



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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YEARLY MEETING OF "OBYEDNANYE" PASSES RESOLUTION RE FAMINE

At the yearly meeting of the Executive Board of the United Ukrainian Organizations of the United States ("Obyednanye") held in Jersey City last Saturday, October 27th, a resolution was unanimously passed that an appeal be made to the United States Government to use its good offices to prevail upon the Soviet government to permit the continuation of the humanitarian activities of American citizens towards helping their families suffering from famine in Ukraine under the Soviets.

Such petition was drawn up and sent to the State Department, and one closely similar to it sent to the League of Nations. It was called out by the fact that of late the Soviet government, in an effort to hide the famine from the world, has refused to permit the famine victims to receive any aid from abroad.

A protest was also dispatched to the Rumanian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Nicholas Titulesco, at Bucharest, in regards to the prohibiting by the Rumanian authorities of the Ukrainians of Bukovina (under Rumania) to observe the 100th anniversary of the birth of the great Ukrainian poet and writer—Yuri Fedkovich (concerning whom an article appeared in the August 3rd issue of the Ukrainian Weekly).

One of the most widely discussed issues at this Yearly Meeting was the problem of youth in American-Ukrainian life. The need of aviation schools for our young American-Ukrainians was also stressed, with the recommendation that the organization of such schools be placed under one responsible leadership. Another resolution passed, recommended military training, theoretical and practical, for our youth.

HAYVORONSKY'S NEW OPERETTA PRESENTED IN LVIW

"The Steel Spur," an operetta composed by Michael Hayvoronsky, won very warm praise at its recent presentation in Lviw, Eastern Galicia, (W. U.). The world premiere of this operetta took place early last summer at Horodenka, Western Ukraine.

The operetta deals with the life of the Ukrainian Sitchowi Strilchi during the recent war for Ukrainian independence. The composer has managed to catch within it the spirit and idealism of those young soldiers who with courage in their hearts and a song upon their lips went to battle for Ukraine.

Critics at the Lviw presentation declared that in this operetta Hayvoronsky reaches, thus far, the peak of his creativeness.

(A Pen Pal Column will appear in tomorrow's Svboda)

A DOUBLE ANNIVERSARY

Born and raised in America, and not having ever even seen the land of their ancestors, it is at times rather difficult for our young American-Ukrainians to feel as poignantly as do their parents all of the joys and sorrows of the Ukrainian nation. Nevertheless, the passing years are witnessing a steadily growing interest among our young people in the plight of the country from which came their parents. And with this growing interest comes a better realization by them of the problems and ideals of the Ukrainian nation, coupled with a better appreciation and a more intense feeling of both their happy and sad moments. There are times when it seems that the drastically different American environment has made our youth indifferent to the Ukrainian cause; when suddenly some incident or other occurs, and in a flash discloses that this seeming indifference is but a thin veneer that covers from view a flaming Ukrainian spirit in our youth.

The past few years have seen the furthering of this spirit to an unprecedented extent. Where the parents because of their inarticulateness were unable to present to their children a comprehensive picture of the glories and ideals of Ukraine, other agencies stepped in, and helped to arouse in these young folks an interest and a warm regard for this great land, which today is suffering under the misrule of four foreign invaders.

And in view of this, it is nothing strange to see that this year's observance by the Ukrainians of the November Day Holiday (Listopadove Svyato) is arousing a far greater interest among our youth than before. In fact, some of this youth is taking the initiative of observing this holiday on its own shoulders. It has begun to realize more than ever before the true meaning of this greatest Ukrainian national holiday—observed yearly in commemoration of that memorable November 1st, 1918, when the Ukrainian people of Western Ukraine rose overnight and established their own free and independent Western Ukrainian Republic.

To be sure, this hard-won independence was not lasting, about 8 months, but it served long enough to give the Ukrainian people that confidence in their strength and cause that knows no enemy or obstacles too strong to be conquered. For had not the Allies openly favored Poland for their own political reasons, had not the French-equipped and armed General Haller's army been thrown into the already overloaded scales in favor of Poland, then it is certain that the Ukrainian Sitchowi Strilchi, despite their smaller numbers, lack of ammunition and equipment, and typhus-ridden ranks, would have won the war. This is borne out by their superiority manifested throughout the entire war over the numerically larger, better equipped and organized Polish troops. Although they finally lost, they lost honorably, and with that quiet conviction that the next time will bring certain victory for them.

This year's observance of the November Day Holiday takes on an added significance, for it marks the 20th anniversary of the breaking out of the World War. It was back in 1914, that there first appeared on the field of battle those famed youthful Ukrainian Sitchowi Strilchi, who were destined to play such a leading and glorious role in the Ukrainian struggle for independence both during and after the World War, and leave behind them a heritage that will serve for centuries to come as a perpetual source of inspiration to future defenders of Ukrainian liberties.

All this our young people in America know, at least much better than they ever did before. And for that reason the observance of the November Day Holiday this year takes on a deeper meaning for them, and with it that growing certainty that before many Novembers have flown by, there will arise a free and independent state of Ukraine, encompassing within its boundaries all of the Ukrainian territories.

ANOTHER YOUTH BRANCH OF U. N. A. FORMED

McKees Rocks, Pa. At a special meeting held on October 15, 1934, at the St. Mary Ukrainian Church Hall, a youth branch of the Ukrainian National Association was formed here. It was named "The Ukrainian Youth of McKees Rocks,"—and given No. 166 by the Home Office of the Association as its branch number.

Twelve new members filed their applications for membership in this youth branch at the meeting. The following officers were elected:—President—Rev. Dennis Kulmatycky, Vice-President—Joseph Farenc, Secretary—Peter Darkosh, and Treasurer—John Salak. Acting as secretary at this first meeting was Wasyl Rudawsky, Secretary of the local older folks' branch of the U. N. A.—St. Wladymir.

Any American-Ukrainian youth of other localities that is interested in forming a youth branch of the U. N. A. of its own, run and managed by itself, is urged to refer for further information to the officers of the local branches of the U. N. A. or write directly to the Home Office of the Association.

AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF A UKRAINIAN BOOK APPEARS

An English translation of a well-known Ukrainian book is about to appear on the market. It is entitled "Lost Shadows," by Osy Turiansky, translated by Andrew Mykytiak.

Those of our young people who read Ukrainian literature are undoubtedly familiar with the Ukrainian original of this translation,—"По за межамі бою." It recounts the Ukrainian author's experiences as a soldier during the war. Its popularity caused it to be translated into the Czech, Polish and even Jewish language. Its value can be gleaned from the fact that the Shevchenko Scientific Society, a leading Ukrainian cultural institution of Western Ukraine, has promised to present this book for consideration to the Nobel Prize Committee as soon as it appears in some western European language. Now that the story has been translated into English, there is a good possibility for it to win further laurels.

Anyone interested in obtaining "Lost Shadows," should write to the Empire Publishing Company, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price is \$2.00 per copy, paid or C.O.D.

ARCHIPENKO SCULPTURE IN LVIW

The Archipenko sculpture, "Meditation," which was bought by contributions gathered among American-Ukrainians, and sent to the Ukrainian National Museum in Lviw, Galicia (Western Ukraine under Poland) as a gift of the Ukrainians in America to their kinsmen in the old country, was formally placed on exhibition at the museum last October 12th, where it is attracting a great deal of attention and praise.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

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

(39)

Growth of Philological Studies

The period upon which we are dwelling at present, beginning of the 19th century, was characterized by a rebirth of the national consciousness of various Slav nations. A new spirit seized the Slav people, and they began to strive for national independence. Philologists and linguists appeared. Studying their native languages, they sought to bear out the right of national languages and the people who spoke them to lead a free and independent life.

Some Leading Slav Philologists

Thanks to the studies and researches of this new school of philologists—particularly of such well known philologists as the Czech Dubrowsky, Ungman and Shafaryk, the Serb Karadzhych, the Slovene Kopitar, and the Russian Vostokov—the Slavic languages and literatures obtained a new lease upon life.

The First Ukrainian Grammar

The Ukrainian intellectual group that was flourishing in Kharkiv, fell under the influence of philological studies too. In 1818, the first Ukrainian Grammar ("Граматика малоросійського нарiччя") appeared. Its author, O. Pavlovsky, sought to show in this Grammar how adaptable the Ukrainian language was for all forms of literary purposes.

Gregory Kvitka-Osnovyanenko

The Kharkiv group of Ukrainian intellectuals produced many famous Ukrainian writers, but the greatest of them all was Gregory Kvitka-Osnovyanenko.

Kvitka was raised in a little village, not far from Kharkiv, named

Osnova, from which he derived his name Osnovyanenko. As was the fashion in those days among the more well-to-do classes, young Kvitka did not attend the village school, but studied at home under private tutors. It was thus that he had the opportunity of meeting the Ukrainian Socrates, Skorowoda, about whom mention was made previously.

Being of a very religious nature, young Kvitka, at the age of 23, entered the monastery. But he did not remain there very long, for 4 years later he gave up monastic life and returned home.

In his daily life he came continually in contact with the peasants, and in time grew to love the language spoken by them and their colorful customs. Their sad lot under the system of serfdom that then prevailed in Ukraine under Russian rule aroused Kvitka's sympathies, and he resolved to dedicate his energies toward the betterment of their lot. He left his native village and his father's ancestral home, and went to Kharkiv, for he had already heard that in that city a new Ukrainian intellectual and literary life was being born.

Kvitka—Father of the Ukrainian Novel

At first he obtained the position of a director of a local theater, in which gained experience that was to stand him in good stead in his literary career. Later he became a principal of a school for girls. Besides supervising school, Kvitka also found time to issue a newspaper, the "Український Вісник" (Ukrainian News). And it was also at this time that he first



Dmytro Witowsky—First Commander of the Ukrainian Army in Lwiw, Western Ukraine (November 1, 1918).

began to write his famous novels, at first in the Russian, but speedily changing to the Ukrainian language, which he used from thence on. To this day he is known as the father of the Ukrainian novel.

He wrote 17 novels. Among the better ones, are "Marousia," "Perekotipole" (a ball-like weed), "Dobre robe, dobre bude" (do good and good it will be), "Koz'ye Dyiwka" (a spirited girl), "Sal-datsky Partret" (a portrait of a soldier), and others.

Besides being a novelist, Kvitka

was also a playwright. Among his better plays are "Svatynnya na Honcharitsi," and "Schyra Lubow," (Courtship in Honcharitsi—True Love).

In the "Letters to his beloved people," Kvitka spoke to the poor, common Ukrainian people so honestly and so clearly as no one had before, and as a result he helped to awaken the masses to greater self-enlightenment. He showed them that their native tongue was most adaptable for literary purposes.

(to be continued)

IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(A tale of olden Cossack times)

By ANDRIY TOCHAIKOWSKY

(A free translation by S. S.)

(17)

17. Pavlush is captured by a brigand

It was late afternoon when Pavlush awoke. Rising and stretching prodigiously, he gazed around, a trifle blankly, for a moment uncertain as to where he was. Then, as his mind cleared from the effects of heavy sleep, he remembered the events that had led him to this spot.

Noticing that he still had a few hours of daylight left, he decided to push on. His horse was grazing nearby, flicking his tail to keep the mosquitoes away. The steppe seemed so peaceful, particularly at this oasis-like spot, that Pavlush found it hard to realize that constant danger lurked in it, in form of marauding bands of Tartars. The recollection of the latter forcibly reminded Pavlush of the plight of his sister Hannah in Tartar hands, somewhere in these limitless steppes. Perhaps right now she was being hurried towards Crimea. The thought made him nearly frantic. He hurried over to his horse, saddled him, and mounting him, was off.

The refreshing sleep had given Pavlush new strength and courage. His horse, too, was now able to proceed at a faster pace than before; in fact, Pavlush had to hold him down to conserve his strength.

Just about sundown, both horse and rider reached a small river, flowing quietly between two rather high banks. Just the place to camp for the night, thought

Pavlush. But as he approached closer, he was met by swarms of mosquitoes, causing him to beat a hasty retreat.

Pavlush was at a loss now, as to what to do. The best way of chasing the mosquitoes away, of course, would be to make a smoky fire, as he had often done at home; but he was afraid to risk a fire, for fear of attracting any Tartars or brigands that might be in the vicinity. He decided, therefore, to go down the river a bit, perhaps there he could find a better place, one where a fire could be effectively screened. Turning his horse's head, he cantered along the bank, keeping a sharp eye for some likely place.

It was growing dark when he reached a spot that seemed ideal enough to spend the night with the minimum of danger. Here the bank on his side was less steep, sloping gradually to the river's edge. Halfway between him and the river stood two huge rocks, like two sentinels. In the deep hollow between them, grew large clumps of willows.

Pavlush dismounted and led his horse to a patch of grass that grew between the rocks and the river. Returning, he gathered some dried grass and osier, which he rolled into a small clump. Striking a spark with his flint he lit this firebrand, and carrying it at an arm's length before him descended into the hollow. He knew that he would find snakes in such a place. Not that he was afraid of them,

for he had killed many of them at home, yet one had to be careful with them at night. His guess about the snakes in the hollow was right, for as he slowly proceeded among the willows, he heard a sudden hiss, and a snake wriggled out of its hiding place, heading for the river. Pavlush chased after it for awhile, to make sure that it would not return later. Upon returning, he routed several other snakes in a similar manner, until he felt reasonably sure that it was safe to sleep there. And in the process of smoking out the snakes, he also smoked out the mosquitoes.

Pavlush was about to fix for himself a crude bed of willows and grass, when suddenly he realized how hungry he was. He did have some food in his bag, but was afraid to eat it for fear that he would have even a greater need of it later. And to make things worse, it was impossible to hunt for anything now, for it was absolutely dark. And yet, he had to find something to eat. Perhaps, he thought, if he went down to the river, he might be able to catch a frog, for his father had often told him that fried frogs were eatable in a pinch. Although the thought gave him a somewhat nauseating feeling, yet he decided to try his luck. When one is very hungry one cannot be too particular, he said to himself.

Pavlush lit a fresh clump of dried vegetation, and using it as a torch made his way down to the river's edge. At his approach a number of croaking frogs leaped into the water. He waded in slowly, the torch casting a flickering light around him. Huge fantastic shadows danced around him on the water. Looking down, he perceived his image reflected in the

water. The water was very clear, and he could see the sandy bottom clearly. He stood there very quietly. Suddenly, something swam past his legs, and then returned. It was a large fish. Pavlush did not even dare to breathe, for fear of scaring it away. The fish, obviously of a very inquisitive nature, drew nearer and nearer to his legs, perchance wondering if perhaps they were something eatable. Just as it was a few inches away, Pavlush's arm swooped down, and pulled out the fish, holding it by the gills. Jubilantly, carrying the wriggling fish before him, Pavlush waded ashore, and returned to his improvised camp. It was a work of but a few moments to clean the fish, salt it, and then place it over a fire that he made. Soon a most delicious aroma rose into the air. It nearly drove Pavlush frantic, but he held the fish over the flame until it was nicely browned. Never had a fish tasted so good, he thought to himself, as he ravenously ate it.

After eating, Pavlush tethered his horse, returned, and threw himself on his improvised bed. In a few minutes he was sound asleep.

Pavlush awoke early the following morning to find somebody poking him in the side. He sat up quickly, rubbing his eyes to open them from the heavy sleep. At length he perceived, standing over him, a rather wild-looking, unkempt figure of a man. He was tall, and dressed in nondescript clothing. His face was surrounded by a bushy black beard, which disclosed cruel lips. His eyes were black and beady. On his head he had what was once a Cossack hat.

(Concluded on page 4)

SERHEY VASYLKIVSKY, A GREAT UKRAINIAN LANDSCAPE PAINTER

Among the losses which Ukraine suffered during the Russian Revolution one of the most poignant ones was the death of the great Ukrainian landscape painter, Serhey Vasylykivsky.

Serhey Vasylykivsky was born, on October 7, 1854, in the city of Izyum, in the province of Nzharkiv, in eastern Ukraine, where his father was a petty clerk in the local district treasury. Here Serhey attended the public schools. When father was transferred to Kharkiv, Serhey entered the "gymnasium" of Kharkiv. Evidently he did not like the school, as instead of studying Latin and Greek, he drew caricatures of his teachers. They did not like that, and he left the "gymnasium" for the Veterinarian Institute of Kharkiv. Soon he left that school, too, and tried to clerk in a government office in Kiev, but painting attracted him so much that he served only to save money to go to the Academy of Arts, in Moscow or St. Petersburg.

In 1876, Serhey Vasylykivsky left his clerkship and, against the will of his father and uncle, joined the Academy of Arts at St. Petersburg. He made good progress there, as already in 1879 he is listed among the medalists of the Academy. In 1883, he was working in Ukraine, painting sketches from which he expected to execute a picture to be entered in a contest at the Academy. On his return to St. Petersburg, he became sick with typhus and was confined to bed in hospitals for three months. His friends, not expecting him to recover, divided his sketches among themselves so that, on his recovery, he had no material to finish his picture. In 1884, he painted "The Dawn," for which he received the gold medal. In 1885, he was again awarded a medal and received a scholarship for study abroad. He went to Paris, settled in the Latin Quarter, and started to copy pictures in the Luxembourg Gallery.

As he was painting there one day, a tall, husky, swarthy man accosted him. "You thought I would not recognize you," the man said, smiling. Why, I can tell a Ukrainian at a glance. Allow me to introduce myself: I am a painter, and my name is Pokhiltonov."

Vasylykivsky was very glad to meet his native countryman. Pokhiltonov was not only a painter, but a good one, and had splendid connections. In the latter's home he ate the Ukrainian "borshch," and through him he joined the studio of the famous French war-painter Detaille. He also made artistic excursions to Brittany, Provence, Spain, England, Italy and Africa. He was admitted to the "Salon,"

and his landscapes enjoyed good reputation in France and Russia.

On his return to his native country, he soon became interested in the archeology of Ukraine and started to travel widely through Ukraine in search of the monuments of old Ukrainian architecture. He traveled especially extensively in Galicia, where he found great interest in her wooden churches. He was the first to realize that the peculiarities of those churches constitute a style of its own, the Ukrainian church style. He collected widely historic and ethnographic material, took part in various Ukrainian congresses, organized Ukrainian societies, artistic and scientific, arranged exhibitions of Ukrainian art, architecture and painting, in Ukraine and abroad, in Kiev, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Prague, Kursk. He projected many monumental buildings in Ukraine style, as well as mausoleums, tombs, gates, and the like.

In 1902, Vasylykivsky and Prof. M. S. Samokysh, another Ukrainian painter, published a monumental album "Out of the Past of Ukraine," which contained besides paintings and sketches also a good text in the French and Russian languages, by D. Yavornytsky. Marks, the well-known Russian publisher, was to be the publisher, but he demanded from the artists a promise to pay a fine of 20,000 rubles in case they should take the second printing to another publisher. Vasylykivsky asked Mr. Marks to make the fine a million rubles.

"Why two millions," Mr. I demanded. "I find 20,000 sufficient."

"I said two millions," Vasylykivsky explained, "because we can pay neither 20,000 nor 2,000,000, and two millions always looks better for the sake of appearances."

Mr. Marks at once agreed to strike out this clause. The publication enjoyed a wide reputation.

In 1901, vasylykivsky wrote a textbook on sculpture and pottery, which was published by the "zemstvo" (the autonomous government) of the province of Poltava for the use of home-industry. When the same "zemstvo" decided to build a new capitol, Vasylykivsky secured the award of the jury for V. Kryczevsky, who decided to erect the building in the Ukrainian style. Vasylykivsky later furnished for the auditorium of the building three large pictures, illustrating the history of Ukraine: "The Election of the Colonel Pushkar," depicting the Cossacks delivering the newly elected Colonel his insignia, which served to the Ukrainians under the tsars as a powerful reminder that all the political power in

their country from the times immemorial had come from the will of the people. "The Highway of Chumaks," is a landscape, depicting the beauty of Ukraine, while the picture "The Duel of the Cossack Holota with a Tartar," takes us back to the dangerous period of Ukrainian history, when Ukraine was overridden by nomadic marauders.

His pictures became widely known for their realistic portrayal of the Ukrainian landscape. They excelled by the beauty of their color, and won for him such epithets as "the airy vasylykivsky." He was offered the professorship at the Academy of Arts, but he refused, saying, "Why should I go into that bog?"

He was considered a miser because he never cared much for his dress. When they called his attention to his boots, he said, "Why, I wear my boots and my suit for myself, and not for others." When they sneered at him for traveling on railroad third-class, he would say, "And just imagine: I have been traveling third-class these 30 years, and yet in those 30 years not even once have those from the first class arrived at the station before me."

He was not stingy for those whom he thought deserving help, but he would send away many who came to him with various fantastic schemes. A friend, a painter, came to him to ask him to contribute 5,000 rubles for the construction of the model of the machine, which, the inventor claimed, could set the type, print and bind the book. "No, nothing doing," Serhey said, "I'll give you money only after you have invented also machine that can write books and make the people buy them. In the meantime take your palette and brushes and paint whatever you know."

Vasylykivsky always had a warm word of welcome for every new movement in art. Only he asked of the innovators first to know thoroughly the old ways.

In the summer of 1917, Vasylykivsky began to repeat to his friends that his death was approaching. To M. S. Samokysh, who tried to console him, he said, "I begin to dream of my family. It is sure a sign of approaching death as when ravens begin to circle over an old hag." And having "decided to die," he began to sell out all his pictures. What was the use to keep them? —he said. It is better to get money for them than let them later on hang useless in some museum. The money he received from this sale, he distributed among his friends, saying, "Just look, how that accursed money is hard to make and how still harder it is to spend."

"To spend it—seems easy," objected his friend, O. Nikolaev, who later wrote a biography of Vasylykivsky.

"No, don't say that," retorted the artist, "to spend money sensibly is not such an easy matter as it might seem."

He was buried, on October 9, 1917. A group of friends, representatives of the Ukrainian government and army, and flags of the city of Kharkiv and of Ukraine followed him to the grave.

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COMMON SENSE

For one whole year, since the very start of the "Weekly," I have been its critic and its admirer, (that is, to myself). For one year I had made it my policy to peruse every article, and whenever possible I did my best to contribute to the "Weekly" personally. And it was my personal curiosity to ascertain from every one of those articles, the amount of real common sense that might have been manifested, if any, by their authors. Some contained very little common sense, because the author's purpose, it seemed, was not to be informative or instructive but merely to consider his article as something which would bear at its end his sparkling appellation. The editor, however, being instinctively sympathetic, as few Editors are, allowed those articles nevertheless to be printed; correcting all the errors so that the individual contributor, besides being inspired by the appearance of his article, would, also profit by having his errors made plain to him and in the future make attempts in discontinuing such errors. In this manner, it was presumed, the "Weekly" would prove to serve as a didactic medium, instructive, so to speak, to both the contributors and the readers. Also, that liberal and friendly contact between the Editor and the contributors would be most strengthened.

Unfortunately, however, (but not at all unexpectedly) letters, some of which were printed, continued to be sent by contributors to the Editor, rebuking him bitterly for his supposedly unwarranted audacity for omitting what he thought was superfluous and correcting what he thought were errors. I have also noticed that several editorials were printed commenting on this, but without avail.

Until now, without being further able to withstand such thoughtless selfishness displayed by those contributors in question, I, as one reader, wish to bring to the reader's attention the recent letter of complaint published in the October 19th issue of the Ukrainian Weekly, in which Mr. Droboty demands an apology from the Editor of the "Weekly" for omitting certain parts of his address.

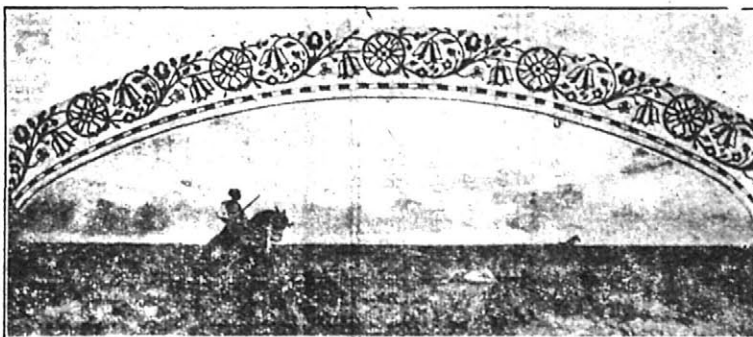
I venture to say that it is indeed a pathetic circumstance for one of Mr. Droboty's social standing to allow all things except his only interest in his address, blind him to the principles involved. If Mr. Droboty had only stopped to reflect for a moment before even commencing to write such a letter, had he paused to visualize himself in the Editor's chair, the thought of casting such reflections and insinuations at him would not have even entered his mind.

I realize that some, like Mr. Droboty, after reading that complaint, think him deserving of a laurel for his boldness. But I also realize, speaking from humble experience in newspaper work, that these very same persons shall later discover for themselves that their attempts in life, however diligent, will be in vain if they shall continue to maintain their self-interests in the face of their fellowmen.

Concluding, I should like to add this: Contributors, use your common-sense, have self-restraint, be patient, and study circumstances well before allowing your feelings to run away with you.

PETER HONDOWICZ,

357 Bond Street
Elizabeth, N. J.



SERHEY VASYLKIVSKY'S "THE DUEL OF THE COSSACK HOLOTA WITH A TARTAR."

(A picture in the Auditorium of the Zemstvo of the province of Poltava, Ukraine.)

"KOROVY"

(Modern Ukrainian Pantomimic Ballet)

Composed and arranged by Dimitri Chutro

Music by Paul Pecheniha

(Copyright, October, 1934)

PART I

The term "Korovy" translated from Ukrainian into English means "Wedding-Cake," and is the significant appellation of an ultra-modern pantomimic ballet, the theme of which has to do with the accustomed two-day celebration of a Ukrainian peasant wedding, the styled celebration of which is nearly obsolete in all save the most remote rural sections of Ukraine.

As the curtain parts, we see Feeyawka (name meaning "Violet") the bride-to-be in the garden of her home. It is the early dusk of the summer evening on which the festivities attending the final nuptial ceremony are to be begun, and in this garden, fragrant with white, pink, yellow, and red roses, lilacs, honeysuckle, lilies, additionally adorned by tall, smiling sun-flowers, are gathered all of Feeyawka's unwed friends, girls who have been her close companions since girlhood. According to custom, every young bride-to-be must be surrounded only by her virgin friends, and no married woman may be near her to carry out the beginning of the ceremony, which consists of the unbinding of the two long plaits which every Ukrainian girl wears over her shoulders to denote her unwed state, and the weaving of the marriage crown of natural flowers that the bride will wear to the church the day of the religious ceremony.

Tonight, Motornay, Feeyawka's betrothed, a brave, handsome, young Cossack, will visit her home later in the evening with his two chosen best men, all his other young male friends, each of them unwed, and the band of musicians who are to provide the music for the dancing.

During this visit, the necessary regulation routine will be followed. Tomorrow, Feeyawka, in her wedding finery, her hair flowing, surmounted only by the crown of flowers, will leave for the church escorted by Motornay's two "best men." At the church, she will meet her fiancé in company with her two maids of honor, and together they will enter for the solemn religious service.

After the ceremony in the church, Feeyawka's hair will be dressed by a married woman into a "Choop," (knot) and a vivid colored handkerchief will be bound tightly about the hair as a symbol that she is now a married woman.

The final stage in the wedding celebration will be a sumptuous feast served in the bridegroom's home, and will be attended by all the wedding guests.

But now, on this evening prior to the wedding, the dark shadows of night are enveloping the garden, so Feeyawka and her friends, unable to complete their tasks in the open air, enter the house, arm in arm.

From the distance, we hear Motornay coming toward the garden with his friends. They pause before the Brahma (Gate) while Motornay knocks three times as required by custom. The gate is cautiously opened by the father of Feeyawka, who inquires of Motornay the answers to three prescribed questions, and once these are answered, her father joyously bids them enter, and throws open the gate in welcome.

Motornay, the young men and the musicians take their place in the garden.

Feeyawka, from the threshold of the house, has been watching

the proceedings with tremulous excitement. She permits her father to conduct her to Motornay who is waiting for her some distance away. Facing one another, the lovers' hands are joined by her father, and his blessing bestowed upon their union.

Immediately the assembled musicians begin playing a salutation in honor of Feeyawka and Motornay, and at the close of this, the bride's parents lead off in a gay Kolomeyka. Then the affianced pair perform a spirited duet dance. After this comes a dance interpreted by the maids of honor and the two best men. Later, all the young maidens and swains participate in the grand finale.

When the dancing has surged to a close, Motornay invites the men inside the house for some much favored "Horiwka" (whiskey).

Out in the garden, the girls are performing a farewell in honor of Feeyawka called "a Proshchalnyi," but while this is in progress, one of Feeyawka's rejected suitors, Supernick by name, stealthily creeps into the garden followed by a number of his henchmen, the Mazure, such as the much despised Polish immigrants who had settled in Ukraine were called, but with whose assistance, Supernick is confident of achieving his revenge on Feeyawka and Motornay, and to ruin the wedding festival.

Each young Mazur, attracted by the lovely Ukrainian girls, and not being familiar with any of the Ukrainian dances, seizes a girl and commences a lively Polish Mazurka.

As Supernick lays hold of Feeyawka to force her to dance with him, Motornay and his friends, summoned by the clamor from the garden, speed down the path to give battle to the intruders. Supernick and Motornay engage in a duel of fists. The former is pummeled and beaten by Motornay, and in bitter humiliation is ejected with the bested Mazure, onto the lane beyond the garden.

The Ukrainians, elated with their victory, express their emotions in the wild Hopak that now takes place. Of course, the maidens stand about and watch with admiration, and are only too eager to participate with the young men in the striking finale.

By now, the starry sky is visibly paling with the soft roseate tints of early dawn, so after bidding adieu to Feeyawka and Motornay, the guests and musicians make their reluctant departure. (To be concluded)

ANNOUNCEMENT NEW YORK CITY.

FALL DANCE sponsored by Young Ukrainian Democratic Club, Saturday, November 3, 1934, at Webster Manor, 125 E. 11th St., New York City. Subscription 50 cts. Music by Rainbow Ramblers, Al Kozack and his Ukrainian Rascals. Continuous Dancing. 245-

Change of Address

Stehen Shumeyko, formerly of 97 Boyden Ave., Maplewood, N. J., now resides at 75 Montgomery Ave., Irvington, N. J. (suburb of Newark).

WANTS HELP

We in Elmira have at last organized a Ukrainian Club. As yet we have no Constitution. We would appreciate it if all clubs send us a copy of their Constitution, in order to aid us in forming our own. Thank you.

JOHN WANCHYSHYN,
939 Grand Central Ave.,
Elmira, N. Y.

YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW

Can it be possible that the Ukrainian New Yorkers are actually getting together on an important issue? It certainly looked that way to see the great turnouts at the first two political rallies held for Mr. Stephen J. Jarema, last week and this. According to figures, Mr. Jarema needs to have only a solid Ukrainian and Slavonic vote in his district, to be elected as Assemblyman of the 8th A. D. Can we unite all the Ukrainians behind Mr. Jarema? I hope so.

Our girls are getting ritzy, and I take off my hat to them. In accordance with a popular trend, they are moving uptown and east. Our Civic Center girls are all excited about their Fall Dance which is being held at the exclusive Beekman Towers in a few weeks. Anyone attending the Dance, will find the affair as enjoyable as all of the U. C. C. affairs have always been.

Last Monday night, I wandered down to the Stuyvesant High School gym, and much to my surprise, I discovered that the Young Ukrainian Democratic Club has quite a basketball team, and a snappy indoor baseball team. On questioning their athletic manager, I found that they are not only willing but even anxious to book home-and-home games with basketball teams within a 50 mile radius of New York. Games can be booked simply by addressing, Athletic Manager, Young Ukrainian Democratic Club, 59 St. Marks Place, New York City.

J. M. U.

IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(Continued from page 2)

"Get up, young Cossack, time to be off," the man said, spitting between his teeth.

Pavlush remained seated, frightened. This was obviously no Cossack, but a brigand of the steppes, about whom his "dyid" Andriy had often spoken. Once the villagers of Spasivka had caught one such brigand for stealing horses. This ruffian looked very much like that one, to all outward appearances.

"Who are you?" asked Pavlush, and for all the world he could not prevent a little tremor from entering into his voice.

"Don't be so curious, or you'll get into trouble," replied the other. "Do as you are told. Get up."

"Where are you going to take me?"

"You'll see soon enough." Pavlush made a sudden wild lunge for his pistol. Before he could cock it, the brigand's heavy boot crashed against his hand, causing the pistol to drop out of his nerveless fingers.

"Well, look at that! He's going after a pistol," exclaimed the brigand, holding Pavlush with one hand, he tied his hands behind his back.

"Dyadetchku! please let me go!" pleaded Pavlush, nearly in tears. "I only went after my pistol because you scared me. I wouldn't harm anybody. I am looking for my sister, who is held somewhere by the Tartars, so please let me go so that I can save her before it is too late."

"All right, quiet down," replied his captor. "I'll show you the way to the Tartars, just as you want. But I'll have to tie you up, for you are as jumpy as a frog."

(to be continued)

AUTUMN

If someone asked,
Which season I liked best,
I think my choice would be
autumn,
Ahead of the rest.

There's something about its air—
So clear—so keen
And the changing of the leaves
To russet and brown from green.
A. S.

PITTSBURGH COLLEGE CLUB BEGINS NEW YEAR

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 25—When the University Ukrainian Club meets next Friday, it will be under an entirely different regime.

Miss Natalie Manasterski, Aliquippa teacher, president; Nicolai Babyock, Pitt graduate, vice-president; Michael Sowiski, Pitt junior, secretary; Matthew Tracy, treasurer; Dr. John Procyk, auditor, and Dr. Stephen Kulik and Humphrey Hupan, advisors, will take over the reins.

Miss Manasterski, elected at the last meeting, is the second girl to hold the presidency of UUC. The club is reportedly one of two Ukrainian college groups in the country.

Featuring a front page picture of Miss Marie Lubas, who was crowned Miss Ukraine at the World's Fair recently, the Trident, official club publication, was issued for the ninth time today. Besides this picture it has other illustrations.

Three correspondents—Miss Anastasia Oleskow, Chicago, Emil Hladky, Jersey City, and Michael Tack, Canal Zone—have contributed articles.

Miss Oleskow describes the Ukrainian Day celebration at the World's Fair. Mr. Hladky announces the formation of University Ukrainian Society in the New York metropolitan area. And Mr. Tack literally goes to town in a spicy column from Central America.

One of the exclusive articles describes the fate of Ukrainian revolutionists and what they are doing today as a nation prepares to celebrate its birth anniversary November 1.

A last minute flash contains the notice that UUC will vote on joining the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America at the coming meeting, with favorable results expected.

Those interested in the club or the Trident, write to 1194 Pine Hollow Road, McKees Rocks, Pa.
Roman Lapica

AMERUKS HOLD PARENTS' RALLY

On Saturday, October 20, 1934, the Ameruks Club sponsored a Parents' and Political Rally in their club rooms. A large group gathered, which included the member's parents, friends and many prominent Ukrainians of New York. The purpose of the rally was to elucidate to our parents the importance of casting their votes for Ukrainian candidates running for office in their own individual districts, for by supporting them the older folks would help the younger generation carry on the undertakings of the older and help spread Ukrainian ideals in America.

After the speeches, a dance was held and refreshments served. The rally ended with everyone joining in the singing of Ukrainian folk and national songs.

MARY SULYMA,
Publicity Mgr.