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THE UKRAINIAN JUVENILE MAGAZINE

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TAKE A LOOK AT THE JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

As this Magazine is published for young folks of various ages, ranging all the way from 7 to 17 years, no one can expect all of us to be interested in every article that appears in each issue. This time attention might be called to certain important matters of organization, and it cannot be but that this would interest only the older members of the fraternity (if older could be called those who are about 17 years of age).

As they are about to become full-fledged members of the Ukrainian National Association, their attention should be called to the usual annual report of the Association, which has been just published. The report contains very striking facts. It reveals an unusual growth of the Association in financial strength.

Especially noteworthy is the growth of the Juvenile Department of the Ukrainian National Association, which publishes this Magazine. This Department was organized in the middle of 1921, when it undertook to insure the children of the members. There were then 5,000 children so insured in the Association. The last report shows that there are over 12,000 children insured by their parents in the Association, through the Juvenile

Department. That means, the Department has grown during these eleven and a half years from 5,000 to 12,000.

No less marvelous is the growth of the financial strength of the Department. When it was organized it simply had no assets to back up the insurance, nothing but the obligation of the parents to pay monthly dues for the insurance of their children. The indemnity promised seemed exorbitant when compared with that puny premium of 25 cents a month. And yet the Department has grown financially and today it represents in assets the handsome sum of \$314,000. Its policies are valued very highly. It has paid all the obligations arising out of the policies falling due, and it gives guarantees to do so in the future.

Equally strong is the Ukrainian National Association. It has already outgrown the period of pioneering, of blazing paths and cutting roads. It is now a well-established organization transacting regular fraternal business, issuing four different kinds of policies to suit various tastes and needs, and giving with its thirty odd thousand members and three million dollars of assets a full guarantee to fulfil every word and promise.

Michael Hrushevsky.

THE BREAKDOWN OF THE FIRST UKRAINIAN NATION.

After Yaroslav's death, in 1054, many sons were left, and among them he divided his nation. At that time princes, — not only in Ukraine, but in other countries as well,—did not understand that a nation is not like a lot of land which a father divides among his children, that it is not the prince's private property, but a commonwealth.

In his testament Yaroslav admonished his sons not to quarrel among themselves, as he himself had done with his own brothers on his father's death. He commanded them to help each other and to obey their oldest brother, warning them that by fratricidal strife they might bring their own land to ruin.

It was an easy matter for the old man to say that. But a son seldom obeys his father, as Yaroslav himself did not obey his father Volodymyr. Still less could we expect his sons to obey their oldest brother. To make the matters worse Yaroslav's oldest son, who received Kiev, was not very energetic. His younger brother Sviatoslav was more ambitious and he drove him out of Kiev. But he failed to gather all the provinces under his sway, and those who attempted to do so after his death were even less successful. The princes, already Christians, feared sin and would not dare to kill each other as in olden days. In time they increased in number, and each of them wanted to have a section of the paternal property, as they would say. In the steppes around the Black Sea lived hordes of nomads, anxious for opportunities to raid and plunder. If a prince lacked strength,

had no army, he would go to such a horde, and would call them to strike at Ukraine, and this the various hordes were only too willing to do. They went with the prince not only to war, but also to rob and plunder the towns and villages of his adversaries. It was hardly possible to remedy matters. In the provinces there were many people, especially among the "boyars" and the rich, who often preferred to have their own petty princeling than to submit themselves to the prince of Kiev: such a prince would curry favors of the people more than could the prince of Kiev, or his governor. Hence the people themselves often helped such a prince to revolt against the Kiev prince.

This was the reason why the princes of Kiev did not succeed in bringing the provinces under the sway of Kiev principality, and because of this the country came to be split into a greater and greater number of small provinces. Ukraine used to be divided into the provinces: Kiev, Volhynia, Halych, Chernyhiv, and Pereyaslav. Then each of these provinces was split into several parts: Volhynia, for instance, was divided into the principalities of Volodymyr and Lutsk; the province of Chernyhiv into the principalities of Chernyhiv and Novhorod Siversky. Still later these small provinces were further divided. In each of them there ruled a prince anxious to wrest away more land, ready to war against other princes, to burn and destroy the land of his adversary, and to scatter or to take as prisoners the people, often bringing a horde as his allies.

Frequently a horde, of themselves, taking advantage of strife between princes, would make a raid, burning, plundering, and driving people into slavery.

Dividing and subdividing the land, wasting their time and strength in constant quarrels and wars, their people burdened with taxes, the princes gradually lost the strength to defend Ukrainian provinces against neighbors and the harassing hordes from the steppes.

In older times, hordes would merely pass through the steppes of the Black Sea into distant lands, without doing great damage to Ukrainians. But already starting with the reign of Prince Ihor, there came into these steppes from Turkestan the horde of Pechenihs, of Turkish origin, very warlike and predatory. The horde did not move on, but stayed to roam in the steppes around the Black Sea. To live with them peacefully side by side was impossible: they would attack Ukrainians, take their cattle, burn, kill, or imprison the people. Most of the Ukrainians who lived around the Black Sea migrated to other lands. Pechenihs, however, started to attack more distant provinces, later reaching almost to Kiev and Pereyaslav. Prince Volodymyr fought long wars with them, but only during Yaroslav's reign did they weaken so that he could visit upon them a crushing defeat, which forced them to move on, beyond the Danube river.

Their place was soon taken by another horde, Torks, and then by still another, the Polovtses. The Torks were not numerous and they disappeared soon, but the horde of Polovtses was large and they roamed the Ukrainian steppes for one hundred and fifty years. When Ukrainian princes lived in harmony, they kept the Polovtses in check and would not let the horde molest Uk-

raine. But as soon as the princes began to quarrel among themselves, they would neglect to defend the Ukrainians against the Polovtses, in fact some of the princes would themselves summon the Polovtses against other princes. Whole provinces, bordering on the steppes, would lie waste owing to the marauding expeditions of the Polovtses, the people fleeing into the wooded provinces of other lands, where the Polovtses did not dare to enter.

There was no peace, no order. The people murmured against their princes, that they fight and war among themselves and do not defend the country against the neighbors, offer opportunity to Poles and Magyars to occupy Ukrainian provinces, do not protect the people against the Polovtses, neglect courts and administration, pay no heed to wronging of the people by the princes' officers and servants, and that the princes themselves watch rather for an opportunity for graft than for justice. "Do not dwell near a prince's palace, do not hold a lot adjoining a prince's field as the prince's tyvun (bailiff) is like a fire banked with tinder, and his servants are like sparks: you may guard yourself from the fire, but not from the sparks." Thus writes a man of those times, and another writes about the princes, "When a prince's bailiff unjustly condemns people and exacts fines from them, and for that money buys for himself food, drink and clothes, and buys for you, princes, dinners and feasts you, then this is as if you, princes, delivered your own subjects as prey to thieves and robbers."

The following story was composed in those days about the princes and their servants. During a feast, a prince, to vex a "tyvun," asked a bishop, "Where will the tyvun be hereafter?" The bishop answered, "He will be where his prince will be." The prince was dis-

pleased to hear such an answer, and he said, "How's that? The tyvun tries unjustly, takes bribes, despoils people, tortures them, and do I do anything of the kind?" And the bishop said, "When the prince is good and just, then he appoints as tyvuns men good, wise and conscientious, — then both the prince and the tyvun will be in paradise. When, however, the prince has no fear of God, has no pity for the people, then he appoints as his tyvuns bad men who merely extort money from the people for the prince, without any pity for them, then such a prince will be condemned and the tyvun will go with him to hell."

It is evident from this how little

loyalty towards the authorities there was in the people, and how bitterly they complained against them. But complaints were not heeded as the people did nothing to improve the conditions. They put all the blame upon the prince, passively wishing to have a good prince but submitting to his rule, be he good, bad or indifferent. And even should the prince happen to be the best, he could not bring order and peace into his land by his own efforts: for this he needed the advice and help of all the better and wiser men as well as the support of the entire community. And at this neither the princes nor the people had arrived.

HOW THE NEPHEW LED HIS UNCLE TO A DRY SPOT.

(A folk tale as related by Oleksa Storozhenko).

In the days of the Polish rule in Ukraine, a village had a misfortune to incur the wrath of its landlord. Without thinking much, the magnate ordered his refractory peasants to the village green and ordered each tenth one to be whipped.

The magnate's bailiffs came upon the village like Tartars, drove the people to the green and placed them into a long row. The row was already a long one, when a cunning lad noticed that he will not escape whipping as he was twentieth in the line. He looked to the other side, along the line, and noticed his uncle, who stood in a puddle of rain water. He counted and found that his uncle was safe from the punishment.

"Uncle, uncle," — he called. "Why are you standing in mud, miring your boots? Come out upon a dry spot."

—"Eh," his uncle said, "who would seek now for a dry spot. We had better stand where Fate has placed us."

"Why should you look for a place, just take mine" — the lad said.

—"You are a good kin to think of your uncle's boots and forget about your own hide."

The uncle thanked his nephew, and took his stand on the dry spot, but when his turn came, the bailiffs whipped him till he bled.

From this incident there comes a saying: when some one cheats another person, they say, "he led his uncle to a dry spot."

IVASYK-TELESYK.

There lived an old man and an old woman. They were old, and they worried, "Who will take care of our funeral when we have no children?"

And the woman asked the man, "Drive into the forest, cut a sapling and fashion a cradle: I'll place a sapling in the cradle and I'll rock it. It will be my toy."

The old man was not willing at first, but the wife kept on asking him till he obeyed her, drove into the forest, cut a sapling, made a cradle... The woman placed the sapling in the cradle, rocked it, and sang,

"Rock-a-by, Telesyk;
I cooked for you some 'kuleshyk'
I'll feed you on it,
Your sweet hands and toes."

She rocked and rocked till they went to sleep. They rose in the morning, and lo, the sapling changed into a small son. They were so glad, that no words can describe it. And they called this son Telesyk.

The son grew to be big and strong and so good that he was a source of constant joy to the old man and woman. When he had grown to be a lad, he said,

"Father, build me a golden boat and make me a silver oar: I will catch fish and feed you."

And the old man built a golden boat and fashioned a silver oar. They launched it into the river, and the lad rowed away. From that time on he would sail on the river, catch fish and feed the old man and the old woman. He would bring in his catch, hand it over to them and go back to the river. And his mother used to bring him food and say,

"See, my son, when I call you, row towards the bank, and when some stranger calls you, row further away."

When his mother cooked his breakfast, she brought it to the bank of the river and called to him,

"Telesyk, Telesyk!
Row closer to the bank;
I've brought you food and drink!"

Telesyk, hearing this, would say, "Float closer to the bank, my boat: my mother has brought my breakfast."

He rows... He landed, ate, drank, launched his golden boat with the silvery oar upon the river, and rowed out to catch fish...

But an ogre overheard his mother call Telesyk, and came to the bank and called in a thick voice,

"Telesyk, Telesyk!
"Row closer to the bank!
"I've brought you food and drink!"
Telesyk hears it.

"Why that's not my mother's voice. Float on, float on, my boat! Float further and further."

He pressed the oar, and little boat darted on. The ogre waited and waited, and then went away.

When Telesyk's mother cooked his dinner, she brought it to the bank and called,

"Telesyk, Telesyk!
Row closer to the bank!
I've brought you food and drink!"

Hearing this, he said, "Float closer to the bank, my boat: it's my mother bringing my dinner."

He landed, ate and drank, handed his mother the fish he caught, launched the boat and rowed away again...

And the ogre again came to the bank and started to call him in his thick voice, but he knew it was not his mother's voice and pressed on the oar to make his boat float away from the bank.

Seeing he could do nothing, the ogre went to a blacksmith.

Blacksmith! Hammer me a thin voice like that of Telesyk's mother."

The blacksmith forged him a thin voice. He went to the bank and began to call,

"Telesyk, Telesyk;

Come closer to the bank!

I've brought you food and drink!"

And Telesyk thought it was his mother.

"Float closer to the bank, my boat: that's my mother bringing me food."

And he rowed to the bank. The ogre quickly snatched him from the boat and carried him to his hut.

"Open the door, ogress Olena, open the door!"

Olena opened the door, and the ogre entered the hut.

"Ogress Olena, make a fire in the oven, and make it so strong that the stones should crumble from heat, and roast Telesyk for me, while I go to summon guests for the feast."

He flew out to invite the guests.

Olena then built in the oven a fire so fierce that the stones crumbled, and said,

"Take your seat on the peel, Telesyk!"

Telesyk said,"

"But I don't know how to sit on it!"

He placed his hand on the peel.

"Is that the way?" he asked.

"No, sit squarely on it."

He lay his head, and said,

"Perhaps this is the way?"

"No, no! Not that way".

He stepped on it. "Is this the way?"

"No, no, no, wrong again," cried Olena.

"Then show me," said Telesyk, "don't you see that I don't know how"?

She started to show him, but hardly had she seated herself on the peel, when he raised it and tumbled her into the oven, shut the oven-door, left the hut, and climbed into a very tall elm tree.

Now the ogre comes back with his guests.

"Ogress Olena, open the door!"

No answer.

"Ogress Olena, open the door!"

Still no reply.

"Ah, that good-for-nothing Olena has flown off somewhere."

The ogre opened the hut himself, led the guests in, and seated them at the table. The ogre opened the door of the oven, took out the roast and they ate it up, thinking that it was Telesyk. Having eaten their fill, they all went out of the hut and wallowed in the yard.

"Now we will wallow, now we will roll, having eaten our fill of Telesyk's flesh."

And Telesyk called from the top of the elm tree.

"Wallow and roll, having eaten your fill of Olena's flesh."

They started. "What's this?" and again, "We will wallow, we will roll, having eaten our fill of Telesyk's flesh."

Once more he called to them,

"Wallow and roll, having eaten your fill of Olena's flesh."

"What's that?" they said, and started to look around, to look up, and finally they saw Telesyk in the top of the elm tree. They rushed to the tree and started to gnaw it. They gnawed until they broke their teeth, and still the

tree was not gnawed through. They hurried to the blacksmith,

"Blacksmith, blacksmith, forge us such teeth that we may gnaw that elm."

The blacksmith forged them new teeth. They started to gnaw the tree anew... In a moment they would have cut it down. But a flock of geese came flying by. Telesyk asked them,

"Geese, geese, my dear geese!

Take me upon your wings
And carry me to my father."

They answered him,

"Let those behind us take you."

The elm tree was already cracking. The ogres rested and again gnawed on. Along came another flock of geese.

Again Telesyk asked them,

"Geese, geese, my dear geese!

Take me upon your wings
And carry me to my father."

And they said,

"Let those behind us take you."

And they flew on.

Poor Telesyk remained in the tree. The elm was about to fall. And now comes flying a single gosling. It stayed behind the others, being so weak. It could hardly fly. Telesyk said to it,

"Gosling, gosling!

Take me upon your wing
And carry me to my father."

"Sit down," it said, and took him upon its wings. But it was so tired that it flew very low. The ogre gave chase, trying to overtake it. But he could not catch up with it. At last the gosling dropped Telesyk on the eave of the house, and itself settled down in the yard and grazed.

Sitting on the roof, Telesyk listened to what was going on in the house.

The old woman had baked "pyrizhky" and placing one before the old man said,

"Here is 'pyrizhok' for you, old man, and this is for me."

And Telesyk called from outside,

"And where is one for me?"

The old woman takes out another "pyrizhok" out of the oven, placed it upon the table before the old man and said,

"Here is another for you, and another for me."

And Telesyk called again,

"And where is one for me?"

They heard the voice. What could this be?

"Do you hear, old man, it is as if some one were calling."

"Perhaps you imagine it."

And the old woman said again,

"Here is a 'pyrizhok' for you, and one for me."

"And where is one for me?" called Telesyk from the roof.

"Why, there is some one calling," said the old woman and looked out of the window. On the eave of the roof sat Telesyk. They ran out of the house, took him in their arms and carried him into the house and were so happy...

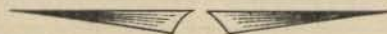
The gosling walked about in the yard. The old woman saw it, and said,

"A gosling is walking there. Let me catch it and kill it."

Telesyk said,

"No, mother, do not kill it, but feed it. If not for that gosling I would not be here to see you."

They fed it, gave it water, and the gosling flew away.



„Бабусю старенька“

Популярна пісня (на один голос з фортеп'яном).

Tempo di Valse-Lento

Arr. by M. O. HAYVORONSKY

Ба - бу - сю ста - рень -
Як ля - жу я спа -

ка , ти всім по - ма -
ти , ба - бу

га - бу - ещ , я - ке
сто , хтось шеп -

в ме - не го - ре ти
че до у - ха: " га -

dimin...

МО -
ХУ -

ЖЕ
СТО,

І
ГА -

ЗНА -
ХУ -

v *cresc*

ЕЩЕ
СТО,

Я -
ХТОСЬ

КЕ
ШЕН -

В МЕ -
НЕ

ЧЕ
ДІО

У -

РЕ -
ХА :

"ІА"

МО -
ХУ -

dim...

ЖЕ
СТО,

І
ГА -

ЗНА -
ХУ -

ЕЩЕ
СТО.

Oh merciful granny, you have consoled many,
What's grieving me sorely, you know best of any. — (2)

When I touch the pillow, oh granny, dear granny,
A tender voice whispers, "beloved, sweet Annie". — (2)

Translated by W. SEMENYNA

BOHDAN LEPKY.

The Ukrainians are now celebrating the sixtieth birthday of Bohdan Lepky, the noted scholar and writer. The Ukrainians of Cracow, where Lepky teaches the Ukrainian language in the local university, arranged a celebration at which his services for the cause of Ukrainian culture were described by a series of speakers. Telegrams were sent to Lepky on this occasion from all corners of Ukraine, a testimonial to the affection and esteem in which he is held by his countrymen.

This popularity Bohdan Lepky won by his work for the advancement of Ukrainian literature. Since 1895, he has worked incessantly; every year a new work by Lepky takes its place in the literature of Ukraine.

Before all, he is known as the author of many beautiful poems, many of them patriotic in theme and all of them reflecting the soul of Ukraine.

Besides his poems, however, Lepky is known for his stories. His short stories deal with the life of the Ukrainian peasantry and clergy.

In the past few years Lepky has turned to a new field, that of the historical novel. In a series of novels connected into one whole he gives us a picture of Ukraine during the stress of the 17th and 18th centuries, in the period of her struggle for political independence.



Lepky has always been interested in perfecting the Ukrainian language as a literary vehicle. He has published commentaries and criticism about many of the leading Ukrainian writers of the past. In the field of philology his work had him elected a member of the Ukrainian Scientific Society of Shevchenko in Lviv, the highest Ukrainian scientific institution,

a body similar to the French Academy.

Lepky is a teacher by profession and his sincerity and devotion to his work has won the respect of all his pupils. Their liking for him is an evidence of his character.



CHRISTMAS CAROLS IN UKRAINE.

Of all the stories of the life in Ukraine as told to me by my parents I like best the story of Christmas carol singing. To sing these songs at Christmas seems to be a general custom of all Christian people, and yet nowhere in the world is this custom kept up with such beauty as in Ukraine.

The first Christmas carol is intoned by the father of the family at the beginning of the feast on Christmas eve, which is as soon as the first star appears in the clear winter sky. After the rest more carols are sung by the family, but this is of more interest to the older folks as the children and youths get ready to go "koladuwaty" (sing carols) all over the village. These young Christmas carol singers, known in Ukraine by the name of "koladnyky", dressed in sheepskins and heavy boots, gather at the house of their leader, from which they go to visit one household after another.

In the darkness they wend their way through deep snow, often in frost and wind. The leader sometimes carries the "zwizda", which is a lantern in the form of a star, and a small bell which they tinkle to announce their coming. They stop before the windows of the living room and sing a carol. The leader often has a booklet from which he reads the words of the song, though the singers usually know all the words of the songs by heart. The owner of the house places a candle on the window sill to make light for the leader.

After the song is finished, the leader extends the season's greetings to the household, usually a long, rhymed poem, wishing success in grain-raising, cattle-

breeding, bee-keeping, and good health to the members of the household. The master of the house, or his oldest son, then brings the "koladnyky" a reward, a loaf of bread baked especially for this purpose, a "pyrih," or a coin. The leader's companion puts the gift in his sack, for which he is called a "mikho-nosha", a sack-carrier. If the master is slow in responding to the custom of giving gifts, the "koladnyky" appeal to him in humorous ditties. Occasionally, especially when the time is late and the frost is unusually strong, the "koladnyky" are invited into the house and treated to festival food.

Ukrainian "kolady" are something more than mere Christmas carols. They sing not only of the festivity of Christ's birth. Many of them are based on the chief occupation of the peasantry, their farming. With gravity and sincerity, as if pronouncing a prayer, the "koladnyky" depict the successful husbandry of the master of the household, believing evidently that their wishes will help the master to attain success, well-being, and prosperity. One of them sings of the sun, moon, and rain paying a visit to the household. The moon illumines mountains and valleys, cheering all the animals in the fields, and the travelers on the road. The sun cheers all the people, old and young. It makes the forest grow and the groves green. Bees are his children. The rain, by falling three times in May, makes the wheat, rye, and all kinds of grasses grow. With the help of the moon, sun, and rain, the master's granary is full, his apiary is replete with honey. And he has plenty of wax to

make candles to burn in church in gratitude to God.

In some villages there is the custom of "going with a goat". The "goat" is an actor representing a goat. He is all covered with a sheepskin, has long horns and a goatie. The leader enters the house and asks the master for permission to let his goat dance in the house. With the master's permission, the goat enters, followed by the groups of "koladnyky". The goat stamps her feet, while the chorus sings how the goat was carried away by a wolf. Having torn herself out of the wolf's teeth, she promises the rabbit not to stay away but to graze and feed her kids. She begins to dance, and every step of hers brings marvelous results for the master of the household: with every stamp of her hoof seven stacks of wheat grow for

the master; when she butts with her horns, a stack of rye rises. So that this prophesy may be fulfilled, she asks the master for a gift of oats, laid over with sausage.

The master now treats the "koza" and the rest of the "koladnyky" to bread, bacon, and sausage.

Several groups of "koladnyky" roam through the village for the three days of Christmas, making everybody cheerful and happy.

As I listened to my father's story of Christmas in Ukraine, I often felt sorry that these striking and beautiful customs were not brought over to this country. There is no doubt in my mind that here, too, they would help us to drive away a great deal of our boredom and bring us new joys.



THE POKUTIAN AND BESSARABIAN PLATEAU.

There are many plateaus in Ukraine outside the Podolia, best know of the Ukrainian plateaus.

The Podolia itself seems to continue across the Dniester river southerly towards the Prut river. This is the so-called Pokutia-Bessarabia Plateau. The name of Pokutia, which means the land in the corner, is used to denote the western part of this plateau. It reaches the valleys of the Bystrytsya and the Vorona rivers below the Carpathian mountains. The name of Bessarabia is commonly used to denote the eastern part of this plateau.

There is very little difference in the character of the country between the Podolia on the left bank of the Dniester and the Pokutia and Bessarabia, on the right bank. The valleys of the rivers are deep and winding, the slopes show the same rock layers, only there are fewer rivers feeding the Dniester from the right side than there are on its left side.

At a distance from the Dniester, however, there appear the peculiarities of this Plateau distinguishing it from the Podolia. The Pokutia has a level, flat, undulating surface. There is a great number of funnel-shaped depressions, called by the people "verteps." They arose as a result of the subterranean waters dissolving the strata of gypsum. The sides of the funnel are steep on one side, gray gypsum rocks rise like walls

over the bottom of the funnel, which is often filled by a pond or small lake. Many brooks disappear in these funnels, continuing their course under the surface of the earth. The subterranean waters by dissolving the gypsum have also formed spacious caves, some of which are famous for the beauty of their stalactites of white alabaster. The best known of them is the cave of Lokitky, near the town of Tovmach. Similar caves are found in the adjoining section of the Podolia, in Bilche Zolote and in Kryvche.

The Pokutia is much lower in elevation than the Podolia, attaining only in a few places the height of 1,100 feet. It slopes down in an easterly direction. North of the city of Chernivtsi, however, it rises in the wooded hills of the Berdo-Horodyshe to more than 1,500 feet, the highest elevation to be found between the Carpathians and the Urals. In the east, Berdo-Horodyshe passes over into the hills of Khotyn, which mark the eastern termination of the Pokutia.

The eastern section of this plateau, Bessarabia, is divided by the rivers Prut and Reut into narrow marshes. The river divide between the Prut and the Dniester attains a height of 1,200 feet in the Magura hill. The plateau becomes constantly lower and flatter and passes over imperceptibly into the steppes of the Pontian plain.



INTEREST IN UKRAINIAN FOLK-ART SPREADS.

May I call the attention of the readers of the "Ukrainian Juvenile Magazine" to the July issue of the "Needlecraft Magazine," that marvelous "Home Arts Magazine," as it calls itself, and to its references to Ukraine's arts?

Yes, it may seem strange to find mention of Ukraine in the "Needlecraft Magazine." And yet, in the current July issue an entire page is devoted to Ukraine. In fact we may say that the magazine has dedicated this issue to Ukraine, for besides devoting an entire page to a description of Ukrainian arts, it has decorated its cover with a portrait of a Ukrainian girl in the Ukrainian national costume on a background upon which the inscription "UKRAINE" is spread across the top. The article "America's Heritage from Europe," by Florence Yoder Wilson, deals mostly with a description of Ukrainian costumes and embroideries. The writer describes minutely the costume of a Ukrainian girl and various other embroidered articles such as pillowcases, table cloths, towels and other similar typical articles of a Ukrainian girl's dowry.

As to the Ukrainian history the writer confines herself to a few words giving Ukraine's location and her struggle for recognition. This article is particularly interesting to those who feel a

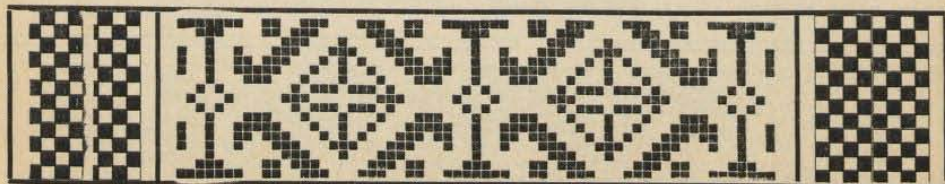
desire to learn more about Ukrainian arts.

In the same issue of the Needlecraft Magazine, Ukraine is mentioned in another article. Mrs. Jeanne Carpenter says in an article entitled "Our New Citizens Come Bearing Gifts," "When I held out my hands, literally, to the Ukrainians, and said, 'What have you for us?', I was quite unprepared for the deluge of embroideries, textiles, carvings, and songs, dances, and music which followed. We had an entertainment which brought out hundreds of boys and girls in gay native costumes, and the festivities could have lasted a week." Mrs. Carpenter also mentions other races, but speaks at length only of Ukraine.

In conclusion I would say that it is a rather nice feeling knowing that newsstands all over the country have this magazine with the Ukrainian girl on the cover telling all the world that after all there is a Ukraine.

I hope the readers of the "Ukrainian Juvenile Magazine" will secure for themselves copies of this issue and will write the editor their appreciation of the wonderful idea of letting other people know and enjoy the beauties of the Ukrainian folk-arts.

Mary Ann Bodnar.



NEW BOOKS ON UKRAINIANS UNDER POLAND.

1.

THE CAULDRON BOILS, by EMIL LENGYEL. Lincoln Mac Veagh, the Dial Press, Inc., New York, 1932.

The author, a well-known writer on the politics of Europe, wrote an interesting book on the racial problem of Poland. He wrote this with conviction that this largest and most important of the new countries created by the World War, possesses not one, but several danger spots similar to Sarajevo, which caused the last war.

In the author's opinion, the most dangerous problem of eastern Europe is Poland's minority problems.

Mr. Lengyel studied the problems of Poland's racial minorities on the spot, visiting Danzig, White Russia, and Galicia. From each of these sections he brings very valuable information.

He speaks of the plight of the Ukrainians under Poland in a chapter entitled "The Chamber of Horrors." He introduces the Ukrainians by depicting vividly the Ukrainian delegation to the peace conference at Paris, and their visit to Wilson. Representatives of small Negro tribes were admitted to conferences with the American president, because they were well advertised by the French press; the Ukrainian delegation was not permitted to see him: their race was not known yet, their cause seemed lost as their country was occupied by enemies.

From the scene in Hotel Crillon in Paris the author transfers us to the Polish courthouse in Sanok, in Galicia, where a Polish judge passes sentence of death upon four Ukrainians who rose in re-

volt at the news that Poland was about to revive serfdom. An example is to be shown the restless countryside, so three men are condemned to die. The verdict is to be carried out at once, and the executioner, "kat Mackiewicz," has been ordered to come to Sanok.

There is also an interview with Archbishop Sheptytsky, and then data referring to the present-day position of the Ukrainians under Poland.

Lengyel's book might assist the American thinking public in understanding the importance of the Ukrainian protests against Polish misrule for the maintenance of peace in the world.

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2.

NATIONAL MINORITIES IN EUROPE, by OTTO JUNGHANN. Covici, Friede, New York, 1932.

It is a small book of some 120 pages, but rich in contents. The author set himself the task of presenting, in a condensed form, the main features of the problem of racial minorities. He indicates what position this problem takes in the great chain of world events. He touches on various attempts to solve it.

The author traces first the history of national minorities. He pictures the role of the French Revolution in awakening the dormant national consciousness of the races of Europe. European history ever since was one series of emancipation of submerged nationalities. The World War promised freedom to all of them. The peace treaties concluded

at the end of the War were in a way charters of freedom for the nationalities. But the pre-war spirit of chaos, suppression and forceful denationalization is still rampant in Europe. All over Europe are scattered races which suffer from oppression. Though suppressed, they constitute an important problem of today's international politics.

In his third chapter, the author discusses the theoretic foundations of the minorities law as it exists today, and then in the next chapter he presents us a picture of actual situation of these racial minorities in various states of Europe. Poland naturally received a great share of this chapter as even, according to Polish statistics, which the author unfortunately does not try to criticize, the minorities in Poland total 9,390,000 or not less than 31.72% of the country's entire population. He shows the international guarantees for the racial minorities under Polish rule and contrasts with them the hostility of the Polish state to minorities.

"The Ukrainians," says the author, "suffer worst from the Polish policy of oppression, and as a result, a stubborn irredentism exists among them. Not only are they precluded from the benefits of the autonomy granted by law of September 26, 1922, concerning the self-administration of the three East Galician government districts, but every national activity of theirs is met by violent persecution, especially by the suppression of Ukrainian cultural organizations, extending even to the barbarous destructions of orthodox churches. More than 2,000 schools have, according to Ukrainian statements, been taken away from

them. Hundreds of churches have been destroyed, and more than half a million hectares (1,235,000 acres) of Ukrainian land have been colonized with Poles."

The book mentions again Ukrainians in the chapter on Czechoslovakia. There are here, according to official statistics, 750,000 Ukrainian Ruthenians, or 3.38% of the country's population. There is a treaty guaranteeing their racial rights, but numerous petitions protesting against the failure to fulfill this international obligation have been presented to the League of Nations. They have, however, so far effected no improvement in the situation.

The Ukrainians in Rumania number 700,000, or 4.14% of the country's population. Their status, as that of all minorities in Rumania, is still very unsatisfactory despite all obligations and promises of the Rumanian government.

The author depicts the struggle of racial minorities for their liberty and the various methods and institutions used by them. Very interesting are his observations in the last chapter entitled "What of the Future?" Very aptly he remarks here, "As a matter of fact not all the national communities have today reached that degree of moral self-discipline which would assure victory in their struggle." The author seems to have no doubt in the optimistic outlook in the final outcome of this struggle.

To the book are added instructive statistics and diagrams. A short bibliography of the question of racial minorities in Europe concludes this pithy treatise on the ever vexatious problem of Europe, which finds also many reverberations across the Atlantic ocean.

