



SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

Dedicated to the needs and interest of young Americans of Ukrainian descent.

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CATHOLIC WEEKLY RECOMMENDS
A FREE UKRAINE

In answer to the officially inspired arguments in the Soviet press that there is no other alternative for the Ukrainians than to be satisfied to live under the Soviet Union, the "Register," nation-wide Catholic weekly newspaper published in Denver, Colorado, wrote editorially in its May 30, 1943 issue that:

"But there is another alternative—the Ukraine, a land of 170,998 square miles and more than 30,000,000 population, is certainly big enough to function as an independent nation."

Text of the "Register" editorial, entitled "The Ukraine," follows:—

The principal newspapers of the USSR have been carrying on a campaign against the Ukrainians of Canada, who have been agitating for the freedom of their people in Russia.

The population of the Ukraine [Soviet] in 1931 was 31,403,200. Though the Orthodox Church is the stronger, there are millions of Catholics among these people, and the Greek rite Catholics of Canada and the Ukrainian diocese of the United States, with headquarters in Philadelphia, are from this group. There are 297,428 Ukrainian Greek rite Catholics in the United States and 300,000 in Canada.

The history of the people begins with the ancient Kingdom of Kiev, called "Old Russia." The Ukrainians came under the rule of Poland, and revolted in 1654 only to fall under Russia. The Ukraine declared itself an independent state in 1917. Fighting with the Bolsheviks followed. The Ukrainians were absorbed by Russia and a Soviet Socialist republic was set up in 1919. In 1923, this government formed, with other Soviet Socialist republics of Russia, the USSR [Western Ukraine fell under Poland, Rumania and Czechoslovakia].

Ukrainians Not Russians

But Ukrainians are not really Russians. Their language differs considerably and the religious question has been a serious one for them. Inasmuch as the Ukraine is the breadbasket of the USSR and produces about 30 per cent of its coal, it is not likely that Stalin will be inclined to grant these people freedom. But they want it, as anybody familiar with the Ukrainians in this country knows. We have had many letters from them. The only claim the Russians have on them is that of conquest. The portion east of the Dnieper became Russian in 1686 and that west of the river in 1793.

Russia Cannot Be Another United States

Russia argues that the day of

"small" nations has passed; that the Ukrainians would not want to be under Poland; that it would be harsh for them to remain under Germany, their latest conqueror; and that their only alternative is to be satisfied to live under the USSR. But there is another alternative—the Ukraine, a land of 170,998 square miles and more than 30,000,000 population, is certainly big enough to function as an independent country. So long as Russia refuses to permit religious and political freedom, it cannot hope to be like another United States, with its constituent and varying parts willing to live as one happy whole. There can be no lasting national security or happiness without political and religious freedom.

Russia has within its power the forming of a real United States of Eastern Europe, perhaps the greatest nation on earth. But it will have to waken to the fact that religious freedom is necessary to get people satisfied to live as the people of the United States do, with their almost autonomous local governments and their powerful central government. All Europe could be happily united under such rule.

Maybe Russia is wakening somewhat. Its disbanding of the Communist International has been hailed as a step towards amity with the Allies. Although it is well to reserve judgment on this point, inasmuch as the Communist party of the United States has claimed for three years that it has no international control, although it always has followed the Moscow line, we welcome any sign of Soviet reform, for we want to be friendly with the Russians. As always, let us state that we believe in giving them all possible material aid as long as their fighting aids us. But we do not believe in Communism or in helping Red principles.

English Journal Comments On Western Ukrainians

Extensive references to the Ukrainians and their aspirations to freedom is contained in the current (June, 1943) issue of "The Nineteenth Century and After" monthly (established in 1877) published in London in a lengthy albeit arresting editorial entitled "Poland, Russia and England." In essence the editorial takes the Polish side of the present Russian-Polish controversy over Rus-

sia's claim to Western Ukraine, which before the war was under Poland and which after this war Poland wants restored to her.

"For Russia the Polish question is not vital," the editorial states. "Whatever happens to Poland, Russia will not only continue to exist—she will remain great and strong. But for Poland, the Russian question is vital. It is, to her, a matter

FINE SUMMER READING

On account of transportation difficulties much of vacation time this summer will be spent at home. Consequently there will be plenty of opportunity to catch up on one's reading. Since a knowledge of their Old World background is essential for our young Ukrainians, Americans, especially now in wartime when our country has a definite stake over there, we urge them to utilize as much time as possible to read at least several of the number of works available in English on Ukraine, her history, culture and national aspirations.

Foremost among such works is Michael Hrushevsky's "A History of Ukraine," published about a year and half ago by the Yale University Press in conjunction with the Ukrainian National Association (629 pp. maps. Svoboda Bookstore. \$4.00). Written by one of the greatest historians Eastern Europe has ever produced, a man who was also President of the short-lived Ukrainian National Republic of post-World War I times, and who died a martyr to the cause of Ukrainian freedom, this historical work in its English translation is an engrossing study of a nation which, as Voltare once wrote, "L'Ukraine a toujours aspire a etre libre" (Ukraine always aspires to freedom).

A study of Ukrainian history is particularly important now when already plans are being laid for post-war European reconstruction. As that eminent American historian and authority on East Europe, Prof. George Vernadsky of Yale University, points out in his preface to the Yale edition of Hrushevsky's work:

"For the understanding of the tangled conditions in Central and Eastern Europe, of the manifold nationalistic and political combinations and rivalries of its peoples, knowledge of its historical background is indispensable . . . the Ukrainians are the second largest Slavic nation, and some familiarity with Ukraine and her history is essential to an understanding of the present developments in Eastern Europe. Ukraine may become before long the pivot of Eastern Europe, and in a sense is that already (Our bold type. Editor). The fact has not been clearly realized because of the lack of information on the subject. People used to speak for example of the annexation of 'Eastern Poland' to 'Russia,' not realizing that the country in question is neither Poland nor Russia proper but Ukraine."

A companion work to Hrushevsky's history worth reading very much is "Bohdan, Hetman of Ukraine" by Vernadsky himself, and also published about the same time as the former by the Yale Press in conjunction with the U.N.A. (150 pp. illustrated. \$2.50). Here is a truly fascinating story of that great Ukrainian Kozak leader of the 17th century, Bohdan Khmelnytsky, who has often been called "the Oliver Cromwell of Eastern Europe." Modern Ukraine, as we know, was born in the throes of the Kozak Revolution of 1648, which was led by Hetman Bohdan. Professor Vernadsky gives a striking picture of the rise of the Ukrainian people then under this powerful leader, whose life and political career were both dramatic and colorful, a strange story of blood and thunder and diplomatic maneuver.

By all means read these two companion works: Hrushevsky's History of Ukraine and Vernadsky's Bohdan, Hetman of Ukraine. And after you have read them, send us your impressions of them for publication on these pages.

of existence or non-existence. By annexing the eastern provinces of Poland, Russia gains very little (for these provinces are poorish, they have but few industries, and are as nothing in size compared with the vastness of Russia). But by losing her eastern provinces [Western Ukraine], Poland loses half her territory and more than one third of her popula-

tion. Perhaps even more than this—perhaps everything, as we shall see. . . ."

Refuting various claims of the Soviets toward former Eastern Poland, "Nineteenth Century" states that even from the viewpoint of self-determination the Soviet have no right to these former Polish-occupied regions: (Concluded on page 6)

MARKIAN SHASHKEVICH

Herald of Western Ukrainian Awakening

(Concluded)

(2)

In the midst of this slowly awakening national consciousness of the Galician (Western) Ukrainians there was born (1811) in the village of Pidl'esya, Zolochiw district, Eastern Galicia, a man who before his brief span of life was over was destined to truly awaken this national consciousness by reviving and popularizing as a literary medium one of its chief elements, the Ukrainian language, as spoken down through the centuries by the common people but virtually ignored by the Western Ukrainian writers and intellectuals up to then who favored the fashionable but hodge-podge combination of Church Slavonic and Polish Ukrainian.

Markian Shashkevich's father was an impoverished village priest. He tried, however, to give his son the best education available then. After completing his primary schooling, the lad was sent to gymnasium. Already then he manifested considerable interest in poetry, and wrote verses, as was the style then, in the Polish language. Upon graduating from the gymnasium he entered the previously mentioned theological seminary at L'viv. Here he did not remain long, being expelled through no fault of his own.

From thence on began his "life in the world," as he later described it, a life of hardship, privations and want.

A great reader, young Shashkevich was immediately attracted to the works reflecting the rising spirit of national consciousness among the Slavic peoples then. He read all the available literature on the origin of the Slavs, their divisions, development, history, traditions, culture, and the literary revival within his time. In the course of such readings he often ran across books written in his native living tongue by the Ukrainians of Eastern (Russian) Ukraine, for whom Ivan Kotlyarevsky, "the Father of Modern Ukrainian Literature," had already pointed the way of literary and national progress.

Elevation of the Common Man

The period when young Shashkevich was living was characterized by post-French Revolution tendencies. Throughout all of Europe new social values and conceptions were rising. The common man, the peasant, was beginning to come into his own at last. No longer was it the universal custom to look down upon him. He was being placed on a pedestal equal to that of the learned man. More and more of literary works were devoted to the defense of his natural rights. All of this was concurrent with the reawakening of the national spirit throughout all of Europe.

This growth of nationalism enveloped the Slavic peoples too. It found ardent expression among the Czechs, Poles, Croats, Russians, and also among the Ukrainians of Russian Ukraine. One of its symptoms was the drawing of the writers closer to the peasants. They began to greatly interest themselves in peasant life, customs, folk songs, traditions, and popular tongue.

In this revival of nationalism, as Markian sadly observed, Ukraine "was decreed to the last." Fired by youthful zeal, therefore, he resolved to devote all his efforts to the national reawakening of the Galician Ukrainians.

Shashkevich immediately perceived that for this movement to achieve any real success among the Galician Ukrainians, it was necessary for it to be based on the common people themselves, especially the peasants, who constituted the great majority of the populace; not because of their great numbers, but because only among the peasants could there be found any real Ukrainian spirit, only

within the peasantry had the ancient Ukrainian historic and cultural traditions survived, and, finally, only among the peasants could there be heard the real Ukrainian tongue.

Markian's resolution in this respect was further strengthened by his readings of many collections of Ukrainian folk lore, especially songs, which despite the ban upon them managed to filter into the Polish-dominated Austrian Ukraine from Russian Ukraine. In them he perceived that the Russian Ukrainian writers interested in Ukrainian revival were already placing their main hopes upon the common people. Among such writers that Shashkevich read were Kotlyarevsky and Kvitka-Osnovianenko.

These writers and others also helped Shashkevich to realize that across the Austro-Russian border there lived the same Ukrainian people as in his Galicia, with the same national background, culture, traditions, joys and sorrow, and that what kept them apart were artificial barriers, erected largely by the national occupants of Ukraine. This realization made him an active figure in bringing closer understanding between the Eastern and Western Ukrainians.

Polish-Ukrainian Relations

In his efforts along these lines: popularising the Ukrainian vernacular as a literary medium, reviving national consciousness among his people, and striving to bring about a greater feeling of kinship between Western and Eastern Ukrainians, Shashkevich was greatly hindered not so much by the reactionary forces among his own people as by the Poles themselves. Being the dominant class in Galicia under Austria, the Poles utilized every advantage to keep the Ukrainians in subjugation, socially, economically and politically. At the same time, however, they did not hesitate to enlist Ukrainian aid in their own efforts to gain their national freedom, which they had lost during the partition of Poland by Russia and Austria. And thus we find that during the Polish revolt of 1830 many Ukrainian students did their utmost to have it crowned with success. That revolt, incidentally, failed because it did not rest on the Polish peasantry but upon the landowners and intellectuals. Despite their services in supporting the revolt, the Ukrainians soon discovered that Polish persecution of them did not cease in the least.

Although the revolt failed, the Poles did not lose hope and began to lay preparations for another. Seeking to profit by their past mistake, they now began an intensive campaign to enlist the support of the peasants, not only the Polish but the Ukrainian as well. One interesting feature of that campaign was the Polish distribution among those Ukrainians who could read of leaflets printed in the Ukrainian vernacular.

Effects of Polish Revolutionary Activities on Ukrainians

This Polish propaganda to secure Ukrainian support for their revolutionary activities had both a negative and positive side for the Ukrainians. On the one hand, and as pointed out here in the previous installment, it served to awaken democratic and freedom-loving ideals among the Ukrainians, especially their younger generation. On the other hand, it tended to strengthen the Polish grip over the Ukrainians. Apparently the latter danger was not realized by some Ukrainians, for in 1834-35 there was formed in the L'viv seminary a Polish revolutionary society composed of Ukrainian seminarists and some clergy. The society was soon revealed to the Austrian police and many of its members had to serve long prison sentences.

The great majority of the Ukrainians, however, refused to be drawn into Polish revolutionary activities. As a result the entire Polish scheme of gaining Galician Ukrainian support for a revolt fell through. And one of those responsible for this was young Markian Shashkevich.

The Ukrainian Trio

From the very outset, Markian labored to instil among his people the idea that like other Slavic people they should concentrate all energies upon their own national revival. This he knew would be virtually impossible for them if they lacked a clear understanding and appreciation of their national traditions, culture and literature. Since studies in this field had long been neglected, he concentrated upon them himself, particularly upon the study of the Ukrainian common tongue and its possibilities for literary expression, as he had in mind to use it in reaching the masses of the Ukrainian people for whom the fashionable Church-Slavonic and Polish-Ukrainian jargon was non-intelligible. Of great aid to Shashkevich in these studies and other work were two of his friends, Yakiw Holovatsky and Ivan Vahylevich. So inseparable and so united in purpose were these three young men that eventually they became known as the "Ukrainian Trio."

In 1835 there appeared in print an ode commemorating the 66th birthday of the Austrian emperor, Franz I. It was written by Shashkevich. It would have undoubtedly passed unnoticed were it not for the fact that it was the first poem to appear in Galicia written in the Ukrainian vernacular. As such it attracted a great deal of attention, and centered public curiosity upon Shashkevich.

Shashkevich's Seminary Address in Ukrainian

That curiosity was rewarded the next year by another startling event. Shashkevich had been readmitted to the L'viv seminary. In the course of his studies there the occasion arose for him to deliver an address there. His audience was composed of seminarists, the board of trustees, and a number of distinguished guests. Rising to his feet he startled his auditors by delivering the address in the living national tongue of the common people and not in the fashionable Polish or Church-Slavonic. This unheard of boldness so impressed Ukrainian youth of Shashkevich's time that more and more began to use the language of their people at every possible occasion.

In the same year (1836), Shashkevich and two of his friends, Mikola Ustianovich and Julian Velechivsky, caused another furor when they began to deliver their sermons in L'viv churches in the Ukrainian national tongue. By this time it was quite evident that Shashkevich was fully determined to have his mother tongue take its rightful place in literature and fine speech.

In the same year, 1836, Markian issued a brochure, written in Polish, apparently so that it would reach those among the Ukrainians who still refused to recognize the Ukrainian vernacular as a literary medium, entitled "Azbuca i Abecadlo," in which he strongly condemned the introduction of Latin letters into written Ukrainian.

"Zoria"

The next task the indefatigable Shashkevich took upon himself was the writing of a book in the Ukrainian vernacular which would contain all manner of Ukrainian folk songs, poetry, prose, based on Ukrainian national life, history and culture. With the aid of his friends the book was soon ready for publication. It was entitled "Zorya" (Star). But before it could be printed it first had to be submitted to the censor. This was done. Eagerly Markian awaited its return. Then a rather ironic thing happened. The censor rejected the

book, and largely because of the opposition to it not so much of the Poles or Austrians but of some Ukrainians themselves, especially Msgr. Benedict Levitsky; steeped in hoary conservatism the latter was displeased to see the "peasants' language," as he called it, being used for a literary purpose.

Markian's friends lost hope, but not Markian himself. "If it is impossible to print a Ukrainian book in L'viv," he said, "then I shall have it printed in Vienna, and if it is banned there, too, then there still remains Hungary."

"Rusalka Dniestrova"

And so it happened. The book was revised and supplemented and in 1837 it was published in Hungary, bearing this time a new title "Rusalka Dniestrova" (The Dniester Fairy). The appearance of this book or almanac is significant in that it is the first to be Western Ukrainian book to appear in the living Ukrainian tongue.

Yet "Rusalka Dniestrova" had a most difficult time before it reached the Western Ukrainians. As soon as it was printed, about 100 copies of it were sent to Vienna while the remaining 900 were shipped to Galicia. Upon their arrival there, they were immediately confiscated by the L'viv censor, and it was not until 1848 that they were allowed to see the light of day. Markian and his friends were placed under police surveillance, under suspicion of Ukrainian revolutionary activity. His clerical superiors immediately instituted an investigation of him. When questioned by them he simply declared that "I tried to write in the Ukrainian tongue, for it is my mother tongue..."

The Persecution of Shashkevich

And thus for striving to write a book for the Ukrainian people of Galicia in their own native tongue, Markian Shashkevich became a victim of unrelenting persecution, both from the Polish-dominated police and from certain reactionary elements among the Ukrainian church authorities. The latter shunted him from one impoverished parish to another, refusing to give him a chance to make any sort of a living. The government refused to give him the pension usually allotted to the clergy.

Despite all this persecution Shashkevich did not abandon his ideals or his work. He kept on writing in the Ukrainian living tongue. He translated, for example, whole sections of the Evangelium and psalms into Ukrainian, so that they would be comprehensible to the people. He wrote unusually fine sermons, and for children fables and a reader. Though poverty-stricken, he never failed to help the needy with whatever he had; and though ill, his presence and his words never failed to inspire those who came into contact with him.

His Premature Death

The bludgeonings of persecution finally downed Shashkevich. At the age of 33 he died from want and misery. Had he been permitted to live under normal conditions, had he not been persecuted so much, then there is no telling what this reawakener of Western Ukrainian literature and life would have accomplished for his people and their country. Yet what he did within the very brief span of his life was enough to place him in the foremost ranks of Ukrainian patriots, martyrs and writers. Today, a century later, in the words of an American scholar, "Shashkevich's memory is still green and his life and works are remembered with an almost personal poignancy."

The Ukrainian National Association has more young (as well as old) Ukrainian-Americans within its ranks than any other organization. Sign up with them!

What U. S. Soldiers and Sailors in Britain Think About the War

"WELL, how do you feel about the war, now that you're over here?" I asked. "Does the fact that you are in the European Theater of Operations make any difference or do things strike you pretty much the same as they did back home?"

"If you're asking us why we're in the Army," said the boy from Detroit, "I guess the quick answer is 'because we were drafted.' That's the answer most of the boys will give you."

"Yeah, the quick smart answer," said the private from Jersey City. "It's not the real answer, though. I've been thinking about things a lot, and noticing things, and the way I've got it figured out is this. Maybe you'll think I'm cracked, but I think most of the fellows are still fighting for democracy. Of course it's all tied up with other things as well, like American trade, but that's because we can see that the United States can't live all by itself, and so democracy the way we've had it does depend on trade and conditions outside the country. It's the same here in England."

Not So Easy

"I think you're right about us fighting for democracy." Now it was a lad from northern Michigan who was speaking. "That's what we want to do, only we haven't had a chance yet. Its drill, drill, drill all the time, and I don't even know yet what I'm going to feel like when I hear my first bomb come down real close. I thought when we came over here we'd just sail across the Channel and clean 'em up, and then we'd go home. We were going to show the British how to fight a war. Well, I don't know about you guys, but I've been over here for over a year now, and I'm just beginning to realize it isn't so easy to fight a war as I used to think."

"I guess seeing the damage from bombing made me realize a few things," said the boy from Minnesota. "Somehow, I never took it in, back home; it didn't seem real. Some people even thought the news reels were faked. But here you walk around London and you see what the bombs did, and then you go to a movie and probably it's a war picture and they have the sirens blow. And even if it isn't real, when the siren blows in the picture, it does something to the audience and you feel it. People get restless as if they can't stand just listening. It gives you some idea—"

"People here were just the same in the last war," said the Naval officer who joined us as the boys drifted away. "I couldn't tell then and I can't tell now what feelings people may be hiding. Every one of these families has a skeleton that rattles in their hearts. You never hear about it. It's made me careful about what I say over here because so far I haven't suffered the way these people have. Of course when I came over here, I wasn't sure what to expect, so I got ready for the worst, turned everything over to my wife, cleared the deck, so to speak. My idea was that I have been in the Navy since 1909 and this was the first time they had ever asked me for some, shall we say, some return payment for those thirty years of pleasure and laughter and experiences, and travelling that I have had."

Up Against Something Big

"Speaking from my personal experience," said Colonel B., "when I found out I was coming to London, I wailed and I moaned. I didn't want to have to go and fight the war for the British as usual; frankly that was the way I felt about it. Well, I came over here, and I went down to London's East End. I was gazing

around when along came a Major in the Home Guard who had lost his arm, and he said, 'Are you sight-seeing?' Well, he took me up to the top of some building and pointed out various places where I would not have dreamt of looking for damage, and then he mentioned casually that a bomb had struck his house and killed his wife and child. He seemed very stolid about it and I thought, 'Great Scott, haven't these people any heart?' And then I looked at him and I began to change my mind. It wasn't heartlessness; it was heroism.

"That man had the stuff. And I began to think that I wasn't over here to fight the war for the British; that Major had already put more into fighting this war than I, and he wasn't grumbling about it either. We're up against something so big that the British alone can't defeat it and the Americans alone can't defeat it and the Russians alone and the Chinese alone and all the other nations alone can't defeat it. That's the way I feel now."

(The Outpost, London)

A Review of the News

By ELMER DAVIS
Director, Office of War Information

LITTLE NEWS AND PLENTY OF HUMOR

I have said before that there would be periods in the war—long periods or short ones—when nothing would seem to be happening, though a great deal would be in preparation. When there would be little news and plenty of rumor. We are in one of those periods now.

It looks as if the German commanders do not dare to commit themselves to any serious action in Russia till they see where the British and Americans are going to strike in Western Europe—where, and when and how hard. Hitler has not the force to use in Russia that he had last year—still less, anything like he had two years ago, and in neither of those years could he knock the Russians out. But unless he strikes hard in Russia this year, he admits to his own people that they can no longer hope to knock out of their enemies; that their only chance is to hang on through a long exhausting war and try to wear us out. It is doubtful if the Nazi leaders dare to let their people know that; talk of a defensive war has not gone down very well in Germany. Yet if they are going to strike in Russia they will have to get started soon: every day they wait is one day less of good fighting weather, one day nearer to the winter, when the Russians have twice proved that they clearly have the upper hand.

Naturally, then, Hitler would be much relieved if he knew where, and when, we and the British were going to attack in Western Europe. Some people seem to have thought that after the capture of Pantelleria we would go right on to the next objective, whatever that might be. But large-scale military operations are not organized so easily as that, especially what Mr. Churchill called "amphibious operations of peculiar complexity." Don't be impatient if the invasion doesn't come tonight or tomorrow. It will come. As to where and when, the air is full of rumors. A good many of them have come from the enemy, who has been deliberately trying to create the impression that it will come any day—precisely in the hope of making the British and American public and the people of the occupied countries impatient, making them feel let down if there is any delay.

Some of the Axis broadcasts said

"UKRAINE" AND "UKRAINIAN"

THE oldest monuments of historical life among the Ukrainian people indicate that the name "Ukraina" is of ancient origin and was always applied to the territory on which the Ukrainians have always lived. That name was common to all. Ancestors of present day Ukrainians used it to indicate the land in which they lived. This is best illustrated by the very old folk songs which have not perished to this day.

For instance:

Ukraina is in sorrow,
For the life that's missing:
Hey, Tartar hordes have crossed and trampled
Youth and little children.

Or:

A young Ukrainian dear lassie,
The Tartar hordes have carried her off,
A girl from Volyn of Ukraina.

In both those songs we find a reference to a Tartar invasion of Ukraina.

In a folk song of the 16th century, when Ukraine suffered from invasions and oppressions by Poland, Muscovy (now Russia), and the Tartars—who had settled Crimea, we find the following:

Hey, in our famous Ukraina,
Many were the evils, many fateless times,
Sickness called quite often, army had its quarrels,
But the Ukrainians no one would save then;

No one sent a prayer for them to the God,
Only Holy God knew of what he was thinging,
When dissent he placed unto Ukrainian land.

The people called Ukraina that definite territory inhabited by a people of common customs and traditions about which, in times of peace and under its own government, they used to sing:

There is no place better,
There is no place brighter,
Than our Ukraina.

In the oldest times the literary name of the land was different. In very old commercial documents the land was called Ruś. That was the literal and diplomatic name and also the name of the dynasty, that is, the name of the ruling houses.

The Greek writers called it "Rhos" and the Latin called it "Rutheni." In the Ipatiev chronicle of the year 1178 we find mentioned the death of a Ukrainian prince, Volodimir Hlibovich, who died in battle with the invading Polovtsi, and about whom the chronicle ends with: "For him Ukraina is grieving very much."

Russian and Polish Efforts To Destroy the Term "Ukraine"

When the Ukrainians lost their own independence and fell under the rules of Poland and Russia, both of these countries tried to eliminate the name Ukraine, as is reminded the Ukrainian people of the times when they were free and independent. The Polish and Russian scholars went hand in hand with their respective governments and began to eliminate the historical meaning of the name "Ukraina" by twisting it around and defining the word Ukraina as meaning "the borderland"; that is, the Russians, de-

scribe it as the Russian land bordering Russia and the Poles as Polish land bordering Poland. Under the tsaristic regime this misunderstanding was smuggled into the school texts and different literary works and encyclopedias so as to "prove" that there is no such thing as Ukrainian people or Ukraine, but only one Russia and one undivided Russian people. It was not till the downfall of the imperialistic Russia, when the Ukrainian people began to rebuild their own government, and the world in general began to take an interest in Ukraine and its problems, that it was possible to draw the attention to the mistake pertaining to the name Ukraina as well as to the fact that the Ukrainian people were always misrepresented as Russians or Poles. It is only within the last twenty-five years that the name Ukraina, existent already hundreds of years ago, came into circulation again among the Western Europeans. That it was used hundreds of years ago is evident also from the old French, Italian, and English maps with the name Ukraina indicating the land which today is populated by the Ukrainian people.

In the French National Library there is a map dated 1580 on which the Ukrainian lands are indicated by the name "Ukraina." On the map of H. L. De Beuplan of 1650, the map of Ukraina has the name of "Typus Generalis Ukrainae." The same geographer in 1650 published a book entitled "Description d'Ukraine" which was translated then into all European languages and published in several editions. In this book Beuplan gives definite boundaries of Ukraine and identifies it as independent of Poland and Muscovy. (Muscovy is the same as Russia of today. The geographers began to use the name Russia in the second half of the eighteenth century). In the same French library may be found maps of Italian geographers Sancone and Cornetti of the year 1641 and 1657 on which the territory of Ukraine is indicated by: "Ukraina a Paese de Cosacchi" (Ukraine or the land of the Kozaks).

—On the same map we do not find any Russia but the name of Muscovy. In the same library we also find a globe of Cornelius, dated 1660-1670, and on which the Ukrainian lands are called "Ukraina." Then again on the English map of Morden, dated 1700, we find the name "Ukraine." (All these maps could be seen in the French library before the war. How it is there today, we do not know).

From the above illustrations we may see that the name Ukraina is many centuries old and that it was used from the oldest times not only by the Ukrainian people but by the European scholars as well.

Stockholm reported during the past week that the rumored Russian-German peace discussions failed when the Germans demanded Ukraine and the Russians realized that the Nazis were depending upon Ukraine for food. The Germans also were alleged to have demanded the Baltic countries and all of Poland. Observers said the story might be Nazi-inspired in an effort to breach the unity of the Allies.

REICH SEEN ANNEXING UKRAINE

REICH SEEN ANNEXING UKRAINE

The Berlin radio, in a broadcast recorded by The United Press in New York last week, quoted Alfred Rosenberg, German Minister for the Eastern Territories, as saying that the German minority in Ukraine shortly would be "officially incorporated in the body of Greater Germany." This is regarded as a prediction of German annexation of Ukraine.

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Life and Works of Ivan Franko

By PERCIVAL CUNDY

(Continued)

FROM THE THIRD IMPRISONMENT 1889

DURING his third experience as a political prisoner, Franko wrote a cycle of sonnets. In addition to these "Prison Sonnets," he also wrote in prose some stories of Jewish life, which have been translated into several continental tongues, and thus have become very well known. Some of these sketches he wrote in verse, which he published later under the title of "Jewish Melodies." From this we give the beautiful apotheosis of maternal love, "Surka." As in many other lines, Franko was an innovator in writing of the Jewish people, so numerous in Galicia. Previously, the Jew had only received passing and unfavorable mention in Ukrainian literature, but Franko's humanism went out to them, as it did to all the downtrodden and oppressed.

Surka Cypka

Surka am I, a Jewess poor,
To whom God gave nor growth nor
grace;
Thickset and short, with clumsy gait,
And with a plain unbeauteous face.
But how should one like Surka grow
Up straight, with slender, supple
form?
An orphan, without mother's care,
Brought up a babe in strangers'
homes.
Compelled a child to labor hard.
The sport of chance and woeful lot.
Thus did I live through twenty
years.—

Existed rather, did not live,—
Handed about from inn to inn,
I knew but toil from dawn till night.
The mistress lazy, full of spite,
The master pious, but a rogue,
The guests capricious, hard to please,
And everyone with but one thought,—
To make more labor for the maid;
To scold or even strike the maid;
And this the maid dare not resent,
But must work always with a smile,
And never tears or anger show,—
Thus did I live for twenty years.

One day the master in my ear
Said: "Surka, come up to my room
Tonight; the mistress goes away!"
Although unhandsome, void of grace,
Although grown up in ignorance,
Not knowing how to read or write,
Or even how to say my prayers,—
Yet I could guess full well for what
It was that Judah wanted me.
At first I thought to run away,
And then, to speak unto his wife.
But then I thus began to think:
"My life goes on monotonous,
Like stagnant water in the marsh,
With ne'er a single glint of joy.
If needs must die, and and never know
The happiness that others have.
And there in heaven, for barren ones,
Is there no chance to find a place?
Why should not I, too, bear a child?
A little babe, my very own!
My God, would I not cherish it!
Its tiny hands and precious feet
I would with my own lips keep warm.
That it might have enough, I'd take
The very last crumb from my mouth.
Let folk beat me, abuse, despise,
If only my own little one
Might grow up like a child of theirs!"

Thus did I muse full many a time,
As I brought water from the well,
Or washed the dishes after meals,
Or scrubbed, or swept about the
house.
And every day more plainly I
Could feel a fluttering 'neath my
heart,
As though the babe were stirring
there.

My breath would seem to stop, and I
Would swaying stand, like one that's
drunk,

And let the work fall from my hands.
Then sitting down, I'd close my eyes,
And in a daze, I'd seem to see
The babe already, tiny, yet
All chubby rosiness, so soft,
And clinging warmly to my breast,
Smiling and wiggling restless toes.
I could have sat thus all my life,
Had not the mistress noticed me,
And dealt me a resounding blow.
And loaded me with loud abuse.
Then I would wake up from my
dream,

And look at her,—not vengefully,
For in those sacred moments, there
Was in my heart no bitterness.
But proudly as a queen would I
The shrewish wife have answered
thus:

"Though thou an innkeeper's wife
art,

And I am but a kitchen maid,
Yet I am now thine equal, for
I too, a mother am, thou shrew!"

But when the time drew near for me
To bear, the wife discovered it.
Oi, oi, what clamour, what abuse!
Straightway she drove me from the
house,

In spite of cold, and storm and snow.
And Judah, of his wife afraid,
Dared not a word to interpose.

But still he showed some mercy, for
He hitched his mare, and in the
sledge,

He drove me, sick, to an old wife's.
Some coins he gave her covertly,
And said to me: "Surka, poor girl,
Stay here as long as e'er thou canst
And I will keep an eye on thee.
Remember this: fear God! breathe
not

A single word unto my wife
That I am father of this child,
Or she will surely take my life!"

By God's good grace my child was
born

Healthy, and strong, and beautiful.
After a month at the old wife's,
I was as strong as e'er before;

But Judah came not near the place.
So poor the old wife was that she
Had not wherewith to buy more food,
For nothing more had she received.

We found ourselves in direst need.
At last the old wife said to me:
"Surka, poor girl, thou see'st that we
Can here no longer live like this.

Each must some other quarters find.
I'll close the cottage for the nonce,
And in the Workhouse find a place.

'Twere better thou should'st take
thy babe,

And back to Judah's inn return.
And if his wife won't take thee in,
Then go still farther 'mong the folk,
Someone will surely give thee room.

The cold was piercing, and the wind
In furies whirled and drove the
snow.

But thinly clad and shod was I,
For all my warmest things had I
Wrapped round about my precious
babe,—

What mattered I compared to him?
I started out for Judah's place
And to his tavern came. His wife
First saw me. Like a hawk she
pounced,

(Another maid was in my place)
"What do you want?" she harshly
asked.

"Five years," I said, "I worked for
you,

I've come to get the pay I've earned."
Then she began to scold and shout:

"Tell me thou ugly viper, thou,
Whose is that child thou carriest
there?"

"Tis mine," I said, "'mine,—and
God's."

"Who is the father of the brat?
Speak, or thou ne'er shalt see thy
pay!"

"That will I ne'er to any tell."

"Then march, thou drab, straight out
that door,

Back to the dunghill, whence thou
cam'st,

Together with thy child of shame!"
"Judishka, dost thou not fear God?"
I cried, "Tho see'st 'tis bitter cold,
I cried, 'Tho see'st 'tis bitter cold,
And I am barefoot and half-clad,
My babe is but a few weeks old,—
Where shall I shelter find this night?"
"Away, defile me not the house;
Go where thou wilt, but get thee
hence!"

The frenzied woman sprang at me
And pushed me bodily outside
Into the cold, dark, stormy night.

I walked like one bereft of sense,
My heart as lead within my breast.
Where had that coward Judah hid?

Why had he not e'en showed himself,
And one small word of kindness spoke,
His wife's mad fury to rebuke?

But now, where shall I shelter find,
Where beg a lodging for the night?
Five years had I served in the inn,

But of the village nothing knew,
Nor of the folk, who in its gray
And weathered cottages there dwelt.

Me they had always terrified,
To me they always drunken seemed,
And ever ready with abuse

Or curses for the Jewish maid.
I felt an awful dread as though
I were alone in a dense wood
With wolves around.

More dark it grew.
Loudly the babe began to wail.

I felt that in my breasts there was
Still milk for it. I sat me down
Under the shelter of a fence,

In the thick snow to nurse my child.
The little one began at once
To suckle, oh so greedily,—

Despite the cold, his chubby cheeks
Began to glow so rosily;
And as he sucked, his small black
eyes

Directly gazed up into mine,
With such unwinking, calm wisdom,
As though he fain would say to me:

"Fear not, O mother mine, fear not!"
And somehow, everything about
Seemed to be transformed, clear and
bright.

As though the snows had thawed
away,
And warm spring breezes blew again,
And earth were dressed in verdure
new.

I gazed and could not gaze my fill
On that dear little angel face.
I clean forgot my desperate plight.

When lo! a dog began to howl,
The icy wind swept by my ear,
And drove the snow into my eyes,—

And with a sudden start I woke.
My hands and feet are stark and
stiff,

The babe begins to wail with cold,
And I am weighted down with sleep,
My God, I'm freezing here to death!

For one brief moment came a thought
Into my half-dazed mind like this:
"Suppose I do freeze, what of it?
My suffering will be ended then!"

But the low wailing of the child
Cut me deep to the heart, and drove
That shameful thought out of my
mind.

No, I may perish,—well and good,—
But why should my babe perish too?
I gathered what strength still re-
mained,

And forced myself to rise up from
The wind-heaped snow, which, by this
time,

Had almost buried me; I tried
To run,—whither, God only knows,
But my strength failed. In vain I
tried

Once more warmth to my babe to
give,
But there was no warmth left in me.
No road was longer to be seen;
My feet were held by clogging drifts;
The cold wind buffeted me sore.

With numbing senses, I fought on
Until I saw a house; a light
Still feebly in the window gleamed.

At once the thought flashed through
my mind,
My child down by the wall to lay,
Beneath that window sill. Perchance,
The folk were not yet all asleep,

Someone would hear the baby cry,
Would take it in and care for it.
As for myself, I'd wander on
Until I perished in the snow.
No sooner thought, than done. But
first,

(6)

I kissed that precious little face,
On which by now the cold had laid
Its icy death-presaging hand;
I wrapped it warmly as I could,
And in a somewhat sheltered nook,
Beneath that window, laid it down.
Then on I went as in a daze
At random through the whirling snow.

An awful nightmare journey 'twas!
My feet were held at every step,
As though dragged down by heavy
weights,

Which I had not the strength to
move.

The wind, that whipped me in the
face,
Howled shrilly, and I seemed to hear
It shriek these words: "Vile wretch,
Surka,

Thou art, for see what thou hast
done!"

Now I plunge forward, now stand
still,
For something seems to rend my
heart.

My ears catch every flying sound,
And in each one I seem to hear,
The piteous wailing of my child.

And fearful things begin to swarm
About in my awakening mind.
Maybe the folk were all asleep
In that house. Then no one will hear
The babe, and it will freeze to death!

Maybe the savage dogs will hear,
And tear the little thing to shreds!
A moment I stood petrified,
Then turning round, began to shout
With all my waning strength: "Help!
Help!"

Come help me save my child, my
child!"

Muffled, the roaring wind cast back
Into my teeth the feeble cries.
Then, like a frightened horse that
has

The bit between his teeth, I rushed
Back toward the village. I stumble,
Fall headlong, then rise, then once
more

Collapse. I shout, but—all in vain!
I plunge and run, and fight my way
An hour, another hour, until
It seems that ages must have passed,
But no house lighted can I see.

Poplar and willows looming up,
The distant barking of a dog,
The ditches that the roadway skirt,
High hedges, but no sign of house!

And now began a deep despair
To take possession of my soul;
I rush like one bereft of sense,
I shout, halloo, and wail aloud,
When someone sudden stops my
course.

"What's all this noise about?" he
asks.

I turn and look. 'Tis the gendarme!
His carbine glitters in his hand,
A lighted lamp swings at his belt.
When I was living at the inn,
The gendarmes always frightened me
More than my shrewish mistress did.

But now, of this gendarme I had
No thought of fear at all. I fell
Down on my knees to him as though
He were an angel sent from Heaven.

"Oh, sir," I said, "I Surka am,
Who was the maid in Judah's inn.
I'm looking for my little babe."
And then I told him all my woe.

The gendarme took me by the arm,
And led me down the village streets,
Until at last we saw a light.

"Is that the house?" he questioned
me.

"I don't know, sir. I'll look and see."
I went up to it,—O dear God!—
It was the same house, but beneath
The window sill, no babe was there!

I stood there like one thunderstruck.
"The child is gone!" at last I sobbed.
But folk were stirring in the house.
The gendarme knocked. We entered
in.

But, while I yet the threshold crossed,
I heard my baby cry. "O God!"
I burst out. Everything went black,
And I fell swooning to the floor.
What happened then, I do not know.
But I recall, as through a dream,

UKRAINIAN SOCIOLOGY BEFORE 1914

By Y. CZYZ and J. S. ROUCEK

(Journal of Central European Affairs. Vol. 1. No. 1)

(2)

POTEBNIA'S teachings, though obviously rich in scientific content, are hard to understand. His reputation became established only after his death and it is only now that he has come to be widely known in Ukraine and in Russia. His contributions are now appreciated as most original, although unknown in Western countries. He belongs to the school of V. Humboldt, Lazarus, Steinthal, etc. The sociologist interest in language and literature as a creation of social processes and as one of their factors cannot disregard his contributions.

Antonovich

Vladimir Antonovich (1834-1909), a historian, anthropologist and archeologist was active in Kiev. Born into a Polonized Ukrainian family, Antonovich "returned to the nationality of his ancestors." This fact was responsible to a great extent for his deep interest in concepts of "nation" and "nationality"; he had to explain to himself, to his friends and to his enemies the ideological basis of his "return" which he did in his famous "Confession," printed in *Osnova* (Vol. III, 1862). In his later works⁵ he created a theory of the Ukrainian social process in order to

⁵ "O Proiskhozhdenii Kozachestva" (The Origins of the Cossacks), *Archiv Yugo-Zapadnoy Rossii* 1863, Vol. II (Kiev); "O Gorodakh v Yugo-Zapadnom Kraie" (The Cities in the South-West of Russia), *Ibid.*, 1869, Vol. I; "O Khrestianakh v Yugo-Zapadnoy Rossii, 1700-1798" (Peasants in Southwestern Russia, 1700-1798) *Ibid.*, 1870, Vol. VI, 2; "O Koldovstvie v Yugo-Zapadnoy Rusi" (Witchcraft in Southwestern Russia), *Trudy Yugo-Zap. Otdiela Geograf. Obschestva*, 1877, Vol. I, 2. (Kiev); *Besidy pro Chasy Kozacki na Ukraini* (Discourses on the Cossack Period in Ukraine), (Czernowitz, 1895). *The Three National Types* (1833).

That I am lying in a house,
A peasant's home, but warm and bright.

An old grandmother sits by me,
And sagely nodding her gray head,
Is speaking quietly to me:
"O stupid, foolish Surka, thou!
Why did'st thou not knock on the door?"

We are not heartless wretches, like
Judah and his wife, but plain folk
With hearts to feel for others' woes.
Who ever heard the like before,
To leave a baby in the snow!
'Twas but God's great mercy that I
Had not yet gone to bed, but while
At prayer, I heard what seemed to me

A kitten crying in the snow."
And then I swooned.

When I once more
Came to myself, in hospital
I lay. For three weeks, so they say,
I have lain in a fever here.
They say I shall be tried in court.
Well let them try me! What care I
About their courts and sentences!
A greater punishment than they
Can give, I bore that awful night.
What comes hereafter, I care not.
The hardest toil will I not shirk,
Of nothing shall I be afraid,
If but I have my babe with me.
For him I ready stand to bear
All things. They say that first they
tried

To take the child away from me.
But thanks be to that fever blest,
That kept them back from doing so!
They say that I so cried and raved
Incessantly, and thrashed about,
Fighting and pleading for my child,
That finally the doctor said:
"Give her the child, or I will not
For her life be responsible!"
Now he, a little larger grown
Already, crows and smiles at me.
Look how he plays, and waves his
hands,

And how he snatches at my breast!
O thou, my jewel and my pride!
Dearer art thou than life to me!...

explain "the fundamental idea" of Ukrainian history. He was interested in the masses as the bearers of social processes, in the social structures and in the socio-psychological types. The factors that form nationality, according to him, are physical, anthropological, geographic, territorial and those historical ones which influence the mode of life. The reciprocal influence of these factors on human activity results, he maintains, in socio-historical processes which create a distinct cultural or nationality type.

Antonovich defines nationality as a "totality of characteristics by which one group of people differs from various other groups." He divides these characteristics into two classes: (1) those inborn, dependent on race and on the influence of geography, and (2) those acquired by education and appearing in the historical evolution of the social culture. The inborn characteristics are the object of anthropology and should be studied on the basis of the anatomy and physiology of the people. The acquired characteristics develop historically on the basis of inborn characteristics and are studied by history.

In his "Autobiographical Notes" Antonovich considers that human personality is composed seventy-five percent of heredity, five to ten percent of education or the formulation of ideas on the basis of past experiences and fifteen percent of the physiological and psychological contributions of the individual himself. Though lacking scientific proof, these ideas of Antonovich are interesting and important because they were formulated before the theories of reflexes, of inborn and acquired characteristics had been developed.

Antonovich attempted to apply his theories to the national characteristics of the Russians, Poles and Ukrainians. In his article, "The Three National Types," he contends that "the nervous system of the Muscovites (Russians) is not very receptive," for which reason they are not very sensitive to the other impressions. The Poles, according to Antonovich, are sensitive and their reaction begins immediately after irritation: theirs is the true sanguinistic type. The Ukrainians are also sensitive to impressions, but their reactions appear after a long time; they are melancholics. On this basis Antonovich characterizes Russians as absolutists who surrender their personal freedom to autocracy, Poles as aristocrats who base their freedom on the slavery of others, and the Ukrainians as democrats who value the fundamental ideas about the union of equal and free people.

Antonovich's scheme is a more elaborate repetition of Kostomarov's theory about the absolutism of the Russians, the aristocraticism of the Poles and democraticism of the Ukrainians (Kozaks). Although scientifically still weak, it is a step forward in comparison with Kostomarov. Antonovich explained the three elements which form personality, the inborn characteristics, environment and personal development, but he was still dominated by the concept of "instincts" and concluded that the Ukrainian people had "no instinct for the creation of a state."

Nevertheless he brought out many fruitful ideas, explained in an original way the historical evolution of the Ukrainian nation and became the founder of modern Ukrainian scientific historiography.

Drahomaniv

Mikhailo Drahomaniv (1841-1895) is the real founder of the sociological school among the students of social

⁶ "Autobiografichni Zapysky," *Literaturno-Naukovyj Vistayk*, 1908, Vol. IX. (Lviv).

life in Ukraine. He laid the foundations for a sociological method in historiography in his "Problem of the Historical Significance of the Roman Empire and Tacitus" (Kiev, 1869) and in the "Foundations and Tasks of a Scientific Ancient History" (Kiev, 1873). In recognition of the importance of these works he was appointed professor of history at the University of Kiev and received a scholarship for study abroad. He never returned from his self-imposed exile, to which he resigned himself after the use of the Ukrainian language was outlawed in schools and in print by a Ukase of the Tsar in 1876. He died as professor at the University of Sofia in Bulgaria.

Drahomaniv's chief work was the study of Ukrainian nationality as seen in its folk poetry, history and social structure in relation to world history. He contended that for the purpose of practical politics it is necessary to know history, just as the physician must know the physiology of man. He states that "instead of instincts, traditions and habits we must base our politics on research about the individual characteristics of those political objects about which we are talking." Emphasizing the objective method of research, Drahomaniv opposed the contemporary Russian school of "subjective sociology." He also disagreed with Marxism, recognizing in it its metaphysical characteristics (called "Engelsism"). He put up against them his "scientifico-social tendency" which takes into account numerous factors in social processes. According to Drahomaniv the history of a nation is determined primarily by geographical, economic, cultural and moral factors. Social ideas, especially when they reflect correctly human needs and even religions, are important moving forces of history. He showed the influence of the mistaken theories of Rousseau upon the French Revolution and claimed that real progress can come only through those scientific and political ideas which are based exclusively on facts and reality.

Similarity Between Him and Masaryk

It is impossible to repeat the whole wealth of sociological ideas of Drahomaniv. There is a marked similarity between his influence and that of T. G. Masaryk. Neither presented any sociological system but both analyzed the historical processes from the realistic standpoint, trying to ascertain the widest possible basis of facts. This realism permeates all works of Drahomaniv and all his theories regarding social sciences, social structure, genetic sociology, and various factors of social processes. His sociological and political writings contributed to the movement for the freedom of Ukraine; they dealt with all important political, social and cultural questions of his time. Despite his exile, Drahomaniv stimulated the newest period of cultural and political upheaval in Ukraine and thus influenced the Ukrainian revolution of 1917-1920. His main idea that no rational social activity (politics, education, economics, literature, etc) can get along without the sociological approach is splendidly demonstrated in all his works⁷ and up to the present day

⁷ *Istoricheskaya Polscha i Velikorusskaya Demokratiya* (Historical Poland and the Great-Russian Democracy). (Geneva, 1882).

⁸ More important works of Drahomanov are: Drahomanov-Antonovich, *Istoricheskiya Piesni Maloruskago Naroda* (Historical Songs of the Ukrainian People), 2 vol. (Kiev, 1874-75).—M. Drahomanov, *Politychni Piesni Ukrainskoho Naroda XVIII i XIX wiku* (Political Songs of the Ukrainian People in XVIII and XIX Century), (Geneva, 1885).—"Wostochnaya Politika Germanii i Ob-rusenie" (The Eastern Policy of Germany and Russification), *Viestnik Evropy*, 1872, Vol. 2-5 (St. Petersburg).—"Novokeltskoye i Provansalskoye Dvizhenie" (Neo-Celtic and Provencal Movements), *Viestnik Evropy*, 1875, August-September.—*Opyt Ukrainskoy Politiko-Socialnoy Programmy* (Outline of a

Ukrainian Freedom

To the Editor of The Inquirer:

Much is written, read, said and heard about the Pole-Red boundary rift with no quarter suggesting a satisfactory solution. This dispute nevertheless can be settled readily if the principles of the Atlantic Charter were applied. But power politics and not international justice will undoubtedly once again determine the fate of the hapless inhabitants of this contested territory.

For, as all unbiased students of Eastern European history and ethnography know, this land is neither Polish nor Russian, but Ukrainian. And that Ukrainians are a separate and distinct national entity, different from that of the Russians and Poles in language, customs, culture, temperament and aspirations, is a recognized and accepted fact by those who know the truth and reject propaganda. It is the Ukrainians and the Ukrainians alone who should decide their fate.

And, if the Ukrainians were given an opportunity to express their desires, they would surely vote neither for the rule of the Russian nor of the Pole nor of the German, but for the rule of the Ukrainian people, by the Ukrainian people, and for the Ukrainian people, yes, for a free and independent democratic Ukrainian national state, an aim of all nationalities and an objective which they attained in 1919, only to be overrun and conquered by the Red Army.

Alexander Yaremko
("Philadelphia Inquirer")



forms the basis of the activities of his followers in various fields of scientific and political work.

Drahomaniv's studies of Ukrainian folks songs induced several other young scientists of that time to study sociologically other manifestations of Ukrainian folk lore. Nicholas Sumtsov, Professor at Kharkiv University, investigated the survivals of communal marriage in Ukrainian wedding rites,⁹ while Nicholas Chernishiv (1860-1888) studied the curious custom of Monday-holiday for brides, and the bachelor groups in the province of Podolia.¹⁰ The most prominent among these socio-ethnologists was Fedir (Theodore) Wolk (Volkov), (1847-1918), whose studies on Ukrainian marriage ceremonies and customs¹¹ constitute a notable contribution to the genetic sociology of the Ukrainian people. His "Studies in Ukrainian Ethnology" are a classic in that field.

(To be concluded)

Ukrainian Politico-Social Program), (Geneva, 1884).—"Chudacki Dumky pro Ukrainsku Nacionalnu Spravu" (Odd notions about the Ukrainian National Problem) and "Lysty na Naddnpiriansku Ukrainu (Letters to the Ukrainians on the Dnieper)", *Narod*, 1890-1893 (Lviv).—Article on "Ukraine" in Elisee Reclus' *Nouvelle Geographic Universelle*, Vol. V, (London, 1880). Some of the above and other political writings of Drahomanov have been published in *Sobranie Politicheskikh Sochineniy M. P. Drahomanova* (Collection of Political Writings of M. P. Drahomanov) 2 Vol. Societe Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Edition (Paris, 1905-6).

⁹ "Dovsvietki i Posidielki (All-night Parties and Prolonged Visits)", *Kievskaya Starina*, 1886, III (Kiev).

¹⁰ "Opyt Istolkovania Obychaya 'Ponedilukuvannia' (Attempt to explain the custom of 'Monday-holiday')", *Kievskaya Starina*, 1887, IV.—"Paruboctvo kalj osobaya gruppa v maloruskom selskom obschestvie" (Bachelorhood as a separate group in the Ukrainian village society), *Ibid.*, 1887, VIII.

¹¹ "Rites et usages nuptiaux en Ukraine", *L'Anthropologie*, 1891, II, III, IV, 1892, V, Paris.

YOUTH And The UNA

CAN NON-UKRAINIANS JOIN THE U.N.A.?

"I would like to become a member of the Ukrainian National Association," a married man with two children writes, "but before I join I would like to know whether I can insure my wife, who is American born but of Irish parentage, as well as our two children. I am American born, my mother was Austrian, and my father was Ukrainian."

According to the By-Laws of the U.N.A. all four members of this family are eligible to U.N.A. membership. As this question is of general interest we will quote from the By-Laws the paragraph dealing with qualifications for membership for the benefit of interested readers:

"Any person of Ukrainian or other Slavic extraction, or any person related through marriage to such a person of Ukrainian or other Slavic extraction, in good health, not over 55 years of age if male, and if female over 50 years of age, and not then pregnant, shall be eligible for membership in this Association."

SERVICEMEN SHOULD NOT LAPSE THEIR INSURANCE

"I have taken out a \$10,000 insurance policy with the United States Government," writes an Army private, "and am thinking of cancelling my U.N.A. insurance. What would you advise?"

Our advice would be that the serviceman continue his U.N.A. membership. We have several reasons for giving such advice. First, the member has an investment in his U.N.A. insurance certificate; his membership in the organization entitles him to certain benefits and privileges (such as benefits for chronic, incurable sickness and permanent disability, for example) which are worth retaining; after his discharge from the Army he may want to cancel his government policy, in which case he would have his U.N.A. insurance to fall back on; should he let his U.N.A. insurance lapse and neglect to reinstate it within the period stipulated by law after his discharge from the Army, he would have to pay higher dues for new insurance because of his increased age; should he drop his U.N.A. insurance and neglect to reinstate it after his discharge, he may not be able to get new insurance if he is a poor risk.

Nor do we advise that the member drop his insurance temporarily with the intention of reinstating it after the war within the period stipulated by law. If, for instance, the members has permitted his insurance to be inactive for three years (the time depends on the date the insurance was dropped and the date of application for reinstatement) he may find the premium in arrears, which is computed together with compound interest, more than he could afford.

It may be well to point out that the United States Government itself does not recommend the cancellation of civilian life insurance. This is evident when the fact is considered that a man in service may arrange with the government for the latter to pay his civilian insurance premiums, by deducting same from his monthly pay.

We shall be glad to publish answers to insurance problems and invite the readers to send in any questions they have in mind. Address post cards and letters to the Ukrainian National Association, Post Office Box 76, Jersey City, 3, N. J.

Today's gloom may be only a cloud veiling the radiance of tomorrow's joy.

Summer Number Of Common Ground Issued

Americans inherited their qualities of freedom, independence of thought and behaviour, fearlessness, forthrightness and kindness from "those brave men and women who came here from other lands because freedom was essential to them", says Pearl Buck, noted author, in the current issue of *Common Ground*. The Summer issue of *Common Ground*, the quarterly magazine published by the Common Council for American Unity, has just come off the press.

Miss Buck's article, entitled "What America Means to Me," is a fresh appraisal of this country by a distinguished American who, like so many Americans of foreign birth, has spent most of her life outside its borders. She tells simply and movingly of her pride in being an American, pride in those inherited qualities which were instrumental in evolving a democratic form of government in which the people wield the tools of democracy.

Americans know what they must fight for, Miss Buck asserts. "We," she says, "who are the children of those people who gathered here from all over the earth, from many nations and many races, to build a new country, which should be the land of the free, must today march on to fuller freedom. Our great strides have always been taken in the cause of freedom—freedom from empire first, freedom from slavery second, and now it must be that third and greatest freedom for which we fight—the freedom of all mankind."

In another article in the magazine entitled "Labor Lengthens Its Perspective," Monroe Sweetland, director of the National CIO Committee for American and Allied War Relief, declares that labor, too, is aware that world freedom is a responsibility of Americans.

This is partly due, according to Mr. Sweetland, to the fact "that hundreds of thousands of American trade unionists are first- and second-generation Americans. There still exists for them profound cultural ties, emotional and language affiliations with their homelands, with brothers, sisters, mothers, and fathers who are trapped behind the lines of totalitarian terror. Today, first- and second-generation Americans see their sons marching off to war on a more particular mission than do other American parents. They see their men almost as crusaders, bringing to the rest of the world, to their homelands, the democracy and opportunity they have enjoyed here."

Common Ground, one of whose purposes is to further an appreciation of what each group has contributed to America, is published four times a year. In the current issue, among a dozen other timely articles, stories and poems, is a symposium on "Democracy Begins At Home" in which the plight of thousands of Americans of Japanese descent, now in relocation centers, is thoroughly reviewed.

MEASURING A MAN

Before I say a man is good—
As good as he can be—
I'm going to hold off a bit,
For people change, you see.
And men who years ago were called
The greatest in the land
Are found in enterprises which
It's hard to understand.
Before I say a man is bad
And lost to instincts good,
I'll wait a while—perhaps he, too,
Has been misunderstood.
If good men, now and then, go wrong,
It's reasonable, quite
To figure that it's possible
For bad ones to go right.

PHILANDER JOHNSON.



Those Ukrainian people upstairs must be doing the "Kolomeyka" again!

(Reprinted by request in connection with last week's editorial here on "Folk Dancing and Jutterbugging")

ENGLISH JOURNAL COMMENTS ON WESTERN UKRAINIANS

(Concluded from page 1)

"It is true that two 'national minorities,' the Ukrainian and White Russian, in Poland have an ethnological affinity with the Ukrainians and White Russians of the Soviet Union... But neither of these minorities has ever had a general desire to be incorporated in the Soviet Union..."

Ukrainians Want A United Free Ukraine

"The powerful U.N.D.O. (Ukrainian National Democratic Union), which commanded a large following in the Polish Ukraine, and especially in the former Austrian territory of Eastern Galicia, did indeed desire separation from Poland, but no union with Russia. It desired the creation of a Ukrainian state, extending from the Caucasus into Central Europe, and independent of Russia as well as of Poland. The U.N.D.O. was in a state of constant conflict with the Polish authorities. But it was more anti-Russian than anti-Polish, even after the inhuman 'Pacification of Eastern Galicia' by the Poles in 1930. The aspirations of the U.N.D.O. and of the U.M.O. (Ukrainian Military Organization), could not have been fulfilled without the dismemberment of Russia as well as of Poland. It based its hopes on Germany and on the war between Germany and Russia. These hopes have proved entirely deceptive."

Ukrainians Fought Courageously In Polish Army

"Pro-Russian sentiment amongst even the poorer peasantry of the Polish eastern borderland was chilled not only by the fate of the churches in Russia but by the 'collectivisation' of the Russian farms in 1932. When the Second World War began, pro-German sentiment was not as strong as it had seemed, for the Ukrainian troops in the Polish army fought with courage and discipline. But it still existed. It was, however, killed by German occupation. In Eastern Poland, as elsewhere, the Germans forfeited local sympathies by their brutality and their lack of human understanding. What little may have been left of pro-Russian opinion amongst the Ukrainians and White Russians of Poland was killed by the terrible experience of the Russian occupation of Eastern Poland from September, 1939, until July, 1941. Oppressive as they had found Polish rule in the past, both the White Russians and the Ukrainians living within the frontiers of the Polish Republic, certainly prefer it both to Russian and to German rule."

Apparently "Nineteenth Century" views the future of the reputed great friendship of the USSR toward Cze-

The Sporting Way

By DIETRIC SLOBOGEN

Ukrainian Hall For Philadelphia Sports

At a recent meeting between the executives of the Ukrainian-American Citizens' Association and officers of the U.N.A. Youth Club, the latter club finally realized its ambitions to promote Fall and Winter sports at the spacious Ukrainian Hall on North Franklin Street. This agreement will undoubtedly benefit both parties, as all participants must become members of the Ukrainian-American Citizens' Association, as well as the U. N. A. Youth Club. Tentative arrangements call for no fewer than 5 basketball teams which will play on Tuesdays, while the male varsity will compete on Mondays and Thursdays. A midget team, which will play 5-minute quarters, and a jay-vee squad, to play 8-minute quarters, will play on the senior club's programs to round out twin bills. Wednesday evening is reserved for other sports yet to be named. It will be necessary for all sports participants to become U.N.A. members. The U.N.A. Youth Club has set aside Sunday, February 27, 1944, to observe their parent organization's Golden Anniversary. Having been under U.N.A. sponsorship for more than 5 years, the Gold and Blue Wave will arrange an attractive program for the above-mentioned date, highlighted fittingly by basketball games with St. Basil's College and St. Basil's Prep from Stamford, Connecticut. This, we think, should be carefully studied by other clubs and, perhaps, they too can gain enough cooperation to promote sports on a large scale.



choslovakia with skepticism, for:—
"...if she (Russia) secures possession of Eastern Poland she will be a neighbour to the Czechoslovak province of Carpathian Ruthenia—and the arguments of 'blood brotherhood' with which she tries to justify the one annexation will serve to justify another, for Carpathian Ruthenia, like Eastern Galicia, has a population that is largely of Ukrainian stock."