



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



Ukrainian Daily Supplement to the SVOBODA,

Published by the Junior Department of the Ukrainian National Association.

No. 24

Jersey City, N. J., Friday, June 15, 1934.

Vol. II.

THE DARK LAND OF THE SOVIETS

Rarely has a book about Soviet Russia evoked such praise from hardboiled critics as has the recently published "Escape From the Soviets," by Tatiana Tchernanin, a translation from Russian.

Donald Adams, of the New York Times Book Review, says that it is "one of the most remarkable books about Soviet Russia which has yet appeared in this country." Robert Nathan: "One of the great human documents of our times." H. Brickel, New York Post: "An extraordinary moving narrative. An amazing story. A record of human endurance that would seem incredible if we did not realize how much flesh and blood could stand under pressure." And so on down the line.

The story is divided into two equally exciting parts. The first tells of how the author, her husband, and child, living in Lenin-grad, wait for the accusation of the Soviet government and of subsequent prison days; the second is of the escape through the forests of North Russia to the Finnish border, husband, wife, and child undergoing a terrific ordeal, without a compass to guide them.

Tatiana Tchernanin, the author, was brought up in a very liberal professorial family, and when the revolution came she "felt that the overthrow of autocracy would lead to real political freedom." She soon realized how mistaken she was when pangs of hunger began to assail them, and when the Bolsheviks opened a merciless drive against the members of the intelligentsia, the charges in most instances being trumped up, of sabotage and counter-revolutionary activity.

"The government was determined to put upon some one the blame for the famine and general disorganization which ushered in the Five-Year Plan," she declares, explaining the Soviets' persecutions of the learned classes.

It is impossible to make any sort of review of this moving book within this limited space. We will merely confine ourselves to quoting several passages, which give us a good idea of the Soviet paradise.

Speaking of the first famine brought about by the Bolshevik regime, the authoress says,

"Famine lasted for about three years, from 1918 to 1921. For the Bolsheviks it was a period of 'military communism' when they felt ready to rebuild not only Russia but the whole world.

"For the people it was 'famine'—no one calls that period by any other name.

"The Bolsheviks, safely ensconced in their warm flats in the Kremlin, provided with special rations and guarded by the Toheka and the Red Army, indulged meanwhile in the most daring and fantastic plans.

"The people were dying off from typhus and famine. When villages and whole districts rose up in sheer despair, detachments of the Red Army exterminated the rebels—men, women, and children—and burnt down the villages."

When, in 1925, the Soviets failed to get from the peasants as much grain as they had reckoned upon, they decided that these peasants were an obstacle to the "development of Socialism," and that they would have to be exterminated.

(Continued on last column)

THE IDEALS REMAIN THE SAME

We occasionally hear complaints from the more pessimistic of our older American-Ukrainians that it is next to impossible to draw our youth into the ranks of the Ukrainian National Association. This they ascribe to the fact that our youth is not interested in joining an organization which, besides having regular insurance premiums, also demands a few cents more which go towards the fund for the publishing of the "Svoboda" together with its "Ukrainian Weekly," towards the fund for financing conventions of the Association every four years, and towards several other lesser funds.

These special funds, these pessimistically inclined older folks argue, are enough to keep our youth from joining the Ukrainian National Association, for, as they claim, the American-Ukrainian youth is not interested in receiving the "Svoboda" nor the "Ukrainian Weekly," nor even in having regular conventions. All that the youth is interested in, according to them, is in that which is the cheapest, regardless of its true value and worth.

—We, on the other hand,—some of these older folks declare with pride—when we joined the Ukrainian National Association we ignored the fact that we had to pay a little more than we would have had to had we joined some American life insurance company. For we knew that our "soyuz," which we were helping to build, was not an ordinary life insurance company whose one and only concern was to provide all forms of insurance protection for its members. We saw more in it than that. We saw in this Ukrainian National Association the very embodiment of all our hopes and ideals as good Ukrainian people. We readily perceived that if we did not join it, and help it grow and flourish, we would in a short space of time see our people in America become assimilated by the other nationalities of this great melting pot of the world. — Thus speaks the older generation.

And yet, although we commend the older folks most highly for all that they have done, for the many sacrifices they have made in building the U. N. A., yet we are afraid that in their old age many of these old folks are beginning to lose some of that unquenchable optimism and spirit which characterized their younger days, the spirit which inspired them to perform great deeds in American-Ukrainian life, and the spirit which is the natural birthright of their children—the younger generation of American-Ukrainians.

We sincerely believe that most of our young people who are now joining the Association are doing so more out of the selfsame reasons which led their parents to join rather than for the ordinary insurance protection involved. These young people cheerfully disregard the fact that they have to pay a few cents more than they would in American insurance companies. On the contrary they gladly do so, for they realize that without the newspaper they would lose the chief medium which helps them to keep in touch with one another, which informs them what their countrymen are doing throughout the vast breadth of America, and to what ideals they are striving. Furthermore, they know the value of regular conventions, when duly elected delegates meet every four years, review the past work, and lay plans for the future. They see in these conventions the principal foundation of this great democratic institution, known as the Ukrainian National Association, where each and every member has a direct, unhindered means of having his say in regards to the management of it.

These young people know that the coming convention of the U. N. A. in 1936 will see in its midst a great many new faces — young American-Ukrainians, whose appearance will signalize a distinct new era in American-Ukrainian life, and era which will mark the definite entrance of our young people into the American-Ukrainian life, and an era which will also usher in the rejuvenation of the Ukrainian National Association.

NATURE'S SYMPHONY

Clouds are drifting
Gaily lifting
Shadows of departed day;
June is smiling,
Unbeguiling
Sunbeams radiance spray;
Bees are humming
"Summer's coming."
Happy children play;
And the breeze
Through the trees
Softly wends its way.
Birds are singing
Gladness bringing
To a world of care;
Buds are swelling
Beauty spelling
New life everywhere;
Brooklets flowing,
Grass is growing,
Daisies here and there;
In the pool,
Crystal cool,
Shields the lilies fair.
Voices are calling,
Automobiles stalling,
Lovers learn to groan;
Echoes stealing
Soft, revealing
Wedding bells—soon;
Organs are playing,
Tenderly saying
Mendelssohn's Wedding tune;
FATHERS NOD
THANKING GOD
FOR GRANTING US A JUNE!

Rosalie N. Hatala.

The struggle that followed "assumed such proportions that the horrors of the Great War pale by comparison with the destruction wrought by the Soviet's agricultural policy."

"The towns caught only echoes of it, though these began to be pretty menacing as early as 1928. There was less food to be had, ration cards were re-introduced, prices began to soar, money decreased in value, the simplest objects such as paper, glass, nails, string, shoes, clothes, disappeared from the market.

"Another famine! If only death would come!"—people said."

When, appalled by the savage terrorism of the Soviets against anyone outside their party, she asks of her husband, (an engineer who later was sent to the Solovetsky Islands)—

"But why? What sense is there in destroying people who worked, invented new methods, created new branches of Soviet industry,"—he replied as follows:

"Why? To begin with because the Five Year Plan cannot be carried out and they have to justify themselves somehow in the eyes of the workmen and the foreigners, and secondly, the OGPU has been hard hit by the timber works being closed; they can't get credits if they don't frighten the Government."

Ending the book the author says:

"I wish I could burn the memory of all that I have been through during those fifteen years in U.S.S.R.!"

"But no, I have no right to do that. We have been spared so that we might tell of the terrible plight of our country, once so prosperous, and remind those who have not been through the misery and servitude of Soviet life that they do not sufficiently value their blessings."

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

(19)

Early Ukrainian Church Laws

While "Ruska Pravda" was the chief expository of early Ukrainian civil laws, the so-called "НОМОКАНОН" (Law and Rights—free translation) or "КОРМЧАЯ КНИГА" (The Guiding Book—f. t.) served a like purpose for the early Ukrainian Church Laws. Taken from Bulgarian sources it was translated into the Church-Slavonic language and supplemented by the decree of Volodimir the Great and Yaroslav the Wise affecting the churches.

Early Ukrainian Popular Poetry

The growth of early Ukrainian popular or folk poetry was greatly hindered by the general antagonism of the early writers towards anything which smacked of the general, everyday language of the people, as distinguished from the stilted, bookish, literary language (known as the old-Bulgarian or Church-Slavonic language) to which they were accustomed to write in. For that reason those forms of popular poetry which did arise, in spite of the opposition to them by the learned circles, very rarely found their way into written form. Consequently the early Ukrainian popular poetry lagged behind that of Western Europe, as exemplified by its troubadour and minstrel songs, and its "Chanson de geste"—the latter which dealt with the knightly exploits of great warriors and kings. And for the same reason many of the examples of this type of early poetry and songs which have descended down to us are greatly distorted and changed, particularly those songs which deal with the ancient Ukrainian wedding ceremonials and rituals.

The People's Bards

The early Ukrainian writers, as we know, were mainly ecclesiastics or members of royal families. But there were also—in a considerable minority, to be sure—men who although not knowing how to read and write possessed sufficient talent nevertheless to compose many fine songs and poems, particularly of the epic type. These individuals were on the type of the Western European bards, minstrels or troubadours, and the later-day Ukrainian "kobzari" and "banduristi," who travelling through the countryside popularized their songs among the common people.

These popular or national songs were very much liked by the people, for most of them dealt with tales of adventure, and with the wars and exploits of reigning princes and warriors, and consequently were very interesting. Another reason for their popularity lay in the fact that they were sung in the common every-day language of the people, one which could be easily understood by the common people, and not in the bookish, literary language, which was foreign to them.

The Royal Bards

A distinct class of ancient bards of Ukraine, as distinguished from the bards who travelled from village to village and sang for the ordinary people, were the so-called "royal bards," who were in the employ of kings and princes. Living with them and taking part in all their travels to foreign lands and expeditions against the enemy these royal bards were able to get a first-hand account of the lives of their lord-masters, which accounts they put into song form

and sang them on all festive occasions. These songs also gradually found their way among the people and became as popular as those of the former class.

Two Outstanding Bards

Two of the most outstanding of such bards, of whom we have record, were Metusa, who is mentioned in the Galician-Volhyn Chronicles, and Boyan, who is referred to in the "Song of Ihor's Expedition."

"Song of Ihor's Expedition"

But the greatest bard of them all, ironically enough, is one whose name we do not have. He is the one who produced that world-famous epic song known as "СЛОВО О ПОЛКУ ІГОРЕВЪМЪ", which translated means—Song of Ihor's Expedition.

The story of this rather lengthy epic song concerns itself with the well known expedition of "kniaz" Ihor against the wild marauding tribes known as the Polovchi, in 1085. It recounts the start of the expedition into the dangerous steppe, the encounter and battle with the Polovchi, the capture of Ihor, and his subsequent escape and return to his native land. The song is a wonderful example illustrating the growth of popular poetry in ancient Ukraine to the point where it had already assumed at that time a definite recognizable form, a well worked out technique, and a literary tradition to give it background. It begins as follows:

Якби нам по старому
Заспівати пісню, браття,
Про Ігоря, його війська,
Про воєнне їх завзяття!
Заспіваймож, як було,
Як чували і як знаєм,
Бо співати по боянськи
Вже хіба не є звичаєм.
(Перевід Щурата).

(To be continued)

IN RETROSPECTION

By Cecilia Chawluk

June....A month of various meanings for various people. To the student it is a month of great excitement and preparation for graduation. To the dreamer—the poet, the artist, the musician—it is a month of romance, of inspiration. To the laborer it is a month that begins a period of relaxation, of frolicking picnics, and joyous fun at the shore—of "getting away from it all."

But to us, members of divers clubs and organizations, it is a month in which most active work is called to a halt and a brief holiday proclaimed. To us it means a month of retrospection, of summing up our year's work and wondering if our struggles and worries were worth it all. We begin to wonder if, after all, the work our club has done has benefited Ukraine or her aspirations in any way. We begin to wonder if our little circle has failed in its endeavor to bring out the best in our associates, to create the harmony so vital in a group of co-workers; or if it has failed to instill in our hearts a truer, firmer, deeper love of Ukrainian arts, literature, and music. Have we become more acquainted, through presentations of plays and concerts, through formal or informal discussions, with the famous names of Ukrainian history: Did we really learn anything of the European modes of living of our people? Have we come to a full realization of the plight of our brothers and sisters overseas, of their trials and tribulations, of their difficulty in obtaining food and clothing, of their fear of failure at even self-preservation. Were we impressed with the fact that we here in America are blessed with large convenient club-rooms which can be used whenever and for whatever Ukrainian activities we may desire, while at home, the youth of our native land is frustrated in all attempts at patriotism?

For years Ukraine has suffered. She is suffering. Heartbreakingly she is stretching forth her tired, emaciated hands in an appeal to her youth, to the young men and women upon whom she hopes to rest the burden of a new and free empire some day. Are we ready for any such undertaking now? Shall we be awaiting her call in the future? Have your club activities been such as to prepare you for this emergency? Or have they been devoted to merely "having a good time"? Have you been singing with the club's chorus because you love your national music and been caught in the spells of its enchanting melody? Or have you gone to chorus practice just to "meet the rest of the gang"? When you took parts in plays and concerts, were you thrilled to be able to relieve your pent-up emotions through the works of our greatest authors and our most famous composers? Or was it just an opportunity to sop up a lot of adulation and neighborhood publicity? When asked to appear at various affairs in our national Ukrainian costumes were you proud of the chance of being able to display our gorgeously colorful needle work? Or did you complain of its being too hot or too heavy to wear?

These and endless similar ones are the questions I am trying to answer favorably for my club as I sit here in the cool shade of a protecting tree, dreamily gazing up at the same blue sky, the same fleecy clouds that sail over the beautiful fertile soil of my fatherland—yours and mine—our beloved Ukraine!

The Dramatic Circle of
Taras Shevchenko.

THE UKRAINIAN GIRL WHO BECAME QUEEN OF FRANCE

By DR. O. HRYCAJ

(A free translation by S. S.)

(Concluded)

(2)

Dowager Queen Anne was very fond of hunting, and often arranged hunting parties on her estates to which she invited many guests. During one of these hunts she met Prince Raul III, the most powerful independent prince of France at that time. The Prince became deeply enamoured with Queen Anne and determined to make her his wife, despite the fact that she was the widow of André I, and as such above his rank. Since, as he knew, to marry her by regular means would be impossible, he, being a man accustomed to having his will, determined to kidnap her. Once safe within his vast domains he could laugh at any attempts to force him give her up.

During one of the hunts, in the heat of the chase after a stag, Queen Anne became separated from her hunting companions and attendants. She halloed, but there was no response. Laughing at her predicament she started to return to the Castle, when suddenly the bushes around her crackled and a score of men-at-arms, headed by Prince Raul, surrounded her. Dismounting and bowing before her Prince Raul begged forgiveness for having startled her, and then gently but firmly informed her that she must accompany him to his capital—Valua. Seeing that resistance was impossible Queen Anne was forced to submit. Mount-

ing his horse Prince Raul gave the signal and the cavalcade with the Queen in their midst moved forward.

The journey to Prince Raul's home was uneventful. Once within the safety of his castle Raul immediately had a priest marry him to Anne. According to the scant historical records of this event, the priest had demurred to marrying them but was forced to perform the ceremony at the risk of losing his life. How much resistance and reluctance Queen Anne displayed is not known. It is more than likely that in time she grew to love Prince Raul, and did everything within her power to make their union a happy one.

Their marriage, however, aroused a great storm of protest and condemnation in the Court circles, and only the power and wealth of Prince Raul prevented any attempt upon their part to get the Dowager Queen back. The marriage was considered by its critics as being a sacrilege to the memory of the dead monarch, André I; the critics forgetting, however, that no matter how much the deceased king may have loved Queen Anne, nevertheless at the time of his marriage to her he was comparatively an old man while she was a young girl of 25, and therefore, how much romance could she have found in such a union. She was further condemned for mar-

rying below her rank. The sentiment against this marriage was so great that Pope Alexander even refused to recognize it. Even a modern French historian, Count Saint-Amur, characterized the marriage of Dowager Queen Anne with Prince Raul as—a scandal.

Despite all of these condemnations Queen Anne, displaying her strong will and character, ignored them all and continued to live with Prince Raul as his lawfully wedded and greatly beloved wife for over ten years. Not until after his death, in 1074, did she return back to the court of her son, King Phillippe, who, despite everything, greatly loved his mother and welcomed her back with open arms.

This is the last known historical reference made about the Ukrainian princess, daughter of the great Ukrainian monarch, Yaroslav the Wise, who became Queen of France, and later, after the death of the latter, married anew to become one of the most talked of women of her time.

(The End)

OFF THE EDITOR'S DESK

Timofel Kozak—Your article, Masculine Marital Meditations, is interesting, and to an extent expresses our own opinion in the matter under discussion, but we are afraid that it is a trifle too mature for an organ such as our "weekly." Thank you.

Philadelphian—The Ukrainian Pavilion at the Chicago World's Fair was planned for one year, 1933.

Editor

THE MUSICIAN

A SHORT STORY

By Olga Hrycey

It was a beautiful, warm June evening that Yvonne was to make her piano debut in New York City in Carnegie Hall. Yvonne had lived in a village in Hosziew and had to travel to Lviv for her musical education. Studying music since a small child, she could not help being in love with it. Then one day a music critic heard her playing the "Moonlight Sonata" of Beethoven and told her she had talent which she must at once develop. In a few days, Yvonne was bound for America. She wanted to become famous and she would! Her ambition was to give recitals and to become a great piano virtuoso.

Well, here she was, at the end of a year of faithful study, in New York, and to give a recital in one of the largest halls. Yvonne felt a chill as the clock neared eight-thirty. She could hear people gathering in and speaking about her in the concert hall. They had heard about this pianist and they were anxious to hear her play, and moreover because she was Ukrainian! That was an interesting fact in itself, as the country did not hear of many Ukrainian pianists. At last it was eight-thirty. How Yvonne then wished she could be back in her village now. All the music she had memorized seemed to have fled from her at that moment. Oh, why had she left her little village? However, Yvonne cast these thoughts away and walked up to the stage. The moment she arrived, there was a hushed silence from the audience and then applause. Yvonne gratefully acknowledged the applause, went to the piano, and waited for silence. She then began to play the beautiful "Moonlight Sonata" with much ease and feeling. Funny, how awful she felt before she began, and how perfectly comfortable and

relaxed she was now. On and on she played, forgetting all about the audience, only thinking of her playing. Silence reigned till the hearty applause from the audience could be heard. The succeeding numbers were devoted to Chopin. The audience was amazed to hear her technique so clear and firm in the brilliant Polonaise that she played. Following that, was the beautiful Waltz in C minor of Chopin. Yvonne played it as in a dream, so entrancingly. The only time she realized she was playing to an audience was when she heard them applauding. The last selection on the program, was the famous Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 12, of Liszt. Yvonne was bound to make it successful, and she did. The stage soon filled with flowers. People came to congratulate her, critics had only praise for her. Yvonne had reached her goal. She had become a world-famous piano virtuoso!

The End.

WHAT'S THE REASON...

(Ukrainian folksong)

Why does neighbor's son leer at me
When he sees me any place.
When he could as well be looking
Always straight into my face.

Tell me mother what's the reason
That he watches me that way.
Since for me to ask him would be
Unbecoming and a shame.

Translated by

Waldimir Semenyna

ATTENTION YOUNG UKRAINIANS

For the benefit of the pen pals and other readers of "The Ukrainian Weekly" I wish to take upon myself the task of starting an "Information Column." I have in my possession a complete set of the 14th Edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" and as, up to now, I have used it only to a little extent, I wish to diffuse its contents among the Ukrainian Youth.

The "Encyclopaedia Britannica" covers to some extent every subject there is. One can get information on such subjects like chemistry, botany, astronomy, radio, bacteria, et cetera; also information can be had on every land on earth, many of the cities, towns and villages, famous people of all nationalities (including the Ukrainians), et cetera; the development of the letters of the alphabet; all languages (including the Ukrainian) and many dialects; all living creatures, whether they are insects or human beings; Biblical characters; religion;—the fact is there is no subject that is not discussed in this wonderful encyclopaedia (I am not advertising for the publishers).

If there is anything that you would like to know about anything (a rather quaint way of wording it) send a letter to me and I will endeavor to help you. I will send you the information by mail, only subjects of a very interesting and educational nature will be dealt with in the "Information Column." Your subject can be anything. Perhaps you have often wondered how, why, when and where the letter "A" originated. Who is Daniel Butterfield? What is a star? What is an army-worm? Where is Shinyanga, Shinsawbu, Shinmadaung Mountains?

A great many of you may say: "If we need information we can go to a library for it." Which is quite correct. But there are many young Ukrainians who do not live in cities large enough to boast of

a library. These are the people whom I wish to help. If there is anything, anything at all, that you wish to know more about, simply write me a letter. However, when dealing with lengthy subjects, such as mining, agriculture, countries, et cetera, be sure to state what phase of that particular subject you are interested in. Say, for instance, you want information on Italy. There is so much on Italy I am afraid that I would never be able to get it down on paper. However, if you are simply interested in a certain phase of Italy... Italian religion, for instance... you can save the writer of this article a lot of unnecessary work. Do you get my meaning? All right then, start asking for information.

I must make one thing clear, however. If a person wants information in full on a lengthy subject he must provide for the postage if it exceeds three cents. Outside of that there are no other restrictions except that you make your requests clear.

I am not doing this for mercenary reasons... there is no money in it for me. I am not doing this for "fame"... I am doing this for the same reason I have started "The Pen Pal Column"—to aid the Ukrainian Youth... no other reason. So if requests come in for information I will be more than glad to serve you. Send postcards if you cannot afford a letter. You will be answered promptly. And don't be afraid to ask for information on unheard of subjects. Well, who'll be the first one to write? I expect to have the first "Information Column" in "The Ukrainian Weekly" within a month. Don't disappoint me!

THEODORE LUTWINIAK

172 Pavia Avenue,
Jersey City, N. J.

THE UKRAINIAN QUESTION

By E. Lachowich

(12)

THE LAST PERIOD

Skrypnyk

The same fate met the Commissar of Education, Mr. Skrypnyk. He too was accused of nationalism, was tried in Moscow, and in the end committed suicide. He was an old personal friend of Lenin, also at a time assistant of Dzierzynsky, Chief of the Cheka, present day OGPU. In the name of Bolshevistic ideals he personally helped him to suppress the Ukrainian separatistic movement. Many a Ukrainian patriot found death at his hands. Now he found himself on the bench of the accused. Only now he realized the treachery of Moscow.

All these names are prominent Communists only, who always served the Communistic ideals to the best of their abilities. Their guilt lay in the interpretation of these ideals, which they interpreted relevantly to their Ukrainian souls. And Moscow wanted a Russian interpretation.

Russian Nationalism Predominant in Bolshevism

How strong and undefeatable a national factor is in Bolshevism can be seen in the education. The Bolsheviks depended greatly upon social education, and were almost positive that no sooner all separatistic tendencies would vanish,

then the younger generation would be brought up in the Communistic "international" spirit. Nevertheless they have failed here more than anywhere else, for every theoretic doctrine remains international as long as it is locked within the walls of its inventor. As soon as it is introduced into real life it gets a specific label of the nationality it has been imported into, and thus it becomes a purely national affair.

Growth of Ukrainian Nationalism

Not only has the national spirit survived amongst the younger generation in Ukraine, but it has increased to an unprecedented level. The Ukrainian younger generation, organized ex officio into "Comsoms" (Committees of Socialistic Youth), has noticed, that the international communistic doctrine in the hands of Russian leadership is assuming a specific Russian form. On the one hand they were taught of materialism and of the nonsense of religious and national dogmas; but on the other hand they perceived that at the very same time the Russian teachers are adapting Communistic doctrines to the specific Russian character, are giving it their own religious background, and the conception of the Third International they have limited for some reason or other to the Russian Empire only. This caused a consternation amongst them, and made them think. In consequence these Comsoms, once the hope of Bolsheviks, today are the most dread-

ed enemy, their danger being in fact that these young people were brought up in Bolshevik surroundings, know their methods, and are not dumbfounded by their terror.

Soviets Seek to Starve Out Ukrainian Resistance

Having failed with the younger generation, Russia decided today upon a final stroke: to destroy the Ukrainian people by hunger.

During the Famine in 1922, foreign aid-committees were often surprised that Ukrainian areas affected by hunger were very seldom mentioned by Bolshevik authorities or not at all. The same experiment is being repeated this year only on a much larger scale. It is estimated that in 1933, 6,000,000 Ukrainians died owing to shortage of food, and if no one comes with aid another six are likely to die during the winter. For though it might be true that this year's crop was exceptionally abundant, yet due to the lack of seed very scant areas were sown.

Some Figures on the Famine in Ukraine

The famine is so horrible that cannibalism has assumed enormous proportions. Parents eat their children and bury only the bones of the dead bodies. In the village of Zalivan, for example, out of 3,500 inhabitants, 200 have already died. In the village of Hubin out of 1,000, half have died. In Zachansk out of 1,500, over 700 have died. In Samhorodok out of 3,000, 800 have died. These villages are in the Kaliniv and Ko-

zian districts. Ukrainian deputies from Galicia tried to raise this matter during the last session of the League of Nations. The League took this question under consideration during the private council and recommended it to the International Red Cross, where this matter ended.

The Soviet Government is perfectly indolent in undertaking any help. On the contrary, it cynically contradicts these facts, checking thus a possible help from international humanitarian circles.

Ukrainian Optimism

In spite of these facts however, horrible as they are, the Ukrainians are not losing their good spirits. We know that in the past history their land has several times been converted into a complete desert and then been repopulated again. Their natural yearly increase is 5%. I have talked personally with several of the refugees and the calmness with which they talk of these things put me into bewilderment:

"My suffering is nothing. I'm worthy of it," one of them retorted—"But this one, why does he suffer?"—and he pointed to a lad. "Why do you think you are worthy of it?"—I asked. "Because," he replied, "while our army was fighting them, I stayed at home imagining they would not come to my village."

"It is so," another said, "the worse, the better."

(To be continued)

U. N. A. ACTIVITIES

U. N. A. Anniversary Celebration
in Manville, R. I.

On May the 20th, members of the Branches No. 177 and 181, gathered together in the Ukrainian National Home in Manville, R. I., to celebrate the 40th Anniversary of the Ukrainian National Association.

Opening the program Mr. Stephen Rekrut, Chairman of the Committee, spoke a few words of welcome in the Ukrainian language to the assembled guests, and for the benefit of the younger folks gave a short talk in the English language of the meaning of the Ukrainian National Association to them. "The time has come," he said, "when the younger generation of American-Ukrainians must take over the work and tasks of the older generation and carry them on to greater heights than ever before."

Next on the program was Mr. Slobodian, Financial Secretary of the Ukrainian National Association, who spoke of the work of the pioneers of the Association and of the tasks facing all of us today. Taking advantage of Mr. Slobodian's presence, the young people at this concert invited him to their club house after the concert in order that he would better explain to them how they can form a separate youth branch of the same. It is hoped that in the near future we shall see such a branch arise in Manville.

The choir under the direction of Rev. E. Korolyshyn then gave a very interesting program of Ukrainian songs. Following this several solos were sung by Miss Anna Saska, who shows very promising talent.

LEO REKRUT.

Дитина: — Мамо, чому ти кури так кудкудакають?

— Бо голодні.

— То чому не знесуть собі речко?

UKRAINIAN AFFAIRS IN AMERICA

ACTIVITIES IN PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia Ukrainians rendered three memorable events all within the space of four days, at the Ukrainian Hall, to bring the indoor season to a close.

Sunday, May 27, the 40th Anniversary of the Ukrainian National Association was observed. Needless to say, the auditorium was packed, and the interesting program, banquet and dance that followed are not to be forgotten readily.

Tuesday, May 29, the first Ukrainian Prom was held, under the auspices of the Ukrainian-American Citizens' Club. Never before has there been a larger gathering of strictly young Ukrainians at one occasion. Dancing and entertainment lasted until the wee hours.

Wednesday, May 30, the Ukrainian Orthodox Church officially blessed the cornerstone of the renovated congregation. There were twelve clergymen and the visiting choirs from Minerville and Chester. Here again a banquet was given, after which a concert and play, finishing with a ball.

All three events were original and well attended, making it evident that the spirit does not wane when occasion necessitates its support.

ALEXANDER YAREMKO.

THE SPORT WHIRL

UKRAINIAN BOY WINS SPORTS
SCHOLARSHIP

Peter Chulick, son of Mrs. E. Chulick of 1716 So. Jefferson St., St. Louis, Mo. recently won one of the two Phil Ball Memorial Travel Scholarships with the Browns.

In one of the local McKinley's High School practice games Peter Chulick fanned 18 players in a seven inning game.

Johny Goldak, another Ukrainian boy, is Pete's team mate as his catcher.

E. V.

PARTICIPANTS IN THE ESSAY
CONTESTSponsored by the Ukrainian
Youth's League of North America

Class A

(Between 14 to 18 years inclusive)

Martin Gula, 65 St. Marks Place,
New York City—First prize.

Jenné Hirniak, 5351 S. Wash-
tenaw Ave., Chicago Ill.—Second
Prize.

Mary Sarabun, 124 3rd St.,
Bridgeport, Pa.—Third Prize.

Helen Modransky, R. F. D. 1,
Box 18, Amsterdam, Ohio

Julia Kusy, 21 Sussex St., Jersey
City, N. J.

Peter Hondowicz, 357 Bond St.,
Elizabeth, N. J.

Theodore Lutwiniak, 172 Pavonia
Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Mary N. Decyk, 768 So. Division
St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Ester Olsan, 1118 South 15th
Place, Milwaukee, Wis.

A. N. Lozik, 111 Olivia St., Mc-
Kees Rocks, Pa.

Stanley Patronick, 2028 Fifteenth
Ave., Coonra, Pa.

Andrew Kuybida, 17 Sears
Place, Clifton, N. J.

Mary Holyat, 168 So. Broadway,
Yonkers, N. Y.

Andrew Petrochko, 4 Diamond
Ave., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Class B

(Over 19 years)

Margaret D. Semenkiw, 3311
Leverson Ave., Baltimore, Md.—
First Prize.

Rosalie Hatala, 54 - 13th St.,
Keansburg, N. J.—Second Prize.

Theodore Luciw, University of
Dubuque, Iowa.—Third Prize.

Anna May Kobel, 134 Weeger
St., Rochester, N. Y.

Michael Zelisko, 2938 Poplar
Ave., Chicago Ill.

Peter L. Haluschak, 2306 W.
10th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Special Junior Class

(14 years and under)

Walter Skaskiw, R. F. D. 1,
Little Falls, N. Y.—First Prize

Nicholas Kuzma, 100 Madison
St., Passaic, N. J.

TO OUR UKRAINIAN YOUTH

Come on you young Ukrainians
What is wrong with you now!
I'm sure it can't be that you want
Before defeat to bow.

Oh you, young sons of Ukraine
How could you be so weak?
How could you rest and pause
when we
A free Ukraine do seek?

You know that you have not
begun

To really quite work yet,
So that this year or else the next
A free Ukraine we'd get.

Now come my lads, roll up your
sleeves

And join a club or two,
Learn Ukrainian really well
Thus giving the laggards their cue.

Perhaps you know that now you
must

Start grinding with full force
So that in later years you won't
Be filled with sad remorse.

Put your two cents, and nose, and
all

In everything on earth
That'll give us victory and our
aim

"A Free Ukrainian Hearth"!

I pray to God that I won't see
From now till time's no more
The sorry sight of one of our
Youth

Who's not Ukrainian to the core!

MAYTIME DREAMS

It's funny how in the Daytime
You always dream in the Maytime
And all the spring flowers it seems
Find just their place in those
dreams.

MARY SARABUN,

— Вже ця одноманітна пра-
ця на почті так сприкрилася
мені...

— Якуж ти маеш там пра-
цю?

— Вибиваю печатки на ли-
стах.

— Тож яка це одноманітна
праця?! Таж що дня маеш ін-
шу дату!

FIFTY AGAINST MILLIONS!

By THEODORE LUTWINIAK

(6)

CHAPTER SIX

Introduction

"What!" ejaculated Michaylo.
"An airplane? Hmmm: How for-
tunate—for us! How many men
were there in the plane, Klym?"

"I didn't investigate.... I guess
I was frightened. You see, having
something fall out of a clear sky
ten feet from where you stand—"

"All right Klym... I would have
been frightened, also, had it hap-
pened to me. Well, let's head for
the scene of the crash," Michaylo
said, seeing that his gun was
ready for instant use.... he be-
lieved in being prepared.

Klym led the way through the
forest, followed by Michaylo, Wa-
syl and the rest of the men.

Fortunately, the plane, in its
plunge to earth, had gotten caught
in the branches of a tree, thus
greatly reducing the velocity of
the descent. Both of the plane's
wings were torn to shreds as it
crashed into the tree. It struck
the ground nose-first, crumpling
the propeller. The impact against
the earth knocked Professor Hem-
ingway into unconsciousness.

Fedor, considering himself lucky
to have escaped unharmed, got out
of the plane and went to see how
his passenger had fared. He found

the Professor lying unconscious in
his seat.

"Hope he's all right," Fedor
thought as he carefully lifted the
man of science from the seat. "If
he's hurt I may as well kiss my
job goodbye!"

He tried to revive the professor,
with no success.

Fedor felt the professor's body
for signs of broken bones, but
found none. He did find however a
nasty bruise on the back of the
Professor's head.

"Gosh!" Fedor exclaimed. "Hope
it isn't a skull fracture."

Looking about him he discovered
a spring. After having moistened
his handkerchief he bathed the Pro-
fessor's bruise. His efforts were
rewarded.... the Professor opened
his eyes, blinked, and throatily ut-
tered:

"What happened?"

Fedor, in the act of answering,
was rudely interrupted by a com-
mand spoken in Ukrainian....

"Put up your hands!"

Obediently the command, Fedor
turned about to see what sort of
people menaced him. He was sur-
prised to see about fifty armed
men facing him—their weapons
pointed at him.

"What a formidable looking
young army!" he thought to him-
self. "Their leader spoke the Uk-

rainian language... well, I'll try
to talk him out of shooting me."
Fedor was, by nature, a cool-head-
ed young man. To him this was
just a part of the day's work.

"What do you want of me?"
Fedor asked in Ukrainian.

"The plane," answered the leader
of the armed men, briefly.

"I'm sorry but the plane doesn't
belong to me—it is the property
of the United States Government...
therefore you can't have it," Fedor
made the best of a bad job.

"You are an American?"—the
leader inquired.

"I'm an American-Ukrainian,"

"Hmmm!" exclaimed the leader.

"What brings you here?"

Fedor then explained his mission
to the leader, who seemed very
interested. Professor Hemingway,
who had gone unnoticed up to now
lifted himself to his feet. He was
bewildered, so rapidly had event
followed event.

The leader of the fifty men
seemed satisfied with Fedor's story
and motioned to his men to lower
their weapons.

"My name is Michaylo," he in-
formed Fedor. "These are my men.
We escaped from Moscow—"

Michaylo then narrated his ad-
ventures. Fedor was greatly im-
pressed. Here was the chance he
craved—to serve Ukraine! He
decided to pitch in with Michaylo
and his band.

"Do you mind adding another
man to your party?" he asked of

Michaylo. "Government or no Gov-
ernment, you can have the plane."

"We'll be more than glad to
have you," Michaylo approved.
"But what about the Professor?"

The Professor, who had atten-
tively listened to every word, final-
ly began to comprehend. He un-
derstood the language perfectly
being educated in the University
of Kiev.

"To think that I was going to
help the Soviet Government per-
fect a new weapon!" he exclaimed.
"A weapon that looks like an or-
dinary flashlight, but which has
powerful destructive properties. Its
illumination destroys anything and
everything. It is called a "ray
gun." They have only to perfect it.
They can conquer the world with
that weapon—which is probably
their intention. Well, I don't care
to have anything to do with such
a murderous Government, there-
fore, I ask admittance to your
band of brave men."

The Professor's lengthy dis-
course surprised the entire assem-
blage, especially Fedor, who had
wondered why the Professor's pre-
sence was so necessary to the
Soviet scientists.

"We're glad to have you in our
band," Michaylo said, "but we do
not want you to get into any
trouble on our account. You can
reach Moscow from here—"

"Never mind!" interrupted the
Professor. "My mind is made up!"

(To be continued)