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TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

On this happy Mother's morning, let no one forget his mother: be she ever so far away send some tribute of love to her. Honor your dearest possession. Time may have scattered snowy flakes through her precious hair, time may have plowed deep furrows on her saintly cheek—but is she not beautiful still? Her tender lips may be thin and shrunken, but they are the very same lips that so often kissed hot tears away from burning childish eyes. Her bright eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of purest love for you forever. The sands of life are almost ebbing away, but feeble as she may be, she will yet go further for you, she will reach lower down for you than anyone else upon this earth. When all the world shall despise you, forsake you, when you are left by the wayside to die, alone and unnoticed, your precious aged mother will gather you up in her feeble arms and carry you home—your home. She will soothe you until your virtues override your disfigured, sin-laden soul, and you are yourself once again. Love and honor your mother dearly. By your life cheer her declining years with tenderness and devotion and self-sacrifice.

Rosalie N. Hatala(n).

MORE YOUTH PUBLICATIONS

It seems that our American-Ukrainian youth at present is passing through a stage strikingly similar, although on a much smaller scale, to that of the Galician Ukrainians of the second-half of the last century. At that time a wave of national feeling was beginning to sweep through the country and people began to grow more conscious and proud of their Ukrainian nationality. This feeling they manifested in many ways, especially by the issuance of numerous publications devoted to the advancement of the Ukrainian ideals. These publications turned out to be a great help keeping alive the Ukrainian spirit and cause in the hearts of the Ukrainian people.

Such seems to be the case here in America among our American-Ukrainian youth. Step by step with the growing interest of our youth in their Ukrainian background and the realization of their common feelings and aspirations is the growing appearance of various youth publications, bulletins, gazettes, year-books, scratches, etc., which the *Ukrainian Weekly* has steadily reported.

The latest newcomer in this field is the "Ukrainian Youth Bulletin" published by the United Ukrainian Youth Organizations of Wayne County, Michigan, centering around Detroit. It is a printed four-page gazette, illustrated, well-set, and dealing with local and national Ukrainian youth news.

The 6th issue of the Chicago YUL Bulletin, published by the Chicago branch of the UYL-NA has also appeared recently. It consists of 8 mimeographed pages containing an Easter sketch, "Facts About Ukraine" accompanied with a map, and articles dealing with Ukrainian culture and local news.

"MOTHER — THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WORD IN THE WORLD"

Thus Ukraine's greatest poet, Taras Shevchenko, expressed his sentiments about Mother. And it is most difficult indeed to try express those sentiments any better.

The love and respect for Mother is universal. It is found in high and low places, in the resplendent, flashing metropolis as well as in the deepest, darkest jungle. Yet in Ukraine it seems to reach its fullest glory.

Napoleon truly spoke when he said: "To rebuild herself, France needs nothing better than good mothers." And how applicable his words are to Ukraine. For there is hardly any other country that has been ravaged more and rebuilt more than Ukraine. And in this rebuilding the Ukrainian mother has played a very great role indeed. Perhaps that is the reason why in Ukraine the women have always been held in such high esteem, and why even during the ancient times they possessed rights and privileges that women of other nations did not have.

From its very first appearance the Ukrainian race has had to constantly wage a deadly struggle for its existence, against the invasions of wild barbarians as well as against its more civilized but no less savage neighbors. As a result, the Ukrainian men-folk grew up from childhood with weapons in their hands; with but little time for the home and the plow. These latter duties fell entirely upon the shoulders of the Ukrainian mother. It was she who had to take care of the household, the raising of children, and the tilling of soil,—while her man was out fighting on the ever-changing frontiers. It was she who had to raise the children to be worthy sons and daughters of their mother-Ukraine. And it was she who had to suffer the heartaches of never seeing her warrior-husband or sons come back home again.

Such was her fate. And is any better today, in this presumably more civilized period? Not in the least. In Western Ukraine under Poland the Ukrainian mother is the object of unmitigated persecution, and worse, at the hands of the Polish authorities for seeking to raise her children as Ukrainians. In Greater Ukraine under the savage Soviet rule she not only suffers terribly herself but also has to witness the horrible slow death of her husband and children, victims of the Soviet deliberately instituted famine, used as the last weapon to break the Ukrainian opposition to Soviet policies.

Yet the courage and hope of the Ukrainian mother remains ever alive. She knows her destiny in Ukrainian history. She knows that she will yet produce a generation that will once and for all cast off the foreign yoke and set up a free Ukraine.

In view of all this, tis no wonder that Mother's Day in Ukraine is so wholeheartedly and joyfully observed. All unite to express to her their love and devotion. Months ahead Ukrainian publications print articles and poems about Mother, so that school children and teachers have plenty of material to draw upon for their Mother's Day exercises.

And here in America, Mother's Day is steadily growing in popularity among us, especially since we have begun to realize how much we owe to our Ukrainian mother; the mother who usually came to these shores with child on one arm, a heavy valise in the other, and the other children hanging unto to her skirts—for father had gone ahead to America to earn enough for their first humble home. Amidst poverty and hardships she raised us. Therefore, is it not most fitting that we seize every available occasion to show her our appreciation?

By showing her our appreciation, we not only bring gladness into her heart but we become better and nobler ourselves. We tend to follow in her footsteps. And our mothers, seeing how well their efforts are appreciated, will lavish even more care and attention upon us.

YOUTH TODAY

Youth's Ideal of Society

A trial of the society was held in Orange, New Jersey, on May 1 and 2. Though it may seem a mere play when the youths "try" the "society," yet the facts that over 2,000 persons attended the "trial," that the management of a high school lent its auditorium for it, and that a Common Pleas Judge agreed to preside as a "judge," point to the profound significance of this mock trial.

The "jury" found the "accused," which is the present-day society, guilty on two counts. To wit: first, guilty of employing its workers at starvation wages, and, secondly, guilty of failing to provide adequate instruction to youth on choice of a mate, of forcing youth to postpone marriage because of lack of employment, of surrounding youth with moral hazards, such as obscene literature and gambling devices, of maintaining a harsh attitude towards ex-convicts and of incomplete use of public buildings for recreation.

Although the parents, as the representatives of the "society," may feel uneasy about the charges which are in fact raised against them, yet they may find consolation in the fact that the youth take such lively interest in the three vital problems of their lives: work, marriage, and social life.

Parental Ideal of the School

While the "trial" at Orange, N. J., exhibited the ideal of personal, marital and social life drawn by youth, from Miami, Florida, comes the news that exhibits the ideal picture of schools for youth drawn by parents and teachers.

The National Congress of Parents and Teachers adjourned after several days of deliberations, adopting among its resolution one which says,

"We believe that the continued success of our democratic form of government depends upon our children learning to think independently. To learn this, it is essential that the teachers of our schools present to the children, in a way that is fair and unemotional, all sides of controversial questions that are within the mental grasp of the group being taught."

Thus, fairness and unemotionality of presentation are the standards by which the National Congress of Parents and Teachers wants to measure good education.

"Youth Week" Is Proclaimed

Governor Lehman of New York issued, on May 3, a proclamation establishing the seven days from Saturday, May 4, until the Saturday, May 11, as "Youth Week."

"Let us help the boys and girls," the governor says, "to realize the importance of health, the development of a sound body, and normal mental attitudes, the importance of citizenship and the understanding and practicing of desirable social relations."

"Let us help them discover their individual aptitudes that they may find their places in the world of work; help them appreciate and desire worthwhile service to their fellow men in expression of their religious faith."

WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF LIFE

By MICHAEL KOTSIUBINSKY

Translated by Stephen Shumeyko

It couldn't be helped. Granny had to climb down from the warm oventop: her grandchild had grown sick, and needed warmth. And since there was no room on the bench in the crowded one-room home, she made herself a bed on the floor. Her son and daughter-in-law apparently didn't even notice that. So there she remained.

From the corner, beneath the cupboard near the doorway, where she lay—an old, forgotten by death, mother—everything looked strange. Too long had she lain on the oventop and grown accustomed to looking downwards. Then her son's children had looked very tiny, her half-blind eyes had rested upon their curly, white-haired heads, or had caught the querulous gaze of her poverty-stricken son and daughter-in-law.

Now everything had grown up suddenly: the children, who leaned over her to reach the cupboard, showering her with crumbs and dirt; her son's boots, old, wrinkled, huge, like mountains; and the bare feet of her daughter-in-law that set themselves squarely before her face and shut off all view. Now she could even see the hearth with its swaying flames, that ravenously ate up all fuel and were always dying of hunger, the black corners underneath the benches, yawning wide and giving out a dank smell. Sometimes, when the door opened, a pillar of white vapor, fog, swirled about the floor, beclouding all; and it seemed to her that such must be death, murky, unseeing, chilling to the feet.

Where is that death? Why doesn't it come? In vain granny calls. Death tramps all around, but has forgotten about granny. It took her husband, strangled seven of her children, and now... who knows?... It may come for the grandchild. Everywhere death has reaped its toll, it has laid them out in rows, but granny it has forgotten. It is wonderful, and terrible, to discover how hard it is to die.

During the long days and still longer nights, when mice scamper about the rotted potatoes and granny's body, and cockroaches roam about, granny lies very still, letting out from time to time a sorrowful sigh, thin, like the yelp of a blind puppy.

—Oh-oh!... Where is my death?...

—The devil take you! Not letting us sleep... —angrily mutters the daughter-in-law, and the bench creaks beneath her.

—No death for me! —whines granny compainingly and licks her withered gums, where once there were teeth, and then licks her dried-up, shrunken lips.

Oh, if she could only have a little sauerkraut, or some pickle juice... Drowsiness with its feverish dreams comes upon her; fragments of ancient fables, Our Lord's Prayer, her son's boots, huge, like mountains, that leave behind them wet footprints.

Then drowsiness quickly disappears, as if washed away with water, and granny becomes conscious of her small body, aching from being forced to lie only on canvas, and in a damp corner too.

Why is she living? Who has any need of her? Life has eaten all strength from her, and thrown her into the corner like the peel of an eaten baked potato. And for some reason or other the soul has fastened itself to this peel and refuses to let go.

She doesn't take up much space

on this earth, just a corner 'neath the cupboard, still she is in everyone's way. She doesn't eat much bread, yet in poverty even that is great. And once more her shrunken lips flutter, like dried leaves:

—Oh!... my death... where are you!

Sometimes her body pleaded most piteously. From this bundle of skin and bones, from the dried-up stomach, empty breasts—there would arise an irresistible, fantastic desire, deafening all reason:

—A 'wee bit of milk!...

That was when her daughter-in-law would start laughing. She wouldn't utter a word, but her whole body, chest, belly, would shake with unholy glee.

Granny would be so hurt. They won't give her any milk... Just a little milk...

She would alternately grumble and whimper. She wanted that milk so badly, even though she well knew that even the sick baby couldn't have any.

Usually it would end with the daughter-in-law seizing a broom and covering granny with a cloud of dust.

—Pull your feet in! Or I'll sweep you out with the trash!...

Granny would pull in her feet, and for a long time afterwards cough from the dust.

In the daytime the children would swoop down upon her like five little birds. A whole row of wide eyes would concentrate their gaze on granny's mouth...

—Tell us a story.

The mouth would open, like an empty pocket, and words wheeze out something about a king, gold, rich soups, etc. But the tongue had little control over itself, and granny would usually end up with another story. She used ancient words, which the children did not understand. They grew impatient.

—Granny! When will you die?

They smoothed out the wrinkles on granny's throat, examined the dried-up breasts between which a bronze cross was imbedded, touched her feet, dry, like faggot sticks.

They would like so much to see the soul fly out of granny.

—Granny! Will your soul fly out like a bird?

Then they would reach for the cupboard, tramp all over her chest, and shower her eyes with crumbs.

Never did the daughter-in-law bother to lower her voice in speaking of the coming death of granny to her husband.

—When she dies, where will you get the money to bury her?

The son would only snort and cast an angry look towards the corner. That was when granny was afraid to call for death: suppose death did come, where will they get money to bury her? The priest will have to be paid, the boards for the coffin are dear, and those who will attend the funeral will eat and drink so much!...

There was only one solace for granny. Whenever someone forgot to close the door, inevitably there would be a flurry, and a chicken would rush in, straight to her. Granny would stretch out her withered hand with dry grumblings in the palm and the chicken would peck ravenously away.

For that, of course, the chicken got plenty. They would beat her so hard that she fairly sat down, and then drive her out with curses.

Much better if they would curse granny. Maybe she would die sooner.

One day granny got an idea. She thought and thought over it, days and nights, secretly, alone. Her lips smacked meditatively, her eyes gazed into strange depths. At times she would attempt to say something, but would not. Sometimes she would whisper "Sonny!" and then look around in a frightened manner to see if he had heard. It was then that her nerveless arms and legs would become covered with sweat, causing her shirt to stick to her, but she would lie still, like one dead.

Finally she ventured:

—Sonny!...

He was repairing something and probably didn't hear.

—Paul!

—What do you want?

—Come here.

—Why there?

—Come sit by me.

He got up unwillingly and sat down on a bench near her.

His great, big boot was planted squarely in front of her eyes, casting a shadow on her face.

—This time for me to die, my son.

—Humph! Do I have to call the priest again? You said that many times before—I shall die, I shall die,—and I went and wasted my money on the priest for nothing.

Paul was scowling and did not look at her.

—Eh, "babo" mother,—he corrected himself.

An unpleasant line appeared and froze between his nose and chin, and something hard settled within him.

—I won't need a priest... God will forgive the sins. And yet I can't die.

—I heard that many times before.

—Death has forgotten me... There is no perishing for me... Unless you help me out.

Granny stirred restlessly. He heard, how her bone cracked against bone, how she seemed to choke with some deep emotion... Something hard and ruthless welled up within him and burst out through his throat:

—Well?

But granny had now quieted down. She was saying something to herself, as if through sleep:

—... and the son took the wagon, put his father in, and carted him off into the forest...

Paul raised his brows.

—What did you say?

But granny was once more herself.

—I am so unnecessary here... A whole corner I take up... oh, ch... I eat bread, which the children need so much... I am a bother to all and a bother to myself... Take me away into the forest, Paul... that I may...

He still did not understand, but glanced sharply at his mother.

—Help me, my son... cart me into the forest... It's winter now, and it won't take long for me to die there... After all, it doesn't take much to kill an old woman! A few breaths and then...

Something seemed to stir within him upon hearing these strange words, a memory of some long-forgotten dream, that just brushed the brain with its wingtip and swiftly flew away.

He did not want to listen, but listened.

—Do not be afraid, there won't be any sin... In the forest it is all clean and white... the trees are like candles in church... I shall quickly fall asleep... and when I awake up I shall say:—"Virgin Mary, please do not judge my son harshly, but rather judge harshly human misfortune"... Don't pay attention to what the people will say. When

*) "babo"—a rough term denoting an old woman

misfortune comes, where are those people?... Nowhere... You have to perish all by yourself...

His mother's words fell upon him like seeds into plowed ground. He realized that, and because of it felt a strange, unreasonable anger rise within.

He rose from the bench and shouted angrily, more to himself than to her:

—Stop talking such nonsense... God gave life—and he will send death... Go to sleep.

Yet when the light was doused and all went to bed, there was no sleep for him. His thoughts tormented him, weary, fettered thoughts, that drifted like black clouds through his brain, letting through an occasional shaft of light.

God? You are looking down from heaven? Then look.

Angry and cold were these thoughts of his.

Sin?

All earth is in sin. After all, isn't his hunger the sin of those satiated with food.

He tried to drive away these thoughts, especially those that wanted to dwell upon what his mother had said. But despite all his efforts there constantly rose in him the memory of something his grandmother had once told him many, many years ago: In the olden times children killed their parents when the latter grew too old to be of any use to anyone. They carted them out into the steppe or forest and left them there to die. After all, why should old people live? Age must die, youth must live. Such is the inexorable rule. Old leaves flutter down and new leaves grow in their place. Winter dies with the coming Spring. Seeds rot in earth and sprout shoots. That has been so from the very beginning.

Granny has lived long enough, and now she cannot die. She begs for death, and death does not answer. Is it a sin to help her out?

Some strange, shadowy feeling rose within him, like vapor over rotting mud, deadening his thoughts, torturing his body, until cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Tchfu! Tchfu! Oh My God! To drag one's own mother out of the house!

The deep night lay heavily upon his chest, making breathing very difficult. His thoughts constantly burrowed through his brain, giving him no rest.

Die! Perish!... so shall it be... What will people say? People! When you and your children are dying of hunger, when misfortune causes you to howl like a dog, do these people come to your aid? Like...! People! Ha-ha!

He could not fall asleep, but tossed restlessly from side to side.

Suddenly it seemed to him that it was all over. Mother was already in the forest glade, there was more room in the house, no more of that groaning and complaining, no more of that tormenting thought—where will he get money for the funeral. Already he was beginning to feel better.

A mouse scampered by, rattled something in the cupboard, while from beneath it a querulous, thin voice was heard.

Oh, my death... where are you? He rose later than usual.

The day still, oppressive. A grey overcast sky pressed down heavily upon the snow-covered earth. A fog billowed about restlessly, like some lost soul.

He busied himself with carting manure into the fields, stepping heavily beside the sled, himself covered with hoar, constantly peering within himself, where something had settled during the night and froze.

For some reason he threw up

his work even before darkness had settled. He entered the house, stamped around without saying anything and walked out. Then he returned, paused near the doorway, but did not look down at his mother. It was apparent he wanted to say something but could not find the words.

Mother remained silent.

Then it came from him heavily, irritably.

—Have you come to your senses?

—What did you say? Huh?

—Have you forgotten yesterday's foolishness?

—Oh...help me, my son...

—Again the same?

—Take me into the forest...

Suddenly he dropped down to his knees, leaned so close to her that his hot, frantic breathing beat upon her face, and whispered tensely, swiftly:

—You really want to go?

—Yes.

—Think well.

—I am.

He rose abruptly and sat down behind the table. He wanted to cut a slice of bread, but instead placed the loaf back on the table.

His eyes were unseeing. Yet he knew that everyone knew already.

He was not a bit surprised, when his wife quietly remarked:

—I'd better heat some water.

That meant that granny would be prepared for the "funeral" immediately.

He gazed around dumbly, indifferently.

He saw how his wife was pushing straw into the oven, how his children were whispering in the corner by themselves, as if they were glad that "daddy will cart granny away into the forest," how granny was stretching out her hand.

—Get me a clean shirt.

—I don't think we have any candles," his wife's sharp voice broke in. But he climbed under the holy picture and got a piece that was hidden there.

He could not bear seeing his mother being prepared as she were already dead, so he went outside.

When he returned, she was lying, all ready, on the bench: thin, tiny, like a dressed chicken, with a cross on her breast, and her washed feet protruding from beneath the black woolen apron, like that of a corpse.

—Have you finished?—he wanted to ask, but did not when he saw they were all waiting for him.

He approached the bench.

—Maybe you would change your mind...

She shook her head wanly. New shadows had overcast her face.

Impulsively he reached down to her, kissed her hand and lips, while she blessed him with her thin hands.

The others now approached, her daughter-in-law and grandchildren.

A happy look lighted up granny's face, as she felt their warm lips on her face.

Even the daughter-in-law let out a sob, but quickly ceased when Paul asked her where the blanket was.

—What do you want it for?

—To cover her up.

—Well, be sure to bring it back.

Paul picked his mother up in his arms and carried her outside.

There was some hay in the sled. Paul arranged it better under granny, and then covered her up with the blanket. Taking up the reins, he asked:

—Do you feel comfortable, "babo"?

Again "babo" he thought to himself, but did not have the

face to correct himself.

—Don't forget to bring the blanket back,—his wife reminded him from the doorway, as he was climbing into the sled.

The mare moved forward and granny was on her way.

It was necessary to ride about three miles through the fields, which began from the house, before reaching the forest. Night had fallen and shut off all view. The white snow could be seen gleaming dimly through the thick fog.

Neither mother nor son said anything. What could they say? Adversity had long ago silenced their mouths, speaking only to their hearts. Also, something secret and evil had arisen between him and the living body lying on the sled, something which he did not dare to drive away with a word.

He kept his eyes glued on the mare, noticed unconsciously how the hoar had already settled on her steaming back, how the hoofs kicked up clumps of snow. From the mare his eyes strayed to his hands, and he noticed that he had forgotten to wash them from the manure he had been carting.

He thought he heard a sound behind him. Twisting around he called out:

—What do you want?

By straining his ears he made out that she wanted to know whether they were passing through Mykyta's farm.

—Mykyta's? Ha-ha! Mykyta died long ago. Even the farm has been sold long ago by his sons.

—Whom did they sell it to.

—Oh, that's a whole history in itself.

He livened up, kept turning around to her, snouted, so that she would hear, cracked his whip, waved his arms, happy that with all this commotion and shouting he could drive away that something evil and secretive that stood between him and his own mother.

The sled was now careening about the slippery rough road, its runners banging against the ruts, while he kept sticking his foot out against the ground to steady it, just as he always did when he was carting manure out into the fields. He flicked the mare with the whip. Steady! And kept turning around.

Both mother and son felt happy. It seemed to them that both were living their old life over again, when the old mother had been able yet to walk.

Granny avidly listened to all the news. She had heard none for a long time. What could she hear, lying under the cupboard! And that Mykyta used to court her... Heh-heh!

She did not even notice when they entered the forest.

Paul brought the mare to a stop.

—Are you cold?—He approached his mother.

—No.

—We have reached the place.

Granny immediately sought to rise, but fell back.

—Wait a moment and rest.

He walked further into the forest, sinking deeply into the snow, seeking a likely spot.

Finally he found one beneath an oak tree, on a smooth knoll, and called out:

—Here's a good spot. Then he looked about him.

In the deep silence the trees high above interlaced their snow-laden banches, as if getting ready to cast a net into the deep blue sky to catch the twinkling golden stars.

—"Better even than in church,"—he thought.

He brought a large armful of

hay and spread it carefully beneath the oak tree. Then he carried his mother over and laid her down on it.

He wanted to put the blanket over her, but she would not let him.

—There's no need of it. Take it back home where it is really needed.

—Yes, I guess you're right,—he thought and put the blanket aside.

Then he changed his mind and covered her with it.

She humbly put her hands outside the blankets, and he took them and folded them, like those of a dead person. Then he lighted the candle and put it between her interlocked fingers.

—"What else is there to do?"—he thought.

He knelt down beside her on the snow, and brushed his lips against her folded hands.

The odor of the melting candle wax hit his nostrils and caused something bitter and murky to rise within his chest. He felt a sudden desire to tell all his troubles, all the misfortunes that had constantly beaten him down here amidst this deep silence and the tall trees, that stood up like candles in church. He wanted to unburden his soul, his whole weary life, here before his mother, resting his cheek against her withered hands. But all that came out of him was:

—Forgive me, mother...

—Let God forgive...

He wanted to rise, to bring this to an end, when he heard his mother whispering something.

He turned his eyes to her again. Her face in the flickering candle-light seemed like wax itself.

—What is it, mother?

Her withered lips moved painfully, disclosing bare gums.

—Don't kill that chicken. It will lay eggs soon...

Two tears slowly rolled down her furrowed cheeks.

He promise... To kill the chicken!... As if a chicken was man's food.

He rose abruptly to his feet bowed, and plunged headlong through the snow.

He fell upon the sled and struck the mare sharply. She reared once and then galloped off, the sled dancing after her crazily from side to side, bouncing over exposed roots and rocks.

Once, during this mad flight, he glanced back, and saw the candle burning quietly on the knoll beneath the oak tree, like some star that had come down from heaven and was resting in the snow.

He felt better for some unaccountable reason. The weight seemed to have slid off his shoulders. He breathed in deeply the cold wintry air, felt an emptiness in his chest and filled that space with a wild, angry shout:

—Gid-dap, nag!

He swayed on the sled, like one drunk. All seemed so light, no more worries, no more trouble.

They were out of the forest. The mare, tired, slackened her pace.

Suddenly there fell upon his mind the memory of a certain childhood day.

It was Sunday. The whole home was filled with sunlight. He wanted so much to run out and play with his friends but hated to change his clothing. But his mother caught him and despite tearful protestations donned a clean white shirt on him. She combed his hair and on the very doorstep put a plum cake within his bosom. The plum cake was hot and burned him, but he did not take it out until he was among the boys. He felt so good to see others watching him en-

viously white h. a'e that plum cake.

He could remember no more of that incident.

It was so nice, too, when his father had died. There was so much to eat then. He ate until he could eat no more.

The sled proceeded deeper and deeper into the fields. The mare was all white from the hoary frost that had settled on her, causing her to look like a phantom in the darkness.

Mykyta's farm... Mykyta courted me... Heh!-Heh!

He glanced up, and saw a cloud that seemed to be following him. Maybe that wasn't cloud after all, but the soul of his mother, sailing through the sky.

Once more his thoughts went back to her. She is lying in the forest, on a cold bed, like a bird brought down by a hunter, and looking at the heavens through tear-laden eyes. Only the candle is weeping over her, dropping its hot wax on her dry, folded-into death hands.

What could he do? She wanted it so. And yet how different it could have been. So different.

He suddenly froze, forgot everything, his surroundings, the sleigh, the mare. A picture appeared before his mind, obliterating everything:

...They had just taken mother to the cemetery, with banners, priests, incense, Christian-like. The house is full of people. A most appetizing smell of cooking pervades all. "Drink, my friends, in memory of her soul"... "May she rest in peace"... The throat burns from the brandy... The hum of voices... The warm, close air... Another round of drinks... "She was a good soul"... The clatter of wooden spoons against the dishes... Jaws working industriously... A sense of satiety and contentedness... One would fain cry, or sing... "Let us drink another for the souls of the dead"...

He felt perspiration breaking out over him.

—Half of the garden could have been rented out to cover the funeral expenses,—he said absentmindedly and started sharply at the sound of his voice.

Who said that?

He looked around. The mare was going at a snail's pace. A heavy fog had appeared again, blotting out the starry sky, the hollows, swirling about the slowly moving sled.

This wouldn't do. He will have to put the fascinating picture out of his mind. He tried to think of last Sunday's sermon, and from that his mind drifted to things about the soul, sin, prayer, Christian customs,—"Honor thy father and mother"... Yet all these thoughts left him unmoved, losing themselves within the depths of the captivating scenes his imagination was creating.

—"There is but one mother and one death,"—he spoke to himself and listened at the same time,—"let us drink another round, my friends, to the memory of my mother... let us drink for the souls of the dead"... Once more he heard the hum of voices, the clinking of glasses, the clatter of spoons, the smell of appetizing foods... a happy occasion observed by living bodies for the dead.

Houses loomed in front of him. Suddenly he rose to his full height, looked forward, then back, and then sharply swung the mare around.

—Gid-dap, nag!

Back into the billowing fog, showered with clumps of hardened snow thrown back by the flying hoofs of the mare, he went, back for granny.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

(66)

Osyp Yuriy Fedkovich

Osyp Yuriy Fedkovich (1834-1888) is the greatest poet that green Bukovina has ever produced.

At the age of 19, Fedkovich, yielding to the urgings of his military-minded father, joined the army. Soon war broke out between Austria and Italy, and Fedkovich was sent to the front. Here he quickly rose to the rank of an officer. Despite his elevation, however, Fedkovich continued to fraternize with the common soldiers, refusing to follow the example of his brother officers who regarded his act as being beneath the dignity of an officer. Through this mingling with the common soldiers Fedkovich learned a great deal of their life, joys and sorrows. And when, therefore, he began to write poetry in the army, it was most natural that he chose as his theme a soldier's life.

His famous "soldier" poems

Fedkovich's first poem was written in 1859 in the form of a "dumka," entitled "Nitchlih" (Camping), written in Ukrainian. This was soon followed by "Deserter," "Recruit," "Svyatiy Vetchir" (Holy [Christmas] Eve), "V Areshiti" (In prison—guardhouse), "Pid Kastenedola" (By... battlefield), "Tovarishi" (Comrades), "Truparnya" (The Morgue), "V Tserkvi" (In Church). These poems heralded the appearance of an unusually talented and sensitive poet and writer. They were followed by a series of poems, equally as excellent, based on folk-song themes: "Vetcherom" (In the evening), "Poklin" (a bow—obeisance), "Sestra" (Sister), and others.

Falls under Ukrainian influences

Following the war Fedkovich's regiment was transferred from Italy back to Bukovina, to Chernivtsi. Here he became acquaint-

ed with three young Bukovinian Ukrainians, Antin Kobylansky, a college student, and Kost Horbal and Lonhin Lukashevich, gymnasium students. These three acquainted Fedkovich with the works of some of the better Ukrainian writers and influenced him to write entirely in his native Ukrainian tongue, as some of his earlier works had been written in German. The fine friendship of these four, however, was soon broken up. Fedkovich with his detachment was transferred from Chernivtsi to Semihorod.

By this time Fedkovich's fame had spread considerably, particularly outside the confines of Bukovina. Several editions of his poetry appeared, published by Kobylansky, Diditsky, and Drahomanov, earning more laurels for him as well as the sobriquet "the Bukovinian nightingale." The young poet was especially popular in Lviv.

Kost Horbal and Danilo Panyavitch constantly sent him works of Shevchenko, Kulish, Vovchok, and others. Fedkovich was particularly impressed with the works of Shevchenko and this impression began to find its reflection in his

poetry. Soon he fell entirely under the spell of Shevchenko and, as he himself says, began "to slavishly imitate him."

Turns to prose

Up to this time Fedkovich had devoted his talents purely to poetry. His friends, however, began to urge him to write prose. He tried his hand at it and never regretted it. A series of striking novels appeared from beneath his pen, beginning with "Luba Z-huba" (Destructive Love), and followed by "Sertse ne navchit" (i. e. the heart is no guide), "Strilez" (Rifleman), "Stephan Savitch," "Bezatalanna Lubow" (Unlucky Love), "Tri yak ridni brati" (Three-like brothers), "Saphat Zynch," "Pobratym" (i. e. an inseparable friend), and others. Each was a masterly portrait, written in an entirely original style, resembling slightly the stories of Marko Vovchok. Even Turgenev, the famous Russian poet, upon reading Fedkovich's works, was moved to write to Drahomanov that "Here is the true source of the waters of life, while the rest (referring to Galician "ruski" writings) is but a mirage and lifeless."

(To be continued)

THE RETURN FROM SIBERIA

(A painting by Ilya Repin)

In another issue of the "Ukrainian Weekly" there was an article on Ilya Repin, the great Ukrainian artist, who is often taken for a Russian. Two pictures by him were then commented upon to contrast his feelings towards Ukraine with those toward Russia. As he is such a great artist that his art has become in fact the property of the entire mankind, I offer to you here another pearl from his rich treasury of art.

The picture was variously called "Home-coming from Siberia" and "They Did Not Expect Him." There is no wonder about this as the title of a good picture is not so important as the emotion which the picture imparts to its beholder.

The scene is packed with emotional significance. After throwing one glance at the picture, we notice at once the central figure. That is, we see at once who came from Siberia, whom they have not expected. It is this lean man who was just admitted into the room by a cook from the kitchen. His face betrays long sufferings and deprivations. His clothes are shaggy.

But he is not thinking of his appearance any more. Another question seems more important to him, as he looks at a woman who just raised from a decrepit fau-teuil her figure prematurely stooped. In fact, not one question tosses in those bewildered eyes of the man, but thousand questions. The first thought goes perhaps to her: what made you so old, my woman? What bent your shoulders? What put the silver threads into your hair? Then other questions race with those, questions referring to himself. And me—do you recognize me? Am I so bad—that you have difficulty in recognizing me? Are you afraid of me, your own—? Well, why don't you come forward and end this suspense? Why don't you say something? Are you still hesitating like those servants who admitted him because he was so insistent, but who still stand

in the doors to see if his claim that he belongs to the family were true?

The entry of the unexpected visitor has made a great stir among the youngsters of the family. The oldest daughter of the family was practicing on the piano when the strange man entered. She turns back, and an expression of joy plays upon her face as she recognizes him. Being the oldest of the family, she must have the most vivid memories of the petting love with which this newcomer had once surrounded her.

Two younger children at the table were preparing their lessons for the school for tomorrow. The face of the older of two, a boy, betrays the first signs of recognition. We know that in the next moment he will rush to the ragged stranger to embrace him, to call, "Father!"

The youngest of the children, a girl, has the greatest difficulties with the apparition. Her face frowns. She searches in her memories for that face, but she cannot find it: we know this from the frown of despair on her brow. We know this from her bent

posture: she must be trying to recognize the man by examining him from another side. Still it seems hopeless. She must have been quite a baby, when this man had been seized from the family and carried away into the distant cold lands of Siberia. Perhaps, she will recognize him when he will let her hear his voice. Perhaps if his voice is still the same old melodious voice that cooed to her as he rocked her to sleep. But what—if that voice had cracked from the strain of controlling the groans of long sufferings?

The less refined Russian critics like to see in the returning exile from Siberia the famous Russian novelist, Fyodor Dostoyevsky. It seems to me, however, that such an explanation is not necessary to give the full weight to the tragedy of this exile and his family. The so-called accessories of the picture seem to identify the person as a Ukrainian who suffered at the hands of the Russian government for his Ukrainian ideals: how otherwise could there appear on the walls of this room the pictures of Taras Shevchenko, the greatest Ukrainian poet, and of Panteleymon Kulish, Shevchenko's contemporary, who like Shevchenko, was arrested for

his membership in the Society of St. Cyril and Methodius?

If the returning exile is indeed Dostoyevsky, then the picture documents the claim that Dostoyevsky, too, was a Ukrainian not only in his origin, but also in his sympathies.

Our reproduction, of course, cannot give justice to the purely pictorial qualities of the picture. But great merits of the composition and linear design are evident even from this small reproduction. I am sure you would like to inquire by yourself how this effect was created that made you find at once the returning exile as the central figure of the picture. Well, do you see how this was done? Do you see the great technique making observation of nature and using for the artist's purposes? And do you notice how cleverly the painter depicts the different expressions on the faces of the actors, from the stolid face of the servant, through the various phases of recognition to the torturing suspense in the faces of the two people who wanted to be to each other everything in the world but were torn from each other's arms by the brutal hand of the government?

Don't you feel how this picture stirs in your mind the question: what crime has this man committed to have been subjected to such a cruel punishment? What crime could he be capable of?



ELIAS REPIN: RETURN FROM SIBERIA

NEW YORK CITY:

FIRST ANNUAL SPRING DANCE sponsored by the Young Ukrainian Democratic Club to be held at Knights of Columbus Hotel, 51st St. and 8th Ave., New York City, Saturday Eve'g, May 11th, 1935. Dress Optional. Admission \$1.00. 102, 08

See Svoboda for May 11th for final announcement about the dance.

CARTERET, N. J.

L. U. C. Championship BANQUET in honor of Ukrainian Social Club Basketball Team. Sun., May 19th, at the Slovak Hall, Wheeler Ave., at 4 P. M. Sports Writers, Coaches and City Officials will speak. Admission 50 c.

NEW YORK N. Y.

GRAND BALE given by Ukrainian Skalat Benevolent Society, Inc., of New York City, Saturday Evening, May 11th, 1935, at the Manhattan Lyceum, 66-68 E. 4th St., New York City. Commencement at 7:30 P. M. Admission 50 cents.

(Concluded in the "Svoboda")