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THE UKRAINIAN JUVENILE MAGAZINE



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THE UKRAINIAN JUVENILE MAGAZINE

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EDITORIALS.

ORPHANS OR SPELLING.

As the letters to the editor of the UKRAINIAN JUVENILE MAGAZINE show, the readers refuse to become stimulated by him to take a more lively interest in the problem of orphans, which now occupies the adult members of the UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION. Only a few letters were received by the editor about this matter, and in each of them the writer states, in one way or another, that he, or she, knows little about orphans.

On the other hand, the editor has received a great number of letters referring to his article HOW TO WRITE UKRAINIAN WORDS IN ENGLISH, which appeared in the October issue of the "Juvenile." All the letters are interesting, and the editor will try to publish all of them, both those he has received and those he will yet receive.

If he will omit any then it will be in the first place those letters that agree with the editor in every respect. This might sound like another suggestion to the readers: if you want to get into print, disagree with the editor and write him about it. The editor does not mind if the readers will take his words in this light. Let them disagree with him, let them find different ways of spelling Ukrainian words in English, give reasons for it and send them to the editor. He

will try to publish these letters as the matter is not settled yet. That is, the best way of spelling Ukrainian words in English has not yet been found. Though some words offer no two ways of spelling, others offer two, three and more possible ways. It is difficult, if not impossible, to say which way is the best. Every thoughtful reader may add some contribution to the solution of this problem.

Some will be found who will not like the idea of contributing. The editor has in his possession a letter from a reader who refuses to think of the matter. Why should children be bothered about the matter? — she writes, and goes on explaining that children should not be asked what they think, but the editor should think out the best rules of spelling and give them to children to learn them by rote. She charges the editor that he wants to saddle his duty upon children.

Though some might be found who will agree with her, the majority will surely like to take a hand in solving various questions connected with the problem of spelling Ukrainian words in English. The editor knows of their interest in guessing games, in solving riddles and puzzles; why should they not try their skill in solving these questions?

ABU KASSIM'S SLIPPERS.

By Ivan Franko.

(Translated by Waldimir Semenyna).

VI.

In Bagdad, that great old city,
You will find some streets e'en pretty,
Though too narrow — for all that.
There each house does also tally
With its crooked, winding alley,
And the roofs are all built flat.

All the houses in these regions
Seem to have been built for pigeons:
All their doors and windows short,
And their backs faced to the alley.
If a person 'means to dally
He turns always to the court.

And the people in this climate,
From the poorest to the primate,
Dream at home from morn till night,
Till the eve begins its waiting.
When the heat begins abating
They seek roofs with great delight.

Roofs with them are pleasure places
Where they walk with gentle paces
And converse with neighbors, friends;
So, to breathe for some duration,
To enjoy their isolation,
To the roof each one ascends.

In the daytime, when all's dreaming,
All the roofs with dogs are teeming,
As do many of our ways.
There, where house-tops were all level,
It was naught for each spry devil
To jump roofs in their affrays.

All the racing, all the jumping,
All the wrestling, and the romping
Of the dogs, and tomcasts, too.
On the roof a world is stirring,
Full of grunting, hissing, purring —
Having nothing else to do.

Children's jokes are very pleasing;
Others' may be not appeasing;
Not all jokes are worth the same.

Peasant jokes — you laugh till morrow;
Lordship jokes—you're fill with sorrow;
But the dogs the meanest claim.

So it happened that these fellows
Met our Kassim's drying bellows
Which were steaming in the sun.
Standing 'round them they all wondered
O'er the objects that had sauntered
Up that roof — and would not run.

They, to judge by their awed features,
Were afraid of those wet creatures.
Finally: bow-wow! bow-wow!
But the demon had not shifted.
All the tails were quickly lifted;
One had even snapped by now.

Grunting once, he started tugging,
Then, with paws another's hugging,
Biting, pulling by the nose,
An 'fore long, why every creature
Tried to bite and to defeature
Kassim's boots, to mar their pose.

All the howling, and what timbre!
Some pull one way, others whimper,
Bit by stronger in the fray.
Thus they jumped one o'er another,
Barking, snapping at each other;
All delighted with their play.

But the dogs find some objection
To the boots' complete inaction
So they swing them in the air;
Then, with teeth upon the gaiters
They just twist like alligators
'Round the prey which marks their lair.

Thus, in time, the boots were landed
There, where roof had sharply ended.
But dogs' plays do never end.
They kept tugging at them, barking,
Keeping up this constant larking
As if Satan was at hand.

Suddenly a yelp resounded
As the boots with dog rebounded
O'er the edge of Kassim's house.
After some dog fashioned snooping
Every dog, his tail adrooping,
Left as though he had a douse.

While the culprit's intuition
Told him, to avoid perdition
He must run to some thick woods,
Listen then to what that playing,
In that moment so dismaying,
Did with Kassim's mighty boots!

By our Kassim's humble lodging,
Moving cautiously and dodging
The pedestrians and teams,
At this moment came awalking
Some old woman gaping, gawking —
Evil brought her there, it seems.

Like a woman, for enlight'ment
On the cause of the excitement
In the street, she stopt to con
How two cabs were jammed quite
[tightly,

How each syce swore impolitely
While the masters cried "Drive on!"

Having stopped, she started smiling
And was some advice compiling,
With a baby in her arm.
Suddenly was heard a rumbling
As is half the world was tumbling
And this noise was the alarm.

In an instant the old woman
Felt a clawlike and inhuman
Scraching paw, which made her dazed;
The poor woman in affrightment,
Dropt the infant, with excitement
Crying out, "Oh Lord be praised!"

While the boots, in their descending,
With no care where they were landing,
Hit the infant on the head —
Such a load, if e'en of feather,
Would have squashed a horse to
[leather —
So they found the baby dead.

All the tumult, the commotion!
'Round the woman, like an ocean
Gathered people, short and tall.
Wiping off her face — 'twas bleeding—
She kept crying and repeating,
"Oh my God! What means this all?"

But when she perceived the child
Then she wailed as though gone wild,
"Oh, my daughter! Help! Police! — —
Oh, my comfort, my salvation,
My sole living consolation!
How shall now I live in peace?"

People listen, all afire.
"What has happened?" they inquire,
"How and who has killed the child?"
But when they perceived the bosses
Which had caused those bloody losses,
"Look!" they cried, and grew more wild.

"Why its Kassim's boots, byrlady!
That have killed the woman's baby
And have, also, torn her cheek!
Abu Kassim! What's the matter?
Can't you guard these weights of
[leather? —
Where's that dirty skinflint sheik?"

Abu Kassim, our poor fellow,
Hearing this tumultuous bellow,
Shivered, waning from dismay.
He concluded, and was certain,
That the Devil, 'gain, a curtain,
Had prepared for him that day.

In this state of agitation
He walked out to take the ration
Portioned out to him by Fate,
When a husky brute, much bigger
Than our Kassim, 'gan to snigger,
"Come with me before you're late!"

Then he drags him to the woman
Where, like one possessed, not human,
Kassim's hands with blood he blends.
"Look who did this bloody murder!"
And without a moment further
Placed the child in Kassim's hands.

"Here my dearest! Here's a present
Which prepared well, is a pleasant
And quite nourishing a bite!
Surely you must have desired
This great feast! Were n't you inspired
To conceive a trap so bright?"

"Shame on you! Attacking people;
Both the old and youngsters feeble!"
They all cry — the woman moans.
"Otherwise what is the matter
That you hurl them at the latter,
Filling them, besides, with stones?"

"You vile butcher, cruel, inhuman!"
Cried the blood enveloped woman,
"Don't you even dare to think
That my great disfiguration,
And the last of my relation
I'll pass by with just a wink!"

"Be my witness, my good people!
Come with me 'cause I am feeble,
And bring him along with you,
And that all may know the slaughter
Make him carry my poor daughter!
With his boots there's work for two!"

Kassim, like a man enchanted,
Could not move and hardly panted;
He could not e'en think, in fact,
With these mocking exclamations,
The injustice, accusations,
All for someone else's act.

Bloody, threatened with oppression —
Like a cut-throat by profession:
In his arms a child is seen,
By his side a woman's bleeding,
While two huskies are preceding,
Carrying the boots between.

And around, tumultuous procession.
That's the kind of odd procession
That was dragging through the streets,
While the vultures 'bove were crowing.
To the courthouse they were moving
Where one often justice meets.

There the judge was waiting, ready.
"Abu Kassim? My dear laddy,
I believe we've met before!
Well, well, what's your last creation?
Why this bulky congregation?
Why do all these people roar?"

It took more than just a moment
For the judge, with sweat and fo'ment.
All the evidence to trace;
Who's at fault in this affair,
Who had killed the little heir,
And who scratched the woman's face.

But although the judge saw early
That in this case it was clearly
Not the miser's fault at all,
He could not resist the pleasure
Of depleting Kassim's treasure;
He just craved to see him fall.

He decreed: "Whereas this slaughter
Of this woman's only daughter,
Whereby she gave up her breath,
Was by Kassim's boots enacted,
Boots whose care he has neglected,
He must pay, then, for her death.

"And whereas this little baby
Was a grandchild of the lady
And the last to bear her name,
'Stead of punishmeant for murder,
Abu Kassim must go further
And repay her with the same.

"He must wed this widowed mother
And in time become a father;
Bring her issue back to life...
Now the justice, which he troubled,
He must pay a hundred doubled,
And the same his future wife."

With that judgement and the money,
Our wise judge, who thinks it's funny,
Goes 'away, the crowds salaam,
While poor Kassim, as if thunder
Had just struck his strength asunder,
Stands there speechless,—deaf and dumb.

(To be continued).

UKRAINE AND UKRAINIANS IN NEW BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

I.

POLISH TERROR IN UKRAINE.

Current History, the monthly publication of The New York Times, brings in its February, 1934, issue an article on the REIGN OF TERROR IN THE UKRAINE, by Milton Wright.

The writer speaks of the Polish atrocities perpetrated in Western Ukraine during September, October, November, and December, 1930. "When glaring accounts of organized raids by Polish soldiers in East Galicia were printed in the American press, the Western World rubbed its eyes with incredulity. Could Poland, with the memory of her own century of dismemberment and suppression still fresh, herself place knouts in the hands of soldiers and send them throughout a captive province to beat an innocent peasantry into submission?"

This question the author answers admirably well, giving a good outline of Ukrainian history.

The map illustrating the article is rather misleading. It seems to make Galicia and Ukraine two parallel entities. Of course, this is not the case. Galicia, as drawn on the map, was an Austrian province, that is, a political unit. Then, however, Ukraine was not such a unit. Ethnographically, Galicia was a composite of Eastern Galicia, or Galicia proper, a Ukrainian country, and of Western Galicia, so called, through improperly, in its northern section, Polish, in its southern section, Ukrainian (Lemkivshchyna, the country of the Lemkos). And Moldavia, with the city of Balta, does not belong to Roumania, as the map seems

to indicate, but is an "autonomous republic" within the "Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic."

II.

EXTIRPATION OF UKRAINIANS IN POLAND. Published by THE CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF UKRAINIAN REFUGEE ORGANIZATIONS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA. Prague, 1930. 28 pages.

As the title shows, this is a presentation of the recent Polish atrocities during the so-called pacification of eastern Little Poland. The report is signed by P. Makarenko, V. Petriv, P. Fedenko, J. Moralevich, S. Dovhal, D. Ravitch and U. Samchuk. It is a strong indictment but well supported by telling facts. To it are added four pages of pictures illustrating the work of Polish punitive expeditions. There are pictures of the cooperative stores looted and demolished by Polish soldiers and police, the central office of the Ukrainian cooperative store at Lviv bombed, and pictures of the bodies of Ukrainians mutilated by the Poles, — pictures simply too horrible to view.

III.

LA PLUS SOMBRE POLOGNE: LE REMPART DE LA BARBARIE CONTRE L'EUROPE. Lausanne, 1931. Publie par le Comite des Organisations Ukrainiennes des Etats-Unis et du Canada. (Darkest Poland: The Bulwark of Barbarism against Europe). 28 pages.

This is a publication independent of the one mentioned above: evidently the Polish atrocities of the autumn of 1930

have stirred Ukrainian emigrants very deeply. It is an elaborate statement, well documented and ably presented. It gives a series of photographs depicting the whole horror of the Polish brutalities, their "refinement", their reasons, pretexts and causes. An annex gives a series of international documents referring to Eastern Galicia, important as an illustration of those guarantees so solemnly granted and so grossly violated.

IV.

PEASANT RUGS FROM RUSSIA AND EASTERN CANADA: SUIT THEIR NAVIETE TO MODERN INTERIORS. By DOROTHY STACEY BROWN. In **THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL**, January, 1931.

The writer, the editor says, likes to take trips to Europe, to discover new things in the various fields of decoration and to write about them in magazines. This time she has come across interesting handiworks in Canada and in Ukraine and writes about them an informative article. The illustrations given by her to the magazine, however, show how little the Ukrainian rugs have in common with the French-Canadian carpets. She still follows the old idea that Ukraine is a part of Russia, that Ukraine means "borderland", and that to write about Ukrainian rugs means really to write about Russian rugs.

Three good photos give the reader an idea of the characteristic beauty of Ukrainian "kilims", of which the author says, "In spite of its peasant origin, the Ukrainian rug has a sophistication found in no other type of similar make."

The article comes at a strange moment: reports to various American newspapers mention that the Polish soldiers sent upon their punitive expeditions into Eastern Galicia vented their brutal instincts upon Ukrainian rugs as being earmarks of the Ukrainian nationalism.

V.

STANLEY CASSON: XXth CENTURY SCULPTORS. Oxford University Press. London. Humphrey Milford, 1930.

The author devotes a whole chapter to the world-famous sculptor Archipenko and to the Russian sculptor Ossip Zadkine. He terms them both Russians, though he says, "Archipenko was born at Kiev, in the Ukraine." Several pictures of Archipenko's sculptures are given.

VI.

A UKRAINIAN FAIRY-TALE IN A GERMAN MAGAZINE.

The German magazine "Deutsche Rundschau," of November 1929, published "Ivasyk-Telesyk und Baba-Jaha — Knochenbein," which the author calls "a Ukrainian fairy-tale." The story is by Hanna Lwowna.

VII.

GIVE THE UKRAINIAN FARMER MODERN EQUIPMENT.

Harold Callender of London in an article **THE TWO EUROPE: CAN FARM AND INDUSTRIAL AREAS CO-OPERATE?** in the New York Times, November 2, 1930, contrasts Western and Eastern Europe in agricultural respect. Eastern Europe appeals to Western industrial Europe for credits and markets for agricultural products.

He concludes his article by quoting from the book "Les Deux Europes," by Francis Delaisi, the French economist:

"Ten years ago, 100,000,000 European peasants acquired ownership of the land. This was a revolution without precedent, and one whose potentiality is incalculable. The farmer, now master of his land, asks only to be allowed to work. He is in need of two things:

modern equipment and working capital. Give them to him and soon the wonderful soil of Galicia, the Ukraine, Hungary and Rumania and the irrigated fields of Italy and Spain will yield the same output as that obtained on the farms of industrial Europe."

(The two experts quoted are mistaken. Neither ten years nor even after have the Ukrainian peasants of Galicia acquired the ownership of lands. The nobility of Galicia is still in possession of large landed estates. And the Ukrainian peasant of Galicia needs not only more capital, but also that land which he is wrongly represented as already possessing. And recent Polish atro-

cities against the Ukrainian peasantry of Eastern Galicia show that he needs an efficient government, which would not rob, but protect him. — Ed.).

VIII.

RUSSIAN FEARS IN REFERENCE TO UKRAINE.

H. O. S. Wright, writing in the *Contemporary Review*, March 1929, on the "Mellowing Process in Russia" says:

"The Ukraine might withdraw from the Soviet Union and form a permanent alliance with Poland. The economic results would be formidable, and the Russians treat the possibility seriously."

THE SPORTING PAGE.

GEORGE KOJAC WINS AGAIN.

A world's relay record by New York Athletic Club breaststroke swimmers and a clean-cut victory by George Kojac of the same club, in the Metropolitan Amateur Athletic Union senior 150-yard backstroke championship, were features of the opening water carnival of the indoor season in the 25-yard Winged Foot pool, on December 11, 1930.

Kojac captured the record in easy fashion. He covered the course in 1:38 3-5, within three-fifths of a second of his own world's record, and defeated by eight and ten yards his fellow clubmen, George Fissler and Wallace Spence, who gained the places in the order named.

William Cuff of Roosevelt High School was the only other starter.

—o—

KOJAC SETS NEW SWIMMING MARK.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Feb. 14. — George Kojac, Olympic champion and captain of the Rutgers swimming team, set a new intercollegiate record for the 440-yard swim, as the Scarlet Natators trounced Dartmouth, 47 to 24, here to-night.

Kojac's new standard of 4:35 second breaks the old mark of 4 minutes 55 3-5 seconds, held by Ray Ruddy of Columbia.



ЛЕМКІВСЬКА ПІСНЯ LEMKO SONG

На молодечий хор.

Arr. M. O. HAYVORONSKY

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UKRAINIAN GIRL WINS NATIONAL CONTEST IN ESSAY WRITING.

(Reprinted from *The Scranton Republican*).

Announcement was made yesterday that Miss Anna Yarema, a junior at the Taylor High school, has been awarded first prize in a national student competition conducted by the Junior American Red Cross magazine.

Miss Yarema submitted an essay on "This Shrinking World" which was adjudged the best written in the contest and will be published in an early issue of the magazine. The prize was \$10.

The essay follows:

This Shrinking World.

Up to the invention of the steamboat and locomotive, men used trails, natural water ways and the mountain passes. There was no convenient method of travel. If any journey was undertaken, it was accomplished either on horseback, in a four wheeled coach, or a wagon over hazardous passes, or on a small boat down rivers or streams.

Because of this discomfort and danger, little traveling was done — and as the postal system, which we have at the present time, was not yet established, the people were not brought very close together.

Ships at that time required many days, and frequently weeks to cross the ocean. They were not driven *by engines as the modern ships are, but by the wind blowing against the sails.

Letters required many days to reach their destination. No such conveniences as the telephone or the telegraph had as yet been invented and the newspaper system, being very inefficient — news traveled very slowly, and it was weeks or even months after the occurrence of an event before it became known throughout the land.

The discovery of gold in 1843 caused

people to flock to the west by the thousands. The trips were made in covered wagons which took many weeks to reach their destination and the journey was full of danger and hardships because of the cumbersome vehicles, unbridged rivers and lack of roads. Now this trip would be made in three or four days.

Gradually, with the development of the newspaper came the expansion of social life which brought the people of the world into closer relations with one another: for news began to travel much faster and the life and happenings of nearly every part of the world became facts instead of vague events.

After Fulton's success with the steamboat, travel by water became more convenient and developed commerce and trade. This enabled the world to shrink a degree or two and stimulated the progress of the world.

Here began the era of inventions which would alter the slow-moving world to the present day marvels of machinery, rush and progress.

After Fulton, came other inventions which set the wheels of the world moving — men like Edison, Marconi, Bell and the Wright brothers, who with their scientific inventions have brought the four corners of the world together and promoted modern civilization.

We also have Stevenson, who by his invention of the steam engine made possible the replacing of wagons and horses by the faster and more efficient method of travel, the locomotive.

This means of communication is about one of the most important achievements of this machine age. It transports products from one place to another: conveys people to their destination and is employed in many other ways.

It also holds an important part in the shrinking of the world.

With the coming of the engine, communication by mail became improved. Letters were no longer carried by a messenger on horseback, or by stage coach which required many days, but by the superior postal system which we now have: and they are carried by fast trains, airplanes, or by fast mail steamers.

As letters cover a great moving network of space and help draw the four corners of the world together, they, too, play an important part in the shrinking of the world. They form a communication between people whether they are a great or a small distance apart, find markets and buyers, and form an exchange of confidence and actions between people, thereby strengthening relations between them.

Still other important achievements which have caused the shrinking of the world are the telephones and telegraph.

They enable us to speak or communicate with people without the necessity or waste of time of traveling far to see them; they enable business to be carried on between great distances, carry news rapidly and serve many other important uses. Telephones are established throughout the whole world and shorten the distance between people or places, causing them to keep in touch with each other and establish a feeling of friendship.

The invention of the automobile and airplane were still more highly improved achievements which added to the already rapid advancement of the world. Physical horse strength was pushed aside for the more powerful horse-power whose strength came from that mysterious force, electricity.

No longer was a trip to another state or country considered as diligent, or took as long as those made on horseback or

in coaches. In fact, they were considered a pleasure, so the automobile became used for pleasure, as well as for commercial purposes.

Then, we have the airplane which is the latest transporting achievement and the greatest — even greater than the locomotive and the automobile — for although the locomotive and automobile are important on land and the ship on sea, the airplane surpasses them all, for it soars in the air and defies any obstacles, and where before it required days to cross the ocean in a ship, it will take a few hours to make the journey in an airplane.

Many of us do not travel to other lands, but we are acquainted with nearly all the places and peoples of the world — their habits, their mode of living, their characteristics and appearances. We obtain glimpses of these people and places by means of the camera and moving pictures. They bring to us a knowledge of other people besides ourselves and make apparent the fact that we do not differ so much in cogitations or activities and therefore tend to draw us closer in feeling and relationship.

All these scientific achievements and many others have assisted in lessening the great mileage of the world. They have aided in making new discoveries on land and sea, have greatly increased commerce and travel and have brought a feeling of friendship between the peoples of the world. They are employed in both business and pleasure enabling us to live in more comfort, and have made travel safer and swifter.

Each day brings newer and greater marvels for the advancement of civilization and brings the edges of the world together; and each day will continue to bring new marvels and continue to shrink the world.

THE WITCH AND THE SUN'S SISTER.

(A Folk-Tale.)

The king and the queen of a distant land had a son, who was dumb from birth. They called him Ivan. When the prince was twelve years old, he ran one day to the stable to listen to stories which a groom used to tell him. But it was not a fairy-tale that the groom told him now.

"Prince Ivan", the stable boy said, "your mother will soon give birth to a daughter who, though your sister, will be a terrible witch who will eat her own father and mother and other great people. Go and ask your father to let you have his best horse, as if you wished for a gallop; then hasten away in any direction, so as to avoid misfortune."

Prince Ivan went to his father and spoke to him, for the first time in his life. The king was overjoyed to hear his son speak, and ordered the best horse of his herd to be saddled for the prince, who mounted it at once and rode off, scarcely giving a thought whither he went. After a long ride the boy came upon two elderly seamstresses and begged them to let him live with them. One seamstress said, "We would gladly take you, Prince Ivan, but we have but a short time to live; death will overtake us as soon as we have used up a packet of needles and a spool of thread."

Prince Ivan went and traveled on for another great distance. He reached Oak-twister's place and asked him to take him into his home.

"I would gladly take you, Prince Ivan, but I have only a short time to live. As soon as I have torn up the roots of these oaks I shall die!"

Once more the prince wept and rode on. He came upon Mountain-leveller,

made a similar request, and received the reply, "I would gladly take you in, Prince Ivan, but I have not long to live. As soon as I level the last mountain I shall die."

Prince Ivan wept still harder and rode on until he reached the place where the Sun's sister lived. She received him and gave him food and drink as if he were her own son. His life was pleasant enough, but he was worried about what might be happening in his own home. He used to climb a high mountain and gaze at his father's palace where he saw that only the walls remained. He sighed and wept. Once as he was given thus to sorrow, the Sun's sister asked him why he wept. He replied that the wind had blown dust into his eyes. When the Sun's sister discovered him again with his eyes red from crying, she forbade the wind to blow. But when she saw him crying a third time, there was nothing for him to do but to confess his grief and beg her to let him leave her palace and visit his home. At first she would not let him go, in spite of his entreaties; but finally she consented and gave him a brush, a comb, and two youth-restoring apples.

When Prince Ivan reached Mountain-leveller, the whole of one mountain was still remaining. The prince took his brush and threw it; suddenly two enormous mountains sprang up from the earth and touched the sky with their summits. Mountain-leveller rejoiced and set merrily to work.

When Prince Ivan reached Oak-twister, only three oaks were remaining. The prince took the comb and threw it down; suddenly from somewhere or

other a noise arose and thick forests sprang from the ground, each tree being bigger than its neighbor. Oak-twister, overjoyed, thanked the prince and set about overturning oaks of enormous size.

Finally prince Ivan reached the old women. He gave each of them an apple. They ate, and instantly grew young again. They made him a gift of a scarf of such kind that when it was waved a lake appeared behind the person waving.

When the prince reached his family home, his sister ran out to meet him and to caress him. She said, "Sit down, dear brother, and play on the dulcimer while I go and prepare dinner."

The prince sat down and began to play. He had hardly twanged the string when a little mouse crawled out of a hole and said, in human voice, "Save yourself, prince! Run quickly! Your sister went out to sharpen her teeth." The prince left the room, mounted his horse and galloped off. The little mouse ran over the strings, so the dulcimer should sound as if the boy were still playing it. Having sharpened her teeth, the sister rushed into the room. But behold, no living thing was there, for the mouse had crawled back into her hole. The angry witch gnashed her teeth and started in pursuit.

Hearing a noise, prince Ivan looked back and saw his sister. Quickly he waved his scarf, and a deep lake formed behind him. Before the witch had swum across the lake, the prince had gone far. She hurried swiftly along. At last she was again upon her brother. Oak-twister, guessing that the prince was fleeing from his sister, tore down some oaks and

threw them on the road into a heap as big as a mountain. To force her way through it, the witch had to gnaw at the trees a long time. Finally she managed to break through, but by this time prince Ivan was far ahead of her. She rushed after him and kept up the pursuit. At last he was but little in advance and could not get away. When Mountain-leveller saw the witch, he seized the highest mountain and threw it across the road; then he piled a second mountain on top of the first. While the witch was climbing the mountains, prince Ivan rode on till he found himself far in advance of her. But the witch eventually got through the mountain and once more was hot on his trail. As she caught sight of him, she called out, "Now you shall not escape me!"

She had gotten so near that she was ready to overtake him! At that moment prince Ivan sprang upward to the palace of the Sun's sister and cried out:

"Sun! Open the window!"

The Sun's sister opened the window and the prince jumped in, together with his horse. The witch begged the Sun's sister to release her brother, but the Sun's sister would not even listen to her.

"Then," said the witch, "at least let prince Ivan accompany me to the scales, to see which of us is the heavier. If I weigh him down, I will eat him; if he is the heavier, let him kill me."

They went to the scales. First the prince mounted one of the scales, then the witch climbed into the other. The very setting of her foot sent prince Ivan flying skywards. But he flew into the palace of the Sun's sister, and the witch remained on the earth.



CORRESPONDENCE WITH OUR READERS.

I.

INTERESTED IN TARZAN NOVELS.

To the editor of the Ukrainian Juvenile Magazine. — Sir:— I read the translation of the Tarzan of the Apes in the Svoboda. I liked it very much and would like to have the story in book form. Please tell me where I can get this Tarzan story in Ukrainian. If Tarzan of the Apes was not published, please inform me if some other story was published. Yours, etc. — T. M., Scranton, Pa.

(No Tarzan story was published yet in Ukrainian. The serial in the Svoboda is the first attempt. If many people will like it, it will very likely be published in book form. — Ed.)

—o—

II.

HOW TO WRITE UKRAINIAN WORDS IN ENGLISH.

This is from a letter of one of our readers:

"I do not agree with your suggestions of spelling Ukrainian words in English, and I see that others do not agree with you either. And I do not mean Americans, but Ukrainians. I received recently, during a Ukrainian parade, a pamphlet about Polish Terror Province of Eastern Galicia, Western Ukraine, and I see from it, that those who published that pamphlet spell Ukrainian words in a different manner than you suggest.

"For instance, you advise us to write 'ч' by 'ch,' and they spell the Ukrainian name 'Кмицикевич' thus: Kmycykevitch, that is they transliterate 'ч' by 'ch'. As I saw also the name of Ukra-

inian poet Shevchenko spelled 'Shev-tchenko,' I wonder why it should not be always good to spell it in this way.

"I see also that they do not follow your advice to transliterate 'ий' by simple 'y' as they write the word 'Чопий' 'Chopij.' And you did not convince them that it is best to transliterate 'ц' by 'ts,' as I find the word 'Yakymetz.'"

"You advise to write 'в' by 'v,' and they write: Lwiw and Verbow.

"These are just a few examples. There are many more of them, and they all go to prove that your advices are not followed by others. If you do not believe me, here is the pamphlet and you may see for yourself.

"I say, what is the use of giving rules which others do not follow because they have other rules, and perhaps better ones than yours? Why not to follow rules which are already in use in big papers? I am, etc. A Philadelphian."

(The reader may be sure to be believed without his documents that the spelling of Ukrainian words suggested by the Ukrainian Juvenile Magazine is not followed by others. Still one has to be grateful to him for enclosing the pamphlet quoted.

The pamphlet is very instructive in this respect. It is true that it spells "ChopIJ," but it also spels "MandzIY." It spells "YakymeTZ," but it spells also DubyCky, PidhaiCi, SheptyTSky. It spells "в" in "Lwiw" with a "w," but transliterates the same sound with a "v" in the word "Hopiv;" that "й" is transliterated in four different ways: LwiW, HopIV, VerbOW, HermanEW! It spells "L-W-I-W," and "L-E-V." And so on. These variety of spelling shows that the publishers of the pamphlet had no rules.

They therefore cannot be taken as an authority for anybody to follow. This lack of established rules of spelling is misleading to readers, especially those unfamiliar with Ukrainian land and people. And that is the reason why the editor suggested to remedy it by introducing certain established rules of spelling Ukrainian words in English. He did not try to force any arbitrary rules. He merely suggested certain ways of spelling. He thinks they are sensible. If somebody has better rules to offer, let us see them. Only let us have uniformity.—Ed.)

—o—

III.

HOW TO SPELL "AMERICA."

Dear Editor:— You suggest to spell the Ukrainian letter "и" by "y." Would you spell the word "America" with a "y" if this word would denote a Ukrainian organization? Yours... Eugene Bunchuk."

(No. American or English words that have been already transliterated once into Ukrainian should better retain their original spelling when transliterated back from the Ukrainian.—Ed.)

—o—

IV.

"KVEETKA" OR "KVITKA"?

Dear editor: You tell us to write "Shevchenko." I saw the name written "Shewchenko." Why is your way better?... Catherine Olejnyk."

Dear Sir: I have always spelled my

name "Bartoszewicz." Now you come along and tell us that I should have spelled it not with "sz" but with "sh," not "cz," but with "ch." I can not see why I should give up my old spelling. Etc.

"I see that you tell us to spell the Ukrainian 'і' by the English 'i' and to transliterate 'и' by 'y,' and you yourself wrote in The Ukrainian Juvenile Magazine, January, 1930, on page 3, 'Hryhory Kveetka.' Now I don't know which is the right way...I.P."

(The editor leaves these questions to be answered by readers. Yes, he has spelled Kvitka's name as I. P. says, though Florence Randall Livesay spelled the writer's name "Kvitka." The editor thinks now that Mrs. Livesay's spelling is better. He would like to know the opinion of the readers, of course, with their reasons).

—o—

V.

WHY TO BOTHER ABOUT TRANSLITERATION?

Dear Sir: — I started to read your article HOW TO WRITE UKRAINIAN WORDS IN ENGLISH, but did not read to the end. I cannot see what is the use to bother about it right now? Isn't it better to utilize the time for translating something interesting from Ukrainian into English? K. I. Ch.

(Perhaps, why to bother about spelling altogether? Could we write anything without "bothering" about spelling?)

Does the "bother" about spelling interfere with translating? — Ed.)



LETTERS FROM OUR READERS.

I.

**WAS SO PLEASED WITH A SONG
THAT WOULD LIKE OTHERS TO
KNOW AND SING IT.**

R. F. D. 4.

Rockville, Conn., Feb. 4, 1931.

Svoboda,

P. O. Box 345,

Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Sir:

In a letter received on January 31, from my cousin in the village of „Носів”, of the district of „Підгайці”, was the song written below. It is the new national Christmas hymn of the Ukrainians. It is sung in churches, homes and other places. It is sung to the melody of the Christmas carol „Дивная Новина.”

„Ми є з України,
З веселого краю,
Там так красно сонце сяє, 2
Наче в божім раю.
Там хороші люди,
Гарна сторононька,
А тепер там плач і стогін, 2
Злая годинонька.
Просим Тебе, Христе,
Просимо, маленький,
Зглянься щиро, зглянься мило 2
На наш край рідненький.

Will you kindly print this song so that all Ukrainians may read and sing it.

Yours truly,

Василь Вітенюк.
(Wm. E. Witenok).

II.

**ROCHESTER SPORTING YOUTH
REFUSE TO GIVE UP.**

January 28, 1931.

134 Scranton, St.,

Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

In behalf of the Ukrainian Cossacks and Irondequoit Ukes of Rochester I wonder if you can publish in your paper a few lines about our coming game.

You see things have been pretty bad here this year and people haven't been able to spend as freely as they used to.

This coming game of ours is the first of a series to determine the championship of Rochester of the Ukrainian teams.

This game is to be played on the (21) twenty first of February at Lithuanian Hall, 575 Joseph Ave. I wonder if you can publish these few lines in your paper without it being considered an advertisement because you see we cannot afford to. We would be very much thankful to you if this is possible.

Thanking you very much, I remain

Yours truly,

Frank Pryhoda.

