obvious disregard for his "anti-revolutionary" person. It seemed that he had overestimated himself.

For, being born into a world filled with people, and having to dwell with them, makes it imperative for one to first learn the "art of good relationship" before anything else in life.

(To be continued)

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Of Definite Value

Quite often when one attempts to persuade some young person 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 some careful study of the Ukrainian language, one is met with the disconcerting reply: "Yes, what you say is all nice; but, putting the matter practically, what will I get out of it?"

That is indeed a poser, one that figuratively speaking, sets one on the heels—to speak—for the moment. What possible answer can I give to this self-assured modern 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, when he thinks that anyone who thinks 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.

Perhaps one could touch some responsive chord within him by reminding him of his duty to his forbears, who sacrificed a great deal, quite often their lives, in order that their descendants, that persons like himself, should be proud of their Ukrainian origin. Perhaps, too, one 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 is something that his "materialism" finds hard to stomach.

One could, maybe, call the attention of this young "realist" to the fact, that anyone who fails to take an active interest in his national origin, be it Ukrainian, Irish, Polish, etc., is not truly a good American in the full sense of the word. Truly great Americans have time and again underscored this fact. One can quote verse and chapter on this subject.

Or, taking a new tack, one could ask this young modern what concrete benefits does he derive from those various cultural courses he took up in his school and college, which today are of little or no use to him in earning, his daily bread and keep. Quite likely, however, 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 broadcasting the scope of his outlook and capabilities will most likely escape him.

And so at length one falls back upon an argument that may stir some interest in him, namely: that by studying his Ukrainian background, history, culture and language—about which I wrote here last week—here thereby awakens in himself those long dormant qualities that have been inbred within himself by a long line of Ukrainian ancestors. 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 would engender within him, can he awaken these dormant qualities, capabilities within himself. Won't this, at least, be of definite value to him? Josephine Gibajlo Gibbons

Impressions - by William Shust

"What's the matter, can't you afford a tie?" "What?" "You're not going to church with that sport shirt open at the collar?" "Sure, why not?" "Well, if you can't afford to buy a necktie, I'll give you the money."

beneath you trousers instead of flapping in the breeze?" "What's this about cops and Hutzuls?" "Well, cops always carry their gun when off duty. In the summer, you can spot them a mile away because they cover the bulge in their back pocket with the sport shirt. And Hutzuls—well you know how those cats dress! So, which are you?" "Well, I'm nbt a Hutzul." "You want to be mistaken for a cop?" "No. But I've got a good reason for wearing my shirt this way." "Did you rip your trousers?" "Wrong again!" "Well?" "I'm wearing suspenders."

Good Relations . . . By MYROSLAVA

As we traverse through life, it becomes more and more apparent to one that "knowable things", although of the utmost importance in the various working fields, are not nearly as important as the ability to "get along" with other members in society.

For, being born into a world filled with people, and having to dwell with them, makes it imperative for one to first learn the "art of good relationship" before anything else in life.

The belief of some individuals that they are an "entity" and that they can "get along" without others is but a figment of the imagination. Actually, every member in society is dependent upon another. Each man has his role in life, and in this fashion fills the need of society; thus making, every

person—a "little cog" in the big wheel of life."

The idea of snobbery, prejudice and betterment is also a myth. For except some physical and mental differences, universally, mankind is alike. They all stem from the Creator. Their emotional needs are the same. Basically, and fundamentally we are all very much alike with small exceptions as: race, color, creed or personality.

This basic sameness coupled together with the same problems in life should bring people together; filling them with respect for each other. Bearing such an attitude in life and by doing unto others as we... us will result in a "nice relationship" for all members in society.

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