



## NEW YORK YOUTH OF THE U. N. A.

A New York Youth's Branch of the Ukrainian National Association has finally become a reality. After two months of planning, with many preliminary meetings, a group convened last Friday at a temporary local at 30 East 7th Street, drew up a resolution, petitioning the Supreme Assembly of the U. N. A. to grant a charter, branch number and seal, and forwarded the resolution to Mr. Halychyn, Supreme Recording Secretary of the U. N. A.

Mr. Nicholas Hawrylko, prominent young Ukrainian attorney of New York was chosen President by a majority vote. Mr. Joseph M. Uhorchak, and Miss Anna A. Troskey were unanimously chosen secretary and treasurer, respectively. Mr. Halychyn officiated at the election.

The third Friday of every month will be devoted to a business meeting, and the first Friday of every month to an informal social. Everyone, whether a member of the U. N. A. or not is cordially invited to the next social on Friday evening, March 30, at 30 East 7th Street N. Y. C.

## RETURNS FROM STAY IN UKRAINE, ASSAILS SOVIETS

Members of organizations in both the United States and Canada which favor a soviet system of government for these countries should be shot, declared Konstantyn Kramarenko, 38 years old, a native of Ukraine, who returned to Fort Erie, Ont., from Buffalo yesterday after four years in Soviet Russia.

A native of the Ukraine, he left Brantford, Ont., in 1930 to trace his family in Russia after living in Canada nineteen years. When he went to his native village in Ukraine he learned all his relatives were dead except his mother, 72 years old, who had been exiled to a bush camp in Siberia. Pretending to be an ardent supporter of the Soviet, he was finally given a pass to go to Siberia to see his mother.

He found her emaciated and suffering, privation, but forced to cut lumber in the bush camp. Despite his good standing in Soviet circles, he was permitted to see her only one hour and had to be careful not to show any filial affection, for such sentiments, he said, are frowned upon by the Soviets. He fled from Russia after many daring escapes from the powerful Soviet secret police, the OGPU. Even yesterday he feared to identify himself, saying his mother might suffer for his condemnation of the Bolshevik regime because spies for the government are here also, he said.

He declared the great mass of Russian are living under worse conditions now than in the days of Ivan the Terrible and they would welcome a foreign invasion to escape from their present plight.

(Buffalo Courier Express, March 19, 1934).

## UKRAINIANS IN THE FAR EAST

The world's press for the past few years has been filled with despatches and special articles concerning that section of the earth's globe popularly known as the Far East. Despite this fact, our general conception of the Far East has usually been limited to that of some vague territory lying somewhere in Eastern Asia, particularly along the Pacific coast.

Occasionally, however, our complacent conception of the Far East and its significance to the rest of the world receives a most disquieting jolt, particularly so when our shell of indifference to anything outside the orbit of America and Europe becomes pierced, in some manner or other, by the astonishing knowledge that the Far East is an immense territory of great natural resources, staggering populations, and of a size sufficiently large enough to lose within its limitless expanse many a European country without leaving hardly a trace of it.

Rather taken aback by our ignorance we make haste to dust off the long forgotten Atlas and turn its pages to the map and statistics of Asia. We gaze in wonderment... and owlishly nod our heads that indeed the Far East is a very large and important section of the earth.

If, by this time our natural curiosity has overcome our equally natural... or, "conservatism" towards anything which might disturb our long-settled convictions, we hurry to the Public Library and there, to our unutterable amazement, we find shelves upon shelves of books, periodicals and reports on the "Far Eastern Question". Then, and only then, do we begin to dimly perceive that this great land known as the Far East, the land which has been the cause of more international intrigues and wars than is generally supposed, and upon which the intense attention of the world is focused at the present time—bids fair to have a most profound effect upon the future history of the world.

Our astonishment at all this, however, pales into insignificance when some kindly old soul, taking pity on our blissful ignorance, informs us that there are Ukrainian people living in the Far East, and imagine—not a few either, but great numbers of them!

We learn with growing amazement that according to the official Soviet statistics (which certainly cannot be accused of favoring our people) that out of the one million and quarter total population of the Soviet Far Eastern Region (which is but a part of the Far East) 750,000 are Ukrainians. The majority of this population is located in a more or less compact territory running on an imaginary line between Blagoveschensk to Vladivostok. Other Ukrainian settlements are to the north of the Amur River, some around Lake Baikal in the interior and along the southern borders of what constitutes Siberia. The Ukrainian population is predominantly rural in character, and some of the Ukrainian villages there even bear typical Ukrainian names such as Chernihiv.

We further learn that there is an extensive Ukrainian colony in Harbin, Manchoukuo—the Japanese protectorate about which we have been reading so much within recent times in the American press. There, in Harbin, the Ukrainians have their own newspaper, "The Manchurian Herald," and a Ukrainian National Home around which revolves the Ukrainian life.

The present tense situation in the Far East, resulting from the strong rivalry between Soviet Russia and Japan to establish their spheres of influence, has brought about a change for the better for Ukrainians living therein. Both countries realize that in event of conflict between them the Ukrainian population therein may prove to be an important factor.

The Ukrainians of the Far East had to a degree organized themselves and made contacts with their mother country at the close of the World War, but with the coming of the Bolsheviks into power the gains were wiped out. Recent times, however, have seen the revival of the Ukrainian movement there, and today this movement is growing by leaps and bounds. And the Soviets fear to place any great obstructions in the way of this movement for fear of having Ukrainian revolts on their hands during the probable conflict between the Soviets and Japan.

In all fairness to Japan we must emphasize that Japan has treated the Ukrainians within its territories quite well; and has placed no hindrances to the development of the Ukrainian movement within the realms of its influence. As a result, Harbin has become the center of the Ukrainian movement in the Far East. According to the despatches received by us from Harbin, great numbers of Ukrainian refugees from the Soviet Far-Eastern Maritime provinces are coming into Manchoukuo, in order to escape the Bolshevik persecutions and cruelty.

Briefly, such is the situation of the Ukrainian people in the Far East. In conclusion we wish to add the welcome news that our doings here in America are followed with great interest by our kinsmen in that far-away part of the globe. And on our part it is indeed a pleasure to know that they, separated from their native homeland by vast distances, living in a rigorous climate amidst strange races, have not forgotten their mother Ukraine; but on the contrary are striving their best, in spite of all obstacles placed in their way by the Bolsheviks, to help realize a dream common to all Ukrainians throughout the world—the creation of an independent state of Ukraine.

## A GREAT MEDICAL FIND BY A UKRAINIAN

Prof. Melnyk of the Ukrainian Bacteriological Institute of Kharkiv, Ukraine after years of exhaustive research, finally evolved an anti-toxin against spotted typhus. Experiments have shown that this anti-toxin has positive results, and that it can also be used successfully against diphtheria.

This find has been hailed by many scientists as the greatest medical discovery of modern times. It is predicted that it will revolutionize the battle against the dreaded typhus.

## UKRAINIAN PROGRAM AT COLUMBIA

The Ukrainian National Women's League concluded its Ukrainian Exhibit at the Teacher's College, Columbia University, last Sunday evening with a special program designed to acquaint the American guests with certain phases of Ukrainian life and art. The program was held in one of the reception rooms of the College, and attended by members of the faculty, a large gathering of graduate teachers, students, and some American-Ukrainians, particularly of the younger generation.

The program was opened by Mrs. H. D. Lototzky, President of the League who acted throughout the entire evening as a sort of a master-of-ceremonies, explaining Ukrainian customs and costumes, and illustrating the latter with Ukrainian girls acting as models.

A talk on Ukraine was given by Mr. Fred Arnold, a student of Columbia. Mrs. Hrebynetska accompanying herself on the piano, sang several well chosen selections, and Mr. P. Ordynsky sang several stirring pieces to the piano accompaniment of Mrs. M. Shumeyko. Then followed a presentation of finely-executed Ukrainian dances by members of the Avramenko's School of Ukrainian Dances.

The American guests were visibly impressed by the Ukrainian program and besides warmly applauding all offerings showed their interest still further by asking numerous questions regarding Ukraine and its customs.

## UKRAINIANS TAKE PART IN FUNERAL OF BELGIAN MONARCH

News from Belgium informs us that, taking part in the funeral procession of the recently deceased Belgian monarch, Albert I was a Ukrainian delegation consisting of Engineer D. Andrievsky, M. Hraba, and a student W. Dushneky who carried a large Ukrainian banner. The delegation marched between the Italian and American delegations.

## NOTICE

The Ukrainian Youth's League of North America essay contest on "What particular aspects or phases of Ukrainian life attract me most" ends around April 2nd. There is still time send your essay in and win a valuable prize. So do it now! (Contest details in previous issues of the "U. W.").

## A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

Another type of the Ukrainian folk-songs is the "burlaky" songs. "Burlak" (singular) is a Ukrainian word denoting a vagabond, one who wanders from place to place without a fixed habitation. There is a distinction, however, between the two terms, for whereas a vagabond is usually associated with a worthless type of fellow, the term "burlak" is more akin to a person of higher type, one who through some misfortune or other has lost his home, family and friends, and who, as a consequence, wanders through the countryside. Many songs have arisen around this type of character. Usually they tell of his sorrowful fate:

Нема в світі гірш нікому,  
Як бурлак молодому.  
Лег ти, бурлак, забарився,  
На вечерю припінився?  
— Он не був я на охоті,  
Іно був я на роботі... і т. д.

Still another popular type of class folk-songs are the warrior or soldier songs. They are usually based on the hard life a soldier has to lead. Here is one:

Чорна рілля заорана  
І кудями засіяна,  
Білим тілом зволочена  
І кров'ю сполочена.  
Лемжить вояк на купині,  
Накрив очі китайкою,  
Китайкою червоною.  
Ані трумни, ані ями,  
Ані втіди, ані мамі.  
І нікому задзвонити,  
І нікому затужити.

Many of these soldier songs are but imitations of the more popular Cossack songs. The change is accomplished very easily in many cases, by merely substituting in place of the "Cossack" the word which denotes soldier or warrior—"voyak".

### 4. Lyrical Folk Poetry or Songs

The lyrical folk poetry is the largest division of the Ukrainian folk poetry and songs. Speaking generally it is the product of the Ukrainian womanhood. The predominant theme of this type of folk songs is love, together with all of its many ramifications and implications, as flirtation, courtship, marriage, and the like. Many of these songs deal with the lighter vein of love, while others devote themselves to exposition of cases of unfortunate love, of partings, heartbreaks, and sadness. In fact, practically all of the lyrical folk poems and songs are tinged with a feeling of sadness and melancholy, with one major exception—the "kolomeyke"—the dancing songs of the Ukrainian people, particularly of the mountain dwellers.

### 5. Religious-Moral Songs

The religious-moral songs are usually sung by itinerant "lyricists" to the accompaniment of the "lira" (an instrument in the form of a mandolin, producing hurdy-

gurdy music by turning a little handle). The lives of the Saints, the beginning and end of the world, and general religious and moral subjects form the basis of this type of folk songs.

### Пісня про правду і неправду.

Ой сей світ, ой сей світ ведика зрада,  
Що по всьому світу настала неправда!  
Чи ти правдо вмерла, чи ти заклочена,  
Що тая неправда увесь світ зажерла?  
Бо тепер правда стоїть у порога,  
А тая неправда сидить конєць стола;  
Бо тепер правду під носі топтають;  
А тую неправду трукком наповоають;  
Бо тепер правда сидить у темниці,  
А тая неправда з панамі у світлиці;  
Бо тепер правда сльозами вмиває,  
А тая неправда з панамі гуляє.  
Нема в світі правди, тільки рідна мати!  
Ой де-б її могли в світі позискати?  
Ой де-б її могли в вічі увидати,  
Орловими крилами могли-б ми летіти,  
Бо тепер вість конєць приближиться;  
Хоч рідного брата тепер стережись,  
Він з тобою ість, не, а враз бесідує,  
А на серці злість має, неприязнь готує.  
Хто по правді судить, то того карають,  
А хто не по правді, того поважають.  
Ой хто буде правду в світі визначати,  
Зшли йому Господь що день благодати.  
[и!]

### 6. Historical Songs and the "Dumi"

Historical folk-songs among the Ukrainian people are divided into two classes; their general classification being based upon the historical period of their origin: "belyni" and the famous "dumi".

The former class of songs, "belyni", has its source in the Middle Ages, in the days of the Ukrainian Kingdom of Kiev, when Ukraine was one of the leading states of Europe. Folk-songs dealing with the life of that period concern themselves principally with the life of the ruling class

or those days, the kings and queens, princes, nobility, the "bo-yars" and the "druzhina". Small wonder then, that this class was quickly superseded in popular favor among the Ukrainian people by the Cossack "dumi", which arose several centuries later. For whereas the former dealt with the life of the ruling class, the "dumi", on the other hand, dealt with the Cossacks, who were warriors drawn principally from the ordinary, peasant type of the Ukrainian nation. The autocratic form of government was at all times repugnant to the liberty loving Ukrainian people, and therefore the Cossacks with their freedom loving qualities, their feeling of social and political equality with one another, together with their unusual bravery and dash—quickly found great favor among the Ukrainian people. And this favor found its expression in the numberless Cossack "dumi".

These Cossack "dumi" were ordinarily composed immediately after some great event or happening by the "kobzari-banduri". Their main theme is the never ending struggle of the Ukrainian nation with the Turks and Tartars, while running parallel with it is the subsidiary one of the struggle of the Ukrainian people against the ruthless exploitation policy of the Polish and Russian land owning class.

(To be continued)

## SAHAYDATCHNY

Retold from an old Ukrainian story by S. S.

(16)

### 16. On the eve before the battle

Seven years had passed since Sahaydatchny's triumphal return to Kiev, following the series of the victorious Cossack forays on the Turkish coastwise towns and cities. During those seven years Sahaydatchny won undying fame as a great Ukrainian Cossack leader by his exploits in beating back the invasions of the Turks and Tartars.

Naturally enough these Cossack victories became a source of worry and annoyance even for the Sultan himself. Imagine the insolence of the Cossacks in actually threatening, even that great Mohammedan stronghold, Tsarhorod itself! Seeing that his troops and janissaries were incapable of checking the Cossacks, the Sultan threatened the King of Poland that if he would not use his influence (?) over the Ukrainian Cossacks, he would invade Poland and punish her. The Polish king made frantic attempts to comply, but to no avail. Seizing this opportunity of regaining some of the prestige he lost at the hands of the Cossacks the Sultan vented his wrath against the luckless Polish king by inflicting a terrible defeat to the latter's army in 1620. The following year he returned with a great horde and bid fair to repeat his victory of the previous year.

A great fear fell upon Poland. One more defeat like previous one and that would be the end of Poland. In desperation Poland appealed to Sahaydatchny for aid. Sahaydatchny agreed, but only on the condition that Poland would guarantee the liberties of the Cossacks. Poland made haste to make these guarantees, and promptly received the Cossack aid. This aid was in the nick of time. It saved her from extinction; for the Cossacks inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Turks and Tartars at Khotyn. But did

Poland keep her pledges? Certainly not! But that is getting ahead of our story. Let us return to the time when Sahaydatchny took the field against the Sultan's horde.

The Cossack force under Sahaydatchny was encamped not far from Khotyn, while facing it, quite some distance away, was the vengeful Sultan with his tremendous army. Save for a few skirmishes no battle had been fought, as yet; for both sides were trying to ascertain the strength of the opposing force.

It was a pitch dark night. A cold north wind, the "moscal", was blowing, sending chills through the Cossacks huddled around their campfires, and causing still greater discomfort to the sentinels stationed at the outskirts of the Cossack encampment. Far out in the impenetrable darkness could be seen the faintly flickering lights of the Turkish and Tartar hordes' campfires.

Seated around one of the Cossack fires, at one of the outposts of the camp, were a group of our old friends, Karpo, "mighty" Khoma, Nebaba, and Hrytsko. The seven years had hardly wrought any change in them. They were still that courageous, happy-go-lucky band of Cossack warriors. Only Hrytsko seemed to be more mature than we last saw him; the Cossack wars during the seven years had left their imprint upon him, as well as upon his companions, old and experienced campaigners. A warm friendship had sprung up among this group and they always managed to stick together, whether in time of peace or in battle.

The little group was seated around the flickering flames of the campfire, with heavy Cossack "zhupans" thrown over their shoulders to protect them from

the biting wind and munching the hot baked potatoes which were being baked in the coals of the fire. From where they sat could be seen, when the moon peeped out from above the scudding black clouds, the glistening length of the Dniester River.

There was little talk among them. All were lost in their ruminations. Only Hrytsko seemed a trifle restless. Seeing that Khoma was more deeply immersed in thought than the others he was about to jolly him a bit, when suddenly a restraining hand was laid upon his arm. It was Karpo. The latter was gazing intently into the darkness, in direction of the enemy's encampment.

"Hush!"... he whispered, "I thing I saw something white moving over there yonder."

The group stopped eating their potatoes and gazed searchingly to where Karpo pointed.

"What is it?"—someone guardedly asked.

"I can't make it out," replied Karpo. "Here, boys," turning to two Cossack recruits seated in the shadows, "steal quietly to that clump of bushes over there, and if anybody is there, grab him."

Two silent forms sidled out of the circle and vanished in the darkness. The remainder resumed their former relaxed positions, not wishing to alarm the one who was perhaps watching them. Minute passed after minute.

Suddenly a sharp crackling of the bushes was heard, and then a woman's scream pierced the air. "Help, Oh, help!"

The group sprang to their feet, and a few ran to where they could perceive the two Cossacks leading between them a struggling figure dressed in white.

"Don't scare her, boys,"—Karpo cautioned, "but bring her here to the fire so that we could see who she is."

In a moment the white clad figure was led into the dim light of the campfire. Somebody threw a few dry sticks on the fire. The flames flared up, revealing to the

Cossack eyes the comely figure of a young woman, dressed in flowing Turkish garments, even to the extent of a veil over her face. Only a pair of dark, frightened eyes were visible. Her fear, however, seemed to be compounded with a trace of relief upon seeing that she was among Cossacks.

"Who are you?"—asked Karpo in a Turkish dialect.

"I was a Turkish captive girl, and I've just escaped from them," the girl replied in clear Ukrainian, dropping at the same time her veil and disclosing the typical Ukrainian features of a beautiful girl. At that moment, however, her beautiful features were pallor ridden and her lips blue from the cold. It was apparent that it was with great difficulty that she kept her teeth from chattering from the cold.

Just when she was about to add something else, Nebaba, who was staring at her fixedly all the while, suddenly broke in a joyous cry.

"Why!—she's our Hetman's long lost god-daughter—Khvesia!"

And indeed she was Khvesia, she who had disappeared so mysteriously during the burning of Kaffa. Everyone had given up hope for her, even her grief stricken god-father, Sahaydatchny. And now she was back again!

The Cossacks made haste to seat her by the fire so that she would get warm, and while others busied themselves in getting her something to eat Hrytsko solitiously made her comfortable. Taking off his "zhupan" he threw it over her shoulders.

The sight of warm friendly faces around her and the sound of her native tongue completely unnerved the poor girl. Covering her face with her hands she started to weep softly.

At the sight of her tears the Cossacks redoubled their awkward efforts to make her comfortable and warm.

(Concluded on 4th page)

## "WHY ARE WOMEN AS THEY ARE"

She emerges from the shop. She is any woman, and the shop from which she emerges is any shop in any town. She has been shopping. This does not imply that she has been buying or that she has contemplated buying anything, but merely that she has been shopping—a very different pursuit for buying. Buying implies business for the shop; shopping merely implies business for the clerks.

As stated, she emerges and hails a passing street car. Because her heels are so high and her skirts are so snug, she takes about twice the time to climb aboard that a biped in trousers would take. Into the car she comes, teetering and swaying. The car is no more than comfortably filled. True, all the seats at the back where she has entered are occupied; but at the front there still is room for another sittee or two. Does she look about her to ascertain whether there is any space left? I need not pause for reply. I know it already, and so do you. Midway of the aisle length she stops and reaches for a strap. She makes an appealing picture, compounded of blindness, helplessness, and discomfort. She has clinging vine written all over her. She craves to cling, but there is no trellis. So she swings from her strap.

The car bumps along. The conductor, making his rounds reaches her. She knows he is coming; at least she should know it. She might have been getting her fare ready for him. There are a dozen handy spots where she might have had a receptacle built for carrying small change—a pocket, in her skirt, in her sleeve or under her cuff. It would seem that she might have had at least one dependable pocket. But she has none.

The conductor stops, facing her, and meanwhile wearing on his face that air of pained resignation which is common to the faces of conductors on transportation lines that are heavily patronized by women travelers. In mute demand he extends toward her a soiled palm. With hands encased in overtight gloves she fumbles at the catch of a hand bag. Having wrested the hand bag open, she paws about among its myriad and mysterious contents. A card of buttons, samples of cold creams, various sizes of hairpins, shoe horn and other minor articles are disclosed before she disinters her purse from the bottom of her hand bag. Another struggle with the clasp of the purse ensues; finally, one by one, five coppers are fished up out of the depths and presented to the conductor. The lady has made a difficult, complicated rite of what might have been a simple and a swift formality.

The car proceeds upon its course. She sits in her seat, wearing that look of comfortable self-absorption which a woman invariably wears when she is among strangers, and when she feels herself to be well dressed and making a satisfactory public appearance. She comes out of her trance with a start on discovering that the car has passed her corner or is about to pass it. All hurried, she arises and signals the conductor that she is alighting here. From her air and her expression, we may gather that, mentally, she holds him responsible for the fact that she has been carried on beyond her proper destination.

The car having stopped, she makes her way to the rear platform and gets off—gets off the wrong way. That is to say, she

## ABOUT ESSAYS

What is an essay? Who can write essays? Must one have a college education in order to write essays? Questions such as these are asked over and over. Read the following paragraphs, and perhaps you may discover something which you did not know or was not sure about.

The essay is that type of literature in which the author gives in prose his own thoughts on life or any of its phases. There is no particular form which essays must follow. They may deal with subjects drawn from biography, history, personal life, travel, nature, art, criticism. They may be written to entertain, to instruct, or to teach moral or religious truths.

There are usually three important characteristics of the essay:

1. The author is prominent and we see everything through the author's eyes.

2. The essay is in prose.

3. It is always artistic.

They may be classified as follows:

Historical, biographical, personal, imaginative, narrative, didactic, critical, reflective, philosophical, or religious.

The word essay means an attempt. The essay never gives an exhaustive treatment of any subject but as its name implies is an attempt to see only what the author chooses to express.

It was the French writer Montaigne who in 1571 first applied to his prose pieces the term essays.

Twenty-seven years later (1598) Francis Bacon used the term for the first time in English when he applied it to pieces he wrote.

Almost nothing was done to develop the essay until the first part of the 18th century. Then Addison and Steele wrote the *Tattler* and *Spectator* papers. It was not until the first part of the 19th century that the great period of essay writing began.

A college education is not necessary for one who wishes to write essays. Any one can write essays. Surely you may have an idea or ideas on some subject that other people may not have. Write an essay and when people read it they can see your point; that is exactly what you want.

Let's have some competition. The Ukrainian Youth's League of North America is sponsoring an essay contest. Now's your chance. It would be nice to have every one know your thoughts on the subject. The topic is broad; you have your choice. And wouldn't you be proud if you won a prize.

MARY CHERNAK.

gets off with face toward the rear. Thus is achieved a twofold result: She blocks the way of anyone who may be desirous of getting aboard the car as she gets off it, and if the car should start up suddenly, before her feet have touched the earth, or before her grip on the hand rail has been relaxed, she will be flung violently down upon the back of her head.

As the conductor rings the starting bell, he glances toward a man who is riding on the rear platform.

"Kin you beat 'um?"—says the conductor. "I ask you—kin you beat 'um?"

The man to whom he has put the question is a married man. Being in this state of marriage he appreciates that the longer you live with them the less able are you to fathom the workings of their minds with regard to many of the simpler things of life.

"Oh, well, you know how women are!"

We know how women are. But nobody knows why they are as they are.

ANNA MAY HOLODNIAK,  
43 Spruce Street,  
Jersey City, N. J.

## A REPLY TO "A MARRIAGE PROBLEM"

I agree with A. L. in "A Marriage Problem" that marriage within one's own race is most beneficial for the propagation of a pure throughbred stock, but I must rise in defence of those who have married foreigners and yet who are not in the least "mismatched". Marrying a Ukrainian does not necessarily mean that you will be ideally mated; for being of one nationality is not a sufficient argument for assuming that you shall be harmoniously matched. Nevertheless a Ukrainian should first look for a mate among the Ukrainians before marrying into another race; for, besides the natural advantages of such union, we should all be interested in the future welfare of the Ukrainian generations to come and bring up our children as Ukrainian descendants.

Oftentimes an individual, however, in selecting a mate from among his or her own country people is at a loss to find those qualities necessary for a perfect match. In such a case would it not be advisable for that individual to search among other nationalities? For is not marriage a life-long contract where one mistake is an everlasting annoyance and an unbearable burden? Truly we are all branches of one tree—but we can be grafted on to another tree and still continue to flourish, oftentimes producing a much finer offspring due to the stronger characteristics acquired through the new blood. One Ukrainian is as different from another as the latter is from still another; no two individuals are identically balanced in thoughts, behavior, and attitudes.

In regard to awkwardness in loving with a "stranger", there shouldn't be any. One does not select a mate with whom one is not perfectly matched—and perfectly matched should not necessarily mean that attitudes towards various phases of life should be identical. The importance lies in love, emotional understanding and the ability to adopt one's selves to the situations which might arise and cause friction between husband and wife.

I am of the opinion that the reason for some of our young people marrying into other races does not lie in the fact that the educated Ukrainian girl is dissatisfied with the grammar school graduated Ukrainian boy. In fact, I believe that most Ukrainian boys are themselves high school graduates and in some instances they have had the good fortune to attend an institution of higher learning. The reason is, however, one which can be divided into two distinct groups—those who marry foreigners because they have found in them ideal mates, and those who marry them because they are fascinated by the thought of being elevated into fancied higher realms of society. Those of the former groups are most always happy married and a worthy asset to any society; while the latter usually end with their divorce courts and disgrace.

M. B.

### In the Store

**Ivash**—How much are these sticks of candy?

**Storekeeper**—Six for a nickel.

**Ivash**—Aha! six sticks of candy cost five cents, then five will cost 4 cents, four for 3, three for 2, two for one cent, and one is free. Please give me one stick of candy.

## A SHORT STORY

My brother and I were devoted to one another. He, being much older than I, took it upon himself to guard and teach me against the ways of the world. Wherever he went you were sure to find me tagging behind him. And now—now I must find my way for myself, for my brother, Ignatz was his name, has been taken from me.

We were happy together; we would hide in the walls at daylight and at night, when everything was quiet we would crawl out through the hole under the kitchen sink and run into the babies room where we were sure to find bread or cooky crumbs on the floor beside the crib.

After eating, my brother Ignatz decided to play, so we went beneath a bureau and came upon an empty spool. We rolled it back and forth to one another when suddenly the light was switched on. I guess we made too much noise and awoke the housewife. Sh, Shh, Ignatz said, she will go back to sleep. Soon the light was out and we again began to romp and came upon an unfinished carpet on a frame which was made of heavy yarn. Ignatz and I made many trips with the wool from the bedroom to the hole underneath the sink and to our modest room in the wall.

The next morning, I heard the housewife say to her husband, there must be mice in my room, I heard them last night. Later the housewife went into the bedroom to get something and came across a stray piece of yarn. She looked at her carpet and said, I'll get rid of them—spoiling my carpet! I guess she must have been very angry with us for the next night we found a curious round piece of wood with holes drilled around it;—a trap, Ignatz called it. Keep away from it, he warned. I circled and circled the trap and something smelled so good! I sniffed again and again but Ignatz watching me said, it is dangerous to us; we had better leave it alone.

We did not venture from our hole in the wall for a number of days. Ignatz knowing that somebody had a grudge against us and wanted to do us harm—a wise mouse, my brother Ignatz.

One night our hunger was so great that Ignatz decided we must find something to eat; so out from beneath the sink we came. We looked around us, only to find the rooms empty and cold. We went to the baby's room; but that was empty too and no crusts or crumbs on the floor for us. We went from room to room but found nothing to appease our hunger. Finally we came to the pantry, there we found a slab of wood with shiny trimmings on it with a piece of cheese at the tip. Now my brother Ignatz was very fond of cheese and he was known never to share it with any one. I asked him what that board was; and with a greedy look in his eyes he replied that it was another trap and for me not to touch it. I went into the hall and in a corner found a crust of bread and looked about for Ignatz so he could nibble it with me. Not seeing him, I went into the pantry and there I heard a—snap—Ignatz was struggling to get free. I tried to pull him out—but it was too late. He was caught by the neck and as best he could he told me how he could not stand the pangs of hunger, any longer and wanted just a taste of that delicious cheese. And thus it came that I lost my brother; and with his last breath said to me, "Live and Learn."

A. S.  
New Jersey

UKRAINE IN THE 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY

(Continued)

In my previous article I have attempted to outline in as succinct a manner as possible the formation, proclamation, and the struggle for existence of the Western Ukrainian Republic: founded on the Ukrainian lands under the former Austrian-Hungarian Monarchy. We have seen that after the first flush of success, the full realization of the centuries old dream of having an independent and permanent Ukrainian state became frustrated by Poland's chauvinistic and imperialistic claims in which she found ready support among the Allies, especially France. We have further seen that Wilson's "self-determination" cry which had raised hopes among the Ukrainians, in practice became nothing more than an expression of a moral precept, a mere phrase, and nothing more.

We are now in a position to turn back to the happenings in Ukraine proper, happenings at once crowded, intricate and turbulent.

The year 1919 was one of the blackest periods of our entire history. During that year Ukraine became the center of events which defy precedent and beggar description. Ukraine became the battleground of a merciless war; a war in which there were no real battles in the modern sense of the word, only raids, affrays and massacres; a war involving armies of hundreds of thousands of men; a war of horrible persecutions wreaked upon the Ukrainian people, either by one enemy or the other; a war which throttled the young Ukrainian National Republic. The entire country became the arena for various conflicting forces; each engrossed in the attempt to defeat the other; but all desiring to establish their rule and impose their will upon the Ukrainian land and people.

When, upon the request of the Allies, the Ukrainian army of the Western Ukrainian Republic, known as the Ukrainian Haletska (Galician) Army, ceased fighting against the Poles and retired across the River Zbruch into Greater Ukraine (June 1919), to aid their brother Ukrainians against the ever advancing Bolsheviks—the position of the Ukrainian cause was desperate. Southern Ukraine as far north as Kharkiv, was in the hands of Deniken, who with the aid of the Allies was attempting to reestablish the old royalist Russia. Northern Ukraine, as far south as Kiev, was in the hands of the Bolsheviks. Only a small fragment of Western Ukraine, centering around Kaminitz was in the hands of the Ukrainians; and this town became the rallying point for all the Ukrainian forces.

In July, the combined Ukrainian armies launched an offensive against the Bolsheviks. Victory accompanied them and on September 4th the Ukrainians made a triumphal entry into Kiev. During the entry, an event occurred which served as an illustration of the inconsistent and fluid nature of this war: While the Ukrainian forces were marching into Kiev from one side, the vanguard of Deniken's army, unchallenged by the Bolsheviks, was marching in from the other side.

Negotiations followed, in which Petlura demanded that Deniken should at once proceed northward into Russia proper, leaving the Ukrainians to defend Ukraine themselves against the Bolsheviks. Had Deniken heeded the demand and made a Napoleonic swoop upon Moscow at that time at which Kolchak's Siberian army was still strong, his subsequent

power and prestige would have been unshaken. But he refused, and on September 6, the Ukrainian High Command was forced to declare war, in order to drive him out of Ukraine.

The Ukrainian forces, encumbered as they were by lack of equipment, ammunition and food, had to contend with three enemies: Deniken's royalists, the Bolsheviks, and the Poles; the latter who having had East Galicia assigned to them by the Peace Conference, were now attempting to extend their eastern frontier further into Ukraine. Added to these three natural enemies, there appeared a fourth, and by far the most destructive—typhus. Impoverished and lacking even the most basic facilities to combat this terrible epidemic, the Ukrainian soldiers fell before it by the hundreds; the terrible toll taking about one-third of the Ukrainian army.

Ukraine now sank into a veritable hell of war, bloodshed, terrorism, poverty, cold, disease, and an appalling famine. Deniken, now an open and avowed royalist, forsaking his war against the Bolsheviks, turned all of his forces against the Ukrainians, and soon became master of the eastern and a good portion of the western bank of Ukraine. Infuriated at the resistance of Ukraine he trampled under foot all considerations of humanity, of decency, of honor. His reactionary followers were guilty of the most barbaric and merciless savagery exercised against the Ukrainian soldiers and peasants. The cruelty and violence however, became the direct cause of his subsequent fall: for by this ruthless treatment of the peasants he alienated them forever, and they became his most bitter enemies. Peasant revolts sprang up everywhere against him and even his most able lieutenant—Machno, denounced his policy, and deserted with his 40,000 troopers. Taking advantage of these favorable conditions, the combined Ukrainian armies commenced an attack along a wide front, the final objective of which was to be Odessa.

The attack, which seemed promising enough at the beginning, eventually failed because of many complications which arose at that time.

Notwithstanding this, however, Deniken's sway was coming to a close. Harassed by the peasant revolts, by the remainder of the Ukrainian army, and especially by his former lieutenant, Machno, he was forced to retreat southward. At this time Trotzky switched a strong army of Red Guards from the Eastern front, where it had been fighting Kolchak, and hurled it against Deniken. Deniken's retreat became a rout and his forces did not stop running until they reached the Black Sea ports, where they were compelled to ask the British to help evacuate them, their families and wounded. The remnants of Deniken's forces were transported to the Crimean Peninsula. Finally, Deniken resigned as commander-in-chief, and was succeeded by General Wrangel.

S. S.

## A UKRAINIAN JOKE

When will Babusha go to sleep?  
Babusha (grandmother)—Ivashu, it is time for you to go to bed, for it is 7 o'clock already. A boy who is seven years of age must go to bed at seven. And when you will have eight years, then you can go to bed at 8 o'clock.  
Ivash (surprised)—Then when will you go to bed, babushu? You are 70 years old, and there is no such hour.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## CONCERNING UKRAINIAN POLITICAL LIFE

Dear Editor:

I read with interest your editorial of March 16 captioned "Our Progress in American Political Life." The situation in Arnold I admit is very encouraging. Here in Chesterfield, a district of Chicago, it is exactly the reverse. Our so called Ukrainian leaders instead of sponsoring an honest candidate of Ukrainian descent seem to forget we have intelligent and qualified men for political positions. I do not, offhand, know of one Ukrainian person who holds a political appointment of any importance and we have 1,500 Ukrainians here who are qualified to vote. Fifteen hundred votes for one man in such a district would go a long way in deciding the result of election day.

In other words, I am trying to point out that we have no organization of Ukrainian people here at all. Petty jealousies, introduction of individualities in politics, etc. are common among our people here.

Before I go further let me add that I know what I am talking about. I was fortunate enough in having a father and mother who slaved in order that I might have the benefits of a university education, and it is in the interest of the young Ukrainian Americans that I am writing this letter to you.

I can't read nor write Ukrainian, but don't blame me. When I was about 8 years old I was a pupil at the church school, but due to some misunderstanding our church was disorganized and the school broken up. No attempt is made to introduce any kind of Ukrainian education what-so-ever. Why don't I attempt it?

I'll tell you why! Because the difficulties facing me in form of petty jealousies and lack of co-operation are enough to discourage anyone. I'm disgusted with the whole thing. I'm sure many of my fellow young Ukrainian Americans here feel the same way.

Congratulations on the interesting supplement to the "Svoboda".

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD GBUR.

## A PERPETUAL CENSUS AND INFALLIBLE IDENTIFICATION

Often, in the columns of newspapers, I have read contradicting statements concerning the nationality of certain people. This type of propaganda is very unfair to the Ukrainian people, and I suggest that the Youth do something about this.

The U. N. A. has just celebrated forty years of progress. I would like to suggest the establishment of a Finger Print Bureau of Identification for all new members. This would prevent the present generation from losing its identity by dropping parts of its name as has been the practice of some of our athletes and professional men.

The strongest kind of propaganda is cold facts. Just suppose that there existed a Civilian Identification Bureau with about 100,000 ten digit cards, and on these cards a brief history of the subject. We could compile statistics which would show at a glance the sex, age, occupation, or profession, the extent of education, etc.

New cards would be added while others would be deleted from the active file. These statistics could be used as a means of counteracting unfair propaganda. It would also show that the Ukrainians are, progressive and law-abiding people.

By having an identification card with your picture, signature, thumb print and file number, a person could save himself an enormous amount of trouble when challenged by officers of the law or when trying to cash a negotiable instrument at a bank or post-office.

Finger Print Identification is the answer to the recent caption "Who Am I."

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28 III 12

## MARCH

When the day seems rather genial  
Sweet and fair,  
And its errors merely venial  
You declare,  
And by three o'clock its roaring  
Like a dozen giants snoring,  
And the sleety rain is pouring  
Everywhere.

When it is May and January  
Rolled in one;  
Sort of monthly dromedary.  
Full of fun;  
You may know that March  
Mushy, slushy, wild, and harsh,  
Has begun.

MARY KUSY,  
47 Sussex St.,  
Jersey City, N. J.

## SAHAYDACHNY

(Continued from page 2)

"Cry, cry, child," an old Cossack advised her, "you'll feel far better if you do."

At the sound of his voice Khvesia started in surprise, uncovering her tear stained face.

"Father, is that you?"—she cried, half rising to her feet.

"No, child, I am not your godfather; but I knew you when you were that high," indicating a height to that about his knee. "Many time I gave you rides on my shoulder."  
"Then where is my father?"—she implored, gazing from face to face.

"Hush, child," Karpo said, Don't excite yourself. Your father is nearby. And you will soon see him."

At this assurance the girl reluctantly sank back to the ground. Taking a glass of warmed milk which Hrytsko offered her, and nodding gratefully to him, she began to drink it slowly.

After she had drank her fill she explained to the Cossacks how she had escaped from the Turkish camp by drugging her guards, and of the difficulties she had in reaching the Cossack encampment. To the great relief of Cossacks she told them that at no time had she permitted herself to become Mohammedized.

"But tell us," Karpo asked, "what happened to you in Kaffa, when you bade us wait for you by the door of your house?"

"Oh!"—the girl cried, covering her eyes as if to shut off the memory of that horrible night, "when I went inside to get my belongings I was seized by my slaves, whom the pasha had put at my disposal, and was led out by them through a secret back entrance into the mountains nearby. There I was held for two days, until things quieted down, and then I was returned to the pasha."

With these words Khvesia passed her hand wearily over her wan face. She was very tired and distraught from her experiences. Seeing her weariness Karpo made haste to fix up a bed for her. Gratefully she thanked him and with a sigh she lay down to sleep. Karpo covered her up, and in a few minutes she was sound asleep. The Cossacks, following her example, threw themselves on the ground to get a few winks of sleep before the expected Turkish attack on the following day.

Soon silence reigned once more, undisturbed, save for the steady breathing of the Cossacks. The flickering flames of the campfire grew fainter, and fainter. Up above the silvery moon had come out, casting its soft radiance upon the sleeping forms of the Cossacks. Only Karpo sat hunched up against the tree, listening to the soft sighing of the wind, and watching the clouds go sailing by. Soon even his form became indistinct as the fire slowly died out, leaving but a few glowing charcoals, winking cheerily in the soft mantle of darkness.

(To be continued)