



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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Vol. II.

THE THANKSGIVING STORY

Most of us remember from our school days the story of the day of feasting and jollification that was the first Thanksgiving Day. But how many of us know about succeeding Thanksgiving Days and their meaning, and how it was that one hundred and sixty years passed before it became a national holiday.

It was in November, 1620, that the Pilgrims landed on the coast of New England. The winter that set in immediately was a bitter one. With only crude shelters and meager supplies, it was a season of privations and great hardships for the colony. But during the following summer the sun smiled, the rains were abundant, and harvest time found these people well prepared for the winter to come.

So it was that Governor Bradford set aside the day of feasting and rejoicing which was the first Thanksgiving.

But two years later, there was a different story to tell. Drought and poor growing conditions all but ruined the crops. The colony faced actual starvation. Again a day was set aside, but this time it was one of fasting and prayer for Providential help. The fact that good crops followed, and that a Dutch ship arrived with desperately needed supplies, gave a new significance to the day. Since that time, it has had a double significance: that of rejoicing for the blessings enjoyed and of supplication for good things to come.

Irregularly, the custom continued for more than 150 years. Other colonies, as they were established, set their own Thanksgiving days. But it was not until Washington became President that Thanksgiving Day became a regular holiday. It was he who, on October 3, 1789, issued a proclamation that November 26 of that year should be a national holiday of Thanksgiving. Each succeeding President followed the custom, but irregularly. It was not until 1858 that Thanksgiving Day became an annual event, on the last Thursday in November.

As in the case of the first two Thanksgivings, that day has had a varied significance. In times of peace and plenty it has been an occasion of rejoicing, but in the darker years of warfare, of national calamity and in times of trouble, the proclamations of various Presidents have called for supplications from the nation for Divine Guidance.

Strangely enough, the years when people have most occasion for giving thanks are the years when the true spirit of Thanksgiving is almost obscured by the holiday spirit. Other years, when the nation has been most in need of help, are the ones where more solemn thanks are given for possible tragedies that were avoided.

So it is, too, in the home circle. When the turkey is a huge one, and when father, mother, sisters and brothers come together from long distances, there is joy and joy alone. But when things are less rosy, we think more of the

(Concluded on 4th column)

YOUTH TAKES THE INITIATIVE

Several weeks ago, in our November Day Holiday issue, we commented that "There are times when it seems that the drastically different American environment has made our youth indifferent to the Ukrainian cause; when suddenly some incident or other occurs, and in a flash discloses that this seeming indifference is but a thin veneer that covers from view a flaming Ukrainian spirit in our youth."

In a most encouraging and striking form the truth of the above was borne out last Sunday, when the youth of one of the largest Ukrainian colonies in America observed, entirely on their own initiative, talent and coaching, this year's annual observance of the November Day Holiday ("Listopadove Svyato"); and best of all, the entire affair, despite the great difficulties involved, was a striking success, both from the viewpoint of program and attendance.

Although to refrain from mentioning the locations where these youth observances such as the one above took place might be construed as an injustice by the young people responsible for them, yet we wish to emphasize that what interests us primarily here is not the fact that Newark, Elizabeth, and other cities have seen these striking American-Ukrainian youth manifestations but the general significance of them for all concerned. And for this reason we comment upon it.

"Listopadove Svyato," as we all know, is a leading Ukrainian national holiday, observed in honor of the idealistic strivings of Ukrainian youth and of their heroic exploits in defense of the newly-arisen Western Ukrainian Republic back in 1918-1919. It is also observed in honor of the present-day Ukrainian heroes, both young and old, who are dying on the gallows, being shot, jailed and tortured for striving to free their fatherland of foreign clutches.

Hitherto, it has been the custom that only the older generation took the initiative and guidance in observing this great Ukrainian national holiday here in America. As a result, a fear was arising that these observances, and the ideals they represent, will speedily decline to the point of extinction, concurrent with the passing away of the older generation. And it is, therefore, a great joy to observe how the American-Ukrainian youth is beginning to observe the "Listopadove Svyato" entirely on its own initiative, its own talent, and by its own coaching, in honor of those Ukrainian heroes who have died and those who are dying today on the altar of Ukraine's freedom. These young people are certainly to be congratulated for blazing a new trail in American-Ukrainian life.

Those who attended these observances of the "Listopadove Svyato" by our youth could not help but be impressed by the spirit of the young people taking part in the program, by the flawless Ukrainian coming from the lips of young American-Ukrainian girls, the understanding and feeling with which passages of Ukrainian literature were given in their translated English form, and by the accompanying stirring program. But the best feature of it all is that such spirit and talent is not limited to one particular locality, but can be found in many.

"Father Soyuz," as our Association is affectionately known, must be breathing a trifle easier for the future of American-Ukrainian life, upon seeing such a Ukrainian spirit in the American-Ukrainian youth—the youth that is arising everywhere, and in an intelligent and cultured manner is seeking to perpetuate the finest phases of Ukrainian life and traditions here in America.

The Ukrainian national holidays can be of inestimable help to this youth in its endeavors to acquaint itself better with its Ukrainian background, and carry on the works and tasks of its parents. But before they can be of help, the youth must be permitted, and not hindered, to observe these holidays on its own initiative and in its own inimitable manner. At least, plain psychological reasons dictate such a step.

THE BARNYARD BATTLE

You've heard of the Charge of the Light Brigade
Or the Battle of Bunker Hill,
Or the slaughter of tribes of Indians
By the fearless Buffalo Bill.
Now prepare yourself for another yarn
As epic as any you've read,
For 'tis filled with a sound and a fury
And with terror, horror and dread.

'Twas down by the barn the struggle began
I'd reached for his feathery tail,
When quickly he rose to the low stone wall
With the speed of a frightened quail.

Again to the chase and down through the yard
I rushed like a hound to a hare,
I thrust out my arms to grasp him once more
Alas! He 'no longer was there.
From the cornfield came the whirl of his wings
Through the stalks I plunged in my race,
When lo and behold! He fell in a heap

Fatigued from the terrible page,
Yet the fight that he fought when I reached him
I'll recall for many a day,
His flapping and pecking and scratching
Have perpetuated the fray.

On the Thanksgiving platter before me
The bones of that turkey are spread
And the lines you now read in these stanzas
Are all that remain of the dead.

Margaret D. Semenkiv.

N. Y. UKRAINIAN GIRLS WIN BEAUTY CONTEST

Two Ukrainian girls were chosen winners of the "international beauty contest," conducted last Saturday, November 17th, by the International Institute of New York City. Both are members of the Ukrainian Civic Center that has its locale at the Institute, 341 East 17th Street.

Miss Dorothy Darzhuk, 18, of 201 East 4th St. won first prize, while Miss Anne Troskey, 17, of 526 East 11th St., won third prize. A Spanish girl received second prize.

Not content with this, the Ukrainians garnered another prize, namely—first prize in the tango dancing contest that was held the same evening. The winning couple was Miss Olga Saltus and Paul Jarema.

simple but priceless gifts of family friendships, health and homely pleasures. These are the years when Thanksgiving means most and when thanks are most sincere. At such times we pause to consider just what are the things we treasure most highly.

DIMITRO HESHCHUK

YOUTH TODAY

Any Difficulties About Securing Friends?

At the Youth Today Hearing, on October 29, a panel discussion took place about the problem of young people making and keeping friends. Prof. Harry A. Overstreet acted as chairman.

The first question was: "Do you find difficulty in securing friends of your own or opposite sex under present conditions?"

The girls seemed to have no difficulty in securing friends, but in keeping up with them. The difficulty was in reaching agreement as to the kind of entertainment that amuses everybody. The boys found no difficulties in making acquaintances of the girls, but in "showing them a good time" in these days of unemployment. Among the places in which friends could be made were mentioned: school, private homes, and the meeting places of discussion groups.

Ukrainian youths, with their folk dancing clubs and singing societies, could add at least two more places where new friends could be met.

Education As A Trap

"Today," of November 3, writes: "Worthless short instruction courses and false jobs promises are luring many young men to enroll. Since the urgent need of a job is generally the motive which prompts enrollment, ethical school lose much of this business, because they make no promises impossible of fulfillment. Chiselers, however, have no such scruples."

Hence, when selecting a school or course, do not rush into the waters before you have asked for a ford.

Is This The Mind Of Youth?

According to the Report presented at the National Council Meeting of the Y.M.C.A., the following things stand out in the minds of today's youth:

1. The control of money is too powerful.
2. Production and distribution are not balanced.
3. The government has little interest in youth.
4. Capitalism is imperialistic.
5. Vested interests control the government.
6. There has been great waste in coal, oil, timber.
7. We must temper rugged individualism.
8. Youth has best chances of finding employment in the following fields: electrical, aeronautics, air conditioning industries, sales promotion, publicity.
9. The principles of Christ are sufficient. Thumbs down on creed and dogma.

Is this the true picture of the youth's mind today?

A Sensational Discovery Or A Sensational Forgetting?

A psychiatrist is reported to have created a sensation by announcing that the child is not a simple outline which time expands into the complicated pattern of the man. He claimed that the mind of a child may be as complex as that of an adult person.

To find this out, the youths say, all that an adult needed was to go back into his own past. To forget it the adult must have grown simple, indeed.

Children's Museum

The news of the proposed new building for the Brooklyn Children's Museum calls our attention to that institution.

"A children's museum such as this is of great benefit to a child

ACTIVITIES OF THE DANCERS IN CHICAGO AND VICINITY

Although the Century of Progress has closed its gates forever in Chicago, the memory still lingers on the Ukrainian Dancers, who had been taking active part in it every Friday throughout the season. Rain or shine, when Friday arrived, the Dancers were there to parade or dance through the grounds in their colorful costumes. Many times the youngsters were wet and cold, but they showed their Ukrainian fortitude to such discomforts.

Our one true friend is Lieut. J. V. Houghtaling, Supervisor of Nationalities, a man who in good and bad weather took the dancers around himself, although he could have had sent us around alone or sent one of his assistants to guide us. Being a military man he was greatly impressed by the discipline and order our group kept, mentioning this publicly on number of occasions. He was pleased to such an extent that he invited Miss Czechoslovakia and the Miss Century of Progress to accompany the dancers on their tour of the villages and concessions. Miss Czechoslovakia was so impressed that she accompanied the group not once but on several occasions, despite the fact that it rained on two such occasions. Would one of our well educated Ukrainian patriots come out and devote his time, despite the weather, to take us around without being paid for it? This man, Col. Houghtaling, whom the Dancers of Chicago respect and appreciate, had passes made out for us, no matter how large the Dancers' group. He's the man we'd wish was a Ukrainian, and that we could have a few more like him.

Some of the places the Dancers visited at the Fair with Colonel, as the Dancers called him, were Llama Temple, Sky Ride, Sky Tower, and Holland. At this last place our dancers danced without any music, due to the fact that it rained. They danced the Arkan and the Hopak, executing them in such fine style that they were told by the Manager of the Holland Village, "Any time that you wish to come here and offer your dances on our program you will be more than welcomed."

At the Mexican Village, although the dance floor was wet, the Dancers were asked to put on a few numbers, which they executed very well, despite the wet floor. In Switzerland, they performed in the village square. In Belgium, the Dancers were guests of the management and watched their Belgian dances, after which they were asked if they would put on a program for them. Here again they were praised immensely.

In Merrie England, the Dancers arrived when the English Ballet was in progress, after which they were asked to put on a performance in return. Here the people enjoyed our dancing immensely, due to the fact that our dances reminded them of Tennyson's famous poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," where in the battle of Bakalova, the Cossacks and the English met.

in that it aids him in his outside development," Mr. Youtz, the director of the Brooklyn Museum, said. "It opens for him a life of science, exploration and vision."

The Junior League of Brooklyn was asked to lend its support to the proposed new building and to work for the advancement of the Children's Museum.

In the Italian Colonial Village, the Dancers were complimented very highly for their Sword Dance. At the Wings of A Century, and the Black Forest, the Dancers had the pleasure of having Miss Huesman, crowned A Miss Century of Progress accompany them on their tour. "This is indeed lovely, I'm having a wonderful time," she said.

For the Finale of the Fair, the Ukrainian Dancers were asked to participate. The group did a Hopak Kolom, while little Mary Brudny danced Kozachok solo. The ten thousand or so that watched, applauded her greatly. The last dance on the program was the Sword Dance, with our dancers dressed as Cossacks. While taking their places on the stage they were met by laughs and booes from the crowd, but as the dance opened the crowd quieted down so much that if a pin had been dropped then it would have undoubtedly sounded like the report of a cannon. And when our dancers finished their number, they received a tremendous ovation. This finished the program for the evening, and for that matter for every evening as far as the Century of Progress was concerned. But the memory of that evening will linger on for a long time with the thousands of people who watched.

That evening the Ukrainian Dancers received one hundred and thirty seven medals. These Ukrainians were called the Strollers. On the medal is a replica of the seal of "A Century of Progress," with the inscription "1934 Strollers" engraved on the side of the beautiful medallions. Thus the Ukrainian Dancers ended the program of A Century of Progress of 1934, just as they helped to open it in 1933.

On the last day of the Fair, the Ukrainian Dancers took part in the Nationalistic Customs, in which they placed second. Those who participated were Czechoslovaks, Yugo-Slavs, Hungarians, Polish Guralis, Hollanders, Scottish, Norwegians, Lithuanians, and Ukrainians.

On October seventh the Ukrainian Day was observed by the Ukrainian Dancers, who worked very hard to make it a great success, but were met on all sides by obstacles, such as—if this man didn't have anything to do with you, we would be willing to cooperate, or if that man's name was not mentioned we'd help, etc., etc. Despite these obstacles the youth alone put on a program, only to be spoiled by some of our older patriots who were looking for glory without work, trying to impress the crowd with something they could not tell about, least try and explain.

Instead of coming over and offering their services many of our Ukrainian groups refused to cooperate even after they were asked and pleaded with, giving different excuses. Didn't they know that there was going to be a Ukrainian Day at the Fair? Or is it a case of petty jealousy which kept them from helping out? To my knowledge the Ukrainian Day was a Ukrainian affair to be observed by all the Ukrainian people.

Though over fifteen thousand spectators crowded the spacious Court of States, where the Ukrainian Dancers were trying their best to put on a Ukrainian program, which would give glory and not shame to the Ukrainian people,

SPORT WHIRL

SPORT CONVENTION IN CHESTER, PA.

Notice is hereby given that a Sport Convention will be held this Sunday, November 25, 1934, commencing at 1:00 o'clock, in the Ukrainian National Home, Fourth and Ward Streets, Chester, Pennsylvania.

This Convention is called by the Sport Division of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America for the purpose of organizing a "Ukrainian Wilmington-Chester-Philadelphia Amateur Basketball League," to consist of six teams, two from each city. Each club or team wishing to enter this league is requested to appoint two representatives, who will officially represent their team and have the power to vote.

The Director of Sports will explain the purpose of this league and present a program for approval by the representatives. Decisions will be made on the following: Name of league; style of play; when games are to be played; admission of teams; drafting of By-Laws and league regulations; appointment of a Schedule Committee; election of league officers, and a general discussion and acceptance of suggestions from all present.

All Ukrainians interested are invited to be present. Philadelphians can reach Chester either by car No. 37 or by the Wilson Line, departing from the Market Street wharve. We feel confident that this convention will be highly successful and that before long this first Ukrainian basketball league in America will be in full swing.

Miss MARIE KUNYCZKA,
Secretary of Sport Division
of U. Y. L. of N. A.

yet only a small percentage of this enormous crowd was Ukrainian.

However, with the aid of the Ukrainian Day, and the "strolls" the Dancers took, the Chicagoians became well acquainted with the Ukrainian people and culture. The dancers were always introduced as "The Ukrainian Dancers Club—School of Avramenko." Lets hope with the aid of such people as Lieut. Col. J. V. Houghtaling we will be able to accomplish more.

Back in 1929, when the first school of dancing was organized, little did its members dream that they would take active part in closing the Fair in Chicago in such a short time. Out of the 100 original dancers only about 10% took part in the Ukrainian Day affair—the other 90% having fallen out of the ranks. It seems as the dancers grow older they begin to drop off. Why not come back and help the youngsters out, for you are never too old to dance.

Here's hoping that the dancers have a better year in 1935. Don't forget to help out your youth no matter where you are. It's youth that can accomplish something, and the older generation should keep that in mind. For if the youth forgets, then there will be nothing to work with, in which case a great deal will be lost.

EUGENE WOLK,
5106 Eddy Street,
Chicago, Ill.

NA LUHACH

(In the Meadow)

(Modern Ukrainian Ballet Composed and Arranged
by Dimitri Chituro)

(Music by W. Sokalski)

(Copyright October, 1934)

The resplendent sun and the far blue sky smile down on the soft, green, waving meadow that is so brazenly abloom with luxurious "Mokiv," (Poppies); sweet "Komanetchka," (Clover); and nodding dancing "Margaritka," (Daisies).

All about we can hear echoing back to us the unrestrained laughter of all the happy young girls who have come here in the warm meadow, on this early June day, to pluck the wild flowers and to rejoice with each other.

The girls have roamed far and near on the wide meadow, returning with their aprons full of the fresh blossoms. They meet on the banks of the swiftly flowing stream, and there, on the grass, sitting cross-legged, they sing, swaying in time to the rhythms of their happy songs, all the while twining their gathered flowers into the "Vinkl," (Wreaths), which they will wear on their heads.

The finished wreaths are placed on the grass, when someone suggests a favorite game. They scramble to their feet, each girl flushed and happy with the promise of the excitement of the game. One selected girl picks up the wreaths, places them in a line a distance back from the banks of the stream, then one after another every girl rolls her wreath, with one hand giving the first push, endeavoring to send the wreath into the water. Only one girl succeeds in having hers reach the stream, and as her wreath floats quickly down on the current to meet the river and the distant roaring ocean, the other maidens cluster around the winning girl and congratulate her. For, you see, this girl will be the first of them to be married, and that very shortly, according to the fate of the wreath.

The young girls dance and sing again about the joyous destiny of their friend, and as they tell of their good wishes, all the young men from their villages, save one, come upon them, to tease them for being so romantic and so certain that they are to be married at all.

The girls pretend to be very indignant at their remarks, but are not reluctant to dance with them.

While they are making merry with singing and gay dances, the young shepherd, the young man who would not come with his friends at the beginning, walks quietly up to where they are. He has left his flocks with his younger brother, and came here hoping to find his sweetheart, Oksana.

The young people welcome him and request him to dance. He complies by doing a dance for them which he says he has composed especially for this occasion. In truth, he is too bashful to let them know that he has hoped to dance this just for Oksana and to find her eyes lighting up for him with admiration and pride.

While he is dancing in the center of the circle, Oksana slowly joins them, unheeded for the moment by them. She is a poor orphaned girl, forced to drudgery and slavery by the pitiless family for whom she toils. She is so brave and sweet through it all, that the villagers all respect and love her.

The young people greet her kindly and sympathetically.

Oksana performs a dance for them, describing how cruel it is to be an orphan, feelings which she cannot express in words.

After she finishes, from behind the "Loza" (Willow tree), a "Perpelitsya" (Quail) capers out and hops to and fro amid the young people, trying to get away. They try to catch it, but it slips through their hands and flies away over the meadow.

A toothless, decrepid, old hag, plodding along with her wrinkled, bony arm passed underneath the handle of a basket, brimful with dried weeds, nears the stream where the young folks are talking and laughing. They call to her and plague her with epithets until she crosses the smooth stones and comes to them.

They gather around her while she recounts wild imaginary stories about the weeds in her basket. When they jeer at her, she shakes her fist and spits curses at them. They order her to dance. She tries to shoulder them out of her way. Then they call after her that she will not dance because she is too old and cannot.

The old crone stops in her tracks, wheels about, facing the merry-makers, plumps the basket a short distance from her, and begins a weird protesting dance. But so crippled by rheumatic pains is she, that she is unable to continue, and in too much pain to be angry at the moment, she wanders on with the young people following.

Oksana and the shepherd are alone on the meadow. She tells him of her troubles. They dance a romantic explanation of love and sadness.

At the end of this, the shepherd takes Oksana in his arms to kiss her, and as his lips are pressed on hers in a tender caress, all their young friends jump from behind the willow bush, where they have been hiding.

The young shepherd, in defiance of their ridiculing remarks and laughter, draws Oksana again close into his arms and verbally proclaims his deep love for her.

Amid cheers and congratulations, all the young people dance a thankful farewell to the wonderful day that has passed on the meadow.

(Descrip. by E. B.)

CHILDREN OF WAR

(Children's Adventure)

By VASIL STEFANYK

"Billy, take Nastia and lead her to your uncle; that way—take the path by the wood—you know. But hold her by the hand gently, don't tug, she is little yet; and don't carry her because you are not able to."

She sat down—the pain was unbearable—and fell back.

"As if I know where to lead her at night. You die and we'll stay with you, and in the morning we'll go."

"See, Nastia, the bullet popped and killed mother, and it's all your fault. Why did you cry when the soldier wanted to kiss her? What business was it of yours? We were running away and the bullet popped, and now you won't have a mother, you'll have to go to work..."

"Mother don't talk any more—must be dead; I could give you a good licking for that, only you're an orphan now. But what good is a girl like you? When Ivan's wife died, why, all her daughters used to wail: mother, mother, where shall we find you, where shall we look for you... And you, you don't know how, and I'm a boy, so it won't be nice for me to wail."

"See, there, someone is sending a light from the other side, just like water through a sieve; it blinks and sees right away where there's a soldier, then it pops with a bullet and he lies down just like mother. Hurry up and lie down beside mother because the bullets will start flying soon. Hear? how they swish..."

"Look how the soldiers on the other side of the Dniester throw up those fire bullets; see how high they throw them, and they burn, and then go out. They play with them; oh, how many!"

"Listen to the cannon: hoo-hoo-hoo! But it don't shoot at the people, only at the churches or houses or the school. Don't be afraid of the cannon. The bullets are as big as me, and the wheels are as big as at the mill. Eh, but you don't know anything, you can hardly walk yet; but I can run and jump like a horse..."

"Hide behind mother; Oh, another light, but white, white like a sheet; they'll throw it here soon; look! how white we are, and the bullets are whistling again. Oh, well, I don't care; if a bullet hits me then I'll lie down beside mother and you won't find your way to uncle. Better let the

bullet hit you, because I can find the way myself and will let uncle know about you and he will bury you."

"You crying already? As if it hurts from a bullet. It only whizzes by and drills a hole in the chest, and the soul runs out of that little hole and that's the end. It's not like home: you're sick and they rub you with alcohol..."

"Want to eat? thank goodness. What can I give you to eat when there's no more mother? Let mother give it to you? Tell it to her yourself, go 'head, tell her. Well, what does she say? Go 'head, take her by the hand, and the hand will fall—Well? what did I tell you? Foolish, the soul has left mother, and it's she, the soul, that talks and gives bread and spansk..."

"Nastia, so help me God, I'm going to give you a good licking; what can I give you to eat? You look at the war, how pretty it is, and in the morning we'll go to uncle and have soup... wait a minute, maybe mother has some bread in her bosom... Keep quiet, I found some bread, here, eat, you hungry slob..."

"A light again, how white, just like snow. It's coming here. Oh, Nastia, what happened? Oh-ho, your mouth and hands are all bloody. A bullet hit you? Oh, poor Nastia, lie down now beside mother... nothing else to do."

"Eh-h, it's not a bullet, it's only the bread that got soaked in blood in mother's bosom. Oh, you dirty slob; always eats, just like a pig—now you dirtied your face and hands with blood... How will I lead you in the morning into the village, all smeared with blood? But wait, I'll take you by the creek and will wash you in cold water, and how you will roar, and I'll give you a good licking, too."

"Have enough to eat? Well, then lie down beside mother and I'll lie down beside you; you in the middle—the wolf won't eat you, sleep, and I will look at the war yet—keep warm close to me..."

"And maybe a bullet has killed uncle at war, and maybe before morning it will kill me, and Nastia, so that there'll be nobody, nobody..."

He fell asleep. All night long the blanket of white night passed over them and fled beyond the Dniester.

Translated by
Waldimir Semeyna.

IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(Continued from page 2)

"They call me Pavlo Sudak," replied Pavlush.

"That is not your name any longer," said Mustapha. "Henceforth your name will be Huseyn."

"But I do not want that name," objected Pavlush. "I haven't accepted your religion."

"Fool! You haven't accepted, but you will..."

"No, I will not. I won't forsake my Christianity," boldly replied Pavlush.

"If you do, you will become free."

"No, never, not for anything in the world."

"Be careful what you say," warned Mustapha, "for I might have you beaten."

"Even if you hang me, what's

the difference. I'd much rather hang than burn in hell," replied Pavlush.

Mustapha laughed at the boy's naiveness.

"But I'll give you your freedom, if you forsake your Christianity," he repeated.

"That is not necessary, I'll free myself..." Pavlush answered.

"And how?"

"Why, I'll run away, that's how," rashly spoke Pavlush.

Mustapha laughed again. The boy's spirit impressed him.

"But do you know what we do with those who try to escape," he said.

"Yes. You hang them; but if you don't catch them, then you cannot do anything."

"I wanted to have you serve up here in these chambers."

"Well do so," replied Pavlush.

"But the first chance I get, I'll escape."

During his brief stay with the Tartar merchants Pavlush had learned to talk with them directly and frankly, but evidently this manner of talking was not much to Mustapha's liking, for at Pavlush's last words he drew his brows down in a heavy frown of displeasure.

"Listen, boy, be careful how you talk to me."

"Why should I?" replied Pavlush rashly. "Aren't you a man like anyone else?"

Mustapha clapped his hands. The renegade Ibrahim approached.

"Take this impertinent boy and teach him to keep a civil tongue, and then throw him into the scullery," he ordered.

Pavlush, was led away to his punishment.

(To be continued)

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH
(A free translation by S. S.)

(42)

Kostomarov Defends Distinct Character of Ukrainian Nation

Besides dramatic works such as "Sava Chavey" (the name of a Cossack leader who betrayed his men to the Poles, and for that was slain) and "Pereyaslavska Nitch" (referring to that night when the leading character, Taras Tryaselo, whipped the Poles), Mikola Kostomarov was also the author of one of the previously mentioned "Books of Genesis of the Ukrainian People," in which he expressed his viewpoint on the manner in which Ukraine could become free. In his "Дві руські народності" (two Rus nationalities) Kostomarov showed the difference between the Russian and Ukrainian peoples. He was also the author of monographs on the life of such Ukrainian leaders as Bohdan Khmelnytsky, Ivan Wyhovskiy, Yurii Khmelnytsky, Brukhevetsky, Mnohohrishny, Saymolovitch, and Mazepa. He earned fame as a first-class historian. Very often he stood out in defence of the Ukrainian nationality and its independent character against the attacks of various Polish or Russian pamphleteers.

Most of Kostomarov's learned

works were written in the Russian language, and a considerable part of them were translated into the Ukrainian language under the heading "Руска исторична Библиотека" (Rus historical library).

His poetical works appeared under the pen name of Jeremiah Halka.

Taras Shevchenko

By the Treaty of Pereyaslav, 1654, Ukraine, as an independent state, entered into a union with Muscovy (Russia proper) in order to be able to defend herself better against Poland. But Muscovy, having obtained Ukraine under its protection, began to take advantage of the union for its own selfish purposes. Russia's imperialism was beginning to raise its head then, and Russia saw in the denationalization and assimilation of the Ukrainian people a means of enlarging its boundaries so that they would reach all the way down to the Black sea. Right after right was taken away from the Ukrainian people. Serfdom in its worst form was foisted upon them. Wealthy Russian landlords and nobles descended upon Ukraine like some scourge, and aided by the Russian autocratic

government seized most of the arable land. The rights of the Ukrainian Cossacks, by trickery, bribes, and force, were steadily diminished, until their last stronghold, the Zaporogian Sitch, was destroyed by Catherine II.

The Russian landlords, knowing that an enlightened people could not be kept in slavery very long, kept even the most elementary education away from the Ukrainian peasant. Peasant children were driven to work at a shockingly early age. Only the children of the wealthy or of the Jewish tradesmen went to school.

Taras Shevchenko—Ukrainian Moses

In such dark oppressive times, there was born in a humble hut in Ukraine, a child that was destined to become the Moses of the Ukrainian people, a Moses that was to lead the Ukrainian people out of the desert of lost hopes and ignorance, and forge a strong nation out of slaves. And this Moses of the Ukrainian people was Taras Shevchenko.

At a time when leading Ukrainian writers, such as Kotlyarevsky, Artemovsky, and others, were touching but lightly upon the social evils suffered by the Ukrainian people under Russian rule, at a time when Kyivka-Osnovyanenko was but an ordinary novelist and a philanthropist, Taras Shevchenko became a fear-

less and ardent defender of the oppressed. His heart bled when he saw such terrible economic, national and cultural misery all around him. He boldly condemned the Czars for their misrule of Ukraine and showed to the Ukrainians the road to a national rebirth—"... треба миром, громадою обух сталить, та добре сокиру вигострить..." (together temper the ax head and sharpen the blade).

Earlier Life.

Taras Shevchenko was born in a little village, Morintsi, in the Kiev district, Greater Ukraine, on March 8, 1814. Born a serf, his early childhood days were but an ever-recurring cycle of misery and poverty. When he was but 9 years of age, his mother died. His father being unable to take care of his children himself, married anew. The step-mother, a widow, brought her own children, and from thence dates one of the most miserable periods of Shevchenko's life.

Even as a young lad, Taras exhibited unusual talents for learning and painting. Seeing children of wealthy classes going to schools he yearned with all his heart to do the same, but because he was a serf he could not. Finally he managed to place himself under the tutelage of the local village church precentor.

(To be continued)

IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(A tale of olden Cossack times)

By ANDRIY TCHAIKOWSKY

(A free translation by S. S.)

(20)

20. Pavlush in Mustapha's household

Suleman-Efendi, the gray-bearded leader of the caravan, was a wealthy Tartar merchant. He conducted a flourishing trade between Tashkhorod and the coast-wise towns of Ukraine. Most of his vast stores, however, were kept in the small but well fortified town of Kodzhambaku, which the caravan, bearing Pavlush in its midst, was now approaching.

This Tartar town was typical of that period: rows of flat-roofed, white-faced stone buildings, surrounded by strong stockades, stables, barns and store rooms at one end of the town, a huge "mydaan" in the center, while to the side stood a large, several storied building. This latter house was the home of Suleman-Efendi.

Wearily, wheels creaking, the dust-covered caravan entered the busy "mydaan." The sight that met Pavlush's eyes amazed him. Never in his whole life had he seen so many people, and of such diverse races. Tartars, Turks, Nubians, Ukrainian captives, slaves of various others nationalities, rich and poor, thronged the square. Pavlush had always thought the Tartars as being very dark-complexioned; but now they seemed, pale in comparison with the big-lipped black men from Africa, who scurried about their tasks like little imps.

Suleman bade the driver of his wagon to drive to his home. In a few moments they were before it. Suleman descended from the wagon, and leaving Pavlush perched on the driver's seat, proceeded afoot to the door. Cries of welcome met him on all sides, for the entire household had turned out to meet him, bowing low before him. Reaching the door Suleman was greeted and affectionately embraced by his eldest son,

Mustapha, who took care of his father's household and trade while the latter was away on trading expeditions.

They were about to enter the house, when Mustapha, perceiving Pavlush sitting on the driver's seat, looked inquiringly at his father.

"Who is that boy?" he asked. "Oh, I bought him," reminded himself Suleman. "I bought him for you. He will make a fine servant, for he is bright. Bow to your new master," he said, turning to Pavlush. "Be an obedient boy, and no harm will come to you."

Pavlush scrambled down, and doffing his hat, bowed slightly.

Mustapha seeing little deference in the boy's manner started to say something to him, and then apparently changed his mind. Calling to his side one of his attendants he spoke a few words to him. Without another glance at Pavlush, he then entered the house with his father and others. The attendant approached Pavlush, and taking him by the arm led him into the building, and then downstairs to the servants' quarters.

Entering a large room, in which a number of servants were engaged in various household tasks, Pavlush perceived that the windows in it were high, and well barred on the outside. But before he could engage in any further examination of his surroundings, he was taken in charge by a tall, heavy set man, who, judging by his demeanor, was the steward of the household and its servants. He scrutinized Pavlush sourly, and then, in clear Ukrainian language, asked him,

"Where are you from?" Pavlush replied briefly. He wondered where did this man learn to speak in Ukrainian.

"Are you, 'diadetchku,' from Ukraine too?" he ventured to ask. "Silence!" roared the steward,

and without another word he stalked out of the room.

Pavlush, mystified, turned to an elderly servant nearest him, and asked him in the Tartar tongue,

"What's the matter?"

The servant, apparently a Ukrainian, replied in the Ukrainian tongue.

"Don't ask him such questions, for if you do you will infuriate him so much that he'll beat you within an inch of your life."

"But why should he beat me for that?" puzzled Pavlush. "He has no reason. I haven't done anything to him."

"Here they beat you, reason or no reason," replied the Ukrainian. "You see, he is a renegade, and whenever anyone speaks to him about Ukraine his conscience starts bothering him so much that he becomes very angry. So be careful, and don't ask him such questions any more. Come, you must be hungry. I'll give you something to eat."

Taking Pavlush by the hand, the elderly Ukrainian captive led Pavlush to another room. Taking a gourd off the table he poured a tumblerful of milk which Pavlush drank greedily. After having satisfied his appetite, Pavlush began to regard his surrounding with curiosity.

"Are you here long?" he asked.

"Over five years," was the reply.

"Is it very difficult to live here? Do they treat you well?"

"Well, this is slavery as you know. But here in this household it is heaven compared with other households. Old Seleman is a good man, fair and just. His son, however, is more overbearing, and hates Christianity like some deadly poison. Be careful that you don't offend him. And, as I warned you before, be careful you don't displease this renegade, Ibrahim is his name, for he is worse than the devil himself."

"Has anyone tried to escape from here," asked Pavlush, looking up at the barred windows. The Ukrainian captive smiled sadly.

"Before you can get to the Ukrainian steppe you will be caught many times over. And when they

catch you they will either hang you or sell you to Turkish slave dealers. But in either event they will first give you a terrible beating. So think twice before you think of taking any such rash step."

"But I have heard that many of our people do escape," persisted Pavlush, for a moment his hopes of getting away, as soon as he heard of his sister's whereabouts, somewhat dampened.

"Yes, they occasionally do," admitted the captive. "There are so many Christian slaves here that there are bound to be some who escape at times. But those that try, take their life in their hands."

"And what might be your name, 'diadetchku'?" inquired Pavlush.

"Ostap Shvydyky," was the reply.

But before the two could continue their conversation, a negro servant ran into the room and motioned to Pavlush that his new master, Mustapha, wanted him. Pavlush rose and hurried after him.

In a few moments Pavlush found himself upstairs in a large richly furnished chamber. The high walls, pierced by several windows, were richly colored in red, blue and yellow. Around the base of the walls ran a raised dais. Expensive oriental rugs were scattered about in profusion.

Half-seated and half-reclining, at the other end of the chamber, was Mustapha. Before him stood a low, finely carved small table, on which rested a large, beautifully wrought pipe, on which Mustapha was slowly puffing. Another low table at his side bore various tempting delicacies of many lands.

Pavlush approached, doffed his hat, and bowed.

"Call an interpreter," said Mustapha to one of the many attendants around him.

"There is no need to," interrupted Pavlush, "for I know your language well."

"Is that so? Well, we shall see. What did they call you?" he asked.

(Continued on page 3)

* "Mydaan"—town square.