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VOL. VIII

FORGET NOT

By IVAN FRANKO

Forget not, ne'er forget
The days of youth, of spring;
All the path they brighten,—
The dark, dark path of life.

Golden dreams, quiet joys,
Heartfelt words, loving thoughts,
And every impulse chaste,—
Ne'er be ashamed of such.

Soon they pass, then comes toil
In dreary loneliness,
And corded veins appear
On hands and on the soul.

But only he who, whose
Whose blood is quick to throb,
In whom hope heals all wounds,
Whom battle doth allure,
Who weeps for others' woe,
Rejoices in their good,
He only, is a man.

All through thy life, perhaps,
It may not be thy lot
A man like this to be.
Yet be thou such, e'en though
But for a single hour.

And then, when ill days come,
With grief and sadness fraught,
When hope doth fade away,
When passion glows no more,
When from the broad highways
Of love and keen contest,
Thy way through bypaths leads,
Deserted, narrow, steep,
When cares wither the heart,
And thorns pierce wearied feet,—
Then shalt thou life's springtime
With gratitude recall:
And those bright dreams shall shed
A light o'er thy dark path.
Forget not, ne'er forget
The days of youth, of spring.

Trans. by Percival Cundy

WINTER MARVELLED

By IVAN FRANKO

Winter marvelled greatly
Why the snows were melting,
Why the ice was breaking
On the water's bosom.

Winter marvelled greatly
Why she felt so strengthless,
Whence the breeze was blowing,
Bringing new warmth with it.

Winter marvelled greatly
Why the earth exhaling
Heat and fragrance daily,
Was fresh life disclosing.

Winter marvelled greatly
Why the snow not fearing,
Tiny flowerets boldly
From the earth were springing.

Winter blowing fiercely,
An icy blast breathed on them;
Like a pall upon them,
The snowflakes bore them down.

The flowerets earthwards stricken,
All troubled, closed themselves,
But the squall soon passing,
Heads again they lifted.

This, of all the greatest,
Caused Winter to marvel:
That o'er a tiny flower
Her strength could not prevail.

Trans. by Percival Cundy

(Reprinted for Translator's "A Voice From Ukraine")

PRAVDA RUŠKA

According to the Moscow Izvestia, the Leningrad Academy of Science has published the first volume of the Code of Yaroslav the Wise (1019-1054) known as the "Pravda Ruška." The first copy of this Code of Laws of the Kiev State was found in 1738. Since then 101 more copies have been found. A special commission (there is not one Ukrainian scientist on this commission) has been created to select and publish outstanding sections of the Code.

NAIMYT

By IVAN FRANKO

(To whom homage is paid by Ukrainians throughout this month of May.
He was born in 1856. Died May 28, 1916.)

A song adorns his lips, his hands the plough-tails grip,—
So he appears to me;

Sheer want, hard work, and strife his energy just sip,
While forehead's ruffled like that sea.

His soul's that of a child, although his head is bent
As if with age too rife!

Because from cradle he his days in trial spent,
And in hard strife his life.

Wherever he but moves his plough, where steel tears apart
The fertile earthly mane,

There, in a while, the fields, as by the stroke of art,
Bear earth begotten grain.

Then why the coarseness of his shirt—all patched,
The skimpy coat, bare knee,

Like on an aged beggar, whom death had all but snatched?
Because a naimyt's he!

A servant he is born though free he is proclaimed
By those that wealth possess;

From poverty and pain, from scorn with which he's maimed
He cannot find egress.

To live, he sells his life, his freedom, and his strength
Just for a piece of bread,

E'en though it does not feed nor right his bent up length,
And strength it does not add.

In silence grieving, with a pining song he ploughs,
Not for himself, his land;

And in that song he finds a pal that not allows
Adversity the upper hand.

That song is but the dew which during summer heat
Revives the fading plant,

That song—the herald of an awful thunder reign
Which is from distance sent.

But fore the thunder storm will culminate above,
He bends and pines day through,

And caters to the soil and loves it with a love—
Like sons their mother do.

'Tis immaterial to him that blood he sweats
For someone else's good,

'Tis immaterial to him that what he nets
Provides another's kinglihood.

Just so the land, which he had weaned with his own hands,
Shall bear her fruit once more;

As long as through his mighty efforts heaven sends
To others a rich store.

* * *

This naimyt is our race which sweats with blood in streams—
On fields called not its own.

His heart is always young, with lofty thoughts he beams,
Though by good fate unknown.

For centuries he's waiting for his destiny—
As yet, he waits in vain;

Through ruin he has lived, through Tartar misery,
And through the feudal reign.

No matter how adversity his heart depressed,
There lives a spark of hope—

Quite off a granite mountain with a spring is blest
Right at the bottom of its slope.

'Tis only in a golden tale, some charming dream,
That he perceives his fate;

Austere and glum he keeps on tugging like a team
From early dawn till late.

In centuries of great affliction, him did save
His love of native field;

His children perished by the thousands in a grave
Yet he lived through it, did not yield.

With this great love he's like that Titan of the Greeks,
That earth's unconquerable son,

Who, being thrown, regains what he had lost and seeks
To finish what he had begun.

With song upon his lips—why care for whom he ploughs
The fertile native land;

Why care that he's in need of food, of tools and cows,
That someone else enjoys his life?

* * *

Plough on, plough on, keep ploughing you, colossus, bound
In darkness, misery!

The gloom will fade, your shackles falling to the ground
Will make the troubles flee.

No wonder you have always sung of strength of will,
When harassed by your foes;

No wonder that your charming lips your stories fill
With conquests of your woes.

You will defeat, destroy that shell of prejudice;
On your redeemed soil

You'll plough again—the master of your home, you'll be
The master of your toil.

(Written October 10, 1876—when Franko was but 20 years of age.)

(Translated by WALDIMIR SEMENYNA)

BE READY!

(An excerpt from the poem "Great Anniversary")

By IVAN FRANKO

For that greatest of all moments
Be all ready, one and all—

Any one may be the leader
When the proper time will call.

You say: "Now the wars are different";
Then with different arms prepare:

What your wits and steel your will!
Only fight and don't despair!

Struggle on and don't seek rest—
Better fall but don't give up.

Stand up proudly, don't give way,
Better perish than betray!

Each one think that on your
Shoulders

Million obligations rest—
That for all these obligations

You will have to give account.
Each one think: right where I'm

standing
All around, above, below—

Is now being waged the outcome
Of a battle with a foe.

Should I but give way, not face it,
Like a shadow should but sway

All the work of generations
Will be quickly swept away.

With these thoughts you should be
living

And bring up you children, too!
As long as the wheat is wholesome

There'll be cakes for all of you.
"Shall we have to wait to conquer?"

That's too long"—Then do not
wait!

Learn today and tomorrow
You will surely dominate:

'Tis no wonder that the nation
Of Ukrainians awoke.

'Tis no wonder that sparks glitter
In the eyes of our proud youth!

Soon new sabres will be flashing
In the hands that grope for truth.

Long enough does our misfortune
Leer o'er every window sill;

Let's sing out: "Ukraine's not
perished.

Never perished—never will!"

Trans. by Waldimir Semenyina

ITALIAN COMMENT ON RED RULE IN WESTERN UKRAINE

The Rome daily, Piccolo, reports from the Soviet frontier about conditions in Bolshevik-occupied Ukraine. The paper states that the G.P.U. have arrested a number of artists from the Moscow opera because, after having given guest performances in Lwiv and having mixed with the local population, they became counter-revolutionaries. "During the last few weeks," writes the Piccolo, "they have arrested and shot many Ukrainian writers and political leaders. A very interesting fact is that all contact between Soviet Ukraine with its centre in Kiev, and former Polish Ukraine with its centre in Lwiv, is completely prohibited. Although the same people live on both sides of the frontier, the Soviet authorities do not permit any contact for fear that the Western Ukrainians, whose separatist tendencies are highly developed, would add fuel to that burning desire for freedom which has seized the whole of the Ukraine." The paper adds that in spite of anti-religious propaganda religious life in Western Ukraine runs deeper than ever.

UCYL RALEY TOMORROW AT PHILLY

A large gathering of young Ukrainian-Americans is expected to attend the regional rally of the Ukrainian Catholic Youth League, to be held tomorrow afternoon, May 26, at the Lorraine Hotel, Philadelphia, beginning at 2 o'clock. The rally will be concluded with a ball in the evening. Among the speakers will be Congressman Michael J. Bradley.

LIFE AND WORKS OF IVAN FRANKO

(3)

"Excelsior"

A THOUGHT and spirit provoking cycle of Franko's poetry is the "Excelsior," which includes the previously mentioned "Naymit" and "Kamenyari." In 1880 Franko added two more to this collection, they are "Khristos i Khrest" (Crucifix) and "Choven" (Boat).

The first is a symbolic exposition of the poet's views on the struggle between the old and the new order. It recounts a legend of how in a field beside the roadside there stood an ancient cross bearing an effigy of Christ on it, and how it hung there until weakened by the blasts of wind the nails broke and Christ fell to the ground, and how there on the ground the grasses joyfully embraced Him while flowers entwined themselves about His head to form a chaplet, and how thus on nature's living bosom, blood, wounds and tears all washed away, Christ in peace reposed, until some pious souls perceived Him there and straightway they picked him from the grasses and flowers and lifted Him on high again, but since they had no nails to transfix the pierced hands they took bonds made of wheatstraw and thus bound Him to the cross again.

This legend Franko likens to those devout souls of today who perceiving how from Calvary's wood of suffering, from empty worship, from the sacrificial smoke and meaningless ceremony, from falsehoods, blood and tears, in a word,—how from the cross Christ comes down among the people and in so doing becomes a man, closer, nearer to us, and by His holy example leads us to freedom,—upon seeing this, these devout souls strive mightily to pluck Christ from among the people and even with bonds of falsehoods tie Him once more to the cross. This last part is worth reading in its original form:

Так, побожні пересуди,
Бачучи за наших днів,
Як з старого древа смерті,
Із почитання богів,
З диму жертв, з тьми церемоній,
Із обман, крові і сльоз,
Словом — як з хреста старого
Сходять між людей Христос,
І як, ставши чоловіком,
Ближчий, вищий нам стає
І святим приміром своїм
Нас до вольности веде, —
Силуються понад людскість,
Будь-що-будь, підняти Христа,
І хоч брехні перевеслом
Привязати до хреста.

Eternal Revolutionist

Of the entire cycle of fine poems that Franko wrote in 1880, at the age of twenty-four, the one that brought him most fame is the ringing Vichny Revolutsioner (Eternal Revolutionist, that vividly portrays the unconquerable, flaming spirit of the younger generation of his day in its fight to bring about progress, light and liberty for the Ukrainian people. It is a poem that has inspired the two generations since its appearance and there is no doubt but that it will be the hymn of future generations as well. Both Ludkevich and Lysenko have composed stirring music for it, and in order to better appreciate its qualities one should hear this hymn sung by a good male chorus.

Etern'l revolutionist—
Soul that body spurs to action,
Progress, freedom, satisfaction—
He's alive, he's in our midst.
Neither clerics' whims or stalls
Nor the kindly prison walls,
Neither armies drilled to clatter
Nor the ready cannon chatter,
Not e'en spies' profession, trade,
Have yet led him to his grave.

He's not dead, he's living yet!
"Though since birth some years
have drift
"T was but yesterday that he was
gifted
With a strength to carry on.
See him straighten, gain more
force,

Hurry 'long the dawning course...
With a word of trumpets' power
He calls millions to uncover;
Millions answer—one and all—
This e'erliving spirit's call.
Everywhere the call draws ears:
In the peasant's humble dwelling,
Workman's bench, the mart of
selling,

Places full of hopeless tears,
And wherever that word reaches
Griefs all fall away like leeches;
Grit and strength are born—and
will

To weep no more, but fight and fill
The children's life, if not our own,
With the fate to us as yet unknown.

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

Will not let the darkness near it,
Won't be shackled by a mist;
Evil ruins fall asunder,
By the lava buried under;
Where in world is there such
power

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

(Trans. by Waldimir Semenyna)

Chowen

In "Chowen" (Boat), the second of the two poems added in 1880 to his cycle "Excelsior," Franko portrays himself sailing on the sea of life. The poem resembles somewhat the earlier "Kamenyari" in that it expresses a philosophy of life, but whereas the latter pertains to the group, "Chowen" pertains to the individual. The poem assumes the form of a conversation between a boat and a wave upon which it is sailing. In reply to the latter's question where is it headed for, the boat says:

„Щож тут думать, що тужити, що
питатися про ціль?
Нині—жити, завтра—гшити, нині—
страх, а завтра—біль.
Кажуть, що природа-мати нас дер-
жить, як їй там тре.
А, жінці, мене цілого знов для себе
вдбере.
Щож тут думати? Тримає—то три-
має, а візьме—
То візьме, ні в цім, ні в тому не
питатиме мене.
Непогідний, несвобідний день мій, вік
мій: жий чи гинь—
Всеодно! Шукати цілі? Вік борись,
плисти не кинь!

(So why think, why long, why ask
about the goal? Today we live,
tomorrow we rot, today—fear, to-
morrow—pain. They say that
mother-nature does with us as she
pleases, and that in the end she'll
take me back within her again. So
why think? She does as she does
and takes as she takes, and
in either case she won't ask
me. Forbidding and freedomless
is my day, and age: live or die—
tis all the same! Look for the
goal? Fight eternally, and never
stop sailing ahead!)

But to this, the wave gently
murmurs in reply:

—„Човне-брате, вік шукати серед
смерті, верх могол—
Цей не горе! Глянь на море, скільки
тут несесь вітрил!
—„Неодні втонув тут човен, та не
кожний же втонув,
Хочби я девять не вернувся, то
десятий повернув
І діяшов же до пристані. Та віде той
не дійде,
Хто не має цілі. Човне, як пливеш,
то знай же, де!

—„Таж не все бурхає море, тихеє
бува частіш.
Таж і в бурю не всі човни гинуть
—тим себе потіш!
А хто знає, може в бурю саме і
спасешся ти?
Може тобі саме вдасться: і до цілі
доплисти!”

(O, comrade, to look for joys amidst
death and above graves—is no
woe! Gaze upon the sea, and see
the many sails thereon. Many boats
have sunk there, but not every-
one, and even though nine didn't
return still the tenth one did, and
reached its port. But nowhere will
one advance who hasn't a goal. O,
boat, if you are sailing, then know
where you're sailing to. After all,

the sea is not always turbulent,
more often it is still. And even
in a storm all boats do not sink—
let this cheer you up! Who knows,
but that in a storm, you'll find your
salvation? Maybe you will even
reach your destination!)
Ridne Selo

The preceding poem is dated June
13, 1880, and immediately the fol-
lowing day there appeared in print
the beautiful "Ridne Selo" (Native
Village), part of the cycle "Poet."

In this poem Franko, driven by
the winds of misfortune, finds
himself once more in his native
village. And as he stands there,
looking at it, he says:

"And again I see you, my native
village, just as I saw you then
when my youthful life flowed like
that stream yonder amidst the
grasses, timidly winding its way
among the pebbles. Many little
joys did I learn to know here, but
many little sorrows too, that
brought out tears upon my cheeks
like dew. I did not know what lay
beyond your tiny huts, beyond that
forest that sighs in the wind around
you. And so I often asked the
stream where did it flow to, and
with my thoughts pursued its
ripples far beyond its distant and
rushing turn. And the mighty oak
in the garden I would ask too:
upon whose grave did he flourish
so tall and broad? And all the
people were so close and dear to
me then, and I knew all the paths
and roads, and rarely did my soul
fly beyond your boundaries out in-
to the wide world.

And then:

Та чи дітям у тобі
Я був щасливий? Дух дитячий мій
Чи ж перших ударів зля тут не зазнав
на собі?
Чи ж перші злоті надії,
Не розвівались тут, мов квіти ве-
снянії,
Морозом збиті? Чи пориви гарячі
Мяккої ще душі сміхом тут не топ-
тались,
Докором не душились? Чи ж не ли-
лась
Найперші сльози тут, найщиріші,
дитячі,
Під тиском вчасних ще і не дитячих
мук?
Хіба ж душа моя, ще чиста, ніжна,
біла,
Тут в рідному селі уперве не щеміла
Під дотиком твердих, брудних і гру-
бих рук?
Хіба ж не почала ще тут всенатись
в груди
Та грута лютая, що я досі духа
тліть?
Хіба ж не в тобі я пізнав сирітство,
туди
І боротьбу з життям

(“And yet, as a child was I happy
here within you? Did not my
childish spirit suffer here the first
of the blows of wrong? Did not
my first golden hopes wither away
here like spring flowers at the
coming of frost? Were not the
ardent stirrings of my youthful
soul trampled upon here by ridi-
cule, or stifled by reproaches?
Did I not shed my first childish,
innocent tears here, because of
premature sufferings? Did not my
soul, still clean, sensitive, and pure
first feel here the sting of the
hard, dirty, and thick hands? Was
it not here that there began to
penetrate into my breast that
poison that even now stultifies the
spirit? Did I not learn here the
meaning of an orphan's lot, dif-
ficulties, and the struggle with
life?”)

And then the poet asks him-
selves why does he feel so sad at
the sight of the old familiar
scenes, at the sound of the same
sighing wind that once lulled him
to sleep in his cradle, at the sight
and sound of the same stream
gurgling and tremulously flowing
between its high banks? Is it be-
cause he longs for this tense
quietude, for this life, or is it be-
cause he regards leaving his village
and going out into the wide world,
and there amidst thunder and hail
seeking to find the healing river of
knowledge?

And to this he answers, thus:

О, ні, о, ні!
Не того так сьогодні жаль мені,
Не тим душа моя так тяжко заболіла,
А тим, що тяжче ще пригноба тут
засіла
На лицьях, голови недоля винні хитяє,
Під віддихом її вся радість завмірає,
І приязнь гасне враз з любовою,
Котрої сімя тут мені у серце впало.
Оттим то тяжко так мені у тобі стало.
Прощай, село моє! Що тут мене дер-
жало,
Те щезло; що тепер держить,—
Таке важке, що мов гора тяжить
На серці. Геть іду—і плачу над
тобою.

(“Oh, no, no!! It is not this
for which I sorrow today, not from
this does my heart pain me so,
but because an even heavier op-
pression has settled here upon all
faces, while misfortune has bow-
ed down heads, and before its
breath all gladness dies out and
friendship grows low, together
with that love whose seeds have
fallen into my heart. It is because
of this that I feel so oppressed here
within you. Farewell, then, my
native village! That which bound
me to you—has vanished; that
which binds me now makes my
heart most heavy. Away I go—
weeping over you.”)

Ne Pora

Although much simpler in form
and content, Franko's "Ne Pora"
(No Longer) written in 1880 too,
is as spirited and as popular among
Western Ukrainians as "Vichny
Revolutsioner" (Eternal Revolu-
tionist). In fact, many of them re-
gard it as the national hymn of
their land, second after "Sche Ne
Vmerla Ukraina. Perhaps the very
simplicity of it, the few master
strokes portraying Ukraine's in-
tolerable plight and indicating the
road out of it, is what gives this
poem such compelling power, espe-
cially when sung (music arranged
by Sichinsky).

Of its four verses, the first and
the last are best known and most
popular. The first portrays the
feelings of the Ukrainian people
who have reached the end of their
patience and rising from their
downtrodden state sound the clar-
ion-like call that they will no long-
er serve the Muscovite nor the
Pole, for the oppression of them
has reached its limits, but that
from now on they will live for
Ukraine; while the last verse em-
phasizes the greatness and propi-
tiousness of the present moment,
and that in the impending desper-
ate and difficult struggle they will
even lay down their lives in the
cause of freedom, fortune and
honor for their native land.

As for the middle two verses:
the first declares that the time
has passed for Ukrainians to shed
their blood for their oppressors
and to love the czar that impover-
ishes them so; while the second
calls upon all Ukrainians to avoid
all discord and unite one and all
under the banner of Ukrainian
freedom.

Не пора, не пора, не пора
Москалеві й ляхові служити!
Довершилась Україні кривда стара,
Нам пора для України жити.

Не пора, не пора, не пора
За невігласків лити свою кров,
І любити царя, що наш люд обди-
ра,—
Для України наша любов.

Не пора, не пора, не пора
В рідну хату вносити роздор,
Хай пропаде незгоди проклята маря!
Під України еднаймося прапор!

Бо пора це великая есть:
У завзятія, важкій боротьбі
Ми поляжем, щоб волю, і щастя
честь,
Рідний Краю, здобути Тобі!

(To be continued)

MEMORANDUM

OF THE CONGRESS OF AMERICAN UKRAINIANS CONCERNING THE LIBERATION OF UKRAINE

Having duly considered the plight of the Ukrainian people in their native but foreign occupied and enslaved Ukraine, we, representatives of American-Ukrainian political, fraternal and cultural organizations, convened in the Congress of American Ukrainians at Washington, Friday, May 24, 1940, do regard it our privilege and duty, at this time when our kinsmen over there are gagged by their oppressors, to take a stand in defense of their right to free and independent national existence, and to declare that the Ukrainian people will never cease their centuries-old struggle until they have achieved the establishment of a free, independent and democratic state of Ukraine.

I

The last World War, wherein America fought in the cause of democracy and national self-determination, brought freedom to the Czechs, Slovaks, Poles, Croats, Slovenes, Finns, Estonians, Latvians, Lithuanians, and other peoples. The Ukrainians alone were prevented from gaining their freedom then, although they fought bravely and sacrificed much for it. The peace treaties of Versailles and Riga, together with the decision of the Conference of Ambassadors at Paris, March, 1923, thrust forty millions of them under the domination of Russia, Poland and Rumania, while Carpatho-Ukraine, attached to Czechoslovakia, was invaded and occupied in 1939 by Hungary.

As a result of a new eruption of totalitarian forces last year, 90% of the Ukrainian people found themselves under the misrule of Russia, now known as the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics (U.S.S.R.), while those inhabiting the remaining Ukrainian territories are now under German, Hungarian and Rumanian regimes.

Despite her partition by several powers, Ukraine constitutes an ethnographic-geographic unit, lying between 43 and 54 degrees north latitude and 21 and 50 degrees east longitude (from Greenwich). Its area is 362,162 square miles, extending from the Carpathians to past the Caucasus Mountains, and lying athwart the shortest land route between Western Europe and Central Asia and India. In 1931 this area was populated by 42,952,000 Ukrainians. Its present population is approximately 60,000,000, of which 70.3% is Ukrainian, 15% Russian, 5.8% Jewish, 4.5% Polish, 1.3% German, and 3.1% other nationalities.

At present Ukrainian ethnographic territory is divided among foreign powers as follows:

The Union of Socialist Soviet Republics occupies most of it, including a goodly portion of Western Ukraine, formerly under Poland, absorbed last September. Though Moscow designates these Ukrainian territories as the Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic, actually it has deprived it of all autonomy.

Rumania occupies the Ukrainian parts of Bukovina and Bessarabia; Hungary rules over Carpatho-Ukraine; Germany over Lemkivschyna, Kholmshyna and Pidlashe; and Slovakia over Priashivschyna.

Besides constituting an ethnographic-geographic unit, these foreign occupied Ukrainian territories are sufficiently rich in natural resources and agricultural products to provide a firm economic basis for independent Ukrainian national existence and development. They are especially rich in coal, iron, manganese, salt and naphta. The grain-fields of Ukraine are world-famous. Beet-sugar, potatoes, and maize are also produced in great quantities.

All this economic wealth, however, benefits the Ukrainians very little, if at all, for it is being ruth-

lessly exploited by the foreign invaders, who enforce their misrule upon the populace by intimidation, force and terror.

II

Foreign occupation and national enslavement has not always been the lot of the Ukrainian people. Their historical tradition includes periods of freedom and independence. One thousand years ago they created their first independent national state, the so-called Kingdom of Kiev (Ruś), which for several centuries defended itself as well as Europe against the unceasing invasions of Asiatic hordes. It was firmly founded on principles of political freedom, and the authority of its kings and princes was limited by laws promulgated by its democratic people's councils.

About the middle of the 17th century, the Ukrainian people drove out those who with the fall of their first national state had encroached upon their native land, and established their second national state, the so-called Kozak State, strongly democratic in every respect, with its head, the Hetman, elected by the people.

Finally, at the close of the first World War, following another long period of national thralldom, the Ukrainian people rose against their oppressors and established two independent Ukrainian republics, one in the east and one in the west, founded on democratic principles and guaranteeing the rights of all national, religious and political minorities within their borders. In January, 1919 these two republics united into one Ukrainian National Republic, which after a valiant struggle against overwhelming odds collapsed and was overrun by the forces of two dictatorships; the Soviets and Poland. In this manner all of Ukraine fell under foreign occupation and misrule.

III

Having conquered Ukraine, the Red rulers at Moscow abolished her freedom and independence, and forcibly incorporated her into Russia. They then proceeded to despoil her to such an extent that during 1921-22 a great famine descended upon her, the most highly agricultural country in Europe. Attempts were made by the Soviet authorities to conceal the famine and its ravages, as revealed by the reports of the Fridjof Nansen and Herbert Hoover relief commissions.

Though Soviet rule speedily impoverished the Ukrainian populace, still the Reds continued to export from Ukraine foodstuffs and the products of her industry. Consequently an even greater famine than the previous one swept the country, especially through the areas of forcible collectivization, resulting in the death of four to five million Ukrainians. Official Soviet denials of the famine were refuted by numerous press correspondents, including William Henry Chamberlin and Walter Duranty.

During the twenty years of their rule, the Bolsheviks placed all branches of Ukrainian life under direct control of Moscow. Those who ventured to oppose their terroristic regime were annihilated. Thousands of Ukrainian patriots, leaders, prominent poets, writers, scholars and scientists were executed by firing squads or jailed or sent to the prison camps of the Solovetsky Islands and Siberia.

Now this rule of exploitation, oppression and terror is being visited upon most of the Western Ukrainians as well, as a result of the Soviet invasion and occupation of their territory last September. Recent reports from that region indicate that mass arrests, exile and executions are common there too.

The rule of Poland over seven million Ukrainians during the interim between the last and present wars, was characterized by the

deliberate denial to them of all those elementary rights she had guaranteed them and other national minorities by various treaties and by her very constitution. From the very outset the Polish regime, well-nigh totalitarian in nature, refused to allow Ukrainians to occupy any governmental posts, discriminated against them in various trades and professions, colonized their lands with Polish settlers, constantly censored their press, and imposed exorbitant taxes and assessments upon them. Ukrainian national, cultural and economic progress under Polish misrule was retarded at every step. Especially rigorous were the Polish attempts to denationalize the Ukrainians. Ukrainian education was the chief sufferer here. For example, of the 16 Ukrainian courses at Lviv University, 16 Ukrainian gymnasiums, and 3,662 Ukrainian grammar schools that existed under Austrian rule, only 4 gymnasiums and 120 grammar schools remained under Polish rule.

In 1930 the Polish Government conducted the infamous "pacification" of Western Ukraine, whereby the Poles ruined several thousand cooperatives, libraries, dairies, and private buildings; caused the death by tortures of several score persons; and inflicted brutal beatings upon several thousand Ukrainian peasant leaders, priests, teachers and cooperative employees. These horrifying acts were reported in the press throughout the world. Interpellations concerning them were made in the British and Canadian parliaments and at the League of Nations, without, however, alleviating in any way the oppressive conditions under which the Ukrainians in Poland had to endure. That "pacification" of the early 1930's, moreover, was repeated several times afterwards by the Polish authorities. In fact, before her very downfall Poland caused the closing or outright destruction of about 150 Ukrainian churches in the Kholm region; and during the Polish-German war, Polish troops executed many defenseless Ukrainians and burned and destroyed their villages and homes.

As for the plight of the Ukrainians under Rumania, suffice it to say that only recently has the Rumanian government recognized the Ukrainians as a separate nationality. Up to then it had forbidden under severe penalties the use of the Ukrainian language in schools, government, courts, and even in Ukrainian churches.

In Carpatho-Ukraine the Hungarian invasion and occupation in the Spring of 1939 was featured by execution without the benefit of trial of those who had been captured defending the independence of their native land; torture, mistreatment and imprisonment in concentration camps of thousands of Ukrainian patriots; and a general flouting of the elementary human rights of the Ukrainian populace of Carpatho-Ukraine.

IV

Despite the severest oppression, exploitation and terror to which the Ukrainian people have been subjected by the foreign invaders and occupants of their country, they have never halted or relaxed their centuries-old valiant struggle for national freedom and independence. Likewise they have never ceased preparing themselves for independent national existence and development. Wherever schools, gymnasiums, and universities closed their doors to them, they resorted successfully to self-education. Thousands of Ukrainian students, driven out of their motherland because of their patriotic activities, completed their studies in foreign lands, amidst misery and want. No opportunity has been overlooked by the Ukrainians to improve and advance themselves. Even during periods of severest repression the

people managed to make progress politically, culturally, and economically.

Ukrainian courage and spirit has remained ever high. The heaviest blows dealt the Ukrainians by their national enemies have merely served to strengthen their resolve to fight until they have won that which is rightfully theirs—national freedom. It is this firm resolution that inspires hosts of young patriots to come forward and fill the gaps left by those who have fallen in the struggle.

V

One of the causes of European unrest and of the present European war is the lack of a free and independent Ukraine. The natural wealth of Ukraine will always be the tempting prize of warfare among her avaricious neighbors, who are ready to expand their boundaries and increase their own wealth at her expense. The end of such warfare is possible only if the Ukrainians are allowed to establish an independent national state within their ethnographic boundaries.

All this has been brought to the attention of the world and of America many times. It has been repeatedly pointed out that if an independent Ukraine existed neither Russian, nor Polish nor German aggressive policies would have much chance of developing in that part of Europe, for they would be blocked by Ukraine. By halting the drives of various imperialisms there and by serving as a peaceful intermediary between the industrial West and the agricultural East, an independent Ukraine would thereby become a stabilizing element in the European situation. Her natural wealth, furthermore, would become available to all nations on the basis of free trade agreements.

Therefore, the remedying of the great wrong done to Ukraine, by reviving the Ukrainian national state, which the peace treaties at the close of the last war dealt a severe blow, will benefit not only the Ukrainian people but also the endeavors to bring about lasting peace in Europe.

We, Americans of Ukrainian descent, feel confident that a Ukrainian national state will be revived, founded on principles of freedom, democracy, and equal rights for national minorities. Such a state will also recognize the right of her neighbors to free and independent existence within their own ethnographic boundaries. Any dispute that may possibly arise between them, will be settled by peaceful means without resort to force, thereby laying the groundwork for truly friendly relations between them and Ukraine.

The Ukrainian people have never demanded that which is not rightfully theirs. All that they demand now is their national freedom and friendly relations with neighboring states, based on equal rights for all. As long as attempts will be made to interfere with their natural development as a nation, however, so long will they be forced to defend themselves and their rights.

Today it is possible to speak openly, freely and truthfully about such matters as the Ukrainian national cause only here in these United States of America. Therefore, we appeal to our government to take cognizance of the above described invasions of Ukrainian rights and liberties, and—in the course of its endeavors to promote world-wide peace and security, especially at the peace conferences at the close of the present war, to give its support to the just aspirations of the Ukrainian people in their native land to establish a free, independent and democratic national state, situated on the territories upon which they constitute the preponderant majority.

Washington, D. C., May 24, 1940.

FUNNY SIDE UP

GONE WITH THE RACES:

WE visited Belmont Park the other P. M. and so today we will relate our sorrowful experience and dedicate this column to those not acquainted with the practice of betting on horses... With us it's a mutual acquaintance! We've only one wish to make... that all the horses we bet on here after go as fast as our money did! Just as we were about to place a bet, a horse owner who was a friend of ours, came over and offered us a sure winner. "Listen," said he, "if you want to win some easy dough at big odds, bet on my horse. His name's Lifebouy... he's bound to clean up!" (Ed. Note: If that gag sounds horsey, don't mind it. It's a plug for a sponsor.) Why, my horse has more runs in him than your girl in her stockings! This is the fastest 3-year old that ever lived. When he races this afternoon I'm going to have the jockey run around the track backward. You see, he get's too lonesome running forward... he never sees any of his friends!

"What about those sun glasses you just placed on the horse's eyes. Does the sun bother him?" I asked.

"Oh those," the owner replied, "are to make everything appear dark. The horse thinks it's supper time... and runs faster! So what if the newspaper handicappers don't give him a chance? The horse can't read!"

So what happened? This is what happened:—We placed \$20 on his nose (which goes to prove you don't have to live in a tree to be a sap). The nag started at 30-1 and came in at a quarter to eight, so to speak. It was the worse horse we ever bet on. The horse finished so far back the jockey had to thumb his way in! This horse could never make a photo finish. He's so slow, they could make oil paintings of him! He finished so far behind that they had to post a reward for his return. However, to make a long story short, the horse finally came in at long last, muttering to himself that, "There may be somebody ahead of me, but I'm on the right track!" Honest folks, he was so ashamed of the race he ran that as he trotted past us, he ran with one foot over his eyes. We found out later that the poor horse is going through with an inferiority complex. Seems he doesn't know his own fodder. We wonder what'll happen when he finds out his fodder was a mudder!

After that unfortunate experience, we can only reach one conclusion: Horse Racing is the Sport of Kings...but not when you're racing you creditors. It's a sport in which, if you only lose your mind, you're breaking even.

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EXCERPT OF A LETTER FROM A HOLLYWOOD ACTOR:

...Lately I've been having a lot of contract trouble... my wife is a bridge fiend. I was with R.K.O. and at the end of my picture I wound up with 2/3's of the Company. I got the K. O.

I appeared in "Of Mice and Men." I had one of the small parts... I was one of the rats. I would have had a bigger part but I couldn't keep my trap shut! I had a part in "The Fox Ran Away with a Shot In The Leg" or "Gone With The Wound" but they changed the title to "It," because they wanted to get "Bingo, Bank-nite, and Dishes Away Tonite" on the marquee. I also played in "The Shop Around the Corner." In it, I was a hard boiled yegg. Notice how I've been given all tough roles. Even when I was a baby I was a public menace. I don't know how that was. Seems they always kept trying to pin something on me...

SELTZERPOPPIN!

Straw is something put into certain kinds of cloth. Cloth is used in making hats. Hats are those peculiar things balanced on the top of women's heads. Therefore, women's hats are the last straw.

BROMO SELTZER



A few of the choristers who sang in Washington last night under Prof. Koshetz in a concert of Ukrainian choral music, which concluded the Congress of American Ukrainians. Left to right: Theresa Milanowicz, Mary Basarab, Anne Trocianecky, Olga Onufrow, Anne Pavlyshyn, Elaine Yurchak, Olga Karyshyn, Stephania Huk.

YOUTH and THE U.N.A.

Club Mazeppa's Activities

On April 24th, Club Mazeppa of Detroit, Branch 183 of the Ukrainian National Association, attended an "On the Campus Program" presented by students of Marygrove College and sponsored by "The Detroit News," reports Irene Shustakewich-Lupinetsky, club secretary. This affair was one of series of programs presented by various colleges in order to aid high school graduates and their parents in acquiring first-hand information about the opportunities and activities offered them by the different institutions of learning. The program consisted of selections by the college glee club, a fashion show; monologues, songs by a double trio, and several short talks which described the life of a college. The talks also dealt with the college requirements for study, with special emphasis placed on the scholastic awards offered by the institution.

This is the second time this year that Club Mazeppa has attended a public presentation in a body. On March 31st the club participated in the Taras Shevchenko Holiday program, sponsored by the Ukrainian Federation of Michigan, of which Branch 183 is a member. The Shevchenko program, which was held in Detroit's Cass Technical High School Auditorium, was attended by about 4,000 Ukrainians, this attendance figure making a marked impression on the American public in Detroit. The program was a large and varied one and included choral selections, addresses, and violin and vocal solos.

Club Mazeppa has planned a variety of activities for the remainder of 1940. Its members desire to share their pleasures with other Ukrainians, particularly those who do not belong to an active youth organization. The Ukrainian youth in Detroit and vicinity are therefore invited to join Club Mazeppa and become members of the U.N.A., the largest Ukrainian organization in the United States.

Hazleton's First Affair

The Ukrainian Social Club of Hazleton, Pa., U.N.A. Branch 430, will sponsor a "merchandise party" in the church hall at Laurel and Oak Street, on May 26th. Mary Kostuk, secretary of the club, reports that, although this is the first affair planned by the recently-formed U.N.A. branch, indications are that it will be a success. All persons in Hazleton and vicinity are urged to support the group by attending its initial function.

BASEBALL NEWS FROM PHILLY

After 3 weeks of practice, reports Dietric Slobogin, the Philadelphia U. N. A. Youth Club is ready to take the field for actual competition. Games will be played on a home-and-home basis twice weekly. Friday evening the team will play at its home field, 24th St. and Fairmount Ave. The local newspapers will announce the "away" games which will be booked by Eddie Gottlieb, local booking agent. The new home grounds of the U.N.A. ball club are those on which the "Philadelphia Ukrainians" played last year. U.N.A. League games will be played on Sundays at Edgely Field, beginning some time in June.

The club is grateful to Peter Zaharchuk, who was instrumental in obtaining the field. May 10th marked the 2nd anniversary of the Philly U.N.A. Club.

TORONTO SOFTBALL LEAGUE

As during past seven years the Ukrainian Softball League of Toronto, Canada, is busy making preparations for another busy season.

Three teams to date have entered the league and it is expected that another one or two teams will soon enter.

The opening date for the league will be on the 28th of May with the Nationals meeting the Canadian Ukrainian Youth Club, better known as SUMK.

T. S. L. executives for 1940 are as follows: Pres.—Peter Wasyluk, Vice-pres. & publicity—Jean Harasym, Treasurer—Charles Kachkowski, Field Secretary—Fred Pechaluk.

The Ukrainian Girls softball team who were champions last year in the Toronto church league have entered a stronger league.

Thus we come to the beginning of another season. What lies in store for us we cannot tell, but with co-operation of all members, we again expect to have a successful year.

JEAN HARASYM.

Allentown to have Organization Meeting

On Sunday, May 26th, an important Ukrainian National Association organization meeting will be held at the Ukrainian Citizens' Club, 803 North Front Street, Allentown, Pa., at which Basil Zahavich, an active U.N.A. inter-state organizer, will be the principal speaker.

The rally, which is a part of an extensive U.N.A. campaign for new members, will draw representatives from branches 147, 151, and 441 of Allentown; 44, 318, and 442 of Northampton; 47, and 288 of Bethlehem; 137, and 438 of West Easton; 95 of Bath; 124 of Ormrod; 166 of Pottstown; 369 of Palmerton. Several of the branches consist solely of younger generation members.

The youth of these towns, members and non-members alike, are urged to cooperate in bringing about a successful meeting.

YOUNG MEN OFFERED SUMMER NAUTICAL COURSE ON TRAINING SHIP

The American Nautical Academy, National Training School for Merchant Marine officers, Washington, D. C., announced today that boys and young men between the ages of 11 and 21 years will be allowed to secure practical ship experience on board a training ship of the Academy within the period from June 1, to October 1, 1940.

The young men may remain on board ship for the entire period, or for any shorter time they may wish, but not for less than a month.

Students who enter for any period less than the full course will receive instruction only in those subjects being taught while the student is on board ship.

The purpose of the course is: First, as a foundation for those who wish to become officers in the Merchant Marine, and devote their lives to a career in the service; secondly, for those boys and young men who, though not desirous of following the sea, still wish to obtain a general knowledge of ships and the life afloat.

There is no charge for instruction nor for living quarters on board ship. The only required expense is for meals, which are 49 cents. Three meals are served daily.

There is no tuition charge for any of the courses offered by the Academy; and no obligation for future merchant marine, military or naval service of any kind is incurred by the young men.

American Nautical Academy,
National Training School For
Merchant Marine Officers
Washington, D. C.

NEW YORK CITY.

The UKRAINIAN CIVIC CENTER in conjunction with the SEWING CIRCLE will hold a HOBBY EXHIBIT SUNDAY, MAY 26, 1940 from 3 to 5 P. M., at the International Institute, 341 E. 17th St., New York City. Free Admission. Tea and cookies served.

NEW YORK CITY—COMMUNIQUE 2

Flash! Steve Gale's Silver Bell Orchestra will invade the Hotel Edison, 47th St., West of Broadway, N.Y.C., for their protection against corny music. They will unleash a blitzkrieg of sweet swing at the EASTERN YOUTH RALLY DANCE sponsored by the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America on JUNE 8th commencing at 8:30 P. M. Dress optional. Admission to dance \$1.00. Youth Forum at 1:30 P. M. with prominent American and Ukrainian Speakers. Admission Free. — M. J. Prylucki (Minister of Propaganda). Walter Becad (High Command).