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YOUTH TODAY

YOUTH URGED TO ELECT ROOSEVELT

Senator Norris issued a statement endorsing the "First Voters Movement," and in this statement advocated the reelection of President Roosevelt.

"One of the hopeful signs of our political situation is the interest which is being taken in our country's welfare by the young men and women of the nation," Mr. Norris said. "This activity is nonpartisan. It comes from an honest study of the patriotic student who, regardless of party, wants the return of prosperity and happiness."

Senator Norris advocated the reelection of Roosevelt as a great leader.

URGES YOUTH TO REJECT ROOSEVELT

Paul Block, publisher of a chain of newspapers, causes to be placed in various big newspapers of the country an advertisement, which is in fact an editorial in reply to President Roosevelt's recent speech in Baltimore to the youth of America.

The caption of the article reads "Youth of America Will Decide Next Election." Mr. Block thinks that the youth of America should know that they would not get all those things President Roosevelt promised them and this because of President Roosevelt's failure to adjust the finances of the country. Hence, Mr. Block concludes, American youth ought to reject Mr. Roosevelt at the coming presidential elections.

STUDENTS IN SAFETY DRIVE

The National Student Federation of America sent to 1,700 editors of student newspapers and presidents of student councils a bulletin which outlines immediate steps toward traffic control which might be taken at the colleges this Spring.

This is an outcome of the movement to enlist college youth in a campaign to prevent highway accidents.

A YOUNG EDITOR

Criticism directed at the New Deal by the Sheboygan (Wisconsin) Weekly revealed the fact that its editor, Bruce (Buster) Hofer, is 10 years old. He has been its editor for three years.

At the occasion of his visit to New York City, reporters of metropolitan papers described him as a chap slight of build. After all, this was to be expected.

ACTION OR DISCUSSION?

The Student Council of Hunter College decided to refuse to endorse the nation-wide student peace strike and declared instead in favor of the so-called peace mobilization within the college.

The student leaders of the said college called the strike an "emotional outburst," and voted against participation in it, 23 to 10. The mobilization was to consist of addresses by student speakers on the prevention of war through student activity.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF PRINCE MONOMAKH

Judging from the numerous articles appearing on these pages, organized sports are making quite a headway among our American-Ukrainian youth. Any number of sport enthusiasts are springing up in various parts of the country, and by their labors giving force to their conviction that sports are an important factor not only in the physical and moral development of youth but also in the matter of organizing them.

The same high regard for sports seems to prevail in the old country too, judging by its newspapers that reach us here. We find our youth there—and youth is a very broad term—taking to sports with great enthusiasm. Numerous meets are held, attracting unusually large numbers of competitors as well as spectators. Newspapers are beginning to feature sport sections. And a rising phenomena there is the sports writer.

One of them recently commented on the famous "Teachings of Prince Monomakh," a work which is significant not only as an important literary monument of the 12th century but also as a guide to an understanding of how ancient Ukrainians regarded the matter of the moral and physical development of their youth.

Prince Volodimir Monomakh, this writer reminds us, ruled Kievan Ukraine from 1113 to 1125. To have been an able ruler such as he in those turbulent times, one had to have plenty of courage, energy and endurance. These qualities Prince Monomakh greatly enhanced by his sport activities. And since hunting and travelling were among the leading sports then, it was natural that he devoted most of his time to them. As he wrote himself: "I spent more than 13 years in hunting and travelling . . . I made more than 83 long journeys during my life and numberless lesser ones." (And travelling in those times, mind you, was a great hardship, even for a king).

Writing of his hunting experiences, the Prince noted that:

"In the wilderness near Chernihiv I rounded up myself thirty horses singlehanded, besides capturing many wild horses singlehanded too. Twice I had the experience of being tossed about on the horns of a wild bull. Once I was gored by a stag. At another time two moose set upon me, and while one trampled me the other gored me. A boar just missed my thigh with his fangs and bit my sword in half. A bear bit off a chunk of my calve. Some wild animal leaped upon me while I was mounted on a horse and pulled both of us to the ground. During the numerous hunts there were many times that I was unhorsed, as a result of which I suffered many injuries. . ."

Further on Prince Monomakh recorded the following: "From Chernihiv to Kiev I made the entire journey on horseback between sunrise and sunset." This was a great feat, considering the distance (140 kilometers) and the type of roads in those days.

The Prince credited his fine health, great strength, and victories to his abstemious living and to the fact that he spent so much of his time outdoors. Further on in his "Teaching . . ." he counselled his children: "Let the sun never find you in bed—such was the habit of my father and other noble men."

As in hunting so at home, he urged that one must get used to doing things oneself instead of depending upon others to do it. "To rise early, be always active, and know how to rest,"—is most important, he said, in developing oneself physically.

All these teachings, as the old country young Ukrainian sports writer points out, can be of considerable value to us even today, 800 years removed from those rough and ready days. However, a word of caution: Do not follow Prince Monomakh too closely in the matter of his hunting experiences, that is, if such experiences are possible today.

THANKS TO FATHER KINASH

Last week's issue of the Ukrainian Weekly contained the concluding installment of "A Short History of Ukrainian Literature," written in Ukrainian especially for the American-Ukrainian youth by Rev. M. Kinash and appearing on these pages in its translated form regularly since February 9, 1934.

Anyone who has faithfully read the installments of this short history, has no doubt gained a good deal from it. We do know of cases where it has caused some of our young people to make a further study of Ukrainian literature. Such young people are to be congratulated, for new vistas will open before them; new thoughts, new emotions, new beauty, new understanding will visit them.

We take this opportunity of expressing to Rev. Kinash our deep appreciation for his outright gift of "A Short History of Ukrainian Literature" to the American-Ukrainian youth through the medium of the Ukrainian Weekly, made absolutely gratis.—Ed.

AN ESSAY CONTEST FOR OUR YOUTH

A chance to do some constructive thinking and writing on a very important topic is offered to our American-Ukrainian youth in form of an essay contest to be sponsored by the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America beginning May 1 and ending May 30th.

The topic of this essay contest will be "How Can We, The Youth, Best Organize." By "We" is meant the American-Ukrainian youth. The topic is particularly timely since at the present time this youth is in the very throes of organizing itself, and it will be interesting to learn the opinions on this so vital a movement from thinking representatives of our youth.

The length of the essay submitted in this contest should be between one to two thousand words. It should be written only in ink or typed, and only on one side of the paper.

In judging the essays, constructive thinking and a clear exposition of ideas will count most.

Valuable prizes will be awarded to the winners. Every contestant, however, will receive a prize too. They will be announced, together with further details, next week. The prize-winning essays will be announced and published in the Ukrainian press, including the Ukrainian Weekly.

ANOTHER YOUTH DONATION TO FLOOD FUND

The Ukrainian Civic Center of New York City turned over to the "Obyednanye" twenty dollars (\$20.00) for the Ukrainian Flood Relief Fund. This income was derived from the proceeds of a Card and Game Party sponsored by this girls' organization last Tuesday evening.

(Today's "Ukrainian Weekly" concluded in SVOBODA)

THORN IN THE FOOT

(A Tale of Hutzul Life)

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated by S. S.)

(To be concluded)

(2)

The angry shouts of Peter recalled me to my senses, and I leaped to the steering oar. The raft had swung broadside to the swift current and it was indeed backbreaking work to right it. All the while my eyes did not quit the swirling waters but feverishly darted about its surface, looking for at least some sign of the boy. But in vain, there wasn't even a trace of him!

The knowledge that right here before my very eyes, practically within arm's reach, a young boy had drowned, shocked me so hard that I could hardly bear up. Never in my whole life had I been so deeply moved. I trembled like a leaf, as if I had murdered my closest and dearest friend. Fearfully I scanned the shore, perhaps someone, there had seen the boy drowning? But no, there wasn't even a soul on the shore; the road that ran along the river was barren of human life; the village had long vanished behind a bend of the river, and only from some unseen belfry bells suddenly tolled out as if they knew that someone had just died.

The thought struck me that perhaps Peter had witnessed the tragedy. Apprehensively I glanced over in his direction. He was standing by the front steering oar, legs outstretched, and from time to time peering at the rough waters. Had he seen? Ah, but no, he couldn't have, for he remained silent; it was very likely that because of his deafness he hadn't heard me talking to the boy.

Gradually, as we left the scene of the tragedy far behind, passed the village of Ustieriki and entered into broader and safer waters, I became more composed. I actually forced myself to stop thinking of the boy; assuring myself that I wasn't in the least to blame for his drowning; after all, how was I to know that for some reason or other, he would suddenly lower himself off the raft and sink like a piece of lead; and then, I was busy at the tiller, so how could I have saved him in time, anyway? Such reflections gradually calmed me—at least, so it seemed to me then.

We arrived at Vizhnitsya earlier than usual, received our money for logs, had our supper, rested for awhile, purchased some necessities for home, and it wasn't even midnight before we started for home, hoping to reach it before noon the next day, in time for the reaping. There was quite a number of us, and striding along the moon-lit road we conversed, joked, and told humorous stories. I was in a gay mood, and my laughter rang out above the others in the still air. Of course, I didn't even breathe a word about the drowned boy.

In such manner we reached Yaseniw. But when we began approaching the tragic spot, where our road ran alongside the Cheremosh, where large rocks lay like bathing sheep athwart its course, and where yesterday the boy had drowned—the same panicky feeling gripped me. A sudden cold sweat broke out on me, I began to tremble and my teeth chatter; I dared not to look anyone in the eye, for fear that mine would betray me. And when my companions directed their steps to the tavern, I hastily excused myself, instead I sent Peter to buy me a bottle of whiskey—for the reapers—telling him that I was

going ahead and that I would wait for him further down the road. For I was in such a wild state of mind that I was firmly convinced that no sooner would I appear in the tavern then I would be immediately seized and hanged. Upon finding myself alone, however, my panicky feelings took such strong hold of me that like one possessed I jammed my hat down over my eyes, lowered my head like a thief, and ran until I had left the village far behind. Breathless, I sat down by the side of the road and there awaited Peter.

I had to wait quite some time. All the while I was tormented by a most irresistible craving to drink whiskey, lots of it, so that it would flood and drown my shameful panic. The longer I sat the greater grew this thirst for the liquor. Finally, just when it seemed that I could not stand it any longer, around the bend of the road appeared old Peter, limping along and muttering beneath his breath something about those "milksops who give their word and then immediately break it," and who "race away into the countryside like one mad." With these words he handed me the bottle of whiskey. But when I uncorked it and placed its narrow neck to my lips, a sudden revulsion took hold of me, so that I nearly threw the bottle away from me in disgust. I handed it back to Peter.

"Here, drink," I said, in a choked voice. "I can't drink it just now."

Peter needed no further urging. Muttering something about fools refusing God's gift, he tilted the bottle, gulped down a good-sized swig, put the cork back again, drove it further in with a smack of his palm, and then placed the bottle into his leather knapsack. And from that time on, I never was able to look on liquor without a feeling of revulsion; and although I never swore off it yet not even a drop of it has passed my lips ever since!

Somewhat calmed I reached home and resolved that from thence on I would never again go log-running on the Cheremosh. Yet when next day I heard near the tavern that another flood was due on the morrow, Wednesday, my resolution, for some reason or other, weakened. And Wednesday morning, even before day-break, some irresistible power mercilessly drove me down to the river at Zhabya where Peter and I fastened together a raft of logs and again descended the river to Vizhnitsya. And again at Zhabya the same deadly panic overcame me. Like one mad I wildly scanned the swashy waters, hoping against hope for at least some sign of the drowned boy; although my common sense told me that my search was not only fruitless but foolish as well, for the swift current of the river by this time had either cast up the body on shore or carried it downstream to God knows where. But my disordered mind refused to accept such reasoning, and I continued to peer intently at the water, deluding myself with the hope that maybe I might see the body after all, maybe from these rough waters there would emerge that snow white arm!

And thus, as you see, my good neighbors, such was my sin and such were my sufferings. Some-

thing always seemed to draw me to the Cheremosh, and everytime, passing that cursed spot, I had to again suffer all that fear and panic that first visited me when the boy was drowned there before my very eyes. These feelings rarely ever left me throughout my whole life. I tried in every conceivable manner to rid myself of them. When several weeks had passed after that terrible happening I began to make cautious inquiries at Yaseniw whether any boy had disappeared from the locality? But no, no one knew of any such case, and no one had heard of any boy of my description. I then inquired directly, whether such and such a boy had drowned in the Cheremosh? And here again no one knew. Had any drowned person been found recently? And again the same shrug of ignorance.

All these replies instead of reassuring me confused me all the more. I inquired of everyone I knew, steersmen, lumbermen, fishermen, Hutzuls from Kranoil and Ustierik,—no, no one had seen or heard of a boy missing or being drowned. Gradually my fears turned to deep sorrow for this poor boy, whom nobody knew and for whom nobody cared. And everytime I passed the fateful spot all these confused feelings became more intensified, until I finally decided to do penance: to go afoot to Suchaw and there confess my sin before a priest, and thus secure peace.

Unfortunately, however, even here I had no luck. The priest before whom I confessed was apparently in a great hurry to get to someone, perhaps to someone dying, and being in great haste did not have the time nor will to question me closely about the occurrence. When I briefly told him of what had happened, he said, somewhat impatiently:

"Oh, you foolish Hutzul! You have no sin here at all. Tell me your real sins and not imagined ones!"

But this assurance that I had no sin in this case did not comfort me in the least. I reflected that perhaps God had so willed that I should encounter such a priest; perhaps God was angry with me and refused even to direct poor me to a good confessor!

Such thoughts refused to leave me and slowly I reached the point where I couldn't sleep during the night nor have any peace during the day, but moved ever restlessly about. Several months passed, and I determined again to go to Suchaw and confess my sin once more. This time I had better luck, for I encountered an old kindly monk, who very patiently listened to my story, and, when I finished, said:

"My boy, in this case you are to blame a little, although not as much as you think. Pray to Lord, therefore, and He will forgive your sin and give you peace."

I prayed to God, oh, so fervently! And indeed, this time it seemed to help. Still I could not rid myself entirely of the memory of the drowning, and every time I sailed by Yaseniw the whole terrible scene would reappear in my imagination and involuntarily I would again peer at the water, as if looking for some sign of the drowned boy. Slowly, however, the panic that I had experienced before, together with the sorrow for the boy, left me, and only once in a long while would something grip my heart like a blacksmith with his tongs. I married, had children, worked hard, and gradually the memory of the boy's drowning at Yaseniw left me.

It so happened one day, however, that I had a quarrel with my wife. My blood boiled within me and I beat her up quite properly. She was a sturdy woman with a sharp tongue, and began jostling and calling down maledictions upon me. In a fit of sudden rage I struck her so hard with my hatchet-cane that she fell to the ground, unconscious. Something stabbed my heart, I threw away the cane, dashed water upon her, and then stopped the flow of blood that was oozing from her wound. Well, the wound wasn't serious, and she quickly came to herself; in fact, the beating did her good. After all, you know yourselves that a Hutzul married woman actually expects to get a beating now and then, and some of them actually boast before their neighbors that: if my husband didn't beat me up then he wouldn't really love me! My deceased wife Mary never complained to me of the beating—and this was the only time I ever struck her during the entire twenty years of our marriage. However, that very same night, when we had this unfortunate tussle, I had a strange dream, in which this drowned boy appeared before me. I dreamt that I was sailing down the Cheremosh river, laboring mightily at the steering oar, with the rough waters swirling about the raft, when suddenly I saw before me the figure of this boy, with his feet trailing in the water, and both his hands gripping hold of the log he was sitting on; slowly he turned around and revealed to me his mutely sorrowing face, smiled at me sadly, and then quietly lowered himself into the water and disappeared. It was a terrible dream, reawakening in me all the old dread and panic, and when I awoke I found myself bathed in cold sweat, with my teeth chattering. I began praying to God, but that prayer did not rise from my heart and didn't give me any solace nor peace. I tried to fall asleep again and at the same time dreaded a repetition of the dream. All that night long I tossed about restlessly in bed, and for several days after that I felt so sad, so beaten, as if I had been just taken down from the very cross itself.

From that time the boy reappeared to me in my dreams only once in a long while. There were times when he would be sitting at the edge of the raft, crouched and peering into the rough waters, while at another time he would be pointing with his snow white arm into the distance, or he would be smiling strangely at me. And everytime after such a dream I would go about for days as if I had been bruised and beaten, disgusted with life and everything around me. Only the Cheremosh attracted me to itself, and on the raft my strength and the will to live gradually flowed back into me. From all this I became convinced that I had not rid myself of the sin arising from the boy's drowning, and that his lost soul had not quieted down and was therefore tormenting me in my dreams. So when my wife died and right that very night the drowned boy again appeared in my dreams and smiled to me even more sadly than before, I determined to go to confession in Suchaw once more.

(To be concluded)

NEW YORK CITY.

Simon Demydchuk, LL. D. will deliver a LECTURE ON THE CON-TENTION FOR THE HERITAGE OF KIEV, between Ukraine and Muscovy, on SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1936, at the Ukrainian National Hall, 217-219 E. 6th St., New York City, at 3:00 P. M. Admission free for those coming on time, otherwise 10¢. EVERYBODY WELCOME. 96

RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

ITALIAN LOAN-WORDS IN UKRAINIAN

I

Mr. Eugene Onatsky, in his address delivered on April 3, 1936, in Naples, Italy, at the occasion of the opening of a course in Ukrainian culture in the Royal Eastern Institute, makes a passing reference to the adoption of many Italian words into the Ukrainian language.

He says:

"Here are some of them: the Italian word SCRINIO is known all over Ukraine as скриня; BARRILE as барило; CALAMAIO as каламар; CIABATTE as чобіт (though this word is applied in Ukrainian to that kind of footwear which in Italian is called by the word STIVALE); CIPOLLA as цибуля; and so on."

Italian words common to Ukrainian and English

The words mentioned by Mr. Onatsky are known also in English. SCRINIO is known in its original Latin form of SCRINIUM, which denotes a chest used by the ancients for holding manuscripts, also a relic-chest. The word скриня has in Ukrainian several variants: скринька, скринечка, скринчина. In the Italian BARRILE, you will recognize, of course, the English word BARREL. From it the Ukrainian has formed several derivatives: барилечко, барилочко, барильце, барильчина, баривчина, баріляка, барівка, барилка.

The Italian word CALAMAIO comes from the Latin CALAMUS, pen, and that from the Greek KALAMOS, a reed. The English language has the word CALAMARY, which denotes a genus of cuttlefish and also its spine, or pen.

The Italian word CIABATTA, the Spanish ZAPATO, the Ukrainian чобіт has no parallel in English. The Italian CIPOLLA, (a diminutive of the Latin CEPULA, onion) the Spanish CEBOLLA, the Ukrainian цибуля is also unknown in the current English language, though its root has been adopted into the science of zoology.

This, however, does not exhaust either the list of Italian adoptions into English or the list of Italian adoptions into Ukrainian.

English debt to Italian

Taking as my guiding rod the English language, I note a lengthy passage on that question in Arthur G. Kennedy's CURRENT ENGLISH. Says Mr. Kennedy:

"The influx of Italian culture into England came pretty early in the sixteenth century and without much preliminary preparation... Very early ALARM, BRIGAND, DUQUAT, FLORIN, PILGRIM had been introduced. At first the English Renaissance borrowings from the Italian were general and literary, such as ALERT, ATTITUDE, BALLOT, BRAVO, BULLETIN, CADENCE (cf. Italian CADENZA, borrowed later), CANTO, FIASCO (cf. French FLASK), GAZETTE, INFLUENZA (cf. French INFLUENCE), ISOLATE, MACARONI, MOTTO, RUFFIAN, STANZA, UMBRELLA. Various architectural terms have come from the Italian, such as ARCADE, BALCONY, COLONNADE, CORRIDOR, PIAZZA, PORTICO; for words pertaining to music and painting and other arts English is especially indebted, as for example, ARTE, CAMEO, FINALE, FRESCO, OPERA, PIANO, PRIMA DONNA, REPLICCA, SOPRANO, STACCATO, STUDIO, and VIOLIN.

"There are others which even today are still felt to be slightly strange, although they are quite generally used, such as CAMPANILE, COGNOSCENTE, DILETTANTE, EXTRAVAGANZA, FA-SCIST."

Ukrainian loaned from Italian wholesale

Many of the above words have been adopted into the Ukrainian language. In fact, the Ukrainian language has been borrowing from Italian freely, taking from it words in bunches. Several distinct groups could be distinguished in those borrowings.

One big group constitute words referring to church life, a phenomenon natural when we take into consideration the fact that about one-tenth part of the Ukrainian race has been for several centuries united with the church of Rome. To those relations the Ukrainians have to thank for the following adaptations: абат, абатиса, абатство, бреве, камерлінго, канціонал, мадонна, сутанна.

Words of arts by legion

Since the Renaissance the Ukrainians have borrowed freely all kinds of words referring to various arts. They were: words of painting: фреск, секко, темпера, трафарет, марина, студія; words of architecture: барокко, бароковий, альтана, бельведер, в'їлля, каземат, льоджія, мезанін, мол, палац, палата, аркада; words of sculpture: бронз, бюст, торс; words of drawing: карикатура, аквафорта; words of music: віоліна, віоля, віолінчеля, пікколо, мандоліна, клярнет, оркестрино, сордіна, тамбурин, тромбон, фагот, фортеп'яно, чельо; сопран, альт, бас, тенор, меццо-сопрано, контра-бас, контральт; дур, моль; темп, фальшет, алегро, дольче, доленче, зєфірозо, імпуєтозо, лярго, лярдетто, маєстрозо, рапідо, сотто воче, стакато, сфорцандо, тардо, тремоляндо, форцандо, плячідо, релігіозо, престо, прєстїсїмо, парляндо, ленте, морендо, пічкато, піано, дімінуєндо, портаменто, глїсандо, облігато, ратардандо, рїтенуто, семпре, скєрцандо, скєрцо, сморцандо, сордаменте, соноре, форте; серенада, сольо, сольфеджіо, соната, сонатїна, терцет, тонїка, трель, трема, трїоля, фуга, дует, арїя, батута; words of theatre: опера, оперета; імпрєсарїо, прїмадонна, прїмабалєрїна, бутафор, голярд, дїва, марїонетка, пантольонада, пієро, паяц, браво, бравура, фантом; words of poetry: балїада, мадрїгал, сонет, станца, терціна, трїолет; words of industrial arts: графїн, майолїка, теракота, фєрнїр, камео.

Simultaneously with these, another stream of loan-words went from Italy to Ukraine referring to the military arts: кондотїєри, вольта, двабарт, трабант, казарма, канїна, лазарет, кавалєрїя, фортеца, цїтаделїа, аєрєм (дєрум), фїяско. It continued into more modern period, especially the various Austro-Italian wars, which brought to Ukrainian such Italian words as: берсалїєри, карабїнієри.

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EARLIEST TRACES OF MAN IN UKRAINE

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Ukraine, as a geographic concept, first appears at the beginning of the Tertiary period, probably in its Eocene stage (about 50 million years ago). During this time, however, most of the southern part of southeastern Europe was covered with water, which gradually receded, so that by the close of the Tertiary period, the northern shores of the Black and Azov Seas—which at that time formed one vast sea including the Caspian—were not much further north than the present day northern shores.

Earliest archeological finds

Whether the earliest appearance of human life in Ukraine coincided approximately with that of Central or Western Europe is as yet unknown. The traces of ancient man in Eastern Europe are very few and faint, for, unlike the prehistoric (modern tendency is to call it pre-literary) man of Western Europe, who dwelt in dry rocky caves, the man of Eastern Europe as a rule was forced to live and die in the open spaces, and as a result his bones and other remains soon disappeared entirely. Thus far, archeological discoveries in Kiev, Poltava, Chernihiv, Katerinoslav have shown us the existence of the upper Paleolithic man, while numerous traces of the Neolithic man have been found throughout the Ukraine. By reason of these finds we are able to deduce that Kiev, the natural and political center of Ukraine throughout the centuries, is one of the oldest dwelling places of man not only in Ukraine but the entire Eastern Europe as well.

Cultural evolution of the prehistoric man in Ukraine

Archeology has further shown us that the cultural evolution of the ancient man of Ukraine was in most respects similar to that of the ancient man of Western Europe, with one notable exception. Because of the scarcity of copper, the non-existence of tin, and the plentifulness of iron ore deposits in Ukraine, the Stone Age culture in Ukraine, especially along its northern belt, was generally prolonged and then immediately followed by the Iron Age, skipping the intermediate Copper and Bronze Ages. This is borne out by the previously mentioned archeological discoveries in Kiev, where iron implements were found side by side with stone implements and primitive earthenware of the upper stone cultural stage. Only in those borderlands of Ukraine which neighbored upon the hotbeds of the Bronze Age was the sway of the latter apparent. In general, however, the cultural transition was from the Neolithic directly into the Iron Age.

Where did Ukrainians first appear?

Having briefly glanced at the cultural evolution of the ancient prehistoric man of Ukraine, we now come to the question: When and in what manner did the Ukrainian people appear on their present territories? To answer this question we must first answer a more general question concerning the earliest beginnings of the ancestors of the Ukrainians and of their prehistoric migrations.

The Indo-European race

Up to the middle of the last century it was commonly believed that the Indo-European race—in- to which entered the ancestors of

the present-day Slavic nations, including the Ukrainians—had originally come from Asia, presumably at the beginning of the Age of Metal (2000 B. C.). This theory has been disapproved and it is now believed that the Indo-European race did not come from Asia, but, on the contrary, was in central Eastern Europe long before the Age of Metal and from this center it radiated in all directions. Further, it is now believed that the commencement of this breaking up of the race as a unit took place approximately at the time of the ushering in of the Age of Metal.

The Slavs and the Lithuanians

For a long time after this breaking up of the Indo-European race the two remaining peoples, the Slavs and the Lithuanians, lived together in that part of Eastern Europe which is bounded on the West by the Vistula, by the Baltic on the north, by the basin of the Dnieper on the east, and on the south by the lands inarround the middle of the Dnieper and the Dniester River. To the west of this Slavic Lithuanian group were the Germans, to the south and southeast were Iranian colonies, to the southwest were people of the Thracian family, while bordering on a line extending from the northwest to the southeast across Eastern European lowlands, were the Finns.

Their division

Exactly how long the Slavs and the Lithuanians lived together as a group is not certain. Some philological students place the beginning of this division as early as 500 B. C. It is certain, however, that by 100 A. D. the division had already taken place for they then appear with their own individual names—Venedi and Eisten (Slavs and Lithuanians). Whether this division was caused by internal movements or the presence of outside influences is not certain; most likely it was the natural urge to move over the invitingly boundless plains of Eastern Europe.

Center of Slavic settlements

Following this separation, Tacitus (100 A. D.) places the Lithuanians on the eastern bank of the Baltic Sea between the Niemen and the Vistula Rivers. The Slavs, although called a "mighty people" by Ptolemy (Second century A. D.) occupy on his maps but a small portion of southeastern Europe, being surrounded on all sides by numerous variously named tribes. This peculiarity can be explained by the confusion arising from the lack of a common terminology for the Slavs among the ancient scholars of that period. A majority of the present scholars, however, believe that the original home of the Slavs, following the separation between them and the Lithuanians, was in northern Ukraine, extending from settlements inarround the middle Dnieper to the Vistula and Carpathians, with the center of these Slavic settlements located on the site of modern Volhynia and Galicia. Hrushevsky and others place the original ancestors of the present day Ukrainians inarround the central basin of the Dnieper river. This branch, however, does not appear under a separate name until the close of the 4th century, immediately after the Hun invasion.

S. SHUMEYKO.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS IN UKRAINE

(1)

Spring, with its resurgence of new life and spirit, may seem to some to be a rather inappropriate time to dwell on subjects of a funereal character; however, people die the whole year round, and it may interest some of our readers to learn of some of the customs connected with a funeral in Ukraine. The following account is based on Khvedir Wowk's "Ukrainian Ethnography and Anthropology" (Prague, 1927), a source cited previously on these pages in connection with other articles, notably on marriage customs. It must be remembered, however, that the following descriptions were based on observations made during the past century, so it is quite probable that today conditions are not exactly the same.

Funeral customs in Ukraine, especially in the Carpathian regions, are for the most part of archaic origin. They are not, of course, as rich in color and tradition as those of marriage, nevertheless they too serve as a guide to an understanding of the dim past in Ukraine and the psychology of its people.

In Ukrainian folk stories there are certain references that give rise to the supposition that among ancient Ukrainians there was the custom of hastening by various methods the death of old and ailing persons when natural death refused to claim them soon enough. (In this connection we recommend the reading of Michael Kotsiubinsky's "Written in the Book of Life," which appeared—translated by S. S.—in the May 10, 1935 issue of the Ukrainian Weekly). This is purely a supposition, however, for there is a complete lack of historical evidence to bear it out, as well as a lack of similar folk stories among other Slavic peoples; and the fact that among certain Mongol tribes there exists even today the custom of killing the aged and slowly-dying, leads one to suppose that perhaps the stories among Ukrainians of oldsters being taken into the wilderness and there left to die have their origin in Mongol or Caucasian sources.

In cases, however, where the death agony is long drawn out, various measures are taken among Ukrainians to hasten its coming, to let the soul escape from the body: a hole is drilled in the wall, the straw-thatched roof is taken apart, the dying person is placed on the floor, the sexton tolls the church bells in a funereal manner; or the nearest of kin sit with lighted candles by the dying one, and if they have no "success," then others do the same until finally some "lucky hand" holds the candle, whereupon the dying person finally dies.

In some localities, notably in the Hutzul villages, the dying person is washed while still alive, and dressed in his best clothes. Great care is taken that he should not die without a lighted "hromnitsya," i. e. a lighted wax candle already partly burned in church at the evening services on Maundy Thursday. Usually, the washing and dressing is done after the person is dead. It is ordinarily done as follows: the deceased is undressed and placed on a chair which is placed into a large tub of water; he is then washed, combed, and his beard shaved. Great care is taken that his eyes are closed, for if they are not then someone in the family is liable to die. The water in which the deceased was washed, with

the hair and comb in it, is poured out in some out-of-the-way spot, where no one treads, usually in the narrow space between buildings or beneath a corn-crib.

The deceased Hutzul is usually dressed in a shirt, trousers, and felt slippers; and only in a few places is he dressed in his best clothes. It is an interesting fact that among the Boykos and other Ukrainian mountaineer tribes, where collar buttons are used on the shirt, none is worn by either the groom at a wedding or the deceased at a funeral. A married woman who dies is dressed in a shirt, a skirt, and—rarely—a white jacket, with a red or green belt (the green belt in some sections is absolutely indispensable), her feet wrapped together in a veil, while a turban-like head dress of white material is wrapped around her head. An unmarried girl who dies is dressed in the same manner as for a wedding: a wreath of periwinkle and other flowers on her head, and a ring on the middle finger of her right hand. A "kórovay" (wedding cake) is usually placed on top of the casket, and when the funeral is over pieces of this "kórovay" are distributed among the dead girl's relatives. In some localities it is the custom to appoint a young man who, dressed as for a wedding, follows the coffin on foot. With analogical additions, practically the same customs characterize the funeral of a Ukrainian young man.

After having dressed the deceased in accordance to his or her age, and, in some places, after having placed three small loaves of bread on the chest of the body, the corpse is then laid out on a bench beneath the windows (only dead children, up to six years of age, are laid on the table). A cup of water is then placed on the window sill, for folk tales have it that the death person's soul does not leave the house until the church bells toll the funeral and therefore it has to have water to drink until that time. That is reason why some member of the bereaved family hastens to the sexton to have him toll the bells as soon as possible.

No sooner does a person die than all work in both the house and outside ceases. The house is left unswept, no eggs are placed under chickens for hatching, nothing is planted in the garden or fields, and, in some places, all male relatives of the deceased woman go about until after the funeral without donning their hats, while the girls wear their hair unbraided on their backs down to the waist.

Weeping and wailing after the dead is looked upon with disfavor, for such action is supposed to make more difficult the position of the deceased on this earth; in fact, according to popular legend, there were times when dead persons reappeared once more before the living and begged them to cease bewailing them. Mothers, especially, must forbear from weeping for their lost first-born.

S. S.

BAYONNE, N. J.

Ukrainian A. C. invites you to its 2nd ANNUAL DANCE, APRIL 25th, 1936, at the Bayonne Opera House Ballroom, 26th St. & Ave. "C". Tickets 50 ¢. Music by Neil Budd & his Buddies. Featuring Louise Capp & Joey Terso. 96

LOOKING IT OVER

DANCE DILEMMA

When attending a dance one usually checks all cares and woes at the door and allows his inner being to be carried off by the tempo of the music and the prevailing gayety; but the successful attainment of any pleasure rests not entirely upon the ability of one to make himself a good time. Various factors have a strong bearing upon the enjoyment one may incur regardless of how well the young man or young lady can dance. Contacts made in a dance hall are often quite unbearable and that feeling is carried into other club affairs. In this we perceive the birth of friction within and around a group, the result often proving disastrous.

Sociability, especially that displayed by the group running the dance, measures to a certain point the degree of success of the affair. At times outsiders are left in the cold for too much congeniality prevails within the bounds of a clique, sparing none for others. Imagine a young man trying to enjoy himself if girls insist on dancing with each other, especially at a provoking occasion such as a shortage of girls. Some of the dainty damsels are quite tactful in their refusals to break or to accept invitations for succeeding numbers, but others enhance unpopularity by being extremely blunt. The other side of the picture presents a striking resemblance. Without fail a "bachelors' row" crops into existence, ever critical, ever preferential. The individuals of this censorious group scan the fair sex from head to foot and like geometricians they consider all lines, curves and angles. When these "carping cads" point thumbs down, the fate of a young lady has been settled, at least for the evening.

The enumeration of the following complaints, more or less covers them all. A young man never approves of a partner who is a pronounced "fanny-sticker-outer"; we cannot see how this angular travel method of dancing is even comfortable for the female. Nor does he welcome the "drooping daisy" who wilts in his arms, making him bear her weight as well as lead her. He also finds that the gum-chewing chatter-box could dispense with jaw exercising for a while. There is a time and place for everything, even apologies, but the young man finds he cannot tolerate "apologetic Ann" who is constantly asking for forgiveness for her clumsiness; if she feels so bad about it why doesn't she buckle down and learn how to dance? He gets quite a lonely feeling when his partner insists upon keeping at least six inches apart. He steers away from the femme who thinks man should be led around at all times. She makes a determined effort to lead him into her steps; the conflict for leadership is very tiring to both. The reason for most girls offering resistance to the male is due to their dancing with each other so often, at which time they get into the habit of leading one another. The young man is usually blamed when his partner's toes have been trod upon but the girl is generally at fault as she fails to take a longer backward step. A sure fire method for a girl to decrease the number of invitations to dance is to refuse one chap and immediately accept another.

The young man by no means is beyond reproach. Girls seldom encourage the "wrestler" who gets a firm body hold, making breathing and freedom of motion difficult; nor do they often prompt a "tummy-leader," whose habit is to lead with his abdomen. There aren't many lasses who are enthralled by those who think they are Valles or Crosby's; nor are those forgotten who cavort over the floor erratically, taking a short step one moment, a long

one the next; he makes quite an impression on the girls—rather on their toes. To be conservative has its virtues but not to the extent as to dance in the manner prevalent in pre-war days; this outmoded style is one of man's chief drawbacks at a dance. Football heroes receive admiration galore, but somehow girls do not go for those in dance halls—those who plunge into openings using partners as interference; nor do they often go for the romeo who seeks to dance cheek-to-cheek at all times. A truly mirthful sight occurs when a cheek-to-cheek, strangle-hold, fanny-sticker-outer combination is effected by a couple.

It is not fair for any person to impose on another and hog all of the other's time; after one dance some steer the partner to a corner and make up their mind to sit there all evening—ably performing the job of boring the partner with irrelevant deep subjects—or bragging about oneself. A stupid thing for any person to do is to smoke while dancing; minor accidents have occurred because of this common inconsiderate practice. The chief failing, however, at any dance is bashfulness on the part of both sexes. The timid male tortures himself with the thought of approaching a girl, making a mountain out of a molehill. He is often determined to ask a girl for the next dance—only to weaken; but once he does, he finds that supposedly insurmountable obstacle can be overcome with quite some facility and the girl is not the spitfire he imagined but she really did smile and accept his lame and stuttered invitation. A bit more confidence and those lonely hours on the side-lines, dancing by himself, hoping some girl will ask him or some friend will offer him a partner, would be unknown—and all of us go through that stage. The young lady is also at one time or another the unwilling possessor of this inferiority complex. She often imagines the young man is too good a dancer for her and somehow she utters a refusal; if she does accept she inadvertently becomes the aforementioned apologetic type. If she is an average dancer she can follow any man. The first few steps may not be as graceful as desired but at a certain point the abilities of the individuals will blend and she'll find her fears unconfirmed.

Perhaps there are many more irritable incidents that could be brought to the surface by far more qualified persons than this writer; our chief aim is to attempt to stress the need and importance of making contacts at dances as pleasant as possible, so as to eradicate one source of friction between the components of Ukrainian Youth. When people find they can enjoy each other's company in lighter moments, there is a desire to go much farther and do much more.

J. W. KOSBIN.

CARTERET, N. J.

CARD PARTY and BINGO SOCIAL given by the Ukrainian Social Club, THURSDAY Evening, APRIL 30th, at the St. Demetrius Church Hall, Roosevelt Ave., at 8 P. M. All Popular Games. Refreshments served. Admission 35 ¢. 96

NEW YORK CITY.

A SPRING DANCE tendered by the St. Vladimir's Club to be held at their Club Rooms, 334 East 14th Street, New York City, on SATURDAY Evening, MAY 2, 1936. Music by The Cavaliers. Commencement at 8:30 P. M. Admission 35 ¢. 96,102

NEW YORK CITY.

MAY DANCE sponsored by Ukrainian Democratic Club, Inc., and Women's Auxiliary at Ukrainian National Hall, 217 E. 6th Street, New York City SUNDAY, MAY 3rd, 1936, at 6 o'clock. Admission 40 ¢. Popular music. 96,02