



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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Vol. II

## LOVE AND OLD AGE

By Shevchenko

The blissful valley that was ours;  
The rolling ground, the rising  
mound,  
The bright and peaceful evening  
hours  
And all our dreams and spoken  
themes—  
I never can forget.

But what of it? We were not set  
And left each other like we met.

The youthful years have flown  
away...  
From hope which used to warm,  
this day,  
Blow chilling winds.

The winter's come!  
Alone within a chilling dwelling,  
And not a soul whom to be telling  
Or asking for a word or two—  
And not a single thing to do.

Translated by  
WALDIMIR SEMENYNA.

Read Your Kobzar!

## UKRAINIAN MUSIC IN WARSAW

A symphonic concert was held recently in Warsaw, Poland in which compositions only of Ukrainian composers were presented.

The local Polish press contained very favorable accounts of this concert, notwithstanding its character, with the exception of one paper, the "ABC" which criticized the concert for being of a somewhat political character.

## ANOTHER UKRAINIAN PIANIST

Judging from the accounts of the European press there are arising among the Ukrainian people quite a few of talented young Ukrainian musicians, particularly pianists.

The most recent of such arrivals is a 20-year old Ukrainian pianist, Taras Mykyshy, who gave a concert a little over a month ago in Pryashiv, Czechoslovakia. The Slovak music critics were so impressed with the very unusual talent and technique of the young Ukrainian that they prophesied for him a very bright future. He is hailed by some as the future "leading star of the 20th century piano firmament".

## YOUTH BRANCH OF U. N. A. TO BE FORMED

Thomaston, Conn. The local branch (No. 22) of the Ukrainian National Association recently helped to organize in Thomaston the Junior Ukrainian Club, which, it is reported, will in the very near future become the nucleus of a separate local youth branch of the U. N. A.

Meetings are held every second Wednesday in the Ukrainian Hall. Officers of the Club are: Pres.—Stephen Batick, Vice Pres.—Mary Perchuk, Sect.—Anna Shypinka, Ass't Sect.—John Shypinka, Treas.—Mike Batick, Ass't Treas.—John Mushlock, Auditors—Anna Kishlock, and Mary Bereza.

Both the President and the Secretary helped a great deal in the formation of the Club.

## THE SPIRIT OF EASTERTIDE.

Oftentimes our young people—a very broad and inclusive term indeed—engage in a very interesting and often trifle heated discussion on the question, which is the more popular holiday, Christmas or Easter? And invariably, they finally resolve in favor of Eastertide.

Christmas, to be sure, has a certain undeniably beautiful charm of its own, even in spite of the fact that its attendant "Christmas Spirit" has assumed, at the hands of advertisers, all of the aspects of a hackneyed catch-phrase used to lure the public to buy certain wares. And yet, there is a certain little something about Eastertide which Christmas does not possess, namely, that feeling of exhalation, a freshness of spirits, and a new infest in life. Life seems to take on an added meaning. Our hopes rise. We look kindly and tolerantly upon our pestiferous neighbors and acquaintances.

We pause here for a moment to let our student in psychology rush in to inform us that all these feelings are most natural, nothing to be wondered at; they are merely our response to the stimulus of the coming of spring following a particularly severe winter. Gently but firmly we take this realist by the arm and show him the door, informing him that we are not at all interested in a scientific explanation of the vagaries of human behavior. What we are interested in is the welcome change in us, a change brought about by the resurgence of spirits, giving us new hope, ambition and courage to cope with the everyday problems of life.

And yet, despite this resurgence of spirits around Easter time, there is something lacking to make our happiness complete.

We cannot, here in America, celebrate the Easter holidays in the same beautiful, joyful and inimitable manner as did our parents back in the old country, and as do our native kinsmen overseas today, and, in fact, as did our ancestors even as far back as over a thousand years ago.

From the accounts of our parents' (poignantly happy memories for them), readings, theatrical presentations, concerts and radio programs we have formed a mental picture of the Easter customs of our people in Ukraine; sufficiently clear and vivid to arouse a longing in our hearts to visit the land of our parents and ancestors, see these customs ourselves, and perhaps take part in them.

We see, as if before our very eyes, the lovely Easter afternoon in a picturesque Ukrainian village; the trees and flowers budding; the girls and boys gathering in the village green near the village church; the graceful, swiftly-moving "hailke" dances they perform with clasped hands, singing their happy, lilting "hailke" songs; the swirl of the beautifully embroidered costumes of the girls as they swing around in the intricate evolutions of the dances; the older folks, dressed in their very best, standing or sitting around, chatting, singing, watching the dancers, and perhaps even venturing a step or two themselves; the little mischievous urchins playing pranks upon the more sedate oldsters, and perhaps getting their best clothes soiled in the act—all of this forms a beautiful panorama in our minds of bright, shifting colors, laughter and singing, causing us to utter a deep sigh and a heartfelt wish that we were there too.

Growing philosophical for the moment we perceive something deeper in these Ukrainian "hailke" dances and songs, in the gaiety and happiness with which the Ukrainian people greet the coming of Spring, the re-birth of Nature. To us they are but an outward manifestation of that happy, optimistic, unconquerable spirit of the Ukrainian nation; a spirit which in spite of the centuries of unparalleled oppression, denationalization and slavery never grows cold. And the coming of Spring with its fragrant freshness of newly-growing things serves only to strengthen this spirit in the hearts of the Ukrainian people, and give it new life, vigor and vitality.

May this Ukrainian Easter spirit of optimism and belief in the future descend upon us here in America; for we certainly do need it in these dark, trying days. Let us not grow discouraged. But let us remember that just like even the most severe Winter is followed by Spring, so will the bleak, cheerless days of our lives be followed by days of warmth and cheer, days of happy realization of our most cherished dreams and ideals.

The Ukrainian National Association, the "Svoboda" and the "Ukrainian Weekly" join in wishing their friends and readers

A VERY HAPPY EASTER

## THE RESURRECTION

On living wings of silver light  
At break of early day  
Came down an angel—snowy  
white,  
And rolled the stone away.

The evil sentry stationed there  
In dread of sight and sound,  
Fell down in bated, sudden fear,  
As dead man to the ground.

Then arose from death's own fury  
Unseen by mortal eye  
Triumphant in a flawless glory  
The King of earth and sky!

\*  
\*  
God, may our hearts beat ever  
true,  
For we, like Christ, shall rise  
And dwell in peace forevermore  
In His blissful enterprise.

ROSALIE N. HATALA.

## FUGITIVES FROM SOVIET MISRULE INCREASING

According to the dispatches received from Lviv, the number of Ukrainians fleeing from the unspeakable misery and starvation in Ukraine under the Bolshevik misrule has increased to such an extent that all border guards along the Zbruch River (separating Ukraine under the Soviets from Western Ukraine under Poland) are now entirely simon pure Bolshevik Russians or Siberians. It is feared by the Soviet authorities that if perchance someone of Ukrainian blood or sympathy be placed there, he might take pity on the unfortunate fugitives and allow them to escape by crossing the border.

These fugitives from the Soviet Paradise, with their faces as black as the black soil of Ukraine, sunken features, feverishly burning eyes from the terrible misery, starvation, and sufferings, dressed in rags, with their bones sticking out where flesh should be, and completely exhausted—these fugitives resemble more the dead than the living. Once they were comfortably well off farmers who, after years of toil, had managed to save enough to own a few acres of land. Under the Communistic system the ownership of even this small piece of land became a deadly sin, and all such owners were forcibly deprived of their small piece of hard-earned property and belongings, and in many cases sent to the terrible Solovetsky prison islands or Siberia.

## EASTER NEWS

There is a steadily growing custom among the American-Ukrainian people of staging various presentations during Eastertide which attempt to portray some of the beautiful Ukrainian ceremonies of greeting the Easter Season, such as the "hailke" dances and songs.

Dr. B. Alexander has recently issued a valuable book which may be of great help for those who stage such presentations. This book is a handbook on the "hailke" songs and dances, containing a description of them and their ancient origin, as well as the songs with notes themselves. It can be obtained in the "Svoboda" bookstore.



## A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH  
(A free translation by S. S.)

"Propovidke" — (Proverbs) are brief, pithy sayings, condensing in witty or striking form the wisdom of experiences, as:

"Судженого і коном не обідеш".

"Святий спокою, гаразд з тобою".

"Prealivya" — (sayings), differ from proverbs in that they in themselves do not contain any striking wisdom, but when combined during the course of conversation with the subject matter discussed they assume an inimitable significance and meaning of their own. They are of an impersonal, rather metaphorical character:

"От тобі віз і пересів".

"Ні в кут, ні в двері".

"Говорила небіженька до самої смерті".

"Bayke" — (fables), are brief stories and tales feigned or invented to embody some moral, and introducing persons, animals, and sometimes even inanimate things as rational speakers and actors.

"Zahadke" — (riddles), are puzzling questions for solution. Among the Ukrainian people they are very popular. In fact the use of proverbs, adages, sayings, fables, and riddles is very prevalent among the Ukrainian people, particularly those drawn from the peasant class. Here is a Ukrainian riddle:

"Без обручів, без дна, повна бочка вина; шоб її поправити, на те майстра нема". (Яйце).

"Zamovlenya" and "zaklenanya" — (incantations), is the saying, chanting or singing of supposed magic words for enchantment, exorcising of evil spirits, or the asking for aid of supernatural powers during times of distress. This practice decidedly waned with the coming of Christianity, and where formerly the people prayed to various pagan gods for help and succor, now, they pray to Christ, Virgin Mary, Angels, and the Saints. Some of the ancient forms of incantations, however, still persist among some people, but they are not taken seriously, but rather as certain superstitions to be followed, at one's humor.

Here is an example of such a superstitious custom:

"When a person gets sick, get some water before sunrise, pour this water into a wooden vessel, cover this vessel with a quilt, throw three cloves of garlic into the water, take a knife and with it make the sign of the cross over the water three times, plunge the knife into the water several times, go to the chimney vent and bow before it three times, and incant at the same time:

"Водичко - Фурданичко! Вмивайш луги-берези, кориння, біле каміння... Умий сего крещеного чисто, вчиненого від гніву, ненависти й від усякого лиха".

When that is done give this water to the sick person to drink, and then sprinkle him with it."

At this point we conclude the first part of our Short History of Ukrainian Literature, dealing with the Ukrainian spoken literature, and shall now enter into Part II, which deals with written literature.

Generally speaking, our people as a whole do not as a rule appreciate the significance and importance of the Ukrainian spoken literature, particularly that which extends far back, even before the Christian era. With the passage of time, as products of this type of literature are handed down from generation to generation, many new elements are introduced into them, changing, thereby, their original character and meaning, and at the same time obliterating a great deal of the original beauty and style. And yet, despite this regrettable and irreparable loss, a great many of the old products of Ukrainian spoken literature have survived to this very day for us, charming us with their beautiful native style, thought, and meaning. Thanks to the revival of interest in Ukrainian literature, which revival dates back to the close of the 18th century, a great many of these beautiful products of Ukrainian spoken literature will remain forever in their recorded form to charm and enchant Ukrainian posterity.

(End of Part I)

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## LEARNING UKRAINIAN

In the month of February, 1933, I joined the Ukrainian National Association and daily thereafter received the "Svoboda". For the first three months or thereabouts, I never even took the trouble of opening the wrapper around it, no less to read its contents. My Scotch instinct, however, whispered to me that I was paying for this daily visitor to my letter box, and one day I took the wrapper off, opened the paper and glanced at the printed panorama before me. There in cold black type appeared characters in the Ukrainian language, which carried me back seventeen years to the basement under the Ukrainian Church in Jersey City, where at the tender age of twelve I was initiated into a classroom where my native language was being taught (I was born in the little village of Dorohiw, county of Stanislawiv and spent a meager fourteen months of the beginning of my life there, when I was brought to this Country and sustained the first fracture of what might have been a classical nose, on board the German vessel that carried my entire family to a new and glorious land. The manly art of football has taken care of subsequent indentures.)

Getting back to where I left off, I spent about a year, not consistently, but at various intervals, in this Ukrainian Classroom, when my good parents, on the verge of despair for many months, finally gave me up as a hopeless case, and in 1917 I saw the last of this classroom.

So there I was in 1933, trying to recall what I had been taught in 1916-1917, and I was making a very poor job of it. So I looked through the paper, and searched for something I could read. Alas! I found it. An article written in English. I read the article and commenced to learn about the activities of my own brethren. I did not throw the newspaper in the basket after that, although it did usually find a resting place there, very suddenly, if it lacked an article written in English.

Never being ashamed of my native heritage, but being embarrassed by the lack of hardly any understanding of written Ukrainian, I sought the assistance of Mr.

Stetkewicz, of the Editorial Staff of the "Svoboda", and he very kindly spent about six evenings with me and started me off on a road towards a better learning and appreciation of our language.

I then began to TRY to read the announcements in the "Svoboda". Little by little, I advanced to the stage where I could read and understand them. Then I became sufficiently courageous to glance at the first sheet. I made fair progress until one day, while trying to make out an English expression, written in Ukrainian, I got stuck. I began to think that I was as poorly equipped in English as in Ukrainian. I got stuck on four words written in Ukrainian ("Бейс енд мінс коміті") expressing an English term. It sounded to me like "West End mince comedy". I knew this was not correct and believe me or not, after racking my brain for a half hour, I finally realized that the words were "Ways and Means Committee", which as I have said before were written in Ukrainian letters.

My progress has been slow but sure. After less than a year in self-education, but with daily and constant slow reading of the "Svoboda", black Ukrainian type no longer mystifies nor scares me; my spoken Ukrainian has greatly improved so that my embarrassment today is not noticeable; my knowledge of foreign affairs, which appear on the right hand side of the first page, is gaining; Ukrainian life in partitioned Ukraine, appearing on the first and second pages is brought to me vividly; my interest in the Ukrainian struggle for independence is a live one; I have solved the question of how to rid myself of my professional and business cares when I come home in the evening, by reading the "Svoboda", learning therefrom the Ukrainian language, acquainting myself with Ukrainian activities both abroad and in America, educating myself in an old and glorious literature and culture; and if I have been able to do this, certainly, do I say, the road is open to all young Ukrainians to accomplish as much or more in pursuit of this wonderful and interesting adventure.

MARCEL E. WAGNER.

## SAHAYDATCHNY

Retold from an old Ukrainian story by S. S.

### 18. "I die... But Ukraine Shall Live On Forever"

In one of the large, high-ceiling chambers of the Bratskoho Monastery, a group of people stood around the bed of a dying man. The dying man, still conscious and breathing faintly, was Sahaydatchny, while around him were some close friends, several members of the Cossack "starchena", and Khvesia, his god-daughter.

All was very still, save for the soft weeping of the girl, and the still softer sighing of the wind outside. Khvesia was kneeling beside Sahaydatchny's head, while at the foot of the bed stood "mighty" Khoma, gazing from beneath his bushy eyebrows at the still figure of his beloved Hetman as if he could not bear to tear his eyes away. Like a faithful hound he had never left Sahaydatchny's side since that tragic moment when, during the heat of the battle with the Turks and Tartars, he had found him lying unconscious, mortally wounded on the battle field. All stood there silently, heads bowed, looking for last time at their famous leader, awaiting his last words.

Finally a deep sigh... Sahaydatchny's eyes fluttered open. Slowly he looked around, until his eyes

perceived the kneeling form of his god-daughter. His lips moved.

"Khvesia," he spoke in a low, faint voice, "is that you?"

"Yes, 'tatutchku,'" she replied.

"Come closer... put your head near my hand... so that I could feel those golden ringlets of yours once more before I die," he whispered.

Khvesia, with a low sob, did as she was bid; inclining her head until it rested on his outstretched hand. Slowly and gently Sahaydatchny stroked her bowed head. For a moment, a look of happiness passed over his face as he gazed upon her from beneath his lowered lids. Then he sighed again.

"My poor, unfortunate child... Fate did not permit us to live together."

Two tears slowly trickled down his care worn, battle scarred face, and fell to the pillow, splashing its snowy whiteness.

For a moment he lay quietly, and then slowly his eyes began to grow dim. His faint breathing began to grow labored. He tossed his head restlessly on the pillows, as if attempting to ward off the impending dead. Khvesia, seeing this, began to cry.

Everyone in the room stood silently, tensely. Eyes glistened...

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In the very shadow of death, Sahaydatchny seemed to want to say something. At last the words came.

"Ukraina, Ukraina," he cried faintly, brokenly "what plans I had for you! And now..."

He licked his parched lips with the tip of his tongue. Turning to the Cossacks, he said "My children, tis your motherland. Defend her with your very lives!"

His breathing grew agitated more and more. His voice grew feverish.

"Look, Kaffa is burning... Burn those galleys too... Take care of Khvesia, my golden apple... Farewell, my children... Farewell, Mother Ukraine... I die... But Thou shall live on, Forever!"

Slowly he slumped back.

Suddenly, a fluttering of wings was heard. All eyes turned to the window from whence the sound had come. There, on the window sill, a black crow had alighted. For a few seconds it stood there, its jet black eyes seeming to bore into the figure of Sahaydatchny, and then, with a shrill, harsh cry, it flew away.

Several days later they buried Sahaydatchny.

It was a gloomy, drizzling day. A driving north wind drove before it black, oily clouds, which scudded southward across the skies as if in haste to carry to the Zapo-

roge, to Crimea, to the Black Sea the sorrowful tidings of Sahaydatchny's death.

Around the monastery the willow trees sighed and rustled in the wind. Bells tolled mournfully.

A huge mass of people had come from all parts of Ukraine to see one of Ukraine's greatest sons laid to rest. Around the coffin of the famous Hetman a choir of young monastery students, their fresh young faces glistening from the lightly falling rain, sang the moving, majestic bars of "vichnaya pamyatch" — eternal memory. As the last strains of this funeral hymn were snatched up by the driving wind, the Rector of the School stepped forward to the coffin. A hush fell over the bowed heads. With a low, faltering voice, which grew stronger and stronger, rising above the blowing of the wind, and the tolling of the bells, he gave the final benediction.

Несмертельно слави достойний гетьмане!  
Твоя слава в мовчанню віди не зістане!  
Поки Дніпр з Дністром многорібні плинути  
Будуть -- поти дальности -- тек твоєї слави.

A vast stillness seemed to fall upon the rain-drenched earth. The bells had ceased their tolling. Only the sighting of the wind could be heard, and the quiet weeping of women...

(The End)



## HOW THE PEOPLE IN UKRAINE MAKE THEIR OWN EASTER EGGS

The Easter egg is almost as universal a custom as offering gifts on Christmas. In fact, the Easter egg may be said to be as international as Santa Claus himself.

And there is a good foundation for this universality of the custom. The egg itself is a symbol of the promise of a new life, and when is this symbol more appropriate than on a spring festival, when the whole nature seems awakened to a new life, and which is the most important festival of the spring, THE festival of spring indeed, if not the Easter?



A Hutsub girl decorating an Easter egg.

No wonder then that the Easter egg is used the world over. It is offered in gift as a token of good wishes of the season. In some countries a basketful of newly-laid eggs is offered, in other countries a fancy nest of candy eggs, in some others an Easter bunny, sitting on eggs. In Ukraine, only one egg may be offered as a gift, and it will be accepted as a token of good wishes. This cannot be considered as a mark of frugality or stinginess for in no other region of the world does the Easter egg carry the proof of so much work and imagination expended on it. The Easter egg is not only painted but covered with decorations. Its preparation is a long process.

Let me describe this process as it is practiced in the Carpathian mountains, among that Ukrainian tribe of Hutsubs.

The decoration of Easter eggs is done in the last weeks before the Easter. The preparations naturally begin with the accumulation of eggs. Then a "kystka", the style, is prepared. The "kystka" consists of two parts: a tube and a holder. The tube is made of latten-brass, by rolling it around a needle, and then threading through it a hair of horse's tail. This funnel-like tube is then attached to a wooden handle, resembling a crude penholder. This is done usually by splitting a stick at one end, inserting into the fork the tube, at a right angle to the stick, and tying it up with a thread. It is usually necessary to have several such "kystkas", as

each of them can draw lines only of one thickness.

Now the colors are prepared. They are all home-made. The yellow color is produced by boiling the bark of a young tart wild apple tree. Some yolk is added to it to make the dye adhesive. After the color has cooled off, it is cooked again and while it is cooling some alunite is added.

Another yellow color is produced from woadwaxen, or dyer's greenwood. Also from saffron. The green dye is made by cooking in "borshch" of rye chaff, the husks of sunflower seeds. And so on.

Lately, dyes are bought ready-made.

After all the colors have been prepared, each in a special sherd or utensil, the eggs are washed in warm water, wiped, and then dried in a warm spot, usually before the open hearth fire. Now a big potsherd is filled with live embers, and the burning embers and small cup is placed filled with bees-wax. After the wax has melted, the styles are placed into it.

Starting to paint an egg, the girl takes it into her left hand, holding it with the first, third, fourth, and fifth finger. She takes the style with melted wax with her right hand. She wipes the tip of the tube against the index finger of her left hand lest the wax should drop on the eggs, and begins to cover the egg with designs, starting at the blunt end and going towards the pointed end. She does this by turning the egg in her left hand, and holding the style rigid in her right hand, thus, in this way, passing the egg under the tip of the tube exuding the liquid wax. Whenever the wax becomes too thick, she places it for a moment into the melted wax.

Having finished a design upon the white background of the egg, she now places the egg into a color, standing ready at hand. After an hour or two, she takes out the egg and lets it dry. If she removes the wax now, she would have an egg painted in two colors: the drawn design would be in white color, while the rest of the egg would be of the color of the dye. She usually does not remove the color now, but keeps on covering the egg with new designs. Now these new lines, covered with wax, would not be white, but of the color of the first dye. Having finished the second part of the design, she drops the egg into another color. If she were to remove the wax after the egg had been taken out of the dye and dried, she would have an egg in three colors, but usually she still keeps on adding new designs, thus producing newer and newer designs, in a new color. While accumulating the colors in this manner, however, she takes care to make the colors follow in the right order, which is to start from the brightest color and proceed to the darker colors, for instance, from the yellow, through the green, the red, to the black.



Some samples of designs of Easter eggs in the land of the Ukrainian Mountaineers.

## IN DEFENCE OF "UKRAINIAN WEEKLY" AND THE TOPIC "MORE DESTRUCTION"

In the Sunday edition of the "Ukrainian Daily News", March 25th, 1934 under the heading "Snooping Around" by "Dorrie" there appeared an attack upon S. A. S. topic on "More Destruction" and upon the "Ukrainian Weekly" as a whole, to which I wish to reply. The author "Dorrie" states that he or she took a peep into the "Ukrainian Weekly" and dug up "More Destruction?" I would advise "Dorrie" to take a good look not a peep, it pays. Is the Second Five Year Plan—a further social transformation—it is! The Reds are attempting to break down the old customs and traditions which the people have kept for hundreds of years and fought

and died for them. In this attempt they are slaughtering people by the millions. This, "Dorrie", is the Second Five Year Plan in the nutshell. I agree that there should be a five million ton crop in Ukraine. Why not? Ukraine has a wonderful soil. Fertile, yes, far above any other country, but will they gather five million tons? NO! The fraction of the five million tons that will be gathered will be sold at 25 cents a bushel to other countries. Business, eh "Dorrie"? The reason why they won't gather five million tons: The peasants are not satisfied with the Five Year Plan and there are such things as sabotage, boycott, etc. Give the Reds a hint "Dorrie".

After the egg has been properly covered with designs and taken out of the last dye, the egg is placed into a hot oven to let the wax melt. Then the girl wipes the wax off with a cloth, and the Easter egg appears to her in all its brightness.



The "kystka", the style, used for drawing decorations upon an egg.

The Hutsubs know an endless number of designs to decorate the Easter egg. These designs are taken from plants, animals, costumes, furnishings, and what not. Each design has a name of its own. Some of them are reminders of the various objects of the Christian ritual, such as church, belfries, chapels, monasteries. Others are called by the various heavenly bodies: sun, moon, stars. Others are called by such tools of everyday life as: fork, trough, window, rake, brush, comb, boat, keep, powder box. Other are called after various plant designs used to decorate the egg. Other designs are called after the village in which they were first introduced or are particularly popular.

E. R.

"Dorrie" also states from the "New York Times" that the French Premier Herriot saw no such thing as FAMINE in Ukraine. Neither would you nor I if we dined with the "commissars". "Dorrie" also says that the "Ukrainian Weekly" fills up its space with dirt. Filling it up with such topics as Taras Shevchenko, History of Ukrainian Literature, History of Ukraine, etc.—do you call that dirt "Dorrie"? If you do, "then try measuring the distance from the top of the bridge to the water". Good Ridgance! You say you have facts from all papers in favor of Soviet Ukraine. Yes, I believe you. Such facts as, Wonderful land, Climate, People, but a h... of a government. Why did you not repeat S. A. S.'s phrase from the "London Tablet"? It must be hard to look true facts "in the eye", eh "Dorrie", or do you wear dark glasses? "Dorrie" also states "The Reds have established a Workers', Farmers' government." How many workers or farmers have government positions? Better say Jailbird Government. Sounds better! And here is another statement of "Dorries". "In the pre-revolutionary Russia agriculture was burdened by the taxes and crushed by landowners and rich farmers." Three factors, but now they are burdened, crushed and what-not by Stalin, Litvinoff, and thousands of other commissars. Here are some more trash statements of "Dorrie's": "The peasants no longer tremble, for gone is the perpetual fear of hunger, and honest labor has brought to them a strength to carry on with no fear." Sounds good, but is it? Emphatically NO! That perpetual fear of hunger is there! People have to wait in long lines for food, and there are times that the peasants do not get their daily share only the order, NO MORE! March! March they do, but where? Barracks! Honest labor has not brought to them a strength to carry on, but the determination to live and see the downfall of Communism!

"Dorrie" says "Lies are printed that slander the Soviet Government and such lies are printed for the people to read and believe." The only paper I can think of printing such lies is the "Ukrainian Daily News", and I see "Dorrie" believes them. You say you would rather be called a Red than yellow. OK! To whom does that word "Yellow" refer? If, to the Ukrainians that protested against Soviet Russia in Ambridge, New York, Chicago, etc. then you are wrong. We came through victorious, marching in the center of the street and not hiding behind innocent bystanders and throwing eggs and other missiles! What bed did you hide under when the Protest Marchers were passing? Yellow and Red fits you perfectly.

MICHAEL SKRABUT,  
1004-Lenz Ave., Ambridge, Pa.



**THE UKRAINIAN QUESTION.**

By E. Lachowich.

(2)

Muscovy after destruction of Kiev took little pains in meddling with the affairs of the South. She simply let them alone. Since that time the histories of these two peoples, for several centuries run completely apart.

Exposed to continuous attacks from various nomadic tribes the Kievian State decayed altogether, and finally was embodied into the Galicia-Volynian State, which being Ukrainian in its character was also a logical successor to all Ukrainian lands. It looked as if the Ukrainian people by means of a new State organization would retain their sovereignty. With the beginning of XIII century, however, Tartar Hordes appeared who for many centuries attacked and invaded Ukrainian lands, bringing death and devastation. Towns and villages were wiped out of existence. Roads were covered with the bodies and bones of animals and people. The Tartar invasions bore themselves deeply into the memory of the Ukrainian people. They are remembered with shudders up to the present day. All atrocious events of those times have been preserved in songs, legends and narratives.

The Galician Kings fought the Tartars with bravery, checking thus also their aggression upon Central Europe. The Polish King Lokietek in his letter to the Pope mentions with sympathy two late Galician dukes, who "were a hard target shielding Poland from the Tartars". Continual attacks on the part of the Tartars however, exhausted the vitality of Galicia's Volynian Kingdom to the extent that it failed to produce a new Government, after the Romanovitch dynasty left no successor to the throne. It became a prey of successive wars between Poland and Lithuania, and finally, on the basis of a Union made between these two States in Lublin in 1569 almost all Ukrainian lands found themselves under the rule of Poland.

In 1501, that is after more than 300 years of complete separation between Muscovy and Ukraine,—a little accident happened, which though minute in form yet grew in consequences. In this year the Ukrainian aristocracy being oppressed and polonized forcibly by Polish authorities, turned to the ruler of Muscovy, czar Ivan III, with a plea to take a portion of Ukrainian lands under his protection. This accident gave birth to the idea in the minds of Muscovian Tsars of making themselves "protectors" of the Ukrainian lands. This idea has been pursued with small intervals up to the present day, "protection" being the method and actual possession the aim.

The Tartar State, primarily founded at the lower course of the Volga river, in XIII century deteriorated and split into several parts. One of the parts on peninsula of Crimea founded a new Tartar State, which with reborn vigour renewed its attacks upon Ukraine and with small interruptions continued them for nearly five centuries.

The Ukrainian villages, built and populated during the short time of the armistice disappeared again. Almost all Ukrainian lands, that is the districts of Kiev, Volhynia, Podolia, Galicia turned into complete ruin. Neither Muscovy nor Poland, though the former boasted of being protector and the latter possessor of these territories took pains to make even a trial of stopping this plague. Remnants of the Ukrainian population scattered in swamps and forests took to arms

and thus gave birth to the "Cossacks".

Out of small Cossackian detachments Duke Vyshnevetsky organized a knightly Order, called "Zaporogian Sitch", with its fortress on an isle of the river Dnieper. This Order for a few centuries played an outstanding part in the history of Ukraine. It always served as nucleus of which in case of need big armies arose; far above all it preserved the purity of the idea of an independent Ukraine.

With the rapid growth of the Sitch the Cossacks increased their militant aspirations and from defensive war they turned to offensive. Many times they attacked and destroyed Tartar towns and cities, and in the course of a century they succeeded in breaking the Tartar power and limiting their invasions. During that time, the deserted areas called by historians "Wild Fields" were again populated by Ukrainians. And only then did Poland remember that these lands formally belonged to her. She immediately made haste to send her officials to Ukraine and introducing her social order therein. In the concept of the Ukrainians this order was quite unjust as it was reserving all the rights for the noble class and none at all for the peasants. The latter were mercilessly exploited by the administration, which was totally in the hands of the nobles. Social unjust order as well as forcible romanization of the church, in the middle of XVII century gave rise to a revolution. Under the leadership of Hetman Bohdan Chmelnytzky the Ukrainian army won a number of brilliant victories. At Korsun, Zhovti Vody, Pylavci—the Polish army were completely destroyed. Like a squall the revolution passed through all Ukrainian lands as far as San river—and within a few years an independent Ukrainian State was restored again.

Archbishop Paul of Syria visiting Ukraine at that time expressed a great admiration for Ukrainians, who after overthrowing the Polish yoke so rapidly were rebuilding their State. He wrote thus: "the Cossacks conquered the land, divided the cornfields amongst themselves, cut down the forests, burned the roots and are now sowing the grain... they are free, happy and gay people now. They have built many churches, installed wonderful Saint-pictures and holy banners. With a new fervour they preach their faith, very diligently cultivate their knowledge, reading the books and church singing". (Arkas: History of Ukraine (Ukr.).

(To be continued)

**THE SPORT WHIRL**

**ATTENTION ALL BASKETBALL TEAMS!**

This year has marked the initial appearance of the basket ball team of the Ukrainian Social Club of Elizabeth, which has thus far manifested unusual technique in so comparatively a brief period. It has opposed and defeated teams considered far more superior and skilled; and has high expectations to expand itself into a team stronger and more popular than it ever has been.

It has, however, been the purpose of the U. S. C. to do everything in its power to encourage athletic competition among the Ukrainian teams of various sections of the U. S. in order to induce further an influential tendency toward a possible formation of a Ukrainian Athletic Association, a goal, which all Ukrainians will more than be proud of. It is obvious that athletics have generally been the very "backbone" of the majority of organizations, and because of their physical value they seldom lack cooperation and financial support.

The U. S. C. desires to practice these principles, and consequently, has contemplated sponsoring a Ukrainian Gold Medal Elimination Tournament. Emphasis must be made on the fact that this tournament shall be limited to Ukrainian teams only, meaning also that every individual participant, in order to comply with rules, must be of Ukrainian descent and of senior capability.

A trophy, in conjunction with prizes to the individual players, will be awarded to the superior team.

To avoid procrastination, all those interested, kindly write immediately for full details to: Mr. Michael Kobryn, athletic Manager, c/o Ukrainian Social Club, 214 Fulton Street, Elizabeth, N. J. Respectfully yours, PETER HONDOWICZ, Sec.

**BASEBALL IN PHILADELPHIA**

The Ukrainian Club of Philadelphia is starting its 4th season in baseball. The "Ukes", having two teams, are making a drive in this city for more members and players to represent the club in various sports.

Due to our attempt to put out two of the strongest teams in the city we would like to hear from Ukrainian players interested in playing on a team composed of Ukrainians.

A baseball meeting and practice will be held at the Ukrainian Hall, 23rd, and Brown Streets on Saturday, March 31st at 2 P. M. Those unable to come write or see Peter Zaharchuk, 706 N. 24th Street as soon as possible, so we can get an early start and have a successful season.

JULIUS ZAHARCHUK, Sec.

**BAYONNE UKRAINIANS CLOSE BASKETBALL SEASON**

The Ukrainian Athletic Club of Bayonne, New Jersey closed its season with ten victories in twelve starts. The final game of the season was played with the Ukrainian Athletic Club of Jersey City. The score was 35 to 33.

The Jersey City "Ukes" got off to a flying start in the first half and despite a rally on the part of the Bayonne "5", the latter fell short of victory.

The line-up of the Bayonne Ukrainians included: Alex Monchok, John Tomsy, Joseph Stachin, Theodore Solomy, Peter Ozemko, Michael Kobylinsky, Michael Stachin and John Basarab. Monchak and Tomsy led in point scoring with eight goals, one foul and five goals, one foul respectively. Brilliant work was also performed by Joseph Stachin and Peter Ozemko. The Manager is Michael Kudryk. Nicholas Basarab was time keeper.

On Saturday, April 28, the Ukrainian Boys will hold their annual Confetti and Ribbon Dance at the Ukrainian National Home, 33-35 West 19th Street.

JOSEPH DOWHAN, Sec't.

**JERSEY CITY SITCH**

The Ukrainian Athletic Association Chornomorska Sitch of Jersey City will once again be seen on the baseball diamond with a powerful semi-pro baseball team.

The Sitch after being a little backward in the sport circles went out last year and outlined a sports program that has done very much in broadening the Ukrainian name on Hudson County's Sports map, both in baseball and basketball.

This year's team will attempt to even better last years' record of 17 victories against 7 defeats and will meet some of the best semi-pro teams in the East.

John Koblan, will be seen at the helm of the Ukrainians and according to early predictions has fine hopes of even building up a greater nine than he had last season. The Sitch expects to hold its first working in a few days and anybody wishing to try out with them can do so by merely calling Journal Square 2-1783 about 7 to 7:30 any evening and asking for further information.

The Sitch expects to open up April 15th and is open for bookings with any teams in the East. For bookings either write to the Ukrainian Home 181-183 Fleet St. or call Journal Square 2-1783 any evening about 7 to 7:30 and ask for Johnny.

Yours in Sport JOHN KOBLAN.

**NEWARK SITCH TO OPEN SEASON**

The Ukrainian Sitch A. A. baseball representatives of Newark, N. J. will open their baseball season on Sunday afternoon, April 15th, opposing the Newark Falcons at Ironbound Field, adjacent to the Newark Bears Stadium on Wilson Avenue. The Falcons are the champions of the Ironbound section and a hard game is expected.

The Ukrainian team will be composed of Dolinskas, Tracey, Mananke, Burns and Zimmerman in the infield; Seveticnik, Hopf, Drazek and Ratushney in the outfield; George Schnaufeur will be on the mound for the Ukrainians with Frank Golden behind the plate.

On Sunday evening, April 15th, the Ukrainian Sitch A. A. will hold a grand dance in honor of their baseball team at the Ukrainian Hall, 229 Springfield Ave., Newark, N. J.

JAMES GOODWIN, Mgr.

(Concluded in the "Svoyoda")

**THE FIRST GENERAL MEETING**

**OF THOSE WHO ENROLLED FOR THE SCHOOL OF AVIATION**

**in conjunction with the UKRAINIAN GLIDER CLUB**

will be held on **TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1934**

**AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M.** at **UKRAINIAN NATIONAL HOME, 217-219 East 6th Street, New York City.**

Those who did not join yet and want to do so may apply on or before that day at our offices located at the above address (3rd floor) from 6:00 P. M. daily.

**GENERAL INFORMATION:** The course will last close to half a year. Lectures twice weekly (in the evenings). Each week gliding on the field. (Extra payments for flying in motored planes, when such begins). **Tuition 50 cents per lecture. Easy weekly payments.** The teaching staff consists of: Engineer R. Komarnitsky, Engineer W. Semenyna, Capt. F. A. Pipping and Mr. B. H. Gilligan. **EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF ODWU.**