

# OUR AMERICAN PAGE

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## AND YET ANOTHER

To the long list of Ukrainians who have suffered at the hands of the present Russian government, another is added . . . News reached us that Michael Hrushevsky, the great historian, has lost his eyesight. It was in 1930 that he was arrested and sent to expiate his "crimes" in Russia. And, according to the news received, it was no chance trick of fate that Michael Hrushevsky has become blind. Sentenced by Moscow to a life of privation, with little food, cold and damp living quarters, the aged man was unable to withstand illness. It is most probable that scurvy, a sickness caused by insufficient nourishment, brought about the loss of eyesight to Professor Hrushevsky.

Another victim of the dictatorial, maddening rule of Moscow in Ukraine . . .

It was only by accident that this tragic news reached the Ukrainians. Such are the doings of the Soviet government that his countrymen never knew what happened to Michael Hrushevsky after he was sent into Russia. And when such secrecy surrounds the life of a great man, a man whom historians of other lands quoted and cited, the author of innumerable works, whose history of early "Russian" literature D. S. Mirsky considered the best written so far, the man who was the head of the post-war Ukrainian government and one whom historians of Europe miss at their congresses—what must have been the fate of thousands of Ukrainians of lesser fame! The millions of "forgotten men" among Ukrainians? What was their life at the hands of the Moscow rulers? And who will ever know of the sufferings they went through—those innumerable Ukrainians who were sent out of Ukraine no one knows where . . .

It was at the congress of historians at Warsaw that news of Hrushevsky's blindness was revealed. A Frenchman asked the Russian representatives why the Ukrainian historian was not present and the answer came that Michael Hrushevsky is blind . . .

One goes back through the years unraveling the pattern of the man's life . . . A rich life, a life of service, a life of momentous events.

Michael Hrushevsky was born September 29, 1866. While still in his twenties he was invited to become a professor of history at the University of Lwiv and it was in that city that much of his life was spent. He became the head of the newly organized Shevchenko Institute of Science, he founded the monthly magazine called "The Literary-Scientific Review" and at the same time the brilliant Ukrainian worked on the volumes which have brought him fame—the History of Ukraine. It was a monumental piece of work, painstaking and exacting. Eight volumes were published before the war. The ninth volume—treating of the period of Khmelnytsky's times—was written after the war when Hrushevsky returned to Soviet Ukraine. In addition to this, the indefatigable historian has written shorter and more condensed histories of Ukraine for the average reader. These he has also written in the Russian, German and French languages. Articles in newspapers and magazines, pamphlets, a history of Ukrainian literature—all these mark the contribution of Michael Hrushevsky to Ukrainiana.

As we read of the life and works of our great men we cannot but note that very often they were called to do work which should have been carried out by other men, by men of another type. Franko, for example, during his forty years of active work, wrote short stories, novels, poetry, he was translator, historian, lecturer as well as propagandist and organizer. Imprisoned, persecuted, denounced by foe as well as "friend"—it is no wonder that some of Franko's works do not reach the heights that they may have reached had he been able to give himself to literary work alone, but he worked in the all-engrossing atmosphere of an artist.

And so with Michael Hrushevsky. When the Ukrainian government was being organized, this man of books, whose very soul was wrapped up in the written word, in historical documents, in volumes of chronicles is called to head the newly formed Ukrainian government. The former of Ukrainian Central Rada, the Skoropad-



MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY  
In Prime of His Life

sky regime, the Directorate, the white armies and the bolsheviks—most of us are familiar with the course of events during those turbulent war and post-war years. Finally the bolsheviks under the guise of socialism and brotherhood of the proletariat ushered in their reign of misrule, the results of which we see today in Ukraine.

The Ukrainian historian left Ukraine and planned to continue with the History of Ukraine, but the absence of material and historical documents which could only be found in Ukraine and Russia forced him to return to Soviet Ukraine. In 1929 the ninth volume was published. The result was most displeasing to the Russian red rulers. Hrushevsky was accused of being a counter-revolutionary, he was forbidden to continue with his work and finally he was sentenced to leave Ukraine. Before long trace was lost of the Ukrainian historian.

Today by mere chance the Ukrainians learn that Michael Hrushevsky is blind . . . That his "home" in Russia was a damp basement room, that his food was such that scurvy brought about blindness . . .

Aged, ailing, a lonely spirit cut off from those whose interests are his interests—Michael Hrushevsky is left to live out his life. And his countrymen are helpless in their sympathy, in their sharing of his tragedy. They cannot bring him to Ukraine to make his days without sight at least a semblance of peace. They cannot offer him proper care, a quiet room, nourishing food. Not even that . . . in gratitude and everlasting thanks for the work that Michael Hrushevsky has done for his people.

For Ukraine does not belong to us!

For Michael Hrushevsky is at the mercy of Moscow!

## BY THE WAY...

### Beware of Racketeers

In recent years a racket has popped up among the Ukrainians. It is most lively during electioneering days when politicians, who have an eye on what is called the Ukrainian vote, suddenly feel lovingly disposed toward our tribe. They even go so far as to read a line here, a line there and knowing of the love Ukrainians bear for their country—they wax sentimental and tearful about "poor Ukraine."

Then again, an American journalist finds himself without a job and behold his sudden interest in Ukraine . . . There was a case not so long ago where a clever chap helped edit an Ukrainian magazine only to disappear from the horizon with many a \$3.00 subscription not accounted for.

It seems that there is a feeling in the air that to "get the Ukes" one but has to voice a few sentimental opinions about that "sorely distressed land of Ukraine." We are soft-hearted but sometimes the racket is so transparent that the most naive and putty-souled among us cannot be fooled.

It happens, for instance, that persons who don't even take the trouble to read the articles on Ukraine in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, whose knowledge of Ukrainiana is so limited that blushes will not disguise their ignorance . . . have the courage to promote all sort of "Leagues." Really they're quite daring and they could do wonders in more risky fields . . . And the pity of it is that sometimes our own folks are in the racket.

We Ukrainians are only too anxious to gain friends for our cause. But we have become a bit cautious. We too have learned of the ways of

the world. And naive though we may sometimes be, we are suspicious of those who skip to the "Land of Cleve" without meeting their obligations: . . . 'Nuff said!

### "Friends of Ukraine"

Not that we have anything against such a "League." Wherever Ukrainians gather they speak of such an organization. Every day points to a growing necessity of some organized, concerted action on the part of Ukrainians of America and of their interesting their American neighbors in the Ukrainian cause. And although we're too cautious to play prophet we have an idea that such an organization will, eventually, come into existence. It will take time. Party lines, church divisions, personal dislikes—remembrances of past days—are still among us. And the Ukrainian spirit of individualism makes any organization work pretty difficult.

But like the crystal gazer of Amos 'n Andy skit we see into the future . . . And we see the "League."

It will grow (like all good things) out of our own desires and needs for such an organization. And our friends will be those who are genuinely interested in a worthwhile and just cause. Not those who wish to boost their own "gescheft"—playing on the strings of Ukrainian emotionalism and sentimentalism.

### LEND ME YOUR EARS

What steps shall those of us who live amid the clang and the clatter of city noises take, if we would rid ourselves of the nuisance—noise? Shall we modify our irritating environment as far as we can and try to disregard those of its features that resist modification, or shall we continue to suffer? Some people have been heard to urge legal steps to eliminate "unnecessary" noises. But what is unnecessary? Noise to one person and, therefore, an annoyance, may not prove irritating to another. When the clang and clatter is connected with our efforts to make money, we are quite willing to put up with it; but when it interferes with our money-making, by driving away tenants or our customers, we are ready to go before the city council with our complaint. The whole question of noise is a rather than a legal one. If the public should definitely agree to a measure of comfort, quietness and beauty as one of the things

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