



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



Supplement to the SVOBODA, Ukrainian Daily

Published by the Junior Department of the Ukrainian National Association

No. 21

JERSEY CITY, N. J., SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1936

VOL. IV

CZECH SUPREME COURT BANS "UKRAINIAN"

PRAGUE, Czechoslovakia.—The designation "Ukrainian" for the Ukrainian population of Pidkarpatska Rus, westernmost section of Western Ukraine under Czechoslovakian rule, was recently officially banned in Czechoslovakia as a result of a ruling handed down by the Supreme Court affirming a decree to the same effect issued by the Ministry of Interior.

The Ukrainian daily "Dilo," published in Lwiv, commenting on this ban declares that it "leaves a black mark on the face of the recent struggle of Czechoslovakia for freedom. A people who but recently had to fight to preserve their national name... who but eighteen years ago attained their national freedom and independence, such people in their own independent state now forget the bitter lesson recent history had taught them."

"Dilo" further declares that the reason for the banning of "Ukrainian" is because the name helps to unite the Ukrainian population under Czechoslovakian rule.

MONESSEN WINS NATIONAL UKRAINIAN BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

In a hotly contested game the St. Nicholas Ukrainians of Monessen, Pa., emerged victors over the St. Joseph's of Rochester, N. Y. in a game played in the latter city last Sunday afternoon and thereby clinched for themselves the Ukrainian basketball championship of America in a tournament conducted by the Sport Division of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America. The score was 40-28.

As a result of its victory the Monessen team was awarded by a representative of the UYL-NA a beautiful trophy donated by the Ukrainian National Association. Previously, Monessen had won the title of the Western Division by a 25-19 victory over the Ukrainian All-Stars of Detroit, Mich., in a game played in Cleveland, Ohio.

The day previous, Saturday, Rochester won the Eastern Division title and thereby earned the right to meet Monessen by a victory over Chester (Pa.) Ukrainians, 44-30, the latter which in turn had defeated several weeks ago the crack Fourth Ward Ukrainians of Yonkers, N. Y. by the score of 42-40.

Great credit should be given the teams and their players for their willingness to play post-season games and to travel long distances at their own expense. The Chester players, for example, travelled to Newark to play Yonkers, and then last Saturday to Rochester, all at their own expense. The distance from Chester to Rochester is about 350 miles. Such spirit of our youth should be applauded!

A more detailed account of championship games will appear in the forthcoming issue.

SEMEN PETLURA

May 25th of this year marks the 10th anniversary of the assassination on the streets of Paris of Semen Petlura, head of the Directory of the Ukrainian National Republic.

The assassin was a Jewish fanatic, Sholem Schwartzbard, who excused his foul deed by charging Petlura with having failed, as commander of the Ukrainian armies and head of the Ukrainian republic, to repress the anti-Jewish excesses which took place in Ukraine during those turbulent times when various invaders sought to destroy the Ukrainian newly and hard-won independence. How much truth is in that charge can be gleaned from reading an official order issued by Petlura, reprinted on page 4 of this issue.

Ukrainians, and others who have some conception of the underlying factors in this case, have good reason to believe that the order to assassinate Petlura had its origin in Moscow. It must be remembered that even after the collapse of the Ukrainian republic and the seizure of its territories by the Bolsheviks the Ukrainian national movement in Ukraine continued to flourish despite the severest repression. This movement became closely identified with Semen Petlura, then in exile. In a vain effort to strike it a telling blow, Moscow decided to get rid of Petlura by—murder. And thus Petlura lost his life, in a city which is known for its tolerance in the matter of political assassinations.

It is worth noting here that the Ukrainian people of Western Ukraine, from where most of our parents came, have a good reason to feel aggrieved towards Petlura. For it was he, as the head of the Ukrainian republic, who concluded a secret treaty with the Poles whereby he renounced all claims and pretensions towards Western Ukraine in return for promised Polish aid to stem off the Bolshevik advance in Greater Ukraine. He seemed to have forgotten entirely the bitter lessons history had taught the Ukrainians in such matters. And everything turned out just as Petlura should have known it would. The Poles not only seized Western Ukraine but later at their conference with the Soviets in Riga they conveniently forgot all their promises and Petlura himself and gave official recognition to the Soviets and their seizure of Greater Ukraine. And thus, over the prostrate body of Ukraine her enemies clasped hands as a sign of a fresh and united effort to destroy her entirely.

Nevertheless, if we turn aside from this blot on his otherwise notable public and war career, we cannot help but recognize that Semen Petlura was an unusually idealistic man, who reached the heights in most trying times, chiefly because of his utter devotion to the Ukrainian cause.

Semen Petlura had many fine qualities, which serve to further enhance his name engraved upon the pages of Ukrainian history. His devotion to the movement to free Ukraine from foreign rule and oppression was of such magnitude that his very name has become associated with this movement in the eyes of many. That is why the Soviets go to such extreme lengths to bring disparagement upon this name, and, failing in that, seek to erase it from human memory.

It is too early yet to be able to portray exactly and justly the figure of Semen Petlura, as a Ukrainian leader, soldier, statesman, and a writer of no mean ability. For present-day political conditions do not permit the uncovering of all the necessary documents and records pertaining to his life and activities. That will have to be done by future generations. Nevertheless, the present generation can go on record as expressing its great sorrow that such a premature and violent death encountered one of Ukraine's finest sons, a man of an honorable, humane, and heroic character.

YOUTH TODAY

THE YOUNG AMERICANS OF TODAY

R. L. Duffus, writing in the "New York Times Book Review," on the "Lost Generation: A Portrait of American Youth Today," concludes, "The book gives some challenge (of making the American youth into prospective followers of American Nazism, or into normal, busy, productive men and women). It is made without sentimentality or hysteria."

What for the hysteric title?

A SHOWER OF BRAND NEW SHINGLES

One hundred and ninety-eight law graduates, most of them residents of the boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens, were admitted, on May 7, to the practice of law in the Appellate Division Chambers in Brooklyn. All New York papers give the names of the new lawyers. Among them are many Slavic names, but not so many Slavs.

Are these facts of any importance for the youth's vital problems?

ISN'T THIS TOO BAD

"Isn't this too bad!" say philatelists, reading in the papers the report that philately as a hobby is passe. In a poll of the 700 members of the City College House Plan, extracurricular center, only a negligible number of the undergraduates express an interest in collecting stamps. They characterized the hobby as "dull and uninteresting."

Hiking was placed first in the list of desired activities. Swimming, baseball, handball, football, and tennis are the sports preferred.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE TOOTH

A survey of the teeth of school children throughout New York State has revealed that approximately 90 per cent of them need dental care.

The annual convention of the Dental Society of the State of New York, at which this report was made, issued an appeal to schools to help to correct the condition.

At the same convention, at a previous session, a paper was read which exploded the theory that not the care of the tooth but diet is the decisive factor in dental hygiene. The paper placed again dental care as the first method to get healthy teeth.

BUT ONE WEEK LEFT FOR ESSAY CONTESTANTS

Only one week is left for our young American-Ukrainians to take part in the one-two thousand word contest on "How Can We, The Youth, Best Organize Ourselves," being conducted during the month of May by the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America. Valuable prizes will be awarded the winners, and their essays will be published in the Ukrainian press. For further details and list of prizes refer to previous issues of the Ukrainian Weekly. Mail your essay to S. Shumeyko, Pres. of the UYL-NA, 97 Boyden Ave., Maplewood, N. J.

Ukrainian Weekly, including balance of the resume of UYL-NA basketball season, concluded in today's Svboda.

IVAN FRANKO

By S. S.

(Based on accounts by Antin Krushelnitsky, Vasile Vernivolya, Alexander Hrushevsky, Serhey Yefremov, and others.)

Effect of Imprisonment

For eight months young Franko, innocent of the charges brought against him of complicity in socialistic and revolutionary activities, languished in the filthy and overcrowded prison, awaiting trial. Finally his case came up, and he was sentenced to serve nine months, with a deduction being made for the time he had already served. He emerged, in the Spring of 1878, a shaken man, all his finer sensibilities outraged by the raw injustice that had vented its spleen upon him and the others whom he met in prison. It was one of the most compelling moments of his life, one which definitely set him upon the road of unceasing conflict with all forms of injustice and oppression, and which gave unusual realism to his writings.

Ostracized

But he was to suffer even a more cruel blow. Instead of finding sympathy and understanding among his countrymen upon his release, he was met with an air of suspicion and even outright hostility. The very fact that he was suspected of having intercourse with radical circles was enough to damn him in the eyes of the ultra-conservative intellectuals of that day. He was expelled from "Prosvita" and forbidden to enter the portals of "Besida." Those who had business with him had to meet him secretly, otherwise they were in danger of being ostracized too.

Finds Understanding Among Youth

All of this would have been well nigh unbearable to Franko were it not for the understanding and warm friendship he met among the youth. His home and that of his friend, Michael Pavlyk (who already was beginning to show signs of those talents for literary expression and political orientation and leadership which distinguished him later), gradually became the centers of student gatherings, which hotly debated the issues of the day.

His Decision

Franko was at the crossroads. Either he was to repent his early "sins" and become a "respectable" member of the society that had expelled him from its midst, or else, as he later wrote, "join the ranks of the ostracized and the expelled and find my company among them." He chose the latter. Together with Pavlyk, and aided financially by Drahomaniv from abroad, he began publishing a new "Hromadsky Druh," whose spirit can be gleaned from the following verse taken from a poem published in it then:

Обриваються звільня всі пута,
Що вязали нас з давнім життям:
З давніх брудів і думка розкута—
Ожнемо, брати, ожнемо!

The Challenge

The appearance of this newly rejuvenated journal on the horizon of Galician Ukrainian life marked the definite entrance of the rising younger generation into this life. "With the light-mindedness of

youth and the ardency of those who have nothing to lose, it flung its challenge before society," wrote Franko later. The reincarnation of this challenge was the "Hromadsky Druh." Practically every verse, story, article and even bibliographical note in it was written in a provocative tone to society as it existed then. In stinging tones it propagated ideas which hitherto were regarded as unheard of, heretical and illegal. The journal at once created a furor in the placid social and intellectual life of Galicia.

Early Fiction

Now Franko began to write in earnest. Previously, before his arrest and imprisonment, he had contributed to the "Hromadsky Druh" translations of foreign works, stories and poetry. Among the earliest of these contributions was a romance *Petriyi i Doboschuki*, which ran serially in the period 1875-77, but which was weak, mostly due to its pandering to the literary style prevalent then of high-sounding phraseology and but very little realism. Showing the beginnings of his turn towards more realistic writing was his next work: *Borislayski Opovidanya*, (1876), a series of short stories portraying the economic and social exploitation of peasantry, written with considerable power. Better still is the fine novel *Lishishyna Chelyad*, which appeared in annual almanac "Dniestranka" in 1876. Its style resembling that of Marco Vovchok, this story is significant in that it shows how far Franko had already departed then from the traditional forms of writing of that period.

(To be continued)

RAMBLINGS OF A WORD HUNTER

A word which the English language lacks

Ivan Franko's short story, whose first installment appears in this issue in a translation into English by Mr. S. Shumeyko, bears in Ukrainian a title which is hardly translatable into English.

Батьківщина is clearly a derivative from батько, father. It denotes that property, especially real estate, that is land, which has been inherited from father. A variant of this word is formed from the variant of the word батько; thus out of отець is formed отчизна, отчина, out of possessive adjective вітців is formed вітцівщина.

Parallels to these words are: материзна (property inherited from mother) and дідівщина, or дідизна (property inherited from grandfather, or grandfathers). The word стрийщина in the meaning of property inherited from an uncle (father's brother) does not exist in the Ukrainian language: it has been created by the hero of Franko's story after the pattern of other words denoting inherited property.

The English language possesses the word PATRIMONY, which seems to be an equivalent of батьківщина, as it means (to quote Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary) "an inheritance from an ancestor, especially one's father." From this definition of the word you can readily see the difference: the Ukrainian understands under батьківщина, only the property inherited from his father, as for the property inherited from his other ancestors he has the words дідівщина and материзна.

BÄTKIVSCHENA *

By IVAN FRANKO
(Translated by S. S.)

I —

While yet gymnasium students we had given our friend Opanas Morimukh the nickname of Batkivschesna—not in honor of the popular newspaper published then, but because of other reasons. He had a habit when speaking of his father to call him "batkivschesna"; just as beyond his mother's hearing he would call her "materizna," and his uncle "striyschesna." Generally speaking, he took delight in twisting, or as he called it—pidplishuvati,* words. He parsed: dobry, lipshly, lipshlyshly; debated with his instructors over the difference between the word povitry, which he regarded as similar to the German die Pest, black plague, and povitye, which he likened to die Luft,—in a word, he certainly knew his language. He was the only one in the entire student body who knew not only the Boyko dialect but also every characteristic nuance of practically every dialect in the vicinity of Drohobich. He introduced into class such dialectological pearls of the Mazur dialect as "zapiry dzwirze," which meant "close the door," and "wyzeni iminie na zaguminie," which was supposed to mean "drive the cattle out into the pasture." He was a

*Batkivschyna—see Ramblings of a Word Hunter on this page.

pidplishuvati—to wedge up.

paska—ceremonial loaf baked for Easter.

good student and a fine friend, popular by reason of his jocular humor, his talent for imitating various sounds and the speech of others, and his wealth of stories and anecdotes with which, in his happier moods, he enlivened his conversation.

His father, old Morimukh, was reputed to be a well-to-do farmer of Kolodrub, or some other such village in the Dniester region. In my parts we called the inhabitants of that region—"mud-dwellers," for they lived in a low flat section which was often flooded by the Dniester, amidst swamps and mud flats, with muddy roads that never seemed to dry up. "In my part of the country mud is considered to be very holy," Opanas used to remark, "for when it becomes leavened at about the time of one paska* it ferments until the second paska." Their habitat, too, made these mud-dwellers have their own peculiar style of dress: instead of any short outer garments made of coarse woolen cloth they wore only ankle-long coats made of linen.

"In our parts," Opanas would explain, "when a tall and thin man donned such a long linen coat, wound a narrow belt around his waist, and then bent double to pull his feet out of the sticky mud, why he certainly looked like a flail, as if someone was holding on to the swiple while the

hand-staff was imbedded in the mud."

"And is it true," we would jokingly inquire, "that in your part of the country such a linen coat is laundered but once a year?"

"That's not true!" Opanas would simulate great indignation. "It is never laundered! Instead it is worn until its lower edges rot away from the mud. Then we lay it on chopping-block, measure off five palms, take a hatchet and—chuck!-chuck! and there you have an abbreviated coat, which now will be worn by someone smaller, while the original wearer of it gets a new one. And so this process continues until the long linen coat becomes a little jacket. This we give to the oldest woman in the household who sits behind the chimney and spins hemp."

Such drollery would nearly cause us to roll on the ground from laughter, but Opanas would remain utterly serious, as if he was telling us the most solemn truth.

What sort of a relationship existed between Opanas and his father and mother, we could not very well tell. It is true, of course, that beyond their sight he dubbed them "batkivschesna" and "materizna," but never did we hear him make fun or speak slightly of them. But from other sources we learned that old Morimukh was well-to-do, but very tight-fisted. He had several children, of whom Opanas was the oldest. He sent Opanas to the gymnasium only because he was practically forced to do so by the local priest and cantor. However, he sought to repair any damage

done to his pocketbook by such an extravagance by obtaining for Opanas the cheapest quarters possible and by bringing him, on his weekly visits, only a small piece of dried bread, or a few potatoes, or some barley without any fat to make it more palatable. And even later, when Opanas earned a few guldens each month by tutoring, he was not backward in asking him for a few coins to buy himself tobacco, or a cone of salt for the house, or some pretzels for the children. Opanas never refused such requests, and often himself bought cakes, candy, and cheaper toys for his younger brothers and sisters.

Let us return, however, to Opanas' habit of calling his father "batkivschesna." With the passage of time I became convinced that by this name Opanas did not limit himself only to his parents and immediate family but to something more besides, to something of an impersonal nature, although I wouldn't say—abstract. Once, during vacation time, I had an opportunity to visit his home. In comparison with my picturesque hilly country in the Pidhirye, his village set in the swampy Dniester Plain, amidst willows and reeds, was awfully dull and depressing. Low houses, low fences, gnarled willow trees, black alders on the banks of narrow creeks, all this immediately dampened my spirits. But my Opanas ran about in these dismal surroundings as happy and carefree as could be, so that I could hardly recognize in him that studious fellow whom he was in Drohobich. All day long he dragged me through the humble grove around his father's house, told me the story of each tree

INFLUENCE OF ENGLISH ON UKRAINIAN*

(Concluded)

(2)

And again as the same dictionary tells us, PATRIMONY is often used figuratively for any heritage from the past, and again to denote an endowment of a church. The Ukrainian will never give such meanings to батьківщина.

The English language lacks a special ending to suggest the inheritance of real property from various ancestors, such as the Ukrainian language possesses in the suffixes -івщина and -изна added to the name of a particular ancestor. If you should try to form a word to denote "an inheritance from one's mother" after the word PATRIMONY, you will find that MATRIMONY means "marriage," while an inheritance from mother is called MATRIHERITAGE.

However, neither PATRIMONY nor MATRIHERITAGE render the parallel Ukrainian words. They differ from them not so much in literal meaning, as in that deeper value, the emotional color, which goes with each word in every language. The best illustration of such difference I came across is the difficulty in translating Chinese into English, in which "white" has the connotation of joy, while in Chinese "white" is the color of mourning. Now батьківщина differs from PATRIMONY in the emotional attitude of the Ukrainian people towards the inheritance from father or forefathers. To the mind of the Ukrainian peasant this real estate inherited from his father represents something untouchable; he is expected not to sell it, or even exchange, but preserve it intact in his family and pass it over to his children. If he is forced to sell, he should save the money and buy with it a piece of land of equal value and usefulness. This attitude, though originating among peasantry, has

"Once the Ukrainian adopts an American word and then uses that word in a phrase which reminds him of some standard American phrase, the whole phrase rushes into his speech. Thus, having adopted train, he cannot refuse the phrases, to get a train, to catch a train, and so he translates them: braty tren, zlovty tren, which to a person versed in Ukrainian can mean only to get hold of a train, and to overtake the train, respectively. Having borrowed picture and dressed it in Ukrainian costume as pikcha, he cannot shut the door in the face of the phrase to take a picture, and so he has braty pikchu, and also braty dobru pikchu (to take a good picture). Thus he has admitted such phrases as sluzhyty na jury (to serve on a jury), distaty herkot (to get a hair-cut), pity na relief (to go on relief), dopustyty do bary (to admit to the bar).

"Many American phrases are translated bodily into Ukrainian, often against the well-established rules of the language. The Ukrainian who knows English is likely to say kozdy odyn, when kozdy is sufficient and correct, evidently translating the English every one. He replaces rozsmishyty koho with robyty koho smiaty, which is a word-for-word translation of the phrase to make one laugh, but a horror in Ukrainian.

been transferred into the intellectual class, in which the land inherited from fathers became the native country (it is called also батьківщина).

er.

He contracts the sentence "Ya bachyv jak vin ishov" into "Ya bachyv yeho ity," which is an apish imitation of the English phrase, "I saw him go." He translates the phrase, "I cannot help it" into "Ya ne mozhu pomohty," as if the word help here meant to render assistance. He says, "Ya ne mozhyvy preyty," which is a literal translation of "I am unable to come." "My maly dobry chas" follows word by word "We had a good time," and would be unintelligible in the Old Country. "Ya rad vas bachyty nazad" follows word for word the greeting, "I am glad to see you back." "Bery sviy chas!" is a similar translation of "Take your time!" and "Trymayte drit!" of "Hold the wire."

"The American-Ukrainian changes many Ukrainian idioms. Under the American influence he forgets the phrase, robyty oko do koho and uses robyty ochy do koho (to make eyes to one.) The Ukrainian phrase is to make an eye to one. The Ukrainian phrase, ne spuskaty ochy z koho (not to close one's eyes to) becomes derzhaty oko na kim (to keep one's eye on). The idiomatic expression spuscheny his (the drooping nose) is displaced by the American long face (dovhe lytse). Speaking of his son's age, the American-Ukrainian translates the American idiomatic sentence, "He is six years old," by "Vin ye shist lit stary," though no Ukrainian at home would refer to a child of six as old. His idiomatic phrase speaks of having .. years.

"The American-Ukrainian begins to add possessive pronouns in

phrases which do not require them in Standard Ukrainian, often with a humorous effect for those who are still not initiated into the mysteries of the American-Ukrainian language. To use, for instance, the possessive svoyu in the sentence "Vin kuryt svoyu iulku" (He is smoking his pipe), may suggest a question. "Whose pipe do you expect him to smoke if not his own?" The Ukrainian in the Old Country would not use the possessive pronoun in the phrase zatyraty svoiy ruky (to rub one's hands); could you rub anybody else's hands but your own? Again, the possessive pronouns in the sentence, "Win derzhyt svoiy ruky v svoiy kysheni" (He is holding his hands in his pocket) may suggest the suspicion that habitually he is holding in his pocket somebody's else's hands or has his hands in somebody else's pockets.

"There is noticeable in American-Ukrainian a certain decay of synonyms. Fine distinctions between them are obliterated. Divka, which corresponds more or less to maid, is used for girl, daughter and sweetheart. "Ya lublu vashu divku" (I love your maid), is rather a rude way of saying, "I love your daughter." Further degeneration of the language is noticeable in the loss of distinction between the verbs of duration, iteration, and conclusion, e. g., ity, pity and khodyty (to be going, to be gone, to go); zhynuty and zahynuty (to die and to disappear). Decay is also promoted by the fact that English loan-adjectives cannot be inflected. After a certain time even the Ukrainian-born American will fail to inflect the

(Concluded p. 4)

*From H. L. Menken: The American Language. Copyright by Alfred A. Knopf. Reprinted by the kind permission of the author and the publisher.

in it, of every bush, of every ditch and every footbridge. He knew every one of the maze of paths on the Dniester meadows, every puddle and every bend of the river was familiar to him, and he showed me just where in the reeds the ducks had their nesting place and exactly where one could find unripe black currants. Every pear tree set on its balk, every privet shrub growing among the thorns, every cluster of the white sterile flowers of the guelder-rose leaning over the water and every dark-brown cattail among the reeds—he greeted with shouts of delight, like some old friends. Each of them had a story for him; each of them had some connection with some moment in his life. "It was here that we caught a crane one autumn night." "It was here my batkivschenka caught a tremendous pike—and without even haggling the Jew in the tavern gave us two greenbacks." "This is the way you go to Luka..." And it was exactly here that I had such and such an adventure." Throughout my entire stay with him that was all that I heard from him, as he untiringly led me from one spot to another, so dear to him. This visit gave me a key to at least a little understanding of him, of his quiet but deep passion for this little out-of-the-way corner which to him represented—home, batkivschenka: a passion which was apparently the dominant note in his life. I have never yet seen a youth who so ardently loved and cared for his homestead and its surroundings as much as he did, and I constantly wondered how was it possible for anyone to wrap oneself so, body and soul,

around such a miserable, depressing, monotonous and absolutely obscure little place as his famous "batkivschenka."

II

I matriculated at the university two years sooner than Opanas Morimukh, and somehow I missed seeing him after that. I only knew from what others told me that he graduated from the gymnasium, and upon his father's demand enrolled in the seminary, even though he hadn't the slightest desire to become a priest, and then quickly left it and entered the school of philosophy. About a year later I accidentally learned that both his parents had died, probably from grief arising from the death of all their children except Opanas, so that now he was the sole heir left to all that they had left behind. After that I didn't hear anything about him. He seemed to have disappeared from L'viv and none of his acquaintances of whom I inquired knew where he had gone to. I began to think that perhaps he had quit the university and gone home to take up where his parents had left off. This seemed to me the most likely explanation of his disappearance and therefore I decided to write to him there and wish him good luck in his new life as a peasant-farmer. But that very same morning when I came to that decision I ran across some peasants from his village. At first they could not catch the drift of my questions, apparently not knowing to whom I was referring, until finally one of them cried out in comprehension:

"Aha, you're talking about Tanasko! Opanas! Sure we know him. He's gone to the dogs!"

"Now, now, neighbor," interrupted the second peasant. "It's not nice to talk that way. Who knows what happened to him. Maybe he's taken on the ways of a rich man."

"How is that?" I asked in wonderment. "One of you says that Opanas has gone to the dogs, while the other says that he has taken on the ways of a rich man?"

"Well, both of us are probably right," laughed the first peasant. "You see, when old Morimukh died, Tanasco came home, and without even saying a word, or asking for any advice, he went straight to the Jew, and bang, he went ahead and sold him all his batkivschenka."

"And what a sale that was! For half the price the property was worth! Just like he wanted to get rid of it fast!" indignantly cried the other.

"Yes, that's the truth! If he had come to us we would have given him ten thousand without a bit of haggling. But the Jew got it for six thousand! Imagine! And no sooner does he get his money, then our Tanasco leaps into the same Jewish hack in which he came and blows out of the village."

"It was not until then that the villagers learned what had happened. A great hubbub arose in the village. Old men, young men, old women and children, all came running out of their houses, and started to shout after him: 'Judas! Judas! He sold his batkivschenka!' Kids began throwing clods of dirt and stone after him, all

the while yelling 'Judas! Judas!' And the old woman Bezkrilikha jumped out of her yard and planted herself right in front of the approaching hack, and started to yell to him: "Tanascu! Are you going already? Wait a moment and go over to the cemetery where you're father lies buried. Have his grave opened and his body righted, for he has certainly turned over in his grave when he learned about this! But the driver of the wagon went right ahead and bowled her right over into the snow, for it was winter, and drove out of the village like mad. And since then we have neither seen nor heard of Tanasco. And that's that!"

"Tis more than sure that he has met with bad luck," said the other peasant. "For how could the Almighty Lord bless such a man."

This news was such a surprise to me that I could hardly believe my ears. How could it be possible that he, Opanas, who loved his batkivschenka so much, constantly spoke of it, dreamed of it, how could he sell it! And to a Jew! It seemed too impossible, too fantastic to be true, I tried to find some possible motive for it, but simply couldn't. The riddle began to harrass me so much that I finally had to decide to forget the whole matter. Yet never could I repeat with any real conviction the shouts of the outraged peasants: "Judas! He sold his batkivschenka!"

(To be continued)

MOSES

By IVAN FRANKO

(Transl. by Waldimir Semenyina)
(Fragments)

III.

(Concluded)

When he had left the camping grounds behind
The mountain tops were, yet aflame
And from the west the purple spread
its arm
And beckon'd him to reach his aim.
While darkness crouched within the
mountain caves
And spread its talons o'er the plain
In the heart of the exile something
wept:
"Never will I return again!"
You come a-running, Hebrew children,
youth
Which had been playing in the sands;
Surrounding Moses they began to
grasp
The prophet's coat and aged hands.
"Oh, Grandpa, where you goin' at
this time?
Why don't you stay with us, it's late!
Look, come and see the big wall we
have built,
With its towers and big strong gats."
"That's fine, my children, keep build-
ing your wall!
But this is not the time for me:
I'm going to inspect the wall of life
Surrounded by a deadly sea."
"Oh, Grandpa! look, way yonder, in
that gorge
We killed a scorpion today!
And over there we caught three rabbit
babes
While mother rabbit was away."
"That's good, my little ones! The
scorpions
You kill and fear you need not heed;
Although it is not right, yet after all
It is a beneficial deed.
"It is not right because a scorpion,
As you, to live wants just the same,
And just because he has been gifted
with
A baneful tail, is he to blame?
"But these poor, tiny rabbits you
return
And from their nest don't take them
any more,
Because their mother will be crying!
Why—
Did you not think of that before?
"You must be merciful to everything
That lives, no matter what it be!
For life we never should be trifling
with;
More priceless thing you'll never see!"
"Wait a bit longer, Grandpa, don't
leave yet!
Come stay among us! Here, come sit!
Tell us of the adventures that you had!
We'd like to hear about them yet."
"Tell about the time when you were
young,
About the wonders that you saw
When you, on Horeb hilltops and
between,
Kept sheep for your old-man-in-law.
"Just how you came to notice on
that hill
The burning bush which flame endur'd,
And how you heard a voice come
from that bush—
A voice that frightened and assur'd."
"I have no time, my children, to re-
late
What you are asking, in detail;
You see, the dusk is dragging night
behind,
And daily light begins to fail.
"But there will come a time when
all of you,
In life's inevitable urge,
Will see before your eyes a burning
bush
As I did 'yond the desert's verge.
"Your hearts will brim then with
sanctity
Of that untainted morning dew,
And from the grandeur of the flame
you'll hear
The mighty voice say unto you:
"Discard the bondage of daily strife
And fearlessly come unto me,
Because I want to send you to a task
Too mighty for the weak to see."
"Do not extinguish that most sacred
fire,
So that, when you will hear the call,
You will be able to sincerely say:
I'm waiting ready, Lord of All!"
A long, long time the children pondered
over
The prophet's strange and touching
speech,
While he himself, without a sound,
went forth
Into the darkness' spreading breach.
A long, long time the silent children
felt
A void that comes at sorrow's height
Until the outline of his silhouette
Was lost completely in the night.

PETLURA BANNED POGROMS

The pistol shots that brought sudden death to Simon Petlura on the Boulevard St. Michel, Paris, on May 25, raised echoes of the old controversy as to the Ukrainian leader's responsibility for the outrages upon the Jews committed by some of his followers while he was head of the short-lived republic of the Ukraine.

Sholem Schwartzbard, the young Ukrainian-French Jew who killed Petlura, told Magistrate Peyre at the preliminary examination that he had merely tried to avenge the wrongs to which his people had been subjected by Petlura's order. Jewish committees in New York, Berlin, Warsaw and other cities are raising money to defend Schwartzbard and records of the Petlura Government are to be quoted to show that there was official sanction for some of the pogroms.

On the other hand, partisans of Petlura assert that he never ordered or approved abuses of the Jews and they are going to try to prove it before the French court. Among the pro-Petlura documents printed in the Ukrainian emigrant press since the murder is an order to the Ukrainian troops warning them against pogroms.

Text of Anti-Pogrom Order

As given in Svoboda, Jersey City Ukrainian paper, it read as follows:

Daily order by the Supreme Commander to the troops of the Ukrainian People's Republic.

No. 131.

Aug. 26, 1919.

This order will be read in the divisions, the brigades, the regiments, the battalions and the companies of the armies of the Dnieper and of the Dniester and in the detachments of the insurgents.

The sinister men of the "Black Hundreds" and the "Red Hundreds" are but one hand. They are assiduously weaving the spider's web, provoking the pogroms of the Jewish population, and on many occasions they have incited certain backward elements of our army to commit abominable acts. They thus succeeded in defiling our struggle for liberty in the eyes of the world and in compromising our national cause.

Officers and Cossacks! It is time to know that the Jews have, like the greater part of our Ukrainian population, suffered from the horrors of the Bolshevik-Communist invasion and follow the way to the truth. The best Jewish groups, such as the "Bund," the "Unified," the "Poale-Zion" and the "Volks-Party," have willingly placed themselves under the disposal of the sovereign and independent Ukraine and cooperate with us.

It is time to learn that the peaceful Jewish population, its women and children, have been oppressed in the same way as ours and deprived of national liberty. This population has lived with us for centuries and shared our pleasures and our sorrows.

The chivalrous troops who bring fraternity, equality and liberty to all the nationalities of Ukraine, must not listen to the invaders and provocators who thirst for human blood. Neither can they remain indifferent in the face of the tragic fate of the Jews. He who becomes an accomplice to such crimes is a traitor and enemy of our country, and he must be placed beyond the pale of human society.

Officers and Cossacks! The entire world is amazed at your heroism. Do not tarnish it, even

accidentally, by any infamous adventure, and do not dishonor our republic in the eyes of the world. Our enemies have exploited the pogroms against us. They affirm that we are not worthy of an independent and sovereign existence, and that we must be enslaved once again.

Officers and Cossacks! Insure the victory by directing your arms against the real enemy, and remember that our pure cause necessitates clean hands. I expressly order you to drive away with your arms all who incite you to pogroms and to bring them before the courts as enemies of the State. And the tribunals will judge them for their acts and the most severe penalties of the law will be inflicted upon all those found guilty.

The Government of the Ukrainian People's Republic has an addressed an appeal to all inhabitants of the country to resist the activities of our enemies who have provoked the pogroms of the Jewish population.

I order all troops to listen well and to retain this appeal and to spread it as much as possible among their comrades and among the people.

PETLURA,

Commander in Chief.

(The New York Times,
June 20, 1926)

YOU FOOL

You fool! You say your heart is sore
'Cause youth has fled forevermore;
Such futile groaning you should cease,
Be happy that your years increase
And bring you closer to the score.
Think what that sixty has in store
If they pass Townsend's masterpiece;
Each month two hundred bucks apiece,
You fool!
Why should you cry? Your moaning cease,
Sit by and let the years increase.
For vanished youth weep, then, no more,
Just think what old age has in store;
So wipe your eyes and go in peace,
You fool!
MIKE MALLON, age 12.

INFLUENCE OF ENGLISH ON UKRAINIAN

(Concluded from p. 3)

adjective made of a proper noun but will follow the simple English device of placing it before another noun and letting it thus serve as adjective; in Standard Ukrainian na rozi Napoleon ulytsi, do Notr Deym shpytalu, z Dub-yuk universytetu, Richelleu vyshyvky would all have to change the first noun into an adjective form or place it after the other noun in the genitive case.

"The Influence of English is also felt in the acquisition by the American-Ukrainian of the feeling of the need of the article. He begins to punctuate his language with toy, ta, to, ti in all those passages where in English he would use the definite article. Also, he begins to roll his r's after the American fashion even when speaking Ukrainian. Those who were born here find it difficult to enunciate certain typically Ukrainian sounds, such as guttural kh. Thus mukha (the fly) degenerates into muha, khochu into hochu, tykho into tyho, and even khata into hata, though hata in Ukrainian means a dam and khata a hut."

HOW COULD YOU!

As a rule, your would-be correspondent is an easy-going type who distributes equally his love on wine, women and song and lets nothing but a Brooklyn Dodgers' loss tamper with his composure. However, even though the Dodgers at this writing are enjoying a three game winning streak,—something very unusual, as any baseball fan will tell you,—I have lost my composure completely. Why? Judge for yourself.

Mr. Alexander Yaremko, hustling Sports Director of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, in reporting the basketball playoffs held recently at Newark, N. J., played havoc with the spelling of my Christian name in history. Instead of Dimitri, as it appears on my certificate of birth, Mr. Yaremko spelled it "Dmytro." This, mind you, when I was only an innocent bystander. Perhaps if Alex had taken time out to read the many fine articles which appeared in the Ukrainian Weekly condemning persons who go in for changing names, he may not have taken the liberty to alter my name. At least, not without first acquiring my permission to do so.

When first I realized how badly Alexander had mauled the name which for better or worse is mine, I seriously thought of challenging him to an engagement of fisticuffs in order that I might show him how I felt about the matter. But this thought was hastily discarded by me when I recalled what a stocky, athletic looking figure Mr. Yaremko possesses. You never can tell, said I to myself, he might actually think I am serious and accept my challenge just for the fun of it. A situation like that, I assure you, would not have struck me as being very funny. So for the good of all concerned, well, all right then, for my own good, I have definitely decided not to challenge Alexander Yaremko to mortal combat via the bare knuckle route. But nevertheless I deem it my duty to warn Alex at our very next meeting with these words: "Mr., when you spell my name 'Dmytri'—smile!"

Not only did Al err in the spelling of my name, but he also accused me of being a frequent contributor to the Ukrainian Weekly. This charge is absurd. True, I admit that at one time I did contemplate on becoming a regular and frequent contributor to the Ukrainian Weekly's pages. But this whim of mine met with the genuine, wholehearted disapproval of my many friends. No matter where I went, some close comrade always managed to be lying in wait, eager for an opportunity to pour vitriol over one or another of my articles in my presence. At one time a female friend coyly asked me if any article authored by me were to appear in the then following number of the Ukrainian Weekly. "Yes," I smilingly replied, thinking that at last I had found someone who was interested in what I had to say. But the cruel creature said: "Thanks, I shall make sure that next week's issue doesn't get into my hands."

DIMITRI HORBAYCHUK.

THE BELL

There is nothing more important
In the office where we work
Than the bell that tells us when
to eat;
This duty don't dare shirk.
You ring that bell when the
clock strikes twelve
And put away your pen.
We'll eat our lunch and gab away
Until that old bell rings again.

MARY SARABUN.