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THIRD UKRAINIAN YOUTH'S CONGRESS IN DETROIT

Hailed as the finest and most constructive ever held, the Third Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America came to a successful close of its two-day session last Sunday evening in Hotel Statler, Detroit, Mich., where it was held under the auspices of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America. Although official figures are not yet available, it can safely be said that well over 100 youth delegates (at most two to a club) together with another 100 youth guests attended the Congress from all parts of the country. Representatives of the older generation attended in the role of spectators.

The Congress was opened by the President of the UYL-NA, — Stephen Shumeyko, who in both Ukrainian and English set forth the aims of the American-Ukrainian youth. John Panchuk of Detroit acted as Chairman. Miss Katherine Zubinsky of Chicago and John Ivanchuk of Detroit served as English and Ukrainian secretaries, respectively. Key addresses were delivered on the following subjects: Problems of our youth — Mary Ann Bodnar; Our youth finding itself — John Panchuk; Influence of Ukrainian political parties on our youth — Anastasia Oleskow; Role of our youth in American political life — Steven G. Danielson; Future of Ukrainian language in America — Joseph D. Stetkewicz; Let us be frank — Bohdan Katamy; Sports and our youth — Alexander Yaremko; Significance of Youth Field Days — Walter N. Nachoney. Discussions followed each address.

The Congress resolved that the main goal of the League's program will be: (1) to help our young American-Ukrainians obtain a better knowledge of their Ukrainian background, in order that they may become better American citizens and more effective supporters of the Ukrainian cause, and (2) to promote better and more extensive sport relations among our youth, in order to advance their moral and physical development and secure greater unity among them. In pursuance of the first part of the resolution a Ukrainian Cultural Center was officially approved by the Congress. It regards to the second part it was resolved to take steps to associate the Sport Division of the League with the Amateur Athletic Union, and hold Youth Field Days throughout the country. It was further resolved that a commission composed of leading American-Ukrainian students of the Ukrainian language together with those prominent Americans who interest themselves in the Ukrainian language be formed for the purpose of stabilizing the spelling of Ukrainian words in the English language.

The following were elected as officers of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America for the year of 1935-1936: Stephen Shumeyko, (Maplewood, N. J.) — President; Anastasia Oleskow (Chicago) and Stephen J. Jarema (N. Y. City), Vice-Presidents; Margaret D. Semeniuk (Baltimore) and Stephanie Monaster-ska (Philadelphia), Secretaries; Stephen G. Danielson (Hamtramck, Mich.), Treasurer.

It was resolved that the Fourth Ukrainian Youth's Congress will be held in Philadelphia, Pa.

A pleasantly surprising feature of the Congress was the collec-

On One's Own Feet

We are very glad indeed to record in the annals of our youth life that the Third Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America was crowned with full and unqualified success. We do so because of our public journalistic duty, and especially because it is the duty of the Ukrainian Weekly itself to observe carefully and record faithfully the manifestations of American-Ukrainian youth progress.

The question naturally rises: — Exactly what can be considered to be the prime achievement of the Third Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America? Without a doubt this is indeed a very difficult question to answer, when we take under consideration all of the important youth problems that were deliberated upon and all the splendid resolutions that were passed there — all towards the end of securing the unity of our youth for its own common benefit and for the benefit of both America and Ukraine. Yet aside from all this, it can truthfully be said that the most striking achievement of the Congress was the fact that the youth truly guided its own steps. The youth gathered there let it plainly be understood that it would brook no outside interference. Especially did it want to be left unhindered in its task of liquidating those evils that have sowed discord and dissension among the older generation.

Despite this independent attitude of the youth, it should not be gathered that the youth assembled at the Congress ignored or lightly regarded the achievements of the older generation, or that it failed to perceive the value of cooperation between the young and old. Not at all. Although the youth expressed its criticism of the older generation, yet on the whole this criticism was of a just nature and expressed in a dignified and gentlemanly fashion. Where credit was due, the youth gave it, especially to those who despite all difficulties never faltered in their task of building a newer and finer American-Ukrainian life.

It is also important to note that our youth assembled at this Congress came to a realization of the strength and talent that lies within its ranks, ready to be awakened in the service of the youth and its ideals. Furthermore, it was also very apparent that the youth assembled at the Congress was fully aware of its potential strength and role in American-Ukrainian life. The deeply attentive silence that met the key addresses, the lively and constructive discussions that followed them, all pointed out the truth of this.

Without a doubt, it is very necessary that many more such youth congresses be held, if we are to really achieve concrete results in all the matters that were dwelt upon at the Congress. And yet we are certain that if the youth continues to further advance as it has thus far, then all these matters will eventually be adjusted in such a manner as to bring the greatest possible gains to the American-Ukrainian youth and all that it represents.

Such a congress as the Third Ukrainian Youth's Congress makes it evident to all that where good seed was planted by the pioneers of American-Ukrainian life, nothing but good crops grow there. No doubt, a good portion of our youth will be lost to American-Ukrainian life, many others will remain an inert mass, yet what encourages us to greater hope for our youth's future is the fact that there not only will be but there already is a considerable number of clear thinking and idealistic youth among us, youth which deep down in its heart venerates the ideals of its parents but seeks to attain them in its own inimitable manner. That is youth's right. And tis indeed good that it is so.

MANIFESTATION FOR UKRAINE'S INDEPENDENCE

A "Manifestation for Ukraine's Independence," attended by close to 2,500 persons from near and distant parts was held last Sunday in Carnegie Hall, New York City, under the auspices of a committee representing various Ukrainian national organizations. Its purpose was to manifest Ukraine's demands for freedom and give courage and hope to those fighting for the realization of that ideal. The program was composed of speeches, declamations, chorus numbers, and vocal and instrumental solos. Among the prominent speakers was General Mikola Kapustynsky, of the former Ukrainian Army, who arrived from Europe especially for this occasion; Dmytro Halychyn, head of arrangements committee; Emil Revyuk, of the Svboda; and Michael Piznak, attorney. A collection was held to aid the fight for Ukraine's freedom, netting a considerable sum of money.

PROFESSIONALIST CONGRESS IN DETROIT

More than 60 professional men and women of Ukrainian descent from America and Canada attended the Third Ukrainian Professionalist's Congress in Detroit last Sunday and Monday, September 1st and 2nd. Dr. A. Kibzey acted as Chairman, while D. Laza and M. Bunka served as secretaries. The main subject of the deliberations at the Congress was the means of advancing scientific studies of a Ukrainian nature here in America.

The new officers of the Ukrainian Professionalist Association for the ensuing year are as follows: Omar Malitsky (Cleveland) President; Dr. Walter Yaremko (Toronto, Can.) and John Panchuk (Detroit) Vice Presidents; Dr. H. G. Shekar, Secretary; Dr. Paul Kanchler, Treasurer.

The next convention of the Association will be held in Philadelphia next year, during the Labor Day week-end, at about the same time as the Fourth Ukrainian Youth's Congress.

YOUTH TODAY

THE YOUNG CRIMINAL: A SHARP CHALLENGE

"What is the significance of the statement recently made that among the current crop of criminals arrested, 19-year-old boys formed the largest age group?" starts his article in the New York Times Magazine, of August 4, 1935, Mr. Sandford Bates, the director of the United States Bureau of Prisons.

The case of the young criminal, the prison director says, demands a coordinated campaign to develop a more wholesome social order.

And the young criminal can be saved, which is to say, nipped in bud, if he is invited to work with the advanced elders towards constructive social improvement.

UNFORTUNATE AMERICAN YOUTH

In an article in "Harpers Magazine," Pearl S. Buck, the celebrated author, claims that American boys and girls are not

Facts about Ukraine

The object of this outline is to give the public the elementary facts concerning Ukraine, its people, history, geography and political situation.

TERRITORY

The Ukrainians inhabit the vast territory running north from the Black Sea as far as the Pripet Marshes, westward into Poland and the Carpathians and eastward towards the River Don. Although the Ukrainians are one people and the Ukrainian lands form one continuous whole, they were before the war subject to two separate States, Russia and Austria-Hungary, and are since the war split up among four States, namely, Russia, Poland, Rumania and Czechoslovakia.

The area of the Ukrainian territories is approximately as follows:—

	Square Kilometres
1. Union of Socialist Soviet Republics:—	
Territory at present known as the Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic	451,584
Ukrainian territories in the adjoining Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic (R. S. F. S. R.), namely, the Central Black Soil Area, the North Caucasian Area, etc.....	131,000
2. Poland:—	
Eastern Galicia	53,972
Volhynia and Polissia	67,069
3. Rumania:—	
Bukovina	276
Ukrainian part of Besarabia	11,988
4. Czechoslovakia:—	
Podkarpatska Rus.....	14,673
Total	735,562

(Note:—For purposes of comparison it may be noted that the area of Great Britain is 227,000 square kilometers.)

POPULATION

The present distribution of the Ukrainians is as follows:—

Ukrainians under Soviet Russia

According to official Soviet statistics (1931) the population of the territory known as the Ukrainian S.S.R. is 31,402,200, of which number 25,364,000 are Ukrainians, making 80 per cent of the total population.

The remainder are made up as follows:—

Russians	9.2 per cent
Jews	5.4 "
Poles	1.6 "
Germans	1.4 "
The remaining	2.4 "

includes Bulgarians, Rumanians, Serbs, etc.

The Ukrainian S.S.R. includes within its borders, therefore, about 20 per cent of the whole population of the U.S.S.R., and takes second place amongst the Republics of the U.S.S.R.

There are, besides, according to the Soviet Census figures of 1931, 8,450,000 Ukrainians living in other parts of the U.S.S.R. outside the Ukrainian S.S.R., i. e., in the European and Asiatic parts of the R.S.F.S.R. and in other Soviet Republics.

Ukrainians in Rumania

Adjoining the Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic to the west lie the Ukrainian territories in

Rumania. The Ukrainians in Rumania are found mainly in the provinces of Bukovina and Besarabia. Ukrainian estimates put the number of Ukrainians in Rumania as high as 1,160,000, but official statistics give lower figures. Formerly partly within the Russian Empire and partly within Austria-Hungary, these districts have by the decision of the Peace Treaties fallen to Rumania.

Ukrainians in Czechoslovakia

West of Bukovina, in what was formerly Hungarian territory, lies a piece of Ukrainian territory known as Podkarpatska Rus, which went to Czechoslovakia after the Great War by virtue of agreement with the circles of Ukrainian (Ruthenian) emigrants in America, which were recognised by the Great Powers. According to official Czech statistics, the population of Podkarpatska Rus in 1930 was 725,350, of whom the Ukrainians number about 550,000.

A further section of Ukrainian territory adjoining Podkarpatska Rus was incorporated in Slovakia.

Ukrainians in Poland

According to the statistics of the Polish Census of 1931, there are 4,800,000 Ukrainians in the whole of Poland. Ukrainian estimates, however, put the total number of Ukrainians at approximately 6,876,000 in 1931. The argument advanced in support of the Ukrainian estimate is as follows: Official Polish statistics give only 2,680,550 Ukrainians in Galicia in 1921. Yet the Austrian Census of 1910 for the same area, carried out by census officers who were chiefly Polish, gave 3,208,092 Ukrainians—that is, for Galicia alone. Taking into consideration the annual increase of population, and even making allowances for war losses, it is obvious that the recent Polish figures are incorrect and understated.

Ukrainian Colonies Abroad

There are extensive Ukrainian colonies in different parts of the world. In Canada, under the British flag, there are about 430,000 Ukrainians, of whom 225,113 are enumerated by the census as Ukrainians and the remainder as former citizens of Austria, Poland, Russia and Rumania. Elsewhere, including U.S.A., Brazil, Argentine, Manchukuo, and other countries, there are about 1,000,000, of whom 75 per cent reside in U.S.A.. No official statistics are, however, available.

Total Ukrainian World Population

The total world population of Ukrainians is therefore approximately 43,830,000.

RESOURCES

The Ukrainian territories are immensely fertile and rich in mineral wealth. Since the time of Herodotus the territory of Ukraine has been known as the "granary of Europe," and in the last century it became famous for its extensive production of wheat, maize, sugar-beet, etc. There are besides, huge deposits of coal, anthracite, iron, quick-silver and manganese. There is salt and tobacco and wonderful oil wells in Ukraine both under Soviet Russia and under Poland.

Soviet official statistics declare that Ukraine has 20 to 25 per cent of the gross agricultural produce, nearly one-fifth (18.5 per cent) of all the industries of the

Union, over one-half of the metals (55.8 per cent), 76.8 per cent of the coal, 89 per cent of the coke, 77 per cent of the iron ore, and 80 per cent of the sugar of the Soviet Union.

The geographical position of Ukraine, bordering on the Black Sea, dominating the Straits and Constantinople, and lying athwart the highroad to the East, as well as the richness of its soil and the great value of both its agricultural and mineral products, make it inevitably a pivotal point in European affairs, and indeed in the relations between Europe and the East.

Hence in early days the long struggle between Poland and Muscovy, the rising Russian State, for the destruction first of its independence, later of its autonomy and finally for its complete possession; and in the nineteenth century the endless intrigues and the tremendous feeling which boiled up between the Russian and the Austrian Empires, which on the eve of the war made the Ukrainian movement to regain their independence one of the great factors in the relationship of the Great Powers of Eastern Europe. It was indeed one of the main problems which lay at the root of the World War, though Western Europe was scarcely aware of its existence. That problem has not been solved by the post-war settlement.

HISTORY

The Ukrainians are the largest submerged nationality in Europe. Their history is the history of a people, formerly the creators of a great empire and a fine early civilisation, who have fallen a prey to their more powerful neighbours, but who, though split up and in subjection, have yet throughout the centuries preserved a language, a culture and a religion of their own, entirely distinct from that of their rulers, and a passionate spirit of independence.

Ukraine is the cradle of the Slavs in Europe. The Ukrainians of our own day inhabit almost the same area on which their ancestors settled in prehistoric times. The history of the area which we now know as Russia, in the early Middle Ages, long before the Muscovite State had emerged from the tribe-lands around the Gulf of Finland, is the history of the Grand Duchy of Kiev, with its capital in the city of Kiev, "the mother of Russ cities," which has been a city and a rampart against aggression from the East, almost since the dawn of history. This Kiev State was known successively as "Russ" and "Ukraine." The name "Russ" is generally considered to have been derived from a Scandinavian or Norman tribe which settled on the Dniepr on Slav Territory, became absorbed in the local Slavonic population, the ancestors of the present Ukrainians, and left behind no heritage save their ancient name, "Russ." The name "Russia" (artificially formed on the lines of such classical names as "Græcia") did not arise earlier than the close of the seventeenth century; and not until the eighteenth century, when Muscovy became the Russian Empire, was this ancient name applied to the Muscovites. The name Ukraine,

* Ukrainian spelling Kyjiv.

WERE YOU THERE

[Note:—The following jottings were made riding home by bus from the Third Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America in Detroit. If any of them are a bit too pointed, please excuse. The bumps on the road were responsible.]

Who is Dr. "Eternal Youth"?

How did a mere pair of pants hold up the banquet a good hour? Or was it a case of finding something to hold up the pants?

What Cleveland visitor (lawyer) lost his hotel, key and his wife? And which did he find first?

Why do some folks think the most thrilling pastime at a convention is calling up room numbers at such an ungodly time as before breakfast? Are they members of the General Nuisance Society?

If a Chairman doesn't want to smile—he doesn't have to—does he?

"Rem" is not the only remedy for relieving the chest.—"Let Us Be Frank" did it also in the case of a girl from Chicago. You agree, don't you? And how!

Did you know that "Chippy" (Newark) had to go out at 3 o'clock Monday morning just in his trousers, coat and slippers to get a bottle of milk for "Patsy" the professional "mosquito hopper" from New Jersey (Newark)?—Why, we wonder?

Time, tide and buses wait for no man—not even for last year's sport director and his friend. How did they finally catch the bus that had left them behind in the wilds of St. Thomas, Canada? (We'll let you in on this.—By taxi.)

What happens to what the Treasurer orders at a restaurant and then doesn't eat? Or is it a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth?

Who was the young man who had to go through the gymnastics of holding up his trussed leg to prove that his name should be prefixed by "Mr." and not "Miss"?

The Ukrainian Civic Center of N. Y. is grateful for the unexpected free publicity given it through the efforts of one who got his digits mixed up and thought that two was three. Will you do it again, please?

Taking active part in sports and writing sports articles develops a lot of things in a fellow but did you ever hear of it turning him into a suspicious character? No? Of a busload of young Ukrainians going back home only A. Y. had to taken out of the bus by the border official to have his physiognomy compared with that on a "Wanted" poster. Do you suppose it was the pug nose?

Say, what is this appeal that a southern belle (and the new League secretary) has?

What do you think of this suggestion:—At the next Congress bits of floor ought to be wrapped up and distributed among those who demand it too often?

What athletically-minded and ultimatum-giver messiah from the East fail in his mission at the Congress and now PROMISES to wash his hands of the whole affair?

Why did Baba Yainia refuse to express her views on the Congress orally?

In trying to rush that constitution through didn't it look as though someone thought he held a joker and found out later that it was only a two-spot?

B. D. (& Co.)
New York City.

MOMENTS

by V. VINNITCHENKO

(Translated from Ukrainian).

(Concluded)

"It is nicer this way," she said with a feeble smile.

Somehow these words brought her very near to me.

"My God!" You are all wet! Wait!"

She took out a handkerchief and wiped my forehead with a serious and busy mien.

"Now you are all right!"

I did not feel like talking. I looked at her wondering:—Did she know what I wanted to tell her?... I do not know....

We continued our journey. We looked back less frequently, and paid more attention to the approaching woods.

"Is the boundary within the woods?" she asked.

"I think so. At least Semen said so."

A wagon was coming towards us. We looked at each other and burst out laughing.

"Don't we look foolish!" said the girl laughing.

I looked about helplessly.

"Listen, let us sit down and make believe that we are resting, so that our feet may not be seen."

"A brilliant idea!"

We sat down, hid our feet under our coats, and scrutinized each other again.

"No. We look like beggars," laughed my companion. "Let us change our position. Hide your feet in the wheat."

"This is not wheat,—it is rye," I corrected foolishly.

"It is immaterial. All right now."

She grew nearer and nearer to me. It seemed as though we had lived together long, long ago, parted, and had at last met again.

The wagon was coming nearer. It contained three long-haired peasants, with their legs hanging down the sides of the wagon. They all looked at us searchingly and passed by.

"Got away with it!" said the girl mischievously. "Let us go now. But, please, take your cap off. Give it to me!"

She snatched the cap off my head, smiled tenderly and warmly, and put it into the pocket of her coat.

"I will give it to you when you need it. But, don't you think it's fine?" she turned to me laughingly.

Indeed, everything was fine, and I was feeling full of vigor, strength and curiosity.

"What is your name?" I asked suddenly.

The girl looked at me cunningly:

"Why do you want to know?"

"What do you mean? I am curious to know who my companion is."

"Fiddlesticks! Does the mere fact that my name is Halya, or Manya reveal my personality to you? I shall not tell you."

"Why not?"

"I don't care to. It is better this way. I do not care to know your name. I know that you have brown eyes, and,—let's see, what color is your hair?—I think it is blond,—well, then, blond hair, and so on. But the name is a triviality. Am I not right?"

She lifted her eyebrows in an amiable manner and smiled. I laughed with her. Now I knew for a certainty that we had once lived together. Perhaps she had been a jolly little birch-tree and I the wind. Her green leaves had trembled and whispered when I had sung to her the wild songs of the wind on quiet evenings. Who can prove the contrary? Or perhaps we were two blades of

grass and grew near each other? Who can tell,—all I know is that I knew her long, long ago....

The forest came nearer and nearer. There was cold hidden enmity in its thick dark wall.

"The woods..." whispered the girl, looking at me with her large eyes.

"We must be careful now," I answered.

"You know, I feel no fear..." I am very anxious though, and curious..." She smiled to me.

The girl was unusually beautiful at that moment. I remember, that a wave, a great, warm wave filled my heart: You know, the same sort of sensation you experience, when, lonely and forlorn, you enter a church, and with the wave of sound—a cloud of associations fills your being, and you feel pensive, sad, and warm.

"Do you know,—you are amazingly beautiful now!" These words escaped me against my will.

She blushed, looked at me caressingly, and answered:

"I really do not know what I am to answer to this..."

Both of us felt embarrassed and happy at the same time. We continued our walk in silence. We did not converse after that. At intervals we looked back and exchanged short phrases, avoiding each other's eyes. The dark wall of trees was growing higher and nearer.

We did not know where the path was that formed the boundary. Perhaps it was right near us, maybe miles away. It might be that somewhere, the eyes of a boundary-guard were watching us and a hand was trying the trigger... We looked penetratingly at the dark wall, peering keenly into the grove of trees. But the wall hid direfully the thing we looked for, and waited for us...

"I do not see anyone," whispered the girl.

"Not so far..." I responded.

I felt an irresistible desire to take her hand, to clasp her in my arms, to merge into one... But...

The wall was right before us. We had but to cross the road, pass a narrow strip of field,—and we are in the woods. We turned around. The deserted road led far, far into the distance, flowing like a brown rivulet into the green ocean of fields. All was quiet. It was not the quietude of a city night, where the stones and human sufferings sleep the sleep of death and the night rings in one's ears like the bells of eternity. This was the soft quietude of the fields, where the great, healthy, eternal process of reproduction and birth goes on steadily, where the breezes play and flirt with the flowers; a hawk seems riveted aloof in the blue sky until with one free sweep it flings itself down into the green field, where worms, insects, and mice are warring for existence.

"Come," whispered the girl.

"Come," I said. And again I was aching to take her hand, but...

We were now walking through the fields. A yellowish blue rye rustled, grass-hoppers jumped from under our feet. The forest stood motionless awaiting us.

"Listen," said the girl, stopping abruptly. "In case I am killed and you remain alive, please, write to the following address":—and she repeated the address several times.

"Write the following: Mussia has been killed on the boundary. She died the death of those, who love life. Nothing else,—do you hear? Will you to it?"

"Yes," I said quietly. And again that desire to take her hand, just one hand... But...

"And now let us proceed!" whispered the girl decidedly.

For a moment our eyes met, and hers clung to mine in a long kiss... We walked on, slowly, looking at the immobile wall of trees.

"Remember: the death of those who love life," suddenly came her whisper.

I silently shook my head.

The field ended. We were in the woods. Massive old oaks with their branches wide apart looked like extended hands, ready to take us into their fervent embrace. Graceful birch-trees white, as though naked to the waist, hid shyly behind the oaks. Birds skipped from branch to branch, chirping in surprised tones.

"Let us sit down... We must look around," I whispered to the girl.

We chose a place among the bushes, where we could see the woods, and yet not be seen. We sat down. We looked about,—bushes, shadows, sunspots...

"I see nothing," whispered Mussia.

"Neither do I."

"Perhaps further"...

"Perhaps!"

"Let us rest awhile. There is no hurry..."

She smiled to me quietly, sadly. The forest seemed to have forgiven our intrusion and looked at us with less enmity. The oaks looked down at us patronizingly; the nude birch trees peered from behind the big trees, smiling gayly with their white branches. The forest made peace with us and continued its busy life,—the life of love, reproduction, growth... Bees buzzed excitedly on the pale flowers of the bushes. Somewhere high up a woodpecker was heard. Two little birds flew about, looking at us inquisitively and unexpectedly embraced each other. Butterflies fluttered about in pairs, united by a love embrace, or sat on leaves in happy relaxation. In the grass insects swarmed in couples. The great, beautiful process of life!

I love this process in the woods and fields! It is pure and not crippled by human morals, unstained by hypocrisy of carnal desire.—Here it is powerful, open, and simple. I love these insects, birds,—all these little ignorant opposers of the hypocrisy of their older brother—man.

They take part in this process with their energy and strength, or as this brother—man would have it,—with all the cynicism possible,—and it seems as though these insects and butterflies call out to the humans: "Here, look, we do not try to conceal our action. We have no illegitimate offspring, passports, morals, rules and penal codes. We are—healthy, pure, little cynics."

Mussia and I watched these little cynics, while they flew, crept and crawled about us, often interlaced in love-union. The flowers breathe love and passion, the birch trees whisper to each other, the nude white birch tree...

"It is very hot..." whispered Mussia, her bright eyes fixed on mine.

I looked at her, and wondered. Here we are, two persons, harassed and persecuted by other people; we sit here in the woods, and soon we shall, perhaps, fall into the hands of still other humans, who hide in this forest in the midst of this love-process, and await us with death in their hands. We two hunted beings are

near each other, our eyes are full of warmth and tenderness to each other, our hearts full of desire to join all this warmth, to become intoxicated with this tenderness, this great gift of life, we two...two human beings, not bugs, we have no courage to do as we wish, for...for we know each other but a few hours. We might die at this moment, and all would disappear,—morals, laws, insects, caresses, and warmth,—but we...we do not dare!

"Why do you keep looking at me so keenly?" asked Mussia, tenderly laying her hand across my eyes.

I pressed her hand to my lips ecstatically, Mussia looked at me with an expression of deep sorrow in her beautiful eyes.

"Will you think of me after I am killed?" came her soft whisper.

"They shall not kill you!"

"I shall think of you..."

I moved closer to her and leaned against her shoulder. The coarse cloth of her coat hurt my face, but it felt softer than velvet to me. Her bosom heaved.

"Don't," she whispered

"Is it displeasing to you?" I asked hoarsely.

"No... Just so..."

"Then—why not?"

She looked at me, smiled and softly, caressingly passed her left hand to my cheek. The birch trees laughed gladly and silently; the old oaks smiled meaningfully; bugs and butterflies fluttered about us encouragingly. But somewhere there, far away, in the mysterious damp twilight of the thicket death awaited us. Oh, let her wait, who cares! Let the black, slimy, hateful death wait!!

"Mussia," I pleaded, nestling closer to her.

She looked into my eyes, at my yearning lips...

"No, we must not..."

"Mussia!"

"Come! We must go!" she pushed my head away lightly.

"Put on your cap and let us go. It is time!"

The woods frowned. The frightened birds flew off the branches and disappeared into the depths of the forest. The dark depth awaited us. I put on my cap, we got up, and without looking at each other, started out. My left cheek was afire, my hands still felt the warmth of her little palm, but out of the mysterious dampness something cold, strangling, ugly was creeping into my heart.

Our teeth set tight, we walked cautiously, stopping frequently and looking about.

"Where is the path?" asked Mussia.

I shrugged my shoulders. The further we went the more sure did I feel that both of us would be killed. We would unexpectedly run into the guard, attempt to escape, and,—all would be finished. But I recollect that there was neither fear nor sorrow in this fact,—just a feeling of terrible strain and expectation of something fatal. My whole being united into one pool of revolt against the inevitable.

We laid our ears close to the ground, expecting to hear something (but as all was quiet, we would creep along the ground at places where trees were not very close. We would run from tree to tree like two shadows, stopping and listening and looking

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MOMENTS

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about with large opened eyes.

The forest silently concealed its mystery.

There were no more white birch trees and butterflies. Here the ground was dark and damp, all covered with decayed leaves and broken twigs, which noisily crackled under our feet. The twilight looked at us with relentless hostility.

"Give me your hand," whispered Mussia.

She was pale. Her large eyes burned with excitement and lent a natural beauty to her face.

"The death of these who love life"—flitted through my mind. I squeezed her hand and she responded. But the next moment we forgot our personal sensations and became absorbed in the approaching unknown,—this unconscious protest against reality.

The woods were thinning.

"Sh-h!" We stopped.

"There!" We silently looked at one another.

Another few steps... A woodpecker became audible... A dry leaf, torn from a tree, fell...

"Sh-h!"

A few more steps... The opening among the trees grew lighter... The blue sky was seen... My hand trembled, cold waves filled my chest, my heart was pounding...

I released Mussia's hand. We got on our knees, and crept, trying to make no noise. I looked at the girl. With her disheveled hair, great blazing eyes, tightly pressed lips, bent and creeping, she looked like a wonderful, handsome, strong, wild beast.

The opening grew large... The blue sky... far, far away...

A strange sound rumbled in the distance... We turned into stone... We lay listening... The woodpecker pecked at a tree, a bird chirped and flew away from a branch... our hearts beat violently...

We crept further... A few steps ahead of us a path became visible. I motioned to Mussia to get up. Perhaps that was the path... I looked about. Yes! Two poles opposite each other, both surmounted by eagles, both striped; ours larger,—the other smaller. About them reigned mysterious emptiness. Was it really empty? Was not somewhere here a man hidden, watching for his chance to turn this emptiness into wild chaos of death?

"Here!" I shook my head to Mussia. Then I bent over her, clasped her hand and whispered: "Forward! Shouts or gun-shooting shall not stop us! It is all the same... Come!"

And I leaped ahead. Twigs crushed under our feet, but it seemed as though the entire forest rumbled. Tree-stumps flew by. A picture of a long level vista stayed in my memory for a moment; someone shouted somewhere near; Mussia ran ahead with her pale face turned to one side; a deafening noise came rolling along side of me, then another shot... A ditch loomed before me and remained far behind; Mussia's legs flew past, bushes, the sharp wind in my ears... and a great, proud, powerful feeling in my heart,—something light and boundless as the sky, the mountain air, a rushing stream...

We flew, looking back with shining eyes. The dark wall of the woods gloomily moved away from us together with our nightmare and mysteriously slimy death. Mussia stopped. Her eyes burned, her face quivered with the great mad happiness of

victory,—the victory of life over death.

She looked back and shouted wildly: "We are here!"

"We are here!" she repeated breathing heavily. Her peasant's coat heaved together with her bosom; dark locks of hair encircled her face, her lips were half open and feverish with the fire of happiness.

"We are here!"—she suddenly lifted her arms, embraced my neck and clung to me madly.

"We are here!" my soul responded to her call.

This was the triumph of two big insects! This was the whirlwind of life, which swept away all the trash of: "We must not," "We dare not." This was the happiness of the blood, brain, nerves and bones, this was the summit of happiness of a soul with its eyes open.

Mussia tore herself away as suddenly as she came to me and looked at me with clouded eyes. Again she clung to my eager lips, and slipped out of my arms.

"Let us sit down. She slid wearily. We sat down. Breathing heavily, we laughed happily and looked back at the woods. All was quiet there. We sat for a long time, without uttering a word.

We rested and breathed evenly. And gradually a feeling of sweet sorrow welled up in my heart. I wanted to weep. Mussia sat motionless, looking into the distance pensively.

"Listen," she said abruptly and nervously, yet withal determinedly. I turned to her. She looked at me with eyes full of love and longing. Then said quietly:

"Now we must bid each other farewell. Do you hear? I shall take one road, and you another. And you must never, never search for me. Do you hear me? What is your name?"

I told her, gazing at her in astonishment.

"Never!... More than this neither of us can give. Our... our love must die now, so that, as someone said, it may never die. Do you understand me, hear? There are butterflies which die, while loving... Do you understand?"

I understood, but said nothing. She continued to speak, as though looking into her very soul:

"Happiness is a moment. Further comes triviality, vulgarity. I know that. The biggest happiness will seem miserable in comparison with this. That means—there will be no happiness. I think so, I feel it right here..." She put her hand to her heart.

She looked at me with the beautiful yearning eyes of a wounded gazelle.

I understood, I understood her with the sweet, sad sorrow that crept into my soul. My reason wandered, revolted, but I retained silence. The sun was hot, the bushes whispered about us...

Mussia knelt before me, embraced me, and clung to me in a long burning kiss.

"It is better this way!—Good-bye!" she whispered firmly: "I shall carry you in my soul."

I grasped the hem of her dress, kissed it, and released her.

She walked away quietly, while I sat there in agony, my orphan happiness crushed,—aching...

The blue sky spread above me, the bright sun shed its hot rays upon my bare head, while in my soul grew enrobed in the sad, pure, beautiful blossoms of the past, the image of the girl...

Who is she, where is she,—even yet I know not,—yet, she is always with me, in my soul.

E. N. D.

(Translated by R. L. Wissotsky-Kuntz).

FACTS ABOUT UKRAINE

(Continued from p. 2)

which came into use about the twelfth century, means frontier or mark—Ukraine being essentially a land on the outposts of Western civilization. Hence its troubles.

The rising might of Russia and Austria, aiming at unification and the assimilation of subject races, suppressed even the name Ukrainian. Until the Great War those in Galicia under the Austrian Empire were called Ruthenians; while the Russian Empire of the Czars insisted that the inhabitants of Russian Ukraine were merely "Little Russians."

From the tenth century onwards the Grand Dukes of Kiev built up a mighty Empire, stretching from the Gulf of Finland to North Caucasus, from the Middle Volga almost to the Vistula; a State western in constitution and its code of law, in constant intercourse with Central and Western Europe, advanced in learning and education, magnificent in architecture, some of which is still extant, the equal of any State existing in Europe at that time. The Kiev dynasty gave a Queen to France and Norway, an Empress to Germany; and England and Russ-Ukraine were united by the marriage of the Grand Duke and the daughter of King Harold, killed at the Battle of Hastings.

Later, a dynasty of Ukrainian princes ruled in neighboring Volhynia and Halicz, now Galicia; but this State, as well as the Grand Duchy of Kiev, fell a prey to surrounding enemies, the Tartars, Hungary, Lithuania and Poland. Lithuania, Poland, the Russia of Peter I. (known in Russia as "the Great," and in Ukraine as "the Cruel") and his successors, followed each other as conquerors of Eastern Europe, brought within the orbit of each of these States in turn, and sometimes divided between them, the Ukrainians, particularly those of the Dnieper, yet lived throughout the centuries as an autonomous people, first under their princes, later in unique, democratic institutions brought into being by the Cossacks, a race of warriors; the bulwark of the whole of Christendom against the Tartars and the Turks, under their independent hetman, with their citadel, the "Sitch," on the Dnieper where now stands Dneprostroy.

The greatest Cossack hetman, Bohdan Khmelnytsky, succeeded for a while in the seventeenth century in completely freeing Ukraine and establishing a Ukrainian, Cossack, State. He was a ruler among European rulers, as is shown by his correspondence with Oliver Cromwell, which has been preserved.

At the end of the eighteenth century, at the Partition of Poland, Western Ukraine (Galicia) fell to Austria. The same Russian policy which destroyed Poland made an end also of the independence of Great (Eastern) Ukraine. The Empress Catherine II. deposed the last hetman, Cyril Razumovsky, and abolished the hetmanship in 1764. Within the next two decades all the independent institutions were destroyed, serfdom was introduced, and Ukraine was made into an ordinary Russian province.

Throughout the nineteenth century the vain, heroic struggle against the unifying and centralising policy of Czarist despotism continued. In 1863 the Russian Minister of the Interior declared that the Ukrainian language and Ukrainian nationality "never has existed, does not exist and never can exist"—and from 1876 to 1905 (with mitigations at times in practice) the language was

suppressed. But in 1905 the Russian Academy of Science admitted that Ukrainian is a separate language and not, as Russian propaganda alleged, a mere dialect. As for the neighboring Ukrainians, inhabiting Galicia, and forming part of the Crown lands of the Austrian Empire, during the years before the war they carried on a terrific struggle against their Polish overlords, who opposed every kind of reform, backed by the Austrian Government.

(To be concluded)

YOUTH TODAY

(Concluded from page 1)

getting "the breaks" they are so often supposed to get. Quite the contrary, she thinks, they are shabbily treated by those who love them foolishly and who fail to provide them for life on their own.

She thinks that it is a very serious indictment of the older generation that the young generation "do not rebel against them as they should" for it means the old generation has not been forceful or meaningful enough as individuals even to be rebelled against.

"The elders are greatly to be blamed," she continues. "We ought to give our young something to rebel against just as we give our babies something to chew upon."

As can be gathered from the talks of Ukrainian youth, they cannot indict their parents on that count.

ANOTHER DRIVE FOR YOUTH

Mrs. William A. Becker, the new president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution, announced a nationwide "youth program" for the organization, declaring that now was the time to instill new loyalties, new hopes and new faith in young Americans. Each of the 2,500 chapters of the organization totalling nearly 160,000 members, will be asked to befriend boys and girls of high school age.

"What great contribution can women make at this time to assist our young citizens for the future welfare of America?" Mrs. Becker said. "Millions of boys and girls in their teens are out of school with no work, no place to go. Discouraged, they are easy victims for crime and vice. The return to each member of the D. A. R. will be a thousand-fold in happiness.

"Boys from 16 to 20 have suffered most. Democracy is on trial with them. The equal opportunity is not theirs. You can't talk patriotism to a hungry man or to a discouraged, disheartened youth. Boys and girls have a strong spiritual life. They search for values, they hope and hope and search for something beyond the present, for something beautiful and good, with a purpose of life."

"If good loyal Americans do not help, what can be expected? Here is our opportunity, our duty to reclaim youth for America, to make him know that patriotic, true Americans stand ready to help."

YOUTH'S CONGRESS

(Concluded from p. 1)

tion that was made among the delegates in both their individual as well as representative capacity for the benefit of the League treasury. It netted a sum over \$100.00.

Sunday evening a banquet was held for the delegates and guests in the hotel ballroom, followed by a dance. Representatives of various local and national organizations spoke, including Dr. Luke Myshuha, of Svoboda. Mr. John Panchuk presided as toastmaster.