



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



Supplement to the SVOBODA, Ukrainian Daily

Published by the Junior Department of the Ukrainian National Association.

No. 31.

Jersey City, N. J., Friday, August 3, 1934.

Vol. II.

## LOVE YOUR UKRAINE

By Shevchenko

Love to the end your native land,  
Love your Ukraine!... When time  
is mocking,  
When suffering and death are  
knocking,

Pray for her to the Guiding Hand!  
Translated by W. Semenyina.

(Corrections for last week's  
translated poem "Love Early":  
Luck unbesmirched—and—Then  
and after— should have been  
Such unbesmirched—and—Here  
and after.—Editor).

## FURTHER INFORMATION ON THE SECOND UKRAINIAN YOUTH'S CONGRESS

As announced in the previous issues of the Ukrainian Weekly—the Second Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America will be held under the auspices of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America on September 1st and 2nd, at the International Institute, 341 East 17th Street, New York City.

It will be open to all American-Ukrainian youth organizations and clubs which are imbued with Ukrainian ideals and which believe in the Ukrainian national cause.

Each club will have a right to send two delegates. Each delegate should bear credentials showing his authority to act as delegate.

The registration fee will be \$2.00 per delegate, which will include a luncheon Saturday noon, a tea Saturday evening, a dinner on Sunday, and admission to the dance which will be held Sunday evening at the Institute.

Girl delegates who would care to find lodgings at the Institute should send in their reservations early. The charge is 75 cents for dormitory quarters (4 to a room), or \$1.00 for single room, per night. Others, including the boys, who would rather stay over in some private Ukrainian home should also send in their reservations. Names and address will be sent them.

Special provisions are being made for guests. The entrance charge for them will be 25c. Reservations will also be accepted from guests for the meals and the dance, upon request, and at minimum prices.

A number of youth clubs have already expressed their intention of sending delegates. Chicago is sending about six. Several are coming from Cleveland, and the Canadian youth is also expected to participate, not to mention the localities closer to New York City.

We urge all clubs to send in their intentions of attending and reservations as early as possible, so as to avoid a rush at the last moment.

All communications should be sent to Ukrainian Youth Congress Committee, in care of Stephen Shumeyko, 97 Boyden Ave., Maplewood, N. J.

The Executive Board of the  
Ukrainian Youth's League  
of North America.

## ONE WHOM THE YOUTH TOOK TO ITS HEART

Up to 1918 there was a street in Chernivtsi, capital of Bukovina, named after Osip Yuriy Fedkovich, the greatest son Bukovina has produced, a poet and patriot. Later, however, when Bukovina fell under Roumanian rule, the name of this street was changed, and today there is nothing left in Chernivtsi to commemorate the memory of this great Ukrainian except his "mohela" (barrow), upon which stands a monument bearing stirring inscriptions taken from his works.

The monument is regularly being taken care of by the local youth. It is a labor of love for them. They lavish a great deal of attention upon it, keep it in repair, and festoon it with flowers and greenery. Every year, during "Zeleny Sviata," they gather before the monument and with appropriate exercises pay homage to the memory of this great Ukrainian.

It was exactly one hundred years ago, August 8, 1834, that Osip Yuriy (Joseph George) Fedkovich was born in the village of Putiliv, high in the mountain fastness of the Hutzuls, the Ukrainian mountaineers. He grew up under the influence of his mother, who was an ardent Ukrainian, whereas his father, a somewhat impoverished petty noble, was almost entirely Polonized. She tended him lovingly, spoke to him in the Ukrainian language, which at that time was unusual, explained to him the mysteries and lore of the mountains, and taught him numberless Ukrainian tales and songs of Hutzul life.

As a result of this splendid early training and teaching there arose in young Fedkovich a great love for his people and their life, one which remained in him forever, even when in later years he wandered away from home "on the foreign strand." As an officer in the Austrian army campaigning under the sunny skies of Italy he found particular joy in meeting some common soldier hailing from the Hutzul lands, conversing with him in the Ukrainian language, recalling common experiences and longing to be back in their native heath again. At that time, we must realize, conscriptionary service in the army lasted 12 years, and to remain away from home for that long period was practically unbearable for the liberty-loving Ukrainian Hutzuls. All of this love and longing to be back in the limitless spaces of the Carpathians was captured by Fedkovich in his beautiful and heart-rending poems and stories, written in the common ordinary language of the Ukrainian people, which at that time was frowned upon by the Austrian authorities.

Upon his return home Fedkovich resigned from the army. His soul felt cramped in it. He entered civil service, becoming an inspector of schools. And because he insisted upon wearing the native Hutzul costume he was forced to resign as a reserve officer, and later for the same reason even as inspector of schools. He gave all up so that could live simply among his people.

When his works first appeared he was regarded as some curiosity. The youth alone perceived his greatness, understood him, and took him to their heart. His fame spread, as one who loved his people, felt their joys and sorrows, and inimitably portrayed their life and modes. His poems and stories of the hard life of a soldier, his famous story, "Dowbush," based upon a Robin Hood theme, brought added fame and glory to him. Only then did the people of Bukovina first realize that they had a great figure among them, one who meant to them what Taras Shevchenko meant to Greater Ukraine and Ivan Franko to Western Ukraine.

During this time of the year Ukrainians throughout the world are celebrating the 100th anniversary of the birth of this great Ukrainian—Osip Yuriy Fedkovich. Perhaps the greatest of these commemorative celebrations will be the one to be held in Chernivtsi, Bukovina. All funds from these commemorative celebrations will be used for the building and upkeep of a Ukrainian school to be named after Osip Yuriy Fedkovich.

## MASS MEETING FOR JERSEY CITY YOUTH

The American-Ukrainian youth of Jersey City is urged most strongly to attend a mass meeting on Monday, August 6th, 7:30 P. M. to be held in the Ukrainian National Home, 181-183 Fleet Street. The parents are also cordially invited.

The main purpose of this mass meeting will be to organize a new youth branch of the Ukrainian National Association. Discussions will also be held on topics vital to the youth.

For a long time there has been felt an urgent need among the Jersey City youth to have such a local youth branch of the U. N. A., one in which they will have complete control. The opportunity is at hand, and all that the youth has to do is to seize it.

A number of the local young people have already declared their intention of joining this new youth branch. But whether you have or not, come to this mass meeting. You will have an opportunity to be heard, as well as hear others.

## PAMPHLET ON FAMINE IN UKRAINE

The United Ukrainian Organizations of the United States ("Ob'yednanye") have published within recent times a 32-page pamphlet in the English language entitled "Famine in Ukraine." It contains the Resolution relative to the famine submitted in Congress last May, a Memorandum on the famine by the "Ob'yednanye," reports on the famine by W. H. Chamberlin, until recently Moscow correspondent of the "Christian Science Monitor," the articles by Whiting Williams published in the English journal "Answers," and an editorial from the "Boston Post" of May 31st, 1934, in the course of which it is stated:—"Mr. Chamberlin points out, that this is the first instance on record of a civilized nation actually resorting to famine as a deliberate instrument of national policy, dooming millions to death to break down resistance to government edicts. Mr. Chamberlin's story is a ghastly one."

This pamphlet has proved to be of such interest that Lord Philmore of England, after receiving five copies of the same, ordered 24 copies more, saying:—"The pamphlet is exceedingly useful and to the point..."

The pamphlet can be obtained through the "Svoboda". Price 25c.

## NEWARKER WINS SCHOLARSHIP

Michael Schwetz, a young American-Ukrainian living in Newark, N. J., a graduate of the local East Side High School, won a United States Scholarship from New Jersey to the Michigan College of Technology. The scholarship is for four years, and is given yearly only to one student from each state.

Mr. Schwetz takes an active part in the life of the younger generation of American-Ukrainians. He is a member of the Ukrainian Social Club and also of the Boyan Singing Society of Newark.

## A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

(26)

### Early Ukrainian Brotherhood Schools

Besides establishing printing houses of their own the "bratstvas" (brotherhoods) also established schools.

One of the earliest of these schools, a gymnasium, was established by the previously mentioned Lviv Stavropihiyske Brotherhood, in 1586. In this school studies were conducted partly in the national, everyday language of the people and partly in the Church-Slavonic. Besides this, some time was also devoted to the Greek language, and later even Latin was introduced.

The first to teach this school was Stephen Suzahiy Tustanovsky, a highly educated man, writer of many learned treatises, and an ardent defender of people's rights. The teacher of the Greek language was a Greek himself, Bishop Arseny, who in 1591 published the first Greek and old-Church language grammar. Being wealthy he acted as a sponsor for many leading and promising students, educators, ecclesiastics, and writers, who with his aid helped to spread the printed word among the people.

### Athos Mountain

After the fall of Tsarhorod the Athos Mountain in Greece became in the source of inspiration and creativeness for Ukrainian literateurs. On this famous hill there were located many famous monasteries, and in them lived many Ukrainian monks, working together, partaking of each other's thoughts and ideas, and exchanging their works with those of the Serbs and Bulgarians, which they brought with them to Ukraine.

### Nobles Sponsor Spread of Education

Besides these Brotherhoods and monk orders which sought to spread knowledge among the people and improve their cultural level, there were also men of noble blood or of great wealth who gave their moral and material support to this cultural work. For example, a Ukrainian magnate, Gregory Khodkevich, who was also a Lithuanian Hetman, founded on the border of Ukrainian lands, in Zabłudov, a printing establishment. Another such man, Prince Andrey Kurban'ky, having displeased the Muscovian Tsar-Ivan the Terrible fled to Ukraine and settled in

Volhynia. Here he gathered around him a group of scholars and together with them waged a campaign against the Polonization of Ukrainian and White-Russ lands. Another such circle of scholars worked together in White-Russ lands, near Slutsk, on the estates of Prince George Slutsky.

### Prince Ostrog's School and Printing Shop

But the most important cultural center of them all was the one which arose under the sponsorship of Prince Ostrog Volhynia.

The Ostrog princes, descendants of a royal family dating back to the ancient Ukrainian Kingdom of Kiev, had for long distinguished themselves as active defenders of their nation. Such a man was Prince Constantin Ostrog, a Lithuanian Hetman, who founded on his land a school for higher studies, and as an annex to it set up a printing shop. This Ostrog School gave the start to higher education in Ukraine. Around it are linked such leading ancient Ukrainian scholars and educators as Harysym Smotrytsky, Damian Nalevayko, Archdeacon Kyprian, Vasile Surazhky, as well as such foreigners as Christopher Filaret, Yan Lyatos, Kyrylo Lukarys, and later even many leading patriarchs. The school produced many famous Ukrainian men, such as Petro Sahaydashny, the great Ukrainian Cossack leader.

### Muscovian Ignorance During Ukrainian Cultural Ascendancy

It is interesting to note that during this time when Ukrainian culture and literature was in ascendancy, when the Ukrainians had their own schools devoted to higher studies, in Muscovy (Russia proper) there were not only no schools, but the whole cultural level of the people was at a very low level. It is true, there were some persons among the Muscovians (later known as Russians) who realized this and tried to bring about changes for the better. But their efforts were of no avail, for they met against a stone wall opposition among the masses, and even among the Muscovian leaders, princes and kings, who were against all education, particularly that of Western Europe. They believed that "гро не латни научился, тот с правого пути збілся" (he who hath learned Latin hath strayed from the rightful path). Such was their attitude towards education. It is nothing to be wondered at, particularly when we consider that the rulers themselves were often ignorant men, who did not even know how to read and write. They and their subjects were not ashamed of their ignorance, but on the contrary regarded it as an integral part of their religion.

(To be continued.)

## IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(A tale of olden Cossack times)

By ANDRIY TCHAIKOWSKY

(A free translation by S. S.)

(4)

### 4. The Escape

Crouching in the high weeds Pavlush saw by the light of the still burning village how the Tartars were plundering everything that could be carried away, and consigning to the flames the rest. He also saw how the crowd of captives in the "maydan" steadily grew larger, as the Tartars continued to drag in those captured in the fighting, particularly the women and children. The cries and screams of the latter only added further horror to the scene.

Pavlush felt numb, mentally and physically. The shock of seeing his "dyid" Andriy and mother killed and his father and sister made captives was too much for him. Although he felt within him a wild impulse to run away from all this, yet something seemed to root him to the ground. Try as he could he could not find strength to rise and flee. It was like some horrible nightmare.

Just then he perceived that the Tartars were now beginning to search in the high weeds behind the houses, seeking those who perhaps had hidden there. In a few moments fresh outcries were heard, as they fell like hawks upon those hiding, mostly children, and bore them struggling and screaming to the "maydan."

Although in a befogged state, Pavlush still managed to realize that if he did not escape immediately it would soon be too late. Already the searchers, clad in their rough coats, with the fur turned outwards, high hay stack-shaped hats, their fierce and repellent faces aflame with the prospect of gaining more captives and booty, were approaching the hiding place of Pavlush nearer and nearer.

Seeing that capture was imminent if he remained there any longer Pavlush summoned all his strength and threw himself forward, as if to break the invisible

chains that held him to the spot, and ran as swiftly as his legs could carry him straight towards the stockade, crouching low and avoiding the spots where the light from the burning buildings might disclose him to the Tartars.

A few moments of fast running, and he reached the weeds growing by the stockade. He paused, breathless, listening intently to hear if his flight had been perceived. Nothing unusual was heard. Ignoring the nettles which burned his face and hands he pushed his way through them until he reached the stockade.

It was work of but a few moments for him to climb to its top. Looking down cautiously from his precarious perch he perceived to his dismay the dim figure of a sentry standing on the other side. He undoubtedly had been placed there for that very reason, to prevent anyone escaping over the wall. Escape this way was impossible.

Slowly Pavlush slid down. He sat down for a moment, thinking of what his next step should be. He had to get out of the village, that was certain. Finally he decided to make his way to the gate. Perhaps there he would find a way of getting outside.

Pushing his way carefully through the weeds, so that his movement would not be seen, he slowly made his way towards the gate. Luckily for him the weeds were higher than his head. Every now and then he strained on his tiptoes and cautiously poked his head above the weeds to see if any immediate danger threatened him. At last he reached the gate.

Parting the weeds carefully he looked through them, and his heart sank. For grouped around the gate was a number of Tartars, some sitting and some standing, acting as guards. Near them stood their saddled horses, teth-

ered to stakes driven into the ground.

Pavlush felt his heart sink within him as he reflected that escape was impossible. Suddenly a fit of desperation seized him. Rather than to remain and be made captive he would make a sudden dash towards one of the horses, seize one, untether him, leap upon him, and be off before the Tartars could recover from their surprise. The plan was mad. There was hardly a chance of success. But desperation knows no bounds. Silently, his heart pounding furiously, Pavlush awaited his chance to leap forward.

Suddenly, from the direction of the "maydan" a fresh uproar was heard. It grew louder and louder, approaching the gate. Intermingled with it could be heard the yells of the Tartars. Evidently something had gone wrong.

Pavlush cautiously peered out towards the direction of the "maydan." He perceived in the distance a herd of stampeding oxen thundering towards him, eyes gleaming, tails streaming behind them, knocking down those who sought to stop them. Evidently they had been frightened by the flames.

Like an avalanche the oxen came on. The Tartars sentries around the gate jumping to their feet and sought to head them off back into the village. But the oxen did even swerve. Right into the sentries they ran, bowling them over left and right, and then streamed out of the village into the wide steppe, followed by the horses of sentries which had broken loose in their fright.

One horse, however, remained. Although he tugged and reared, yet the stake and rope held, and he could not break loose.

Like a flash of lightning Pavlush realized that here was his golden opportunity of escaping. Regardless of the danger that he might be seen by the oncoming Tartars chasing after the cattle, Pavlush dashed forward from his hiding place towards the horse. It was but a work of a moment for him to quiet the horse, untether him, and clamber into saddle.

The horse, feeling someone upon

his back, grew frightened again. A reassuring pat, however, quieted him down. Gathering up the reins in his hand, Pavlush dug his heels hard into the horse's flanks. The horse leaped forward, and galloped out of the village with Pavlush on his back.

But danger was not yet past. Although it was dark outside yet the white shirt which Pavlush wore made him a clear mark against the dark background. This white shirt was his undoing, for a Tartar sentry standing outside the gate perceived him. Yelling the alarm to his approaching comrades the Tartar leaped upon his own horse and sped after him, the others following. The chase was on.

On through the night Pavlush sped across the steppe. Behind him streamed the pursuit, yelling for him to stop. The faint moonlight was of sufficient light to show him where he was going, but there was always the possibility that the horse might step into a hole, bringing disaster and perhaps death to both. The rapid pounding of the horse's hoofs was only equalled by the pounding of Pavlush's heart.

Gradually the distance between the pursued and the pursuers lengthened. Pavlush's horse was the faster. Seeing this the Tartars drew their bows and began to shoot after Pavlush.

The hiss of the arrows as they streaked past Pavlush and the horse only served to frighten the horse to greater efforts. The ground fairly flew beneath them. Pavlush was obliged to lean over the horse's neck and grip hold of the mane to prevent himself from falling, particularly since his legs were too short to reach the stirrups. The wind whistled in his ears, while the entire earth and sky seemed blurred into one jerking, heaving vista.

Pavlush now began to feel that escape was certain, barring accidents, for the sounds of pursuit grew fainter and fainter. Just as he was about to congratulate himself, he felt a sudden pain in his

(Continued on page 4)

## UKRAINIANS UNDER POLAND

Some of our readers, after reading in last week's issue of the Ukrainian Weekly an article entitled "A Refutation to a Bit of Polish Propaganda," have expressed a desire to learn a bit more of what foreign, impartial observers have to say on the subject of the Ukrainians living in Eastern Galicia (part of Western Ukraine) under Poland.

We therefore review one of the many of such articles, "The Ukrainians in Poland," by T. P. Conwell-Evans, which appeared in the October-December 1932 issue of the conservative English "Political Quarterly." The article is divided into four parts, excerpts of which shall be quoted.—Editor

### I. "Poland's Irish Problem"

"Many people must have heard for the first time of the existence of what may be described as Poland's Irish problem when, about eighteen months ago, the Polish 'pacification' of its Ukrainian subjects shocked the Western World. That outburst of violence served to remind Englishmen of the claims which the Ukrainians have on their sympathy and interest.

"In 1923, by a decision of the Ambassadors' Conference, East Galicia was added to the Polish State upon the express stipulation, accepted by the Poles, that it would be given a form of autonomous administration. That stipulation has remained unfulfilled to this day, and the unredeemed pledge justifies a consideration of the problem, even if British friends of Poland were not disturbed by the menace of a discontented and aggrieved people so great in numbers and so capable and determined as the Ukrainians seem to be."

Then follow some statistics of the number of Ukrainians in Ukrainian lands under Poland.

### 2. Self-Progress of Ukrainians Under Poland

In the second part of the article the author refutes the Polish allegations that the Ukrainians are backward.

"Deserted in the past by rich Ukrainian landowners who became Polish aristocrats, the Ukrainian peasants, aided by their hard-working priests, themselves of peasant stock, developed capacity and talent for responsible action. Their political leaders are nearly all the sons or grandsons of peasants, many of them trained in the Universities of Prague or Vienna; the growing number of their professional class—doctors, lawyers, architects—marks their rapid rise. The spacious railway station at Lwiv is the work of a Ukrainian architect."

"A visitor to Poland making a tour of some of the Ukrainian villages will be agreeably surprised at the character of the activities carried on by the peasants, which betrays not only a deep seated national consciousness, but a readiness and ability to work together and a sense of citizenship."

"These qualities are nowhere better shown than in their co-operative institutions, which are exceedingly well organized. Village stores to which the peasants readily bring their agricultural produce are linked up with district societies and these are co-ordinated in their turn by the central societies at Lwiv. One may see small hand-worked creameries serving the peasants of a single village, or milk-collecting stations which feed a more ambitious creamery linking up a score of villages. In Lwiv, the Maslosujus—the central dairy society—conducts a considerable export trade in cheese, butter and

eggs. Altogether there are over 4,000 Ukrainian co-operative societies conducted according to Rochdale principles, including credit societies modelled on the Raiffeisen system. East Galicia is, in fact, a veritable little Denmark.

"So vigorous a resurrection, starting at zero after the devastation of the Great War, is all the more remarkable as the Ukrainians have achieved it by their own unaided efforts, without credits from the state or from Polish banks. A large number of the co-operative managers are university men; graduates of Prague, Vienna and Lemberg, who can find no outlet for their abilities in the state administration of Poland as long as they do not renounce their Ukrainian ideals. In the widespread ramifications of the co-operative movement, the Ukrainians no doubt see a solid foundation for their national hopes and aspirations."

### Ukrainian Character

Then follows a recital of some of the cultural achievements of the Ukrainians, and part two ends as follows:

"For reasons of space, other interesting features must be omitted. Briefly, it may be said that the Ukrainians impressed one as resembling more the Czechs or the Bulgars than the Poles or Serbs. Their organising ability, their aptitude for business, their earnest, careful minds, not given to high flights of the imagination, but capable of sustained activity, offer qualities which are needed to balance the brilliance, and check the instability, of the Polish genius. And it is regrettable that the Poles, owing to their distainful aloofness, are ignorant of the existence of these qualities and oppress their possessors."

### 3. Persecutions of Ukrainians by Poland

Part three concerns itself with the policy of the Polish Government towards the Ukrainian, showing how the Ukrainians suffer politically, economically and culturally under the Polish misrule. The facts are too evident to us to bear repetition here.

### 4. The Poles Have Yet Time To Halt Persecutions

In part four the author recommends that the Ukrainians under Poland be treated as equals and not as serfs, for as he says:

"The Ukrainians are too well consolidated to be ignored; they cannot be assimilated, they are too numerous and too determined. Oppression will serve only to drive them into illegal and violent methods of protest.

"Up to now, the vast majority tenaciously cling to constitutional methods. They are anxious to be on good terms with the Poles, but on terms of decent equality, and not as serfs or as the subjects of a Crown colony. It would be disastrous if they began to swell that band of hot-blooded young men, members of a secret military organizations (U. W. O.), who are impatient of constitutional redress. Already Irish history is being repeated in Polish Ukraine: dark deeds are done in police cells against the young insurgents, and these often include innocent persons. The writer has satisfied himself as the truth of several of the grave charges which the Ukrainians brought before the League of Nations in May, 1932. They describe the tortures inflicted by the police on young men suspected of being members of U. W. O. The arrested men are beaten on the

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### A LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN-UKRAINIAN SEAGOING MARINE

Dear Editor:

It was very kind of you to print my article in the Ukrainian Weekly two months ago. I am very pleased to know that there are so many young Ukrainians, both lads and lasses, who are interested in the cruise which we are taking and who would like to receive cards and letters describing different points of interest during our trip abroad.

I received seventy-eight letters from young people scattered throughout the forty-eight states. As much as I would like to answer each letter personally, it just seems impossible for me to do so along with the work of a Marine. The only alternative I have is to write to you as Editor of the Ukrainian Weekly and hope you will print the articles I write so that each and every one of my friends will have a chance to read them. Not only do I appreciate the opportunity I have to do this, but the Major does also. I showed him a copy of the Ukrainian Weekly dated May ninth, and he thinks that the venture is a splendid idea. I must give him credit for a lot of inspiration and encouragement which aids me in composing these articles.

After leaving Philadelphia, the Minny-ha-ha went down along the coast of North and South Carolina for a four-day trial run. We ran into some rough water and it was "some" experience. The Minny started to roll and rock from side to side just like a mother rocking her babe to sleep. I was up on deck at the time. When the Minny would go over to one side, I would run to the opposite side and try to hold it down, but that didn't seem to work. Becoming disgusted with my inefficiency, I went below to our quarters where I found half of the Marines feeling uncomfortable and somewhat indisposed. Incidentally, there was a general demand for pickles. This environment was not helping my state of being much. But there were none nauseated seriously, so that shows we are capable of taking it.

We came back to Philadelphia again after our trial run and gave the Minny a new coat of paint. After she was all dressed, we left for New York where we spent four days. Need I say that we enjoyed ourselves? Any one who knows New York knows that we were completely overwhelmed by the rumbling echoes which reverberated among the majestic and stately towering structures of the city. When we docked, the Marines who rated liberty hustled about preparing for their leave. There

soles of their feet, and other more vulnerable parts of the body; they are sometimes stretched on benches with their head bent back until, half smothered in a pail of water, they lose consciousness. The purpose of this modernized form of medieval inquisition is to force prisoners to confess to deeds of violence, of which they may not be guilty or to incriminate their friends.

"One wonders whether the Polish authorities realize the depth of the ill-feeling and bitterness which such methods are causing in the minds of the Ukrainian majority. If these methods are continued that ill feeling will become irremediable. The Poles have yet time to reverse the process."

was one who, in his excitement, forgot to dress fully. When he asked for his liberty privilege, he was reminded to finish dressing. Just imagine his embarrassment! We can hardly blame him, however, for sight-seeing in New York does present a glamorous picture.

Our next stop, after leaving New York, was Hampton Roads, which is the United States Naval Operating Base. We did not go ashore, for we docked for only one day.

Then came the city of Charleston, South Carolina. We spent the Fourth of July there. Peace and quiet reigned—the one thing we associate with the Fourth was lacking—fireworks. After making inquiries, a worthy citizen of that city told us that they had their fireworks on Christmas instead of on the Fourth. That puzzled us.

We left Charleston on the Fifth, and our next port was Norfolk, Virginia, where we stayed until the twelfth of this month, headed next for Newport, Rhode Island. Here we will stay until the Nineteenth, when we will leave for France. Our route has been changed and we do not go to Russia. We expect to visit many cities including the capital city of France, Paris.

September will see us back in Philadelphia where we will be stationed. The Minny-ha-ha is to be reconditioned and the ventilation changed. This will take a few months. In February, we are to join the fleet on the Pacific Coast.

Since we have been aboard the Minny, each marine has been doing his allotted bit of work, including scrubbing the decks, washing the bulkhead and lockers, guarding the ship, and firing the anti-aircraft five-inch guns and four machine-guns.

We get along very well with the sailors, but when it comes to playing ball or some other sport, one finds a friendly "antagonistic" spirit in the air.

This seems to comprise most of our experiences up to date. The course of the Minny-ha-ha, as it now stands, promises many interesting and educational experiences which I shall relate to you upon our return. Until then, dear friends, accept my best regards.

A Sea-Going Ukrainian,

ANDY SMULLEY.

U. S. S. Minneapolis.

New York, N. Y.

c/o Postmaster.

## FRIENDS

A perfect friend is the person who Will help and cheer you when you're blue;

A friend who at the end of day Will listen to all you have to say.

A true friend always understands And grants your craziest demands; A pal who never asks you why You laugh, you ask, or why you cry.

A lifelong friend is the one who knows Your secrets, pleasures, and your woes; And always does that true friend say A prayer for you whenever they pray.

They ask no questions when you ask Them to perform some puzzling task; They may not know why you asked it, But they know you and they'll do their bit.

MARY SARABUN,  
Bridgeport, Pa.

## WHAT PARTICULAR ASPECT OF UKRAINIAN LIFE ATTRACTS ME MOST

By THEODORE LUCIŪ  
of the University of Dubuque

[Third Prize Winner of Class B of the Essay Contest sponsored by the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.]

### National Pride

#### I

Every country has its people who glow with national pride. These persons are the links that preserve national unity, and around them glitters the halo of patriotism. Their devotion to the general welfare of their fatherland is the cornerstone upon which the nation itself rests.

Such people can be found in Ukraine, as well as in any other country in the world.

Although the Ukrainians at the present time do not have an independent state of their own, yet they are very proud of their national history, culture, music, language and traditions.

The history of Ukraine is heroic and tragic, even though the Ukrainians were always believers in peace and order and never waged aggressive warfare against their neighbors in pursuit of something that was not theirs, as their neighbors did, especially the Russians and Poles. The Ukrainians were democratic in spirit. Long before the French Revolution they had their own democratic form of government, with a Hetman as the President, and a Rada as the Parliament. Had not Ukraine been partitioned by its enemies during the 17th century, today, Ukrainians, would have had the most liberal country in the world.

The Ukrainian Cossacks bore brunt of the struggle with the Asiatic barbarians—Tartars and Turks. It was these brave Ukrainian freemen who defended Western Europe and Western civilization against the savage hordes of the East. The victory of the Siege of Vienna by which the Polish King John Sobiesky delivered all Christianity from the Turks in 1683 is generally ascribed exclusively to the efforts of Poland. Rarely does anyone mention the fact that the most important part in the great battle for Christianity was played by the Ukrainian Cossacks under the leadership of such brave "polkovniks" (leaders) as Kultchitsky, Semen Paliy, Iskra, Samusch, Abazin, and Hohol.

It is a well known fact that the Ukrainian successors of those famous Cossacks who fought at Vienna during the World War formed the strongest opposition that the Bolsheviks and the Poles had in their attempts to enroach upon lands of their neighbors, particularly upon the Ukrainian time-immemorial territories. The Ukrainians sought to create their own independent state. But the obstacles were too great.

It is a historical fact that everyone of the 385 young Ukrainian students of the University of Kiev in the heroic struggle against 3,000 Bolsheviks—lost their lives. None escaped, no one even thought of escaping when "Mother Ukraine" was in danger.

After the infamous decision of the Treaty of Versailles, when Ukraine was divided among four countries—our country became the "land of Nathan Hales." During the 29 Ukrainian political trials in 1932, 107 Ukrainian revolutionists were hanged. During 1933 over four million Ukrainian nationalists were starved out by the Bolsheviks. The heroes in their last words regretted that

they would not be able to continue their work for Mother Ukraine.

#### II

Ukrainian Culture is very old. It started long before 988 A. D. when Ukraine was Christianized during the reign of Volodimir the Great.

An American, Mr. Cecil Malone M. P., gives his opinion upon the level of the Ukrainian culture as follows: "Having travelled in Ukraine I know the aspirations of the Ukrainians and I admire their culture, their co-operative societies and their many other activities. For that reason the Ukrainians cannot long remain a subject people. The forty two million nation must become free."

The Ukrainian language is the most beautiful among all Slavic languages. "Those only who understand the language of the people of Ukraine"—says "American Electric" of March 1841—"can appreciate the richness of its grammatical construction and the most unquantless and delicate gradation of meaning, of which the same word is made susceptible by a slight change of the termination. The sonorous strains of the Ukrainian songs can perhaps best be conceived of, by imagining the ancient Greek combined with the Modern Italian."

No wonder that the Ukrainian language has been of such help to the Ukrainian music and songs. The Ukrainian "dumi" (a sad historical heroic elegy consecrated to the memory of distinguished Ukrainian heroes) are a typical Ukrainian product.

In 1932, during the Bicentennial Celebration in honor of George Washington, the Ukrainians of the United States, competing among twenty other nationalities, won first prize in music, singing and dancing.

The Ukrainian National Chorus was conducted by the most outstanding Ukrainian living composer, Professor Alexander Koshetz, who, according to the American musicians, is not only one of the living conductors of the world but the best authority on music. "The New York Evening Post" said about our Ukrainian Chorus: "It is wonderful, that chorus. A human organ; it has been called, but it would seem as if a human orchestra would be a better name."

The Ukrainian national dances are among the most beautiful—perhaps in the whole world. Mr. H. Becket in the "N. Y. Evening Post," after the performance given by Vasile Avramenko in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, said:—"The audience was simply carried away by some of these grand scale dances. Men shouted and the heartiest applause started halfway through the dance and continued to the end. Of course, this enthusiasm was more than a manifestation of patriotism. It signified the complete absorption of a large audience in what was taking place on the stage. Mentally the audience danced and was part of the festival. It was an object lesson for Anglo-Saxon Americans, now in peril of succumbing to the dread disease of 'spectatoritis'... And we refuse to turn from this event to some other without first going on record for unrestricted immigration from Ukraine. What this country needs is more Ukrainians. Through

## IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(Continued from page 2)

shoulder, as if someone had slashed him with a knife. Reaching back he felt an arrow hanging, its barbed head caught in his sleeveless "zhupan." Something warm flowed down his spine, frightening him for the moment. He knew it was blood, and only hoped that the wound was not serious. But he felt cheered that he had managed to escape, for now there was no sound of the pursuers. He slowed his horse down a trifle, giving him a chance to recover a bit from his exertions.

Night began to lighten into early dawn, when Pavlush reached the Samara River. He felt tempted to stop here, for he was exhausted, but decided it was better to continue, putting as much distance between himself and what was left of his home town. Accordingly he gave full rein to the horse, and the latter plunged into the water gleefully, lapping up the water before he swam. Pavlush was not afraid that his horse might not be able to get to the other bank, for his "dyid" Andriy had often told him that Tartar horses took to water like ducks.

Snorting occasionally the horse steadily plowed through the water, his rider hanging limply on. In a few moments they reached the other bank and clambered ashore. Once on dry land the horse gave himself such a shake that poor Pavlush in his weakened state nearly flew off.

The sun had now already risen. The vast steppe was bathed in the soft morning light, lending enchantment to its limitless expanse. High above the "zhayvoronok" trilled the most beautiful melodies imaginable, heralding the coming of a new day, and new hope. Pavlush felt cheered, and urged his horse onward.

(To be continued)

\*"Zhupan,"—great coat.

them Americans may learn to play."

And how about our literature? It is remarkable. It compares favorably with that of England and France. Who among us does not know about such Ukrainian writers as Kulish, Qsnovianenko, Kotlyarevsky, Shevchenko, Lasha Ukrainka, Franko, Kobylanska, Stefanyk, Lepkyj, Olesh, and many, many others?

I am proud of the fact that we Ukrainians have done so much for the cultural development of the world. I am proud that we Ukrainians had erected such a beautiful pavilion in Chicago last year. I am proud of the fact that our sculptor, Mr. Alexander Archipenko, became the greatest master in his profession not only in this country but in the world as well. I am also proud of the fact that we Ukrainians have a chance to live in this country and to develop our culture to its highest extent.

I am proud that the Ukrainian-American Youth has started its organized life since the organization of the "Ukrainian Youth's League of North America" last year, and I thoroughly believe that we young Ukrainians of America will help our beloved brothers in Ukraine to win our national freedom.

I am proud of being Ukrainian!  
Long live the U. S. A.  
Long live the "Ukrainian Youth's League of North America!"  
Long live the Ukrainian Youth throughout the world!  
Long live Ukraine!

## "THE BOARDWALK"

Bright lights gay crowds. Every one laughing. On one side lines of concessions, restaurants, hotels. On the other, the white beach and the ocean—dark, mysterious, wearing a broad band of shimmering silver dress, while the beams of the bright yellow moon (at sail above, across an almost cloudless, star studded sky, show off the beauty of the ocean. A cool breeze fans the smiling faces of the gay throng that moves along in a buzz of conversation, above which the concessionaire's voice chants the virtues of his game or goods. "Something new! Something different!" "Step right in folks! A winner every time! Hey! put down a handful and pick up a hatful!" "Shoot here! Try your skill!" "Hot dogs, cold drinks." It's all excitement. It's all fun. The throng grows in size and many are they who proudly display prizes won when the great god "Luck" smiled upon them. Amid all this festivity, cares of the day are forgotten and the depression seems to be something remote. It has been completely forgotten for the night, for there is no sign of it in the faces of the throng or the voices of the concessionaires. All gaiety, laughter, relaxing, and restful. That's the Boardwalk.

S. FELLO.

## UKRAINIAN RETALIATION IN PIDKARPATYA

A Czech newspaper, which comes out in the Pidkarpattia, in a recent issue complains that the Ukrainians are boycotting all Czech ventures. It cites as an example of this the presentation of a Czech movie in the town of Drahovi. Not one Ukrainian, it claims, attended the showing.

The complaining Czech newspaper fails to state, however, that the Czechs are never seen at Ukrainian festivals, concerts or the like, although they attend Magyar or Jewish affairs. The Ukrainians are now merely retaliating.

## UKRAINIAN RIGHTS IN POLAND

On the 27th May 1934, Dr. Ihor Fediw, while taking a Sunday evening walk with his wife, was conversing with her in the Ukrainian language. Apparently the language did not appeal to a few Polish youths on the streets, who stopped the doctor and beat him badly with walking sticks. ("DIL0", Lviv, May 31st, 1934.)

## TWO USEFUL MEMORANDA

Those persons who follow closely the position in Ukraine and therefore require reliable statistics concerning the position in the Soviet Union will find the two following memoranda, recently published, of much interest: "The prospects of British Trade with the Soviet Union," published by the School of Slavonic and East European Studies in the University of London, price 1s/6d; and "Foreign Trade of the U. S. S. R.," published by the Birmingham Bureau of Research on Russian Economic Conditions, Birmingham University. (Ukrainian Bureau—London)

## SOQN

Soon I'll pack and journey to  
The old home I have in view;  
To the happiness galore  
That place has for me in store;  
How I'll clik the gate that locks  
In the mint and hollyhocks;  
And run up the path once more  
To a wide-flung open door;  
There I'll gather in my arms  
The Lady of a Thousand Charms.  
Rosalie N. Hatala.

(The Pen Pal Column will appear in tomorrow's Svoboda)