



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



Supplement to the SVOBODA, Ukrainian Daily

Published by the Junior Department of the Ukrainian National Association.

No. 19.

Jersey City, N. J., Friday, May 11, 1934.

Vol. II.

MY MOTHER

Sitting patient in the shadow
Till the blessed light shall come,
A serene and precious presence
Sanctifies my girlhood home.
Earthly hopes and joys and sorrows
Break like tides upon the sand
Of a deep and mighty river
Where her willing feet now stand.

O my mother, giving freely
Of a love and human strife,
Leave me, as a gift, those virtues
Which have glorified your life.
And, bequeath me that great
patience

Which has power to attain
A cheerful, uncomplaining spirit
In a prison-cell of pain.

Give me, for I need it greatly
All that courage, wise and sweet,
Which has made the path of duty
Soft beneath your tender feet.
Give me that unselfish nature,
That with chastity divine
Can pardon every wrongful
doing—

Dear one, forgive me mine!

To me, my mother you do render
A nature more serene,
Give to life new aspirations,
A new trust in the unseen,
Sitting patient in the shadow
Till the blessed light shall come,
A serene and precious presence
Satisfies my girlhood home.

ROSALIE N. HATALA.

CONTEST WINNER

Martin Gula of New York City won first prize of the Class A (up and including 19 years of age) of the Essay Contest sponsored by the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America on the topic "What particular aspects of Ukrainian life attract me most?"

The winning essay appears on another page of today's "U. W."

The winner of Class B will be announced in a subsequent issue of the "U. W.", and the other prize winners in the issues following that one.

His winning essay is based upon an actual observation made during a recent trip to the old country. A short account of this trip appeared in the January 19th, 1934 issue of the "U. W." entitled "Traveling Through Western Ukraine".

Mr. Gula has a choice in picking out as his prize for the winning essay either a bound copy of Shevchenko's "Kobzar", or a bound and illustrated "History of Ukraine" by Michael Hrushevsky.

Mr. Gula, age 18, resides at 65 St. Mark's Place, New York City, attends College of the City of New York, and belongs to the local Young Democratic Club. One of his special interests is psychopathic studies in mental conditions.

UKRAINIAN GIRL WINS COVETED ROLE

Of the several hundred candidates for the few leading parts in an operetta, "Way Out West", to be presented by the students of the Irvington High School (N. J.) this week end, a talented Ukrainian girl, Miss Tillie Paraschuk, won a leading role.

(Today's "Ukrainian Weekly" is concluded in the "Svoboda")

MOTHER'S DAY

In a world torn with strife, greed and inflamed passions, when man-made idols shake and totter before the onslaughts of a new conception of things, there are certain age-old spiritual values which remain unshaken even in the wildest storms that sweep our lives; but like some beacon in a wild, heaving sea, guide our troubled selves to the port of peace of mind, faith in mankind; and renewed hope for the future.

In observing Mother's Day this Sunday we set aside a day on which we pay deep homage to one of the highest forms of these spiritual values, namely—mother love.

Our mothers, bless their hearts, little realize the great role they play in shaping our lives, and, therefore, that of mankind as well. Little do they know that in those dark days of our lives, when our cherished dreams and beliefs in the finer things of life come tumbling down like a house of cards, when we sadly reflect that it is a waste of time and effort, nay, but foolish as well, to strive to live up to those copy book maxims which our elders so well taught us in our school days, and so well destroyed in us in later days—little do our mothers know how their boundless love, their spirit of self-sacrifice, their belief in us have more than once lifted us out of that morass of dark despair, restored our confidence and ideals, and gave us courage to plunge back into life's fray with renewed determination to find something better and deeper than a mere comfortable, blissful existence; something that will benefit not only ourselves, for that is selfishness, but the underprivileged, the downtrodden and the oppressed;—something which, when we die, shall cause us to proudly exclaim—"I have lived... but I have not lived in vain."

"AS HEAVEN IS DISTANT FROM THE EARTH..."

Monday's (May 7th) issue of the "Svoboda" contained an account and copy of a set of resolutions of the Ambridge (Pa.) Ukrainians, protesting against allowing the Polish flag to be flown with the American flag at the local Borough Hall, as had been announced, in honor of the visiting Polish General Haller.

As a result of this protest Burgess P. J. Caul agreed that the Polish flag would not be flown with the American at the Ambridge Borough Hall.

General Haller, is that Polish leader who in 1918 raised and equipped a Polish army with the help of France and her allies and instead of using this army against the Bolsheviks, as he had promised, turned around and attacked the newly-arisen, young Western Ukrainian Republic, and helped to destroy its independence.

Ever since "the Ukrainian people, under the Polish rule, are suffering the most hostile, untold political, religious and economical oppression. Poland is cruelly suppressing and persecuting Ukrainian Churches, Schools, cultural and economical institutions. The Ukrainian language is prohibited in all governmental establishments. Numerous imprisonments in Poland are an everyday occurrence. Thousands of Ukrainians every year are thrown into Polish prisons. Many thousands were brought to trial and sentenced for treason because they dared to demand political, religious and cultural liberty for the Ukrainian people... To the innocent Ukrainian political prisoners are applied the most horrible tortures of the third degree. In this way thousands of Ukrainians were clandestinely murdered in the Polish jail by the inhuman Polish police... In order to acquire the Ukrainian provinces of Galicia (part of Western Ukraine) Poland made promises to the Allies that it would grant home rule to the Ukrainians, permit them full liberty in the realm of Church, education and economic development, including a University in Lviv. Not one of these promises was realized. On the contrary the rule of oppression is growing worse every day..."

We urge our readers to read the whole text of this resolution against Haller, for by doing so they will know what course to pursue in the event of a similar happening in their own town as that in Ambridge.

The protest resolutions end with the following significant words:

Therefore, it is a fatal mistake to cherish the conviction and represent Poland as an ideal State and Fortress of Political liberty comparable to our United States. On the contrary, as much as heaven is distant from the earth so far distant and different are the real conditions in Poland from those prevailing in the United States, whose flag is the world renowned, banner of real liberty, equality and brotherhood. Let this flag alone decorate our Borough Hall forever."

VERSES

By Ivan Franko

The man who will not act for fear
of error
Is, what is called colloquially,
dumb;
Just as if eating I should view
with terror
For fear of choking with a
crumb.

* * *

Guests and children, kings and
wives,
Have one common trait in store:
Whether you have what or not
You must give and give some
more.

* * *

The books are like that ocean
floor:
Whoever dives into their lore
And deems the efforts as not lost
Comes up with pearls of priceless
cost.

Translated by W. SEMENYNA.

YOUTH CONGRESS THIS SUMMER

One of the resolutions passed at the Ukrainian Youth's Congress held in Chicago last summer, which resulted in the formation of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, was that another similar Congress be held this coming summer in order that the avowed purposes of the League be further fostered and promoted.

In order to sound out the opinion of our youth as to the time, place and manner of holding such a Youth Congress this coming summer the League will send out a questionnaire to all Ukrainian youth clubs.

YOUTH BRANCH OF U. N. A. FORMED IN PASSAIC

At the 40th anniversary celebration of the U. N. A. held in Passaic, N. J. last Sunday a signal event occurred. During the supper that followed the concert 7 young American-Ukrainians joined the Ukrainian National Association, and by their act formed the basis for the formation of a local youth branch of the U. N. A.

The youth of Passaic showed its interest in the U. N. A. by attending en masse the anniversary celebration, and taking a leading part in the surrounding program. Besides the youth chorus, which sang at the concert under the direction of Rev. Musyichuk, other young folks who took part in the program were S. Davydovitch, a talented university student, who declaimed and sang; the Misses M. Chomyk, K. Khovzun, M. Shevchy, who sang solo bits in chorus numbers; J. Dmuchowsky, who possess a tenor voice of high range, (E) and fine quality; Olya Musyichuk and Joseph Danish, recitations; M. Mykytyn, leader of a group of Ukrainian dancers; Mary Musyichuk, solo dance; and her sister Irene, piano accompaniment.

Representing the Association headquarters were M. Muraszko, President of the U. N. A., and S. Shumeyko, Editor of the "U. W."

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

(14)

Versions of Nestor's Chronicles

Nestor's Chronicles—or "Primary Chronicles" as they are also called—were duplicated in text up to the year of 1110 A. D. by two greatly similar chronicles known as the Laurentian and the Ipatievsky Chronicles. The similarity is so great that the latter two are often called versions of the former. After 1110 A. D., however, the similarity ceases and both diverge in their text not only from the original but among themselves as well.

The Laurentian Chronicles derive their name from monk Laurentian, who compiled them in Suzdal, a northern province; while the Ipatievsky collection derives its name from monastery of St. Ipatiev its repository, where additions were made from time to time in form of the Kievan Chronicles, which extended up to 1200 A. D., and the Volhyn-Galician Chronicles, which went up as far as 1292 A. D.

Nature Study Collections

Another interesting collection of writings of ancient Ukraine were those which were based upon the study of nature in all of its many forms.

Perhaps the most important of this type were the so-called "Шестоднев", which roughly translated means "Six Days". As can be guessed from its title it is a narrative of the creation of the earth. This collection, however, also contains excerpts of the philosophies of great Greek philosophers, such as Plato and Aristotle. Here the authors seek to show how these philosophic teachings, which had their source in the pre-Christian period, agree with the Christian outlook upon life, morality, and the hereafter.

Another example of this "nature" collection of writings is the "Physiolog"—a series of tales concerning the life of various animals. Some of these tales are very fantastic, indeed.

More fantastic than the preceding collection are the "Злата Матиця" (Golden Mother) in which we find, besides the works of Ivan Zlato-ust and other Church leaders, tales of the sun, moon, stars, planets, climates and the like. Many of these tales are so far-fetched as to even disagree with the limited scientific and astronomical knowledge of that day, such as for example—that winds and storms are caused by angels.

Apocryphal Writings

A very important collection of writings are the Apocryphal Writings, which are collections that are distinguished from others by their secret, hidden character. They are also known as non-canonical. They deal with an imitation of, or proposed addition to the New as well as Old Testament Gospels. Sometimes they are of an unknown, uncertain origin and authorship, and other times are absolutely spurious.

Their origin lies in the religious curiosity of the early Christians, who desired to know more fully about those phases of the Biblical happenings which are mentioned but very briefly in the Bible. As a result of this demand for more knowledge there arose a mass of various stories and legends whose aim was of an edifying character—to fill in those hazy or even blank spaces in the Holy Writings. Many of these stories, additions or versions of Biblical writings were very fan-

tastic and without any basis whatsoever; others more reliable.

Most of the Apocryphal writings came to ancient Ukraine either in form of manuscript or by word-of-mouth from Bulgaria and Byzantium, particularly from the former country, and for that reason they were often called in those days „болгарськими баснями“.

At first the Church regarded them tolerantly, and they were read, cherished and often even used in sermons by the clergy, but later, when they came to be regarded as spurious in character, the Church stood out actively against them, and banned them. And it is because of this banning that they became known as "apocryphal"—books to be read secretly, in private. Notwithstanding the bans, however, they have continued to flourish until this very day.

Difficulty in Distinguishing Between the Canonical and Apocryphal Writings

The "Apocrypha" originated back in the first century A. D., when various stories began to circulate about the birth, infancy and childhood of Christ. Already during that period there appeared, besides the four canonical Gospels, over a score of apocryphal works, protevangelioms, as some of them were called. The early clergy itself was bewildered in trying to distinguish between the recognized, canonical teachings and those of apocryphal character—which were the true teachings and which were the false? For, both the canonical and apocryphal were based on the same subject matter, had the same names, and were written in the same Biblical style—so how was it possible to distinguish the two. Of no avail was the warning that "кто ложное писаніе почитаєть, да будет проклят", the apocrypha flourished nevertheless.

(To be continued)

MOTHER'S DAY

How strange a custom—one day in the year is set aside for mothers. Like setting one day to grasp the beauty of the sun, the stars,—all the lovely things that bring warmth, light, and comfort for us.

A warm kitchen filled with the scent of bread, sunlight streaming through the windows, clean cloth, tender memories of loving acts and daily dreary tasks done smilingly by our mother as the years have marched by swiftly and youth, perhaps secretly mourned, passed with them. We can never repay our mothers for their sacrifices offered to us so tenderly. But how many people appreciate it? The ceaseless cycles of the year are drawing nearer and nearer, but do not start to repent when it is too late, and then regret.

Our mothers never whimper, they go on daily like soldiers, and face their duties bravely. Try to be thoughtful and convince them that you are gratified with their loving existence. Don't make it too hard a struggle for them. Make them proud of you!

God just gives us one dear mother,—a gift which should be treasured by each and everyone of us. Why not make this Mother's Day the best that you have ever contemplated. Show your appreciation by presenting some token, or gift to mother—it may be small, but don't they always understand?

S. A. S.

MOTHER'S LOVE

The greatest thing in the world is love. The greatest love in all the world is mother's love. And Mother's Day is a day set aside on the calendar in order that we may avail ourselves of a special opportunity to do honor and to show deep respect to the motherhood of America.

It would be futile, indeed, to attempt to evaluate the influence of mother love in the lives of men. Few men of fame but have sung the praises of the mothers who bore them. Sad and lamentable—as in the life of the poet, Lord Byron—is childhood when deprived of mother love.

Perhaps the most beautiful picture ever painted by the hand of man is, "The Madonna and The Child." Study this picture and it will be easier for you to understand where the human race got the courage to struggle through the long dark days of the shadowy past.

And even today, as we grope our way along the tortuous path leading out of the valley of universal despair, but one light guides our footsteps. That light is the love that gleams in the eyes of the mothers of men. As in the past now, also, it shall give our hearts the desire that we too should leave a contribution to the world in the eternal effort to make the world a more suitable place in which motherhood might dwell.

Mother's Day! Let us make the day a wonderful one. Let us approach it with quiet dignity and profound pride as a shrine before which we would hold a poetic interview. Let us strive in the future to give to those about us at least a small measure of that unselfish love which our mothers lavish upon us.

Why not, on this great day, rededicate our lives to the purpose of living them so that we shall really be the kind of young men and women our mothers think we are.

MARGARET D. SEMENKIW.

ANCIENT DWELLERS OF UKRAINE

By S. S.

(5)

Early Animal Life of Ukraine

Animal life during those days was very plentiful. During the Ice Period many mighty beasts of prey, such as the cave bear, cave lion, and cave hyena roamed throughout the Ukraine, besides such thick skinned animals as the mammoth, rhinoceros, together with the ancestors of the present animal life, and various polar forms. These were gradually superceded by the higher animal life, the plentitude of which almost incredible facts are told, even as late as the middle of the 16th century.

Due to the plentifulness of the animal life the ancient Ukrainians ate a great deal more meat than we do today. Their main staples of food, however, were bread, "kasha" (meal), and boiled vegetables.

Manner of Dress

They dressed very plainly, their dress consisting of a cotton shirt and trousers, covered with a cloak or cape. Their feet were shod in some sort of stockings, boots and sandals. For headware they usually wore, a fur or a woven cap. The women, naturally enough, were dressed in a more ornamental fashion, depending upon their station in life. Naturally enough, the wealthier people dressed more pretentiously, particularly so after the opening of the trade relations with Arabia, Persia, and Byzantium.

Religious Beliefs of the Ancient Pagan Ukrainians

The religion of the ancient Ukrainian Slavs seems to have been mainly a kind of a nature worship; not, however, without the idea of one supreme power, to whom the various other gods and goddesses were subordinate.

Ancient Pagan Gods

Nestor, the monk chronicler of the 12th century, mentions Perun, god of lightning and thunder, as being the oldest and most important of all the Slav gods. Whenever the skies became overcast with dark, heavy clouds, and thunder rumbled, the ancient Ukrainians used to say that Perun was walking through the skies and casting thunderbolts at sinning people. His images were usually made of wood, with a silver head and gold mustaches. In most respects he seems very similar to the Norse god, Thor.

Another of their gods was "Daiboh", the giver of life and all good things. "Wolos", the beast god, was supposed to take good care of the cattle. In addition there were many other gods, each controlling some special realm, as well as gnomes, elves, and fairies, the latter which were supposed to inhabit the homes, forests, rivers and lakes.

Methods of Worshiping

Images of these various gods were usually set up on tops of hills

and mountains, or in some quiet grove beneath an ancient tree. The Slavs worshipped them by praying and sacrificing animals, fruits, breads and meat.

One of their chief methods of worship was in form of festivals, and holidays. In winter they celebrated a holiday known as the "Kolyada", by feasting among sheaves of straw and singing folk songs. In summer they observed a festival known as "Kupalla", about the same time that the Ukrainians today celebrate the holiday of St. John. One of the ceremonies connected with this holiday was the burning of huge bonfires through which they leaped and drove their cattle. This rather strange custom was based upon the superstitious belief that these actions would purge and protect them and their cattle from disease.

Burial Customs

Believing that after death a person goes to a paradise they were careful to place in the grave of the deceased all of his personal belongings which he might need in the hereafter. Sometimes, they cremated the body of the deceased together with his belongings on the top of some hill, and then placed the ashes into an earthen jar, and buried the same. On that spot a high burial mound was erected, and on it a post bearing the name of the deceased inscribed upon it was set up. Every year thereafter, a feast on the anniversary of the dead person would be held, which was known as the "Trezna".

(To be continued)

WHAT PARTICULAR ASPECT OF UKRAINIAN LIFE ATTRACTS ME MOST

By MARTIN GULA

[First prize winner of Group A of the Essay Contest sponsored by the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.]

Last summer, in that section of Ukraine known as Galicia, I beheld the poignant picture of a young lad gripped in the throes of an obsession bordering on Madness. It was strangely unusual. Here he was, a mere youth of fourteen years, and within him burned the fires of his ancestors.

As I recall the boy today, I see him in the role of the principal character of a stirring, enkindling drama. He symbolizes the Ukrainian soul, throbbing and alive, despite all its disheartening reverses. With his brooding eyes uplifted, perhaps focused upon some distant vision, he told me how his father, a little while ago, had been dragged to the village square by Polish gendarmes, thrown to the earth, and mercilessly flogged.

As he began his little narrative, with a world of tragedy in his voice, he spoke rapidly at first. Now, he spoke with hesitancy, and gradually his words came slower and slower until finally he was absorbed to the point of complete abstraction. For a few seconds he remained thus. There seemed something spiritual, and sublime in his singularly divorced state. Then recovering himself, he turned those deep pools of fire toward me and in a voice that seemed to echo the voice of Ukraine, he said, "Why must this be so?"

Gently and quietly I began to explain to this young lad the causes which have led to such a state of affairs that innocent Ukrainian people are dragged out of their homes by the Polish authorities for even the mere possession of Ukrainian literature, or for even daring to sing patriotic Ukrainian songs under their own

rooftops. I told this sensitive, smouldering soul of the history of his country; how the Ukrainian people notwithstanding the centuries of persecution at the hands of the Poles and Russians today seem closer than ever to that great goal—a free and independent Ukraine.

It seemed to give the boy a clearer perspective of the conditions that surrounded him. I told him how for ages the Ukrainian has felt the heel of his tormentors. I showed him how burdened the Ukrainian spirit was with its thousand nameless ills. As I continued my account of the oppression that his fathers had endured, he suddenly seemed to be infused with another stimulus. He interrupted, and eagerly followed my train of thoughts. In language almost poetic, there echoed from him that beautiful chord that I had unearthed.

—Then we are not conquered? There is an ingrained, indelible desire of liberation that has endured all these turbulent years! The body is weary and way-worn; the mind is tired and troubled;—but the undying spirit carries on! Bleeding with its heavy afflictions, the heart has remained unshackled!

I glowed within when I heard the boy pronounce these words! And as I came in contact with other Ukrainians in that land, I had further cause to sense the uplifting joy that followed the realization that the deep-rooted aspiration in the Ukrainian soul continues to remain free and unfettered.

You ask me "What particular aspect of Ukrainian life attracts me most?" I answer, unhesitatingly,—The admirable capacity of the Ukrainian to exist as he does and still nourish within him the inexorable urge to unshackle his brethren.

THE UKRAINIAN QUESTION

By E. Lachowich

(7)

Progress of Science and Knowledge

Simultaneously with the romantic resurrection the progress of knowledge and science took place. Ukrainian scientists, who modelled themselves on Western masters, showed their people how far, in comparison with Western civilization, they were left behind. The difference was evident, yet it never bewildered the Ukrainians in the manner it did the Russians: the former always had a desire for building themselves up to the level of Western civilization, while the latter always had a desire to destroy it.

The Russian Revolution

Ukraine greeted the Russian Revolution with great enthusiasm. To be exact, the Revolution was really aroused by Ukrainian regiments stationed then in St. Petersburg. In that very same month, the delegates of various Ukrainian institutions in Kiev formed a committee called the "Central Rada". Primarily, this committee incorporated into its activities only those matters which were of purely cultural character. Quite soon, however, under the pressure of the population it had to reform and to incorporate political activities as well. It called a General Convention consisting of nine hundred delegates from all parts of Ukraine, which assembly elected a smaller, administrative body consisting of nine

members, with the authority to act as the Ukrainian temporary government.

Evolution of Ukrainian Sentiment for Freedom

The first stages of foreign policy of this government were very timid and undetermined. They seemed to be satisfied with a broad autonomy for Ukraine, which the Russian government flatly refused. This happened at the time when the Russian former government was much stronger than the latter. Only due to the decisive intervention of the general population, which by means of numerous mass-meetings demanded a complete separation from Russia, did the Ukrainian government change her aspirations from autonomy to federation, and finally proclaimed a total independence.

By that act, all the strenuous efforts of the Russians to assimilate Ukraine were shattered to pieces. The haughty and self-ascertained phrase of Russian rulers that "there is no, never was, nor ever shall be any Ukraine", burst like a soap bubble. The hidden tendencies of the Ukrainian people once again were shaped into an independent state. This independence, however, had yet to pass a test, to which she was not quite prepared.

Socialistic Theories Weaken Ukrainian Government

The Ukrainian intelligentsia, believing literally the fascinating Socialistic slogans, considered Tzarist regime as their enemy,

but all Russian Socialists, on the other hand, in their assumption were their friends and partners in a common cause. And therefore, after the Tzarist regime was abolished, the Ukrainian government, permeated with Socialistic doctrines, took little pains in forming a military power for the protection of her boundaries. It would be a treason to socialistic dogmas, they thought.

The northern neighbors (Russians) again, led by national selfishness and by hungry stomachs, interpreted them to their own advantage. In consequence, hungry bands of armed detachments, inspired by the Bolshevistic ideals, made their way to Ukraine.

It must be admitted that the Russian people are pretty near to genius in the manner with which they are able to disguise their imperialistic tendencies in highly spirited slogans. In medieval times they adopted the role of "Gatherer of all Russian [Ukrainian] lands". Later they introduced "Pan-Slavism", pretending to be the champion of all Slavs, or champions of the Orthodox Church, for a change. Their latest invention is the "Third International", with such slogans as "Workers of the world—unite", or "In the International will be reborn the human race."

Very sweet, indeed! No wonder that many Ukrainians believed in them. There are many people abroad who believe in them even today.

(To be continued)

UKRAINIAN DANCERS AT D. A. R. CONVENTION

"We came, we saw, we conquered."

In such terms can be described the result of the invasion by bus of a group of Ukrainian dancers from Philadelphia, which performed at the D. A. R. Congress at Continental Hall in Washington, D. C., Thursday afternoon on April 19.

Preceded five hours by Mr. John Mitz, who held a display there of Ukrainian embroidery and Easter eggs, the bus, already laden with Italian dancers, took on ten Ukrainians at the foot of the Ukrainian Institute and proceeded at 8 A. M. towards the capitol. A prominent sign on the back of the bus boldly read, "Ukrainian Dancers of Philadelphia to D. A. R. Congress at Washington."

Passing the Mason-Dixon Line, we rode through Wilmington, Delaware's largest city, then recuperated at Elkton, Md., famous for the easy acquisition of a marriage licence. Passing Havre de Grace, the horse-racing town, we drove through Baltimore's business section, where we chanced to see Edgar Allan Poe's tombstone.

Soon after leaving Baltimore, rain descended transiently, glooming our sunny thoughts, but upon invading the capital city, all was serene, clean and fresh. The scent of the Cherry Blossoms, the parade of men and women, stupendous and stately marble and granite buildings, winding avenues and budding trees—all seemed to inspire us.

Upon entering the beautiful Continental Hall, escorts warmly greeted us, directing us to our rooms, where we prepared for the program. Traversing thru the spacious building, the feminine delegates queried us as to who we are, where from and when on the program. At times groups of women applauded in sheer delight as an indication of gratitude for the beauty of our costumes.

Rev. N. Woloschuk, Penna. State Chaplain of the American Legion, who is a Ukrainian himself, greeted us, inciting confidence within us.

On the first International Program ever held at a D. A. R. Congress, individuals extended greetings from their respective countries; as Holland, Austria, Greece, Armenia, Italy, Norway and Germany. The Italian group of Philadelphia rendered a folk dance and two solo selections as their contribution.

Mrs. H. Jones, Pennsylvania President of D. A. R., through the loud-speaker reminded the audience of the Ukrainian exhibit and urged them to visit it. Immediately thereafter, chords of the Kolomeyka resounded, whereupon two couples vivaciously hopped around, bringing numerous eclats from the 3,000 delegates representing every state in the union and several foreign countries. Hopak Kolom and Kozachok followed amid continuous applauding, but the thrill was yet to come.

Out leaped four dashing Ukrainian Cossacks with their glorious sword dance that literally carried the audience off its feet, or shall we say on their feet. The American flag was brought out, (the Cossacks standing at attention) to which all pledged allegiance, and thereafter sang the American Anthem, thus concluding the program.

Filing out amid the maze of admirers, heaps of praise were showered on the dancers by all, making it quite evident that the Ukrainians performed the best and made a tremendous hit.

"Clock-like precision", "The cream of the program", "Wonderful dancing", "Most intricate and inspiring", "Beautiful costumes", are examples of exclamations extended. Mrs. Magna, President of the D. A. R. of America, shook hands with all of us as a token of appreciation of our rendition and expressed the hope that we can return at the next convention.

Weary were we but glad that we "conquered" the audience and made a good name for Ukraine's culture amid these outstanding American women. Happy and joyful, we all rode through the city visiting the Capitol and the Lincoln Memorial, taking some pictures on our way. Departing at 8 P. M. homeward bound, both the Italians and Ukrainians sang numerous native songs, we being surprised at their easy mastery of our melodies.

The following Ukrainians did their part for Ukraine at Washington: Mrs. Valentina Kachmarsky, director of the Ukrainian Institute; John Mitz, assistant director and displayer; Martin Loshniowsky and John Kubelnick, musicians; Alexander Yaremko, who arranged the program and dances; Michael Kwasinsky, Joseph Smylsky, Joseph Pawliwsky, Katherine Zeton-ska, Jennie Zadorozna and Katherine Kushina, dancers.

May we, through the "Svoboda", most heartily thank Mrs. Jones, who undertook all travelling expenses and provided the meals, also Mrs. V. Kachmarsky, whose efforts and work in the Ukrainian Institute resulted in this trip, presentation and significant propagation of Ukrainian culture. Long live the D. A. R., the Ukrainian Institute and the Ukrainian Dance.

ALEXANDER YAREMKO

UKRAINIAN AFFAIRS IN AMERICAN PRESS

U. N. A. ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION IN NEW HAVEN

The Ukrainians of New Haven celebrated the 40th Anniversary of the Ukrainian National Association. Taking part in the celebration were many representatives from neighboring communities, such as Ansonia, Derby, Southport and Bridgeport.

The program began with the Ukrainian National Association Hymn, by the Chorus of New Haven. The next thing on the program was a speech given by the Secretary of the U.N.A., D. Halychyn. The speaker mentioned that the Youth should take a leading part in supporting the Ukrainian National Association.

I personally think that every Young Ukrainian should stick to this Association. It is the best one in America and it has many, many members. It is up to us young American-Ukrainians to get more members in to this organization.

After the speech a Cossack Dance was performed by the New Haven group. The Ukrainian National Anthem completed the program.

The New Haven Youth greeted the Bridgeport Youth with great pleasure. Both will try their best to cooperate in the future.

STEVE LEWKOWISZ,
229 Helen Street,
Bridgeport, Conn.

A MOTHER

A gray-haired mother with a wrinkled face,
Isn't beautiful to others in this strange case,
Still those who love her, have no other,
Yes, I mean our own DEAR MOTHER;
For she has spent many times in tears
To bring us up from childhood years,
Yet we do not think about her sorrow,
Because we're here today and gone tomorrow;
But we should stand by her day after day
To bring her joy in every little way,
For life to her may soon be done;
But tell me, where is her daughter or her son?
I know, they have probably wandered away,
And left their mother alone to stay;
There she sits and only yearns,
Still in her heart a true love burns
To see her dear child, would make her cheerful,
For then she'd refrain from being tearful;
Return to her and watch her smile,
And keep her that way all the while;
Let's fill her heart with loving joy,
And be a real true girl and boy.

By MISS ANN SANDUSKY,
Rochester, N. Y.

NEW YORK CLUB COLLECTS FOR "FREEDOM" FUND

At present, there exists in New York City a newly organized youth organization known as the Young Ukrainian Nationalists, which is affiliated with the 11th Branch of ODWU.

The following is a resume of what the New York YUN has done thus far:

During the Easter Sunday members of the YUN pinned little Ukrainian buttons on the people going to the Ukrainian

Catholic and the Ukrainian Orthodox Churches, and collected 14.17 and 31.92 respectively. This money was sent to Europe thru the "Obyednanye" for the purpose of encouraging "the fight for Ukrainian freedom".

A few weeks ago the YUN heard a lecture delivered by Vasile Avramenko, Ukrainian balletmaster on "The Ukrainian and Nationalism". On the final Friday of April our branch held a very entertaining social. The feature of this function was an "amateur radio broadcast" ren-

dered in typical fashion microphone and all.

At present we are organizing a boys' baseball team and a girls' swimming team.

This Friday, May 11, at 8:30 P. M., Mr. S. Shumeyko, Editor of "U. W." will deliver a lecture, in English, on Ukraine (at the Ukrainian National Hall, 217-219 E. 6th St.).

S. W. Droboty, Pres.; T. W. Pawluk, Sec'y. S. Kostyuk, Treas.; Eugenia Danyluk, Fin. Sec'y.

CHICAGO AND VICINITY!

May Frolic

sponsored by the

UKRAINIAN SOCIAL CLUB
OF RIIS PARK

to be held on

SAT. EVE., MAY 12, 1934

— at the —

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL HALL,
1944 W. Erie St., Chicago, Ill.

Good Music

Tickets — 25 c.

SPECIAL FEATURE

CHOOSING OF MAY QUEEN.

FIFTY AGAINST MILLIONS!

By THEODORE LUTWINIAK

CHAPTER ONE

Escape

July, 1940.

Michaylo muttered silent imprecations to himself as he labored painstakingly under the full glare of the midsummer sun. He was shirtless; his bulging muscles rippled underneath his tanned skin. Perspiration fell from his brow in tiny, warm drops. His hands, long accustomed to handling a spade and pick, showed signs of many healing blisters.

Michaylo and more than two-score of other unfortunate humans were repairing a Moscow street. They were prisoners.

There were many prisoners in Russia. They were forced to work for the Government. There was nothing to live for but work. Everyday they would labor from dawn to dusk. When the sun had set they would be marched to their subterranean cells, heavily chained. A rodent would have balked at the food they were given to consume and a hog would hesitate before wallowing in the water they drank.

The cells were located deeply underground. They were full of filth. The air was bad. The prisoners' cots were lice-infested. Their clothing was never changed nor washed. They were not allowed to converse. The guards cursed at them. Sometimes they were not allowed to sleep peacefully. Many times the guards dragged a man out of his cell and tortured him to entertain themselves. The man was hardly fit for work the next day, yet work he must. The bitter irony of it all was that these subterranean cells were tunneled by the prisoners themselves.

Every prisoner served a year in the cities and then was deported to Siberia. They all dreaded the name of that frigid territory. A prisoner, once sent there, was never seen nor heard of again. They had appropriately dubbed Siberia "the land of no returning."

The Russian Government had been making Siberia habitable a long time. Railroads had been constructed; towns, eventually becoming cities, were built; automobile roads were laid; countless things were accomplished in Siberia—by the prisoners...and the Government took credit for these undertakings.

Michaylo was born in Dnepropetrovsk, once the Ukrainian city of Ekaterinoslav. His parents were Ukrainian. They had sent him to America to study engineering...his ambition being to construct bridges, buildings such as he had seen in the newspapers, dams, et cetera. He made wonderful progress in the engineering profession and had saved much of his earnings. He returned to Dnepropetrovsk, his intentions being to take his parents to America to live.

But Fate was unkind to Michaylo.

In the winter of 1933, five million Ukrainian people were starved to death by the Soviet Government. Included in this unbelievable number of deaths were Michaylo's parents.

Michaylo, upon learning of the disaster, vowed that he would some day even the score.

The Soviet Government completed its plans by going through Ukraine with a vast horde of soldiers, making prisoners of all those people that they came across. Michaylo, having evaded them for seven years, was captured and sent to Moscow as a prisoner.

Michaylo was thirsty. He cursed silently when he was told that the drinking water was gone. Why didn't they get more? The lazy swine!

A prisoner succumbed to the fiery heat. The guards dragged him away. Michaylo wondered if he would be the next to collapse. One couldn't work long without water.

He lost himself in deep concentration. Something had to be done. Escape from this hell was the object of his thoughts. It should be a simple matter to attack the guards, obtain their weapons and flee. The guards, inactivity getting the better of them, were drowsy. The heat completed things...they were, for the most part, almost slumbering. Dusk would soon envelope Moscow... Michaylo decided to wait until then.

He labored slowly, sparing his energy for the crisis. One hour elapsed...another...soon, now, it would be dusk. He whispered cautiously to Ivan, a fellow-prisoner, who happened to be the man nearest to him.

"An opportunity like this has never presented itself before, Ivan. We shall never again have a chance to escape. Look. The guards are unwary...suspect nothing. Are you with me?"

"To the finish, Michaylo," answered Ivan grimly. "I'll pass the word to the others. What will the signal be?"

"A yell from me. We will overpower the guards and obtain their weapons."

Ten minutes passed in silence, broken only by the sound of picks and spades biting into the sun-baked earth. Suddenly a yell rent the air...the moment had arrived.

The prisoners rushed the guards...picks, spades, crowbars, and other such equipment, clenched tightly in their hands.

Michaylo attacked an unwary guard and rent him unconscious with his spade. He obtained the guard's weapons and began utilizing them to the best of their advantages. Three guards went down in rapid succession...bullet holes appearing miraculously in their bodies.

Michaylo's hastily concocted plan worked better than he had dared to expect. The guards were falling on all sides.

Ivan had disposed of one guard and immediately looked for another. A burly, full-bearded Soviet had a death-grip on a prisoner's throat. Ivan shot him down with-

out the slightest hesitation. The prisoner showed his thanks by quickly shooting down a guard who was in the act of bringing a pick down on Ivan's head.

There were very few guards left. These were quickly disposed of. The prisoners stood still, undecided as to the next procedure.

"Let us flee before the noise of the conflict brings others," Ivan shouted.

"Flee? Where?" the others wanted to know.

"Anywhere, as long as we leave this place behind us!" Ivan answered, suiting action to the words.

Together they ran through the streets of Moscow. Ruthlessly, all persons they came across were shot down. Michaylo's heart was pounding furiously...not with the excitement of the moment...but for the fact that he was again a free man! He shot down one man after another—revenge was sweet! They had murdered his innocent parents—ah! Got a policeman that time in the act of sounding an alarm!

The fleeing fugitives entered stores, killed the proprietors and carried away huge loads of food. Pursuit, however, now rang in their ears. They ran faster.

Dusk descended upon them, increasing their chances of complete escape. They zig-zagged in and out of streets in an attempt to throw their pursuers off the track.

Fedor Barychak, an airplane pilot in the employ of the United States Government, read a Ukrainian daily newspaper with deep interest, and shuddered involuntarily as the significance of the actions of the murderous Soviets penetrated into his brain.

Fedor was an American-Ukrainian and was intensely interested in the doings of his people. He wished that it was in his power to help them but, he thought gloomily, it was practically an impossibility.

Fortune, however, had decided that Fedor's wish should be granted.

(To be continued)