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COURSE IN ADVANCED UKRAINIAN AT COLUMBIA

The Honorable John Dyneley Prince, founder and present head of the department of East European Languages at Columbia University, stated at a recent interview that he was very glad to welcome the new course in Advanced Ukrainian into his department. During his eight years as United States Minister to Yugoslavia he often had the opportunity of listening to Ukrainian radio programs and learned to understand the Ukrainian language. He speaks Russian very well and his present specialty is Serbian. Besides these, he reads Bulgarian, Czech, Slovak, and Polish.

Professor Prince announced that the course in Advanced Ukrainian will be given from 7 to 8:45 P. M. on Fridays. He was pleased to secure the services of Mr. Joseph Stetkewicz, Sr. as the teacher of the course. Mr. Stetkewicz is a graduate of the Teachers College at Ternopil and has had wide experience in teaching the Ukrainian language in the public schools in Europe and in Ukrainian Evening Schools in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York City. He is extremely interested in Ukrainian grammar and has devoted much time to the development of a special method of instruction which is not only effective but interesting and novel, a departure from the usual dry method of grammar instruction.

The tuition fee is \$37.50 plus \$5.00 University fee, per semester, payable at the time of registration, from September 18 to 28, at Columbia University. Students working for credit will receive three points per semester, six in all for the entire course, which can be used for graduate credit. The course is open to all, however, whether seeking credit or not. In the latter group are included those students whose chief interest lies outside the University and yet who have the desire to master the language of their forefathers. The sole condition for admission is that they possess the ability to pursue the work with profit. In this instance, this means that they must have the ability to understand the Ukrainian language.

The course will be conducted almost entirely in Ukrainian and will dip into the finest selections of Ukrainian literature, with a very careful study of the essentials of Ukrainian grammar.

For further information, write to Dr. A. P. Coleman, 406 Philosophy Hall, Columbia University, New York, N. Y., or better, call upon Dr. Coleman at his office from 4:00 to 5:00 P. M. from Monday, September 23 to Thursday, September 26th. Students whose work prevents them from coming in during the day for such interview may attend the first class on Friday, September 27th, and obtain the required information then.

Professor Prince will personally be present at the first meeting of the class and give an address of welcome.

Ukrainian University Society
Member of the Ukrainian
Youth's League of North
America.

THE PAST INSPIRING THE PRESENT

To the careful observer of Ukrainian life in the old country, signs of strong discontent among the youth against the old order of things are more than obvious. A new spirit has seized the youth. Changes and reforms are proposed. Even the present-day national character of the Ukrainian people is not safe from a rude jarring at the hands of the militant youth.

As is generally known, centuries of oppression is bound to react negatively upon the character of a people. Such is also the case with the Ukrainians. In certain respects they have become too passive, too enduring. They have permitted the infiltration into their life of certain deadening influences of their oppressors. And today, there is the danger that these stultifying influences will in time form a cankerous growth, threatening the entire Ukrainian life structure.

Realizing this, the Ukrainian youth in the old country have determined to find some means of relieving such an unnatural condition. Many cures have been proposed, too numerous to mention here. Yet there is one, however, which strikes our interest. It is to go to the past in search of inspiration for the present. To be more explicit: It is for the youth to study their Ukrainian history and traditions, refresh their minds thereby with inspiring historical episodes of Ukrainian idealism and valor, perceive clearly some of the obscure yet noble elements of the true Ukrainian national character, and finally, guide their individual and national life by them.

As an example of this, we open the pages of ancient history to one such episode:

The mighty Golden Horde is advancing upon ancient Muscovy (Russia). The Russian "rada" has met, and counsels the Russian Prince Dmytro as follows: "Pay tribute in gold and silver, give them all that you own, part with your fame and honor — but save your head." Among those present, however, there was a Ukrainian noble, Prince Dmytro Bobrok. He scorned such advice, and taking his warriors sallied forth to battle the mighty invader. The Russians followed, but refused to cross the River Don for fear of cutting off their means of retreat. But Prince Bobrok, as history recounts to us, had himself and his warriors transported across the river, so that they would not even think of retreating, but only of death on the battlefield or victory. And when they sought to dissuade him from this, telling him of the immensity of the Mongol horde, he replied, "... God does not side with power, but with justice."

Another such example: — When the famous Prince Svyatoslav saw before him a mighty host, he did not become frightened, but cheered his druzhina saying: "We are but few, but we are — Ukrainians!"

Many more such examples can be cited of the great belief our Ukrainian ancestors had in themselves, their cause, and its victory, — a quality which we can so well emulate today. To be a true Ukrainian in the understanding of our ancestors means to struggle and strive throughout life "to win honor for oneself, and fame for one's country," — as an old and famous Ukrainian poem words it. It means also, in the exhortation of a Ukrainian prince to his druzhina, — "Let us pull together, brothers, together!"

Truly, this method of our youth in the old country of bringing about the rebirth of the Ukrainian nation, by reviving and cultivating those elements of our national character for which our ancestors are justly famous, is indeed a splendid and inspiring one. Man in his endeavors to improve his life spiritually has too often been led astray from his goal by imagining that life's highest values are attained only through complicated, torturous and alien channels, little realizing that they may be attained by simple, direct and native means. The Ukrainian youth in the old country have apparently realized this, and accordingly strive to strengthen their national character and help free Ukraine in this simple yet efficacious manner. More power to them.

UKRAINIAN WINS NOMINATION FOR NEW YORK STATE ASSEMBLY

Stephen J. Jarema, American-Ukrainian attorney in New York City, was elected at last Tuesday's Primary Elections from the 8th District in New York City as the regular Democratic candidate to the New York State Assembly. The primaries were closely contested, but Mr. Jarema led the party to win by 359 votes.

Inasmuch as the 8th Assembly District is overwhelmingly Democratic, Mr. Jarema, it is predicted, will have no difficulty in being elected this November at the regular elections.

Mr. Jarema is an active figure in various local Ukrainian organizations as well as other Slavonic groups. He is also a Vice-President of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

YOUTH TODAY

WANTED PERSISTENCE

About half a million young men and women will enter the 1,500 colleges, universities, normal schools and junior colleges of the nation within a few days. If past experience is to be used as a criterion of what is to come, we may expect one-third of them to drop out during the coming year. Another third will disappear from the campuses before graduation.

SOUND TECHNOLOGICAL TRAINING AS CULTURAL VALUE

Every student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology must take at least sixteen units of general studies. They are in addition to such other studies in the humanities as may be required as parts of the various department curricula.

The idea behind this requirement is that a cultural education is one which leads to a sympathetic understanding and appreciation of life and that a sound training in science and engineering may have as great a cultural value as a traditional course in the so-called liberal arts.

In each case a well-rounded education demands knowledge of the facts and forces with which one must deal, as well as development of one's own powers of reasoning and imagination and the ways in which all of these abilities can be applied to the best advantage. Science and engineering have entered so deeply and so diversely into modern existence that the old-time distinction between a technical training and a training in the humanities can no longer be traced.

YOUTHS ARE POPULAR

Many pictures of crowds of children are published nowadays in American papers. Now it is a crowd of children in Italy, listening to an address by Il Duce, in which he told them to make ready for war. Now it is a crowd of Communist Pioneers cheering a call to relentless war against foreign imperialists and class enemies. And again it is a picture from Berlin showing a crowd of children dedicating themselves to the role of front-fighters in the next war.

And all that America can put alongside those pictures is a picture of a crowd of city youngsters in front of a public school on the first day of the new school year.

THE UKRAINIAN FOLK SONG

By MICHAEL HAYVORONSKY

(Translated by S. Shumeyko)

Geography says: The Ukrainian people occupy one of the richest and most fertile sections of this earth—Ukraine. It is home of the very fertile *chernozem*, mild climate, mines of coal, salt, naphtha, iron ore and other minerals, luxurious vegetation, and numberless streams.

History says: The Ukrainian race having settled at the gateway of Asia voluntarily took upon itself the defense of Western Civilization against the onslaughts of Asiatic barbarism.

The Ukrainian, primarily a breadwinner, was also a warrior. Breadwinner and Warrior—are the two facets of the same medal, the portrait of a Ukrainian who loves his native land and is ready to lay down his life for her. Breadwinner and Warrior are also the two main themes of the Ukrainian Folk Song.

The Ukrainian folk songs have their origin in prehistoric mists. The earliest of them are the ritualistic songs: (1) in honor of the pagan god Kolyada, sung at the time of rebirth of the Sun's power, near the close of December; (2) songs in praise of the resurrection of Nature, in Spring; (3) and those sung in observance of the festival denoting the declining of the Sun's power, in honor of the god Kupallo.

Christmas took the place of the Kolyada, preserving, however, many of the songs and customs of the latter. A beautiful custom in Ukraine during the Christmas Season is "to go with the kolyada" from house to house. The kolyadnyky (carollers) sing to each member of the household, gladden their hearts with cheer and good will, and wish everyone "a neat little profit and happiness galore from kolyada to kolyada." In these little kolyadas we encounter such phrases as: "the guests are coming—the warm sun, bright moon and light rain"; as well as: "the hospodar (husbandsman) is the Sun, his hospodinya (wife) is the Moon, and their little children—the stars." The kolyady recount how "in our master's home there is a golden gate, and on the silver abutment 300 reapers sit," and "by the young man—a silver arrow and a golden bow, a golden boat and silver oar." There are occasional allusions to the rada (meeting, conference), on "how to fight and the foe to drive away." And there are also many parental admonitions to the growing son to go out into the world in search of a warrior's fame.

The coming of Spring was celebrated very ceremoniously. It was a most happy event, for it signaled the arrival of the song of the soloviy (nightingale) and the cuckoo-bird, the strains of the *sopilka* (flute), and the drone of insects and chirping of crickets. These Spring songs are full of happiness and contentment. An inseparable part of their rendition are the dances that accompany them. Today they are interwoven with Easter Holiday festivities.

The third class of ritualistic songs are dedicated to the mythological god of fire and water, Kupallo. This holiday fell usually at the close of Spring, and its purpose was to plead of Kupallo "that the Fire-Sun should shine brightly,—burn nicely,—and heat the earth, our mother dear."

Besides these ritualistic songs there were others, based upon the everyday life of the people, songs

which portray the ancient wedding ceremonies, funerals, songs of love, of family life, songs recounting the sad fate of orphans and daughter-in-laws, as well as songs for children and their many games.

From the poetical point of view the finest of these songs are the love songs. They are replete with pretty little comparisons and fine phrases about a true and loving heart. Most of them were composed by women. For, up to the 18th century, Ukraine was continually in wars and the menfolk had to go out and fight for their country, while the women remained at home, taking care of the household and raising the children. And all their love and longing for their fathers, brothers husbands and sweethearts, they poured into these songs.

From the point of seriousness and richness of musical style, the wedding songs reign supreme in the field of Ukrainian folk songs. They are also among the very oldest in Ukraine.

The cradle songs portray mother love, as when she comes "from the fields, bringing for her child a happiness and sleep producing flowerette."

Funeral songs are not very plentiful in Ukraine, but those that are sung are unusually very sad and moving. It would be indeed a stone heart that could withstand their lament.

Dance songs are very abundant indeed, and all of them are of a semi-humorous or love character.

The Ukrainian historical songs of the most ancient of times (before Christianity and during the Period of the Princes) are usually listed with the Kolyada-Christmas and Vesnyanky (Spring) songs. But they are rapidly becoming independent in character. The Tartar invasions are described as follows in one of them: "Saddened has Ukraine become, for the Tartars have trampled to dust her little children and driven the elders into captivity." These unceasing Tartar attacks prompted the Ukrainians to create a special body of defence—the famed Cossacks. The Cossack period in Ukrainian history produced an entirely new form of Ukrainian folk song, dramatic and declamatory in character—the *dumy*, which recount of the wars, death on the battlefield, captivity, escape from the Turkish dungeons, and other striking phases of that turbulent period. In the *dumy* we find many comparisons, allegories, synonyms, epitaphs, and symbolisms; in them the Cossacks are real knights, well organized, and all gloriously free and equal.

Besides the *dumy* the Cossacks left behind them many other songs, telling of the Cossack wars in defence of Ukraine against the Turks, Tartars, Poles and Muscovians (Russians). Practically the entire Ukrainian history of that period is portrayed in these songs.

Near the close of the 17th century, Ukraine entered into a union with Muscovy; and it was not very long before one heard in Ukraine a cry of protest against this union, songs deploring this union as being very harmful to Ukraine and her people, for the Muscovians began plundering the country and sending the Cossacks by the thousands to certain death to dig canals in the pestilential marshes of the far north. Enslaved Ukraine, however, did

not forget her glorious past, and in the keeping alive of her spirit and courage the folk songs played a great role, ever reminding the Ukrainian people of their splendid heritage, and ever giving them fresh hope and strength in their endeavors to cast off the yoke of oppression.

The post-Cossack period left in its wake, aside from the many *kripany* (serf) and *haydamaky* (peasant revolutionaries) songs, many *chumaky* songs, the latter which were based upon the adventures and happenings, both humorous and serious, encountered by the *chumaky*—those who travelled by caravan to Crimea and the Don carrying salt.

Despite all Russian oppression and persecutions, however, the Ukrainian movement for freedom steadily grew among the people. The banned Ukrainian printed or written word found its expression in Ukrainian folk songs. New songs arose, and called the people to fresh endeavors and wars for the independence of Ukraine. Finally, came the World War, bringing freedom for Ukraine (although, sad as it is to relate, but for a short time) and leaving in its wake a new series of Ukrainian songs, the songs of the modern Ukrainian warrior—the *Striletz*.

In addition to these very briefly outlined types of Ukrainian songs there are many others, particularly those dealing with various occupations in gaining a livelihood. And a very high place indeed, is occupied by the Cants and Psalms

In the very ancient times in Ukraine, bards helped to popularize a type of song which in many respects is similar to those usually associated with the Western European bards and meistersingers. Of these Ukrainian bards there were two distinct types—*lirnyky*, who usually sang songs of a moralizing character, and the *kobzari*, who sang more often Cossack songs and *dumy*.

Although Ukraine today is divided into four distinct parts under oppressive foreign rule, nevertheless, no matter where we go throughout its entire length and breadth, we will find the same language spoken, the same songs sung, and the same modes and customs.

EUROPEAN PRESS COMMENTS ON UKRAINIAN FOLK SONGS

England: "We are told that the Ukrainian song was born of the beauty of the Ukraine, and it is beautiful. It was born on the steppes, and is wide even as they; it was born in battles and it is free." (Saturday Review, February 14, 1920, London).

Germany: "Song is the loftiest and holiest law for the Ukrainian. All that he fights for, that he lives for—sorrows and joys—he sings freely, from his heart. His (Cossack) songs hand down the splendid heritage from generation to generation, and firmly preserve the memory of a glorious past." (Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, April 30th, 1922, Berlin).

Spain: "Ukrainian song distinguishes itself by its magic beauty. As folk music it has something in common with our Basque songs: the little repetitions and cadences of their melodies are much like our own.—Their religious chants contain moving mysticism; the Christmas as well as the folk songs are very varied as to rhythm and color, and are replete with boundlessly melodious

beauty." (El Notiziero Bilbaino, February 4, 1921, Bilbao).

Czechoslovakia: "Ukrainians differ from the Russians, and for that matter from all Slavs; they are closest to us in character, sanguine temperament, and with the inclination towards light heartedness and humor, with which they are able to surmount their sorrows and sufferings." (Hudebni Revue, June 9, 1919, Praha).

Austria: "In Ukrainian song can be found a happy spirit, and optimism thoroughly saturated with love of freedom. The Ukrainian song developed under the influence of strong political happenings (wars with the Polovtsi, Pechenehs, Tartars, Turks, Russians and Poles), and drew its strength from the ancient ritualistic songs, ballads and dances. In its present appearance the Ukrainian folk song amazes us with its characteristic melody and rhythmical variety." (Neue Freie Presse, July 23rd, 1919, Vienna).

Holland: "A strong, gifted people, the Ukrainians lived in a forgotten corner of Europe, but they were not permitted to have independence for long. Nevertheless, their national vigor and vitality was too powerful to permit themselves to be destroyed by oppressions. Unnoticeably the Ukrainian soul lived on, gathering through the ages a rich treasury of songs... Strength, happiness, life and humor dominate their songs. This gladness and wisdom which the Ukrainians have and which has enabled them to preserve themselves from oblivion is found in their native songs. The rhythm of these songs also has its own individual character, one of fiery temperament and wonderful clearness."

Belgium: "What surprised us most was to see the same common qualities, transcending all boundaries, uniting the songs of all nations; and what similarity, what ignoring of the minor differences, between the Ukrainian and our Flemish songs. Could not the Ukrainian kolyady be our Christmas songs? Did not the Ukrainian kolomeyky (dance songs) remind us very much of our own pastoral songs?" (Het Laatste Nieuws, January 21, 1920, Bruxelles).

Switzerland: "Speaking generally, it can be said that the Ukrainian songs are entirely different from the Russian songs and their nostalgic tendencies. Ukrainian Songs reflect in their energetic rhythms and in the nature of their melodies flowering health and decided optimism. In them can be heard the will of a people who desire to be free and who believe in a fine future." (Journal De Geneve, July 15, 1921, Geneva).

France: "It is said, that from among all Slav peoples the Ukrainians with their temperament are closest to us, and indeed, that which we heard yesterday and the day before yesterday has not even a trace of that grief and that "gout de cendre" (ashy taste) which Russian music has; on the contrary in them can be heard characteristic humor and optimism as well as delicate fantasy." (La Depeche, September 23, 1919, Paris).

[Note:—All of these comments appeared in connection with the concerts of the Ukrainian National Chorus under the direction of Prof. A. Koshetz.]

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

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

(82)

Volodimir Samiilenko

Volodimir Samiilenko (1864—), known also under the pen-name of Sivenky, made his first appearance in the field of Ukrainian literature in the Lviv Zorya (Star) in 1886. His greatest popularity lies in his poems, such as *Na Pechl* (On the Oven), *Vozsoyedeniiny Halichanin* (United Galician), *Patriotichna Pratsya* (Patriotic Work), *Patriot Ivan* (Ivan the Patriot), *El-dorado, Do Poeta* (To the Poet), *Te Deum, Bozhey Priklad* (God's Example), *Yak Mi Zhdali Yiyi* (How We Awaited Her), *Vikovichni Rabi* (Eternal Slaves), *Ta Humoresqua Pid Noviy Vik* (That Humoresque At the Eve of a New Age), and *Herostrat*. His translation of Dante's *Bozhestvena Komediya* (Divine Comedy) also deserves attention. Besides, he was the author of various dramatic sketches drawn from the Kholmynsky Period in Ukrainian History, which were published in 1896 in the almanac *Skladka*.

and of the comedy *Dyadkova Khvoroba* (Uncle's Disease) which was successfully presented in Sadowsky's Theatre. Most of his poems appear in the anthology *Ukraina*.

His knowledge of various European tongues gave Samiilenko an opportunity to delve into the literary treasures of other nations, the influence of which can be perceived in his writings. Although his works are not large in number yet, they are rich in content.

Mikola Voroney

Mikola Voroney (1871—), modernist, is a true poet-aesthete, particularly fond of form in poetry. His poetry bears Western European influences, the latter which were also responsible for his many translations of foreign poetry into Ukrainian. The language he uses is that of a lover of it, choice and precise. A high patriotic and freedom-loving fervor characterizes many of his

poems. It is enough to mention: *Crede, Na Svyato Kotlyarevskoho* (At the Holiday [Anniversary] of Kotlyarevsky), *Yevshan Zilya* (Remembrance Flower), *Ukraino-Mamo Luba* (Dear Mother Ukraine), *Krai Mily Lubyi* (My Dear Native Land), *Na Tarasoviy Panakhidi* (At Taras' Memorial Services), *Za Ukrainu* (For Ukraine).

For a time Voroney was a director of plays. He also played leading roles in Kropyvnyiaky's as well as Saksahansky's troupes. From 1920 to 1926 he lived in exile, in Warsaw. Upon returning to Lviv he conducted a school of dramatics. Practically all his patriotic poems have been gathered in the anthology *Za Ukrainu*.

Michael Kotsiubinsky

Michael Kotsiubinsky (1864-1913) was born in the town of Vinnitsa, Greater Ukraine (under Russia). His parents although descended of nobility of ancient lineage were ardent Ukrainian patriots, never forsaking their native tongue. From them Michael learned to love his native land, language, and customs.

Kotsiubinsky's works first appeared in 1890, in the children's

gazette *Dzvinok* (little bell), published in Lviv, and then in the *Literaturno-Naukovy Vistnyk* (Literary-Scientific Herald). Subsequently his works began to appear in book form. The Ukrainian Publishing Company issued some of his stories in a set of six volumes, known, respectively, as *V Putakh Shaytana* (In the toils of Satan), *Po Ludskomu* (In a Human Manner), *Poyedynok* (Dual), *Ukrishny Svit* (Sinful World), *Debut*, and *Tini Zabytykh Predkiv* (Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors). Another collection of his stories began appearing in Kiev under the name of *Opovidanya* (Stories).

In 1912, Kotsiubinsky visited the Carpathians for his health and during his stay there came into contact with the Ukrainian mountaineers, Hutsuls. He was greatly impressed with the picturesque of their habit, life and customs, and portrayed them vividly and strikingly in his subsequent works.

Kotsiubinsky is generally known as the poet of the beauty of nature and the beauty of the human soul. He was a great admirer of Lesya Ukrainka.

(To be continued)

"STESSIA'S ROCK"

(2)

(Concluded)

"Yes, Stessia," replied the Cossack calmly: "Not the dead one though. This one is alive and full of the devil. Look how she dives and swims. She is like a mermaid in the water."

Stessia laughed heartily and swam ahead lightly and gracefully, diving, turning and floating.

"She doesn't seem to fear anything," I said.

"The fool thinks that we cannot see her well from the high rock," said the Cossack, gazing at Stessia, who scared him before.

"Is she a girl or a married woman?"

"Just married recently. She certainly is beautiful—the devil take her! Look at her."

It was impossible to remain indifferent to this wonderful sight. The enchanted place was a proper setting for a mermaid. The sudden appearance of Stessia seemed to bring to life the mysterious deed of years ago.

The woman did not stay long. "Farewell," she called and disappeared under the water.

The sun was no more visible. In the twilight the Dnieper took on the shade of steel. The barges and boats came to the shore to rest. Lights were seen here and there; a blue smoke spread over the shore like a transparent veil. Somewhere people were singing, our Ukrainian songs mixed with Russian; birds were chirping; shepherds blowing their whistles, and above all these sounds rang the melodious sweet notes of the nightingales.

The Cossack dreamily smoked his pipe.

"Well, friend, how about your story," I said, pulling at his sleeve. "It is getting dark."

"Indeed!"—answered he, rubbing his forehead. "Where did I stop? Oh, yes—"

"As soon as poor Stessia threw herself into the water the merman turned her into a mermaid and brought her to his palace. It was a thing of marvelous beauty. The walls, ceiling and roof were made of glass,—the tables, benches and shelves of diamonds. The floor was sprinkled with fine little pearls.

The mermaids turned green with envy at the sight of Stessia (for women are women, the same on earth as in the sea), but they had no power to do anything. The king drove them all out and remained alone with Stessia.

"The enraged mermaids decided to rid themselves of the new rival.

One of the nymphs, the meanest one of all, had an angel's voice and devil's thoughts. She was a witch an earth, right in this town. Once she hid all the rains and for that was drowned by another conjurer. She became a mermaid, and now undertook the disposal of Stessia. She insisted on being Stessia's maid and tried to be very nice to her.

"At times the old king arranged games and entertainments to cheer up Stessia. Lobsters ran races mounted on fish, turtles danced on hind legs, or with large fish arranged like hunting dogs, they would go hunting, as we hunt rabbits. But nothing gladdened the heart of unfortunate Stessia, nothing brought a smile to her lips. The shrewd witch succeeded in finding out Stessia's only desire. She wanted at least for a moment to see her parents.

"Very well, sister! said the mermaid, I shall arrange it for you. You shall see your parents and your mother shall hold you in her hands. But you must follow all my instructions."

"One day, when the king went on a journey through his kingdom, the witch transformed Stessia into a little fish and dropped her into her father's net. Stessia shook with excitement at the sight of her parents. The poor people were aged and broken by their grief. So happy was Stessia to be home once more, that even the knife, with which the mother scaled the fish, did not hurt her. It was pleasant to be in mother's hands, and the little fish wiggled with pleasure. Even the boiling water and the fire did not effect Stessia, did not mar her happiness. The mother put the cooked fish on a plate and served it to the table. But the parents could not eat. They kept on talking about their unhappy child.

"Who shall care for us in our old age?" said the mother. "Who will shut our eyes when we die? Who will pray for us?"

"We shall not see our daughter, in this world or the next, for she has given her soul to the devil," said the father.

"Thus they sat there praying and crying. Their tears dropped upon the little fish on the plate. Stessia felt that her lost soul was coming to life under the shower of her parents' tears. Suddenly, the parents noticed that the fish was gone. Instead of it on the plate lay delicate fresh forget-me-nots. At the same time they

heard the sweet voice of their deceased daughter.

"Our Stessia," exclaimed the old parents, and ran out of the house. But they could not find Stessia. Then they understood that God heard their prayers and this miracle was a sign of forgiveness. That night the mother saw Stessia in her dreams. The girl looked as cheerful, beautiful and happy as she did before the arrival of the officer. She told her mother the whole story from the time she was drowned until the moment God forgave her mortal sin.

"In the meantime the water-king returned to his crystal palace, and not finding Stessia, became furious. He collected his storms from half the world, let the winds out from the caves, and drew the waters from all rivers. No one ever witnessed such storm as then raged for three days and three nights. The Dnieper swelled and roared like early in spring; heavy rain poured incessantly. The winds blew with tremendous force; the earth shook, and the days were dark as the nights. Perhaps the king of the water wanted to upturn the mountain upon which our village stood, but was powerless to do it. He only threw a piece of rock into the Dnieper. Finally the terrible storm was over, the people came down to see the damage caused by the Dnieper. They found Stessia's body right near this rock. The parents wept and mourned over the body until it was buried. The priest did not want to pray for the sinner, but the mother told him about the miracle, and the funeral was held in the proper Christian fashion."

"Where is her grave?" I asked. "Not far from the place the merman threw her body. I will show it to you."

The full moon was high. In some places the Dnieper looked like a pit with bright stars at the bottom; in others it shone with silver scales. Lights along the shore reflected gaily on the water. The night was quiet and warm; not a tree shook, not a leaf trembled. Coming up the hill, the Cossack stepped near a tall, wooden cross.

"This is Stessia's grave," he said, removing his hat and making the sign of the cross.

The ground was level, and the cross was the only thing which told that this was Stessia's grave.

"Surely God forgave if people did," said the Cossack. "There is always a good soul to replace the broken cross, and people always pray when they pass by the grave. Elderly people pray that their children be blessed by the merciful God; girls pray that their lot may be better than that of

Stessia. Perhaps this place will never be forgotten. There will always be a cross on the grave, and the rock will always be called 'Stessia's Rock.' On the eve of Ivan Kupallo, girls and fellows come to the rock, play and leap over bonfires. They decorate the grave with flowers and hang wreaths upon the cross. The girls believe that the timid Stessia built this bathing-place for them, where no one can see them."

On the way down, the Cossack told me that he came from a family of warriors and his son was in the military service now in Petrograd. He likes the life, but the climate is bad and there are no Variniky (Ukrainian dumpings) there. We stepped at a large house with five windows and a high gate.

"This is my house," said the Cossack. "I wish you good night."

"Good night!" said I. "Thank you for 'Stessia.'"

"Remember our 'Stessia' and do not forget Marko Perehon! Good-bye!" (End)

(Translated by R. L. Wissotsky-Kuntz)

A YOUNG UKRAINIAN HERO

A proud Ukrainian mother is Mrs. Mary Huzar, of 69 Jacob Street, Newark, N. J., for she has within her possession a copy of a letter from the War Department sent to her son, Michael Huzar, enrollee in the CCC, commending him for his heroism in rescuing a fellow enrollee from death by drowning in the rapids of Priest River, Idaho. Although she received the letter last June, it was not until recently that she has made it public. It reads as follows:

FROM: War Department. DATE: June 25, 1935. SUBJECT: Comendation. TO: Enrollee Michael Huzar, CC2-137284, Company 1235, Camp F-127, Experimental Station, Priest River, Idaho.

1. An official report of unusual devotion to duty and bravery on your part in averting the drowning of a fellow enrollee on May 22, 1935, has been brought to my attention.

2. The report states that on the afternoon of May 22, 1935, enrollee Alfonso Taormina, while bathing in the Priest River about one quarter of a mile from Camp F-127, slipped off the edge of the bank into the water and was carried by the swift current into the river. That without hesitation and despite the swift waters and treacherous eddies, you plunged in and diving deep under the water brought your fellow enrollee safely back to the shore.

3. I express to you both officially and personally my sincere appreciation and admiration for your heroic action which reflects the highest credit upon yourself, your organization and the entire Civilian Conservation Corps.

PAUL B. MALONE,
Major General, U. S. Army
Commanding.

THE MEETING

By THEODORE LUTWINIAK

Michael wasn't in a good mood. Of all the days in the month his mother would pick on the day he was supposed to take Catherine to the theatre... the day of days, to Michael. It was to be his first date with Catherine and now it had to be cancelled because his mother wanted him to attend some sort of a Ukrainian youth meeting. Lord knows Michael simply detested meetings, no matter how important they may be... but Michael, who always tried to please his parents, resolved to make the best of it. The one thing that preyed on his mind was the unpleasant job of breaking the sad news to Catherine. He walked slowly toward her home, absorbed in his gloomy thoughts.

Catherine was waiting for him near home. "You're late," she chided, as he slowly approached her. "Fifteen minutes, too. What's been keeping you?" she questioned, pretending to be indignant. "Nothing much," Michael replied with a deep sigh. "Nothing, that is, except that the date's off."

Catherine was rather surprised and hurt. "Off? What do you mean by that? Why, after pestering me a month for a date you have the nerve to cancel the first one you get!" She wasn't feigning indignation... now.

"I'm awfully sorry, Catherine," Michael apologized, looking very downcast. "Mother wants me to attend a Ukrainian youth meeting and—well... she says its very important... and—" the rest of Michael's sentence was cut short due to a sudden angry glint that appeared in Catherine's eyes. "Dash it all!" Michael cried in desperation. "Don't take it that way! How do you think I feel about it?"

Catherine's anger cooled as she looked at Michael. He seemed to be concentrating deeply... his brows were furrowed and his right hand characteristically toyed with the buttons of his coat. Finally, he seemed to come to a decision. "It'll be the first time I ever disobeyed my parents, Catherine," Michael said gravely. "I'm going to the meeting... I'm going to keep my date with you."

Catherine's mind about the date had changed even before Michael spoke. "We're not going to the show, Mike," she said. "I've changed my mind. You're going to the meeting and—"

"I said I'm not going to the meeting!" Michael interrupted. "Please let me finish what I was saying," Catherine said. "I repeat... you're going to the meeting and I'm going with you."

Michael's countenance brightened upon hearing this. Catherine couldn't help feeling happy. Seeing Michael's gloom fade so suddenly and completely was enough to gladden the heart of any person.

The issue settled, the pair walked rapidly toward the nearest subway station. Both were in high spirits and both were actually looking forward to the meeting.

Michael and Catherine got off the train at a downtown New York City station. From there they walked to the Ukrainian National Home, in which building the all-important meeting was to be held. Stepping into the meeting room they found that they had arrived in the nick of time, for the meeting was just being called to order.

About fifty young people were in the room... another twenty-five or so being of the older generation. The speakers were seated at one side of the room, and Michael was quick to recognize several men who were important in Ukrainian matters. A man in the front arose and commenced to address the more or less interested assemblage.

"Undoubtedly," the man said, "many of you are wondering why we are here this evening. Well,

to make a long story short, this is the Jubilee Year of the Ukrainian National Association... meaning to say that the Association is forty years old this year. We are conducting a campaign for members... that is why we are here. A new youth branch of the Association will be organized here tonight. Of course, we have no intentions of making any of you members of the Association until you have heard the history, purposes, regulations and other such details of the organization. Before introducing the man who will acquaint you with all this information, I wish to take this opportunity to express my thanks to you for having come to this meeting in such large numbers. Now, permit me to introduce one of the officers of the Association, Mr.—"

"This is going to be interesting," Catherine said to Michael.

"Let's hope so," Michael replied. "I have heard quite a few complimentary things about the Association, but this is really the first time I've been to one of their meetings. Mother and father have been members for years, so there must be something attractive about it."

"The speaker is opening his speech," Catherine cautioned. "We had better not miss any of it."

So the pair listened to the speaker. From him they learned that the Association was organized under great difficulties by Ukrainian men and women who sought protection... not only for themselves but for countless thousands of other Ukrainians who were migrating from Europe at the time. They learned how these pioneering Ukrainian immigrants determinedly overcame all obstacles, eventually succeeding in organizing what is at the present time the largest Ukrainian organization of its kind in the world. That was forty years ago.

The Association was an inconspicuous affair... at first. It had a mere handful of members; and interested on-lookers agreed that it couldn't possibly last long. But like a snowball rolling down a snow-coated hill and becoming larger and larger as it gained in momentum, the Association succeeded in increasing its membership by the tens of thousands. This was accomplished with the aid of its official organ, a Ukrainian newspaper named the "Svoboda."

The years passed as years have a habit of doing. Before it was realized 1934—the 'Fortieth Jubilee Year'—came. The Association's records show that, at the present time, there are 30,000 members in the organization... not to mention assets well over \$3,500,000.

Michael and Catherine learned all this... and more. They were told of the different types of certificates the Association issues to new members; how the assessments on these certificates could be paid in convenient monthly installments. They learned the importance of being sufficiently protected and many other things.

Eventually, the speakers had all spoken and membership applications were circulated among the listeners. It was found that several of the young Ukrainians present were anxious to join, including Michael and Catherine. A president, treasurer and secretary were quickly elected... a new branch was formed then and there. Applications were filed out and properly signed. A petition for a charter was drawn up.

All that Michael and Catherine could talk about as they headed homeward was the meeting and the Ukrainian National Association.

"Well," said Michael, "we are now members. We helped organize a brand new youth branch... a branch that will have a glorious

history, for it was organized during the Fortieth Jubilee Year. We are pioneers, just like the original founders of the Association. Our parents organized something which they intend to give to us... the youth. It is up to us to show our appreciation and the best way we can do this is to organize branches... youth branches. We, the young generation, should become members of the Association before it is too late. Imagine, Catherine... we'll be carrying on the work started by our parents. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"It makes me feel like I have never felt before," Catherine replied. "Its something more than merely taking out an insurance certificate... its the thought... the feeling... the sentiment of it. Why, the very future of the Association depends on the youth! We don't know it, Michael, but we have a great responsibility... We, meaning every young Ukrainian in the United States, have the responsibility seeing to it that the Association does not dissolve. Therefore, we must join!"

"Now I know why mother wanted me to attend that meeting," Michael reflected.

"Well, son," said Michael's father, when Michael finally reached home, "how was the meeting?"

"Grand!" Michael replied, enthusiastically. "I became a member of the Ukrainian National Association, too."

"I am glad to hear of it," the father approved. "If more people of your age would only become members we elders wouldn't have so much to worry about... and we'd consider our work done. Why, there are thousands of young Ukrainians spending money for theatres and things of that sort every day in the year. They do not think of the future at all. As for protection... well, they figure that if their parents could afford to pay their protection why should they bother about it? They can't seem to understand that their parents can't keep on paying for their protection much longer... for their parents can't live forever. Instead of throwing money away on movies and other unnecessary luxuries, amusements and entertainments, they could use that money for protection. But do they concern themselves about it? Not so you can notice it. The great majority of the youth simply can't be bothered about protection... yet. When they become older and lose their parents, they will probably get married... then they will think of protection—when practically half of their lives are gone. If they would become members now and marry five or ten years later, all depending on the individual, of course, they will have certificates in force for that many years."

"In other words," Michael said, "the sooner a person becomes a member the better it will be for him in later life. Right?"

"Exactly," the parents replied. "A Ukrainian should become a member of the Ukrainian National Association... not an organization that does no more than take in and pay out money. The Association has consideration for its members... it really wants to do something for them. The Association is ours, Michael... we organized it, we run it, we're its members. We are one of the few nationalities who have such an organization all our own. We're proud of it."

"Well," continued Michael's father, "the hour is late and we really should be asleep. I'll see you in the morning," he said, heading for the bed room. "Good night."

"So long, dad," Michael replied. And so Michael went to sleep thinking of the Ukrainian National Association, the future, the youth and Catherine. We shall leave him as he sleeps. We know that he will never be sorry he became a member of the Association. We know that he has everything

to gain and practically nothing to lose as a member.

What we don't know is that we must become members, also, if we are to carry on what our parents started. We don't know how important it is for us to become members. There are quite a few things we don't know.

What was that? Did I hear someone say that he knows all the things I said he doesn't know?... or was I mistaken? No, there it is again... the same protest, "I know all those things... why are you saying I don't know them?" The voice is faint and sounds as if from a distance. Other voices are taking up the protest... hundreds of them—thousands of them! The din is deafening... thousands of voices, near and far, are protesting. "We know those things... we know those things..." It is getting monotonous...

My dear friends... I have never seen many of you and probably never will, but I believe, nevertheless, that we should all unite... unite by joining the Ukrainian National Association. You say you know why you must join... that you know how important it is for you to do so—that you are familiar with all the facts. All right, then... if you know all these things then why aren't you a member of the Association? Why do you hesitate to join? Prove to me that you know why you must join by joining!

Ah! The protesting voices have ceased. From where I am standing I can see many thousands of people... young people like myself—walking, no!—running! toward the Ukrainian National Association building! The doors of the building are wide open. That is good.

(End)

OFF THE EDITOR'S DESK

Mr. "Joseph Mune"—Unsigned and anonymous articles are not accepted for publication in the Ukrainian Weekly. Please do come out from behind those whiskers and reveal your true identity.—Editor.

UKRAINIANS WIN PLAUDITS IN OPEN-AIR DANCE FEST

At an open-air folk dancing exhibition held in Washington Square, New York City, last Sunday afternoon, by the members of the American Folk Group of the Folk Festival Council of New York in peasant and rustic costumes before an audience of over 2,000 persons, the Ukrainian Dancers Club won signal success.

"Next to the American rustic dances in popularity," writes the New York Times, "were the Ukrainian dances, which made up in sheer fury of motion what they might have lacked otherwise. Waves of applause accompanied the standing-squatting-standing interludes in the Hutul dance, indigenous to the Carpathian Mountains, and when the two men in black boots and silk knickerbockers seized their partners and went spinning off down the plaza like tops the police had all they could do to prevent some of the spectators from joining in."

The article was accompanied by two illustrations depicting the Ukrainians dancing.

Besides the Ukrainian dancing group and the American rustic group there were Finnish, German, Swedish, Danish, Italian and Norwegian dancers.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Ukrainian Civic Center of New York City invites you to attend its FOURTH ANNUAL DANCE to be held on Saturday, November 9, 1935 at "The Westover", 253 W. 72nd St., New York City. Commencement at 9:00 P. M.