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SECOND CONVENTION OF THE SOYUZ UKRAINOK OF AMERICA

The Second Convention of the Ukrainian National Women's League of America (Soyuz Ukrainok) took place last week, May 24 to 26 inclusive, in New York City, at the Ukrainian National Home. It was attended by 49 delegates, representing 36 branches.

The convention was opened with appropriate ceremonies by Mrs. M. Lenchuk, chairman of the convention committee, Mrs. A. Kmetz, retiring president of the organization, delivered the opening address, stressing the need of more women's conventions. Then followed the election of presiding officers:—Miss S. Abrahamovsky, Chairman; Mrs. J. Jarema, Vice-Chairman; and the Mrs. P. Dembitska and S. Halychyn, Secretaries.

Greetings from various organizations, including the Ukrainian National Association, were then read. A telegram from the Ukrainian Youth League of North America stressed the "beginning of a new era in the life of Ukrainian womenhood in America." Following this, greetings and reports of their branches were given by the delegates. Mrs. Joanna Sluser, representing the Soyuz Ukrainok of Canada, greeted the delegates, and in her talk emphasized the main goal of Ukrainian women to be: self-education and national consciousness.

Saturday morning was opened with services held in local Ukrainian churches in memory of members who had died since the first convention. Returning to the hall the delegates heard a series of talks given on subjects of importance for Ukrainian women, which were followed by discussions. Then followed the business session of the organization, which lasted until the close of the convention on the following day. Saturday evening a banquet was held for the delegates and guests in a local hotel.

The new officers of the Soyuz Ukrainok of America are as follows: Mrs. Anastasia Wagner, President; Mrs. Julia Jarema, Miss Stephanie Abrahamovsky, and Mrs. Catherine Dilay, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. Pelagia Dembitsky, Ukrainian Secretary, and Mrs. Annette Kmetz, English Secretary; Mrs. Veronika Kostetsky, Treasurer; Mrs. Anastasia Rybakova, Organizer, and the Mrs. Dr. Nellie Pelechovich-Hayvoronsky, Katherine Schutack-Kedrovsky, and Pelagia Choma, members of the Auditing Committee.

It was resolved that the Third Convention of the Soyuz Ukrainok will be held in 1937 in Philadelphia, Pa.

"LOST SHADOWS" PUBLISHED

An English translation by A. Myktyak of Osip Turiansky's well known book "Lost Shadows" has just been released from the press by the Empire Publishing Company, of New York City. Its price is \$2.00. The story is based upon the author's experiences as a soldier during the World War.

IVAN FRANKO

(August 15, 1856 — May 28, 1916)

The World War was at its height. On all fronts Ukrainian soldiers were laying down their lives for every country but their own. Ukraine, rent apart by Russia and Austria-Hungary, was in a most tragic position. Brother fought against brother. Western Ukraine, particularly, was the scene of the most fearful carnage, for it was here that the Russian armies were seeking to gain a foothold in their attempt to penetrate into Central Europe. A valiant part in checking their advance was being played by the famed Ukrainian Sichowi Strilchi, who fought on behalf of Austria in the belief that in this manner they would help free Ukraine. Already all signs pointed that this dungeon of oppressed nationalities, Russia, was about to collapse and on its ruins rise an independent state of Ukraine,—when there passed away from this earth a great Ukrainian, Ivan Franko.

He died after a long illness, on May 28, 1918; he who long before the war had predicted that the time must come when the enslaved Ukrainian nation will rise, cast off its chains of oppression, and take its rightful place in the society of nations.

The news of Franko's death flashed to all corners of the earth, wherever Ukrainians live. And everywhere it called out the deepest sorrow, for all realized that Ukraine had lost one whom it would be well nigh impossible to replace. And how great a loss his death was to Ukraine can be gauged by what Metropolitan Shepitsky (at that time interned in the depths of Russia, following the occupation of Lwiv by the Russian forces) said when he received the sad news. Writing to his friends he expressed his deep sorrow and declared that even the terrible devastation suffered by Ukraine as a result of the war and its huge loss of human life was naught compared to the irreparable loss suffered by Ukraine by the death of Ivan Franko.

What had Franko done to merit such extraordinary esteem? To answer this briefly, it is enough to say that in all probability no man in modern times has so profoundly influenced, spiritually and culturally, a nation as has Ivan Franko.

Franko was a man of many talents, all of which he devoted in service of his people. He was a writer of amazing fecundity, a poet whose works rank among the finest in world literature, and a scholar of the highest degree. But besides all this, he was a great leader of his people.

As the spiritual and intellectual leader of the Ukrainian people, Franko, with rare prophetic vision, sought to point out to them the paths of national and cultural progress. To be free physically, he stressed, one must be free spiritually. He stood for freedom of conscience. Also, he taught that happiness and well being of a person or nation, are based far more on spiritual values than on materialistic gains. "And above all," he said, "be a man, if only for a moment."

Franko did not expect that the masses would immediately comprehend his teachings. In this he was right, for he was subjected to a great deal of sharp criticism and even abuse from his own people. Nevertheless, he never faltered, but kept true to his ideals to the very last.

Ivan Franko is well known to us, young American-Ukrainians, if even by his battle-hymn "Ne Pora," in which he calls us to battle for Ukraine's glory, freedom, and honor. We also know him as one who called himself the "servant of unfortunates," one who regarded it as his solemn duty and obligation to labor unceasingly on behalf of those nationally, socially, and culturally oppressed "unfortunates." One of his last utterances gives us a touching evidence of his deep and sincere patriotism: "I care not whether my name perishes, as long as the Ukrainian nation lives and prospers."

YOUTH TODAY

WHEN DOES LIFE BEGIN?

Referring to the well-known book by Mr. Walter Pitkin, Life Begins at Forty, Mr. Wallace J. Campbell, an associate—editor of Consumer's Cooperation, writing in the May issue of The Social Frontier, takes up the dilemma of the college graduate at twenty-four:

When life will begin at forty, what is he going to do for sixteen years?

ARE THESE THE YOUTH'S DREAMS?

Writing in the same issue of the same publication, Mr. Selden Rodman, denies the claims that American youth want to be Communist or Fascist. Their ideals he describes in these words:

"Youth fights from the bottom up. Youth fights with the underdog against the parasite and the oppressor. Youth demands a functional society. Youth demands the full release of productive power and the destruction and enjoyment thereof. Youth stands for true individualism, and against the regimentation of mass advertising, tabloid culture, peon labor, and type-molded suburbs. Youth stands for the new individualism of the 20th century: the liberty to live and enjoy and suffer like human beings in economic freedom. Youth condemns as supreme un-Americanism: exploitation of man by man, hatred of foreigners, the regimentation of life by finance capitalism."

WHAT BOOKS TO READ?

Are the great Victorian novels read by the young people of today?—such question posits to Bernard Darwin, the English publicist, the editor of John O'London's Weekly, of London, England.

Or, to put the same question more provocatively, OUGHT the young people of today to read them when there are so many modern books to choose from?

Mr. Darwin argues in favor of reading of the great Victorian novelists by the young people of today. He is especially in favor of Dickens. And yet it is characteristic of this admirer of Dickens that instead of pointing to the author's power, he finds him busy apologizing for Dickens's "sentimental parts," by such arguments as the following:

"Nevertheless, whether or not some of Dickens's emotional passages suit our particular taste it is worth remembering this, that they were written by a very great man in utter sincerity, and whatever they appear to us today they appeared genuine and moving to his illustrious contemporaries."

The statement about Dickens's sincerity may be accepted as true and yet this will still leave the question if the youth should be made to read the books just because they appeared genuine and moving to the other generation. To me it sounds like pleading with the youth not to read Dickens unless in the light of curiosity to know: what used to appear genuine and moving to another generation, and what do we know to be different today?

THE IDEOLOGY OF IVAN FRANKO

By Waldimir Semenyna

We think of the month of May as the month of blossoms and nature's rejuvenation without giving hardly any consideration to the life cycle of the things around us; we may pause to consider last autumn's faded leaves which added so much beauty and charm to a tree, but how many pause to consider the roots of that tree, the source of nourishment for that magnanimous organization of cells. In nature these nourishing roots of an organization, whether it be a tree or a nation, or anything where life is at stake, play such a basic part that due to their importance the average person takes them for granted and ignores them as such.

One of such main roots of nourishment for the Ukrainian nation are the works of Ivan Franko who died that others may live. His works, although Ukrainian in origin, are universal in character, and with their ideology place him among the outstanding figures in world literature. It is an ideology of truth above all, of self-sacrifice, for the goal of truth, as expressed in his "Kameniar":

"And thus we go ahead in body one united
By that one almighty thought, that
Infant of the brain,
What if we are all curst and by the
world condemned!
We're breaking through that wall to
free the truth we've sighted
That happiness may come—when
none of us remain."

To appreciate better the sincere character of the man and his works, it is necessary to know something of his life.

Ivan Franko was born August 15, 1856, in Nahuyevchi, Galicia, Western Ukraine (now under Poland). Of humble parentage he showed a talent in his younger years. At the age of six he was sent to school where in two years he learned to read Ukrainian, Polish and German, besides gaining a sound knowledge of arithmetic. Although he did not like school work, he always managed to be at the head of his class, thanks to his prodigious memory (in the lower gymnasium grades he memorized the "Kobzar," the complete poetical works of Shevchenko). In 1875 he entered the University of Lviv and in 1877 he was arrested on the basis of a letter from Drahomaniw, Franko's inspirer who then lived in Switzerland and who advised the Ukrainian academic youth to cherish the native tongue in contradiction to the gaining Russian influences among the elders. The nine months he spent in prison were months of torture; living among other prisoners, he noted on scraps of paper the experiences of other men and his own poems, for which reason he was transferred from cell to cell.

Once out of prison he was ostracized by the elders and friends. This was a very severe blow to him, a blow which was compensated to a great extent by the sincere interest taken in his work by the Ukrainian youth in whose ranks rose the fiery spirit of the last Ukrainian struggle for independence. In March 1880, he was arrested on another trumped up charge in connection with the trial of the sisters of another Ukrainian patriot, Pavlyk. After three months detention in prison he was acquitted and, under police escort, was led on foot to his home town. This transport from prison to prison was, as mentioned in his autobiography, the heaviest moment of his life. Drenched to the skin by the rain while being led home, he came down with a fever and, after a

week of rest at home went to Kolomyia with the intention of seeing a friend of his. There he lived through a frightful week in a hotel where he wrote a novel "On the Bottom," and sent it to Lviv with the only money he had and lived for three days on three cents which he found on the bank of a river, then spent a day and a half in a hotel room with a raging fever, resigned to meet his end, where he was saved from starvation by one of his friends.

In 1880, he reentered the University of Lviv to finish his studies. From his gymnasium days, he worked incessantly throughout all his years. In the summer of 1889 he was arrested for the third and last time. (Under Austria-Hungary the province of Galicia had a "Seym" which was controlled by Polish nobility and, to frighten the Ukrainian population from voting for the so-called "radical" candidates, wholesale arrests were instituted among the Ukrainian students and patriots). Again, after three months of detention, he, with the rest of the innocent victims, was released because this time the government could not even trump up a charge.

The years 1892-1894 Franko spent in preparing for his doctor's degree which he obtained in Vienna. In 1895, even though recommended by the faculty of the school, the ministry of education refused to accept Franko to fill a faculty vacancy in the University of Lviv, basing its refusal on his "political past."

The following years Franko spent in constant literary labor, gaining more and more recognition and popularity among his fellow men. But in 1908 a sudden attack of his illness began to show its effect, leading to the loss of the use of both hands. Handicapped as he was, he kept working to his very last.

Franko died May 28, 1916.

The works of Franko are too voluminous to be even generalized here. His interest were so varied that it is hard even to try to vest him with any definite character. One thing is certain; no matter what he did, the results of his works are felt by the Ukrainians to this day, whether it be in literature, journalism, social science, or what not. His writings have a power of moulding life out of clay, of putting action into drowsing beings, and spurring youth to a common goal of love and understanding—in short, a creative power.

Born of a people who at first failed to understand him, which led the man to a great spiritual struggle, he remained loyal to the cause touching us all; the right to live a life worth living. This legacy of the goal for a life worth living he left to the young Ukrainians throughout the world. This legacy is the principle for which we are striving every day.

In the field of the Ukrainian struggle for independence, we find Franko a fighting prophet. Being the son of the Ukrainian peasantry (his father was a blacksmith), which for centuries struggled to throw off the foreign yokes, he saw in that people a servant which he depicts in his poem "Naymit" (servant or hired man) written during his first university years (October 1876). Franko pictured that naymit as a man with a song upon his lips and with the soul of a child; and in that song, which sprang from that beloved Ukrainian soil, he sees the power which saves the peasant from annihilation...

After his second unjust arrest in 1880, we find Franko afire with a firmly established goal; we find the spirit which drew the Ukrainian youth with such force into the ranks of Ukraine's defenders. The spell that the new spirit in his "Eternal Revolutionist" had over the younger generation may be seen by the spirit of the music for that poem composed by Lysenko and Ludkevich:

"Etern'l revolutionist—
Soul that body spurs to action,
Progress, freedom, satisfaction—
He's alive, he's in our midst.
Neither clerics' whims or stalls
Nor the kindly prison walls,
Neither armies drilled to flatter
Nor the ready cannon chatter,
No e'en spices' profound profession,
trade,
Have yet led him to his grave.

He's not dead, he's living yet!
"Though since birth some years have
drift,

'Twas but yesterday he was gifted
With a strength to carry on.
See him straighten, gain more force,
Hurry 'long the dawning course...
With a word of trumpets' power
He calls millions to uncover;
Millions answer—one and all—
This e'erliving spirit's call.

Everywhere the call draws ears:
In the peasant's humble dwelling,
Workmen's bench, the mart of selling,

Places full of hopeless tears,
And wherever that word reaches
Griefs all fall away like leeches;
Grit and strength are born—and will
To weep no more, but fight and fill
The children's life, if not our own,
With the fate to use as yet unknown.

Etern'l revolutionist—
Knowledge, freedom, thought and
spirit.

Will not let the darkness near it,
Won't be shackled by a mist;
Evil ruins fall asunder.

By the lava buried under;
Where in the world is there such
power

Which could keep it in its bower,
Could extinguish, could delay,
This oncoming, dawning day?

Written in 1880, the "Eternal Revolutionist" has fed the energy of two generations and will be the hymn of many Ukrainian generations to come.

The culmination of Franko's expression is his poem "Moses," written in 1905, at an age ripe with reflection. The poem depicts Moses leading his people out of bondage to the Promised Land. Knowing the life of Franko, one cannot help but visualize him as that Moses.

For forty years did Moses wander
through
That desert in a halting line,
Before the people of his tribes came
near
The boundary of Palestine...

For forty years their prophet spoke
to them
About that promised fatherland
But all the greatness, beauty of his
words,
Were lost among those grains of
sand...

But losing faith, in time, the people
cried:
"It is not true, the prophets lied!
In desert we have lived and here
must die;
How long, then, shall we wait and
why?"

It is this doubt of the people in their leaders, fed by agents of discontent and ignorance, that brings about the materialistic reaction in opposition to the idealism of a call—

Words of that promised and wonder-
ful land
To them is just a fairy tale;
The meat of their herds and butter
and cheese
Is all that favor they will hail...
Now Dathan and Abiram hold the
reins
Through discontent, in which they
breed,
And to the prophet's words their an-
swer is:
Our goats are hungry and in need.

Not only that, but to lead a
multitude one may as well be pre-

pared for insult and degradation
from those to whom a common
goal is nothing but a maniac's
whim.

And at the meeting of the Isra'ites,
With honors' paid at Baal's knee,
The noisy Dathan managed to obtain
From them the following decree:

"Whoever makes prophetic claims
and then
Talks nonsense, which he deems it
wise,
And promises the unenlighten'd mass
God's anger or some paradise;
"Who dares to preach rebellion and
unrest,
To urge the people from their way
And beckons them beyond unfriend-
ly hills
Where ruin gapes and looks for prey,
"He, as example to the rest of them
Who have from reason been
dethroned,
Shall be without a hearing guilty
found
And by us all bespat and stoned."

That was the lot of Franko
through the major portion of his
life, and even today there are
some who cannot and will not
understand the task of our Mos-
ses, who cannot understand the
supreme love of a man for his
people:

"O, Israel, if you but only knew
What's taking place within my
heart!

If you but knew, just knew my love
for you,

A love that has no other part!

You are my kin, you are my only
child,

You are my honor and my fame,
In you now rests my soul, my future
life,

And beauty, nation, and my aim."

This love for his people, for all
people, is prevalent throughout his
life and his works, although in
times of despair his soul, in anger,
cried out declarations which,
sharpened with his keen satire,
made many people protest. Fundamentally, those peo-
ple were at fault; it was a case
of guilty conscience, inability of
materialistic individuals to under-
stand an idealist's viewpoints. It
is this love for the people, for
the creative living nation, that re-
echoed in the ranks of the young
Ukraine, out of which arose an
army to sacrifice its life on the
altar of freedom.

Franko's message to young
Ukraine, the message of future,
for which the past generations of
youth have fought, is well ex-
pressed in his prologue to
"Moses":

But the time will come, once obstacles
are hurled,
When you will shine among the
greatest nations;
Will shake the Cauca's* while with
Beskid* girdled,
Black Sea will echo with your
liberation
And you'll behold, once being your
own master,
A home of joy and fields of
consolation.

Next to Shevchenko with his
beautifully flowing and melodious
poetry, which influenced Franko
from the moment he first read
the Kobzar, the Ukrainian people
see in Franko the outstanding
figure in the Ukrainian literature.
As the Moses who came to the
borders of the promised Land and
died at the threshold of a re-
surrected nation, Franko's death
is commemorated by the Ukrain-
ians throughout the world in the
month of May, the time when
every nationally conscious U-
krainian seeks to get a breath
of encouragement from the me-
mory of this great Ukrainian
poet and patriot who, with his
life, paved the way to the inevi-
table Ukrainian "government of
the people, by the people, and for
the people."

* Cauca's — Caucasus.

* Beskid — a Carpathian Mountain
range.

If Charles XII had won the Battle of Poltava

By BEDWIN SANDS

Courtesy—Inn Dixie (Atlanta, Ga.—May, 1935)

A single shot, a stray shot, which shattered the os calcis of his foot prevented the King of Sweden from winning one of the most decisive battles in history. Had Charles XII won at Poltava, on July 9, 1709, with Turkey spread back into Northwestern Asia, Ukraina was free from Muscovite clutches, the road to Moscow was clear, and Peter's dream of a great Russia was definitely ended. But the King of Sweden rode out of his camp to reconnoitre the enemy position, and on returning he was shot. Nevertheless, as the Russians were preparing to take the offensive at that time, Charles had to order an attack. Throughout the day, the fate of the West hung in the balance, but when Kreuz, who was coming to reinforce his King with 5,000 Swedes, lost his way, and Charles, suffering agony from pain and worry, could not lead one of his decisive charges that always proved successful, it was seen that Peter had won his only genuine victory on the field. Not being known by the Swedes as he was by his Ukrainian Cossacks, Mazeppa could not substitute. As Charles, Mazeppa, and Philip Orlick fled into Turkey, the seed of centuries of oppression, and of the Bolshevik terror were watered in blood on the battlefield of Poltava. Fate had sealed slavery for the subject nations of the Muscovite hordes.

It would have been a very different map of Europe, hence a very different history of the past two centuries, if they had achieved their independence in 1709, and gravitated toward the Scandinavian civilization which they would have readily absorbed.

Sir Edward Creasy, author of the classic "Fifteen Decisive Battles, From Marathon to Waterloo," has sinned by omission in his recitation of the historical and national background of Poltava. Like Voltaire, he had only one side of the story. Indeed, he makes no mention of Mazeppa, around whose nation the battle was raging.

Luckily, historians are beginning to unravel the evasions, suppressions, and deliberate untruths upon which the union of "All the Russias" was based. Every new discovery shows on what slender thread both Peter and Charles were holding the destinies of Ukraina in the spring of 1709. It was to be a long pity that Charles did not wait until Mazeppa had succeeded in arousing his countrymen. One sentence, however, in Creasy's chapter on Poltava, should be quoted, for it is prophetic, having been written in 1907. "Fear, not moderation, is the only effective check on the ambition of such powers as Ancient Rome and Modern Russia."

There are always men available for any undertaking, men who crave action, who have the ability, the power, the burning desire to bring about desirable advantages for their fellowmen. Circumstances, however, often foil them. Let us remove for a moment from the drawer of history three of the puppets of destiny who faced tremendous odds at the same time and place, and upon whose success and failure that day the fate of three nations depended.

Peter, the brute of genius, wanted to carve an Empire and give his people the culture he himself lacked.

Scholarly, many-sided, dashing Mazeppa wanted to save his own nation. Chivalrous, wilful Charles XII wished to prevent the creation of a huge reservoir of ignorant, irresponsible, naturally servile manpower at the gates of Sweden.

Born on March 30, 1632, near Kiev, of an illustrious Ukrainian family, Mazeppa was a distinguished latinist, and a diplomat. He had frequented the best society and the learned humanists of France, Germany, Italy, and Holland. After serving at the Polish Court, and successfully courting several women, he aroused the jealousy of one Pasek, who made the place too hot for him. Returning to Kiev, he entered the service of the hetman of Ukraina, almost a subject nation since the failure of Chmelnitzky to free her. He was sent to Moscow, where his intelligence excited the admiration of Peter who made him hetman at the defeat of Samoilovich by the conquering Turks.

Historians have not been kind to the royal, romantic opponent of Peter until our day, when it is at last seen that Charles' obstinacy in trying to prevent the creation of a huge, unbalanced Asiatic empire so close to the Scandinavian and German nations was due to his foresight. Unfortunately, Charles became king at the age of fifteen, grew very headstrong, and resented advice from anyone as to the means to be taken to achieve his plan of blocking the advance of Peter. The latter was more methodical and ruthless, and luck was on his side and the side of his dynasty.

Eloquent and generous to extravagance, Mazeppa dazzled Peter at Moscow, although the suspicious Czar watched for signs of rebellion. Knowing his own uncouth subjects, he could not in his clear mind understand how a cultured man like Mazeppa could really be enjoying himself as he claimed to be. Therefore, the man must have a purpose. But to all his probing questions, the hetman replied that he liked Peter and wanted to see him work on Russia. His reason was that he wished to make sure that no adviser came to persuade the Czar to increase his hold over fertile, happy Ukraina, and to pursue a vain policy of draining it of its resources for the benefit of Muscovy. In spite of his social success a growing bitterness ate at the hetman's heart. Made a prince of the Holy Empire, decorated with the cross of St. Andrew, he could not remain deaf to the steady stream of protests from Kiev, and the growing impoverishment of his countrymen. Seven years he suffered in secret, then entered into negotiations with Charles of Sweden whose victories over Peter seemed to offer good security for the future.

That impetuous monarch who showed his contempt for democratic institutions by sending his riding boot to replace him at the debates of the Swedish Chamber, lost a chance of marching on Moscow after his victory of Mohilev on July 4, 1708. Instead of assuring himself a solid base in the Baltic provinces, he suddenly decided to enter Ukraina and join 30,000 Cossacks whom he summoned Mazeppa to bring out at once. Not only the hetman was not ready to break with Moscow, but he was summoned by Peter

to bring his men to the Russian headquarters. Knowing that his people were not prepared for a break, he found himself in a troublesome dilemma.

He took to his bed, pretending to be near death, received the last sacraments in the presence of Peter's envoy, and when the latter went off, he jumped on his horse and fled to join his men and Charles XII. His attempt at arousing his countrymen failed. They had not his vision, and proved slow to stir.

Peter had him hung in effigy, wrecked his palace, and hastened in his rage to meet the enemy he had always suspected. He had this time a little surprise for Charles, in the shape of cannon. Terrorized, the Ukrainian population dared not move. In vain Mazeppa signed a treaty with Charles.

Long denied with vehemence by Russia apologists, this treaty was lost, and has only been discovered in 1930 in the archives of a French chateau. It pledged Ukraine to supply Charles with food, ammunition, and men, while Sweden recognized both banks of Dnieper to Ukraina, and promised that no territory could be asked or taken as the price of deliverance. No tax or levy could be forced upon the nation, no protectorate claimed. Most important feature was the official recognition by Sweden of the national unit and of the sovereign power delegated to Mazeppa.

Peter compelled the Orthodox church to issue an order of anathema against the hetman. This order was enforced until the Revolution, every Good Friday. It is recorded that Nicholas I visiting a church in Kiev, erected with the gifts made by Mazeppa, once asked a puzzled parish priest:

"So, you pray for Mazeppa?"

"Yes, Sire; he built this church."

"And you curse him on Good Friday, according to the law?"

"Yes, Sire!"

"You pray and curse him both?"

"Of course! We obey the Holy Synod's orders; but we must pray for our benefactors!"

Peter advanced on Poltava, besieged by Charles. The Czar had 60,000 men, and a greatly superior artillery. The Ukrainians had not rallied to the call of Mazeppa, cowed as they were by the invading foreign armies, and puzzled at the sudden appeal of their hetman whom they had blamed for his dallying in Moscow. When even Kreuz failed to arrive on the battlefield in time, the Czar won the day, almost annihilating the allies. With a picked body of Swedish cavalry, Mazeppa, Charles, and Philip Orlick fled into Turkey. The hetman died there, on October 2, 1709, allegedly poisoned by an emissary of Peter.

Had the impetuous King of Sweden succeeded in occupying Poltava, won the day, and occupied the two banks of the Dnieper. Turkey was sending an army to reinforce him, and the Ukrainians would have organized and sprung out of their lethargy. A strong republic of Ukraina would have been constituted under the guidance of Scandinavians, and the whole history of the nineteenth century would have proved very different.

In his otherwise admirable "History of Peter the Great," Voltaire

has shown how this battle of Poltava, one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, was to decide the fate of Russia, Poland, and Sweden and of two monarchs on whom the eyes of the world were fixed. More recent studies have unearthed proofs that the systematic destruction of all things Ukrainian by Peter and his successors had caused Voltaire to be mistaken in his conclusions about Russia, Turkey, and Poland, among other things. The work of Kostomarov, Hrushevsky, Tissot, Roger Tisserand, and in this country Isaac Don Levine has brought to light many ghastly consequences of this victory of Peter over Charles.

Dead, the dashing Ukrainian cavalier became more dangerous than alive. He had entered a legendary immortality. Byron, Victor Hugo, and many other poets felt inspired by his tragic life. Painters, musicians, and playwrights displayed their fascination for the national hero. The name of Mazeppists, thrown at the Ukrainians as a curse by the Russians, became to them a title of nobility.

But every subject nation has traitors and deluded leaders in its midst. Skoropadski, one of the latter, was forced upon the Ukrainians by the Czar. Unwilling to accept him as hetman, those leaders who had followed Mazeppa in his Turkish exile, elected Philip Orlick. Dissensions followed.

On April 5, 1710, Philip Orlick, who had finally been accepted by a majority, announced that he had negotiated another treaty with Turkey and with Charles XII. Peter, however, succeeded in winning the Sultan over. Orlick went to Sweden, where he was treated as a sovereign ruler. Eventually he died mysteriously. His son became a general in the French armies and a confidant of Louis XV.

Meanwhile, in 1720, Peter forbade any literary work to be published in the Ukrainian tongue. Now more, now less oppressively, the national culture was persecuted and outlawed—until Lenin. Stalin once more began the Muscovite suppression, leaving the Ukrainians nothing beyond the free use of their own tongue. As one Ukrainian remarked to a newspaperman recently, "We can't eat language!"

Since 1922 no ray of hope has come to relieve the sadness of the nation who starves on the land of plenty that Russia may live—a public enemy.

Today the present Ukrainian republic within the Soviet union has only an area of 451,731 square miles, but there are, of course, good slices of national land under Poland and Czechoslovakia. The country's ethnographic boundaries would include (850,000 square kilometers) 2,201,500 square miles, the U. S. A. being 3,738,395 square miles.

It is unthinkable that a state of this size between Russia and Europe from 1709 would not have affected the whole growth of Christendom, if we consider that Ukrainians are as democratic as Russians are servile. When their present emphasis on parties is replaced by an equal insistence upon able, fearless leaders, Ukrainians may sing a different tune to the accompaniment of their banduras.

OSTAP and METRO

By MICHAEL HOMYK

The Prologue

Ostap slowed his horse and looked about the flat, wind-blown steppe... mother of his tears. The steppe whose grasses were washed with the rue and madness and the blood-clot of the strife and battle of the day before.

In the distance, he could see the steppe's careless but unbroken progressions murmuring in infinite resignation to the lances and swords and dead bodies of both man and horse, scattered about him.

Ostap was seeking the body of his brother Metro, whom he believed to be dead. Again and again, he had hurried among the lifeless forms, turning them this way and that, but in none could he recognize the face of his brother.

It seemed, to him, useless to seek further. Distracted and in desperation he returned to his horse and began to rub him down and stroke his bristling mane.

The Sleep

High above him, he heard the sound of vultures circling about a lean and lonely cloud. It reminded him that his stomach was bent with hunger, and he shivered at the thought of his brother and those gloomy, ragged birds. It made him hold his breath to see them.

And as he watched, a black-green curtain seemed to descend, slowly blotting out the vultures, and then, the yellowed steppe grasses. Ostap realized that he was suddenly in the midst of a black night... a black night and dead bodies. Soon his eyelids became heavy and he felt an area of sleep push its extensive surface about him.

The Vision

In his hazy way, he was astonished at feeling the presence of a lean and lonely cloud. He was certain that he was looking at it; the black-green curtain had not erased it as it had everything else. It seemed to have become greatly magnified and yet gave the illusion of being at such an unreckonable distance, that Ostap marvelled. And contrasting against the hugeness of its whole the milk-white turnings of its numberless and hungry convolutions looked lonelier and leaner than before.

The moon began to show itself... a bright, yellow ball, but opaque as the yolk of a boiled egg.

Ostap looked first at the moon and then at the cloud. The lean and lonely cloud crept stealthily upon the moon and wrapped its lean, hungry, milk-white form like an octopus about the defenseless, yellow ball... drowning out its bland light. And the night grew blacker than can be fully described.

Ostap became frightened at this paradox: that he could see this weird, unsightly cloud without the presence of any light.

Drawing itself into a long cylindrical form and tapering at both ends, the cloud began, in some abnormal fashion, to knock back and forth like a shuttlecock across the black of the sky. The heat it created was unbearable and Ostap felt himself grow weak. Breathing came hard. His stomach ebbed like a tide to a torrid sea and his throat choked like a fountain clogged with rubbish.

The rabid, implacable cloud continued its mad erratic move-

ment and the heat raced about the atmosphere more terrifically than before...

And then, as though by accident or too much friction, the yellow moon tore through the belly of the cloud.

The Wakefulness

Stillness and peace. Everything was still. The heat retreated immediately, and in its place, a slow refreshing rain came down upon the steppe; washing Ostap's lips and kissing Ostap's hands.

A breeze came through the coarse, steppe grasses and opened Ostap's eyes. He rose, shook himself and remembered all that had occurred. He looked for the lean and lonely cloud... it was not there... it was nowhere... he saw only a tired, weary moon and nothing else. The steppe was as before, covered with the remains of yesterday's war, and his horse was grazing on the tall grasses in the new, cool light of the peaceful moon.

The Revelation

In the light of the moon's face, as in an illuminated fortress, Ostap seemed to see the peaceful image of his brother. There would be no more baneful, lean and lonely clouds... No more...

Ostap dropped on his knees and prayed; then turning his eyes to the steppe he said:

"Aye, my wild steppe, my brother was a Cossack that Ukraine shall never forget. He did well. His wars are over and his memory shall live in my heart."

And there he knelt till dawn, his head bowed and his arms crossed, with the coarse, tall grasses... the garden-lilies of the steppe... surrounding him like angels.

LOVE

Love is a flower in bloom,

So sweet, so fragrant, so divine,
Its rapture akes the heart immune,
A thrill of joy and sublime.

Love is so sweet, much joy does it lend,

To the young and the old alike,
Love is a thing on which we depend,

To create happiness and sunshine in life.

Love is so fragrant, so fine and so pure,

A scent which we all adore,
Love is a grace which we try to lure,

To hold in our hearts, for-evermore.

MARY FIEGEL STADNER

1210 Foster Street
Scranton, Pa.

OZONE PARK, N. Y.

PLAY and DANCE sponsored by the Ukrainian Cossaks of Ozone Park to be held at Lion's Hall, 9014 — 95th Ave., Ozone Park, N. Y., on SUNDAY Eve., JUNE 2, 1935. Music by Pat's Blue Rhythm Boys. Admission 50 c. 120,5

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

FIRST SPRING DANCE and PLAY sponsored by the Ukrainian Athletic Ass'n (Chornomorska Sich) at the Ukrainian Center, 181-183 Fleet St. (near Five Corners), Jersey City, N. J., Saturday Evening, June 1st, 1935. Admission 50 c. with hat check. Two Orchestras.

I DIDN'T KNOW

that if all the buildings which were destroyed by fire in the United States last year could be placed side by side they would line both sides of a street reaching from New York to San Francisco.

that the home is as dangerous a spot as up in an airplane, in a powder factory, or down in the coal mine. This sound almost too silly to be true, but it is — as the records of the insurance companies prove.

that our nation is now paying at the rate of \$5,000,000 a month for the Civil War which closed 70 years ago.

that in seven states any child old enough to operate a kiddy car has the state's full permission to drive a motor vehicle.

that it has been proven conclusively by economists that one of the safest places in the world is on a railroad train.

that surveys have shown that a driver traveling from New York to San Francisco will violate a hundred provisions of the motor-vehicle laws and ordinances, no matter how conservative a driver he may be. (So you see, chances for a pleasant motor trip are 100 to none.)

that in 1934 everybody in the United States ate on the average 153 pounds of meat, the highest figures in twenty-seven years. But 1935 is going to be different, huh!

STEPHEN M. BAKALIK.

THE SPORT WHIRL

ATTENTION GIRLS

This is the season for sports of all kinds: mushball, tennis, swimming, especially. Why must the boys have all the fun? What do you say to this: Let us have some of that fine enjoyment! Just imagine — contests, a girls' mushball league, tournaments! We can have all of those things and more if enough of you become enthusiastic and get to work organizing your teams.

Cards have been sent to various clubs in this district urging the girls to organize their teams immediately. In case your club has been missed, or if you have no organized club and wish to join our league, please communicate with me as soon as possible.

PEARL ZORENA,
District Sports Leader of
Women's Athletics, U. Y.
L. of N. A.
1919 Leishman Ave.
Arnold, Pa.

PHILLY UKRAINIANS IN "FESTIVAL OF NATIONS PROGRAM"

On May 11, 1935, on the "Festival of Nations Program" our local Ukrainians presented a spectacular program before an audience of 12,000 persons in the Convention Hall at Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

A group of dancers from the Vasile Avramenko Ballet School of Ukrainian Dances, presented a selection of our well known Ukrainian dances. Our little Ukrainian darlings, the five and six year old Doranowska Sisters, danced a duet that filled the great auditorium with deafening applause. The dancers that participated were as follows: Mary Zenez, Kay Kushina, Kay Zatonka, Euginia Zadorozny, Olga Klapko, Mary Kwassinsky, Stephen Sawchuk, Joseph Pawlusky, Joseph Sunylsky, Michael Kwassinsky (director).

The vocal selections were offered by the well known stage and radio stars, "Shy Sisters" (Gloria & Natalie). Their singing was so enjoyable that a second appearance was demanded.

The applause the Ukrainians performers received proved that the Ukrainian culture is well liked by the American public.

MICHAEL ELPO.

GOING TO COLLEGE?

(2)

Hunter College

[This is the second in the series of articles being presented by the Ukrainian University Society for the benefit of those contemplating entering a higher institution of learning. For any further information, write to Miss Mary Murasko, Secretary, 1422 Stebbins Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.]

To enter Hunter College (an institution supported by New York City) a student must be an actual legal and bona fide resident of New York City. Each applicant must present a diploma of graduation from a four-year academic high school course covering 15 units of work with an average grade of 75 per cent or better in the Regents or College Entrance Board examinations on the following subjects:

Four years of English; intermediate or advanced algebra; plane geometry; three years of foreign language; one subject chosen from any one-year course in History or Science or two years of a second foreign language, or the fourth year of the first foreign language.

No scholarships are available except the State Scholarship which were described in last week's article. Inquire of your principal as to any scholarships which might be offered by your secondary school.

(Next week — College of the City of New York)

PHILIP DUBAS MAKES DEBUT

Shades of Ysaye — Paganini — Kreisler.

Thus, somewhat, may be described the debut recital of Ukraine's virtuoso of the violin, as Philip Dubas, Wednesday evening, May 22, in the Ukrainian Hall, in Philadelphia, playing to a highly appreciative audience of home-town folk, musically gave account of his two year sojourn at the academies at Leipsig and Paris. With perfect bowmanship, excellent rhythmic balance, Dubas trickled through the gamut of sharps and flats, rhythmically relating tales of sleepless nights, hours of nerve racking, patient toil and study. That he had finally emerged triumphant, conquering the hearts of music-lovers, was in plain evidence.

Although programmed for only three selections, Dubas' rendering of Glazunov's Concerto for Violin (Op. 82), d'Ambrosio's Canzonetta (Op. 6), and "Where Are You Going, My Cossack" brought forth solvos of applause, that insistently demanded encores, to which Dubas graciously acceded, playing two selections.

I will risk any adverse criticism in venturing to predict, that the future holds much for this brilliant young artist; we will some day see him as a shining light on the concert stage.

Perhaps somewhat overshadowed by the brilliance of Philip Dubas' playing, the assisting artists none the less proved a delight. D. Sokolow, pianist, displayed unusual versatility with the keyboard, playing compositions by Ornstein and Liszt. Miss Olga Tymkevich, soprano, showed evidence of the highest promise with a voice of pleasing lyric quality. She sang selections by Shevchenko-Nizankovsky and Lepky-Sichynsky.

JOHN MITZ.

NEW YORK CITY.

SPRING DANCE sponsored by Americans Club, Manhattan Knights, St. Vladimir's Ukrainian S. A. C., American Ukrainian Jr. Knowledge Society, SATURDAY, JUNE 1st 1935, at Webster Hall, 119 E. 11th St., New York City. Subscription 50 c. Entertainment, prizes. Music by John Seman and his Blue Falcons and the Royal Commanders. 120,5