



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



Supplement to the SVOBODA, Ukrainian Daily

No. 33

JERSEY CITY, N. J., SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1939

VOL. VII

CAUSES OF DISHARMONY

ANYONE who is really interested in the development of Ukrainian-American life, must be truly dismayed by the scarcity of harmonious relations and good will among a good portion of our active young people. There appears to be tendency among them to split up into factions. To be sure, this tendency is as yet incipient. Perhaps it is only a passing phase, something that will soon disappear as more of our younger generation perceive the dangers of factional strife and how much damage it did to their elders. In any case, this tendency must be immediately checked, before it seriously impairs the effectiveness of our younger generation in realizing their potentialities as Americans of Ukrainian descent. Before it can be checked, however, some idea must be had of its causes, so that they can be removed.

As we see it, the principal cause lies in the fact that, in entering the field of Ukrainian-American life our younger generation has begun to take the divergent paths which the older generation has beaten out as approaches to the attainment of certain mutual aims, both here in America and in Europe. Of these aims, perhaps the most outstanding is that of creation of a free and independent Ukraine. At the present time when world-wide conditions appear conducive to the attainment in the near future of this aim, each political group among our people is redoubling its activities and at the same time is attempting to influence the youth to follow in its footsteps along its ideological path. Quite a number of our young people have done this, but in the process some of them have taken on the intolerance and animosity of those before them against those who have chosen to follow a different path. This intolerance and animosity is in turn responsible for a good deal of the disunity among our young people who strive to help Ukraine. Before anything can be done to bring about cooperation among them, both these pernicious elements must first be eliminated.

Another contributory factor in the appearance of factionalism among our younger generation, lies in the complete failure of all efforts made thus far to bring about some manner of cooperation between our youth organized into sectarian and non-sectarian leagues. In the past, such efforts were at least made. Today, however, there is not even an attempt made in that direction.

Still another factor to be considered in this connection, is—personal ambition. Some of our older younger people have begun to see possibilities of personal advancement in the field of Ukrainian-American life, and rivalry has sprung up among them to occupy various positions of influence in this life. Such rivalry is natural, provided, however, that it remains within the bounds of good sportsmanship.

Finally, contributing to rise of factionalism among our young people has been the appearance of rank intolerance on the pages of some of our youth publications. One or two of them have even resorted to the strife-stirring, "name-calling," a device usually used to make a person form a judgement without examining the evidence on which it should be based.

One youth publication in particular, of recent origin, has apparently forgotten that it and the league that publishes it are charged with the duty of promoting, understanding, unity and cooperation among the younger generation. Instead it fans the flames of discord among them by such means as giving vent to the personal feelings and dislikes of the individual or individuals charged with editing it; by making slurring innuendos about those young people who in the exercise of their democratic rights attempted last year to place their own candidates in office of that youth organization; and by adopting a very partisan attitude on the question which of the several Ukrainian political movements that strive for the independence of Ukraine should our youth give their support—a question that is not at all simple as it appears, but is one that our thinking youth are striving by study and experience to answer fairly and impartially, so that they may avoid dividing themselves over it needlessly and so that their answer to it will be the best possible, one of the greatest benefit to

POLISH PERSECUTION OF UKRAINIANS

During the month of June Polish authorities tried thirty-six Ukrainian priests for so-called Ukrainization of names and passed a total sentence of 231 months' imprisonment. Most of the sentences were suspended, from two to five years.

In this connection the court sentenced a peasant from the village of Mykhnivtsi to six months' imprisonment, because he insisted that his new born baby should have its name recorded with a Ukrainian ending, that is "y" instead of Polish "i."

In some cases sentences were passed, in spite of numerous witnesses who testified that their names were actually pronounced in the way that the priests concerned recorded them. Under somewhat different circumstances the court in Ternopil sentenced Father Ihor Sandetsky to one year's imprisonment, because he insisted that the Ukrainian children in his religion classes should use the Ukrainian language, and he told the children not to be afraid to speak Ukrainian during recess.

A summary of political trials during the month of June shows that 64 people were involved in 18 trials and that the courts passed a combined sentence of 184½ years. The individual sentences ranged from two months to twelve years. Some of the defendants received monetary fines. For instance, on June 1st Father Ivan Myroniuk was tried in L'viv because of the substance of a sermon he delivered over the graves of Ukrainian soldiers on May 29th. Although Father Myroniuk produced the text of his sermon, the court accepted the reports of police functionaries, who said that the sermon was of an inciting character. Father Myroniuk was given a choice: two months in gaol or 2,000 Zloty fine.

Some of the sentences were extremely heavy in view of the charges. Thus two and three year sentences were passed by the court in Berezhany against the defendants Kohut, Kryveno and Tereshchyn, because police functionaries found in their possession a history of Ukrainian nationalists. The court of appeals in L'viv confirmed sentences from six to twelve years against four defendants accused of spreading leaflets of the OUN.

The problem of "loyalty" received attention when the court in L'viv gave an official of the "Narodna Torhovia" a choice between a monetary fine and gaol, because "in his desire to demonstrate his ill-will towards the Polish State, he did not raise the national flag over the buildings of the said organization."

This month fifteen Ukrainian societies were dissolved by Polish administrative authorities. While existing Ukrainian societies are being liquidated and new ones very seldom allowed to come into being, Polish People's Homes and Roman Catholic Churches in Western Ukraine, subsidised by the Government, are constantly growing in number. In the district of

A COMMON PROPAGANDA TRICK

Where in former times Poland jailed Ukrainian patriots for what they were, now she is taking advantage of the current feeling among Western Powers against the Nazis by charging Ukrainian patriots whom she arrests with being Nazi spies. Previously Ukrainians alone were held responsible for every outbreak of anti-Polish feeling resulting from Polish excesses. Now, in the words of a New York Times dispatch from Warsaw, dated August 1, "In Polish political circles Germany is being held responsible for renewed Ukrainian agitation." The Poles are careful to point out to the Times correspondent that "the former Ukrainian Nationalist leader Konovalts, killed at Rotterdam, the Netherlands, last year, had his headquarters in Berlin," and also that, "his successor, named Melnyk [Melnyk], at present in Bratislava, Slovakia, also used to reside in Berlin, whence he was sent to Carpatho-Ukraine to confer with Premier Augustin Volosin."

They neglected to point out to him, however, the fact that the leaders of the Ukrainian Nationalists have lived in other European capitals too, including Paris, the latter which, as heads of a revolutionary organization fighting not only against Warsaw but also Moscow, they had to quit, when Communist influence in the French Government threatened their safety. As another example, Konovalts also lived at one time in Geneva, which he was forced to leave too, for to have remained then would have meant his arrest on some trumped-up charge by an avowed Communist who had become the new chief of police.

Polish circles are fully aware of all this, but taking advantage of present-day conditions they are careful to conceal such facts before the eyes of the foreign press, thereby deluding some of it into the belief that the many Ukrainian patriots and revolutionaries who are arrested in Poland are "Nazi spies."

It is a well known trick, this name-calling to which the Poles have resorted. Propagandists have used it a long while. In essence it is an appeal to one's hate and fear, and it is done by giving "bad names" to those whom the propagandists would have condemned and rejected. The best antidote against this poisonous name-calling, are true facts. Our young people should bear this well in mind.

Kremianets, in Volynia, where the Ukrainians are 75 per cent, and the Poles 10 per cent of the total population, the authorities have set as their goal the erection of 27 new Polish People's Homes by the end of 1939. In the Province of L'viv four Roman Catholic Churches, six Chapels and seven People's Homes are planned for this year.

(Ukrainian National Information Service, London)

Ukraine and likewise to them and their kind.

Only a year ago the league that issues this publication stressed at every opportunity its absolute non-partisanship; today its official organ is guilty of rabid partisanship. Who authorized the sudden change, and why?

Such then, are some of the causes that have brought about disunity among our younger generation. We have outlined them here because an understanding of them is essential before any real attempt can be made to correct the conditions resulting from them.

The Story of Ivan Mazepa

(5)

The War of the North

WHEN Peter I of Moscow concluded a treaty of peace with Turkey, whereby he received Azov and the whole northern coast of the Sea of Azov, the great War of the North was already raging. It was brought about when Frederick IV of Denmark invaded Schleswig-Holstein, which step was the beginning of hostilities against Sweden by the rising coalition composed of the Danish king Frederick, Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony, the King of Poland, and Peter I of Moscow.

The duke of Schleswig-Holstein was a brother-in-law of the Swedish King, Charles II, who had but recently ascended the throne. Charles was a born soldier, and had taken Alexander the Great for his favorite hero. He was fond of daring sports, military tactics, indifferent to exposure, and unsparing of himself and others.

When the appeal for help arrived from his brother-in-law and with it the news that the coalition was being directed against his country, the young monarch wasted no time in indecision but attacked Denmark. In a six week's campaign he brought it to terms and early in August, 1700, Frederick signed the Peace of Travendal.

Meanwhile Poland and Moscow were threatening Swedish possessions on the Baltic. As recounted here last week, Peter wanted "an open window to Europe" through the Baltic. Accordingly he claimed possession of the Swedish provinces of Ingra and Carelia, while the Polish monarch sought to exercise a protectorate over Livonia and Estonia, whose nobility hated the firm but severe rule of Sweden and wished to put themselves under weaker Polish monarchy.

By a series of forced marches, Charles arrived at Riga and compelled the Poles to raise a siege of that city. Then by even more severe forced marches he brought his army to the relief of Narva in Estonia, which was besieged by 40,000 Moscovians (Russians), while Peter himself had left to hasten the advance of 20,000 more troops. The disciplined Swedish soldiers, regarded as the best in Europe at that time, although considerably tired from the forced marches, administered a very strong defeat to the Moscovians before the walls of the city (Nov. 30, 1700) and it was generally expected throughout Europe then that the young Swedish monarch would bring the whole Russian empire under his sway.

Of the 20,000 troops that Peter had expected to give him greater strength at Narva, 12,000 consisted of a Kozak corps from Ukraine. The distance to be negotiated by the Kozaks, however, was too long for them to arrive at Narva in time to be of any assistance against Charles. And even if they had arrived on time, they probably would have been of little military value for their ranks had been greatly decimated by the rigorous northern climate to which they were not accustomed, and even more so by the complete disorganization of the commissariat department which failed to provide them with the necessary food and supplies during the terrible march. Peter therefore had to send this corps back home and call out another, 7,000 in number, which under the command of Colonel Danilo Apostol was dispatched to the northern front.

Meanwhile Mazepa was commanded by Peter to go to the aid of Poland, which had agreed to join forces with Moscow in return for those fragments of the lower Right Bank of Ukraine which up to this time had still been under Moscovian rule. Mazepa protested against this trading with Ukrainian lands but was powerless to do anything about it.

(To be continued)

Short Survey of Ukrainian History

(Ukrainian Bureau in London)

Character of the Kiev Empire

CLOSELY related to the court nobility (the Boyars) were the local aristocracy—the landed Boyars—who formed the highest class of the city and country. The middle-class consisted of the townsmen, the smaller traders, artisans, and lesser landed proprietors. Below these two classes were the peasants, those who tilled their own land, and those who, though freemen, were themselves landless. Lowest of all were the slaves, originally prisoners of war and their children, but later also debtors, and those who had married slaves. They had no legal rights and could be bought and sold. The Church developed into a special estate, consisting of the clergy and church officials, and the 'church people'—retainers who were usually slaves acquired by the ecclesiastical authorities.

As early as the XIth century, the so-called 'Ruska Pravda' (Rus Right) provided a codification of the laws of the realm, civil and criminal. The first edition consisted of only 17 articles ascribed to King Yaroslav the Wise; the third appeared in the time of King Volodymir Monomakh, and had 135 articles.

The main occupation of the population was fishing the numerous streams and rivers, cattle-farming, and agriculture. In the Xth century, of the cereals, barley and oats were the most extensively cultivated. Land suitable for agriculture and endowed with working hands, i.e. serfs, was extremely valuable.

According to Professor Peretz, the Kiev Empire of the XIth to the XIIIth centuries provides a typical example of the feudal system. The King, or Grand Duke, was the head of the State, the numerous princes were his vassals who in their turn gave land to the Boyars and other noblemen for services rendered or to be rendered, and the whole social structure was based on the free peasantry, as the producing element.

Commerce was the chief business of the towns. The Empire maintained constant trade with Byzantium, the Balkans, Poland, Hungary, the German Empire, and other parts; for example the merchants of Ratisbon and other German towns had their permanent agents in Kiev. Commercial relations with Arabia and the East, however, were continually hampered by the incursions of nomads into Eastern Ukraine.

Credits were used extensively; 'Ruska Pravda' even regulates the rate of interest which, by the way, was very high, owing to the great risks run by the merchants in their travels. The money unit was the Hryvnia, originally equal to one third of a pound of silver, but in the XIIIth century equal to only one quarter of a pound of silver. Already in the Xth and XIth centuries stamped coins of gold and silver were in circulation.

Due chiefly to its constant relations with the whole civilized world, the city of Kiev in the XIth and XIIth centuries became an important cultural centre, and the whole Empire was covered with beautiful examples of architecture, some of which still survive (i.e. the cathedral of St. Sophia, and the Petchersky (Cave) Monastery at Kiev, and five churches of that period at Chernyhyv). The culture of the age had, inevitably, a strong ecclesiastical flavour, for the monasteries in Ukraine, as elsewhere, were the chief repositories of learning and art. The many ancient Ukrainian writings extant show what a great part the Church played in the fostering and evolution of Ukrainian literature and cultural life.

Such were the conditions when, towards the close of the XIIth century, Kiev ceased to be the capital of the Empire, and its tradition was taken up by Halych in the West.

The Rise of Halych-Volhynia

During the century preceding the fall of Kiev, the Empire was divided into something like 64 principalities, with no less than 293 ruling princes of royal blood, who engaged in 83 civil wars, mostly for the central or subsidiary thrones. This state of affairs was by no means exceptional at that period, when the whole of Europe was divided into innumerable factions, more or less constantly at war with each other.

The development of the western principalities of the disintegrating Empire, and their unification under the new centre of Halych was due mainly to their situation, removed from the sphere of nomadic invasion from the East, on the threshold of the Holy Roman Empire, and in close relations with the West, and the Apostolic See.

The formation of the principality of Halych, later to become the Kingdom of Halych-Volhynia, may be said to have commenced in the 11th century when the territory was presented to Rostyslav in 1054, by his grandfather Yaroslav (1019-1054). Rostyslav's three sons Rurik, Volodar, and Vasylo, established themselves in their heritage against great odds, and when Rurik died early in life, the two others ruled their portions in harmony. The town of Halych was actually founded by Volodymirko (1141-1153) son of Volodar, on the river Dniester, then navigable, and under his rule the principality rose to considerable power and influence.

Wars with Hungary and Poland were a constant feature of the early consolidation and expansion of the principality. Prince Volodymirko spent his entire reign in defending his realm against alien attacks.

Contrary to the Kiev tradition which gave the royal succession to the oldest member of the enormous Rurik family, who was not necessarily the King's eldest son, the principality of Halych had, with some measure of success, affirmed the rule of direct succession, which obtained in the Sudal and Vladimir principalities, (later the Grand Duchy of Moscow).

Prince Yaroslav Osmomysl

On the death of Volodymirko in 1153, his son Yaroslav ascended the throne, and he it was who finally established the power of the principality. Yaroslav is termed in the Chronicles "A wise and eloquent prince, who feared God, was renowned for his army, and esteemed by foreign lands." Again, in the famous epic of Ihor's Campaign, he is lauded: "Yaroslav, wise prince of Halych! You are seated high upon your golden throne; your iron regiments support the Hungarian (Carpathian) Mountains barring the way to the (Magyar) King. You closed the gates of the Danube and your law is proclaimed upon its banks. You are feared by the neighbouring lands. You opened the gates of Kiev, and from your father's golden throne you shoot sultans in far lands..."

During the reign of Yaroslav, Halych became an important political and commercial centre, and the court was visited by many distinguished foreigners, amongst whom were Adronic, son of the Emperor of Byzantium, and the envoys of Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, the King of Hungary, and the King of Poland. Yaroslav established a bishopric at Halych, which later attained archiepiscopal dignity and became the seat of the Metropolitan. The remains of the cathedral, which was the mausoleum of some of the most famous Ukrainian princes, have been recently unearthed on the site of the ancient capital.

(To be continued)

Intermarriage

Dear Editor:

I observe that once again the votaries of racial purity seek to indict Hymen for reckless knottyng. Once again Cupid is warned against misdirecting his shafts at hearts that respond with greater verve to swing than to "Kolo-meyka," or fail to swell with patriotic devotion to the strains of "Ne pora." I fear that Baba Yaha, the cackling crow of Our American Page, would brand your sentiments as un-American.

Your propose that the matrimonial sphere of the Ukrainian-American should balance eternally on a purely Ukrainian axis because intramarriage enhances the chances of marital happiness, and minimizes the tendency to neglect our Ukrainian cultural heritage.

I am not prepared to admit that as applied to the first generation of our hyphenated citizens, the first and primary reason is true as a general rule. Our youth has adapted and adjusted itself so well to his American environment that his Ukrainian background is neither an embarrassment nor hindrance, socially or culturally. Neither resentment nor prejudice exists in any appreciable degree against the youth of Ukrainian descent in social spheres of his own level. Here in Michigan, we have seen a large percentage of intermarriages without any marital casualties. It is not fair to assume that as far as happiness is concerned, the ration of successful marriages is less in cases of intermarriage than intramarriage. In saying so I have in mind not only the interests of the immediate parties, but also the sentiments and sensibilities of their parents.

Those of our youth who have a lively interest in things and affairs Ukrainian are not likely to lose them any faster because of marriage out of the fold. I have observed, however, that in our Michigan community, many of those who did intermarry never did participate in Ukrainian life with more than a superficial interest. Whether the situation is to be regretted depends upon one's point of view.

I can readily see where the editor's point of view may be incompatible with an attitude that encourages inevitable assimilation. The natural process is so rapid that the protagonists of the Ukrainian cause are inclined to be alarmed. There is a good possibility, however, that a strict isolationist point of view may tend to misdirect the energies of many of our youth into activities which circumscribe their chances for personal advancement, restrict their opportunity to accomplish something worthwhile for the Ukrainian cause, and make their vision so narrow that they reduce the character and quality of Ukrainian cultural heritage to the denominator of a social or community nuisance. On the whole, it is to be noted that that portion of our Ukrainian youth which has been free from super patriotic influences, has achieved a remarkable success of disseminating and fostering Ukrainian culture among themselves, and have presented it tastefully and artistically to the nation at large with a marked appreciation of its inherent cultural quality.

Apropos this general proposition which was so vehemently debated at the Youth League Convention at Philadelphia, without any decision having been reached, it may be of interest to the League members that two of the very popular former officers who had voted against the proposed resolution favoring intramarriage—are now on the verge. Soon the former League secretary from Detroit and the ex-treasurer from Hamtramck will speak the vows that will sadden the hearts of many a girl delegate attending the coming convention. Yes, girls, Steven G. Danielson is not likely to attend the League meeting this year.

JOHN PANCHUK,
Lansing, Michigan.

MY RETURN FROM THE "HEREAFTER"

COULD anything be more discouraging than to find yourself after graduation in a strange town, without a cent to your name, lonely, hungry, disgusted and all tired out mentally and physically, looking for some means by which to earn a few cents for your daily bread? Only those can fully appreciate the extent of such mental torture who have suffered themselves under similar conditions, and who themselves endured the consequences of the world-wide chaotic economical depression (or repression, whichever appeals to you better).

Five long years I had spent amidst unbearable conditions, conditions that have driven many unfortunate graduates to mental and physical destruction. One July afternoon I was sitting in the beautiful park opposite luxurious Queens Hotel in the city of Montreal, completely exhausted. Turning around to my left, I noticed a discarded newspaper on which the words stared at me in big black type: "Wanted: An ambitious worker. Apply room 413 at Queens Hotel." I don't think I would be bothered to apply if I hadn't been sitting so near to the place. Having rested awhile and regained some strength by taking a few deep breaths of fresh air on an empty stomach, I went over to the hotel, trying my utmost to act as if I didn't see the hard look the doorman gave me.

Once inside, I glanced around for a stairway, for Queens Hotel is a "classy joint" and I didn't want to attract attention by crossing the lobby to the elevator. Unfortunately, I did not see any stairs, so there was nothing else left for me to do but to make a brave break to the elevator. I tried to pull my all-worn-out hat lower, and was also conscious of the hole in the heel of my right sock that showed beneath my almost-all-worn-out pants that were too short for me. I gave a satisfied orphan's sigh when I was in the elevator cage. The elevator man glared at me in disgust and in return I gave him as good as I had.

"Fourth floor," I said, still holding my breath.

"Another sucker," he said under his breath.

I felt like a fish on dry land or I would have let that pass, for he really looked like a good kid, but almost without thinking I came back at him, "Who are you calling a sucker?" stepping closer to him. He looked at me then as the cage came to a stop.

"Don't get hot," he said. "I have been taking them up and down all morning. Four-thirteen, is it not?"

"Know anything about it, brother?" I asked.

"Nothing, only that there is something screwy about it." The buzzer sounded and he opened the door. I would have asked him more about it—but there wasn't time.

Room 413 was at the far end of the hall. I knocked at the door and waited about two minutes; then I knocked again and tried the knob. The door opened and I looked into what was probably the living room of a beautifully furnished suite. There were about a dozen and a half men sitting in the room, some smoking, some leaning against the wall, while others, showing mental and physical suffering from the effects of continual worries, were pacing the floor to and fro. Almost everyone of them had that solemn, university look upon their faces but all wore much better clothes than I did. I stood there among them undecided whether to stay or not. The atmosphere seemed unreal, foreboding. Just at that moment the inner door opened slowly and two men came out. It was easy to recognize that one of them was just another applicant—just another "sucker" as the doorman described them. The other was about forty-five years old, with clean-shaven face, clear, hard steady eyes, business-like—but apparently not mean. His sharp glance swept over the men in the room and suddenly rested upon

me. Somehow I felt a physical discomfort mixed with mental fear under his boring look.

He smiled but only with his lips as he motioned me to a seat. The man who had come out of the room with him passed me and went through the door into the hall. Evidently, these other men had been waiting their turns, and now he took me into a separate room. Seated there, I saw others passing one at a time into the inner room, but none of them stayed more than a few minutes. They all looked disappointed when they left. I had waited about an hour and when the last one left, the man with the hard steady eyes came to the door and motioned me to come in.

"Sit down," he said. "I suppose you came down in answer to the ad?"

I pulled the paper from my pocket as I sat slumped with fatigue in my chair.

"This," I said pointing to the words. The man smiled again.

"What kind of work can you do?" he asked.

"Mister, I'll do anything, if you'd only give me the chance!"

"That covers a great deal of territory," he said, still smiling. By now I noticed that there was something about that smile. If other men had smiled at me that way, in my ragged, dirty and starved condition, I would have cursed them out, but this time, before I knew it, I was smiling too, without any reason whatsoever.

"Honest mister, I mean it. I don't care whether it's straight or crooked, show me a chance to make money and I won't think twice before I'll grab it!" I pleaded.

He pulled a little yellow pad towards him and took a green pencil from his pocket. "Your name," he said, "Is John Smith." He looked up then, and I opened my mouth to tell him that that wasn't my name, but I caught myself in time. He was waiting for me to do just that.

"Relatives?"

"Whatever you say, mister," I told him.

I thought of my brother and sisters, as I said, "None."

Again he smiled, and I smiled back at him. Somehow I liked that man. I had had a pretty hard time the past five years and I was glad to find someone who had some use for me. I waited hopefully.

He got up and went over to a little black bag in one corner of the room and took out one of those things doctors use to listen to a patient's heart. He made me open my shirt and coat, so he could place it against my bare skin. He placed it against my bare skin. He listened intently a moment and then said hopefully, "Good."

Then he placed the instrument back in the bag and stood looking aimlessly out the window, evidently dreaming. Suddenly he turned. "John," he said. "This job pays five thousand dollars."

I know I went pale, for he smiled that crooked smile again as he waited for me to come up for air.

"Don't know yet whether you'll do or not. There is two hundred dollars in it anyway." He paused a minute as his eyes swept my clothes.—"And expenses," he finished. He took a billfold from his pocket and took ten fives, folding them lengthwise before he handed them over to me.

"Meet me down in the lobby in one hour. Get yourself an outfit and something to eat. Never mind the hair-cut, a few days more or less won't matter about hair-cuts."

I still had many dollars left when I walked back to the Queens Hotel an hour later. My boss came out from the elevator just as I entered the lobby. He nodded to me, paid his bill at the desk and I followed him to the street.

"We'll take a cab," he said, the customary crooked smile playing on his face.

We drove to the Royal Garage in the cab, then the boss got his car out. Even in the pre-depression days I never had a chance to ride in a bus like that. We drove three hundred miles that afternoon, but the car went so smoothly that I did not even know that there was a motor under the hood.

It's strange what a difference a square meal and a suit of clothes will make in a man. I felt better than I ever remembered before. We talked now and then in snatches. Sometimes there would be long spells of suspicious silence and I would try and think what I would do when I got the five thousand dollars. Five thousand dollars sounds like a lot of money for a poor university graduate, who since being awarded his law degree five years ago continually worried how to begin to practice his profession. Such thoughts were passing fast through my mind again and again while the car was smoothly moving ahead.

About four o'clock he turned off the main road to a side-road and from this to a drive. I didn't know where I was and I did not care. It was getting dark and I could see a large house about three-quarters of a mile away, roughly outlined in the gloom. With a crooked smile on his face, my boss stopped the car.

"I want you to run from here to the house as fast as you can. I'll wait for you there," he said, his voice now spiced with command.

I immediately thought he was crazy, but on second thought I reminded myself that his mental condition should not concern me, so long as I could make the \$5,000 which would help me to establish myself in my law practice. So without any arguments I got out of the car and politely said, "Whatever you say, boss," and began running after the car.

Three-quarters of a mile was a little too far to run for a man who hadn't had a square meal since he was told that his earnest studies fully justified him to be awarded a university degree, but I kept on going just the same.

When I got to the house I was all in, puffed out, perspiring and my feet trembling under my starved body. He was already waiting for me with some kind of instruments. He took my pulse, listened to my heart again, pulled up my eyelids and looked at my eyes. I glanced at his face and again noticed that crooked, mysterious smile on his twisted lips.

"You'll do," he said. "We'll get a bite of supper, then we'll talk."

I had never been in such a house before. I don't know yet how many rooms there were, but he showed me a bedroom with a bath next to it. I washed up and when I came down an hour later, a short stout negro was putting supper on the table.

He asked me what I had been doing for the last several years and when I related my story to him, he smiled again that crooked, once I thought unbearable smile, but now it seemed soothing and hypnotizing, and I began to like that smile more than anything else in the world. In it I could see sympathy, understanding of human suffering and durability and behind it all an extreme generosity and kindness. In short, he dominated me with that peculiar smile of his, mentally and physically.

"After supper," he said, "I want you to see some of my friends."

So after supper was over, he led me to a wing of the house and I laughed when I saw what he called friends. There were dogs, cats and monkeys. In some cages he had guinea pigs, rats, even bed-bugs and grasshoppers.

"You may as well know it, I experiment with these animals."

I said, "Oh, yeah, I can see that." But in reality I did not see anything at all, as fear completely blinded my sight, in my inner-self wondering how I and the \$5,000 worked into the picture.

"All these animals were dead at one time or another. I killed them and then brought them back to life," he said with contented emphasis.

I said, "Yeah," again but this

time I wasn't thinking about the \$5,000. He was observing me with that funny crooked smile. I didn't want him to see in my eyes what I knew was there and I tried to look away but I couldn't. I tried to smile but I couldn't smile either as my lips and facial nerves were paralyzed. I felt my whole body was slowly going through a process of petrification. But my mind was still conscious of the fact that there, somewhere among the rats, guinea pigs, bed-bugs and dead animals, and probably hidden from me, there was a chance to make the required \$5,000 which would eventually start me in my law practice.

When the emotional fit of petrification left me he was holding his hand upon my left shoulder and looking straight at me with that mysterious crooked smile on his face and said, "Is it worth \$5,000 to you?"

"Mister," I said, trying my best to hide my fear and the trembling of my weak limbs, "you are the boss. Whatever you say is O.K. with me."

"Ten hours," he said, "ten hours of a beautiful, unknown journey for you, a journey that you have never had in your life, nor ever experienced such a sensational thrill. There will be other men here to assist me. If the experiment is successful, as I hope it will be, you will be richer, happier and will be in a position to materialize your professional dream, if not..."

That "if not," struck me like a German bullet, but down deep, my determination and desire to practice my profession were stronger than the indescribable fear of the unknown journey.

"Suppose you make a mistake," I said faintly.

"If I fail," he said in a tone of Napoleonic declaration, as if a field of battle, "Well, no one will be the loser but yourself."

That was no encouragement for me at all but I determined to go ahead with it and though this complicated matters, still my determination compelled me to strive and reach the objective which was staring at me from afar, from the store of my future.

I stayed there five days with just the doctor and the colored man who did the cooking. On the afternoon of the fifth day, a car arrived with three men in it. They all looked as solemn as judges. I was watching them from my window. My boss said when I came down to supper that night, "John these are the friends I mentioned."

"Glad to meet you gentlemen," I smiled politely. They nodded and looked at me as if I might have escaped from an asylum.

My boss remarked that they would go through with that matter in the morning. I thought he was very kind to let me start out on my unknown journey during daylight.

Then turning to the others, he said, "I have agreed to pay John \$5,000 for his part in our experiment."

Supper that night and breakfast the next morning were like nightmares. Everyone sat around trying not to look at the others. I didn't sleep that night very much.

The time set came at last and all of us were gathered in a huge room on the fourth floor that was furnished like an operating room in a hospital. The men all wore white uniforms and I had been asked to remove almost all my clothes.

I lay down on the bed that had been brought in for the purpose and they all gathered about me. Trying to make the best of the situation, I said teasingly, "Any message you would like me to deliver gentlemen?" That got under their skins, all except my boss. He just gave me his crooked smile. I think he knew that I was pretty sick underneath, but all he said was, "I'm ready when you are, John."

I don't know what the stuff was he gave me. All I remember was that the five of them, including the colored cook with a butcher-knife in his hand stood around watching me. The bright, vigorous July sun filled the room. I still remember

(Concluded p. 4)

ANNIVERSARY OF BATTLE
OF POLTAVA

July 10th was the anniversary of the Battle of Poltava fought in 1709 by Ivan Mazepa, Hetman of Ukraine, and his ally Charles XIIth of Sweden, for the freeing of Ukraine from Russian sovereignty. In spite of the Hetman's heroic efforts, he and his ally were defeated by Czar Peter I, he was forced to flee the country, and died in Turkey, mourned and loved by Ukrainians.

The sequel of Mazepa's war for liberation horrified contemporary writers, one of whom wrote: "The Hetman's capital, Baturin, was razed to the ground and all its inhabitants, without discrimination, were put to the sword. Menshikov (the Czar's favourite) ordered the bodies of Ukrainian officers to be bound to logs and thrown into the river..." But not content with bloodshed, the Czar ordained that every church in Ukraine should "in perpetuity" curse and anathematise Mazepa on the anniversary of his defeat. Unbelievable as it may seem, this outrage on the

MY RETURN FROM THE
"HEREAFTER"
(Concluded from page 3)

thinking how good and friendly that sunlight looked, streaming through the window as if feeding me with energy and hope. I did my best and tried to stay awake, but I couldn't. I felt like I was being placed in a deep dark grave and through that darkness the last thing I saw was that crooked smile on my boss's face. I might have been mistaken but I thought he was almost crying. A thunder-clap struck me, like a bullet and I was dead—gone, gone into unknown, limitless space, without pain, without any grudge in my heart or mind, without even a thought of my diploma, my suffering, my anticipated success, nor even the \$5,000. I was gone to that restful heavenly retreat of which we are so often reminded.

And then my unknown journey began: A tall man was standing at entrance as I started to go in, but he said, "Not today. We are full up. Try the next place."

I replied, "What do you expect a fellow to do?" But he only smiled faintly, appearing more ghostly at second glance.

"You'll find something further on," he repeated.

I went to the next place, and the next and the next. It was always the same. I could see people inside working, playing, drinking and dancing, but no one paid any attention to me except the men at the entrance doors and they always kept saying, "Filled up," and "Try the next place."

I didn't feel hungry or tired. I don't think I had any physical sensation at all. I had only an overpowering feeling of loneliness, of being an outcast, a victim of an artificial economic depression. I felt I was floating in the air with tremendous speed.

Rising higher and higher I noticed the ocean stretched under me like a new, washed blanket. Glancing upward I saw milliards of stars like a massed field of fireflies, some of them twinkling, others remaining steady with an intense glow. After passing the European shore and flying speedily through the main gate of the League of Nations premises, I admired the beautiful scenery down below. Something was forcing me ahead. Swift as lightning I entered the main hall and noticed huge piles of matter laying around on top of which were different signs designating each nation-member of League. Upon closer observation I noticed that those huge piles were composed of human bones, blood, suffering and oppression. The scene was too shocking to look upon so I unobservedly slipped out.

Rising higher and higher in limitless space, I noticed Russia stretched underneath me with marks of agony on her face. Turning to my left and descending a little lower I saw Ukrainian territory covered up with human bones and its rivers and streams colored with blood. The same

UKRAINIAN PRESS ON THE
LONDON BUREAU

"Novy Czas," Lwiv, July 10th and 11th, publishes, in connection with the 9th anniversary of the Ukrainian Bureau in London, a comprehensive account of its work.

Commencing with short sketches of the Ukrainian information service in London before the War, and the Diplomatic Mission during the post-war period of Ukrainian Independence, the writer describes the founding of the Ukrainian Bureau for the purpose of providing accurate information on the Ukrainian problem, and stresses the special value of its existence at the present moment when there is so much that is false and misleading written concerning the Ukrainians.

sentiments of Ukrainians, was perpetrated annually in Ukrainian Orthodox churches, many of which were built and endowed by Ukraine's national hero, until the overthrow of Czarist rule in 1917, when the decree was solemnly abrogated by the Ukrainian State authorities.

scenery signifying human injustice was also visible in Czecho-Slovakia, Carpatho-Ukraine and other little nations dominated by dictators.

I don't know how many different countries and places I visited. It must have been hundreds. Cycling around and turning back to the American continent and upon approaching the vicinity of Montreal, I saw a group of people just inside of a big gate. They looked solemn and all appeared to be hurrying forward to see something. The crowd grew larger and larger, even the guard at the entrance turned away, to see what they were looking at, and I slipped in. I didn't care what they were looking at until I got inside. Then I felt an irresistible urge to see what had attracted them.

One of them turned around. He was a nice looking old man and he said to another solemn looking face, "Will he do it, do you think?" I tried to press my way through the crowd. Whenever they turned and saw me they made room for me to pass and I thought that this world was getting and more humane towards me. At last I came to the inner circle. What I saw there made me draw up short. I was looking at myself lying on a bed in a room that looked like a hospital operating room. There were three men standing around. I stood there for a moment watching myself, watching my restful remains. Then suddenly I wanted desperately to get away from there—to get away from myself.

Zig-zagging I wormed my way out of the crowd. There were, I think thousands of people. I reached the entrance. The guard tried to stop me, but I dodged him and ran back the way I had come. As I came abreast of each entrance, the guard would beckon me to come in, but I couldn't stop. I didn't know where I was going, but something compelled me to go on and on. Ahead I saw a guard-step out into the street to stop me. I tried to go around him, but I tripped and fell.

I lay stunned for a moment; then I heard someone say, "He's coming around all right now." There was a white mist. I couldn't see anything. Then slowly the mist lifted and I saw first the crooked smile of my boss.

"John, you did it!" he cried triumphantly, his eyes sparkling with happiness and satisfaction.

My eyes leaped to the windows and the darkness beyond. That was the first thing I really noticed—the pitch darkness outside. They made me lie quiet for forty-eight hours. Then my boss put me in his car and brought me back to Queens Hotel.

Probably most of the people who read this won't believe it. I can't prove it, but I have got the \$5,000 and will soon be established in my law profession. Where would a poor, unfortunate graduate get that much money during such a terrible depression as we have now, if it wasn't true?

JOHN BAYER
Windsor, Ont., Canada.

YOUTH and THE U.N.A.

The Branch Treasury

YOUTH branches of the Ukrainian National Association, particularly those organized just recently, should start a branch treasury for administration purposes and also for financial independence. Many of the older branches have treasuries which are being used to good advantage, especially in cases of disability or sickness among the members. With a substantial treasury, a youth branch is in a position to participate in social and athletic affairs on a large scale, meet all financial obligations, aid those of its members who are delinquent in paying dues and, among other things, assure a permanent meeting place for itself.

Many of the youth branches that have not started treasuries find it difficult to arrange for a suitable meeting place, and consequently have meetings at the homes of members. The secretaries of the branches are forced to spend their own money to meet traveling and postal expenses, and very often find themselves in the rather unsavory position of being forced to suspend desirable members who are delinquent in their dues; the suspended member may pay his dues a day or a week after being suspended, and demand to know why he was taken off the records, much to the embarrassment of the secretary who explains the situation. The member cannot be blamed for taking a transfer to another branch where a treasury is maintained.

Rather than run the risk of losing members and having the secretary make personal financial sacrifices, youth branches should not hesitate to form their own treasuries. The members of the branch should be told at a meeting that a treasury is necessary for the continued progress of the club, and a discussion on the subject will undoubtedly result in the formation of a treasury. Each adult member (juvenile certificate-holders are usually exempted) should make a small monthly contribution of five, ten, or fifteen cents, depending on the motions passed at the meeting. A treasury is indispensable to a youth branch, as young people are ambitious and desire to do things... sponsor affairs and the like. A branch with a substantial treasury will attract new members, which is highly desirable in itself.

Youth branches are also urged to form a mutual benefit fund. Such a fund could be maintained only for those who are interested in it, and should not affect members who cannot afford to pay the additional dues. The fund will protect all who contribute to it, in times of sickness or disability. Rather than suspend a member who cannot work because of sickness, thus being unable to pay his insurance dues, the payment can be made from the fund without obligation to the sick person. Of course, the branch has its own rules and regulations regarding the fund. A considerable number of branches not only pay the dues of sick members, but also take money out of their mutual benefit funds to help pay the medical expenses: some branches go further and give sick members a certain amount of money weekly or monthly, all depending on the rules and regulations drawn up at time the fund was started. The monthly contribution to such a fund is usually fifty cents.

Youth branches that intend to build a treasury or a fund should be careful to draw up an appropriate set of rules and regulation. Most branches have made it a practice to pay one month's dues for a delinquent member, but suspend him if he does not pay the following month. This does away with many unnecessary suspensions, as delinquent members usually pay their dues in time to avoid being taken off the records.

It is hoped that those youth branches that have not, as yet, taken steps to form a treasury, will take this matter under discussion when this month's meetings are called to order.

HEIRS OF NOBLE TRADITION

Emphasizing that America "belongs to no particular race," the Most Rev. John A. Duffy, Bishop of the Buffalo diocese, Sunday evening challenged Ukrainian young men and women of this country to contribute to America the heritage of courage and faith handed down to them by their forefathers. Bishop Duffy spoke at a banquet in Hotel Statler ballroom marking the close of the sixth annual convention of the Ukrainian Catholic Youth League of North America.

Remarking that the Ukraine "has been worked over by armies back to the days of Caesars," Bishop Duffy continued: "As a result of the richness of the homeland of your fathers, and because they have had to fight for years to maintain their national identity, the Ukrainians have developed two great characteristics—courage and faith.

"The name Ukrainian has symbolized high faith and great endeavor for the last 1000 years or more. You are the heirs of this noble tradition. You ought to bring to this country of America these same qualities of faith and courage that distinguished your forefathers in your homeland.

"America belongs to no particular race. We can all sing 'My Country 'Tis of Thee,' but everyone of us, whether Anglo-Saxon or Ukrainian, is expected to contribute his share so that this country can be in the future the great hope of the world for a world united in peace and under the reign of law."

Pointing out that upon youth falls the task of carrying the ideals for the future, Bishop Duffy concluded: "I appeal to you Ukrainian youth to contribute your share to the upbuilding of a greater America by contributing the faith and courage that made your ancestors the pride of Western and Eastern Europe for more than 1000 years."

Earlier Bishop Duffy stressed the unity existing among all Catholics, whether of the Latin or the Greek rite.

"However we may differ in the Latin and Byzantine rites in liturgy and particular law, we are one church, under one supreme authority, participating in the same sacraments, adoring by the same sacrifice, and looking to the end the meeting of Jesus Christ in the world beyond the stars."

(Excerpt from the Buffalo Evening News, August 7, 1939).

CONNECTICUT

Its Here Again! BIGGER AND BETTER than last year. U. Y. O. C. S. OUTING, SUNDAY, AUGUST 20, 1939. Salabay's Farm, Southington, Conn. Folk Dancing, Choral Singing, Social Dancing, Comedy Contest & Relay, Horse-shoe tournament, Bigger Dance Platform. Program gets under way at 12:30. EVERYBODY WELCOME!
168.86

New Branch in Keiser, Pa.

Michael Brechun reports that, through the cooperation of Basil Zahayevich, Semeon Pelech, Milford Helech, Alex Burak, John Patrelak, Wasil Deak Sr., Wasil Deak Jr., Nicholas and Michael Yakim, a new U.N.A. youth branch was recently organized in Keiser, Pa. The branch, number 439, has been named the Ivan Franko Society. Michael Yakim and Michael Brechun have been elected president and secretary respectively. The secretary was formerly an organizer for a fraternal order with headquarters in New York City, but decided to devote his work to the U.N.A. upon learning that that order was issuing certificates on the "step rate" plan (a plan whereby an organization has the right to increase premiums on its certificates annually). Realizing that such a practice was dangerous to the certificate holders, and that the certificates did not provide for cash surrender, loan, extended, and paid up values, Mr. Brechun became interested in the U.N.A. because the certificates issued by the U.N.A. are on the "level rate" plan, and also provide for the aforementioned privileges.