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COURSE IN ADVANCED UKRAINIAN AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

The Department of Eastern European Languages of Columbia University has recently announced that a course in advanced Ukrainian will be given at the University this year, 1935-36. The course will be given every Friday, beginning September 27th, 1935, and will last throughout both the winter and spring semesters. It will be held in Room 308, Philosophy Hall, Columbia University, 116th Street and Broadway. Hours 7:00 P. M.—8:45 P. M. The tuition fee is \$37.50 per semester. Mr. Joseph Statkewicz (Senior) will be payment of fee (plus \$5.00 University fee) must be made from September 18th to the 28th.

Graduate students working for credit will receive 3 points per semester, 6 in all for the entire course. The course is open to all, however, credit or non-credit students. In the latter group are included those students whose chief interest lies outside the University and yet who have the leisure to pursue this course every Friday evening, and the sole condition of admission for them is that they possess ability and qualifications to pursue the work with success, which in the present instance means that they must understand the Ukrainian language. This does not mean, however, that they must have a fluent knowledge of the Ukrainian language, for it is sufficient if they understand it when it is spoken to them.

The course will be conducted in Ukrainian, and will dip into the finest selections of Ukrainian literature. Study of the Ukrainian grammar will also be included in the course, but it will be conducted in a manner which promises to be interesting and novel, a change from the usual dry method of grammar courses.

For further information write to Stephen Shumeyko, 97 Boyden Avenue, Maplewood, N. J., and watch for further details in the Ukrainian Weekly.

UKRAINIAN YOUTH DEMONSTRATES "TRISECTING OF ANGLE"

Quite a bit of furor has been created recently in the mathematical world by a 21-year old American-Ukrainian, Theodore Machnik, of Mahanoy City, Pa., who while attending the Third Ukrainian Youth's Congress in Detroit demonstrated before representatives of the Associated Press and other interested parties his method by which he contends he is able to trisect an angle by plane geometry, using only a straight edge and a compass. His demonstration was reported by the press throughout America. Although since then various scientists, including the Scientists of the Bureau of Standards in Washington, have declared that Mr. Machnik's solution is not correct, still credit must be given to the young man for his knowledge of mathematics and his courage in attacking a problem which has defied solution for thousands of years.

BE YOURSELF

At this time when interest in foreign nationality groups and their role in the economic and cultural development of America is perhaps at its highest, it will not be amiss to point out the grave mistake made by those who because of various reasons have identified themselves with foreign nationality groups with which they have no ties whatsoever.

We are specifically referring here to that youth which is of Ukrainian descent but which because of its parents' ignorance and Russian propaganda calls itself Russian.

There is no need for us to emphasize the apparent fact that we have nothing against the Russians, their culture and their achievements; although we most strongly condemn their nation's imperialistic policies in respect to Ukraine. Yet we wish to remove the anomaly so often seen in various communities in America of thousands of young people of Ukrainian descent gathering at various Russian manifestations under the delusion that they too are Russians.

These deluded young people evidently fail to realize that America is not interested in the fact itself that one is Russian, or German, or Italian, or Ukrainian. What does interest America is the native heritage that each such person is supposed to have, a heritage that is a potentially valuable asset to America's progress.

And therefore, what possible standing can a Ukrainian who calls himself Russian have in American life? What has he to offer to America to justify his claim to being a "Russian"?

Yet there is very little doubt but that such a person could be an asset to America were he to don his true colors. This asset is his Ukrainian heritage, which is within his blood, his character, and his capabilities, and all that it needs to be brought into life and use is its development. By holding himself out as Russian he naturally stultifies it; his life becomes a farce—for he is masquerading.

We must admit, however, that our interest in this matter rests upon other considerations too.

We all have noticed how quickly an Irishman resents someone calling him English. Not because there is anything derogatory per se in the matter,—for it is really a privilege to be a member of such an energetic and progressive race,—but because in his opinion England refuses to give the Irish the freedom which they demand. With this example in mind, we can sooner understand a similar case existing between the Ukrainians and the Russians, made all more acute by the greater differences that exist between them than between the Irish and English. And therefore, is it any wonder that anyone with good Ukrainian blood within his veins is quick to resent even the slightest implication that he or his people are Russian—a name that represents to him that monstrously oppressive power which has enslaved Ukraine for so many centuries? Is it strange that he regards with contempt, not unmixed with pity, those Ukrainians who through their ignorance or misguided principles call themselves Russian? And finally, is it not most natural that he should strive to bring the children of these so-called "Russians" back into the fold of Ukrainian life?

Therefore, all you young American-Ukrainians bearing the label of "Russian," "Ruski," or "Rusini," take stock of yourself and your origin, and learn for yourself whether or not you are Ukrainian. Because your Ukrainian nationality is not perhaps as well known at present as others, is no reason for you to forsake it—for that is moral cowardice. And remember also, that it is easy to champion the cause of the mighty, but far more difficult and infinitely more noble to champion the cause of the oppressed and the downtrodden. Your Ukrainian blood demands the latter of you, as well as the blood of those countless sacrifices on the altar of Ukrainian freedom. And as for us—we make no demands; we merely point out to you the road to justice and personal self-respect.

YOUTH TODAY

MORALE OF YOUTH IN DEPRESSION

The Flatbush Boys Clubs Youth Census, just completed and made public, reveals the influence of depression upon the mental state of boys and girls.

The survey was carried out under the auspices of the United States Office of Education, among some 3,000 young men and women, between the ages of 16 and 25. The interrogations were based on a questionnaire furnished by the office of education of the Department of Interior. Applicants were either students or unemployed.

A majority of those who applied for registration said their parents owned their own homes but had been unable to meet taxes or interest payments. The faces of these young people as they frankly responded to all questions," says the report, "revealed much anguish, anxiety and worry about their future. These boys and girls since 1929 have steadily grown older and with no prospects for realizing their ambitions, have become filled with discouragement until they no longer care what happens. Some indicated by their tone that it would not take very much to tempt them from the straight and narrow path of honesty into one that leads to crime and corruption."

In their harassed mental state these young men and women, the reports says, become "easy victims" for "silver-tongued" radical speakers. The National Youth Program, however, offers them a ray of hope. "They feel now there is a possibility that they will be able to realize their ambitions, find a job and earn some money which they can call their own and with it ease the burdens of their parents."

WHICH ARE A PERSON'S MOST CREATIVE YEARS?

This question was propounded by a new psychological investigation reported last week by Dr. Harvey C. Lehman of Ohio University.

Taking some 1,264 persons recognized by workers in their own fields as preeminent in chemistry, mathematics, physics, astronomy, invention, poetry and short story writing, Dr. Lehman painstakingly plotted their outstanding contributions year by year of their lives. The results ran amazingly to a pattern, showing the greatest productivity in the relatively early adult years.

For three groups—physicists, inventors and short-story writers—the peak years were practically identical, comprising the brief period between the ages of 30 and 35. Poets get into their stride earliest, at 22, and maintain longest, until 35.

Dr. Lehman's findings afford an arresting comparison with those of Prof. Edward L. Thorndike of Columbia University. The ability to learn, Prof. Thorndike's experiments showed, reaches its peak in the early twenties.

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

A FORGOTTEN COLLECTION OF UKRAINIAN FOLK-TALES

More than forty years have passed already since the appearance, in English, of the first collection of Ukrainian folk-stories, and yet, it seems to me, this collection is still fairly unknown among the Ukrainians who live in English-speaking countries. At least I have never yet met this book in the hands of an American-born child of Ukrainian parents. Lately I came across a note about this book in a Ukrainian newspaper in Ukraine, and I can imagine that many readers of Ukrainian papers in Europe know more about this book than do Ukrainians who live in the United States or Canada. This moves me to restore this book to the renown it justly deserves.

The collection bears the title: *Cossack Fairy Tales and Folk Tales*. It has been "selected, edited and translated" by R. Nisbet Bain. The translator's introduction is dated: British Museum, August, 1894. This introduction explains first of all the origin of this collection: the same author's volume of Russian fairy tales was so popular that the author was encouraged "to follow it up with a sister volume of stories selected from another Slavonic dialect extraordinarily rich in folk-tales."

This language the author-translator call "Ruthenian, the language of the Cossacks." He gives the reader the following explanation about that language and the people:

"Ruthenian is a language intermediate between Russian and Polish, but quite independent of both. Its territory embraces, roughly speaking, that vast plain which lies between the Carpathians, the watershed of the Dnieper, and the Sea of Azov, with Lemberg and Kiev for its chief intellectual centers." When he says, "though rigorously repressed by the Russian government, it is still spoken by more than twenty millions of people," we are reminded that forty years have passed by since the words were penned.

With this the author passes to the importance of the language for human culture: "It possesses a noble literature, numerous folk-songs, not inferior even to those of Serbia, and, what chiefly concerns us now, a copious collection of justly admired folk-tales, many of them of great antiquity, which are regarded, both in Russia and Poland, as quite unique of their kind."

Here R. Nisbet Bain does not claim to be the original discoverer, for the English-speaking world, of this rich vein of folk-culture. "Mr. Ralston, I fancy," he says, "was the first to call the attention of the West to these curious stories, though the want at that time of a good Ruthenian dictionary (a want since supplied by the excellent lexicon of Zhelekhovsky and Nidilsky) prevented him from utilizing them. Another Slavonic scholar, Mr. Morfill, has also frequently alluded to them (most recently in his interesting history of Poland) in terms of enthusiastic but by no means extravagant praise."

Now N. Nisbet Bain speaks of the sources of her collection. "The three chief collections of Ruthenian Folk-Lore are those of Kulish, Rudchenko, and Dragomanov, which represent, at least approximately, the three dialects into which Ruthenian is generally divided. It is from these three collections that the present selection has been made. Kulish, who has the merit of priority, was little more than a pioneer, his contributions merely consisting of

some dozen kazki and kazochki incorporated in the second volume of his *Zapisky o Yuzhnoi Rusi*, St. Petersburg, 1856-7. Twelve years later Rudchenko published at Kiev what is still, on the whole, the best collection of Ruthenian Folk-Tales, under the title "Narodniya Yuzhnorussiya Skazki." Like Linnroet among the Finns, Rudchenko took down the greater part of these tales direct from the lips of his people. In a second volume, published in the following year, he added other stories gleaned from various minor MS. collections of great rarity. In 1876 the Imperial Russian Geographical Society published at Kiev, under the title of *Maloruskija Narodnia Predania i Razkazi* an edition of as many M. S. collections of Ruthenian Folk-Lore (including poems, proverbs, riddles, and rites) as it could lay its hands upon. This collection, though far less rich in variants than Rudchenko's, contained many original tales which had escaped him, and was ably edited by Michael Dragomanov, by whose name indeed it is generally known."

N. Nesbit Bain believes that his collection of "Cossack stories" is the first translation ever made from Ukrainian into English, — which, however, is an error, since two generations earlier there were published translations of some Ukrainian "dumas" in English translation. This error does not diminish the merits of his work. And this was no light work, irrespective of the work of translation. More difficult than this was perhaps the work of selection. His purpose was to make this selection, naturally restricted, fairly representative, that is to give a sample of each of the many varieties of Ukrainian folk-tale.

N. Nesbit Bain's collection comprises 27 Ukrainian folk-tales, and a representative collection it indeed, is. To know their charm, their fresh spontaneity and naive simplicity, which the translator again and again emphasizes, would require their careful perusal. The translator suggests various opinions about their origin and the chances of their preservation, which are very instructive. And when he says, "it is for professional students of folk-lore to study the original documents for themselves," I may ask, who in the first line is qualified for such a study if not those who possess the first hand knowledge of the language in which these tales were created?

There is still another side of great interest, to this collection of Ukrainian folk-tales. The first edition of the collection was adorned with illustrations by E. W. Mitchell. These illustrations followed rather too closely in the footsteps of illustrations to German folk-tales, and for this reason they missed their mark, that is failed to impart the spirit inherent in the Ukrainian folk-tale. There was later published another edition of these folk-tales, with illustrations, very ambitious and elaborate, but their very elaborateness falls out with the pristine primitiveness of the Ukrainian folk-tale. And thus another field is opened by these opportunities of illustration for Ukrainian artists. (er)

WINS DANCING CONTEST

John Kay, a Ukrainian, of New York City, one of the contestants in the "Harvest Moon Ball" dancing event which was held at the Madison Square Garden, New York City, last August 28th, won second prize in the "Lindy Hop" contest which the local Daily News sponsored. His prize was a waist-belt with a solid gold buckle.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

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

(81)

Olga Kosach

Olga Kosach (1852-19), who wrote under the pseudonym of Olena Ptchilka, was the sister of Drahomaniv, yet she became a writer through the influence of Michael Staritsky. In her writings she stressed the nationalistic principles and their importance in social life. She portrayed her ideal of a Ukrainian woman patriot in the poem "Kozachka Olena." While in Kiev she issued *Ukrainsky Narodny Ornament* (Ukrainian national ornament), *Perekłady z N. Hoholya* (translations from N. Gogol), *Pobutyovy Zhart Dlya Teatru* (Genre Skits for the Theatre), *Sudzhena ne Ohudzhenia* (Tried But Not Condemned), as well as numerous translated poems for children. Besides she also issued in Kiev a newspaper — *Ridney Krai* (Native Country). Among her best works are her stories, as — *Za Pravdoyu* (For the Truth), *Tovareszki* (Comrades — fem.), *Svitlo Pravdi i Lubovi* (The Light of Truth and Love).

Lesya Ukrainka

The real name of this famous Ukrainian woman writer of European fame (1872-1913) was Alexandra Kosachiv-Kvitka. She was a type that was enamoured with the middle ages and ancient times. In place of pacifism she preached aggressive and warring nationalism, wasting no pity upon the oppressed but concentrating her hatred upon the oppressors. She was born in Volhynia. Her mother was the above mentioned Olga Kosach. Through her mother's influence, Lesya Ukrainka grew up with a strong love for her people and a burning desire to help free them of oppression.

Lesya Ukrainka received her elementary education from her

mother, who refused to subject her daughter to the denationalizing influences of the Russian public schools, and then later studied under private tutors. An excellent student she steadily mastered one subject after the other, especially in the field of foreign languages, of which she learned the following: Russian, Greek, Latin, German, French and Italian. She displayed her talent for writing at a very early age, being hardly 12 years of age when her poems were already being printed in various journals and newspapers.

Most of Lesya Ukrainka's poems have appeared in the following collections: *Na Krelakh Pisen* (On the Wings of Songs), *Dumi i Mrityi* (Thoughts and Dreams), *Vidhuki* (Echoes). Besides she wrote many short stories, such as *Zhal* (Sorrow), and *Nad Morem* (By the Sea), as well as plays, *Blakitna Troyanda* (Azure Provence Rose), *Cassandra*, *V Puschy* (In the Forest Fastness), *Lisova Pisnya* (The Forest Song), *Advokat* (Lawyer) *Martiyanyan*, and *Orgia* (Orgy). She is also the author of many scientific works, essay of criticism, and writings of various sorts. Finally, she was a good translator of foreign works, translating from German the *Book of Songs* by the poet Heine and from Russian the *Vetchernitsi* by M. Gogol.

All the works of Lesya Ukrainka are characterized by lofty beauty and deep thought and emotion. They warmly defend truth, freedom and brotherhood of mankind, and boldly attack oppression. Her works steadily developed in power and beauty with the passage of years, and death snatched her away at the very height of her creative power.

(To be continued)

FACTS ABOUT UKRAINE

(Concluded)

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After the 1917 Revolution, the Ukrainian Republic was proclaimed at Kiev, and when in 1918 the Austrian Empire came to an end, the Ukrainian provinces of Austria proclaimed the Western Ukrainian Republic which on January 22nd, 1919, united with Great Ukraine. Years of bitter struggle ensued, during which the Ukrainians were fighting on all fronts. In 1923, Russian Ukraine became a constituent member of the newly constituted U.S.S.R. It should be noted that the strength of the independent movement prevented Ukraine from becoming a mere province of U.S.S.R. Since 1932, however, the Government at Moscow seems, in its relations with Ukraine, to be more and more reverting to the centralising policy of the Czars.

The territory of the Ukrainians in Eastern Galicia was occupied by the troops of the newly-created Polish State in 1919. A struggle followed at the Paris Peace Conference as to what should be done in face of this fait accompli and Polish refusal to quit. The British representatives at the Conference had grave misgivings. They felt strongly that the border peoples, especially in Galicia, should have self-determination. Their suggestion of a High Commissioner to safeguard Ukrainian interests was rejected. The Sta-

tute for Eastern Galicia, which would have given the territory to Poland for only twenty-five years with a considerable measure of Home Rule was, on French initiative, shelved in December 1919.

Finally, by the decision of the Conference of Ambassadors of 1923, the Ukrainians of Eastern Galicia were left within the State of their ancient foes and oppressors, the Poles, who had been in occupation of their territory since 1919. Poland was, however, required to put her hand in the Treaty, recognising — as Mr. Bonar Law (then Prime Minister) stated in the British House of Commons on March 20th, 1923 — "that the ethnographical conditions make autonomy necessary in that region." That Treaty has remained a dead letter; and as the historian of the Peace Conference recorded, a new Ireland has been created in Eastern Europe.

The position of the Ukrainians in Czechoslovakia, who occupy the territory known as Podkarpatska Rus, is covered by the Treaty signed at Saint-Germain-en-Laye on September 10th, 1919, between the United States of America, the British Empire, France, Italy and Japan and Czechoslovakia, in which Czechoslovakia undertook to "constitute the Ruthene ter-

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"STESSIA'S ROCK"

By OLEXA STOROZHENKO

(Translated from Ukrainian).

Our regiment was passing the province of Poltava during one of the summer months. These expeditions in time of peace were always quite pleasant. There is great fascination in travelling. Each new day brings one face to face with new wonders of God. Landscapes, people, and languages change with kaleidoscopic rapidity. A person with thirst for knowledge and power of observation learns much during such journeys. It is enough to watch these ancient places, to study the life, customs, and traditions of the inhabitants of each place; to listen to the dialects, stories and folk-songs. It is an interesting, enjoyable, live book of the real truth, unspoiled by lies, and real natural beauty, untouched by falsity.

We stopped for rest at a little town of G—. I was told that about a mile away from the town there are ruins of an old convent. Towards evening, when the heat grew less intense, I started out to explore the beautiful surroundings. A wide road ran up a steep high mountain. On the very top of it shaded by a green oak forest loomed the ruins of the ancient convent. There was no roof over the bell-tower and cells; on the fortress-like walls and the huge Byzantine gate grew young lithe birch trees and high grass. The church alone survived. The cemetery was covered with high weeds, among which appeared a few wooden crosses on graves of monks. This sad and desolate place awakened gloomy thoughts and painful reminiscences in my soul. As I walked on, enchanted views spread before my eyes. The Dnieper, almost two miles wide, splashed noisily at the foot of the steep mountain. The rays of the setting sun lit bright fires on the light little clouds and reflected them in the mirror of the river. The beautiful river Dnieper glared like burning lava against the dark green forest on the opposite shore. Beyond the Dnieper lay an endless plain with villages and homesteads, blending with the blue sky and hiding in the mist. The far horizon bent lower and lower over the earth and finally merged with it into one. Along the Dnieper boats and barges sailed, and fishing craft drifted, like little nutshells. I stopped at the escapement and looked down. Another beautiful landscape lay at my foot. The slope was all covered with queer-looking stumps of trees. A few centennial oaks, lime and ash trees told of the forest that must have been here years ago. Right over the shore hung a massive rock, on top of which sat a Cossack with a high gray fur hat. If not for the curling smoke of his short pipe, he could have been mistaken for a statue. I walked over to the rock, from which the view was still more beautiful. Small springs gurgled pleasantly alongside of the mountain path, running down to the Dnieper.

Absorbed in his thoughts, the Cossack did not notice me.

"Greetings, friend Cossack!" said I, laying my hand on his shoulder.

He dropped his pipe, and looked up at me with a start. He wanted to get up to greet me, but I bade him to be at ease. The Cossack was dressed in a coat of fine blue cloth and expensive wide Cossack trousers. Evidently he was of noble birth. He was about fifty years old but his eyes were young and lively.

"Stay where you are," said I "and I shall stay with you and enjoy the view."

"Yes, it is not an ordinary place," answered he.

The rock we sat on was about fifty feet above the river. On the right side of it was a large, protruding rock, which looked like a roof all along the shore to the

very river. It must have been a part of a crumbled mountain, the fall of which must have occurred very long ago, for the place was covered with high trees. From beyond the rock came the sound of women's voices and laughter.

"Who is there," asked I. "Women. This is their bathing place. As you see, it is quiet and protected from all sides. They play and splash around there until midnight. Such is the foolish nature of women: they hide from one's view as though one would harm them. But they are not afraid of things that really should be feared..."

"And what should they fear?" "What do you mean?" asked the Cossack, looking at me very queerly. "O, I have forgotten that you are a stranger here," added he in a moment. "If you knew you would agree with me that those women are no cowards. This place is to be feared!" The Cossack frowned and soon was lost in his thoughts.

I asked him to tell me the history of this place, but he seemed unwilling.

"It is late," said he. "Before long the sun will set, and this story should not be told at night..."

I insisted, and finally he yielded, and started to light his pipe. The sun was hiding behind the mountain, casting a lilac shadow across the Dnieper. The air, rich with the fragrance of wild flowers, was cool and pleasant. The nightingales started their melodious trills, in a chorus.

"Do you know the name of this place?" asked the Cossack, puffing his pipe.

"No," said I.

"Stessia's Rock; it was named thus on account of a thing which happened long ago. When I was a mere boy, my old great-grandfather told me about it. He used to be always busy with his bee hives in the summertime, but for the winter he would come to my father's house, and stay in his corner near the oven. This was a holiday for us children, for my great-grandfather was a wonderful story-teller. As soon as the lamps were lit, we would nestle close to him, and ask for stories."

"What stories shall I tell? A jolly one, or a ghost story?"

"A ghost story! A ghost story!" we would beg in a chorus. And as he would tell the story, we would get chills, and would feel our hair on edge. Mother's call for supper would startle us, as though the very devil pulled at our sleeves!

"Now, listen to the story of my great-grandfather about this place."

"Long, long ago, our town was just a small village, surrounded by ramparts, on top of which stood a cannon."

"At the end of the village, right near the river stood the house of a fisherman. He had a wife and a daughter Stessia. Only in a dream was it possible to see another beauty like Stessia. She was tall and graceful, with a beautiful white skin, dark eyebrows, and eyes like the bright stars. Whoever saw her once, could never forget her. Stessia was about eighteen years old, and behaved like a child. She was very timid and quiet, never went to dances and gatherings, preferring to stay home with her mother. A man's look always brought red poppies to her cheeks. And she was very bashful. In the hottest summer days Stessia never bathed together with the other girls. At about midnight, when the whole village was asleep, she would run down to the river and bathe all alone. Her mother would scold her for her foolish bashfulness, but it was to no avail.

"The town would not have remembered Stessia, if not for her

sweet, sad songs every evening. These plaintive melodies gripped the heart of everyone that heard them. As soon as the pilot of some boat on the river heard Stessia's singing, his boat would turn toward the shore. Of course, Stessia never knew it, for if she did, she would cease singing like a scared nightingale. Such was Stessia...

She used to bathe right on this spot. At that time there was a lake here, surrounded by a thick forest. Stessia was never afraid to come here at night, for she knew that no person was here at such hour. The poor child did not suspect that the king of the water would come out of his watery depths, sit on this rock and warm himself in the rays of the silver moon.

"Once, after the king left his crystal palace, and sat upon the rock, Stessia came to bathe. She undressed and walked over to the river and stopped at the shore. The full moon enveloped her with its mellow light. She stood at the shore, her hands folded on her swan-like bosom, her feet playing with the waves. The old king was bewildered by this unusual beauty. There were many water nymphs with charming faces and lithe bodies, but there was none like Stessia... The girl jumped into the water, keeping to the shore for fear of the deep river. She played and splashed, and spattered in the water like a fish. When she tired of playing and bathing, she dressed and ran home to sleep. In the meantime the king was pondering over a hard problem: he wanted to bewitch the beautiful girl and turn her into a mermaid.

"When the devil gets something into his mind, he will see that his desire is fulfilled. Stessia's troubles began..."

"The king of the nymphs never appeared before the girl in reality, but she often saw him in her dreams. He told her of the marvels and riches of his crystal palace. He used to bring fine white sand to the place where Stessia liked to bathe. Whenever her father went fishing alone, he caught nothing. But as soon as Stessia accompanied her father, the old king filled his net with fish. Whenever Stessia bathed, the mer-man changed into a wave, washing her tenderly, and carrying her further and further into the river. The girl thought that she swam well and stopped fearing deep water. But the demon in the water did not aim to drown her. He wanted the perdition of her soul to be a voluntary act of her own—for only then would she become a nymph."

"Once Stessia forgot to take off her coralls while bathing and the mer-man pulled them off. The girl dived in and started to look for the beads. She finally felt them at the bottom with her hand. But what she found were not her coralls. These beads were white and shone like stars. When Stessia's mother asked about the new beads, the girl answered laughingly: 'The king of the waters gave them to me,' and told her all about it.

"The devil was clever and shrewd.

"In about a week a regiment of soldiers came to our town, led by a young handsome Cossack officer. The whole town went out to meet the regiment. Among the girls and women were Stessia and her mother. As soon as the officer noticed her, he immediately rode over to her. He hardly knew which was the more attractive and beautiful—the girl or her beads.

"Where did you get these beads?" he asked.

"The mother answered laughingly: 'The water king gave them to her.'

"Sell them to me, Maiden," said he, 'I will pay as much as you ask.'

"Stessia blushed but did not look up at the officer.

"We shall be satisfied with anything you give us, Your Highness," answered the mother.

"The officer handed Stessia a small bag of money, while her mother took off the beads and gave them to him. Unwillingly, Stessia lifted her eyes to the officer. The moment she saw him, her heart began to beat violently and a strange new feeling took possession of her whole being. Such is a maiden's heart!...

"The mer-man was very happy, for it was his wish that Stessia should fall in love.

"Stessia's parents made good use of the officer's money. They built a large new house and divided it under two parts: one for themselves, the other for Stessia after she was to get married. The father bought new nets, which occupied a third of the Dnieper. Stessia was dressed like a nobleman's daughter. But the birds ceased singing. Her soul was dark, her heart heavy. She hid no more among the cherry trees. All day long she stood at the gate looking for someone.

"The young Cossack officer was also very restless. Wherever he went a strange power drew him toward Stessia's house. Whenever Stessia noticed the officer, she hid behind the fence and watched him from there. Her heart throbbed and fluttered, like the heart of a quail, when a hawk is near. But the young man was observant. Having noticed Stessia's behavior, he soon came to the fence and spoke to her. Before long, the officer climbed over the fence and embraced the girl..."

"The bird came to life once more, beautiful songs were heard again, not sad melodies as before, but jolly songs now. But Stessia's happiness did not last long. The Turks declared war, and the young officer was ordered with his regiment to Turkey.

"Painful was the lovers' parting, but time of war with heathens—is no time for love. At parting the officer gave Stessia a beautiful ring and promised to marry her upon his return.

"Life went on gloomily for Stessia during her betrothed's absence. In her imagination she saw him return and love her more intensely than ever. They did not hide among the cherry trees any more. Now they lived together in legal union in a magnificent palace. He embraced and caressed her, while she rocked the cradle with their son... It was sweet to be carried away by such delightful dreams. But the water king was wide awake. As soon as the officer and his soldiers started out, the mer-man rushed through subterranean passages to the river Danube to await them there. In those times there were no bridges on large rivers like the Danube or Dnieper. The infantry used to cross rivers on boats, while the cavalry swam across on their horses. When the Cossack officer reached the Danube, he unhesitatingly started across together with his horse. The water king grabbed his leg and dragged him to the bottom. War is war, and the death of one officer is of little importance to the world, which never realizes that one insignificant person may mean life and happiness to his mother or sweet-heart..."

"When the terrible news reached Stessia, the unfortunate girl lost her senses. She wandered for days in the woods like a wild animal, came to the house for a few minutes, and disappeared again. All the worry and efforts of the parents were useless. She

(Continued page 4)

"WINGHELING" AT THE YOUTH'S CONGRESS

What group travelling by bus from the East kept the others travellers wide-awake all night through by their constant singing? This group—consisting of one tenor, two basses, four sopranos, no altos, and two voices that as yet are undecided—tried awfully hard, but we recommend more practice.

The boys who tried to get rich quick by investing their nickels in roadside jackpots, found to their dismay that "gambling don't pay." My, my, my!

Will someone explain this:—At the roadstands when we wanted milk it was ten cents while coffee was five cents; but when we wanted coffee then it was ten cents and milk five cents! How come?

What is this power Miss Balko has over the bus line's officials, for we had reserved seats going there and coming back.

Was his face red!—John Romanovich's we mean. Getting into Detroit his valise was lost for several hours, and it contained all his worldly possessions (for the Congress, of course).

That spare room (did somebody say "barracks"?), the management of Hotel Statler so kindly let the group of six fellows have was certainly a honey. Our sympathy to the maid who had to bring order out of chaos every morning.

Why do these Akron (Ohio) girls insist upon calling everyone kids or children? But heck!—we don't mind, especially when it comes from such pretty ones (Charge for the compliment—25 cents, by mail).

That was indeed tough—for the Ukrainian Lindbergh (Shafnar of Passaic, N. J.) to come to the Congress by aeroplane and then be forced to sleep Sunday night with his friend on the extra bed which the President had in his suite,—all because his host (the Treasurer!—sh!) went sightseeing that evening with his fair companion and forgot all about him.—He who flies high.

Will someone tell me who at the Congress originated that irritating question—"Did you ever visit the Boston Fisheries?"—What's there anyway—beside the fish?

Who was the prettiest blonde at the Congress? Who was the prettiest brunette? (Please send pictures and addresses of your favorites to me. If you can't manage the pictures then send them along in the flesh!)

What pretty Miss was embarrassed when after the banquet she dropped three souvenir spoons in the lobby and could find only two? Was she mortified!

What elevator attendant said that for the past two nights all that he had dreamt of was delegates chanting "Ballroom floor please!"

What young lady took special pains to prepare a tomato sauce cocktail with ingredients such as salt, pepper, vinegar, sugar and coffee (and tomato, of course) and then presented it to that most voluble young man who went into "ecstasies" when he took a swallow? Some fun, eh?

How many long distance romances are growing warmer year by year? The next Congress should witness some marriages—or elopements!

Who was a shining example at the Congress of quiet and unnoticed but most efficient work?—Our vote: Miss Mary Mudry of Detroit, (the Chairman's law secretary in everyday life) who took care of registrations, etc.—Say, Mr. Panchuk, don't you believe in the N.R.A.—in principle?

Why aren't all people as hospitable as the Detroiters proved to be? Orchids for them—bushels of them!

Why so many tears beneath brave smiles and laughter at the hour of parting?—That "Auld Land Syne" and "Chuyish Bratimiy" was moving, really!—Thanks for the sendoff!

New password for Ukrainian youth—"See you in Philly next year."

A. S. ("Tony"),
Newark, N. J.

RESOLUTIONS AT UKRAINIAN MANIFESTATION

Among the resolutions passed at the Ukrainian Independence Manifestation in Carnegie Hall, New York City, September 1st, 1935, we reprint the following:— (Editor)

The representatives of Ukrainian communities and organizations in America, having gathered in Carnegie Hall, New York City, on September 1, 1935, together with the delegates of the Ukrainians from Canada, and having heard the addresses and reports of Ukrainian delegates, who came from Europe, as well as the declarations of the representatives of the organized American-Ukrainian life, solemnly do declare as follows:

The Ukrainian nationality still continues to be deprived of its independent, free, national life. There still has not been destroyed that international crime which by brutal force destroyed the upheaval of the Ukrainian people towards renaissance of the Ukrainian nation on the Ukrainian land.

The Ukrainians of America, just as the Ukrainian people on their own territories, have never ceased to protest against quartering of the Ukrainian land and subjecting it to the rule of four foreign powers. They have always kept on protesting against the crime, and have always kept on proving that there will be no peace in Ukraine or in the whole of Europe as long as the Ukrainian problem will remain unsettled.

When now a new war threatens the world, and when the Ukrainian problem, by the force of its international importance and by the strength of the attitude of the Ukrainian people themselves, is raised to the first place, American Ukrainians considered it their duty to call this non-partisan, general manifestation in order to make known by it as follows:

America is the only country in which the Ukrainians live in mass and enjoy the freedom to cultivate, undisturbed, their ideals in such form as they are preserved in the hearts of millions of Ukrainians on the Ukrainian territory. The American Ukrainians are nowadays the only group which can freely and in an organized manner manifest the true sentiments of the Ukrainian people. As such they emphasize that the true sentiments of the Ukrainian people do not tally with any policy that demands from the Ukrainian people resignation of any of the Ukrainian provinces, or which puts off the settlement of the problem of the Ukrainian nation and independence by advancing programs of temporary organization of the cohabitation of the Ukrainians with the occupants, by way of some concessions.

American Ukrainians know only one solution to the Ukrainian problem, the solution professed by the millions of Ukrainian people, and which is as follows:

There will never be peace in Europe until the great wrong done to the Ukrainian people is corrected, and the occupants of the Ukrainian territories evacuate Ukraine, and in their place rises one, free and united independent Ukrainian nation.

APPEAL TO AMERICA

American Ukrainians, are well aware of the fact that the American government at this time cannot do much to change the distributions of territories in Europe, subjecting the Ukrainian people, 40 millions strong, to a state of slavery. Hence, as citizens of the United States, the Ukrainians of America do not demand from American political and advanced circles nothing more than that they raise their voice in defence of the Ukrainian people in the very manner in which they defend other subjugated and persecuted peoples of the world, by expressing them time from time their sympathy in the Congress, in legislative, in workmen's unions and scientific organizations. Already such expressions of sym-

pathy will have a wide echo in the world, especially in Europe, and the American example will be followed by others who protest against the use, for political purposes, of mass murders by means of famine, as is being done in Ukraine under the Soviets, or of destruction of a defenseless people by means of the so-called pacifications, as is being practiced at this very moment on the Ukrainian territories under Polish control.

RIGHT-HAND LAD TURNS SOUTHPAW AND MAKES GOOD

HUNTINGTON, W. VA. (A.P.).—When the St. Louis Cardinals go searching for a replacement for their pitching department, they may turn to Huntington of the Middle Atlantic League and decide upon a natural-born right-hander who has turned southpaw.

He is 21-year-old Mike Martynik, ace of the mound staff with the Red Birds, a Cardinal farm club.

This young Ukrainian from Woonsocket, R. I., came into the world as a right-hander, but at the age of 13 he fell and broke his "money" arm. While the right was in a cast, he started throwing from the port side and now, perhaps by accident, he is a star left-hand hurler.

Martynik, an alumnus of Rhode Island State University, was the ace pitcher in the stretch drive that gave the Red Birds the first-half pennant in the Mid-Atlantic League. He went into the last eight games of the first-half struggle as a regular pitcher, relief moundsman and pinch-hitter.

Toward the end of the full season he had chalked up 18 victories and debited with only seven losses. And this was accomplished despite a reversal of form on the part of the Red Birds, who, after finishing on top at mid-season, lost 27 games and won 11 in the next 38 contests.

Col. Jacob Ruppert's Mid-Atlantic League entry, the Akron Yankees, are easy for young Mike. Early this season he faced them twice within six days' allowing but two hits. One game was a no-hit, no-run affair. He set down 28 Yanks in the strikeout. Mike hits around .300.

Rochester Times-Union
August 27, 1935.

A CHANCE FOR OUR YOUTHFUL TALENT

A "Ukrainian Mother" from Minneapolis, Minn., writing to us of her "deep interest in the work which the Ukrainian Weekly carries on," begs us to inform her why our talented young American-Ukrainians from the New York Metropolitan Area and vicinity do not try to appear on Major Edward Bowes Amateur Hour presented by the Chase and Sanborn Coffee Company over the radio. She has heard Russians, Czechs, and Poles sing, she says, but never a Ukrainian.

Perhaps, "Ukrainian mother," some of our youthful talent have already filed their applications to appear on this amateur hour program. Let us wait and hear.

UKRAINIAN MOTIF IN FOREIGN ARTS

Among the prints exhibited in the art gallery of the New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, New York City, there is an etching by Edmund Bartolomejczuk, a Polish etcher, entitled "The Storm," which represents a Ukrainian mountaineer returning in a thunderstorm with his horse from a "polonyna," a highlands' down.

The artist tried evidently to depict the beauty of the Hutul's dress, the character of the Hutul horse, and the tenseness of the moment. His work in a way recalls the series of etchings by Mykola Butovych, the Ukrainian etcher, entitled "Ukrainian Spirits."

FACTS ABOUT UKRAINE

(Concluded from page 2)

territory south of the Carpathians... as an autonomous unit within the Czechoslovak State." The Treaty also laid down that this territory should possess a special Diet, and that officials should be chosen as far as possible from the inhabitants of the territory.

Bukovina was formerly a separate province within the Austrian Empire. At the time of the Revolution, in 1918, the northern (Ukrainian part) declared its union with the West Ukrainian Republic. It was afterwards occupied by Rumanian troops and finally annexed to the Kingdom of Rumania.

Bessarabia, before war, formed the province of Bessarabia within the Russian Empire under a Governor-General. After the Revolution, Bessarabia proclaimed its independence as the Democratic Moldavian Republic, which was to become a member of the Federative Democratic Russian Republic. Certain parts of Bessarabia, which are overwhelmingly Ukrainian, were claimed by the Ukrainian Government at Kiev.

Subsequently Rumania annexed Bessarabia, and by the Treaty of Paris, signed on December 9th, 1919, the Great Powers gave formal recognition to this annexation.

UKRAINIAN BUREAU,
40, Grosvenor Place,
London, S. W. 1, England.

"STESSIA'S ROCK"

(Continued from page 3)

answered no questions and did not even complain. Her appearance changed to such an extent that people, who chanced to meet her in the woods, did not recognize her. The once, dark, bright beautiful eyes had now a look that sent chills all over one's body; her abundant hair loose, her handsome face white as her torn shirt. Thus was her unhappy life ruined by cruel fate. One day, on the eve of Ivan Kcupala (a holiday on the 24th of June) Stessia came to this rock. She stood a while, her head drooping, mournfully, then suddenly shrieked and threw herself into the Dnieper... The old king was there awaiting her, and as soon as she...

At this moment we heard a splash and a few feet away from us we noticed a head and shoulders of a woman, who swam towards us.

"How do you do, Uncle!" called the nymph clapping her hands.

"Holy Virgin!" muttered the frightened Cossack jumping to his feet and fixing his eyes upon the mermaid. "Stessia, Stessia!" he shouted. "The devil take you! You scared me to death!"

"Stessia?!" I asked, bewildered. (To be concluded)

To Elaine S.

When your tear-swept face will touch my sight
What extenuations shall I invent,
What shall I say for your ear's delight,
What shall I whisper for your heart's content?

M. M.