



# UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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## VERSES

By Ivan Franko

No wise man is ashamed of the truth  
Even though it should come from a tot,  
Just as, when dismal night has set in,  
Even a candle is welcome sought.

Wisdom that is hidden  
And gold stowed away  
Are, one like the other,  
Of no use today.

The man who will not act for fear of error  
Is, what is called colloquially, dumb;  
Just as if eating I should view with terror  
For fear of choking with a crumb.

The books are like that ocean floor:  
Whoever dives into their lore  
And deems the efforts as not lost.  
Comes up with pearls of priceless cost.

Knowledge is a danger when it's wrongly taught,  
Undigested food is baneful to life,  
To the poorman—credit with danger is wrought,  
The curse of the oldman is a youthful wife.

If one has no brains of his own  
He'll never find them in a book;  
Why bother with a looking glass  
When there're no eyes with which to look?

Trans. by W. Semenyina.

## CONCERT OF MASS CHORUS UNDER KOSHETZ IN HONOR OF METROPOLITAN ANDREW SHEPTYTSKY

Our younger generation should be more than well represented at the concert of Ukrainian and Old Slavonic Church Music to be given this coming Sunday, May 31st, in Carnegie Hall, New York City, in honor of the Metropolitan Andrew Sheptytsky, by the United Ukrainian Folk Choruses of the New York Area under the direction of Prof. Alexander Koshetz. For besides honoring a great Ukrainian, listening to a mass chorus of 300 singers composed mostly of young American-Ukrainians, those attending will also have the very rare opportunity of seeing that incomparable chorus leader, Prof. Koshetz, directing. In addition there will also be a violin solo by Miss Liubow Kasik and talks by the Rt. Rev. Michael Lavelle and the Rev. John LaFarge (in English), and Dr. Simon Denydychuk (in Ukrainian). The concert will start promptly at 8:15 P. M.

## FRANKO AND THE YOUTH

Our youth today has more in common with Ivan Franko, the great Ukrainian patriot and writer, than it realizes. For just as he had to rebel and fight against the old order, to solve the many problems brought about by changing crucial times, so likewise must our youth do today. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why Franko is such an inspiring figure to at least that portion of our youth which studies his life and reads his writings.

From his very youth to old age Franko and the Ukrainian youth were inseparable. Their naturally kindred spirits were brought even closer by circumstances.

It must be remembered that the old order of his day was ultra-reactionary, with but little vision. Despite the glaring social, economic and national injustices prevailing among our people, it lacked either the courage or the will to mend them. Instead of relying upon its own strength to rid itself of foreign oppression, it naively looked towards the Russian Czar or the Polish nobility for its salvation, or dreamt vain dreams of restoring the ancient Cossack glories.

It was at this juncture that young Franko appeared. Although endowed with an unusually fine poetic spirit, he was a great realist nevertheless. Quickly, therefore, he perceived the weaknesses of the old order and its utter ineptitude to cope with the critical conditions then.

With a flaming pen he sought to show that our people's strength was being frittered away through inertia, illusions and vain dreams. He urged our people to confront themselves with their present-day problems instead of dreaming of the past. He preached that they should nourish and develop their own strength, and depend upon it alone for their ultimate salvation. And he propagated certain reforms that the Ukrainian people would have to adopt before they would be prepared to try their strength against their oppressors, not only on the field of battle but upon the social, cultural and economic fields as well.

But like the prophet that he was, Franko found his efforts not only misunderstood but met with hostility as well. He was scorned, derided, and persecuted. Even his means of livelihood was taken away from him.

Nevertheless, Franko remained true to his convictions. His courage did not falter, nor did he spare himself in the least in giving vent to his teachings through the medium of his genius-like talents. And so all-embracing were these talents that there was hardly a field of endeavor upon which he did not toil for his people.

But what gave him most strength and courage to hammer away at public indifference and hostility was the confidence the Ukrainian youth had in him. From the very start this youth had felt itself attracted to him. It was the first to sense the greatness of his spirit and the immortal quality of his works. But what attracted it most to him was the fact that he lived exactly as he preached. And thus he became the youth's inspiration and leader.

So it is no wonder, then, that on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of his literary career, in 1898, the Ukrainian youth thus addressed Ivan Franko:

"With your unremitting toil You have raised a generation that bows its head before You, and regards You as its father, leader, and teacher!"

The same words could be well repeated by our American-Ukrainian youth today, already twenty years removed from Franko's death. For in Franko's life and works can be found inspiration to kindle the hearts of the most indifferent. In them can be found many an answer to the present day problems of our youth. In them, too, our present and future leaders can find invaluable advice of how to live and to develop and progress. The thinker, the scientist, the student, the critic, the lover of fine literature, of poetry, and good humor, young and old, all can find something interesting, stirring and inspiring in Franko's life and works. Just give him a chance!



IVAN FRANKO

(August 15, 1856—May 28, 1916)

## "GREAT ANNIVERSARY"

By Ivan Franko

For that greatest of all moments  
Be all ready, one and all—  
Any one may be the leader  
When the proper time will call.  
You say: "Now the wars are  
different";

Then with different arms prepare:  
Whet your wits and steel your  
will!

Only fight and don't despair!  
Struggle on and don't seek rest—  
Better fall but don't give up.  
Stand up proudly, don't give way,  
Better perish than betray!  
Each one think that on your  
shoulders

Million obligations rest  
That for all these obligations  
You will have to give account.  
Each one think: right where I'm  
standing

All around, above, below—  
Is now being waged the outcome  
Of a battle with a foe.  
Should I but give way, not face it,  
Like a shadow should but sway  
All the work of generations  
Will be quickly swept away.  
With those thoughts you should  
be living

And bring up your children, too!  
As long as the wheat is whole—  
some

There'll be cakes for all of you.  
"Shall we have to wait to con-  
quer?"

That's too long"... Then do not  
wait!

Learn today and tomorrow  
You will surely dominate.  
'Tis no wonder that the nation  
Of Ukrainians awoke.  
'Tis no wonder that sparks glitter  
In the eyes of our proud youth!  
Soon new sabres will be flashing  
In the hands that grope for truth.  
Long enough does our misfortune  
Lurk o'er every window sill;  
Let's sing out: "Ukraine's not  
perished,  
Never perished—never will!"

Trans. by W. Semenyina.

## OFF THE EDITOR'S DESK

Our readers will find a great deal of interesting material about Ivan Franko in yesterday's (May 28th) "Svoboda."

# IVAN FRANKO

By S. S.

(Based on accounts by Antin Krushelnitsky, Vasile Vernivolya, Alexander Hrushevsky, Serhey Yefremov, and others.)

## EARLY POETRY

These three stories then (*Petryri Doboschuki, Borislavski Opovidanya, and Leshishina Chekyad*)\* which Franko produced prior to his first imprisonment are important not so much for their literary qualities as for their serving for us as an indicator to the evolution young Franko passed then in both his thought and writing.

### A Woman's Heart

Besides them and a number of translations from foreign works, however, Franko also wrote a number of poems at that time, two of which (*Narodna Pisnya* and *Kotlyarevsky*) have been mentioned here earlier. One of them, *Zhinoche sertse* (A woman's heart.—1875) later went into his collection of lyrics *Ziviale Listye* (Withered leaves). In this sonnet the poet asks what is a woman's heart, and then answers: *Ти океан — маниш і потопляєш, Ти рай — добутий за ціну оков, Ти літо — грієш враз і громом убиваєш.* (You—woman's heart—are the sea that entices and then drowns. You are the Eden won at the price of chains. You are the summer that warms and then kills with thunder.)

### Naimyt

The following year, 1876, Franko wrote his *Naimyt* in which can easily be discerned the peasant-born poet's compassion for the op-

pressed hired man, the serf who has to till in his own fields for someone else's gain. Franko compares the Ukrainian people to this long-suffering "naimyt," and prophecies that the day soon will come when he will be victorious on his redeemed soil, when he will plough his own fields and be his own master! (See p. 3 for translation by W. Semenyna).

### A Thought in Prison

Franko's sufferings in prison were productive, in 1877, of a number of poems, one of which is the poignant *Dumka v turmi* (A thought in prison) in which he bitterly asks why was he shackled and thrown thus into prison, and then replies:

Бажав я для скованих волі,  
Для скривджених краюці долі  
І рівного права для всіх —  
Се ввесь і єдиний мій гріх.

(I wished freedom for the enchained. For the wronged—better fate. And equal rights for all. That is my whole and only sin).

### Kameniar

In 1878 there appeared his most gripping poem thus far, *Kameniar* (Stonebreakers. Pioneers.), one whose hammer-like rhythm immediately strikes the reader. It is based upon an old legend which relates how a tribe transported by Alexander the Great, and settled in a huge barren plain, locked in by impenetrable mountains, broke its way out to freedom. In this poem Franko expresses the

spirit and hopes that animated him and the youth of his day:

Each one of us believed that with our human power  
We'd cut right through that cliff and crush the stone to dust,  
That with our blood and bones, our last remaining dower,  
We'd build a hardy highway over which the flower

Of hopes and youth would come into this world—and must!

And although they knew that somewhere in the world that they had left behind were dear ones who wept for them, and enemies who cursed them, and although their hearts grieved and their hands grew weary, yet nothing would deter them from their task.

And thus we go ahead in body one united

By that one almighty thought, that infant of the brain,  
What if we are cursed and by the world condemned!

We're breaking through that wall to free the truth we've sighted  
That happiness may come—when none of us remain.

(Tr. by W. Semenyna).

Franko could not have hit upon a better way to touch the hearts, the ambition of the youth of his day than with this poem. It was most timely then, when the ultra-reactionary ruling classes of that day cared but little for the mass of oppressed Ukrainian peasantry, when fresh, vigorous nationalistic ideals of the youth found their way blocked by inertia, musophilism, or vain dreams of ancient glories. It helped to give courage and fortitude to the rising youth, and the determination to sacrifice all, even one's life for high ideals!

\* See last week's installment.

(To be continued)

# BÄTKIVSCHENA

By IVAN FRANKO

(Continued)

(Translated by S. S.)

(2)

## III

Ten years rolled by since I had learned that Opanas had sold his beloved "batkivschesna" under such strange circumstances. Since then fate had buffeted me about at its will, leading me into various corners of our country, experimenting upon me, and generally speaking, giving me a good schooling in the hard realities of life.

One of its lectures led me to one of the most backward sections of our country, to a mountain village cut off entirely from the outside world, accessible only by horseback or by sleigh in winter, nestled in a deep ancient forest, with a swiftly descending stream at its edge. Set in a picturesque valley, surrounded by a dark forest, this little village resembled more a hermit's abode than a modern settlement. Perhaps the only modern touch about it was its most un-Idyllic poverty, dirt, superstition, and ignorance. With a church at the upper end, a large but unspeakably filthy tavern at the other end, a single road that served at the same time as a bed for a brook, this little settlement covered like some orphan with its back to the forest wall and its front losing itself in the river gorge. From each little cottage, unshaded save for the birches and firs, two or three paths ran out to lean wheat fields and apiaries with their blackened tree stumps; set at the foot of the mountain looming high above. These paths were the only means of communication with the outside world.

It so happened that I was returning on horseback from Hungary and my route ran through this mountain village. My guide was a young man from one of the border towns. We were pressing our horses in order to reach before sundown some good sized village where we could find lodgings for the night, when suddenly we found our plans were all for naught. A heavy rain had fallen the night before and when we reached this little village we found that the stream adjoining it had turned into a raging torrent that bore on its swirling surface all manner of debris and carried even the stones along its bottom, so swift was the current.

As we approached its edge, undecided what to do, a man emerged from one of the nearby cottages. Seeing us he began waving his arms and shouting something which we could not make out because of the torrent's roar.

"What's that you say?" my guide shouted back at the top of his lungs.

The man meanwhile had climbed over two fences and approached closer to us.

"Where are you going?" he asked without any preliminaries.

"We want to get on the other side," my guide explained.

"But can't you see that the water is too high?"

"Of course. But won't you show us a place where we can ford it?"

"The only way you could get across is by jumping," the man replied, shrugging his shoulders.

"What do you mean?" we both asked.

"Because there's no ford."

"Well, what about a foot-bridge?"

"None either."

"Maybe we can try fording it here."

"Nope. The current is too strong."

"Then what can we do?"

"Wait until the water goes down."

"And when will that be?"

"Tomorrow."

"That means we'll have to find lodgings here for the night," I said, turning to my guide. "Can you direct us to some lodgings?" I turned back to the native, seeing that my guide was scratching his head in perplexity.

"The tavern is about the only place."

I turned an inquiring glance towards my guide. "Well, what do you think Michael," I asked when I saw he still remained silent.

"Nothing, if you please, sir."

"Shall we go to the tavern and stay there overnight?"

"You can, sir, but not me."

"And why?"

"Because I stayed there one night and swore that I would never do it again."

"Why?"

"If you please, sir, that tavern's got the worst lice in all these mountains."

The answer was brief but compelling. I turned back to the native.

"Couldn't we find lodgings at the home of your priest?"

"We have no priest here. He comes to us but once every two weeks."

"Well then, maybe in the home of one of your villagers?"

"Hm, I don't know. Maybe... But I don't know."

He lowered his head in thought and then added.

"Maybe our schoolmaster will take you in for the night."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have a schoolmaster here?"

"Of course."

"That means that you have a school?"

"Sure. Already five years we have it."

"Well, where does your teacher live?"

"Nearby. Right beyond that tavern."

And he led us there. Just as he had said, it was nearby. Walking along the path above the bed of the brook which took the place of the road, along whose bottom my guide led the horses, I managed by questioning the native to learn something about this schoolmaster whom I hoped would be our host. He was described to me as a youngish man, unmarried, living by himself, rarely ever going anywhere outside the village, and popular in the village because he was a good teacher and a good friend to all those who came to him in need, giving them not only good advice but, where necessary, even money, although he barely had enough to cover his own barest needs. And thus conversing we reached the school which stood on the bank of the winding stream. Everything was plain and simple about it, with a path leading towards its door. The school building itself was just an ordinary straw roofed cottage, divided into two rooms. One room with three windows, fronting the garden was the classroom, while the other one with two windows was the home of the schoolmaster, the native explained. Fronting his room was a little vegetable garden, evidently the product of his own labors, with here and there an apple or pear tree, with raspberries, currants, and gooseberries decorating the fence bounding it. In one corner there stood a little arbor shaded by hop-vines and surrounded by young spruce trees. There were also two rows of spruces, five apiece, leading to the doorway. The door was closed, but we found the teacher in the arbor. It was vacation time, and evidently he had been working in the garden, for now he was resting in the arbor and refreshing himself with some buttermilk and black rye bread.

I entered the arbor and greeted him. He nodded his head without replying or rising from where he sat. I asked him to give lodgings over night for both myself and my guide. He stared at me in a rather strange manner without ceasing his eating. I stood at the entrance in some perplexity, not knowing what to do. Finally the native spoke up himself.

"Come, sir schoolmaster, please help these people out. I would have taken them in myself, but you know how tight it is in my house. And they don't want to go to the tavern because of the lice there."

The schoolmaster laid down his spoon, rose and without saying a word left the arbor and went to the fence on the other side of which stood my guide with the horses.

"Where are you from?" he asked.

"From Volivtsi."

"Did you charge the gentleman a lot for your services?"

"Only two greenbacks."

"Has he paid you?"

"Yes, he did."

"Well, then, mount your horse and return home, you still have time to get there before sunset."

"Sure, I can make it easily."

(Continued page 4)

# UKRAINIAN FARMERS IN THE UNITED STATES

By WASYL HALICH

(Reprinted from *Agricultural History*, Vol. 10, No. 1, January, 1936)

(1)

## Ukraine—land of contrasts

The history of the Ukrainian people has many contrasts. Their homeland is a vast territory abounding in riches, including navigable rivers, minerals, forests, and fertile soils. Scholars have variously estimated the number of Ukrainians, but all agree that there are at least forty million. They are enterprising, hard-working, thrifty, and gifted with native intelligence. Yet, having lost political independence at the close of the Middle Ages, they have had no generation able to regain it. Although the Ukrainians have produced some noted men of science, music, and literature, they have failed to develop *Ma-saryks*. The obvious enemies of an independent Ukraine have been the Poles, the Russians, and the Rumanians, who partitioned the country among themselves. However, in recent years even such remote countries as France and Germany have revealed their designs upon the Ukraine.

## Its oppression

Without political independence, the people were hindered in their cultural and economic development. Even the use of the names "Ukraine" and "Ukrainians" was prohibited by the Russian overlords who misruled the country for nearly three hundred years. The Polish reign over the Ukrainians in East Galicia is thus described by an eminent English author: "The Ukrainian nobility (*boiary*) were either Polonized or exterminated, the middle class was destroyed; the Ukrainian peasants were deprived of personal liberty of the Polish nobility."\* Compulsion on the one hand and the desire to gain political and social advantages on the other led the Ukrainians of the higher classes to renounce their nationality in favor of the Polish or the Russian. The masses, on the other hand, though poor, abused, and kept in ignorance remained Ukrainian, and they produced a folklore of which any nation would be proud. Along with folk songs and folk dances, they developed handicraft and domestic arts, and also made contributions to music, art, literature, and science.

## Economic maladjustment

The soil of Ukraine has been much publicized for its productivity, but it was held mostly by Russified or Polonized nobles who exploited the people. The small privately-owned farms suffered further division with each succeeding generation. Since there were no industries, the people had to remain farmers, and as it was impossible to make a living on the small strips of land, the young men sought seasonal employment in the cities and even in foreign countries. The mass emigration to the New World which followed was likewise for the most part due to economic maladjustment. Long periods of compulsory military service and political and religious persecution also contributed.

## Beginning of emigration

Although political exiles from the Ukraine had found refuge in the United States before the close of the American Civil War, it was not until 1877 that Ukrainians began to migrate to America in any considerable number. This immigration increased as the years

went by until the Ukrainians became one of the important elements of the immigrant stream. The reports of steady employment, high wages, an abundance of good land, and personal freedom in the United States were a stimulus. By the close of the nineteenth century emigration from the Ukraine assumed the character of a mass movement. The people went not only to the United States, but to Canada, Brazil, and Argentina. There is hardly a village in western Ukraine, commonly known as East Galicia, from which scores did not emigrate to the United States. In some instances, a single household furnished three or four persons; in others, the entire family left for America. The agents of steamship lines did all within their power to stimulate the exodus as it meant commissions for themselves as well as larger receipts for their companies. The efforts of the ruling classes to stop this emigration proved ineffective.

## Lack of reliable records

Prior to 1899 the United States immigration authorities kept a record of the country from which the immigrants came rather than a record of the nationality of the immigrants. Since various countries of Europe ruled over several nationalities, it is impossible to make more than general statements concerning the number of each national group that came to the United States before that time. This is especially true of the Slavic immigrants. In the case of the Ukrainians, the immigration records and the reports of the United States Census are of little help as many continued to give their nationality as Russian or Austrian since they had used Russian or Austrian passports; there were also many who retained the archaic Ruthenian or Carpatho-Russian classification, a practice which complicates research and makes it difficult to assemble reliable data. The immigration records show that 147,375 Ruthenians (Ukrainians) were admitted to the United States during the decade 1899 to 1910; this number does not include those whose nationality was given as Russian, Austrian, or in some cases Polish and Slovak. According to the same records, 268,311 Ruthenians (Ukrainians) entered the United States during the years 1899-1930.

The United States Census for 1930 reported close to 70,000 Ukrainians, including some nine thousand Ruthenians. Yet the current membership of Ukrainian religious denominations is about 500,000. By adding 80 percent of those who gave their nationality as Russian, one finds it possible to arrive at a nearly correct figure, namely 700,000. This number includes the children and grandchildren as well as the original immigrants. They are scattered throughout the country, except in the southeast, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan having the largest number. A majority have turned to trades, factories, mines, railroads and forests for a livelihood. A small number are engaged in business and professions.

## Former immigrants

Although agriculture was the main economic interest in the homeland, the Ukrainian immigrants did not always turn to farming on their arrival in the United States. The country and

# NAIMYT

By IVAN FRANKO

(Translated by Waldimir Semenyna)

(1)

A song adorns his lips, his hands the plough-tails grip,—  
So he appears to me;  
Sheer want, hard work, and strife his energy just sip,  
While forehead's ruffled like that sea.  
His soul's that of a child, although his head is bent  
As if with age too rife!  
Because from cradle he his days in trial spent,  
And in hard strife his life.  
Wherever he but moves his plough, where steel but tears apart  
The fertile earthly mane,  
There, in a while, the fields, as by the stroke of art,  
Bear earth begotten grain.  
Then why the coarseness of his shirt—all patched,  
The skimpy coat, bare knee,  
Like on an aged beggar, whom death had all but snatched?  
Because a naimyt's he!  
A servant he is born though free he is proclaimed  
By those that wealth possess;  
From poverty and pain, from scorn with which he's maimed  
He cannot find egress.  
To live, he sells his life, his freedom, and his strength  
Just for a piece of bread,  
E'en though it does not feed nor right his bent up length,  
And strength it does not add.  
In silence grieving, with a pining song he ploughs,  
Not for himself, his land;  
And in that song he finds a pal that not allows  
Adversity the upper hand.  
That song is but the dew which during summer heat  
Revives the fading plant,  
That song—the herald of an awful thunder reign  
Which is from distance sent.  
But 'fore the thunder storm will culminate above,  
He bends and pines day through,  
And caters to the soil and loves it with a love—  
Like sons their mother do.  
'Tis immaterial to him that blood he sweats  
For someone else's good,  
'Tis immaterial to him that what he nets  
Provides another's kinghood.  
Just so the land, which he had weaned with his own hands,  
Shall bear her fruit once more;  
As long as through his mighty efforts heaven sends  
To others a rich store.

This naimyt is our race which sweats with blood in streams  
On fields called not its own.  
His heart is always young, with lofty thoughts he beams,  
Though by good fate unknown.  
For centuries he's waiting for his destiny—  
As yet, he waits in vain;  
Through ruin he has lived, through Tartar misery,  
And through the feudal reign.  
No matter how adversity his heart depressed,  
There lives a spark of hope—  
Quite oft a granite mountain with a spring is blest  
Right at the bottom of its slope.  
'Tis only in a golden tale, some charming dream,  
That he perceives his fate;  
Austere and glum he keeps on tugging like a team  
From early dawn till late.  
In centuries of great affliction, him did save  
His love of native field;  
His children perished by the thousands in a grave  
Yet he lived through it, did not yield.  
With this great love he's like that Titan of the Greeks,  
That earth's unconquerable son,  
Who, being thrown, regains what he had lost and seeks  
To finish what he had begun.  
With song upon his lips—why care for whom he ploughs  
The fertile native land;  
Why care that he's in need of food, of tools and cows,  
That someone else enjoys his life?

Plough on, plough on, keep ploughing you, colossus, bound  
In darkness, misery!  
The gloom will fade, your shackles falling to the ground  
Will make the troubles flee.  
No wonder you have always sung of strength of will,  
When harassed by your foes;  
No wonder that your charming lips your stories fill  
With conquests of your woes.  
You will defeat, destroy that shell of prejudice;  
On your redeemed soil  
You'll plough again—the master of your home, you'll be  
The master of your toil.  
October 10, 1876.

its language was strange to them. Practically all were without the capital necessary to start farming, and they were afraid to purchase land on borrowed money. The result was that a considerable number who ultimately became farmers worked in industries for several years to accumulate the necessary capital. On the other hand, an equally large number emigrated with their families from the provinces of East Galicia, Bucovina, and Kiev with the definite purpose of becoming farmers in the new land. They were,

for the most part, the people who took up homesteads in North Dakota, Montana, and Canada. In the beginning, Ukrainian farming in America was an individual rather than a group undertaking, and this feature was characteristic for many years. As there was no organization to guide or direct the immigrants to farms, their agricultural communities were settled sporadically and are widely scattered. There was likewise no Ukrainian government to

(Continued on page 4)

\* H. Hessel Tiltman, *Peasant Europe*, 223 (London, 1934).

## COMPETITION FOR THE NATIONAL YOUTH DAY

To Be Held on Labor Day in Philadelphia under UYL-NA Auspices

Several clubs have asked for more information on the type of competition that may be expected at the National Youth Day which is to be held in conjunction with the Fourth Ukrainian Youth's Congress in Philadelphia over the Labor Day week-end.

As these clubs are scattered over a large area, and as they have indicated that they will enter teams, then, this more or less national distribution, will tend to produce some interesting competition. Offhand, it is safe to say that we will not have any Cunninghams or O'Briens at the National Field Day. We would like to have them, though, if there are any around in our Ukrainian clubs. Most of the Ukrainian teams will derive their members from local high school teams, and in some cases, from college squads and A.A.U. clubs. We can, therefore, take the average high school performance as the standard which may be expected at the National Meet.

An index for the Labor Day Meet may be gotten from the recent First Youth Day of Philadelphia. The results of this meet represent the only known Track and Field marks for strictly Ukrainian club competition. There was a great deal of interest and enthusiasm, and as a result, boys and girls from Philadelphia were entering in some of the events for the first time in their life. As a whole, they were about as amateur a bunch as one could get. One boy did not see any sense in carrying a relay baton because it interfered with his crouch start; another girl wanted the cross-bar of the high jump taped to the pegs, so that the cross bar would not be knocked off so easily. Of course, these people were true and absolute amateurs, but that did not interfere with their fun. Managers and club members will find the following list of records interesting; if you have someone in your club who can beat these performances, get them to come out on Labor Day and put your club in the running. However, in studying the following times, it must be remembered that they were made on a small 220 yard track, which was more like a steeplechase course, than anything else.

**WALTER N. NACHONEY**  
Chairman—Track & Field  
Ukrainian Youth's League  
of North America.

### Philadelphia Champions—1935 SENIOR BOYS EVENTS

100 yard Dash—URBAN, Social Club of Elizabeth. Time: 11 seconds flat.

220 yard Dash—URBAN, Social Club of Elizabeth. Time: 26 seconds flat.

440 yard Run—NACHONEY, St. Joseph's Boys Club of Frankfort. Time: 61.8 secs.

880 yard Run—SEGIN, Ukrainian-American Youth of Philadelphia. Time: 2 min. 23 secs.

1/4 Mile Steeplechase—KOWALCHUK, Philadelphia Y. U. N. Time 3 min. 58 secs.

One Mile Run—KOWALCHUK, Philadelphia Y. U. N. Time: 5 min. flat.

880 yard Relay—Social Club of Elizabeth (Urban, Adik, Kobran & Zack). Time: 4 min. 49.2 secs.

Running Broad Jump—JARGOWSKY, Social Club of Millville. Distance: 18 feet 8 inches.

16 lb. Shot Put—ADAMOW, St. Joseph's Boys Club of Phila. (Frankford). Distance: 30 feet 10 inches.

Running High Jump—ROMANICK, Social Club of Millville. Height: 4 feet 10 inches.

Bar Chinning—SAWCHUK, Social Club of Trenton. 19 times.

### JUNIOR BOYS EVENTS

75 yard Dash—KRAWCZUK, St. Joseph's Boys Club of Frankfort. Time: 9.2 secs.

880 yard Relay—St. Joseph's Boys Club of Frankfort (Krawczuk, Michaleska, Hryczyszyn, Halasa). Time: 2 min. 50 secs.

Running Broad Jump—HALASA, Frankford. Distance: 14 feet 1 inch.

Standing Broad Jump—MICHALESKA, Frankford. Distance: 8 feet 11 1/4 inches.

## SYMBOLIC ART OF UKRAINIAN EASTER EGGS

By A. A. GRANOVSKY

(Courtesy of "Signal Fires," published by Education Division of WPA, St. Paul, Minn.)

### Their origin

Ukrainian easter eggs, famous for their delicate tracery, interesting and varied designs and unusual combinations of brilliant colors, are believed to have originated in the pre-Christian era of Ukraine. In spring festivals, celebrating the return of the growing season, the egg, a symbol of new life, played a prominent part. As the egg is the beginning of a new life, so the arrival of the spring was hailed as a new hope. The Ukrainian people are essentially engaged in various types of the agricultural profession, and from the early dawn of their civilization they have attached considerable meaning to natural phenomena. Early man was at the mercy of the elements and after a long siege of rigorous winter the approach of spring was an occasion of great gladness. A new spring meant new life, happiness, expectations and new hopes and, as the life giving sun-rays of the spring penetrate the frozen shell of the earth's crust, awakening the earth the creative life, so the egg, from which new life breaks forth, symbolized the arrival of the spring. As the marvelous creative process of the spring under the influence of the warm sun rays bedecks the earth with verdure and multitudes of colors, so the early Ukrainian people conceived the idea of decorating eggs with delicate designs and colors, symbolizing the arrival of the spring, new life and hope.

Ukrainian people now, as their ancestors have done for centuries, carry out the traditions of coloring easter eggs in elaborate free hand designs. Many of the eggs are beautifully decorated now, as they were in the past, with various patterns and symbols, some representing the spring itself, as is shown in flower and animal designs as well as in vegetable schemes, and some in geometric delineations representing symbolic pre-Christian deities.

With the advent of Christianity, many of the customs of the spring festivals of the pre-Christian era have been adapted by the Ukrainians. Among such traditions, the coloring of the easter egg is deeply rooted. The pre-Christian spring traditions of the ancient Ukrainians seems well fitted in the Christian life, symbolizing the new era in the life of humanity as represented by the everlasting life of Christian teaching.

### Appearance

There is an almost endless variety of various combinations of design, pattern and symphony of colors in the Ukrainian easter eggs. Perhaps the oldest ornamentation of the easter egg is characterized by geometric designs, which are still found to predominate in certain provinces. The vegetable type of design is considered to be of more recent development, which is also found more commonly in other provinces of Ukraine. There are, of course,

Running High Jump—ADAMOW, Frankford. Height: 4 feet 1 inch.

Bar Chinning—SIKORA, Plasts of Phila. 15 times.

### SENIOR GIRLS EVENTS

75 yard Dash—Miss LEBO, Social Club of Elizabeth. Time 10.2 secs.

440 yard Relay—Social Club of Elizabeth, (Kinaczuk, Lebo, Donelik, Elko). Time: 63 secs. flat.

Running High Jump—Miss LEBO, Social Club of Elizabeth. Height: 4 feet 6 inches.

Basketball Throw—Miss ELKO, Social Club of Elizabeth. Distance: 71 feet 6 inches.

many striking combinations of both geometric and vegetable designs on the same eggs. Needless to say many of these designs and patterns have special names and symbolic meanings. A great many of the newer designs are named after week days, sun-rays, stars, flowers, saints and a variety of other things too numerous to mention.

Due to the characteristic conservatism of the Ukrainian people, practically each county and certainly each of the provinces and geographic regions of Ukraine have their own strikingly different designs and color combinations from those of the neighboring provinces. Thus, the designs of the easter eggs of the highlands in the Carpathian regions are entirely different from those of the lowland valleys only a short distance away. The people of the steppe region have in turn their own characteristic designs and patterns. On the whole however, the entire Ukraine and its people is known for its appreciation of beauty as expressed by the intricate designs of Easter Eggs, colorful national costumes, sonorous songs and carefree dances.

### Processes used

The art of making easter eggs is also known among other, and especially Slavic people, but none of them have developed this art to such a high degree of intricacy of design and color harmony as it is among the Ukrainians.

The technique of this work is also very interesting. There are several processes employed in making easter eggs, such as free hand splattering of the design using various colors, scratching the design with a sharp knife on eggs dipped in one color, but the most common process is that resembling the one employed in batik work, which consists of delineation of the skeleton design by applying melted bee wax with a special writer on the white egg, either raw or hard boiled, which is then dipped in the lightest dye, the entire egg will be colored yellow with the exception of the area under the wax which remains white. That part of the design, desired to be yellow in final pattern is then covered with the melted wax and the egg is redyed in the next color. This process is repeated until the design is completely developed as conceived by the Ukrainian women, who are the ones that have developed and preserved this art for centuries. By gently heating the thus finished egg, the wax is removed and one beholds the marvelous free hand tracery of beautiful design and coloration.

The easter eggs are commonly exchanged by the Ukrainian people as they greet each other during the Easter celebration, and are usually consumed during the Easter festivities, though they are often kept from year to year as articles of national art so rich in traditional folk-lore.

Collections of easter eggs constitute one of the most interesting and valuable means in studying typical national handicraft and folk-lore. The ornamentation of the egg suggests the origin as well as the antiquity of the design, the variation of various forms and motifs. The selection and combination of colors suggests the development of taste and the expression of creative thought in the harmonious design developed by the people.

## BATKIVSCHENA

(Continued from p. 2)

"That's good. Here's a dime for tobacco. Go ahead, and I'll see to it that he reaches his destination."

It was with considerable surprise that I listened to these words and wondered why this schoolmaster without inquiring further had taken it upon himself to make all arrangements for me. I approached him and said:

"I have to get to Turki."

"Good, good, but let the guide go," he replied somewhat unconcernedly without even turning around to me, and my guide left us. The native bowed and left also. We two were now left alone.

"Allow me to present myself," I said.

He smiled in a rather forced manner.

"As if I don't know you!" he said. "I recognized you immediately. Don't you recognize me?"

I looked closer at him, but could not recollect ever seeing him. He appeared to be about 36 years old, with a long black beard, somewhat bent, dressed in a white linen shirt and trousers of the same material, with a half-melancholic and half-frightened look about him. His eyes seemed to avoid a direct glance, but when he felt that no one was looking at him they seemed to focus themselves upon something distant, as if seeking something. I continued to regard him closely, but still could not recognize him. He made a wry face, and finally shrugged his shoulders and bowed his head.

"Well no wonder you don't remember me. It's a long time since we saw each other. And you were even at my home. Opanas Morimukh—is my name. Remember?"

"It can't be!" I cried out. "Opanas! No, for the world of me I can't recognize you! How did you ever get to living here? And you teach? In such an out-of-the-way corner! It's so many years that I haven't heard about you... Come, tell me something about yourself."

I showered him with questions, while he lowered his head a little and gazed at me from beneath his brows, as if suspicious of my intentions in questioning him, or perhaps wondering how he could avoid them.

(To be continued).

## UKRAINIAN FARMERS IN THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from p. 3)

encourage or aid the formation of agricultural colonies in America. An individual, having bought a farm in a community that pleased him, informed relatives and friends who followed him. Occasionally these pioneer farmers appealed to their countrymen through the Ukrainian press in America. They pointed to the advantages of farm life as compared with the dangerous and unsanitary conditions in the mines and mills. Their strongest points of appeal were the independence of farmers and the satisfaction of owning land. Such arguments impressed Ukrainian immigrants favorably as they were individualists by nature.

(To be continued)

**SECOND ANNUAL DANCE** sponsored by Y. U. N. and O. D. W. -U. to be held at Ukrainian Hall, 217-219 E. 6th St., New York City, on **SA-TURDAY, MAY 30th, 1936.** Music by John Seman and his Orchestra. Dancing from 8:30 P. M. to 2:00 A. M. Subscription 40 c.