



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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Vol. III

ESSAY CONTEST

Once more we call the attention of our youth, to the essay contest sponsored by the Ukrainian National Association, as announced in the March 29 issue of the Ukrainian Weekly.

The topic for this contest is "Why we should belong to the Ukrainian National Association?" The essay should be between 2,000 to 3,000 words in length. The contest closes on June 15th, 1935.

The winners of this contest will have their essays published in the monumental U. N. A. "Jubilee Book," which is in preparation at present. And to make the contest even more attractive the Junior Department of the Association is offering cash prizes of \$25.00 for the winning essay, \$15.00 for the second, and \$10.00 for the third. The 4th, 5th, and 6th winning essays will each receive Shevchenko's "Kobzar" together with the newly published invaluable book in English "Spirit of Ukraine." There may be even additional prizes, depending upon the quality of the essays.

122 UKRAINIAN NEWSPAPERS IN WESTERN UKRAINE

Despite the most repressive policies of the Polish authorities in Galicia and other Ukrainian territories under Polish misrule, Ukrainian national and cultural progress is steadily on the up-grade. A recent tabulation of Ukrainian newspapers in Western Ukraine under Poland shows that there are 122 newspapers being published in Ukrainian there at the present time, and that more than nine-tenths of them are nationalist.

UKRAINIAN MUSIC IN PARIS

A recent concert of Ukrainian music in Paris, France, caused quite a bit of favorable comment in the Paris press. Soloists as well as a sextette under the direction of A. Chekhivsky did justice to some of the better known compositions of U. Ponomarenko. The Paris press also reports the appearance of a suite of the Ukrainian composer Yakemenka, formerly professor at Moscow Conservatory, based on Ukrainian themes and entitled "Upon the Dnieper Wave." Local music critics declare it to be one of the finest of modern compositions.

SHEVCHENKO OBSERVANCES NOT ALLOWED BY POLAND

From Zbaraz, Western Ukraine under Poland, comes the news that the Polish authorities have refused to grant permission to Ukrainians of that section to observe the annual memorial exercises in honor of Ukraine's greatest poet and patriot, Taras Shevchenko.

ANOTHER YOUTH PUBLICATION

Our youth publications are steadily increasing. "Ukrainian Youth" appeared this month as the "Official Organ of the Ukrainian Catholic Youth League." It has both Ukrainian and English sections, and contains articles on Easter, upbringing of children, old country publications, re-awakening of Ukrainians, kindness, youth and patriotism, and other timely topics.

GOING TO UKRAINE?

What young American-Ukrainian would not like to visit the land from which came his parents—Ukraine, to visit the places where his parents were born and raised, to stand on the broad steppe and recall tales of heroic deeds of his famous ancestors? Yet how difficult it is. How many obstacles present themselves before the young American-Ukrainian who longingly contemplates such a trip. The fact that Ukraine is under foreign rule and occupation, of itself offers an insurmountable obstacle to many. We read of cases where even American-born citizens find their way barred to visit the land of their parent's origin by the Soviet and Polish authorities, or of students who desiring to study Ukrainian life and culture at first hand finding all sorts of hindrances placed in their way by the same authorities. And then, to cap them all, there is still another great difficulty—the heavy expense involved in making such a trip. Were Ukraine independent—that would be a far different story. For an independent Ukrainian state would undoubtedly provide financial assistance to those of our American-Ukrainian youth who would like to visit and study in the land of their ancestors.

Yet in spite of all difficulties and hindrances, the fact remains that every year a growing number of young American-Ukrainians visit Ukraine. Some of them are proud possessors of scholarships to European universities, and upon completing their studies there they make a hurried visit to the Ukrainian village where their parents lived once before. Others, still more fortunate, go directly to Ukraine, for the purpose of visiting the historic places, meeting long-forgotten family friends and relatives, studying Ukrainian life and customs, and thus obtaining a knowledge and understanding of the Ukrainian nation and its fight for freedom that is impossible to us here in America.

For years the idea of organizing excursions of American-Ukrainian youth has been buffeted about among us. Every summer saw its resurgence. And tis no wonder, for there are thousands of Ukrainian parents who, despite all the blows that unkind fate deals them daily, still never lose hope of sending their American-born and raised children back to the old country for a visit, to enable them to see the beautiful Ukrainian countryside, to hear the early-morn call of the "zhayvoronok," to breathe the fragrant air, and to perceive what is there about Ukraine that causes everyone who has lived there to long for it so. That is their fondest hope, one whose realization they contemplate with the greatest of joy.

Yet one thing that troubles such parents is the question, who will take good care of their children during their stay in the old country? Who will make their stay there gainful as well as enjoyable?

A solution to this question seems to have been found. The Ukrainian self-supporting school system in Western Ukraine, the so-called "Ridna Shkola" (to whose upkeep American-Ukrainians so generously contribute), has a special department which aids the Ukrainian students who finish higher schools in choosing their college courses. Recently this department has taken on an added task. Realizing that during the coming summer some American-Ukrainian youth will visit their fatherland, it has offered to act as a sort of a travellers-aid society to them. It will endeavor to make their stay in the old country as pleasant and worthwhile as is possible.

The last April 13th issue of the Svoloda contains an announcement of this society to the American-Ukrainian parents; informing them of its aims and urging them to take advantage of the facilities it offers. We urge our youth to read this announcement.

We also wish to note that the head of this advisory and aid society is Olena Stepanivna, a famous Ukrainian, who as a girl went through the entire war as a soldier fighting for Ukraine, and who is now a teacher in a Gymnasium.

MARGINAL NOTES

What Do Ukrainians Want

Discussing in "The Evening Post," of New York, the articles on famine in Ukraine published recently in William Randolph Hearst's newspapers, Mr. Ludwig Lore suggests that these articles have something to do with the German and Polish machinations for the occupation of Ukraine.

Mr. Lore says nothing new. Karl Radek, the editor of the Moscow "Izvestia," said in December, 1934, that Polish landlords and German Fascists have designs on Ukraine. And he said, "The Ukraine was, despite the Don Basin, an agricultural country. It has now become industrialized. The coal industry has been completely reorganized and mechanized. Metallurgy has been developed. Tremendous new plants have been built. Then there is the Dnieper power plant. Could any country in the world have given the Ukraine such an industrial base during the course of so few years?"

Mr. Lore and Mr. Radek should understand that imperialistic nations often "develop" the so-called backward countries, because this is one way of taking more out of such countries. The Ukrainians are not interested in the question, could any country have given Ukraine more? If German fascists or Polish landlords have got hold of Ukraine, they would ask the very same question. But the Ukrainians have as much use for the occupation by the German fascist or Polish landlords, as they have for the occupation by Moscow communists.

Fate of Dissidents in Ukraine

Discussing Hearst's recent campaign against "Red" professors in American universities, in an issue of The New Republic, William Henry Chamberlin gives the discussion a Russian twist, by asking himself a series of hypothetical questions on the probable fate of dissident professors in the Soviet Union.

"What would become of Professor Vassilenko, teaching Ukrainian literature in Kiev," writes Mr. Chamberlin, "if he should express, publicly or privately, the point of view that Ukraine should enjoy more autonomy in relation to Moscow?"

"On the basis of long residence in Moscow and personal acquaintance with cases that are very similar to the hypothetical one I have just outlined, I can suggest the answer to the question with a fair degree of certainty. (First) Vassilenko would have been plied with spies and provocateurs. (Then) he would have been arrested, brought before a secret irresponsible tribunal, hectorated and browbeaten and finally requested to sign elaborate confessions of counter-revolutionary thoughts and activities, with the intimation that, if he would be worse for him and his family, if he refused to do so. Whether he signed the 'confessions' or not, would make little difference in the final disposition of his case; he would be consigned to some bleak and inhospitable concentration camp, probably in the vicinity of the Arctic Circle...."

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

(63)

The cleavage in Galicia

The growth of the national movement and the inflow of Ukrainian literature from Greater Ukraine caused a sharp cleavage to arise among the Ukrainians of Galicia, dividing them into two irreconcilable camps: the so-called Muscophiles, adherents to the Pan-Russian propaganda and proponents of a literature for only the "educated classes" and based upon a peculiar jargon known as the Ukrainian-Russian-Church language; and the Ukrainophiles or "Narodovtchi" (populists, nationalists), who advocated the usage and development of the Ukrainian popular tongue as a medium for a Ukrainian literature for all classes of people.

Issuance of "Pravda"

The activities of the Muscophiles caused the Ukrainophiles to found a new literary-scientific journal,

"Pravda." The journal speedily became the center of the Ukrainian national and literary movement not only for Galician Ukrainians but for those of Greater Ukraine as well. Its issuance gave new life and vigor to the movement, which had already shown signs of languishing following the demise of a number of promising Ukrainian publications.

In 1868 "Pravda" became a weekly organ. This was largely due to the unceasing labors, financial support, and literary contributions of Kulish, the man most responsible for its life and policies. A number of leading young and old Ukrainian writers joined its staff as editors and contributors, including O. Partitsky, Gymnasium teacher of Tarnopol, E. Zharkiv, Director of Gymnasium, Dr. V. Luchakivsky, a lawyer, A. Barvinsky, B. Borokovsky, E. Zhelechivsky, Ilnitsky,

Fedkovich from Bukovina, and the Vorobkevich brothers. Besides the above writers there appeared in "Pravda" articles by O. Konysky (Verivolya, Perebenda), M. Staritsky (Hetman), I. Rudchenko, and Ivan Netchuy-Levitsky. All these contributors to the pages of "Pravda" helped to make it the chief organ of the Ukrainians of Galicia and Greater Ukraine, and its issuance from Lviv caused that ancient capitol of Western Ukraine to become the center of the Ukrainian national and literary movement of that period.

Founding of "Prosvita"

Taking advantage of the newly-granted right by the Austrian government to found cultural societies, the Ukrainians of Galicia founded in 1868 the well-known society, "Prosvita," whose aim is to spread enlightenment among all stratas of Ukrainian society.

Founding of the Shevchenko Society

Another well-known organization whose founding helped to spur on the Ukrainian movement

was the Shevchenko Society, founded in 1873 in Lviv, as a result of substantial financial support advanced by a Ukrainian woman from Poltava and by Zuchenko. The society was able to immediately buy a printing press, which was of considerable help in spreading Ukrainian literature among the people.

Ukrainian school commission formed

From this time the younger generation of Ukrainians from all parts of Ukraine definitely enters the field of Ukrainian development along national and cultural lines. Many of them go in for teaching, getting their training in most cases at the Academy-Gymnasium in Lviv.

As a result of the lamentable lack of good Ukrainian text books for children, a school commission was set up to fill in that need. It was headed by Ilnitsky. This commission became invaluable to Ukrainian school development, preparing and issuing practically all the Ukrainian school books for grammar and middle schools.

(To be continued)

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN UKRAINE

(1)

The preparations, details and complexities that go into the make-up of a modern wedding usually are enough to drive the young Miss to distraction. Yet what would the same young Miss, particularly an American-Ukrainian, say if she had to go through a marriage ceremony, with all that the term connotes, in Ukraine. To cast a bit of light on the latter is the object of these series of articles. They are based on "Studies in Ukrainian Ethnography and Anthropology," by Prof. Khvedir Vovk (in Ukrainian). — Editor.

"Svatanya"

"Svatanya" — matchmaking — is the first step in the marriage ceremony in Ukraine.

The young man wishing to get married, together with his father chooses two men, known for their wisdom, tact and dignity, to plead his cause before the parents of his heart's desire. These matchmakers are known under various names, depending upon the locality: "svati," "starosti," "posli," or, if the matchmakers are women — which is very rare — then "svakhi." Bearing canes in their hands as emblems of their authority, bread, and "horilka" (brandy), the two matchmakers, accompanied by the young man and his best-man-to-be, go to the home of the girl.

Arriving at the girl's home, the matchmakers knock at the window and announce to those inside that they are travellers, tired from a long journey, and since night is fast falling, would they not be permitted to stop over night. The mother of the girl, usually fully aware of the import of the visitors' coming, and yet simulating ignorance, asks her daughter to leave the room and herself asks the "travellers" who they are, etc. (In the event that the girl has no mother, then someone else is invited to take her place for this occasion). After satisfying herself of the peaceableness of those outside, the mother, after getting father's permission, opens the door to let them in. The two matchmakers enter the main room of the home, while the young swain with his best man remains in the hallway. And as soon as the door closes upon the others, he goes search-

ing for the maiden, which search, needless to say, is of brief duration.

Entering the home the matchmakers greet the host. One of them pulls out from his bag the loaf of bread and hands it to the head of the house. The latter kisses it and places it on the table. All sit down. The older of the two matchmakers then begins a recital of the various incidents that caused them to come to this home. He tells an imaginary tale of how in service of his mighty prince he went hunting for a marten, and how the elusive marten had escaped them, and how furthermore he has good reason to believe that the marten is now hidden somewhere on the property of the host. The latter in mock surprise and indignation berates the two for deceiving him and abusing his hospitality. He openly suspects them of being robbers and invites them to leave. The matchmakers then reply that they have a goodly number of Cossacks within call to come to their aid if necessary. But they call in the young man with his best man instead. The latter two come in, pretending to drag in the girl. As soon as the girl has entered, the matchmakers turn to her mother and directly ask for her consent to her daughter's marriage to the young man. The mother replies irresolutely, and asks them to speak to the father, which they do. The father then turns to the daughter and apprising her of the situation asks whether she wants to accept the proposal. Throughout this entire scene the girl stands by the oven (as if seeking security by this ancient family altar — the supposed residence of the ancient home gods) and expressing her perturbation and her more-or-less pretended sorrow by scratching the oven's surface with her finger-nail. Good manners also demand that the groom-to-be appear sorrowful too, standing in the corner usually designated for brooms, etc., and scratching the floor with his cane in nervous apprehension.

If the girl gives her consent, and her parents give theirs too, she is then told to bring in towels "to the three men who have come to rob you." The girl quickly brings in the towels,

especially embroidered for the occasion by herself, and ties them around each matchmaker, looping it over one shoulder and tying it on the other side at the hip. To the young man she gives an embroidered shawl, which she tucks within his belt. The father then gives the matchmakers a loaf of his own bread; for to return the matchmaker's bread to them or give them a pumpkin signifies a refusal to the proposal of marriage. The agreement of marriage is now considered as being concluded. The matchmakers announce that they wish to conclude the whole ceremony in peace and good-will, and pulling out the bottle of brandy they all sit down to the table laden with food, and make merry. Close friends are often invited to join them in the merrymaking.

All these matchmaking customs, which come from the ancient custom of stealing the maiden and then coming to a peaceful understanding with her family, differ in various sections of Ukraine. Sometimes the young man's father acts as the matchmaker. In other places the young man does not go with the matchmakers, but stays at home, anxiously awaiting the results.

Woman proposes...

While on the subject of "svatanya" it is interesting to recall a marriage custom which was prevalent in certain sections of Ukraine several centuries ago and the existence of which would be open to grave doubt were it not for the fact that the self-same custom exists today in certain parts of Bulgaria. The authority for the following is Sieur de Beauplain, a French military engineer who travelled through Ukraine during the first half of the 17th century. He writes in effect as follows:

In direct contrast to the usual custom of the young man proposing to the maiden, there is the opposite custom in certain parts of Ukraine: the girl proposes to the young man. This takes place as follows: — The girl goes to the home of the young man whom she loves, picking out such a time when he and his parents are home. Entering she greets them with "pomahay-bih" (Help us O Lord). Seating herself and turning to the young man, she says: "I can see by your kind face that you are god-favored, that you will take good care of

your wife and love her dearly; and I can also see that you will make a good husbandman. All these reasons have compelled me to come to you and ask you take me as your wife."

With these words the girl turns to his parents and asks for their permission to have their son marry her. If both the young man and parents consent, all well and good. If, however, she is refused, she then determinedly declares her intention of not budging an inch out of their house until their son becomes engaged to her...

Several weeks of this determined waiting at their home usually causes the parents not only to give their consent to her proposal but where their son proves to be recalcitrant even to "persuade" him themselves to marry the girl. And the same with the young man. Seeing that the girl is determined and won't stir out of his house, he begins to discover admirable qualities in her, and in the end stubbornly pleads with his parents for their consent. In either event the consent is finally given, for to throw the girl out of the house would be to incur all the consequences of insulting her and her family, as well as drawing upon themselves the displeasure of the Church.

(To be continued)

WHY?

Why am I lonely?
And why am I blue?
Why do I sigh
The whole day through,
Instead of finding something
Pleasant to do?

Why do I fidget?
And why do I frown?
Why do I weep
Almost every sundown
On dark lonely roads
Away from the town?

Why am I bitter?
And why am I hard?
Why do I bark
Like a Saint Bernard
When anyone hands me
Their calling card?

Why with my friends
And why with the gals,
Why even with strangers
Can't I be pals
With all human beings
Animals and fowls?

MARY SARABUN.

A GREAT UKRAINIAN ETCHER

Among the living Ukrainian etchers of the present day one of the most prominent is Mykola Butovych.

The readers of the Ukrainian Weekly, who read the Ukrainian Juvenile Magazine, remember the cover drawing of the latter, which was from the pen of this great artist. He is already well known in Ukraine and abroad, in Prague, Berlin, and Paris, where he studied one time or other, and displayed a very lively creative work.

The above reproduction is taken from the artist's album of etchings entitled *Ukrainian Spirits*.

The album, published in Leipzig, in 1924, in 40 copies, to insure the fineness of reproduction, contained six wood-carvings. The subject matter to them was taken by the artist from the imaginative mythology of the Ukrainian people. The artist tries to give a pictorial representation to the various mythological personages of the Ukrainian folk-beliefs. Thus in a way, this work is not unlike the work of great Greek sculptors and painters, who, too, had tried to give a plastic or pictorial representation to the conceptions of the forces of nature by the ancient Greeks.

The Ukrainian primitive imagination conceived first of all home spirits. DOMOVYK, was the name of the spirit of the household. You have heard probably of the spirits of Roman mythology who were imagined as hovering beneficently over the Roman household. Well, in the DOMOVYK we have such Ukrainian "lar": accompanied by a pussy cat, he has just risen through the chimney out of the house and looks around if the whole household is as safe as the indoor. He would not be a Ukrainian spirit, of course, if he did not wear an embroidered shirt.

His companion, but not so beneficent, as he, is VIDMA, the Witch, whom the whole world knows, for she rode on her broom through the air long before brothers Wright flew their airplane.

She is not always vicious, as she is in the know how to bring you the milk of your neighbor's cows. If you know how to placate her. On dark nights, so they say, she likes to ride on her broom as far as Lysa Hora, Bald Mountain, near the city of Kiev, and there to take part in night-dances.

Then the artist gave us a pair of water-spirits. KHARAKTER-NYK, the Wizard, who knows many things, perhaps, all there is to know. At any rate, he knows how to move about on the bottom of the sea, like a fish. Moreover, he knows how to evade any misfortune in the battle. No wonder that the artist conceived him as an old Cossack, who had seen thousand-and-one battles and went through all of them unscathed, and now started in his pail to the bottom of the sea.

His wife is RUSALKA, the nixie of Ukraine. They say that once upon the time she was a lovely maiden, very popular with lads. She was drowned, however, — it matters not why: by accident, or was it unrequited love? Now she is a melancholy spectre that dwells in placid, languid waters, in the company of fishes, whom she causes now and then to carry her to the surface of the water when

a handsome lad wanders recklessly to the edge of the water to drink. Woe to him if the Rusalka gets him into her power: she will tickle him to death.

But if the lad were, to wander still further, into the deep, slumbering forest, he might come across the Ukrainian spirits of the forest. He might meet for instance, a CHUHAYSTER, that whimsical power that rules in the forest and that makes you wander off your path, lose yourself in the forest, and then mocks at your loneliness, homesickness and fears of the dark. In short, he is the brother to the Greek god Pan and the German Ruebezahl.

The wanderer may fare still worse if he were to meet in the forest the Ukrainian nymph, by the name of MAVKA. They say that once upon the time she used to be a child of perfectly decent parents, just as you or me, in fact, much better than either you or me, but some evil spirits, who always envy the parents of such nice children, stole her and turned her loose in the forest as a nymph. And as the picture here reproduced shows she now rides through the dark forest on a big black burly bear, playing with a rabbit and an owl. Just imagine how would you like to meet such a terrible spirit, riding through the dark in the forest!

Perhaps, you will console yourself that you would never roam as far as the Ukrainian forests, but should you by any chance go so far, I would like to betray you the secret—that those spirits are not actual living personages, only the outward expressions of our own feelings. So that if you have no fear in the forest or in the dark, or on the edge of the dark pool, you will never meet CHUHAYSTER, RUSALKA, or MAVKA.

ARE THESE OUR LEADERS?

A young Ukrainian leader of New York City good naturedly took me to task for writing the article "Militarism and the Ukrainian Young Man."

During our much too brief conversation, this young Ukrainian leader made some statements which I am going to set down and comment upon; this I am doing because most of our young Ukrainian leaders in America are making statements that are parallel to his.

His first statement was to the effect that: "If war comes, I would drop everything here and go to fight for Ukraine; if I were sure of victory."

Almost in the same breath he agreed with me that: "No, we could never be sure of victory."

What do you make out of this so-called Ukrainian "leader"?

When asked his opinion on the idea of young Ukrainian men getting military training here, and going in a body to help Ukraine when the time comes, he replied, "I do not like the idea, because we might have to give up our United States citizenship."

Yet he is one of those Ukrainians who seldom fail to take advantage of an opportunity to proclaim themselves as being Ukrainian patriots.

He laughingly admitted, that so far, groups like his own were not doing anything much more patriotic than just singing the Ukrainian national anthem at dances.

We know that these groups never have done anything more patriotic than this, we also know that at present they are not doing anything more patriotic, and we believe that the maximum expression of Ukrainian patriotism in these groups will continue to be the "singing of hymns at dances" for some time to come.

He informed me that: "The time is not yet ripe for articles such as yours."

Well, when will the time be ripe for advocating the need of military training for the Ukrain-

ian youth? Should we wait until war is declared? To use that old adage: "That would be like putting a lock on the barn after the horse has been stolen!"

Perhaps the most absurd of all his remarks was: "An article like yours would be all right in the old country, but not here."

...ny not here? We in America boast of our Ukrainian patriotism to extremes; but when someone comes along and dares us to transform our boastful words into action,—we lose no time in reminding this someone that "after all, we are American-Ukrainians!" The meaning of this is only too obvious. We, more than the European Ukrainians, prattle away about our "Ukrainian patriotism." But when physical exertion is mentioned we immediately go into a different song and dance, this time it is "If the Ukrainians in the old country want their freedom, let them fight for it!"

When we have leaders such as this one,—is it any wonder that those under them are as willy-nilly as they admittedly are!

The one thing that we American-Ukrainians are sorely lacking is that which we claim to have the greatest amount of, namely, Ukrainian nationalism!

If we had this Ukrainian nationalism,—we would not say "I would drop everything here and go to fight for Ukraine, if I were sure of victory!"

Would we, now?

War! War! War! You do not have to read between the lines of your newspaper to see that it is inevitable and not very far off. There are thirty-five million of our own flesh and blood in Greater Ukraine, who are going through the tortures of hell which the red monster has created;—and the only way in which we prepare ourselves to help these unfortunate brothers and sisters of ours is by singing the Ukrainian national anthem at dances!

While European powers are continuously increasing their armies with patriotic young men who are eager to do battle for their respective countries; our loud-voiced "patriotic" Ukrainian young men are too busily engaged with skipping the light fantastic to even think of stepping into the ranks or foreign armies and obtaining military schooling.

Why cannot the leaders of the Ukrainian youth in America realize that if we venture going into the coming war without being well trained in every phase of military life,—we once again will come out of the struggle the vanquished, if we are fortunate to come out at all!

Military training is an absolute necessity for the Ukrainian young men! Yes, military training! And not patriotic "blah-blah"! When are the leaders going to comprehend this all-important fact? Surely, these leaders are not so foolish as to believe that we will emerge victorious from a major conflict—when we have not the proper training necessary to even enter into such a conflict!

If the leaders do not immediately take drastic steps to rid themselves and the American-Ukrainian youth of their pacifism—these same leaders will find to their dismay when the black clouds hovering over Europe burst, that the Ukrainian youth here in America will refuse to live up to the patriotic prattle in which it over indulged in times of peace!

This is sound reasoning. When



M. BUTOVYCH: "MAVKA" (FAIRY)

ARE THESE OUR LEADERS?

(Concluded from page 3)

our Ukrainian young man is unwilling to give two hours of his time each week for military schooling in peace time—do you for a moment believe that this same young man will go to fight for the liberation of Ukraine when war comes? He will not!

When war does come, and when the leaders bring this young man to the fore and tell him, "Well, our long awaited chance has arrived now is the time to go and fight for Ukraine." Then the Ukrainian young man, the same one who today is so full of patriotic zeal,—the same one who today is laughing at me because I stress the necessity for military training,—will look at his leaders

and he will then laugh at them just as loudly as he is laughing at me now! He will say to these leaders in a sneering voice, "How the hell do you expect me to go and fight on the battle field, when you forgot to give me the military training which every soldier there will have?"

The leaders will be stunned to hear this accusation come from the one who laughed so loudly when he read articles in the "Ukrainian Weekly" that stressed his great need of military training!

But the leaders will not give up so easily—probably they will stick a rifle in the young man's hands and say, "Here is a rifle, surely you do not need military training to load and fire it!"

"No," the young man will answer, "I do not need military

training to load and fire a rifle. But you forget that the enemy knows how to load and fire machine guns, and I do not! They know how to fly air planes that drop bombs, and I do not know how! The enemy also knows how to operate its huge artillery pieces, its tanks, and many other modern war machines whose names I have never even heard mentioned, let alone know how to operate them! And the reason why I do not know how is because you lacked the foresight to have someone teach me!"

With this, the young Ukrainian "patriot" will throw down the rifle handed him by the leaders. And, as a parting shot before he walks away from them, he will repeat: "Besides, I am an American-Ukrainian. If the

Ukrainians in Europe want their freedom, let them fight for it!"

Our Ukrainian leaders in America can prevent the above description from being stark reality in the near future,—by instigating a movement to really prepare the Ukrainian youth for the coming war in which we hope to liberate Ukraine!

DIMITRI HORBAYCHUK.

UKRAINIANS IN ARTS

"The Society of Independent Artists," which holds its 19th annual exhibition, at the Grand Central Palace, New York City, April 6 to 28, inclusive, has among its exhibits two pictures by William Panchak, entitled "Mother and Child" and "Harvester" (Nos. 549 and 550 respectively).

"THE FULL MOON"

By OLGA KOBILIANSKA

(translated)

(Continued)

"When are you going to wind the watch?" It seemed as though the peasant was haunted by thoughts of the golden watch. Mikola looked at him in surprise.

"Yes, when?" repeated Georgy.

Mikola thought for a moment, then answered:

"Before I left this morning, I wound it up, and would have to wind it again. But, God knows why, it stopped at a quarter to one this afternoon. I wound the watch then and, I guess, it will have to be wound again at the same time tomorrow."

"At a quarter to one?" the peasant asked hastily.

"Yes."

"After midnight?" said Georgy, as though someone told him to.

Mikola laughed: "No, my friend! In bright daylight. If God will keep us in safety,—tomorrow, in a sunny bright day!... And at my mother's home, too! But,—what difference does it make?" And he walked on, whistling merrily.

The peasant drove slowly after him, watching the youthful figure and thinking of the gold watch. Since the moment he saw the watch, especially the inner side of the lid, since he touched the gold with his hand, he became obsessed. To own that watch!... To handle it, to look at it constantly,—seemed to him the summit of happiness. But, how can he get the watch? This future priest will not give it up. It is quite impossible to steal the watch from its owner. Then—take it away! The youth shall most probably fight; he, Georgy, shall be arrested as a criminal... The shame, punishment, and, God knows, what else...

No, this would not do. But he must have the watch, no matter what happens. It seems as inevitable as if someone would command him. And, shrugging his powerful shoulders, he lost himself in thoughts of how to become the possessor of the gold watch.

Mikola walked on, admiring the surroundings. The world seemed beautiful and miraculous in the woods on such a night... Ahead of him was a narrow white road, above shone the great, shimmering, blindingly-bright full moon. Mikola imagined that he saw the moon wherever he turned. Everything was full of mystery at night in the woods... The noise of the wheels and the horses' hoofs resounded strangely... it was weird and fearsome, but fas-

inating... So still and awe-inspiring...

But the youth was not afraid... He heard the horses behind him, watched the stars... He felt a strong desire to enliven the stillness of the forest. He cleared his throat and started one of the church hymns "God, Be Merciful"...

The peasant stopped the horses. "Master," he shouted in a frightened voice, "Please, be silent!"

Mikola stopped at the wagon, and asked: "Why should I not sing? It makes walking so much more pleasant. Besides, I am not sleepy!"

"You are not, but I, who got up at sunrise,—I am sleepy!" answered Georgy rudely.

"Should that keep me from singing?" asked the boy, peevish by the peasant's roughness.

"But you might attract robbers or murderers!"

Just then a shot resounded and died away in the distance.

"Do you hear?" asked the peasant in dismay.

"I do. It may be someone near the river," answered Mikola calmly. He climbed into the wagon and sat down near Georgy.

"Wait!" he said cheerfully. "Now we will not fear anyone. Is it not a shame that you fear a shot, which was fired a mile or so away?" He bent down to look into his companion's eyes, but the man bent his head still lower and did not answer. He only whipped his horses, and they drove on in silence.

Mikola's soul was full of hopes, dreams, and poetic moods. Sleep had missed him. Near him sat Georgy, whose stooping figure looked like a great heap. Around them silence reigned, disturbed only by the noise of the vehicle. In the grass, fireflies were seen everywhere. Everywhere was sleep and silence, darkness and holy stillness. It seemed as though God himself was leaning against the earth in restful slumber...

Suddenly the great heap moved, Georgy turned to the theologian and asked in his low voice: "Are you asleep, Master?"

"No, Georgy, I am not. Did you think I was?"

"Yes, I thought so."

"How soon will we be out of the woods?" Mikola asked. "We have been here for about two hours already."

"Just a little longer. I am tired of the woods, too. I wish we would reach the river."

"Yes, the river is jolly. It always seems to be telling some-

thing with its noisy splashing," continued Mikola.

"Yes," came the peasant's brief reply.

A half-hour later, the horses reached the end of the forest and stopped. Georgy lashed them anew, but the tired animals ran swiftly but for a few minutes, then fell into a slow step. The travellers were now on the very top of a high hill, with a fascinating winding road before them. Mikola inhaled the fresh fragrant air and looked about. A magnificent view opened before his eyes. The clear dark sky, interwoven with silver like a holy cupola, hung over the high dark mountain. Far above the blue horizon shone the glorious moon in its sumptuous fullness... And the stars, the little twinkling stars... Silvery mists rose to the sky above the woods and disappeared in the bright moonlight...

Mikola was hypnotized by the marvelous beauty of this clear night and the full moon. His soul seemed to dissolve in this powerful and delicate beauty, become absorbed by the silvery mist, the bright moon... A sweet sadness, mingled with a strange yearning filled his heart. A German poem which corresponded so well with this mysterious night rose from the depth of his soul, called out by his memory:

Eine stille menddurchlouchtete Nacht

Bethoeret mir Herz und Sinn,
Ergreift meine Seele Zauber-
macht,

Kaum weiss ich wo ich bin...

Suddenly the horses stopped, and the rough voice of the peasant disturbed his dreams:

"Are you asleep? What time is it?"

"I am not asleep," answered the boy, unpleasantly surprised by the voice, and tone of his driver. He opened his watch, bent over it and said:

"I think it is a quarter to one."

"A quarter to one?" repeated the peasant, descending the wagon. Suddenly he grabbed the watch, which was suspended by the chain.

"Give it to me," he shouted and started to beat Mikola. "Give it to me!" he roared with the voice of a wild beast, "Or else I shall kill you, throw you into the river and not a dog will know about it!"

"God be with you, man!" exclaimed the frightened boy. "Let go, or you will strangle me!" He struggled against the giant, who held him in a grip of iron, beat him, and dragged him to the ground.

"Give me the watch!"

"It is a sacred memory of my father! Have mercy... Don't sin... Help!..."

"Ah, so you are calling for help!" roared the peasant. "I am not afraid to sin!! I want the watch, the watch!..." And he tightened his grip, strangling Mikola.

"Take it... Only don't kill!" begged the boy, struggling, "God will punish you!"

"I am not afraid of God!"

"Take the watch but do not kill me!"

"Do not kill?" repeated the wild voice of the murderer. "To let you go and tell on me? No! You shall die! You cannot fool me!"

"I swear to God not to tell,—only don't kill me!" pleaded the young man, collecting his last efforts. Thrown to the ground, he struggled, trying to catch the murderer's knees and promising not to tell.

"No, I don't believe you! There are no witnesses! And with these words the heavy gigantic figure of the brute stooped down upon the half-strangled form of the boy, the powerful shoulders trembling with the effort to throttle Mikola.

"I will... not... tell..." rattled and moaned the youth.

"I need no witnesses, don't wriggle, you!" The giant bent lower and lower over the boy, stretched upon the ground.

"The moon... is a witness... came the last breath of the boy." "The moon..." The murderer heard it...

He listened to the heart of his victim, but there were no signs of life... All was quiet. He got up with the gold watch and chain in his hand. He was still quivering with excitement, his breath was still uneven, but the eyes looked at the gold with gloating satisfaction. The watch was half open,—its owner did not have time to close it.

"A quarter to one," whispered the assassin. "A quarter to one!" and instinctively he lifted the watch to his ear. The watch stopped.

"I must wind it up," he said, turning the precious watch in his hand not knowing how to do it.

"After midday, in a bright sunny day, my friend!" came to his memory the words of his victim; "In bright daylight..."

Why did the watch stop? But Georgy did not ponder over this question very long. He hid the watch in one of his boots, got on the wagon, and drove away. Only once he turned to look at the dead body, and he also glanced at the moon. It was still bright and clear on the silvery blue sky, gazing indifferently, from among twinkling stars. The murderer looked at the full moon for a long time, then turned his wagon around and drove back to the woods...

(To be concluded)