



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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Vol. II.

'TIS ALL THE SAME TO ME...

By Taras Shevchenko.

'Tis all the same to me—whether
Or not Ukraine my home will be,
Or, while I wade in distant snows,
I'll linger in some memory—
'Tis all the very same to me.

In bonds grown up, 'mong
strangers tented,
And, by my own not once
la tented,
With tears in slavery I'll die
And take with me what earth
supplied
Without the slightest trace to
leave
In our Ukraine, so far renown,
In our dear land—yet not our
own;
And fathers may not even tell
Their sons to think of me, nor
say:

"Pray, son, for him who for
Ukraine
Was tortured till his life he lay."

'Tis all the same to me whether
Or not that son will pray for me...
But all the same 't will never be
When envious and evil neighbors
Will lull Ukraine and, in some
name,
Will strip her of her wealth with
sabres...

To me 't will never be the same!
Translated by
W. SEMENYNA.

POLISH AUTHORITIES HAMPER TEACHING OF UKRAINIANS.

(Galicia—Western Ukraine under Poland)

Every obstacle is put in the way of teaching in Ukrainian. According to the existing laws private teachers are allowed to teach up to nine children in a private house, but "Svoboda" (Lviv, W. Ukraine) of February 4th, 1934, gives examples showing how this is checked.

1. A school inspector of the Lviv district prohibited the private teaching in the village of Dobriany (his letter of 21st April 1933), and gave as the cause of his prohibition the reason that this teaching was being conducted by a qualified professional teacher.

2. On the other hand, the District Starost (Local Governor) of Nisko, in his decision of 17th October 1933, prohibited private teaching in the village of Borki because the teacher was not a qualified teacher.

Apparently the regulations can be twisted either way to injure the Ukrainians. You pay your penny and you take your choice.

In 1920, there still existed in Poland approximately 3,600 Ukrainian schools. In ten years that number fell to 123. (Five of these are in Volhynia and the remainder are in Galicia). 2,974 schools have been made bi-lingual, where almost all the subjects are taught in Polish and only a few unimportant subjects in Ukrainian. Not one Ukrainian technical school exists in Poland, although the budget for 1934-35 estimated 14,736,580 "zlotys" for these schools in Poland. In 1922, the Polish Sejm passed a bill concerning a Ukrainian University, but no Ukrainian University has yet matured.

(Ukrainian Bureau, London).



MARCH 9,
1814

MARCH 10,
1861

TARAS SHEVCHENKO

Looming out of the eventful pages of Ukrainian history and casting all others into the shadow is the figure of Taras Shevchenko—the great Ukrainian poet, painter, patriot, and martyr.

Today, March 9, marks the 120th anniversary of his birth, and tomorrow—the 73rd anniversary of his death. During the entire month of March the Ukrainian people throughout the world, irrespective of creed or party beliefs, will pay homage to his memory—by arranging concerts and memorial services.

Rarely in the world's history has an individual gripped the hearts, the imagination, and the intellect of a nation to such an extent and degree as Taras Shevchenko has done to that of the Ukrainian people. And what is more rare is the spell his spirit continues to exercise to this very day on the most divergent classes of our nation: rich man, poor man, beggar man—all fall under the sway of his influence.

It becomes evident to all that indeed there must have been some very unusual power in him and his works to have evoked for him such a feeling of love, respect and submission among our people: a people who by nature are inherently suspicious and antagonistic to any unusual talents or force—for fear that it would be used to further oppress and exploit them.

A close scrutiny of Shevchenko's personality and works discloses that the outstanding characteristic about him, one which is responsible for his greatness, was his character, and with it his love for his people. All else was subordinate. True, he was a great poet: one who will become world famous—when our Ukrainian language becomes better known among the other nationalities. And true, he was painter of no mean ability. But, these qualities were not sufficient in themselves to raise him to greatness. A divine touch was needed for that. And that divine touch was his character.

He saw before him the great abuses of the most elementary human rights, and he saw his duty clearly before him. He would fight oppression, slavery and exploitation of the Ukrainian people in all of its forms. And to his credit he did; notwithstanding the fact that he was born and raised as a serf, that at all times he was poverty stricken, that he was continually harried by the Russian police, and that finally he was deprived of his freedom for over ten years merely for the writing of verses, during which time he was not permitted to have even a pencil or paper in hand. But despite all these obstacles and persecutions, discouraging to any one else, he never faltered; but kept true to his principles and ideals.

Using his undescribably beautiful and stirring poems he exposed the terrible conditions under which the Ukrainian nation was suffering, and on the other hand he aroused the Ukrainian people out of their sleep and lethargy. Through the medium of his poems he awakened thoughts of liberty within the hearts of the Ukrainian people, crystallized these thoughts, and finally showed the people the only road to freedom—by way of fearlessness, unity, and brotherly love. He was the Moses of the Ukrainian people who led them out of the wilderness.

Every year Ukrainian pilgrims from all over the world come to visit Taras Shevchenko's grave at Kaneva, in his beloved Ukraine—overlooking the famed roaring, rushing and surging Dnieper. They come to pay their respects to him.

Let us also in spirit make this pilgrimage to his grave, and there resolve to obey his precepts of unity, brotherly-love and self-sacrifice for our fellow Ukrainians. And let us also resolve never to rest until we have achieved that for which he struggled and slaved for, that for which our ancestors sacrificed their lives and fortunes, and that which is dear to all Ukrainian people—the establishment of a free and independent state of Ukraine.

EACH DAY GOES BY

By Taras Shevchenko

Each day goes by, the nights are passing,
Summers wane, the golden leaves
Are rustling low; the eyes are fading,
Thoughts are drowsing, heart's asleep.
And all's asleep—and I know not
If I am living, holding on,
Or merely wand'ring on this earth,
For now I'm void of tears and mirth.

Fate, where are you? Fate, where are you?
None is there in vision!
God, if good fate you begrudge us
Then grant evil, evil!

Don't let a walking being sleep,
His heart to drowse inert,
And like a rotting loggerhead
To wallow in the dirt;
But let him live and with his heart

Love those of which he's part,
If not—then let him curse with ire
And set the world afire.

'Tis frightful to be shackle-bound
To die a slave is drear,
But worse, much worse is slumber,
sleep:

To sleep when you are free,
To fall asleep forever on
And not to leave a thread
Of any trace: it's all the same—
One may as well be dead.

Fate, where are you? Fate, where are you?

None is there in vision!
God, if good fate you begrudge us
Then grant evil, evil!

Dec. 21, 1845, Viunyscha.

Translated by
W. SEMENYNA.

ANOTHER CONTRIBUTION FOR THE "OLD COUNTRY"

The Ukrainian Young People's Club of Pittsfield, Mass. through its treasurer, Frank Zaveruka, has donated \$30.00 to the "Ob'yednanye"—of which \$15.00 is for the "Ridna Shkola", and \$15.00 for the "Invalids" fund.

YOUTH RALLY IN NEW YORK CITY

A fairly representative body of young men and girls, numbering over fifty, met in the Ukrainian National Home in New York City last Friday evening (March 2) and took the first steps leading to the formation of a special youth branch of the Ukrainian National Association. Those present showed their interest in the project by their careful attention, by asking numerous questions concerning the U. N. A., and by taking home with them applications to join it.

The rally was conducted by Joseph M. Uhorchak, who introduced Dr. L. Myshuha, chief editor of the "Svoboda", Stephen Shumeyko, editor of its supplement—the "U. W.", Mr. D. Halychyn, chief recording secretary of the U. N. A., and Mr. I. Huzar, director of the U. N. A.

Another such youth rally will be held in about a week or so. All young people are cordially invited. Watch for further notice.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

(5)

Another type of ritualistic folk-songs is the harvest songs: songs of thankfulness sung during the gathering of ripened crops, particularly grain. The custom of singing these songs dates into antiquity, and is still followed in Ukraine today.

When the last of the crops have been gathered, the peasants take up their farming utensils and start trudging home, weary from the day of hard, back-breaking labor. And yet, although tired physically, they are in high spirits, for the harvesting is over at last. And, as they tramp along the dusty road, they sing various songs of thankfulness for the harvest. A few of them weave a wreath out of stalks of wheat, which still bear the ears, and place this wreath on the head of the most beautiful girl among them. She then, precedes to lead the procession. The sun is already setting when they, singing, laughing, and capering around, reach the home of the farmer whose crops they helped to harvest. Opening the gate they enter the courtyard, and gathering around his front door they sing the following song (or one similar to it):

Вийди, вийди, господарю, против нас,
Несем тобі вінчика в божий час.
Ой не гордуй, наш паночку, не гордуй,
За вінчика червінчика наготу!...

The farmer comes out. The girl with the wreath takes it off her head and gives it to him, wishing him at the same time the following:

Принесли ми полон з усіх сторін.
Дав Пан Біг пожвйти,
Дай, Боже, повозити
З польи до обори,
З обори до стодали,
З стодали до комори,
З комори на ниву
В шасливу годину!

The farmer, after thanking them all for their help in gathering his crops and for their well-wishes, invites them to partake of his hospitality, bidding them to take their places at the already set tables in the orchard. He steps inside for a moment and hangs the wreath on the wall alongside the other wreaths from the harvest of previous years, all bearing underneath them the year marked in crayon. Meanwhile, the guests have started to eat, and after satisfying their ravenous appetites, begotten from heavy toil in the open air, they sing, play, and dance to instrumental music until very late into the night.

2. Folk songs drawn from family and home life.

Under this heading are included those songs which are associated with baptism, cradle days,

weddings, funerals, songs revolving about the orphan theme, etc.

The typical Ukrainian cradle songs usually express the great love the mother bears for her child and the worry she undergoes concerning what will happen to her child when it grows up. For example, here is a typical cradle song:

Ой, син дитя, без повиття,
Поки мати з поля прийде,
Та принесе три квіточки.
Одна буде дрімлява,
Друга буде сонливая,
Третя буде шасливая... і т. д.

And here is another one which is well known among our people:

Ой, ходить сон коло вікон,
А дрімота коло плота.
Питається сон дрімоти:
Де будемо ночувати?
Де хатинка тепленька,
Де дитинка маленька...

Although the burial of a person gives rise to many customs and rituals, yet, among our Ukrainian people songs associated with funerals are comparatively few in number, and even the singing of these few is not prevalent in all parts of Ukraine.

Most of our mourning songs are drawn from half-mythological and half-Christian sources. They usually liken the deceased person to the sun or the moon; while death is likened to the setting sun behind the hills or forest, or to a raven, a witch, or even a snake.

Memorial services for the dead are held on so-called "tretyni", "desyatyni", and "sorochyni" (meaning the third, tenth and fortieth day after death), as well as on the "provoda" (first Sunday

after Easter), or on the "rusalany" day (the Saturday before Palm Sunday—see note about Palm Sunday in previous issue's article).

It was a popular belief among our people that the deceased went to the next world in the same state of condition as when he died. And therefore, in Shevchenko's "Hamalia" (that stirring Cossack poem put into equally stirring music for the men's chorus by Ivan Bilikovsky) there appears the following passage, wherein the Cossacks plead to God not to permit them—

„на суд праведний прийти, в залах руки принести й перед всіми статъ в кайданах“.

In some sections of Ukraine the custom of wailing over the dead remains until today. An example of such a wailing or mourning song is the Lament of Yaroslava in that famous Song of Ihor's Campaign, which dates back to the Ukrainian Kingdom of Kiev during the Middle Ages. It runs as follows:

Плач Ярославни.

(Уривок, переспів Панааса Мирного).

Ой то не сива зозуленька закувала,
Не дрібні пташки зашебетали,
То Ярославна, рано до сніда сонця,
Слізно ридала,
Словами промовляла:
„Ой полечу — каже — я зозулюю,
Та помчуся по синім Дунаю,
Сяду-впаду край річки Каяли,
Змочу свої боброві рукави,
Та обігру князени криваві
На хоробрім його тілі рані!
Вітре, — — буяне вітрило,
Чи то тобі мої слози милі?
На щож віеш, віеш-завіваєш,
На що ханові стріли хапаєш,
На легкому крилі підймаєш,
В військото мого князя пускаєш? і т. д.

(To be continued)

SAHAYDATCHNY

Retold from an old Ukrainian story by S. S.

(14)

14. Homeward bound

The Cossack sea raids on Kaffa, Synop and lesser Turkish towns in Crimea, Asia Minor and Anatolia had their intended effect. Besides gaining vast quantities of rich spoils, capturing many Turkish galleys, and freeing thousands of Ukrainian captives—the success and fury of the raids terrorized the Turks to such an extent that it would be long before they would venture to enter the domains of the Ukrainian Cossacks.

The time had now arrived, however, when the Cossacks, surfeited with fighting and spoils, had to think of getting back home again. But the contemplated trip homeward was not as easy as it appeared, for lying across their path, at the mouth of the Dnieper were the two Turkish fortresses: Ochakiv and Kizirkemenya. The task of breaking through the cordon of these forts, particularly Ochakiv, was much more difficult and hazardous for the Cossacks than it was when they descended the river, for then the Turks were not expecting them; but now news of their exploits had travelled far and wide, and it did not require much reasoning to perceive that the Turks, forewarned and therefore fore-armed, would be waiting for them with open arms: and how open, can be easily surmised. And to make the problem of getting past worse, was the disquieting news reported by scouts that a fleet of Turkish galleys had massed itself in front of Ochakiv, awaiting the Cossacks' return.

All of these things worried Sahaydatchny, and he cudged his mind for some way of leading his Cossacks safely past the danger and back to their native Ukraina.

Finally he hit upon a scheme: one which seemed to have some probability of success attached to it.

At the entrance of the Dnieper

liman delta, north of the Tendra Island, and running more or less parallel with it, is a long tongue of land extending directly westward, known as Kinburu. In those days it was known as "Prohnoyem". Directly opposite its point, on the right bank of the Dnieper, stood Ochakiv.

Sahaydatchny's plan was to rest awhile at the Tendra Island below, cross the narrow, shallow inlet, and then drag his "chayke" overland across the Kinburu peninsula. In this manner they would find themselves on the Dnieper, about a mile or two above Ochakiv.

But because the captured Turkish galleys, loaded with booty and freed Ukrainian captives, were too heavy to be dragged over the sands of Kinburu, and because Sahaydatchny was loath to abandon them, there was no other alternative than to sail them directly up the river's mouth and force their passage through the Turkish cordon. This task was entrusted to Nebaba, and a large detachment of Cossacks was put under his command. The attempted passage was not to be made, however, until after the portage of Sahaydatchny's fleet across Kinburu had been completed, so that when Nebaba attacked from below Sahaydatchny could swoop down during the attack upon the Turkish rear and deal them a paralyzing blow.

And so it came to pass. Sahaydak's force reached Kinburu peninsula, and as soon as darkness descended upon the earth, they began to drag the "chayke" across the narrow neck of land with all possible speed. This work had to be done very carefully, so as not to alarm the Turks.

Everyone worked: Cossacks, captives, and even the "starshyna" (Cossack officers); for the portage had to be completed dur-

ing the night. As usual, "mighty" Khoma put all to shame by pulling single-handed a "chayka" over the sands, as if it was some light sleigh drawn over snow. The work, despite its extreme difficulties, proceeded rapidly, and dawn was still distant when the last "chayka" had been dragged across the sands of Kinburu, and launched into the Dnieper.

Sahaydatchny gave the order for the Cossacks to man the boats and await for the sound of firing from down the river. This would be a signal for them that Nebaba had begun his passage.

It was still pitch dark, with a low haze settling over the marshy lands of the Dnieper delta. Absolute quiet prevailed, unbroken save for the howl of some distant hound, and the occasional quacking of a startled duck awakened from its light slumber.

Minute passed after minute. Sahaydatchny began to grow restless. Where was Nebaba? For, if the attack was not made before dawn, while the Turks were sleeping, the chances of success in breaking through were practically nil. And still no sound of Nebaba. Already, far out in the distant horizon a faint glimmer of light appeared, heralding the coming of dawn.

Suddenly a dull booming sound was heard. Its echo rolled and roared across the sea and land. 'Then another! And another!

'Nebaba!' flashed across everyone's mind.

'Forward, my Cossacks, with God!' roared Sahaydatchny.

Like a flock of startled birds the Cossack "chayke" sped down the river to the succor of their brother Cossacks under Nebaba.

And there, by Ochakiv, a terrible carnage was taking a deadly toll of Turkish and Cossack lives. It was mostly a hand-to-hand fighting, because the forts, after firing several salvos had to stop firing for fear of mowing down their own men together with the Cossacks in that darkness-en-shrouded maelstrom of struggling

men. Nebaba's men had stealthily stolen right up opposite the walls of Ochakiv and alongside the Turkish galleys before their presence was discovered. And in this manner they had made themselves immune from cannon fire from the fort.

In a few minutes Sahaydatchny's reinforcements arrived. With wild whoops they threw themselves into the fighting. The first intimation the Turks received of this help was a sudden devastating volley of musketry-fire from the rear. Panic followed. The Turks finding themselves attacked in the front and rear by forces whose numbers seemed gigantic in the darkness began to give way before the fury of the Cossack attack. The two Cossack forces worked in cohesion, for by pre-arrangement Nebaba's boats bore lighted lanterns in their bows, thus identifying themselves to Sahaydatchny's force.

Fighting their way viciously, and aided greatly by the reinforcements, Nebaba's Cossacks steadily advanced up the river. Already a number of "chayke" had broken through the Turkish lines and were swiftly rowing upstream, protected from pursuit by Sahaydatchny's Cossacks.

The fort's garrison, seeing this, began to direct a hot fire after them; but in the darkness good aim was impossible and the cannon balls splashed harmlessly into the water.

One by one the Cossack craft broke through the demoralized Turkish lines and fled up the river. By this time there was no need of fleeing, for the Turks were in no position to give pursuit. Already many of their craft began to retreat down to the open sea, for fear that the Cossacks would capture them. Many of them had run aground during the fighting, but the Cossacks had no mind to pursue them. They were entirely satisfied in having successfully negotiated the dangerous passage.

(To be continued)

SHEVCHENKO AS ETCHER AND PAINTER

(Concluded)

III.

The success of the publication "Picturesque Ukraine" must have been great, as Shevchenko was soon recommended for the position of the etcher of the Archaeologic Commission, which was organized in Kiev with the purpose of preserving archaeological monuments of Ukraine. Shevchenko left St. Petersburg and came to Ukraine. He travelled in the provinces of Kiev and Poltava, drawing many historic monuments in that region, such as the Monastery of the Exaltation of the Cross, in Poltava, the house of Ivan Kotlyarevsky, in Poltava, and the Monastery of Hustyn.

Having completed this work successfully, he was made the permanent collaborator of the Commission for drawing historic monuments, with a yearly salary of 150 rubles. In this character he visited, in 1846, the province of Chernyiv, and brought from there such drawings as those of the palace of Hetman Mazeppa in Baturyn. He travelled then again in the provinces of Kiev, Podolia and Volhynia, where he drew such monuments as the ruins of the palace of Hetman Khmelnytsky, Khmelnytsky's church at Subotiv, and the like.

The study of Ukrainian archaeology began to fascinate Shevchenko. He devoted to it a great deal of time and labor. He learnt the country, and painted many portraits and landscapes. He dreamt of becoming the teacher of painting at the University of Kiev, the capital of his beloved Ukraine. Before that, however, he wanted to complete his artistic education, and his friends again conceived a plan to help him in this: Miss O. Bilozerska, a Ukrainian patriot, who later became known as a writer under the pen name of Hanna Barvinok, planned to send him abroad, to Italy, with the money she was to receive as her dowry at the occasion of her marriage. The bridegroom, Panteleymon Kulish, another Ukrainian publicist, consented to the plan to use for this purpose her dowry of 3,000 rubles and her family diamonds; and the only obstacle was Shevchenko's reticence to use for his personal purpose the money belonging to others. To convince him to take the money, the bridegroom was to speak to Shevchenko about the organization of an academy of arts in the Ukrainian capital and of the necessity of preparing Shevchenko for that post by a trip abroad.

While the negotiations were going on, when Shevchenko's unwillingness was gradually weakening, Shevchenko himself and most of his benefactors were arrested as members of a secret revolutionary organization which plotted to make all the Slavic races free and equal in a great Slavic federation. Eventually, Shevchenko, the artist, was condemned to serve as a private in a disciplinary battalion, and the charge was for writing "rebellious and rude verses". Thus, in 1847, Shevchenko again lost his freedom.

The verdict against Shevchenko, was annotated by the Russian emperor Nicholas I. with an injunction to prevent Shevchenko from writing and drawing.

This injunction Shevchenko felt the most poignantly. "By prohibiting me to paint," he wrote in his memoirs, "they took away from me the noblest portion of my life."

Only after many intercessions of his superior officers, who saw the painter's suffering, was he permitted to paint, in the hours

free from the usual soldier routine. Later he took part in the expedition of Captain Butakov to the Sea of Aral and drew the shores of the Sea. When this work brought him in contact with enlightened people, a report was sent to the tsar that Shevchenko went about in civilian clothes, wrote verses and painted portraits, and, Shevchenko's protector, out of fear for his career, turned Shevchenko's persecutor, and having made a raid upon Shevchenko's quarters, and having discovered nothing but painter's utensils, sent him to the fortress of Orsk. When Shevchenko's case was presented to the tsar, the tsar ordered strong proceedings against all those officers who neglected to prevent "the criminal" Shevchenko from writing and painting.

Shevchenko was placed under a special supervision. A spy was always about him, watching lest he should come in the possession of a pencil or of sheet of paper. Never was he so miserable.

With the death of tsar Nicholas I, Shevchenko's friends started efforts to free him from the disciplinary service. Only two months after the general amnesty was given by the tsar, at the occasion of his coronation, 1855, dared the vice-president of Academy of Arts to present the request for an amnesty for Shevchenko. In April the amnesty was signed, but Shevchenko was kept in the army four more months.

As he thought of his future career in those months preceding his final release, Shevchenko wrote, "Of painting I can hardly think. To think of this would be equal to expecting to find pears on a willow... Even if I had been the best of artists, ten years of inactivity would have made me into a tavern virtuoso." He saw as his only career that of an etcher. He will draw the etchings of famous paintings for two years, and then pass over to the original drawings of landscapes of his beloved Ukraine.

With such decision, he returned to St. Petersburg. Before he undertook the work in the "cloudy galleries", an original conception intervened, of a series of drawings illustrating the Parable of the Prodigal Son." Eight drawings were completed, conceived in the literary style once popular in England in the days of William Hogarth.

He gave in his drawings didactic comedies and dramas in order to arouse the people from emotional lethargy. Each of the drawings contained a lesson, the victory of virtue and the punishment of vice. We see the prodigal son play cards in a tavern, then drink, and carouse. Still later he sits at a cemetery, perhaps, on his father's grave. Then he associates with robbers, and is taken prisoner. He is pressed into the disciplinary battalion. And finally, the Gauntlet, the terrible punishment of the victim running between two rows of soldiers armed with sticks. Shevchenko chose the moment when the victim bares his shoulders, standing before the two live rows who are to take into their hands those sticks that are now being soaked in the pail of water so that they may adhere better to the bare flesh.

In this picture, we may perhaps find the answer to the question which tormented Shevchenko: why had the tsar forbidden him to draw? Is it possible that the tsar sensed better than the artist himself the artist's power to raise a protest against brutality?

WHY STUDY UKRAINIAN?

I correspond with a great many young Ukrainians from America as well as those from Canada and Europe. By doing so I have found out a very peculiar thing about our Ukrainian language. Naturally, the Ukrainians from the various European countries write in a perfect Ukrainian. Their brothers from Canada and Brazil do the same thing; but we young American-Ukrainians know very little, if none, of the beautiful language of our fathers and mothers.

One of my friends from Philadelphia, Pa. writes me: "Your letter certainly was a pleasant one to read or rather,—have it read to me by my father. You see, my Ukrainian writing and reading is not very good,—I try to make up for it by writing a legible English."

Another friend from Scranton, Pa. complains, that her "brother in law" reads my letters for her, etc. I can show numerous examples in regards to the knowing of the Ukrainian language. It is fortunate enough that some of us have "fathers" and "brothers in law" who can understand Ukrainian, but don't you think we should know the Ukrainian language ourselves? The "Ukrainian Weekly," because of its limited size is certainly insufficient to bring us all the necessary knowledge of the everyday life that concerns all of us, young Ukrainians, so closely. Therefore, we should read our "Svoboda" that comes to us everyday.

Someone may say, that our language is too difficult to learn. It might be—for those only who do not care to know it.

Let me quote for you a few words from the letter of a Ukrainian girl (from Bridgeport, Pa.), who not only learned our language herself, but through her efforts she has taught her friends the Ukrainian language. Here is what she writes (translated from Ukrainian): "I certainly feel exceedingly happy when teaching my friends Ukrainian. I teach them writing and reading." Another time she writes: "On September 10th our 'hromada' had the privilege of seeing and listening to our youth, born in this country. How beautifully they spoke Ukrainian. The parents did not recognize their own children. They did not believe that their 'American' children could play our Ukrainian plays with such a spirit; and yet they were the children who were proud of knowing the Ukrainian language and of being of Ukrainian descent."

This was the last of Shevchenko's "series". He painted yet a few religious pictures, a number of portraits, and some landscapes of Ukraine.

He left behind a rich heritage, rich, when we take into consideration the exigencies of his life so utterly unfavorable for continuous work. His work is far ahead of his times. In his paintings and etchings, he is a true son of his race. He sings Ukraine's present beauty, Her glorious past, and miserable present. He stirs imagination and arouses the people from lethargy to activities, to struggle for a better future. To be sure, in his paintings and drawings he had to use different subject matter than he could in his poems, but in them, too, he remained a man who loves his people and would like to see them happy in their beautiful country, and would welcome their struggle to make this ideal a reality.

E. R.

The other day I was called by the Head of the English Dep't (Dr. H. S. Ficke) to read in the class a Ukrainian poem. I read Shevchenko's, "На вічну пам'ять Котляревському". Needless to say everybody admired our melodious language very much, and my instructor praised me for knowing the language of my ancestors.

II.

So far I tried to speak about our language from our Ukrainian standpoint of view.

Now, I shall quote for you some passages from the American standpoint of view. Professor Gary Cleveland Myers in his article "Respect for the Foreign Backgrounds" printed in the "Journal of Education" of January 1, 1934, says to the American teachers:

"Let us encourage children whose parents can speak a non-English language to acquire their parents' tongue. How fine it would be if all such children could grow up speaking well two languages. Spoil their English? How absurd! Has it spoiled the speech of our beloved President of the United States to have a speaking knowledge of two foreign languages? When we, moreover, listen to foreign scholars speaking English, we are put to shame at our poor English in comparison. On the European continent a person is hardly considered highly educated who cannot speak several languages. And yet, we in America have implicitly decreed that for a child to learn the native language of his parents, be it anything but English, is to be despised. At least the average child of foreign born parentage believes we feel that way about the matter.

"Should we recognize and put widely into practice the foregoing principles, with every teacher consciously endeavoring to make each child of foreign-born parents feel that he and they have a cultural background to be proud of (Who is not proud of our Ukrainian folk songs, our dances, our literature, sculpture—Alexander Archipenko—?) and make him want to master his parents' tongue, and share his family's traditions with his comrades who had learned to appreciate them? How much finer personalities we then might develop, how much better American citizens."

My friends, read that magazine. There is much more written about the subject of knowing several languages. Read other sources on that subject and study your Ukrainian. If your parents speak to you in English—make them speak in Ukrainian. Read your Ukrainian books. Read "Svoboda." Write letters in Ukrainian. If you can spare \$2.00 subscribe to the "Ridna Mova." The editor of "R. M." is one of the greatest Ukrainian linguists, Dr. Ivan Ohijenko, ul. Stalowa No. 25, m. 10, Warszawa, Poland. You will enjoy our Ukrainian language!

Let me close by quoting from the "American Eclectic" of March 1841 on Ukrainian language:

"Those only who understand the language of the people of Ukraine can appreciate the richness of its grammatical construction and the most countless and delicate gradations of meaning, of which the same word is made susceptible by a slight change in the termination. The sonorous strains of these songs can perhaps best be conceived of by imagining the ancient Greek combined with the modern Italian."

THEODORE LUCIW,
University of Dubuque,
Dubuque, Iowa

PREJUDICE—ITS MERITS

Today, there is no better way to utilize idle time than by re-reading and restudying past copies of the "Ukrainian Weekly". Issue No. 10, Vol. I, revealed among its contents an interesting article, "Cleansing the House of Mind" by Mary Kusy. Enjoying opinions of contrasting nature to those of the authoress, I offer this belated refutation.

Miss Kusy's communication extolls us to rid ourselves of childish prejudices concerning religions, races, and political parties; as they prevent clear, logical, and unbiased view of political and social facts. But this admonition, perhaps, is warranted only in respect to religions and political parties. There is no danger of prejudice being eradicated in these cases. However, prejudice in relation to race is prevalent among our people. That they are imbued with this feeling is justifiable and should be encouraged. Those opposed to our liberation in Europe are subject to prejudice—the Poles and the Soviets—and it can only disappear when the map of Europe has been metamorphosed with Ukraine assuming its rightful position among the brotherhood of nations. One errs in advocating the cleansing of our minds of prejudice at the present.

It is impossible for our Ukrainian leaders to play upon our sentiments and mold opinions without leaving us a prejudiced mass. We naturally must be prejudiced because of the injuries inflicted upon our people without any prejudice on the part of our enemies. The rights of any human being—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—have been hideously abused and refused to the Ukrainian citizen in Poland and the Soviet Union. Would the authoress justify the conditions existing today in Soviet Ukraine and Western Ukraine, and yet at the same time implore our people to forget prejudice. No!

The authoress, Miss Kusy, wrote:—"The Nazis are giving an ugly demonstration of what race prejudice may do to a people." What was the ugly result? The Nazis have reunited Germany through a bloodless revolution, crushed Communism and asked for equality among the nations. Yet "ugly" is the word chosen to describe this great achievement of today. Prejudice without a doubt is one of the greatest contributing factors to Nazism. The Ukrainian nationalist movement would be severely crippled as would Nazism without prejudice. Who can afford to preach the gospel of brotherhood toward the Poles and the Soviets—the cause of the slavery of the Ukrainian population in Europe. The following excerpt proves and further enhances the guilt of Poland.

"The Poles, who have been in the past the most vociferous of all the exponents of the rights of nationality, have, since their own independence, outraged the principle more brutally, more callously than even our former oppressors did." (Norman Angell in his book "The Unseen Assassins").

Miss Kusy further wrote:—"One scarcely dares to argue for an economic policy on the ground that it will be helpful to foreign peoples. He must first prove that it will be helpful to our country, and if he can do that no questions are asked as to the fate of the foreigners." Here, in a nutshell, is presented the very reason why today Ukraine is refused its independence, because it is an indisputable fact that the acquisition of Western Ukraine by Poland proper has proven valuable—

A MARRIAGE PROBLEM

This article may start a controversy, but I am merely stating my opinion on something which happens quite often. It seems that a number of Ukrainian girls, especially those born here, are marrying men of nationalities other than that of their own. This seems a great pity, for in time not only does the girl drift away from the Ukrainian movement but her children do as well. Mind you, I'm not saying all, but many of them do.

We all know that as a whole the Ukrainian girls are of a good disposition, industrious and good lookers. They are also normally intelligent; but why do they persist in usually preferring in marriage an Italian, German, a Russian, or even a Pole. Do they not realize they are causing grief and a great loss not only to themselves, their parents, but the Ukrainian nation as well? Furthermore, it is awkward living with one not of your blood. He seems to be a stranger with whom one cannot share ideas and emotions as readily as with one's own kind. For not only does speech and nationality differ; but also temperament, behavior and emotional makeup; characteristics to which you—through your ancestors for thousands of years—have become heir to. These ancestral characteristics cannot be ignored.

The above holds true not only for the Ukrainian girl but the Ukrainian young man as well: the man that marries other than a Ukrainian girl. For in marriage husband and wife should be emotionally well balanced; their attitudes towards religion, morality, education, social life and so on, be the same as much as possible. Marriage should be the intimate union of two beings, a union permitting entire confidence, the sharing of secrets, the mutuality of joys as well as sorrows. Who could better fulfil this order than one of your own kind, for are not both of you branches of the same tree.

But I started in inquiring why do Ukrainian girls marry foreigners? Does the reason of this mismatching lie in the fact that the Ukrainian girl, on finishing High School or some such institute, becomes dissatisfied with the Ukrainian young man, who, upon finishing a grammar school, has to go to work, and thus usually become a common industrial worker. Do these educated girls look for a husband with a similar education as their own, and what's more important, a better position in the business world?

Recently I heard a Ukrainian girl, on being asked why she intended to wed an Italian, reply: "Why shouldn't I? I like him. And in a year the boy friend will graduate law school and become a lawyer, whereas if I married some Uke I'd probably have to go to work, to make ends meet."

In this crux of the whole matter?

A. L.

used I reveal the fate of the "foreigners", the Ukrainians. The Soviet Union could be retarded greatly in its progress and relegated to a small European power, if only Ukraine could be liberated. Thus the countries of Poland and the Soviet Union have been exalted—succored by Ukrainian blood and toil—and yet justified by an economic principle. Who is not aware of the foul injustice and yet can claim non-prejudice toward the above racial groups?

It must be evident that prejudice must remain with us, likened to an everlasting zephyr keeping the burning embers of Ukrainian nationalism glowing. It can't leave us.

TIMOFEI KOZAK.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AN APPEAL TO THE YOUTH OF BUFFALO

How many of you have ever stopped and wished that you could do something for the Ukrainian people. Or said, "why aren't we organized?" Well! we can do something, and we can get organized if we really want to. Most of our parents and we ourselves belong to the Ukrainian National Association. Our parents hold regular meetings; while we are idly doing nothing.

We could hold our own meetings, have our own officers, and carry on our meetings like the others do. After once organized we would hold dances, give plays, concerts and do many other things. We could find greater interest in such unified work, accomplish much more than by just idling along. Others would appreciate our work and would join us. I think you will all agree with me that this would be interesting and helpful for us all. Only by working together, can we get better acquainted and really enjoy ourselves.

Please talk to your friends and parents, and see if we can get together soon. I would be glad to hear from any boy or girl in Buffalo, or you can write to the "Ukrainian Weekly" about this problem of uniting our young people in Buffalo.

Sincerely,

TILLIE KACZOR,

Boston, N. Y.

THE SPORT WHIRL

TENNIS ENTREES FOR CHICAGO AND VICINITY

Spring is in the air, and it won't be long before all tennis fans will be limbering up for another season of good play. What excitement and pleasure would ensue if we, Ukrainians, have various teams which could compete, one with another. It does sound interesting, does it not?

For this express purpose, the Chicago group of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America is anxiously and with utmost expectancy holding a general drive to get names of tennis players and also would-be tennis players residing in Chicago and vicinity. We have quite a number of names now on file, but are holding it open for as many more as may be interested.

Therefore, all you Ukrainian tennis players take heed! Send in your name to your organization's representative or delegate to the League.

Players will receive pins, and winners—cups. Isn't that a incentive for all "sporty" Ukrainians?

Chicago Group, Ukrainian Youth's League of North America,
KATHLEEN ZUBINSKY, Sec.

COURT VICTORY FOR CHICAGO CLUB

The St. Mary's Ukrainian A. C. of Chicago, Ill. have made a name on the Chicago courts for themselves during the past season by winning all games with the exception of one.

EDWARD BERK,
JOHN SWIADANKO,
Coach.

BINGHAMTON BEATS AUBURN

The Binghamton Ukes Jrs. beat the Auburn Ukes by the score of 21 to 20. This was one of the best games of the season. The Binghamtons were leading in every period except the last. The score was 20 to 20 in the last period and 15 seconds to play when Nacak made the foul and won the game by one point. There was a crowd at the Wesley Hall where they played and after the game the players went to the Ukrainian Hall and had refreshments.

STEVE SADOWITZ,
43 Downs Avenue,
Binghamton, N. Y.

UKRAINIAN AFFAIRS IN AMERICAN PRESS

AMERUKS HELD PARTY

On Sunday, March 4, 1934, the Ameruks Club held a Card Party in their club rooms, 262 Avenue A, New York, N. Y. A great number of friends attended the party and made it a real success. Prizes were given and refreshments were served. The latter part of the evening was devoted to entertainment and social dancing. All the friends who attended enjoyed themselves immensely.

Yours truly,

JOHN W. P. SLOBADIN, Pres.,
ANN J. ZACHARKOW, Sect.

ELIZABETH, N. J. ELECTIONS

The Ukrainian Social Club of Elizabeth, N. J. held its first annual meeting on Thursday evening, February 22, at which time the following officers were elected for the year 1934: Pres.—Harry Kardash, Vice-Pres.—Edward Zack, Recording Sec.—Peter Hondonicz, Financial Sec.—Katherine Furtas, Treas.—Steven Adick, Sergeant-at-Arms—John Kinashchuk, and Athletic Manager—Michael Kobryn.

Upon commencement of the second year, the club members, who are proud of their past success, sincerely pledge to uphold further that same spirit of unity and cooperation with which Mr. Nicholas Horin, the former president, and others helped to keep hitherto. Much credit must especially be given to the club's official advisor—Mr. Walter Bukata, through whose efforts and talents the activities of the club have been so unusually advanced during the comparatively brief period of four months. Under Mr. Bukata's thoughtful guidance, the Glee Club has successfully participated at several public appearances; the orchestra has been progressing rapidly; and all athletic games very much encouraged.

Our members are certain that the spirit which has actuated the club to date will undoubtedly raise the club to greater heights than ever before, and help it to make its contribution to our great ideal—freedom for Ukraine.

Respectfully yours,
PETER HONDONICZ, Sec.

THE YUN OF PHILADELPHIA

Last Sunday, March 4th, 1934, the meeting of the Young Ukrainian Nationalists was held at the Ukrainian Hall, 847 N. Franklin Street, Philadelphia, Pa., in connection with the older organization "O.D.W.U." Matters of grave importance concerning these organizations were discussed, with Mr. Swystun acting as chairman.

The YUN in conjunction with ODWU in going to commemorate the memory of Taras Shevchenko, Sunday, March 25, 1934, by presenting a play in which most of the members will participate. In order to begin the Military Instructions the members of this organization are going to hold a "raffle" in the near future, in order to secure sufficient funds to equip themselves with military uniforms.

A fine response in "sport material" enabled us to select a committee for boxing, wrestling, and track. The boxing and wrestling committees are headed by Andrew Ptashynsky and Michael Kwasiński; while Michael Kowalchuk heads the track committee. We are contemplating on putting out strong teams in all sports so that we will be able to compete with other organizations of our type from distant cities.

Therefore, on Saturday, March 10, 1934, the YUN will meet at the Ukrainian Hall, 847 N. Franklin Street at 1.00 P. M. in order to begin practice in all sports. We urge and welcome all those interested in any sport to please be present at this practice, especially those interested and experienced in boxing and wrestling.

MICHAEL KWASINSKY

(Continued in the "Svoboda")