



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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WHY DO THE UKRAINIANS OBSERVE CHRISTMAS NOW

In common with several other Slavic peoples, the Ukrainians observe Christmas this coming Monday, January 7th. This is so because the Ukrainian people adhere to the old Julian Calendar, while most of the Christian world follows the newer Gregorian calendar. The latter derives its name from Pope Gregory XIII, who in 1582 modified the then prevailing Julian calendar by calling October 5th of that year October 15th, and continuing the count ten days in advance. Today the difference around Christmas time is 13 days. For the same reason Easter and other holidays are observed later by the Ukrainians.

The movement to readjust the calendar would perhaps find favor among the Ukrainians were it not for the political obstacles involved. Poland, as we know, seeks the denationalization of the Ukrainian people under its rule. The Poles follow the Gregorian calendar. And there prevails among our people the opinion that if the Ukrainians were to abandon the Julian calendar and adopt the Gregorian, they would involuntarily aid the Poles in this denationalization policy.

YURA SHKRUMELYAK

Yura Shkrumelyak, author of the translated story "Love and Chivalry" appearing on page 3 of this issue, served throughout the entire World War as a member of the Ukrainian Sichowi Strilchi, and during the arisal of the Ukrainian Republic served in the Ukrainian army, fighting against the Poles and Russians.

His literary career dates from the beginning of the war. At present, besides writing short stories, poems, he is also the editor of a youth publication in the old country.

UKRAINIAN VIOLINIST GOES TO PARIS

Philip Dubas, prominent Ukrainian violinist and violin teacher of Philadelphia who graduated from the Philadelphia Musical Academy several years ago and who also has studied at the Leipzig Conservatory of Music in Leipzig, Germany, has left for Paris, France, to study the higher fundamentals of conducting music,—according to "P. B." of Philadelphia.

While Mr. Dubas was at the Leipzig Conservatory, he was awarded a scholarship for his ability and technique in mastering the violin.

Prior to his departure to Europe, Mr. Dubas taught in many high schools and was well known in many eastern states for his teaching ability.

NO PEACE WITHOUT UKRAINIAN INDEPENDENCE

The Ukrainian Bureau of London reports that the December 2nd issue of the Reynolds Illustrated News contained an interesting article on Ukraine, in which it is stated that there will be no peace in Eastern Europe until the 40 million Ukrainian nation becomes free and independent.

(Today's Ukrainian Weekly is concluded in the Svboda.)

UKRAINIAN CHRISTMAS

Like the perfume of flowers, faded and dried, of the summer gone by, are the nostalgic memories of the "old country" that steal upon our parents now. Christmas is coming!—and with it a flood of recollections of Christmas in Ukraine.

Once more we gather around the table for the Holy Supper on Christmas Eve. We partake of the various courses that ancient Ukrainian customs prescribe and our pocketbooks allow. We sing the equally ancient and heart-warming "kolyady." Faces are alight with happiness and cheer—even though the wolf be just outside the door. Fathers and mothers through misty eyes gaze fondly at their brood, some already big and grown-up, others in their teens. And as they sit there, gazing into the flickering candle light, their memories involuntarily go back through the darkness of Time to a similar scene, many, many years ago, in far different surroundings—in Ukraine. Then they were the brood, seated at the table around their parents. No doubt, the fare then was far plainer than now, even in these days of depression; but the same sentimental and happy spirit prevailed over all. Outside, the moon shone on the glittering snow, while stars twinkled merrily in the blue dome of the sky. A soft, breathless stillness pervaded village and field, broken only by the distant singing of the approaching carolers, wending their way from home to home and announcing their arrival underneath the window with the joyous tinkling of a bell. What a glorious night that was!—recalling the coming of Jesus Christ, Our Saviour.

Various wondrous happenings took place that night—our parents tell us. Even Satan himself hid and the evil spirits disappeared, ceasing their pranks upon all good folks. For this was the night of nights!—when Light triumphed over Darkness, Truth over Falsehood! Imbued with the magic spirit in the air, animals became possessed of the miraculous power of speech and talked sagely amongst themselves far into the night. Lucky indeed was he who overheard them, for he would learn a great deal. This was the night when the "hospodar" (husbandsman) became endowed with the power of foretelling what sort of crops there would be during the coming year, when the fair maiden would learn whether she would soon have a beau and through what door he would come... These are but a few of the many images deeply engraved upon the memories of our parents.

And yet, how different times are today in Ukraine. For there in Ukraine under the Soviets there is no room for such customs and sentiment. Communist principles decry and forbid them. Christmas there is but another dull day.

And here in the New World, amidst this hustle and bustle, the sentimental appeal of Christmas is rather difficult to find, for it assumes but comparatively meager forms. Even the custom of giving gifts and the sending of greeting cards seems rather materialistic at first glance; but closer examination discloses that this custom is also an expression of pure sentiment. Even such cynic as a well-known columnist who disclaims the existence of Santa Claus, hastens to add that if there is no Santa Claus, then one should be invented. This is but one of the signs portending that with the passage of time Christmas observance and the sentiment associated with it in America will take on fuller and more picturesque forms.

On our Christmas Eve, Sunday evening, countless Ukrainian families will sit down to the Holy Supper, and among them will be those that are grouped around the Ukrainian National Association, the Svboda and the Ukrainian Weekly. May this supper unite all of us with its spirit of brotherhood and weld us into one great inseparable Ukrainian family, of common ideals and aspirations. And may it also recall to our minds the unfortunate fate of our kinsmen in their native land under foreign misrule.

YOUTH TODAY

Are They Really Interested In Those Matters?

The convention of the National Students Federation, recently in session at Boston, Mass., went on record as favoring "liberal" solutions of various social problems.

The convention discussed various problems of international peace, and came to the conclusion that the United States should enter into the League of Nations and the World Court and that the American government should license the arms traffic until such time as international regulation may be possible. The convention debated various problems of internal politics and approved the 30-hour week with real wages at the present; it asked more power for labor in the organization and operation of the NRA; and condemned the sales tax, asking instead a higher income tax in the upper brackets.

The convention was composed of the student government heads of 150 colleges. The people are interested to know in how far these discussions and resolutions reveal a real interest in these social problems.

Is This The Opinion Of Majority?

The same convention went also on record as favoring the abolition of compulsory military training.

Consequently, the convention supported a demand for reopening the Hamilton-MacReynold's case, in which the Supreme Court recently affirmed the right of land-grant colleges to require military drill of all students. Another resolution took the part of those college students from whom degrees have been withheld because of their conscientious objections to taking military training.

The vote on military training is supposed to represent the majority opinion on the campuses as expressed in local student polls.

In how far is this claim justified?

The Way Of All Youth

It is reported from Victoria, British Columbia, that Doughbor girls, imprisoned on Piers Island because they had participated with their elders in nude parades two years ago at Nelson, British Columbia, are "going modern."

It is the result of conscious efforts of the provincial authorities. Officials pondered long over the way to "modernize" the girls, who followed their fathers in the habit of removing their clothing in protest at attempts to make them conform to the laws of the province. It was decided to place movie magazines and combs at their disposal. Several days passed without books and combs being touched, but finally the matron reported disappearance of the magazines.

One day one of the girls appeared with her hairdress as similar as possible to those seen in the magazines. A few days later all the girls had "gone Hollywood." They assured the matron they had no intention of reverting to old customs.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

(48)

Beginning of Kulish's literary work

After having been pardoned by the Czar and permitted to return to St. Petersburg, Kulish immediately returned to the Russian capital and there earned his living for some time by contributing, under various pseudonyms, articles to different magazines and other publications. Soon he managed to obtain permission to write under his own name. From this time date his real literary activities.

Found and publishes "Osnova"

Kulish wrote in both the Ukrainian and Russian languages. In the former he even introduced his own copyrighted system of phonetics, which became known as "Kulish's." Seeing that the existing printing presses in St. Petersburg would not publish all the Ukrainian works he submitted, he founded one himself. With its aid he began to publish a Ukrainian

literary monthly known as "Osnova" (foundation). From this time, St. Petersburg became an active center of Ukrainian literary life. Besides such well known Ukrainian writers as Mikola Kostomarov, Maksimovitch, Navrotsky, Marko Vovchok (Maria Markovitch—the "Harriet Beecher Stowe" of Ukraine), there gathered around the "Osnova" an entire colony of new writers, such as Hlibow, Storozhenko, Hannah Barvinok, Rudansky, Konysky, Mor-dovetz, and many others.

His retirement and death

Following the cessation of publication of the "Osnova," Kulish entered Russian civil service, in Warsaw (1866). Here he worked for awhile, but was soon forced to resign by the government because of his relations with Ukrainians of Galicia. He returned to his ancestral home in Chernihiv, and there continued his literary work. He died in 1895.

Kulish's works

Kulish's works are plentiful in number and rich in content. He specialized in collecting folk lyrics. He composed epic poems, wrote dramas, novels, and many short stories. Of the latter, the finest is undoubtedly "Oresya" (has been translated into English). One of the finest historical novels in Ukrainian literature is his "Chorna Rada" (Black Council), dealing with the turbulent Cossack life soon after Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky's death. Kulish excelled in other fields as well, as in history, ethnography, and literary criticism. He helped to enrich Ukrainian literature with his translations of Shakespeare's plays.

His character

Yefremov, the historian of Ukrainian literature, sketching Kulish's character, says that Kulish had a most complex emotional nature, but in the everyday practical life he was practically cold-blooded. Just as Kulish's works were great, so were his errors great too.

(To be continued)

CHRISTMAS OF THE UKRAINIAN MOUNTAINEER

During the last week before the Christmas holidays there reigns in the village a great commotion. Every day husbandsmen are seen wending their way towards the town. Some trod on foot, with their "tystra" across their shoulders, others ride horseback, some on sleighs. They go to make the purchases of flour, honey, dried fish, pepper, prunes, incense, candles, oil, pots, spoons, articles of clothing. "This is a yearly holiday," they say. "It happens only once a year. God be thanked for having granted us to live to see it."

Then the husbandsman prepares enough fuel to last through the holidays. He prepares fodder for the cattle, so that "the beasts, too, be contented just as the human being, lest they should curse us." The housewife in the meantime busies herself about the house: she washes linen, whitewashes the walls of the hut, scours the table, the benches, sweeps the garbage out of every nook and corner.

When the last day before the holidays arrives, the marriageable girls take care lest an unmarried lad should be the first to enter the hut, as then it would be no easy matter to get a mate in this year to come. On that day, every housewife strains her efforts to serve at the supper twelve different dishes. While the supper is finishing cooking, the housewife washes the small children and changes their dresses. Aromatic aftergrass is spread upon the table, and this is covered with a white tablecloth. Two breads are placed upon it and a candle is stuck into the top loaf. A "hurman" of salt and a bottle of honey are placed next to the loaves. Some iron farming utensil, such as an axe, scythe, or sickle, is placed in the grass under the tablecloth to prevent the iron farming tools from rusting.

As soon as the sun has hidden behind the mountain chain, the husbandsman takes a loaf of bread with the candle sticking in it, and walks about his household, followed by his wife, or the oldest son, saying prayers for the health of the people and the beasts. On his way back into the hut, he brings a sheaf of oats, and places it in the corner behind the table, and replaces the bread upon the table. Various magic actions are performed by the husbandsman, the housewife, the oldest son or the marriageable daughter. The legs of the table are tied with a string so that the winds may be unable to break fruit trees. The pair of scissors are tied with a string lest the lad be drafted into the army. Various objects are taken off the hangers, lest worries should hang over the inhabitants of the house. Certain words are eschewed with the intention to bring in this manner magic results.

The housewife places on the table a dish of wheat grains. Prayers are said, and wishes are pronounced ceremoniously, as each member of the family, in the order of seniority, tastes the "kutia." The housewife fills her spoon with the "kutia" and dashes it into every corner of the house, saying, "May all evil fail to take to our sheep and cattle, as this wheat fails to take to the wall." She gives her chickens the wheat grains, saying, "May they lay as many eggs as there are wheat grains in the world." If anybody drops a grain of wheat, while

IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER

(A tale of olden Cossack times)

By ANDREY TCHAIKOWSKY

(A free translation by S. S.)

(26)

26. Hopeful prospects

The leader of the group of Tartar warriors conveying Pavlush's sister Hannah to the Grand Vizier gave a signal that the journey was to be resumed.

Hannah started back to the wagon, but was stopped by Pavlush.

"How would you like to ride horseback?" he asked.

"Oh, much better than in that stuffy wagon!" she replied, delightfully.

Pavlush motioned to one of the Tartars to bring him a horse. A fast, beautiful one was led before them. Hannah clapped her hands in delight. Quickly she made haste to mount. Pavlush gave her a lift, and in a twinkling of an eye she was in the saddle. The Tartar woman, who had attended upon her, exclaimed something in Tartar. She obviously was greatly shocked to see a young lady of rank—for she had been given that impression of Hannah—riding horseback like any common Tartar boy. But her protestations went unheeded. Both Hannah and her brother rode ahead, side by side, followed by the others.

"It's a long time since we have ridden together, isn't it," said Pavlush happily, resuming their interrupted conversation.

She nodded, and sighed.

"Is father living?" she asked.

"Yes, thank the Lord, he is. And what is more, I found our brother Peter among the Cossacks."

"Where are both of them now?"

"In the steppe, I guess, with the Cossacks. Or maybe father is back home, rebuilding the house... I fled from both of them during the night, so that I could pursue my search for you, and here I am."

Hannah gave him a warm glance.

"Are we prisoners yet, or are we free?" she asked.

"We are in a sort of a 'in-between' position," explained Pavlush. "You see, it's like this. The mighty Grand Vizier Ibrahim, who is responsible for your being saved from being sent into Turkey, is searching for his son Mustapha. This Mustapha is the same one who led the attack upon our vil-

lage that awful night. Later on, however, there was a great battle between him and the Cossacks. The Tartars were practically wiped off, and he, seeing that there was no hope, started to flee. Luckily a Cossack, Semen the Helpless, saw him and caught him with his lasso. He would have killed him right then and there if Mustapha had not disclosed his identity. Because he was of such high rank, Nedolya, the Cossack 'sotnyk,' bade a Cossack to take him to the nearby town of Lubin and there deliver him into the hands of the Cossack 'polkownek.' This was done, and I believe that Mustapha is still there.

"Now pay close attention to me," Pavlush continued. "When you will arrive at the Grand Vizier's palace you will be questioned about Mustapha's whereabouts, for I have told him that you are the one, and not I, who knows exactly where Mustapha can be found. But I am afraid that they might rattle you, or trip you up on some question. So the best thing for you to do is make believe that you can't understand even a word of the Tartar language. They will then call me as an interpreter. But if they don't and call someone else to interpret, then you will have to be most careful, for upon you depends whether we shall be freed or imprisoned or even killed."

Pavlush then gave her the rest of the details, and by the time they had reached the environs of Bakchisarai, he had told her all that happened to him since that night when they were awakened by the ringing of the church bells giving alarm of the Tartar attack. There was only one thing he kept back from her, and that was his fear that perhaps the Lubin 'polkownek' had grown tired of keeping Mustapha and had him executed. If that had happened, then it would be amenable for both of them, thought Pavlush. But he refrained from communicating his fear to his sister for fear of frightening her unnecessarily.

When he had finished talking, Hannah started to recount her adventures from the time when she

was seized by the Tartars, but before she could proceed very far she had to stop, for now the minarets of Bakchisarai could be plainly seen, gleaming in the distance. Seeing them, Pavlush spurred his horse, and bidding Hannah, to follow him, raced ahead of the others. The latter immediately gave chase, not to catch him, but to keep up with him. The Tartar woman, riding in the covered wagon, was left behind to shift for herself. Climbing outside she frantically started to call them back, and when they paid no attention, she hurled imprecations after them. Seeing even this was of no effect, she perforce had to climb into the driver's seat and take the reins herself.

Dashing through the street with Hannah immediately behind, Pavlush rode into the courtyard of the Grand Vizier's residence. The Vizier was already awaiting them on the balcony. Seeing Hannah on a horse, he exclaimed his surprise to an attendant.

"Indeed!" he said. "These Ukrainians are truly a knightly race!"

Pulling up before him, both brother and sister dismounted, while the others stopped their horses and dismounted at a respectful distance. Both bowed, Pavlush taking off his hat.

"O mighty and knightly Grand Vizier Ibrahim!" Pavlush spoke up. "We bring you good news of your son Mustapha. This girl is my sister. She saw your son last and knows where he can be found at present. Just bid her to tell you the full story."

The Grand Vizier began to question her rapidly.

Hannah shook her head and looked around to her brother, motioning to him that she did not understand what was being said.

Perceiving this, the grand Vizier ordered that Pavlush should question her and interpret her answers to him. To the questions put to her by her brother in the Ukrainian language, she replied just as Pavlush had told her to. Pavlush then interpreted them to the Vizier.

"That's fine!" exclaimed the Vizier, when she had finished. He was obviously greatly pleased. Pavlush and his sister breathed a sigh of relief. The Vizier continued:

(Continued on page 4)

(Concluded on page 1)

LOVE AND CHIVALRY

By YURA SHKRUMELYAK

(Tr. by S. Shumeyko)

Christmas eve, 1926, found us, a group of close friends and former soldiers of the Ukrainian Army, far from home in exile, in Prague. A local Ukrainian student organization had arranged a common Holy Supper to which we were invited. But although the speeches were ardent, although there were the traditional Ukrainian courses served and "kolyady" sung, yet none of us felt at home. The supper reminded us too much of the restaurant or the mess hall. There was none of that warm atmosphere of home. And therefore when at the close of the supper my comrade Vasylo suggested that the small group of us leave and go to some suitable place and there finish the supper a bit more appropriately, we all readily agreed.

At the first opportunity we left, four of us: Vasile, Mikola, Volodimir, and myself. It was snowing outside. A few minutes walking brought us to the door of Volodimir's quarters. Entering, Volodimir made haste to start a fire, for it was cold inside. In a few moments the crackling and cheerful humming of the fire lightened our spirits. We discarded our overcoats and sat down to tea which Volodimir had prepared.

In accordance with the ancient Ukrainian custom, we first sang a few "kolyady," but rather quietly and timidly, so that we would not wake up the others in the building. The singing livened us up, however. We began to discuss the various Ukrainian customs connected with Christmas. Volodimir refilled our cups with steaming tea.

—Listen comrades—he broke in.—The night is long. Let's enjoy ourselves in some manner, but quietly.

—How can one enjoy himself quietly?—smiled the lively Mikola.

—I have a scheme.—continued Volodimir, casting a rather strange glance at him and giving us a queer look.—Suppose everyone of us tells a story based on some incident in his life that happened on Christmas eve. That should be interesting!

—Good idea!—I exclaimed.—Let's start now!

For a moment there was absolute silence as each one of us tried to recall some such incident. Mikola was the first to break the silence. He seemed, in the brief interval, to have saddened.

—Your minds are sluggish—he said—and I will tell my story first.

—Go ahead Mikola, tell yours first!—we chorused.

All grew quiet again. Somehow I had the strange feeling that this was not to be a usual story. This feeling became intensified when I noticed Volodimir looking intently at Mikola.

—That about which I shall tell you—began Mikola—took place in the winter of 1918-1919. You all remember those never-to-be-forgotten years. The scene took place on the Ukrainian-Polish front near Lviv. It was Christmas eve, 1919.

I was a lieutenant then, in command of a platoon in the sector near the memorable for us and our enemy village of Sokilnyk. You recall the fighting, at that time—a long drawn out struggle. Neither the enemy nor ourselves could dislodge one another from his position. As a result, both sides dug in. Fighting diminished in intensity, and we had more time on our hands than before.

Leaves of absence were granted to us regularly.

But where could a soldier on leave go, when he was so near the front. Some sat around in the rough shelters and played cards, talked, while others took a "jump" to the nearby villages. Among the latter was I.

In one such village, which I shall call Slavyaniv, I found a most welcome relaxation. In the local village preceptor's ("dyak") there was a very pretty, and what is more important, intelligent daughter, 18 year-old Slavtsa. She was a Seminary student, but now was home as her parents feared to be alone so near the front.

Slavtsa was a most agreeable girl, of a happy disposition, dreamy; and I was 22. This no wonder then, that we, having become acquainted "accidentally," became inseparable. I fell deeply in love with her—and, it seemed to me, she returned my love. Hardly two weeks had gone by when we had already determined to plight our troth. Christmas eve coming in a few days, we decided to tell her parents of our intention then, and by the Jordan Holiday to be married.

I was happy as a lark, but as yet I did not disclose my love for her to anyone.

But no... there was one whom I told. His name was Roman. He was my closest friend. We had known each other well from boyhood, attended the Gymnasium together, and now being lieutenants in the same sector, were inseparable comrades, so much so that we were dubbed "twins." And thus my friend Roman, and only he, knew my secret; and in my company visited several times the girl's home as the guest of her parents. I disclosed to him my intention of marrying her. And he, it seemed, rejoiced at my good fortune, congratulated me heartily, and began to prepare to be my best man. I did not anticipate the slightest trouble from anyone, and impatiently awaited Christmas Eve—and then, Jordan!

But! Trouble never sleeps! Listen further.

Came Christmas Eve. And it so happened that our company was transferred then to my sweetheart's village. It could not have been any better!

—Well... today is the day of your major attack upon the ramparts of your Slavtsa's heart!—exclaimed Roman banteringly to me. I nodded vigorously.

—Yes, today is the day. I shall propose to her, ask her parents' permission, and then we shall become engaged!—I exclaimed happily, pumping his hand.

—Go, brother, and luck to you!—Roman said as I was leaving.

And I went.

The Holy Supper went off my pleasantly. My Slavtsa's cheeks were red as roses. We both had difficulty in repressing our excitement, while waiting for a suitable moment to break the news to her parents.

Finally the moment came. After we had sung the first "kolyada," I rose from behind the table and approached her parents. At that moment I heard a slight sound outside the window, as if someone had started past. But in my present state of nervousness, I paid no attention to it. I stepped up to the father and mother of my Slavtsa and bowing ceremoniously...

Suddenly, the door was flung open. It banged against the wall. In the doorway appeared my friend Roman. He looked wild and dishevelled.

—Christ is born!—he greeted us excitedly, and then turning to me, called:

—Mikola, don't lose a moment! The enemy has broken through our lines! Our forces are in full retreat. They are nearing this village right now! There is no time to lose! Come!

I felt as if the ground had dropped from under me. My Slavtsa was as pale as a sheet. Her parents looked as if they were about to faint. However, I did not utter a word. Just a "good night," and I was out of the house.

Two saddled horses were standing nearby. I looked inquiringly at Roman.

—I got the horses because our commands are far in front of us, and we will have to race to catch up with them,—Roman explained. So let's go!—and off we went.

We galloped with the wind for about two miles. All around us was deathly silence. Above a full moon shone. Our racing shadows threw grotesque shapes on the snow covered ground.

—Why is everything so quiet, if there was an attack?—I asked Roman, who was riding at my side.

—Probably a lull,—he replied.—Over there yonder, beyond the rise in the ground, are our troops! We galloped on. Finally we topped the rise.

Nobody was in sight. All quiet and peaceful.

—What is this, Roman? Are you joking?—I asked, bringing my horse to a sudden halt. Suddenly a thought struck my mind. Yes! Now I knew...

—No, Mikola, I am not joking!—replied Roman.—I was never more serious in my life. Listen. I purposely got you out of the house so that you would not become engaged to Slavtsa!

—But why?—I exclaimed, amazed.—Are you, a Roman, so afraid for me that I should not take a wife?

—No, Mikola! But I love Slavtsa too, and whether she is to be mine or yours, we shall decide right now, with weapons!...

—Oh!—I cried, wounded to the very heart. All my ideals tumbled down before my feet... But I quickly recovered my self-possession, and jumping off my horse pulled out my revolver, saying:

—Agreed, brother! Get ready! Five steps!...

Roman took his position five paces away from me and drew his revolver.

—On "three" we shoot! Aim well!—and he began to count off.

—One... Two...

Suddenly the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun was heard, to be immediately followed by sounds of heavy firing. We could hear cries of men in the distance, to the left of us.

For a few seconds we stood like graven images, then slowly lowered our revolvers.

—Mikola!—spoke Roman.—Leave this to some other time, for it will indeed be a crime to settle a personal dispute at such a time!

I nodded my head in assent.

—I think the enemy is trying to surround our sector,—I commented dully.

Without another word we both mounted and galloped off to the sound of the firing. In a quarter of an hour our company fell upon the enemy who was attempting a flank movement and quickly wiped him out. Such was Christmas Eve in 1919.

And in the early morning, when our work was over, I stood by a sleigh, and on it lay Roman, dead. He had been killed in the thickest of the fighting—a hero's death.

Standing there by the corpse of my closest friend, I resolved:—Farewell, my Slavtsa, forever!... My comrade Roman won you and not I... for he laid down his life before me in a holy cause. I shall never become engaged to you. That is my duty to my dead comrade, who loved you too...

And thus I wrote to her—about everything, just as all happened,—and from that time I have never heard from her nor seen her. I did not want to see her...

—My story is finished...—said Mikola. His usual lively features were heavy with sorrow.

No one spoke. All of us stared into the ground, sad and thoughtful.

—But no, Mikola! It is not finished!—Volodimir's voice, tense, broke the silence.

We all looked up, surprised.

—Listen, Mikola!—Volodimir continued.—Is your resolution never to marry Slavtsa strong as ever? Neither you nor she are married yet, you know...

—Do you know her, Volodku?—Mikola asked in an amazed tone. Volodimir nodded his head.

A gleam of gladness appeared in Mikola's eyes, but quickly disappeared.

—Yes, Volodku!—he said sadly, yet resolutely.—My resolution is as strong as ever, and always will be. I shall never marry her!

—In that case I have a free hand with her!—exclaimed Volodimir, drawing out of his pocket a letter and giving it Mikola.

—I have known Slavtsa for a long while and have loved her from the very start.—Volodimir continued.—She told me about you two, Mikola and Roman, and for that reason I did not take any steps toward marrying her. I first wanted to hear from you. And tonight I purposely gave the beginning to the recital of your story, so that we could mark "finis" to the whole episode. Please don't be angry at me...

Mikola finished reading the letter, his hands shaking. He gave it back to Volodimir, and said in a quiet voice:

—She sends greetings to me...

—Yes, Volodku, go ahead and marry her, and may God bless you. You both have my best wishes. And as for me—tell her to forget me...

Volodimir rose and gripped Mikola by the arms. His eyes were glistening when he sat down again. Mikola, the lively one, wept, unashamedly.

Nobody spoke after that. We were all too moved to listen to any more stories. Drinking down the tea, we bade each other good-night, and left. Trudging home through the snow I felt rather depressed, and yet I could not help but feel glad that chivalry still lives in this world, and that knighthood is still in flavor—among us!

UKRAINE

Down from the North came the Nordic Slavs
 In hordes as many as their Baltic waves.
 They spread their legions rank on rank
 Till they reached the edge of the Black Sea Bank.
 They conquered the country, in the main
 And spread over mountain, valley and plain
 In Ukraine.

'Twas a lovely land, in the Summer season
 And in Winter time for a better reason.
 Finding it so, they settled down there
 Where all could prosper and all was so fair
 No more was heard the War's loud refrain.
 The land was covered with rippling grain
 In Ukraine.

But now as their riches increased at hand
 The eye of the tyrant noted this band.
 The riches produced in this bountiful land
 Would flow into his coffers, on greedy demand.
 Robbery, butchery, physical pain,
 Wha, reasons were these, why he should refrain
 In Ukraine.

Grain from their storehouses, ore from the mines
 Oil from the oil wells, wine from their vines
 Everything taken with lust, rape and pillage.
 No sustenance left for hamlet or village.
 Objectors? Siberia, those would retain
 And broken-hearted, did their loved ones remain
 In Ukraine.

But not forever may tyrants hold sway
 And each to his final last bourne must away.
 The Communist, slimy, insidious, slick,
 Wormholes the Empire. Turns up his trick.
 The tyrant, unbind his foes to restrain
 To Celestial Quarters decides to detain
 From Ukraine.

Out of the frying pan, into the fire,
 With Communist teachings, buried in mire,
 Father and mother, denied to Free Speech
 Denied even the right their own child to teach.
 While over the far-reaching, far-spreading plain
 The women, like horses, work in grain
 In Ukraine.

But now we hear rustlings of discontent,
 Communistic Dictatorship is not well meant.
 Imposition has always rode last to a fall,
 Education before it erects a stone wall.
 So down with the Communist Dictator's bane
 We'll set a new course by a true weather vane
 In Ukraine.

We'll give to each person the right to express
 His private opinion, and without redress.
 We'll give to the children the right to their fun
 The right to learn something before they've begun
 To carry life's burdens, out in the rain
 Of bitter experience, with all its pain
 In Ukraine.

UKRAINIAN AFFAIRS IN AMERICA

UKRAINIANS OF BUFFALO AWARDED PRIZES AT FAIR

One of the most novel exhibits presented to the public was auspiciously staged at the Elmwood Music Hall, November 13-17, inclusive.

The multitudes that thronged the Hall amply rewarded the unceasing efforts of the Council of Social Agencies, which promoted the hobby fair. Notwithstanding the fact that it was the first of its kind attempted, the success assured its enthusiasts of instituting the undertaking as an annual event.

In awarding the prizes in the senior class of amateur organizations the committee presented third prize to the Ukrainian colony booth. The dancing group, augmented by classes from Black Rock, East Buffalo and Lancaster, was awarded second prize in the entertainment class. All of the dances were received commendably by the audience which lauded the artists on their dexterous execution of the intricate steps.

The fair evinced the fact that any man or woman who has a hobby in their leisure time is incurably industrious. The creative urge in them calls forth their finest efforts for the sheer satisfaction of an inner glow. Several writers have stated that the profit motive is the mainspring of modern society and without it the entire scheme of things in life would collapse. Still in all, few of these hobbies have an intrinsic value. And yet, extrinsically, after viewing the sumptuous exhibit of the Ukrainian Colony, the pursuit of their hobbies is priceless. You saw there the art of men and women, doing what they want to do not in hope of gain but for the joy of the work.

Wonderful inlay work of preternatural patterns and beautiful needlecraft work were exhibited by the following individuals to whom we are deeply indebted for their contributions:

Miss Anastasia Korolyshyn and Mrs. Skubowa of New York, Ukrainian Needlecraft Club, Mrs. John Zuck, Miss Prystaj, Mrs. Eustace Sydoriak, Mrs. Fred Jaranko, Miss Mary Kohut, Miss Anna Kuszak, Miss Katherine Bumber, Mrs. Stanley Bursintiska, Mrs. Anastasia Stefaniuk, Mr. Alexander Slotiuk.

The Ukrainian Needlecraft Club is deserving of commendation for its elucidation of the arts on display. Felicitations were extended the members on their needlecraft and costumes they wore by the numerous visitors who viewed the booth. The Club has attained a citywide reputation for its beauti-

And when this all is brought by higher education
 The land and all united in a fine Progressive Nation
 With schools for all the children, and a mother's care,
 With fields and factories for father and building where
 The heads of the new Nation shall give justice without pain
 Then will all the land be singing this joyous glad refrain.
 Ukraine.

Albert T. ("Dusty") Rhodes,
 97 St. Paul Street,
 Brookline, Mass.

[The above poem was also recited by Senator Rhodes, of the Massachusetts State Legislature, at a banquet in Boston recently, which was attended by Governor James M. Curley.—Edit.]

ful work and is composed of only eight members—Miss Olga Berezuk, Miss Anna Harawus, Miss Katherine Zinczak, Mrs. Michael Ollar, Miss Mary Rydzyk, Miss Mary Marawus, Mrs. Basil Labuda and Miss Anna Comisky.

We are also extremely grateful to Miss Mary Decyk and Mr. Walter Ciopyk who willingly donated their services at the fair.

JOHN S. MALLAST,
 Buffalo, N. Y.

THE "COSSACKS" HOLD ELECTIONS

The Ukrainian Cossacks have just completed the serious business of electing officers for the coming year. The results of the election were surprising to many of the club members, especially to the newly elected Treasurer. The old officers were: President, Eugene Charny; Vice President, Paul Vielkanovitz; Secretary, Michael Zatkowski; Treasurer, Allie Charny; Ass't Secretary, Mary Titles; Ass't Treasurer, Millie Myskow; Publicity Manager, Catherine Koncur.

The newly elected officers are: President, Allie Charny; Vice President, Eugene Charny; Secretary, Catherine Koncur; Treasurer, Nicholas Sawka; Ass't Secretary, Mary Sawka; Ass't Treasurer, Paul Charny; Publicity Manager, Nicholas Sawka; Ass't Publicity Manager, Millie Uhorchak.

Although the new President, Aue Charny, does not take office until the first of the year, he resolved to start the New Year's Party at the clubhouse. The parties in the past were a huge success, due not only to the untiring efforts of John Geida and Allie Charny and the sociability of the club members, but also to the good music furnished by Pat's Blue Rhythm Boys (not connected in any way with Ben Bernie or the Pabst's Blue Ribbon Brewers). The Cossacks sponsored two dances which were successes both socially and financially. The parties included a boat ride, beach parties, beer parties, a barn dance and treasure hunt, bunco parties, and package party. The Ukrainian Cossacks are also proud to state that their basketball team is one of the few undefeated teams in Queens County.

MILLIE UHORCHAK,
 Ass't Publicity Manager.

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF YOUTH CLUB AFFAIRS

(Charges for announcements in this column are 50 cts. for a space of 6 to 7 lines, paid in advance.)

NEW YORK CITY.

Ukrainian New Year's Eve, DANCE sponsored by Ameruka Club, Saturday Eve., January 12th, 1935 at Webster Manor, 125 East 11th Street, New York City. Subscription 50 c. Music by John Seman and his Blue Falcons and Jimmy Devine and his Arcadian Ramblers. Continuous Dancing from 9 P. M. 3,8

CARTERET, N. J.

ANNOUNCING! Third Annual Presentation MINSTREL & DANCE UKRAINIAN SOCIAL CLUB SATURDAY, JAN. 26, 1935 High School Auditorium. 3

CHRISTMAS OF THE UKRAINIAN MOUNTAINEER

(Concluded from page 2)

eating the "kutia," he quickly picks it up, believing that he would find as quickly his sheep that might roam astray from the herd in summer.

Thus one dish follows another. The last dish to be served is usually fish. Of each dish a spoon is taken by the housewife and placed in a special dish. A loaf is made out of that and baked, and this is later fed to the cattle in the belief that the cattle would grow healthy, strong, and prolific. Ashes, in which this cake is baked, is poured on the vegetable garden to make cabbages grow well.

After the supper, young boys gather together into groups and go around the village, to sing carols under the houses. These are the so-called small carols. On the first Christmas day, young men, married and single, go from house to house singing carols with a group of musicians: these are the "great carols." After they sing the introductory carol, standing under the window, they are invited into the house, and seated at the table. The musician plays the "bereza," the leader of the carolers intoning the first verses of the song, while the rest follow him singing refrains in chorus. They sing wishes to every member of the family, beginning with the master, and ending at the youngest child or servant. If the household happens to have many persons, the carolers would sit in the house the entire day, singing, eating, drinking, carousing.

The magic actions and words allay the fears and anxieties of the people whose existence depends upon their meagre crops and their herds.

IN SEARCH OF HIS SISTER
 (Continued from page 2)

"I shall immediately send my personal representatives to the Cossack 'polkownek', with orders to ransom off my son Mustapha, no matter what the cost will be. In the meanwhile you two shall be my guests. If what you tell me is true, then you shall be greatly rewarded; but if false, then..." here the Vizier suddenly stopped, as if appalled by the very thought.

"Since you are going to stay with us," continued the Vizier, after a slight pause, "you will have to abide by our customs. The girl will have to go to the harem, for it would be unbecoming for her to roam around the house with her face uncovered and talk to men-folk, even if the latter be her brother. She is no longer a child."

Pavlush and Hannah looked at each other in dismay.

"Won't we even be permitted to talk to each other, even through a screen?" Pavlush asked. He felt his throat choking...

"All right, you may," replied the Vizier kindly, seeing that both brother and sister looked ready to cry. "But only at a distance," he warned.

He clapped his hands. A woman servant approached and at his order led Hannah away, to the harem. Pavlush returned to his quarters.

(To be concluded)

(TODAY'S "U. W." CONCLUDED IN SVOBODA)