



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



Supplement to the SVOBODA, Ukrainian Daily

Published by the Junior Department of the Ukrainian National Association.

No. 4.

Jersey City, N. J., Friday, January 25, 1935.

Vol. III.

"AUTUMN LEAVES ARE FALLING..."

Anatole Kurdydyk, author of the story entitled "Autumn Leaves Are Falling..." which we publish in translated form in today's issue, belongs to the class of young post-war Ukrainian writers. He is a well known journalist and writer in the old country; being particularly known for his poetry in which he tells of the heroic struggle of Ukraine for freedom. At present he resides in Lviv, Galicia, now under Poland.

The mentioned story deals with a mother whose son was taken away and shot by the Chekists.

UNIVERSITY UKRAINIAN SOCIETY HOLDS LECTURE

A lecture on the "Ukrainian Situation," by Dr. Arnold Margolin, was held Thursday evening, January 17, 1935 at the International Institute in New York City under the auspices of the University Ukrainian Society, a member of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

The lecture proved to be both instructive and interesting to the audience of about 150 guests, including Americans, with American-Ukrainian student youth predominating. Dr. Margolin, former Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Ukraine during the time of the Ukrainian National Republic and holder of other offices, confined himself mostly to Greater Ukraine, his birthplace, sketching its background, history, national characteristics, wealth, and present prospects of attaining freedom.

Introducing the lecturer, the chairman, Stephen Shumeyko, declared that the lecture was one of a series planned by the University Ukrainian Society.

The society is about one year old at present, and consists of graduates as well as undergraduates of colleges and universities. Its officers are Joseph Stetkewicz, President; Mary Muraszko, Secretary; and Joanna Berens, Treasurer.

AMERICAN-UKRAINIAN YOUTH STAND LAUDED

A large number of representatives of civic bodies and other institutions as well as social workers attending a luncheon given by the Conference on Immigration Policy in New York City at the Town Hall, Saturday noon, January 12, 1935, heard youth representatives of six nationalities give talks on some of their problems in their adjustment to American life.

Considerable interest was aroused among those present by the talk given by the Ukrainian representative, Stephen Shumeyko, which dealt with one of the outstanding phases in the life of young American-Ukrainians, the so-called "double-loyalty"—loyalty to America, and loyalty to Ukraine. The plight of Ukraine struck a responsive chord in the guests, and after the luncheon a number of them expressed their full hearted admiration for the American-Ukrainian youth for their interest in the country of their ancestors.

Just one word - "Union"

—When the first peace commission met after the Civil War between the North and South, Abraham Lincoln said:

"Let me write one word and you can write the rest!"

The word was: "UNION."

And the rest was matter of fact.—

When at the close of the World War the Russian and Austro-Hungarian Empires fell with a resounding crash, exposing their rotten foundations, and the Ukrainian nation cast off its chains of foreign rule and declared its independence, the first thought that fell into the minds of all Ukrainians embodied that one little word:— Union.

Accordingly, on January 22, 1919 in the historic St. Sophia Square in Kiev, amidst scenes of wild rejoicing, representatives of Greater Ukraine and Western Ukraine proclaimed the union of these two component parts of the Ukrainian nation, separated by unnatural political boundaries since the close of the golden age of Volodimir the Great's reign, into one great and indivisible **Ukrainian National Republic**.

After America had won its independence in the Revolutionary War and in the War of 1812 and before it really became a Union, it had to first pass through a period of stress and crisis, culminating in the Civil War.

And yet, what is this period of stress and even the bloody Civil War when compared with the heroic and centuries-old struggle of the Ukrainian people to enjoy the fruits of that one little word—union. There is hardly any comparison to speak of. Where in this world can there be found a people who have been bludgeoned so cruelly and who have been subjected to such merciless and unheard of denationalization by their oppressors, as have the Ukrainian people.

It is perhaps the most amazing feature about the Ukrainian people that they not only have managed to survive this holocaust of Tartar invasions, Muscovian and Polish cruelty, partitions, bloody wars, denationalizations, famines, but that they have emerged from it better tempered for the future struggle and stronger in national consciousness and aspirations than ever before in their history. And this national consciousness and aspirations have advanced so far that Ukraine is not satisfied with freedom, but demands freedom based on the union of all Ukrainian ethnographic territories.

What could be more striking and characteristic of this courageous people than the Act of January 22, 1919, when,—surrounded on all sides by Bolsheviks, Poles, and White Russian royalist forces, all intent upon destroying this newly arisen Ukrainian state and each backed to the limit by one Western European Power or another,—they made the supreme gesture of their conviction in the sanctity of their cause by uniting Greater Ukraine with Western Ukraine!

Although the resultant Ukrainian National Republic fell in the end before the combined onslaughts of all enemies and those occult powers in the background that lusted for Ukraine's riches, yet the Act of Union of January 22nd remains forever enshrined in the national consciousness of the Ukrainian race. It will forever be the political "Credo" of all Ukrainians, irrespective of their party or religious feelings.

This Act of Union of January 22nd, should remain an inspiration for us too, young American-Ukrainians, and spur us on towards helping our kinsmen in Ukraine attain that freedom and union that we have here in America.

YOUTH TODAY

Holds the Mirror

Margaret Mead writes in her book "Growing up in New Guinea":

"In this stern workaday world of the adult (of New Guinea), the children are not asked to play any part. Instead they are given years of unhampered freedom by parents whom they often bully and despise for their munificence. We often present our children with this same picture. We who live in a society where it is the children who wear the silk while the mothers labor in canvas, may find something of interest in the development of these primitive young people in a world that is so often like a weird caricature of our own."

Do these observations refer to anybody among us?

The Problem of Youth

A booklet "You and Machines," prepared for use in CCC camps and picturing the machine as a "dangerous monster," has been banned by Robert Fechner, director of the forest camp work. The pamphlet was written for the Office of Education by Professor William F. Ogburn of the University of Chicago.

The ban of the book merely helped to spread its content and increase its popularity. Having described the machine as a modern monster, the booklet berates the efforts of the conservatives to bring back "the good old days."

"Passing laws will never do it. If they want to stop change they will have to break up the machines or, better still, poison all inventors."

"It is youth to whom we must look—not old men," the publication says in its final chapter. "They must learn to adjust themselves to the machine. Perhaps they can see in advance what some of its effects will be."

Will "Higher Education" Do It?
In his book "In the Blind Lead," published by E. Bern, of London, the author, M. Alderton Pink, attacks vigorously humbug in higher education. He shows that the universities could make great contributions to a planned and reasonable system of government, but at present the so-called higher education is doing little to solve the difficulties produced by the fact that the complexity of modern problems of government is dealt with by processes of thought adequate for the problems of a primitive village.

Mr. Pink might be wrong in some of his emphases, but does not his book deserve some attention?

What Is the Value of College Degree in Securing a Job?

The question was discussed at a kind of clinic the other evening under the aegis of the Child Study Association by a college president, a dean, a business man, a psychiatrist and the educational director of the CCC camps.

On one point most of them agreed: that a liberal education helps even today both toward a job and toward emotional balance in the face of disappointment.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

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

(51)

Alexander Konysky

From his very first appearance in the field of Ukrainian literature, coinciding with his first contributions to the "Osnova" in 1861, Alexander Konysky (1836-1900) never quit this field until his very death.

Leading trait

Perhaps the most distinguishing trait in this man's character was his devotion to his people, which he expressed in unceasing labors devoted to them. Although a native of Greater Ukraine, yet the results of these labors are most evident in Galicia, Western Ukraine: he being one of the first of that numerous class of Ukrainian patriots and writers of Greater Ukraine who due to Czarist persecution of all those associated with the Ukrainian movement had to transfer their activities to Western Ukraine, wherein under Austrian rule the atmosphere was a bit more liberal. As a result of this exodus from Greater Ukraine, Galicia became the center of the Ukrainian Movement.

A prolific writer

Konysky was a prolific writer. He wrote poetry, fiction, and works of scientific and historical nature with equal ease. He was,

indeed, a valuable man, for such men of varied talents as he are most necessary to a nation that is in the throes of a national reawakening, men whose talents are not limited to any one particular field.

Works scattered

Konysky's works cover a range of 40 years of active literary work. It is regrettable, however, that his works are not gathered compactly, being scattered in various publications and under various pseudonyms. A slim 4-volume Odessa edition, issued by the writer himself, contains but a small part of his many stories. Some of his stories that appeared in Galicia under pseudonyms are "Yuriy Horovenko" under the pen-name of Krasuchenko; "Tis well in company, but better at home," under the pen-name of Drozd; "Sinners," "Youth of Maxim Odynda," and others. His poems are even less known in Greater Ukraine than his stories, for aside from two small collections of them, "Broken Strings," that appeared under the pseudonym of Yakovenko in Zhitomir, none were published at all. This is indeed a pity, for his poetry is really good, being characterized by lucid thought and easy verse.

A man of the people

Konysky excelled in his fiction stories, which number over fifty. In them he disclosed himself as a man of the people, one who felt their trials, tribulations and aspirations keenly. But he cannot, however, be likened to Ivan Franko or Michael Drahomanov. These two represented to him that which he detested—cosmopolitanism, internationalism. He often and stubbornly fought radicalism in Galicia during the 90's of the last century. He was an intense nationalist, in the broadest sense of the word, and for Ukrainian nationalism he was ready to sacrifice all. As such he was one of the pillars of the Ukrainian movement for freedom during those dark and trying days.

Helps found Shevchenko Scientific Society

His labors devoted to the Ukrainian people were many. He gave the initiative towards the founding of the Shevchenko Scientific Society in Lviv. Many of his poems and stories appeared in Galician and Bukovinian newspapers under various pseudonyms such as "Sirota," "Perebendia," and "Vernivolia." One of his finest works is his biography of Shevchenko issued in Lviv (1898-1901) entitled "Taras Shevchenko-Hrushevsky—a chronicle of his life."

(To be continued)

UKRAINE IN BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

What Makes Shevchenko Great?

The well-known American critic Van Wyck Brooks, in his essay, *Writer and the Workers* (in his *Sketches in Criticism*), discussing the ever irritating problem about the conditions of the rising of great literature, says, "Great literature is always closely allied with religion, although at times this religion may cloak itself in forms that are not recognizable at first sight. Voltaire's anti-ecclesiasticism was obviously more religious than the routine Catholicism of many of his contemporaries, and Renan invested science with a sanctity that seldom appertains to the worship of the supernatural. For Tolstoy, Ibsen, Carlyle, Dostoevsky, literature was itself a form of religion, and they were priests if ever priests existed. For poets like Mickiewicz and Shevchenko, hierophants of oppressed nationalities, nationality was a religion..."

Was It That Bad?

Ilya Ehrenbourg, the Russian writer, reporting in *The New Masses* on the Saar, says, "The (German) patriots refer constantly to the years of occupation: 'We were ruled by Senegaleses!' It is not my purpose here to defend the French. I know what military occupation is. But I saw the Germans in the Ukraine and I am convinced that the Senegaleses in comparison with the white Prussian lieutenants are chivalrous knights, gentlemen, humanitarians."
And how were the Russian communists in Ukraine? They were of course, chivalrous knights, gentlemen, and humanitarians, even when compared with the Senegaleses?

"Germany Isn't the Ukraine"

There appeared lately a Jewish novel by Leo Landia entitled "Land of Promise," which, while tracing the development of anti-Semitic feeling in Germany, draws for some reason parallels between Germany and Ukraine. Ukraine is to the author a country par excellence of anti-Semitism. To the Ukrainians in the book Russian revolution meant an independent Ukraine, to Moses Men-

(Concluded on page 4)

she drags herself over to the wall, against which she leans, while in her heart a great burning stone has been suddenly rent asunder!

This stone is so heavy, like the very earth itself. It drags her down. She does not sit—but falls to the ground...

They are taking those bodies off the wagon. Bloody corpses. She looks on with stony eyes and counts:

—No, that one is not mine—not he—not my Stephen...

Thud into the grave! Thud! Thud!

While dusk steals over the cemetery.

And finally she sees him. Just as the others, so they drag him off too. His shirt is white, his head black with congealed blood. And then—thud!

She wants to fly, to rise, to jump to him—but that stone in her chest is so heavy, she cannot...

She wants to cry out—and this stone gets into her throat...

So she just whispers, like a child:

—Stephen, Stephen, my ba-by...

The autumn leaves are falling upon her, rustling. Falling on her dishevelled head, her shoulders, feet...

AUTUMN LEAVES ARE FALLING...

By ANATOLE KURDYDYK

(Translated by Stephen Shumeyko)

They took him away; her Stephen, two such, dirty Reds, with sharp steel on their carbines—and she pitter-pattered after them without e'en a tear.

Pittered-pattered, with doddering ancient feet through the village, the fields (the hoar was already settling on the road), her shawl askew and her hair damp with perspiration sticking to her forehead. Under her arm a little bundle: a shirt and a piece of bread—for him. Her heart heavy with fear.

On and on, after them, without e'en a tear.

In the early morn they had quit the village, and now at noon they were already in the city.

They led him inside a large gate. It clanged snut after him. A heavy blow to the chest with the butt end of the carbine drove her reeling back.

—Beat it!...

She glanced up from the ground—a heavy bearded face, with not a trace of mercy in it. So she cringed, just like a dog driven away from home, her eyes fastened to this gate that had swallowed her son.

While from the chestnut tree nearby leaves fluttered down-dawn...

She sat down on the steps opposite the gate, her mind in a whirl. The city was deathly quiet ("they" had come yesterday)—and yet how familiar it was.

How many times had she hurried here from the village when her son worked as an apprentice here. She flew to him then, young, happy, for she could not be without him for long! In her bosom—money, and in a little package—apples, red, like blood...

And now, opposite her a gray wall, tall, forbidding, with black windows. A dreadful wall...

Such were her thoughts, creeping like a climbing ivy along a wall, touching every window, reaching to the very roof.

Wait! They will surely free him! Why should they hold him?...

Dry leaves rustle on the paved walk. Some fall into her lap. She knows they mean:

—Autumn...

With ancient hands, shriveled, like these leaves, she aimlessly smooths them out before her.

And opposite her the wall and the pacing guard: Shakh! And again: Shakh!

Wait! They must free him!...

Above the wall, black, ragged clouds scud by. The wind rushes down the street, whirling the leaves before it, whipping her skirt...

No! She won't go away! She is waiting for Stephen!

Someone passes by. Glances at her. She raises her eyes to his face—and lowers them. He too seems to be suffering...

Again the street is still. Only she is alive and that one over there, pacing back and forth with the shining steel on his shoulder.

This autumn afternoon is so chilly... She draws her shawl closer—while the cold pierces to her very breast...

Footsteps again. Someone is being led, just as was her son. The ravenous gate opens, and closes! But no Stephen...

The leaves whirl about, rustling, tumbling...

Several hours pass by. The gate opens. Voices. The guard is being changed. She looks up. Yes, that's him, the one who brought her son here...

And slowly she stretches her foot, rises...

Oh, what is it that grips her heart so?

Crack!—from inside the wall. The echo of the shot pierces her heart.

She walks over to him—to this murdering Red...

Yes, she will kiss his hand, anything: she must know, where is her Stephen...

She knows, but he already knows what she wants:

—He is no more, mother. Didn't you hear?...

He points with his hand towards the wall. A gasp...

The little bundle drops to the ground. She runs to the gate. But he seizes her by the shoulders:

—Go away!

She tears his hands away, falls to her knees, crying wildly:

—Stephen!... Stephen!...

But those cursed hands are so powerful, and her age so weakening... They lift her bodily and carry her back to the middle of the street, drop her there. Her aged body thuds against the hard pavement:

—Stephen! My son!... My baby!...

—But the cobblestones are deaf, as deaf as those who took him away.

She does not know that her voice is growing weaker and weaker, that it is all in vain: the stones will not heed her cry.

She raises herself—and feels within her chest a terrifying emptiness. Such an awful void, through which wild winds shriek and groan...

She starts unsteadily towards the gate again. But the guard calls out to her:

—Go to the cemetery. He will be there...

Without a word, without e'en a tear, she bends and picks up her bundle, that had rolled into the gutter, and goes. Her chest is burning, her walk so unsteady, and on her forehead—sweat, cold like drops of dew...

She knows, where the cemetery is. Towards that way her tottering footsteps bend... Her feet are so heavy, but she goes on. One street is passed, a second, and a third. She sees nothing; nothing matters to her. Only the rustling leaves touch her consciousness. She feels them caressing and kissing her feet.

At last, there it is—many, many trees... Leaves are falling everywhere and the wind is sighing...

Entering the gate she looks. A wagon is standing, and piled on it lie human bodies. She feels her feet become leaden. With difficulty

THE "RESURRECTION" OF EUROPE'S UNKNOWN NATION

(An excerpt from "Peasant Europe," by H. Hessel Tiltman)

[January 22, 1935 marked the 16th anniversary of the union of the Ukrainian National Republic with the Western Ukrainian Republic. The anniversary merits a brief review of those turbulent times, such as the following, taken from that excellent book, "Peasant Europe," by H. Hessel Tiltman. Italics are ours.—Editor.]

"Europe's Unknown Nation" had, when 1914 dawned, long been waging a heroic struggle for survival as a racial unit against two of the most powerful Empires in the world. The unifying and centralizing policy of the Czars, and the repressive policies of Austria, had alike failed to break the Ukrainian spirit. Every effort to turn Ukrainians into Russians had failed. Unknown as are the details of that struggle to the Western world, no greater or more heroic fight has ever been waged by a conquered people against their alien overlords in the whole history of Europe...

Chaos swept over Russia in 1917, and with it came the opportunity for which generations of Ukrainians had waited. A Ukrainian Republic was proclaimed at Kiev, and when, a year later, the Austrian Empire followed the Russian Empire into dissolution, the Ukrainian provinces of Austria proclaimed their independence in a Western Ukrainian Republic, and, on January 22, 1919, announced their union with their brothers in the nation of Great Ukraine. On that day the blue and yellow national colours of the Ukrainian people were once more seen in Eastern Europe, and forty millions of people heralded the day of liberation.

The new Powers that rose out of the ruins of the Old Empires proved, however, quite as predatory as had the Muscovite and Polish nations at an earlier day. The war, indeed, while it had placed Eastern Europe in the crucible, had actually strengthened some of the forces most antagonistic to a free Ukraine, notably the Polish landowners in Galicia, a class which had, under Austria, consistently opposed every whisper of reform in that province. The Poles, now raised to the dignity of a nation, were too blinded by their chauvinism to recognize the claims of others to justice or freedom when these claims clashed with the interests of the Polish Republic. Nor did the Rumanians, whose own bondage was sufficiently recent, one would have thought, to suggest sympathy with other races in a similar plight, behave any better. The dictates of wisdom, statesmanship, and justice were alike disregarded in favour of extending the boundaries of "Greater Rumania" by any and every means available.

In these circumstances, it was matter of days before the newly announced Ukrainian Republic was fighting for its life. It fought so doubtfully for survival that, had the rulers of the world not been overwhelmed with other and greater problems during that time, the spectacle of this democratic and liberty-loving peasant race, isolated amid hostile nations, lacking in equipment, munitions and supplies, resisting not for months, but for years, the forces of annihilation on a series of fronts, might well have convinced the architects of the new Europe that some recognition was due to Ukrainian National claims.

Great and urgent as were the problems confronting the peace-makers gathered in Paris, the stubborn defence of their claim to independence put up by the Ukrainian people did not pass unnoticed there. The British delegation at the Conference, especially, openly favoured independence for the peoples bordering upon Soviet Russia, and especially for the Ukrainians. Had the British view found support, much unrest which exists in Eastern Europe today would never have arisen, and the Ukrainian race would have been making their contribution to the peace and stability of that area as a rich and prosperous "buffer"-state between Soviet Russia and the West.

Those were, however, the days when the military adventurer and the freebooter brought off surprising coups, and discovered the fatal secret that if one could arrange a fait accompli it stood a very good chance of being accepted, and the loot left in the secure possession of those bold enough, and determined enough, to seize it.

While the battle of words continued at Paris, therefore, it was the sword and the cannon that were writing history in the eastern regions of Europe. And the principal victims of the era of freebootery were the Ukrainians. Unable to withstand the pressure from all sides; armed only with a just cause and patriotism in their hearts, the Ukrainian Republic disappeared from the map of post-war Europe before the first of those maps was drawn.

In 1923, Greater Ukraine capitulated to the forces of Communist Russia, and became the member of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics: the strong national feeling of the Ukrainians in that territory preventing the Russians from robbing it of its identity.

The region inhabited by the Ukrainians west of the Soviet frontier—Eastern Galicia, Volhynia and Polissia—fared even worse. It was occupied by the newly created Polish armies as early as 1919, and on the now well-tried method of presenting the Great Powers with a fait accompli, and, despite the demands from Paris that the Polish troops should withdraw from territory to which they had no racial or other right, the Poles refused to quit, proceeding to consolidate their hold on the conquered lands.

Better informed than were the other delegations, the British representatives at Paris urged that a High Commissioner should be appointed to protect the Ukrainian interests, a solution which would at least have provided that people with a neutral "observer" to give evidence on their behalf during the fateful years ahead. This modest demand was rejected, however, as was a further proposal contained in a "Statute for Eastern Galicia" which would have accepted Polish occupation of this territory for a fixed term of twenty-five years, subject to a measure of autonomy being introduced at an early date.

Through the diplomatic discussions which followed, the Poles, assured of French support, refused to withdraw, even though they had not the hardihood, before that assembly of world's statesmen, to pretend that the territories occupied by their armies were inhabited by "Ruthenians"! On the contrary, while grimly holding to their gains, they offered to guarantee a liberal mea-

sure of "Home Rule" for the Ukrainian people thus brought within their borders—thereby setting the diplomatic stage for one of the most cynical and flagrant betrayals in history.

It being clear that nothing short of armed intervention could secure the withdrawal of the Polish armies, and none of the war-weary nations being willing to assume the task, the impasse was finally ended by a decision taken at the Conference of Ambassadors in 1923, by which the Ukrainians of Eastern Galicia were left to their fate within the state ruled by their ancient foes, the Poles: not, however, before the representatives of that nation had implemented their promises of Home Rule by signing a treaty which recognized, in the words of Mr. Bonar Law, then Prime Minister, "that the ethnographic conditions make autonomy necessary in that region."

Fate was no kinder to those Ukrainians who formed 99 per cent of the population of the Northern Bukovina, and a great part of the inhabitants in the former Russian province of Bessarabia. As these territories adjoined areas occupied by peasants of Rumanian extraction, it was perhaps natural that statesmen at Bucarest should, without worrying overmuch about the rights of other people, include them in their vision of "Greater Rumania." The fact that in 1918 the Ukrainian section of the Bukovina had declared its union with the Western Ukrainian Republic, and that, subsequent to the Russian Revolution, Bessarabia proclaimed its independence as a Democratic Moldavian Republic, while the overwhelmingly Ukrainian parts of that province desired to be incorporated in the newly formed Great Ukraine, governed from Kiev, did not deter the Rumanian government from carrying its plans into effect. After all, had not the Poles shown how it could be done? And who would say that the Rumanians were slow to learn the art of the freebooter when rich territories were waiting to be seized?

Once more democratic ideals proved powerless against aggression reinforced by bayonets. The Rumanian troops first occupied, and annexed, the whole of Bukovina, and simultaneously occupied the province of Bessarabia. By the Treaty of Paris, signed on December 9, 1919, the Great Powers formally recognized both these territories as Rumanian...

In none of the territories outlined above, be it noted, were the desires or wishes of the population taken into account, either by predatory Powers or by statesmen who eventually accepted the new frontiers. On the contrary, in the Galicia, Bukovina, and Bessarabia alike, the Ukrainian populations had given clearest possible evidence of their desire for self-government by bringing autonomous Ukrainian governments into being at the earliest opportunity. Those governments were suppressed, and their leaders killed or imprisoned, not by the action of the peoples whom they represented, but by foreign bayonets. The disappearance, once more, of the independent Ukraine corresponded to no change in the opinion of the Ukrainian peasants, but was due to foreign invasion: the Ukrainians, lying in the track of the world war, with their menfolk weary after four years of fighting with the Russian and Austrian armies,

and unable to secure munitions or other means of defending their national rights, capitulated to hunger and machine-guns.

The free governments dissolved, but the aspirations which had brought them into being remained unsatisfied, and have continued to grow more intense from that day to this. "We were weak in 1919, and we believed President Wilson when he said that he intended to make the world safe for democracy," said a Ukrainian leader to me recently. "Next time we shall be strong. And we shall make no mistake."

Out of over forty millions of Ukrainians in Eastern Galicia, only half a million were consulted, even by proxy, concerning their desires. The rest were handed over, like cattle, to the tender mercies of the armies which had camped on their peasant fields and occupied their cities. The solitary exception was the case of the 550,000 Ukrainians who occupy the territory known as Podkarpatska Rus. Formerly Hungarian, and lying west of the Bukovina, the destination of this territory was settled in agreement with the Ukrainian emigrant organizations in the United States, whose acceptance of the claim put forward by Czechoslovakia to the region was officially sanctioned by the Treaty of Saint Germain (September 10, 1919), signed by United States, the British Empire, France, Italy, Japan, and Czechoslovakia, in which the latter country agreed to "constitute the Ruthene territory south of the Carpathians... as an autonomous unit within the Czechoslovak State." The same treaty laid it down that the territory should possess a provincial legislature, and that officials should be chosen as far as possible from the inhabitants of the territory.

The Ukrainian have been called "the British of Eastern Europe." The name fits. Like the British race, they have by their industry and enterprise created a culture and civilization superior to those which surround them. And, like the British, they have the fatal defect, from the point of view of their adversaries, of never knowing when they are beaten.

For six hundred years, with one brief interval as an autonomous state linked with the Russian Empire, they have fought to remain Ukrainian. They have preserved their own disjunctive language, their own Church, their own clothes, their high state of husbandry. And, at the end of that fight of centuries, as at the beginning, they face the world undaunted alike by poverty, persecution and repression—demanding the right of forty-three millions of people having a common stock and a common life to rule themselves. That demand may be resisted for a year, a generation, or a hundred generations. But at the end of that time the Ukrainian peoples will still be asking for their freedom. And there will be neither lasting peace nor the reign of justice in Eastern Europe until that right is granted, and the alien troops withdrawn, leaving the Ukraine to control its own destinies and enrich all the peasant lands by its example.

[For further comments on Ukraine, we strongly urge the reading of this book—"Peasant Europe." It can be obtained at leading bookstores or at the "Svoboda" Editor.]

LITTLE MYRON

By IVAN FRANKO

Translated from Ukrainian by R. L. W.

(Concluded)

(2)

III

In the summer time when the adults were all at the field, Myron stayed alone—not in the house though, there he was afraid of the "old men in the corners"—the shadows and the huge chimney black with soot. Myron stayed outside. There he could play with the grass, build toy houses out of little sticks; or just bask in the sun, listening to the birds and gazing at the blue skies. Thoughts like clouds, came and went in his little head.

"What makes people see everything? The sky, the grass, father and mother?" Such thought suddenly drift into the child's mind,—and what is it that makes us hear? There, I hear the noise of the chickens. What makes me hear?" And it seems to him that it is the mouth that enables people to see and hear. He opens his mouth: surely he hears and sees everything... "But perhaps it isn't! Perhaps it is the eyes!" He shuts his eyes—cannot see anything. He opens them again—he sees and hears. Shuts them again—he cannot see but he can hear... "So that is the secret! You see with your eyes, what do you hear with?" He shuts his eyes, closes and opens his mouth,—he hears everything. It occurs to him to stop his ears with his fingers. He hears a new, dull, continuous noise, but not the cackling of chickens. He takes his fingers out,—he hears the chickens and not the other noise. He tries again—the same results. "What does that mean?" talks Myron

to himself.—"Well, I guess I understand: with my ears I hear the chickens and other noises, with my fingers—just this strange sound."

When the harvesters come home for lunch, Myron skips along the street to meet his father.

"Father, I know something!"

"What is it, my child?"

"I know that we see with our eyes!"

The father smiled.

"And that with the ears we hear the cackling of the chickens, while with the fingers we hear a funny noise."

"What are you talking about?"

"Well, when you put your fingers into your ears you hear a strange sound and nothing else, while without the fingers you hear the cackling of the hens."

The father burst out laughing, while the mother looked sternly at Myron, and said: "Go away, you fool! You are almost old enough to be married, but have no sense at all. Why don't you first think of what you are going to say, perhaps you wouldn't talk such nonsense. Don't you know that people hear everything with their ears, the noise of the chickens and any kind of noise."

"Why don't we hear it at the same time? Just try and you will see..."

But the mother continued scolding, not finding any answer to his question.

IV

Thinking was the biggest trouble of Myron. He could never think

properly. Whatever he said was wrong, and either his mother or someone else would tell him: "Why don't you first think and then speak, not prattle like a fool!" And the poor Myron used all his efforts to figure out before what he was going to say, but he could never say anything clever. At last the boy came to the conclusion that he could not think. One day the whole family sat around the big table eating dinner. Mother served some cabbage. It tasted very good and they all ate in silence. Little Myron swallowed a couple of spoonfuls, and sat wondering at the silence. This, he thought, was a proper moment for him to say something. What should he say? He must think it over and say something real clever. And little Myron begins to think. His hand remained hanging in the air with the spoon in it; his eyes gazed at the opposite wall, where the image of the Holy Virgin hung. His lips were moving, as though he tried to whisper something. The servants had noticed it and winked to each other, while one of the girls whispered to the old Ivan: "There, he is going to fire out some nonsense."

"I wonder," began Myron, "why the Holy Mother looks on, but does not eat any cabbage?"

After all his efforts the poor boy could not say anything better. Perhaps, it happened because he was forced to think "like the other people."

V

What will become of poor little Myron? Into what flower will this bud blossom? It is not hard to foretell. Such children are quite frequent in our villages. They differ from ordinary children in every way. Their appearance,

manners, and way of speaking are distinctly different. If such a child is doomed to live all its life under the straw roof of the peasant's home, learn nothing, remain ignorant and dark; if the ignorant parents will always blame it for not thinking and being "like other people,"—the natural inclination to originality and individuality will be stifled. All the undeveloped natural gifts of the child will be nipped in the bud, and little Myron will grow into a stupid, incapable peasant. Or, perhaps, still worse things may happen. The inborn activity and flexibility of his mind, kept back from development in its natural direction, will turn to evil under the oppression, and Myron will become a scoundrel, a charlatan...

But, should such a child happen to have a loving and opulent father, who will do his utmost to open the child's eyes,—then, what then? Do you think the child's fate will be a happier one in the common sense of the word? Not at all. At school the child will drink from the well of knowledge and end in trying to apply theories to life. Thus, little Myron will become a fiery preacher of the truth. He will carry his ideas to the ignorant and oppressed, under the native straw roofs... Sad and unenviable is his lot! He shall spend much of his life in prisons and other dark nests of violence of man to man; he shall, probably, perish in misery and poverty somewhere in the gutter, or inherit from the prison cell some mortal disease, which will bring him to the grave before his time. But, perhaps, life will make him lose faith in the holy truth, and he will try to find oblivion in vodka... Poor little Myron!

The End.

ON THE ROAD TO FAILURE

If you're grouchy and despondent, pessimistic, or blue
If, when luck seems turned against you, in despair you say, "I'm through";
If you think your life is worthless and decide that all is woe—
You're on the Road to Failure, and you haven't far to go.
If your friends despise, avoid you, wonder why you act so queer;
If romping, happy children cease their joys when you are near;
If Love's a stranger to you, and seeds of hate you sow—
You're on the Road to Failure, and you haven't far to go.
If all's wrong about the world, and you alone are right;
If your specialty is "knocking," and to growl is your delight;
If you never stoop to help the other fellow when he's low—
You're on the Road to Failure, and you haven't far to go.

JULIA KUSY,
Jersey City, N. J.

AN INVITATION

The Ukrainian Civic Center invites all Ukrainian girls over 16 years of age to come to an open meeting on January 29th at 8:00 P. M. at the International Institute, 341 E. 17th St. (third floor) New York City.

The purpose of this meeting is to acquaint Ukrainian girls with other Ukrainian girls. May we expect you? ED.

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

FIRST UKRAINIAN-AMERICAN MILITARY FESTIVAL

Of late I have made frequent incursions into Ukrainian circles and because of my last venture I feel that I have to give vent to my feelings.

I salute Corporal John Kosbin and Pfc Eugene Draginda with a sincere wish that they succeed in establishing in their organization, "The National Guardsmen of Ukrainian Descent," a group which will cause the glamour of the Ukrainian Cossacks of old to blaze across the heavens once again.

With unlimited admiration for Pfc Draginda, Veteran of the World War and the late Ukrainian Wars, and Adjutant of the National Guardsmen of Ukrainian Descent, and to the intellectual element of Ukrainians who have become welded into the foundations of upright American Citizenry, we, Officers of the 303-304th Cavalry Regiments respectively, who were present at the festivities the evening of January 12, 1935, wish to render our due respects and appreciation.

May the aims of the National Guardsman, Corporal John Kosbin, Commander of the National Guardsmen of Ukrainian Descent, effectually materialize in his earnest and persistent efforts to inculcate in the American Youth of Ukrainian stock a determined desire to represent his father's nation in the first "Fighting Ukrainian" outfit of our Army as distinguished from all other racially recruited military assemblages.

Lieutenants Elliot, Sapora and I are remarkably impressed by the steadfast military aptitude we saw displayed by the twenty odd Guardsmen present in uniform as-

suming the carriage of their Ukrainian Warrior Ancestors. How proud their officers must feel as they face their command at assembly!

If the First Ukrainian-American Military Festival warranted such a splendid turnout, the extent of such future affairs can be easily conceived. The serious outlook on life by many of the Ukrainians who "were there" was illustrated by the native dance of two uniformed Cossacks from Jersey City and the finale by our own Pvt. Steven Atamanec of the 212th. In the year 1919-1920 these men rushed into flaming towns to grapple tooth and nail with a stronger enemy. Ill-equipped and poorly fed they trudged at "route step" across the Steppes. Heavy-hearted, they charged into the red-hot steel during the tragic days of their war for independence and freedom. They returned from the battle-fields to find their homes burned and their fields devastated; their friends long silent in Death. And yet they dance!

They are true Soldiers! Their brothers are Soldiers! Their descendants shall face life as Soldiers!

We retrospect with pride that we were honored to attend the First Ukrainian-American Military Festival to be held, and that we stood shoulder to shoulder with the descendants of a most-famed and courageous race, courageous in peace as in war, whose future generations will increase the prestige of this great country.

LT. MARK M. WOHLFELD,
303d Cavalry Reserve, U. S. Army, 61st Division.

UKRAINE IN BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

(Continued from page 2)

(el something completely different. "Revolution," he muttered to himself, "that means they will beat the Jews." He speaks of the roving madmen of Petlura's army, before which Moses Mendel escapes with his daughter to Berlin.

"Germany isn't the Ukraine," said a nice liberal in Berlin, seven years later, when Esther Mendel suggested that a student riot, when half-baked boys shouted 'Down with the Jews!' reminded her of events that led to pogroms in her old home. 'After all we are living in 1925. In Germany. In a democratic republic. Not in Czarist Russia...'

"But in Germany the madness grew... In time Germany ceased to be a democratic republic and was, for Jews at least, the old Ukraine.

The author evidently appeals to the notion still current in some circles of the Jews that prospects of an independent Ukraine spell pogroms for the Jews. What object could be reached by telling such nonsense, instilling this belief into Jews? What is the object in telling this to the Ukrainians? The author speaks of anti-Semitism of the Germans as madness: is his anti-Ukrainianism anything else?

TO-MORROW TO-MORROW
CARTERET, N. J.
U. S. C.
MINSTREL & DANCE
Read SVOBODA for complete announcement