



U. Y. L. of N. A. SENDS PROTEST TO PRESIDENT

A protest against the reign of terror and summary mass executions in Ukraine under the Soviet rule was dispatched last Friday to the President of the United States by the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

The full text of the protest appears on page 3.

CONCERT IN MEMORY OF FEDKOVITCH IN LVIW

Hundreds of people were turned away from the already sold-out concert-performance presented in the great city theater in Lwiw (W. Ukraine under Poland) recently, in commemoration of the 100th birth anniversary of Yuriy Fedkovitch, the Ukrainian poet, writer and patriot of the Ukrainian province of Bukovina.

Bohdan Lepky, well known Ukrainian writer and poet, delivered the principal address on Yuriy Fedkovitch. One of Fedkovitch's best known poems "Dowbush" (the Ukrainian Robin Hood) was recited in a stirring manner. A group of young boys and girls dressed in Hutzul (Ukrainian mountaineer) costumes brought rounds of applause with their modernized dances. Fine chorus singing and instrumental music provided background to the splendid program.

43 CHILDREN ARRESTED IN MOSCOW

In connection with the arrest by the Soviets of Gregory Zinoieff, (one time Red leader and now on the "outs" with Stalin) and other extremist Opositionists on the charge of plotting against the Soviet government, the London Daily Express reports that 43 children were arrested in Moscow. The oldest of them was about 16 years of age. The charge against them is that they aided Zinoieff in his subversive work. In what manner, it is not said.

SOVIETS PURGE SCHOOLS OF NATIONALISTS

The latest scare among the Soviets is the infiltration of nationalistic elements into the Soviet schools, and their teaching the youth of counter-revolutionary ideas.

In Dniepropetrovsk in Ukraine the head of the city Communist party committee was removed together with an aide and other officials for laxity in permitting nationalist elements to exist in the Dniepropetrovsk University.

UKRAINIAN COMMERCIAL GUIDE APPEARS

A recent publication among the Ukrainians of Canada is the "Torgovelyny-Promyslovy Provydnyk" (Trade and Commercial Guide). It is published in Winnipeg, Man. Its purpose is to give the initiative towards serious labors among the Ukrainian trade, business, and professional people, as well as to act as a center wherein all the economic problems of the Ukrainian people can be fully discussed.

THE UKRAINIAN "BEECHER STOWE"

This month of December marks the 100th anniversary of the birth of a famous Ukrainian writer, Maria Markovitch (1834-1907). This is the woman whom that greatest Ukrainian genius of all times, Taras Shevchenko, called "my holy star." We can perhaps better appreciate her talents and character when we recall that Serhey Yefremov, leading historian of Ukrainian literature, wrote that her contemporaries lauded her most highly, declaring that her stories created as much of a stir as did Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Just as Harriet Beecher Stowe awakened great sympathy for the black slaves, so did the stories of Maria Markovitch touch the hearts of the people for the "white slaves"—serfs. Her works were of such character that the most famous Russian writer of that time, Turgeniev, himself translated them into the Russian language, and these were read throughout Russia.

It so happened that in that period of social darkness, the mightiest voice of protest against serfdom and all its attendant evils was raised by two Ukrainians. The first was Taras Shevchenko and the other Maria Markovitch. Shevchenko's protest was sharp; he used biting criticism in his immortal poems, and for that he had to spend ten years of his life in prison. Maria Markovitch, however, used an entirely different method of protest. She did not raise her voice of protest against the tyrannical Russian government or the great landowners for so cruelly mistreating the common people. She merely presented various scenes taken from the everyday life of the common people, without adding to them any comments of her own. But her presentation of these scenes was so powerful, so vivid as to move even the stoniest heart at the plight of these serfs.

Taras Shevchenko was a revolutionary, uncompromisingly hostile to this cruel system of human exploitation and slavery. He took a direct bold stand against all whom he considered the oppressors of the people, from the Czar down to the lowliest petty official. He inflamed the people with his flaming spirit, revolt, and courage. But Maria Markovitch, on the other hand, simply but with undecipherable pathos brought involuntary tears to the eyes of her readers. She bade them to sorrow and weep for the fate of the enslaved Ukrainian peasantry. She wrote:—Oxen, when yoked, bellow loudly; while here Christian souls suffer every sort of abuse, and yet they are not permitted even to speak!

There is an invaluable lesson for us, young American-Ukrainians, in the following:—Maria Markovitch lived most of her life beyond the borders of her native Ukraine, mostly in Paris. At that time, due to the stringent denationalization of the Ukrainian people by Russia and the Polish nobility, it was considered very bold indeed to write in the Ukrainian language. Cultured people would not even deign to write in the language of the peasants. And yet, despite all this, she, living in a foreign country and amidst foreign surroundings, in the greatest cultural centers of an alien world, wrote about Ukrainian life and in the Ukrainian language too. For this, as can be readily guessed, she did not receive any pay. And her sense of modesty was so great that for many years she did not even use her real name in her writings, but used the pen name of "Mar'ko Vovchok," which led to the common belief that the author of her works was not her but her husband, who, incidentally, was a well known ethnographer of fine character who died prematurely.

As one who with the aid of her stories helped to lift the yoke of serfdom from the Ukrainian peasantry, one who eloquently portrayed their daily life, and as one who masterfully etched unforgettable portraits of the brave, lovable and suffering Ukrainian women—Maria Markovitch will remain perpetually enshrined both in Ukrainian literature and in the hearts of the Ukrainian people.

SOME OF THE RICH NATURAL RESOURCES OF UKRAINE

Up to recent times it was believed that the great Ukrainian Donetz coal basin was 23,000 square kilometers. It has been recently shown, however, that the coal veins extend far westward, and comprise about 190,000 square kilometers. This latter fact was one of the finds of the "Ukrainian Geological Research Committee" published last month. This anthracite coal basin of the Donetz is one of the richest in the world, containing more anthracite than Western Europe, America and Australia put together.

Besides the great anthracite deposits, Ukraine has also a great deal of bituminous coal, found principally on the Right Bank of Ukraine, and estimated at about 500 million tons. Recent finds disclose the presence of bituminous coal above the steppe streams of Inhuletz and Saksahan.

Add to these coal deposits the great deposits of iron ore on the Right Bank of Ukraine, the manganese deposits which contain more manganese than can be found anywhere else in the world, the large clay deposits, graphite, silver ore, lead, zinc, subterranean gases, and other rich natural resources—and one will find the main reason why Ukraine is coveted so much by the Soviets.

VANDAL DESECRATES GRAVE OF UKRAINIAN HERO

The reign of petty vandalism directed against the Ukrainian people of Galicia (W. Ukraine under Poland) continues daily. In the village of Yavoriv, some vandal (whose nationality can be readily guessed), during the night of October 31st, stole from a grave of a Ukrainian hero a tablet bearing the inscription "Warriors for the Freedom of Ukraine." This tablet had been fastened there to the cross for the last 14 years.

POLAND BANS THOUSANDS OF UKRAINIAN BOOKS

Poland is striving with all means possible to denationalize the Ukrainian people, in direct opposition to those promises she made at Versailles to respect Ukrainian national rights. One of those means is the banning of Ukrainian literature.

Some time ago the well known Ukrainian enlightenment society "Prosvita" issued a list of about 1,000 Ukrainian books that have been banned by the Polish government.

Commenting upon this list in a recent issue, the Ukrainian "Novy Chas" of Lwiw states that "in fact this list is far from complete, for the Administration (Polish) authorities have their own list, which is even more than double the list issued by the Prosvita..." These banned books are confiscated, and their possessors severely punished by the Polish authorities.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

Panteleomon Kulish

Panteleomon Kulish (1819-1895) was born in the Chernihiv district, being descended of a long line of Cossack ancestors.

While still a lad attending Gymnasium, Panteleomon avidly read poems by Zhukovsky, Pushkin, Artemovskiy-Hulak, stories by Kvitka and Gogol, and works of Shakespeare and Schiller. Having picked up a copy of Maksimovitch's "Collection of Ukrainian National Dumi and Songs" young Kulish became so interested in it that he memorized it completely.

Baneful Influences

Graduating from the Gymnasium, Kulish entered a university in Kiev. During the course of his studies there he met Prof. Maksimovitch himself. A mutual liking sprang up between the teacher and the student. Under Maksimovitch's tutelage, Kulish received a very fine schooling in ethno-

graphy, but the former's influence on him in political matters proved to be most deplorable, for Maksimovitch's belief was that Russia and Ukraine were but two halves of the old Volodimir the Great's Russ State. As a result Kulish became a Muscophile in certain respects, particularly in the field of culture. This was but the beginning of a most unhappy and vacillating life. Kulish was at all times troubled by his conscience at war with what he had been led to believe to be true.

Pursuing his ethnographic studies further, Kulish travelled throughout the whole length of Ukraine, gathering ethnographic material, which he later had published in a book entitled "Notes on South Russ."

Soon another baneful influence entered Kulish's life. He became acquainted with a group of Polish writers in Chernihiv, and in the course of their conversations

the subject of Polish-Ukrainian relations was often touched upon. The Poles always insisted that the Polish nobility in its invasions of Ukraine constantly enriched it with its Polish culture, and that the Ukrainian Cossacks were a rude lot, drunken, rowdyish, bandits—who hindered this advance of Polish "progress" in Ukraine. Slowly Kulish fell under their influence, and this idea of the general wildness of the Cossacks became part of him throughout the rest of his life.

His Acquaintances

While studying at the Kiev university, Kulish became acquainted with quite a number of leading Ukrainian spirits of that day. He met the student Vasile Bilozersky, as well as Taras Shevchenko, Mikola Kostomarov, and a host of others. His relations with them, however, were never really close, for he held himself aloof, particularly since most of them did not agree with him on Ukrainian political questions. Kostomarov particularly incensed him, for he steadfastly refused to believe the arguments advanced by the Poles.

Arrested by Russian police

Kulish's diligent studies drew upon him the attention of the Academy of Sciences, which decided to send him abroad for further studies. Just then he was arrested for his connections with the Cyril-Methodius Brotherhood. Although these connections were never very close, for the other members can hardly be said to have taken Kulish into their confidence, nevertheless certain of his correspondence with them fell into the hands of the police, and these letters formed sufficient damning evidence to have him arrested and sentenced to imprisonment in a fortress prison in St. Petersburg. The arrest took place in Warsaw, while he was enroute to Germany. From the fortress prison he was sent to the town of Tulu. But here he did not remain for any length of time. Taking advantage of the Czar's formal visit to Tulu, he prepared an album based on the town's past, and illustrated it with his anthropological finds. The album so pleased Czar Nicholas, that he pardoned Kulish, and allowed him to return back to St. Petersburg.

(To be continued)

IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(A tale of olden Cossack times)

By ANDRIY TCHAIKOWSKY

(A free translation by S. S.)

• 25. The reunion

Slowly the days dragged along. The Grand Vizier had given orders that Pavlush should be treated with all possible consideration. New clothes were given him to replace the simple and tattered few pieces he had worn since the night of the burning of Spasivka, a clean and comfortable chamber was assigned to him, he ate the best of foods, and was allowed to come and go where ever he pleased, without the slightest hindrance on the part of anyone. Nevertheless, Pavlush could hardly enjoy any of this. His thoughts were constantly on his sister. Would the searching party sent out after her by the Grand Vizier find her or not?—tormented him constantly. His greatest fear was that maybe it was all too late, that perhaps she had been taken to some distant lands, out of reach of the Vizier. Everyday he mounted the high tower of the house, and from there anxiously scanned the distant horizon.

Finally one morning, after about three weeks had passed, his vigil was rewarded. He perceived far in the distance a small cloud of dust, rapidly growing larger. The speed of the approaching horseman, for now he could be well discerned, precluded the possibility that perhaps it was some wayfarer or traveller. Without a moment's hesitation Pavlush sped down the steps into the courtyard, and there impatiently awaited for the horseman's arrival. A servant passed by. Pavlush called him over, and bade him to go and inform the Vizier that a courier was approaching. The latter ran to execute his bidding. A moment later the Vizier appeared in the courtyard.

At the sound of approaching hoofbeats, the gates were thrown open, and in dashed a courier, all covered with dust, his horse white with lather. The rider pulled up in front of the Vizier and jumping off, salaamed before him. The latter made the gesture for him to rise.

"What is the news?" he asked. Although his face was impassive,

yet Pavlush even in his excitement could discern anxiety behind it.

"The girl has been found," replied the courier.

"Where?"

"In the seaport of Anatole," replied the courier. "We found her just in the nick of time. She was being placed aboard a Turkish galley, which was about to sail to some distant parts. If we had not found her just then, I am certain we would never see her again."

"But where is she now?" interrupted Pavlush, his heart pounding with joy.

"She will be here probably late in the afternoon. I rode ahead with the news. The others with her are still far back," the courier explained.

"Glory unto God!" exclaimed Pavlush softly to himself, and taking off his hat crossed himself. Several Tartars, seeing this, cast angry glances at him. Pavlush, however, ignored this, and stepping up to the Vizier said:

"O mighty lord! I crave a boon. Please permit me to ride ahead and meet my sister. My heart aches for her. I have not seen her since she was taken away by your son's men. Please, do let me go ahead..."

The reply was not long in coming.

"Let him have a horse," the Vizier commanded. "And you," turning to the courier, "lead him to his sister."

Pavlush ran off to the stables, followed by the courier. He picked out a fast horse, while the courier chose another, for his horse was too spent. Both mounted and rode to the gate. Pavlush reined his horse, turned around, and taking off his hat bowed to the Vizier, who was standing at the main entrance to the house. The latter acknowledged this with a slight smile. In a second the two were gone, the hoofbeats of their horses growing fainter and fainter.

For a few moments the Vizier stood looking in the direction in which the two had left. His thoughts were on Pavlush. He had taken a liking to the boy from

the very start, and only regretted that he was of Christian faith. "If only Allah would guide this lad to our faith, then most undoubtedly Islam will have gained a true and loyal defender," he thought. Turning, he re-entered the house.

Meanwhile Pavlush and the courier were swiftly leaving Bakchisarai far behind. Pavlush pressed his horse so hard that the weary courier had difficulty in keeping up with him.

It was about noon, when the two perceived far in front of them a body of horsemen coming towards them and conveying in their midst a covered wagon.

"That's them!" exclaimed Pavlush, and urged his horse to go faster.

"Does my sister know that I am here?" asked Pavlush, shouting to be heard above the thudding of the horses' hoofs and the whistling of the wind in their ears.

"How could she?" shouted back the courier. "I did not know who you were myself. Our master bade us find her, and we did. That's all!"

The two raced ahead towards the oncoming Tartar horsemen. Pavlush felt so happy that he felt like singing out his joy for all the world to hear.

Pavlush was the first to reach the horsemen. Not seeing Hannah in their midst, he immediately surmised that she must be in the covered wagon. Leaping off his horse, while he was still in motion, Pavlush ran over to the wagon, and seizing the horses' reins brought it to a stop. The driver as well as the other Tartars, seeing a richly clad lad before them and their companion, the courier, approaching, did not interfere, but reined their horses.

Running to the rear of the wagon, Pavlush called out:

"Hannah! Hannah! Where are you?"

The flap was thrust aside and a face appeared in the opening. It was Hannah. For a moment she did not recognize Pavlush, for he was dressed like some young Tartar nobleman.

"Hannah! Don't you recognize me?" Pavlush cried.

"Pavlush!" she screamed, and fainted. The girl had given up all hope of seeing her brother or anyone of her dear ones, and seeing him appear so suddenly, ap-

parently out of thin air, was too much for her.

A Tartar woman sprang out of the wagon. Evidently she was in attendance upon Hannah. Taking the girl in her arms, she lifted her out of the wagon and placed her on the grass. Taking a container of water from one of the Tartar horsemen the woman threw some of it on the girl's pale face. Pavlush jumped to aid her, and began to chafe his sister's hands.

In a moment a bit of color returned to Hannah's cheeks. She regained consciousness. Assisted by Pavlush she slowly sat up. Seeing the Tartars around her, she shrank back. Then perceiving Pavlush bending over her, she seized his hand, and held on to him as if afraid that he would leave her.

"What's the matter Hannah?" Pavlush asked solicitously. He realized that his headlong appearance had contributed to her collapse.

"Nothing, Pavlush, nothing," she replied, smiling bravely. "It was so hot and stuffy in that wagon that I was already feeling faint. And when you came, I was so surprised that everything all of a sudden grew black before me."

"Listen, Hannah, listen carefully to what I have to tell you," Pavlush spoke quietly, although there was no danger of being overheard, for the others had scattered about, deciding to rest for a few moments before continuing the rest of their journey.

Hannah nodded that she understood.

"First tell me whether you can speak the Tartar language?" Pavlush asked.

"Very little," she replied, with a little grimace of distaste. "Although they forced me to study it constantly, beat me, and starved me in order that I learn it, yet I could not. I loathe it."

"Well, you won't have to worry about that any longer, for they won't beat you any more. Just listen carefully and do as I tell you," said Pavlush.

(To be continued)

RAMBLING THROUGH BOOKLAND

Ukrainian National Movement in Volhynia

Some interesting comments upon the Ukrainian national movement in Western Ukraine under Poland appeared in the October, 1934 issue of the *Contemporary Review* (London) in an article by M. B. Winch entitled "Scenes in Eastern Poland."

The article deals mainly with the economic aspects of the four eastern provinces under Poland, the so-called Eastern Marches, including the Ukrainian provinces of Polesia and Volhynia. Some of the conclusions reached by the author seem to have been based on rather hurried observations and Polish sources.

The author launches briefly into the Ukrainian national movement in Volhynia:

"The much stronger Ukrainian movement in the south (i. e. Volhynia), where the population is wealthier and more developed, has spread since the War from the neighbouring province of Galicia, the centre of Ukrainianism, but which had previously been cut off by the Russian-Austrian frontier. For the moment (own italics—Edit.) it has been successfully diverted by the completely individual policy of the Governor, Jozewsky. He has skilfully forestalled subversive teaching by encouraging Ukrainian culture within the bounds of a Polish political framework, and a position has now been reached when it is habitual for meetings of the Government Bloc to be conducted in the Ukrainian tongue. It is doubtful whether this spirit could survive in face of the greater attraction of a Federal Ukrainian State in Galicia—were such a State ever created—but for the time, at any rate, it has produced an era of most unexpected calm."

We comment upon this in order to show how in the face of the Polish propaganda it is difficult even for supposedly impartial foreign observers to obtain a true picture of the conditions of the Ukrainian people under Polish rule.

This "completely individualistic policy of the Governor, Jozewsky," etc. is really but another devious means used by the Poles to Polishize the Ukrainian people. It attracts no one, save some traitorous Ukrainian opportunists—"khrunic," as they are called—who for the sake of some government job or favor throw overboard their ideals. The mass of the Ukrainian people see through this "policy" of Jozewsky and determinedly wage their fight for freedom. Already this "policy" has resulted in the closing of all Ukrainian schools in Volhynia and Polesia and the forcible transformation of Ukrainian churches into the Polish controlled Roman Catholic churches. And all this has been exposed not only by Ukrainians but by many foreign observers as well, as witness some of the articles that appear in the English press, the "Manchester Guardian," for example.

WHISTLES

Whistles blow a shrilly tune
Telling humans that it's noon;
Workers leave their jobs to go
Home for luncheon row on row;
Peace and rest it means to those
Who, for work, at dawn arose.
Precious minutes for good talk
Or in summer for a walk:
It's here and there and everywhere
That noontime whistles shrill and blare.

MARY SARABUN,
Bridgeport, Pa.

YOUTH'S LEAGUE SENDS PROTEST TO PRESIDENT CONCERNING TERRORISM IN UKRAINE

[Below is the text of the protest sent by the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America to the President of the United States concerning the reign of terror in Ukraine under the Soviets.—Editor.]

December 21, 1934.

To the President of the United States
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

We, young Americans of Ukrainian descent, respectfully call your attention to the latest phase of the Soviet reign of terror in Ukraine—the summary mass execution of 37 persons in Ukraine, as reported in the American press.

We further call your attention to the fact that since the time when the Bolsheviks overran Ukraine, overthrew the young Ukrainian National Republic, and brutally imposed their misrule upon the freedom-loving Ukrainian nation, they have at all times sought by means of an unparalleled reign of terror to denationalize the Ukrainian people and stamp out their rightful aspirations towards national freedom.

This reign of terror over our kinsmen in the land of our ancestors by the Soviets has assumed varied forms, such as: summary mass imprisonments and executions, exile to the notorious forced labor camps, and the deliberately Soviet-fostered major famine—whose deadly toll is running into many millions. To these sacrifices of the Soviet enslavement of Ukraine there has been added several weeks ago another, Prof. Michael Hrushevsky, President of the former Ukrainian National Republic, scientist, writer, one of the greatest historians Eastern Europe has produced, one whose 9 volume History of Ukraine was commented favorably upon by the American Historical Association.

Reared in American surroundings and ideals, we, young Americans of Ukrainian descent, are amazed that such unprecedented wanton terrorism and cruelty is possible in this civilized world; and what amazes us still more is the indifference displayed towards this reign of terror here in America.

In view of these facts, we, young Americans of Ukrainian descent, in the name of humanity and those ideals for which the Fathers of our country fought, beg of you, Sir, to intercede on behalf of our oppressed and terrorized kinsmen in Ukraine under the Soviets and demand of the Soviet Government to cease this unparalleled reign of terror; and should the Soviet Government refuse to heed this humane request, then to break the already weak diplomatic relations with them.

We believe our plea will meet with your serious consideration, as it is in accordance with the traditional policy of the United States to take cognizance of such invasions of human rights and liberties as cited above.

On behalf of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America:
Stephen Shumeyko, President Walter J. Bukata, Secretary

THE FIRST UKRAINIAN STAMPS

By EUGENE WYROWYJ
(Vienna)

Mass Destruction of Stamps

During the paper crisis under the Soviet occupation, all of the "superfluous" archives were handed over to paper factories. In 1922 the Paper Trust received the archives of the postal districts of Poltava and Chernihiv to be made over into paper. Nothing is known of the quantity nor the value of the stamps (mostly high values), postal orders, etc., which were destroyed and manufactured into paper again.

Overprintings

The Soviet money was constantly losing its value, and in order to conform to the value of the stamps to the new value of money, they were overprinted again: the "kopeks" being simply changed to "roubles." In the same manner some of the Ukrainian stamps (Russian stamps with Ukrainian Trident) of 1918 were surcharged in 1920 in Kharkiv.

Taken Out of Circulation

Towards the end of 1919, a section of the province of Podolia became occupied by Polish troops, and the Ukrainian army, after the conclusion of a pact with Poland, retreated to the Polish territory in preparation for a new offensive against the Soviets. The Ukrainian stamps in that province were taken out of circulation and a great part of them was sent abroad.

In 1920 the remainder of the old Ukrainian stamps were put of

circulation and new ones introduced. The latter had been printed at the order of the Ukrainian Democratic Republic government by the Military Geographical Institute at Vienna (Scott, 156 to 169).

The advance of the Ukrainian Army in 1920 made the return of the Ukrainian Government possible. But it did not remain long on the native soil. A new evacuation had to take place. The first stock of the new Ukrainian stamps which was on its way from Vienna did not reach Ukraine in time. They arrived when the Government was again forced to seek refuge in exile. These stamps were never put into circulation. They remain a historical monument of the struggle of the Ukrainian nation for liberty. This well known issue consists of 14 values bearing pictures taken from Ukrainian ethnography and ancient as well as modern history of Ukraine. (Scott, 156 to 169).

Time elapsed. Great sacrifices in human lives and wealth were made to regain Ukrainian independence. But in vain.

Last of the Ukrainian Stamps

The new authorities which finally occupied Ukraine issued new stamps even with Ukrainian inscriptions. But these stamps did not announce the joyful tidings to the world of the resurrection of the independence of Ukraine as did the stamps of the first issue.

(Concluded on page 4)

YOUTH TODAY

Which Opinion Represents the Students?

The Supreme Court of the United States has upheld lately military training in American colleges. Many students hailed the decision, but the National Student League, New York City, issued a statement in which it criticized the Supreme Court for defending in its decision the alleged war policy of the American government. "The National Student League," the statement says, "states categorically that it does not recognize fellow-students in other lands as enemies and will not engage in conflict with them."

What would be the actions of the students of each opposing group, should America be drawn into a war?

Not So Depressing

It is said that the late publicity given to that Brooklyn prodigy with a 230 Intelligence Quotient has worried many young boys and girls.

Have those who worry about the I. Q. heard what are some of the prodigies of the days gone-by doing?

Nobody seems to know the answer. Except the rumors have it that one of the past prodigies who entered the university at an unprecedentedly tender age, has been on his graduation employed as an elevator starter and errand boy.

So why worry?

Any Foundation to Be Stuck Up?

The Quill and Scroll National High School Journalistic Fraternity announces that out of thirty principal prize winners in the Interscholastic National Creative Writing contests eighteen were girls. The girls, the statement says, scored their victory by superiority in editorial and feature writing.

That seems to call for some correction of the current idea of the male superiority.

Which Method Appeals to the Youth?

The school trustees of Eastchester Township, New York, carried out this year their annual Christmas custom of giving boxes of candy to all elementary school children.

An exhibition of the work of students in the elective art classes of the high schools of New York City, opened on December 6, in the Brooklyn Museum. Forty schools of the city take part in it. There are displays of textile designs, costume designs, designs for new food containers and wrappings for many types of merchandise, and of course, illustrations and paintings.

Youth of Today and Youth of Yesterday

Alfred A. Tausk, the principal of the Boys' High School, Marcy, and Putnam Avenue, Brooklyn, who recently celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as teacher of the school, says that the youth of today are about the same as they were twenty-five years ago.

They are different only "in that they have more attractions—more serious problems to combat in going to school."

Don't forget, girls, that kissing a boy 'good-night' is a custom of long standing.

The Last Resort

John: "Do you believe in clubs for women?"

Matt: "Yes, if kindness fails."

(Chicago Branch of UYU of NA Bulletin)

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE

Many, many years ago there were no such things as radios, airplanes, artificial lighting systems, locomotives, all sorts of machinery, and other things with which we are familiar today. We are living in a highly civilized world... a scientific world. Science has given us almost everything we have... there is little doubt about that. We are indeed grateful to our scientists, both the living and the dead. I shudder to think of what conditions would be like today if it weren't for science.

Of course, there is a bad side to the story, as well as the good side. Science has given us too many implements of war. Latest reports have it that "death rays" have been discovered and can be used in warfare. New types of gases have been found—many of them destructive to humanity. Some people often wonder why scientists are always finding and inventing new things with which people can slaughter each other. Perhaps it is a feeling of patriotism on the scientists' part. We all know that wars will continue as long as humanity survives. The scientists realize this, too. It seems that humanity has always been at war. It started back in the Biblical days and no one has the slightest idea of when it will end.

Naturally, the scientist, if born in the United States, will aid this country as much as he can in time of war. He will try to invent a new type of explosive, or gas, or gun... anything to help his country. This is one reason why few war machinery, gas, etc., is always being brought to light. There are many other reasons, one of them being money. If a scientist realizes that an invention of his will bring him wealth, he certainly will not hesitate in disposing of it... even if that invention be a new war machine.

Then there are a few scientific men and women who abhor the thought of warfare and will do nothing towards taking human life. Instead, these thoughtful scientists are doing things that will improve the world... not wreck it. A good example of this type of scientist is Madame Curie, deceased, who together with her husband, discovered radium... a substance which proved to be of great value to the entire world.

It is a common belief among astronomers that Earth is not the only sphere in the universe which sustains life. Other planets have life, too. Wouldn't it be a thrilling experience to look down upon these other planets and see what is on it? What would we see? People resembling ourselves?... or underscribable monstrosities that are horrible to look upon? Would these beings have intelligence?... or would they be just so many "simpletons," "dunces"? If the former, would they be at war?... or would they be peaceful?

We people of the Earth call ourselves "intelligent"... yet at the same time we admit that we are almost always at war—fighting ourselves, as it were. Is that intelligence" or are we only flattering ourselves?

It really is too bad that the inhabitants of this world settle arguments and disputes by fighting. If it weren't for that, Ukraine wouldn't be in its present conditions... for we lost Ukraine because of war. Now we have to fight to get it back again.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK,
S.F.L. and B.I.S. Member.

KNOWLEDGE ALONE HAS POWER TO SWAY PUBLIC OPINION

To the Editor

Sir:

Permit me to recount for the edification of your readers an instance of intelligent and constructive patriotism, which may well serve as an inspiration to the rising generation of Ukrainian-Americans. That there is no element whatever of the spectacular in the episode which I relate would seem only to render it the easier for all to apply in their own lives the obvious principle involved.

A short while ago I availed myself of the welcome opportunity of attending, at the club house of the Y. W. C. A. at Boston, an exhibition of Ukrainian handicraft and objects of art. The co-hostesses were becomingly attired in the national costume and the entire setting left nothing to be desired either aesthetically or in point of accuracy.

While I was admiring a display of the traditional decorated Easter Eggs, a lady at my side, speaking in Polish, remarked triumphantly to the hostess that such eggs represented a peculiarly Polish usage. Fortunately my year at the University of Moscow had equipped me with a moderate familiarity with the Slavic languages, and, as a consequence, I lost nothing of what transpired. Being a cosmopolite, I was, of course, well enough acquainted with the age-old Polish genius for appropriating cavalier fashion the noteworthy achievements of other nationalities; but I only wondered the more what attitude would be assumed by the hostess, who thus found herself placed in a somewhat embarrassing position. Many women, I dare say, would have manifested resentment if not anger at the implied slight; but would have found themselves, nonetheless, utterly incapable of coping with the situation. I was hardly prepared for what ensued. The hostess, politely and with the utmost tact, launched forth into an exposition of early Ukrainian culture, going back even to pre-Christian times, that would have redounded greatly to the credit of a college professor. In the course of her scholarly observations she not only proved conclusively the Ukrainian origin of the multicolored eggs, a minor affair, after all, but vindicated most successfully Ukraine's distinctive civilization and national aspirations. And no one could possibly take offense, so urbane was her manner throughout. Though myself a foreigner, I have always cherished an especial enthusiasm for the valiant Ukrainian nation, for the winged words of a Taras Shevchenko and the mighty deeds of a King Saint Volodymir; but never before had I so marveled at the sublime earnestness and the disciplined vigor of Ukrainian patriotism. For this splendid woman so capable a defense of the homeland was probably accounted but an ordinary and casual matter to be dismissed from memory within the hour; but to me it was the magnificent spectacle of a noble soul, who, despite the pressing demands of a busy life, found ample time for painstaking study, in order that she might establish a firm intellectual foundation for the patriotic zeal so potent within her.

Later, through my wife, I had the privilege of being presented to this excellent lady, by name Mrs. Maria Nyczay Iwaszko, and gained even higher esteem for Ukrainian culture from her fluent explanations. I learned, too, that she had not permitted the pursuit

of her studies to preclude the practice of those arts more particularly associated with womanhood. One of the most beautiful objects on display, a doll attired to the minutest detail in the apparel of a Ukrainian girl, was her handiwork, and was pronounced by all to be a veritable artistic triumph. Still another elaborately adorned doll, as those present informed me, Mrs. Iwaszko has graciously donated to the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs, which organization places it on exhibition from time to time as the occasion offers, in permanent testimony before the world to the accomplishments of Ukrainian art.

My sole purpose, Sir, in writing thus at length, is to place before your Ukrainian-American youth a concrete example of a species of patriotism not only sincere and whole-hearted, but intelligent and rational as well. Love for the land of one's birth or extraction is a noble emotion to be sure; but being an emotion it necessarily lacks power to convince anyone beyond the person actually experiencing it. Knowledge alone has power to sway public opinion; and the price of knowledge is study. In our present case, however, the subject-matter is so intensely absorbing as to make the required mental effort rather a pleasure than a task. Urge your young folk, as you do, to acquire proficiency in the ancient tongue, to sing the old songs, so rich in their pathos as to be, together with the medieval Irish melodies, unique in sentimental appeal. But urge them most of all to apply themselves diligently to the annals of Ukraine's history, that they may be able satisfactorily to give a reason for the political faith that is in them. Surely the knightly deeds of their ancestors against Turk and Tartar for the Cross of Christ, and against Muscovite and Pole for the territorial integrity of the realm would prove more worthy and exciting themes than are supplied by the tawdry and ephemeral fiction which everywhere today offends the eye in this country, in England, and on the continent.

My apologies to Mrs. Iwaszko, who, being altogether unassuming in her goodness, will doubtless be surprised to find herself cast in an heroic role. Nevertheless, although I have traveled widely, I must in justice beg leave to vote the laurel to Mrs. Maria Nyczay Iwaszko as the ideal patriotic woman.

God bless Ukraina!

With highest compliments I have the honour to be, Sir,

Faithfully yours,

K. von L.

AN "S. O. S."

I am sending out a S. O. S. to all the secretaries of Ukrainian-American Clubs to throw me a life-line and a couple of life-preservers. I am going to organize a club for Ukrainian youth in one little town and what I don't know about it would fill a volume. I have ambition and a lot of energy, and will not give up. Will somebody please help me to show a lot of "show me's"?

ANNA JARKIEWICZ,
715 Alabama Street
St. Joseph, Mo.

(TODAY'S "U. W." CONCLUDED IN SVOBODA)

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT

There is more copper in a nickel than there is in a United States cent.

An object can be wider than its length.

Eugene Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel Company receives as salary and bonus of about \$5,450 per day. (Wish you had his capacity, eh? No, his bankroll!)

The Panama hats are not made in Panama, but are manufactured almost exclusively in Ecuador and Peru.

The country which is completely Ukrainian covers 300,000 square miles—the basis of self-sufficiency if the people can obtain their independence.

The average brain of a male weighs about forty-eight ounces, that of a female, forty-three. (Get it girls?)

Lake Chargoggagoggmanchaug-gagoggchaubunagungamaug is a beautiful body of water lying within the limits of Webster, Mass.

It would be extremely interesting to hear your opinion on this column. So may I ask one and all who wish to see a timely appearance of it, to write to "Ukrainian Weekly," saying so.

Stephen M. Bakallk.

THE FIRST UKRAINIAN STAMPS

(Continued from page 3)

They were silent witnesses of the disaster and distress, crying for help for the famine-stricken Ukrainian population. (Scott 285 to 288).

The land between Poltava and Odessa, that used to be the richest part of the country, remained unploughed, resembling a desert. Many towns lost 35% of their population. This is how Mr. Lubersack, economical expert of the relief expedition of Nansen, described the situation in Ukraine in his account of the July 4th, 1920:

"The policy of the Russian government with their requisitions during the first years of the revolution have ruined the Ukrainian peasants. In this country, though one of the richest of all in corn, millions suffered from famine in 1920-22."

"The country was starving because all of the corn was being exported to help the population in the Volga region"—wrote Dr. Emil Strauss, a German investigator of famine conditions.

"Charity" Stamps

In 1927, with permission of Moscow, charity stamps were issued to help the distressed Ukrainian population. These stamps can tell the tale of the "charity" Moscow allowed in favor of Ukraine. The stamps were sold only in a few places and only for a period of three weeks. From that time no more Ukrainian stamps appeared, for no Ukrainian stamps have been issued since.

The Ukrainian stamp, that small printed rectangle of paper, is interesting, indeed, not only from the view point of a collector, but also, does it not reflect all the tragic events of the history of one of the greatest Slavonic nations struggling for liberty?