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U. Y. L. N. A. ISSUES CALL TO PARTICIPATE IN FOURTH UKRAINIAN YOUTH'S CONGRESS AND FIRST AMERICAN-UKRAINIAN OLYMPIAD

To Be Held in Philadelphia Over the Labor Day Weekend

The far-reaching process of readjustment which American-Ukrainian life is undergoing on all its fields at the present time gives greatly added importance and significance to the coming Fourth Ukrainian Youth's Congress of America to be held over the coming Labor Day weekend in Hotel Sylvania, Philadelphia, Pa., under auspices of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, — a non-partisan organization founded at the First Ukrainian Youth's Congress held in Chicago in 1933.

Representatives of American-Ukrainian youth, irrespective of their religious or political convictions, will gather at this coming congress and confront themselves with:—what role they are to play in this great readjustment; what planned action they are to take that would perpetuate the achievements of the older generation; along what lines they, the younger generation, can best advance themselves; and, finally, how can they best aid their oppressed kinsmen in enslaved Ukraine regain their national, cultural and economic freedom.

It is indeed a tremendous task that faces the American-Ukrainian youth, and therefore every single American-Ukrainian youth organization, local and national, should have its delegates present at this great congress of American-Ukrainian youth thought, opinion, and action!

Each club should now begin planning to send delegates to this congress. It should further hold during its summer meetings discussions on the various problems confronting our youth today, so that its delegates will be better oriented in them when they will be treated at the congress.

Each organization will have a right to send two delegates. A right to participate in all congress proceedings except the right to vote will be also given to individual young American-Ukrainians.

The congress will consist of two daily sessions: Saturday and Sunday, September 5th and 6th, 1936.

First American-Ukrainian Olympiad

In addition to the congress, however, on Labor Day itself, Monday, September 7th, there will be held the first sport event of its kind in America, the First American-Ukrainian Olympiad, to be sponsored by the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America in conjunction with the United Ukrainian Organizations of Philadelphia. It will be held in Philadelphia too, in one of the largest stadiums in the country. There will be track, field and swimming events, and various other forms of sport competition on the program of this olympiad. Ukrainian youth athletes from all parts of America will participate. We urge all those who intend to take part in it to watch these columns for further information.

Information

All inquiries in regards the congress and the olympiad should be addressed as follows: (1) Congress program committee—Stephen Shumeyko, 97 Boyden Ave., Maple-

BE WHAT YOU ARE

One of our readers recently sent us a clipping from a Polish newspaper published here in America concerning a certain American born Pole candidating for high office in a large Mid-Western municipality. It seems that when the local Poles learned of his candidacy they went to him and urged him to manifest the fact of his Polish descent, to appear more often at Polish affairs, and to take a greater active interest in the life of his people, especially since, as they pointed out to him, all this would serve him in good stead at the polls. To all these urgings the candidate retorted—"I am an American."

It so came to pass that he was defeated. At the next elections he again candidated for office, and seeking to profit by his previous mistake went among his people this time and sought their aid. His advances, however, were repulsed, and he was told plainly that although they would not hinder his candidacy in the least yet because of his attitude at the last elections they would not exert themselves very much to advance his candidacy now.

At about the same time that we received the clipping apprising us of the above, we also received from a contributor to these pages several advertisements clipped from various foreign language newspapers published here in which a certain Ukrainian businessman holds himself out as a Ukrainian, a Pole, Russian, Slovak, etc., depending upon the newspaper in which he advertises.

Both these cases bear interesting implications, especially the first one, which often finds its counterpart among our American-Ukrainians.

We cannot help being curious as to what such a person like that American Polish candidate has in mind when he says "I am an American." Has he any concrete conception of the meaning of the term—American? Does he suppose that by making such a declaration he thereby automatically burns all bridges behind him linking him to his origin? Does he think that he thereby uproots all those qualities and characteristics that have been bred within his personality by a long line of ancestors? Does he not realize that he is but a shoot of a European plant transplanted on the American soil, and that it will take generations before it becomes truly native American? And finally, does it not occur to him that by disowning his origin and deliberately ignoring within himself all those qualities begotten of his ancestors he is guilty of a breach of duty to America, in not cultivating those qualities and introducing their finest elements into American life and culture and thereby helping to improve and enrich the same?

That is: but one line of questions. Another arises when we ask ourselves: into what category do his fellow kinsmen of old country birth fall when he seeks to separate himself from them by calling himself—American? Are they not Americans, too, in the popular sense of the word, just as much as he?

And finally, looking at this case from the point of practical politics, do not many successful public figures owe at least their start in politics to their fellow Irish, or Poles, or Italians?

Now, coming to the second case, of the person advertising himself as being Ukrainian, Polish, Russian, etc. Here we are reminded of that old Ukrainian story where in a gypsy is asked what is his religion, to which he cunningly replies: "And what religion do you want?"

Any person who strives to advance his business or profession by posing as a Ukrainian among Ukrainians, a Pole among Poles, etc., not only displays weakness of character but also incurs the contempt of those whom he seeks to deceive.

It would be far better for him and others of his kind to hold themselves out for what they are.

JOIN YOUR LOCAL BRANCH OF THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION—NOW!

YOUTH TODAY

CAREER CONFERENCE

A "career conference" was opened, on Tuesday, June 23, in the auditorium of James McCreery & Co., under the auspices of the Vocational Service for Juniors. The conference continued through Wednesday and Thursday.

The purpose of the conference was to give to graduating students an insight on business and industry, the training necessary for advancement and what opportunities are now offered for employment.

About 150 high school students, graduates and adults interested in the conference attended the sessions. Governor Lehman in his message to the conference said that the work of the Vocational Service for Juniors is "one of the few agencies which is in a position to furnish adequate vocational information to the young people of New York" at a time when the depression has led to discouragement and maladjustment among youth.

Miss Perkins, the Secretary of Labor, in her message to the Conference said: "We stand at the close of the era of rapid expansion and exploitation of the earth's most accessible treasures. We can no longer go off to rich wildernesses when our problems grow difficult. We must find at home a way to create a stable economic system which will enable each one of us, in reasonable security, to exchange our abilities and our time for the goods and services which enable us to live."

CAMPS FOR CHILDREN!

The Children's Welfare Federation inaugurated a campaign to raise more than \$1,000,000 to send 110,000 needy children of New York City to Summer camps.

Mayor La Guardia endorsed the campaign by issuing a proclamation making this week "Send a Child to Camp Week."

NO MORE ROMANCE IN THE WORLD?

The modern structure of bridges, trains, turbines, and airplanes "reflect the times in which we are living and the psychology of our day—romance, speed, activity and accomplishment," S. C. Hollister, director of the School of Civil Engineering at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, told the Alumni Institute, on June 17.

"We have lost the grace of living as expressed in the delicacy of old buildings," he said, "but there is something hopeful, something of vigor, something to be found in the collaboration of various modern techniques."

wood, N. J.; (2) Congress arrangements committee—Miss Stephanie Monasterska, 2347 Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.; (3) Olympiad Committee—Walter N. Nachoney, 2070 East Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Watch these columns for further information!

Executive Committee of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

(Today's Ukrainian Weekly concluded in the Svboda)

IVAN FRANKO

By S. S.

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

Chowen

In Chowen (Boat), the second of the two poems added in 1880 to his cycle *Excelsior*, Franko portrays himself sailing on the sea of life. The poem resembles somewhat the earlier *Kamenari* in that it expresses a philosophy of life, but whereas the latter pertains to the group, Chowen pertains to the individual. The poem assumes the form of a conversation between a boat and a wave upon which it is sailing. In reply to the latter's question where is it headed for, the boat says:

„Що ж тут думати, що тужити, що питатися про цілі? Нині—жити, завтра—гнитити, нині—страх, а завтра—біль. Кажуть, що природа-мати нас держить, як її там тре. А, вкінці, мене цілого зявав для себе відбере.“

Що ж тут думати? Тримай—то тримай, а візьме—ні в цім, ні в тому не питатиме мене. Непогідний, несвобідний день мій, вік мій: жий чи гинь—Всеодно! Шукати цілі? Вік борись, плясти не кинь!

(So why think, why long, why ask about the goal? Today we live, tomorrow we rot, today—fear, tomorrow—pain. They say that mother-nature does with us as she pleases, and that in the end she'll take me back within her again. So why think? She does as she does, and takes as she takes, and in either case she won't ask me. Forbidding and freedomless is my day, and age: live or die—tis all the same! Look for the goal? Fight eternally, and never stop sailing ahead!)

But to this, the wave, gently murmurs in reply:

„Човне-брате, вітх шукати серед смерті, верх могили—Цей не горе! Гань на море, скільки тут несесь вітрил!“

—Неодин втонув тут човен, та не кожний же втонув, Хочби й дев'ять не вернулись, то десятій повернув І дійшов же до пристані. Та ніде той не дійде, Хто не має цілі. Човне, як плывеш, то знай же, де!

—Таж не все бурхає море, тихее бува частіш. Таж і в бурю не всі човни гинуть —тим себе потіш! А хто знає, може в бурю саме і спасешся-ти? Може тобі саме владеться і до цілі доплисти!“

(O, Boat-brother, to look for joys amidst death and above graves—is no woe! Gaze upon the sea, and see the many sails thereon. Many boats have sunk there, but not everyone, and even though nine didn't return still the tenth one did, and reached its port. But nowhere will one advance who hasn't a goal. O, boat, if you are sailing, then know where you're sailing to. After all, the sea is not always turbulent, more often it is still. And even in a storm all boats do not sink—let this cheer you up! Who knows, but that in a storm you'll find your salvation? Maybe you will even reach your destination!)

Ridne Selo

The above poem is dated June 13, 1880, and immediately the following day there appeared in print the beautiful *Ridne Selo* (Native Village), part of the cycle *Poet*.

In this poem Franko, driven by the winds of misfortune, finds himself once more in his native village. And as he stands there, looking at it, he says:

“And again I see you, my native village, just as I saw you then when my youthful life flowed like that stream yonder amidst the grasses, timidly winding its way among the pebbles. Many little

joys did I learn to know here, but many little sorrows too, that brought out tears upon my cheeks like dew. I did not know what lay beyond your tiny huts, beyond that forest that sighs in the wind around you. And so I often asked the stream where did it flow to, and with my thoughts pursued its ripples far beyond its distant and rushing turn. And the mighty oak in the garden I would ask too: upon whose grave did he flourish so tall and broad? And all the people were so close and dear to me then, and I knew all the paths and roads, and rarely did my soul fly beyond your boundaries out into the wide world.

And then:

Та чи дитям у тобі Я був щасливий? Дух дитячий мій Чиж перших вдарів зла тут не зазнав на собі? Чиж перші золоті надії Не розвіялись тут, мов квіти весняні, Морозом збиті? Чи пориви гарячі Мягкої ще душі сміхом тут не топтались, Докором не душились? Чиж не лились Найперші сльози—тут, найширші, дитячі, Під тиском вчасних ще і не дитячих мук? Хібаж душа моя, ще чиста, ніжна, біла, Тут в рідному селі уперве не щеміла Під дотиском твердих, брудних і грубих рук? Хібаж не почала ще тут всисатись в груди Та твута лютая, що й досі духа тить? Хібаж не в тобі я пізнав сирітство, труди І боротьбу з життям?

(“And yet, as a child was I happy here within you? Did not my childish spirit suffer here the first of the blows of wrong? Did not my first golden hopes wither away here like spring flowers at the coming of frost? Were not the ardent stirrings of my youthful soul trampled upon here by ridicule, or choked by reproaches? Did I not shed my first childish, innocent tears here, because of premature sufferings? Did not my soul, still clean, sensitive, and pure, first feel here the sting of the hard, dirty, and thick hands?

Was it not here that there began to penetrate into my breast that poison that even now stultifies the spirit? Did I not learn here the meaning of an orphan's lot, difficulties, and the struggle with life?”)

And then the poet asks himself why does he feel so sad at the sight of the old familiar scenes, at the sound of the same sighing wind that once lulled him to sleep in his cradle, at the sight and sound of the same stream gurgling and tremulously flowing between its high banks? Is it because he longs for this tense quietude, for this life, or is it because he regrets leaving his village and going out into the wide world; and there amidst thunder and hail seeking to find the healing river of knowledge?

And to this he answers, thus:

О, ні, о, ні! Не того так сьогодні жаль мені, Не тим душа моя так тяжко заболіла, А тим, що тяжче ще пригноба тут засіла На лицьх голови недоля вниз хиляє. Під віддихом її вся радість замірає, І приязнь гасне враз з любовою, Котрої сімя тут мені у серце впало. Оттим то тяжко так мені у тобі стадо. Прошай, село моє! Що тут мене держало, Те щезло; що тепер держить,— Таке важке, що мов гора тяжить На серці. Геть іду—і плачу над тобою.

(“Oh, no, no! It is not this for which I sorrow today, not from this does my heart pain me so, but because an even heavier oppression has settled here upon all faces, while misfortune has bowed down heads, and before its breath all gladness dies out and friendship grows low, together with that love whose seeds have fallen into my heart. It is because of this that I feel so oppressed here within you. Farewell, then, my native village! That which bound me to you—has vanished; that which binds me now makes my heart most heavy. Away I go—weeping over you.”)

(To be continued)

RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

What Chances Has the Word-Hunter?

A professor of English language and literature at Smith College writes in the “*Alumnae Quarterly*” of the waning popularity of literature courses.

“This decline,” she says, “means that women no longer expect to make a merely cultural contribution to life, as mothers or teachers. But it means more than this. It means that there is a considerable change in the general emphasis of living. Art and culture no longer stand on their own, as isolated things. Young people feel strongly these alterations in society which are going on around them.”

“As a result of these feelings they are likely to argue that the pursuit of literature for itself these days is selfish. It doesn't have a strong enough link with the urgent business of tidying up the world. One has no ‘right’ merely to enjoy. One must put the house in order first. This means that recent European history, government and international relations, economic theory, diplomacy, peace, are to the fore in the undergraduate's mind.”

Now with all these changes going on in the study of English (and is it only of English) literature, what chances does a mere word-hunter stand to catch the

eye of the youth greedy for the things significant to life? How can he contribute to the things that cultivate life? How can he even hope to contribute anything to the tendencies of putting the house in order?

“Wearing Well”

One of the readers of my column, writing to the editor of the “*Weekly*,” says: I am waiting with considerable impatience until you come to the matter of idioms. The other day it gave me quite a shock to hear a friend use the same idiom we use in English in speaking of a certain pair of shoes “wearing well.” I always expect the foreigner to use an idiom utterly different from our own... especially when, as in this case, he was using a Slavonic language.”

I do not know what particular Slavonic language the writer of the letter has in mind, but what she says is perfectly true of the Ukrainian.

The transitive verb “wear,” in the sense “to carry on the person,” as a garment, an ornament, means in Ukrainian *носити*, *no-sy-ty* (with the accent of the penultimate). It is this verb's second meaning, the first being simply “to carry” (a load), or rather “to be carrying,” or “to carry often,” as “to carry once” means “нести,” *nes-ty*.

The intransitive verb “wear” is rendered in Ukrainian (and in many other Slavonic languages) by the reflexive, which is a kind of passive form: *носитися*, *no-sy-ty-sya*. To render the idiomatic English phrase “to wear well” is also simple: *носитися добре* is a perfect Ukrainian idiomatic phrase.

Hence “apparel” is called in Ukrainian *ноша*, *no-sha*, i. e., something that is worn.

Out of the verb *носити* are formed some expressive derivatives. *Зносити*, *zno-sy-ty*, means: to finish wearing. In Ukraine, when the parents give their child a new piece of apparel, they wish him, *Зноси здоров!*

The reflexive form, which serves as a form of passive, is *zno-sy-ty-sya*, to be worn off, to finish being worn.

Another Foreigner's Point of View

I am grateful to the author of the letter quoted above for her fine observation of life, namely her statement about the expectation of an American to find the idioms of the English language to be utterly different in a foreign language.

This reminds me of a frank and significant admission of the famous Russian basso, Fedor Ivanovich Chaliapine, in his autobiography entitled “*Pages From My Life*.” He says:

“A Little Russian company appeared in the summer garden theatre (in Ufa). I went to the gardens at once and made the acquaintance of some of the chorus.

I did not quite understand their language. I had heard the Little Russian tongue before, but somehow did not believe that it was a genuine language. I thought people spoke like that ‘intentionally,’ in order to seem different to others. I was surprised to find that there were entire plays performed in this language.”

And thus we have, on one side, the American's expectation to find in the Ukrainian (and in every Slavonic) language his familiar idioms rendered by utterly different words and phrases, and, on the other side, the expectation of the Russian to find the Ukrainian language perfectly intelligible to him. And now you can imagine the results emanating from such expectations and actual experiences: the American finds in foreign languages similarity in idioms, which to him must be an evidence that the human mind works in a similar manner, no matter what language it takes for its vehicle, while the Russian, who should see the similarity more readily than an American, begins, because of his expectation of identity, to suspect the Ukrainians of using a different language intentionally to seem different from Russians. And so the American is drawn to the Ukrainians as those similar to himself, while the Russian is repulsed from them as from those that strive desperately to keep aloof from him.

It does not require much effort to see which attitude is a rational one.

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Choral Music in Ukraine

By PROF. ALEXANDER KOSHETZ

Origin

The art of choral music in Ukraine has its root in the folk polyphony, viz., in the choral manner of singing a song by the broad masses of the people. The origin of the Ukrainian polyphony itself is traced to the prehistoric times in the life of the Slavonic tribes on the banks of the river Dnieper, effused in vocal performances of the religious cult. This mass singing developed through heterophony, i. e., by gradual development of several steady variations of the melodies, which, by the common singing, create a genuine harmony, resembling closely in structure the known to us "counterpoint," but unlike the present European "harmony" the vocal fibre is composed of vertical chords ("accords"), whereas in the heterophony the fibre develops parallelly from the new branches of the same basic trunk of melody. This fact is evidenced by the analysis of the Ukrainian polyphonic folk songs and the singing of them by the people in many voices.

Ritual songs

The best sample of the oldest folk polyphony is the enormous variety of the Ukrainian ritual songs, as for instance the Koliady (carols) and Vesnjanky (spring songs). They represent fragments of the pre-historic religious cult and the first heterophonic attempt in the vocal folk music. These treasures, happily for the men of science and music, have been preserved to our generation in full vigor due to the memory of the Ukrainian people.

Religious cult singing

It is only natural that the level of the religious cult singing developed simultaneously with the religious ritual. In this way, already in the 10th century (988 A. D., the official date of the introduction of Christianity in Ukraine by the Prince Volodimir the Great) the Christian cult singing, brought by Byzantine Greeks, met a strongly developed vocal music with its artistic forms and historical traditions. Prince Volodimir (died in 1015) established in Kiev a choral school in which both musical trends were cultivated, gradually the stronger taking the upper hand. Thus the Greek-Byzantine melodies were transformed into Ukrainian.

Earliest genuine Ukrainian church music

We notice that the first musical church books in the beginning of the 12th century—only one century after the introduction of Christianity—present a totally genuine Ukrainian church music. The newly imported Greek melodies were totally absorbed in an entirely original, genuine Ukrainian melodious treasury, with its roots in the already mentioned pre-historical cult songs, represented in the Koliady and Vesnjanky. When we mention the school of vocal music, established by the Prince Volodimir, it is to stress the high esteem vocal music was held in the ancient times in Ukraine and the fact that it was a choral music the sample of which was Byzantium. There were at that time not only choirs of singers but also their directors, teachers and composers. In Holy Sophia (in Constantinople-Byzantium), for instance, there were two choruses, each consisting of 12 singers, with their own soloists

and directors. Besides, there was a special soloist-artist for "stychyras," called lampadorios.

Pecherska Lavra

The real haven for the steady cultivation of such music became the famous monastery in Kiev, the very well known Pecherska Lavra. To this Lavra we owe the musical edition of this original church music that had been finally formulated in the 12th century. It has been preserved to posterity in a special transcription and received the name of "Znamennyi" (written) in contrast to a non-written, preserved from generation to generation in oral tradition. Thus the "Znamennyi" became unchanged, whereas the unwritten underwent an evolution in various directions, as in Eastern Ukrainian, Western Ukrainian (Galitian), and Subcarpathian-Ruthenian. At present the most beautiful branch of them constitutes the Kiev branch in Pecherska Lavra edition, as it was formulated in the 15th and 16th centuries.

Its music

Even now in the music of Pecherska Lavra we can hear the sound of the choral masses of 15th-16th centuries. It is strikingly original and vigorous, but for the present day musical ear totally new and unusual, starting from structure of the chorus itself: two basses, two tenors and one alto (the melody was by the second tenor). Together with other forms of the religious, but not the church music, known as "Canticles and Psalms," the music of Pecherska Lavra bears witness to the early and highly developed Ukrainian choral culture which in the 17th century gave birth to the compositions for 4, 5, 6, 8, 12, and even 24 voices.

Progress in scientific musical field

It is worth recalling that simultaneously with the development of choral music Ukraine was also very active in the scientific musical field. Already at the close of the 11th century, the musicians of Kiev created their own semi-graphy in musical notes, that resembled the Western European "neums"; the notes being called "kryuky" (runes) in Ukrainian. The musical signs of Kiev, known as "nota adequata," were included in the first 5-lined system, whereas in Western Europe only the 4-lined system prevailed. The work of the eminent Ukrainian theoretician and composer, N. P. Diletsky (born 1630, died 169...) of Kiev constitutes a bridge between Ukrainian and Western music.

Centers of Ukrainian music

Ukrainian choral music attained a high mark in the 16th and 17th centuries when special church schools of music were established as centers of musical culture. The centers existed in Lviv, Kiev, Vilna, Lutzk, Ostrih. These cities were seats of important church organizations, called "church brotherhoods." They organized choirs, composed of students, and held special preparatory courses, musical classes and postgraduate courses in musical composition. The system produced a large number of composers, directors and singers. They are headed by such outstanding men as Diletsky, F. Tarnopolsky, Joseph Zahwoysky, Alexander Mizinetz, Palchevsky and others. The very well known German traveler and author of

the 17th century, Herbinus, after having visited the church of the Kiev Brotherhood and hearing the Holy Liturgy there, expressed his utmost admiration for vocal music, and his preference for it over the Roman songs of Western Church.*

Highest peak of Ukrainian choral and its influence upon European music

The highest peak in choral music was attained in the musical school of Kiev Brotherhood (The Kiev Academy) which became the center of learning not only for Ukraine but for Muscovy and other Eastern European nations of that time as well. After 1654, when Ukraine was united with Muscovy, many of her learned men went to Muscovy and there laid foundations for various centers of learning. All the composers already mentioned, with the great Demetrius S. Bortniansky at their head, were Ukrainians. The choral culture was based on Ukrainian samples and even the Imperial Russian Court Capella of latter days was composed until its very end of Ukrainian singers. Its first director, Mark Poltoratsky, was a Ukrainian, and one of its directors, the famous Bortniansky, systematically ordered the church music of the entire European East. When Ukrainian talented musicians went to study music in Italy in the 17-19th centuries the movement became of greatest benefit for the European musical cause. It produced such Ukrainian composers as B. S. Bezovsky (1745-1777), D. S. Bortniansky (1751-1825), A. L. Wedel (1767-1806), and Turchaninow (1779-1856). The operas of Bortniansky and Bezovsky have captivated Italy, and the name of Bezovsky one can see even today engraved on the marble slab of the Musical Academy of Bologna, Italy. Wedel even surpassed his teacher, the Italian Sarti.

Result of enslavement of Ukraine

This great movement collapsed gradually due to the enslavement of the Ukrainian nation by Imperial Russia, which deprived Ukraine of her best talents. At the close of 19th century the Ukrainian music was again revived by new composers, such as: Markovitch, Hulak-Artemovskiy, Zarembo, Nischynsky, Kocipinsky, Lysenko, Koshetz, Stetzenko, Senitza, Stepoviy, Leontowich, Kozitsky, Verikivsky, Hayday, Demutsky, Yacivnevich, Revutsky and various others.

* The words of Herbinus, as translated from Latin, read: "The Holy God is in far higher and more beautiful veneration with the Greco-Ruthenians (Ukrainians—Ed.) than even with the Romans. The sacred psalms and hymns of the Fathers are being sung every day in churches in the ancient native language in an artistic musical manner in which we distinctly hear discanto, alto, tenor and basso in a most original and sonorous harmony. The common people understand everything that the clergy sings or prays in Slavonic and respond in it. When they joined their voices with that of the clergy and began singing with such harmony and devotion that, when listening to it, I was enraptured into ecstasy, it seemed to me that I was in Jerusalem and saw the primitive Christian gathering there, and caught its spirit too, I was compelled to glorify the Son of God in simplicity of the Ruthenian Salms among tears and according to the symbol of the divine Ambrosius and Augustine, I ejaculated: "Full are the heavens and earth of the majesty of Thy glory."

(Herbinus, Religiosae Kyovensis Cryptae, sive Kyovia Subterranea, Jena, 1675).

Present revival

When the great European War brought the revival of the Ukrainian nation and the independent Ukrainian National Republic was established (1917) the Ukrainian Government prompted at once the organization of musical school and institutions. Upon the initiative of the head of the Government, Simon Petlura (assassinated in Paris in 1926) the Ukrainian National Chorus was created. Guided by its director, Prof. Alexander Koshetz, it went on a European, and afterwards on a world tour to popularize the reborn nation among the various races. It drew the attention of the whole cultured world and won the highest praise of the greatest musical authorities in twelve languages. It toured the United States of America in 1922-1924, winning also the highest recognition of the American musical world for its unsurpassed choral art. The reorganized Ukrainian Chorus with Prof. Alexander Koshetz as its conductor paid on behalf of the Ukrainian population of the United States a tribute to George Washington, at the occasion of the 200th anniversary of his birth in 1932, by touring the large American centers in the Eastern States.

The recent Carnegie Hall concert

The concert of Ukrainian Church music in Ukrainian and in Old Slavonic languages in Carnegie Hall on May 31st, 1936 has for its object to present samples of the ancient chants, canticles and songs, as mentioned at the beginning, as well as samples of the compositions of the great composers of latter days. Since the Metropolitan (Primate) of the Ukrainian Catholics, the Archbishop of Lviv, Andrew Sheptytsky, is a great protector of Ukrainian art, the concert in his honor is considered a small tribute to this Great Churchman from his nationals, his admirers and from the music loving people at large.

(The foregoing is reprinted from the program book of the concert of Ukrainian church music given on May 31, 1936, at Carnegie Hall in honor of Metropolitan Sheptytsky by the United Ukrainian Folk Choruses under the direction of Prof. Alexander Koshetz. The booklet, containing other interesting material and pictures of the choruses, can be obtained from Mr. T. Kaskiw, 600 High St., Newark, N. J. Price—25cents.)

NEWS BRIEFS

Professor Alexander Granovsky of the University of Minnesota will take charge of the U. M. Forestry and Biological Station at Itasca Park during the coming summer quarter, August 3—Sept. 5, 1936. Prof. Granovsky specializes in Entomology and Economic Zoology. He has several times contributed to these pages.

Thanks to the efforts of the youth members of branch No. 375 of the Ukrainian National Ass'n the Periodical Department of the Philadelphia (Pa.) Public Library, the third largest in the world, now contains issues of the Svoboda and the Ukrainian Weekly.

The Ukrainian University Society recently donated \$1500 to the Obyednanye for the relief of Ukrainian victims in the flood regions.

BÄTKIVSCHENA

By IVAN FRANKO

(To be concluded) (Translated by S. S.)

VII

Opanas became silent. I looked up at him. His face was deathly pale and his eyes swimming with tears.

"Opanas!" I cried out. "That's enough! Your recollections have stirred you entirely too much. Come, let's go to bed, or you're liable to get sick yet."

"Don't worry," he reassured me. "I won't get sick. On the contrary, it will make me feel even better, for you have no idea how good it feels to unburden myself from something that I have never told anyone before. For ten whole years I have remained silent on this subject, and it's been like a stone on my heart. And now when I have such a sympathetic listener before me, I must tell it. Unless, of course, you are tired from your journey and would rather go to bed."

"No, certainly not!" I assured him. "One would have to be made of wood to think of sleep while listening to such a story as yours."

"Now, now, no compliments, please," he smiled, drying his eyes. In a more cheerful tone he continued:

"There really is not much to tell. The end of my story is not very interesting, and can be easily foreseen. Right the very next day I went to my home town, examined my batkivschena which my parents had willed to me, and then quietly began looking for a buyer. My neighbors all were very glad to see me and rejoiced in the thought that I would remain with them; none of them knew of the turmoil within my soul. Finally I found a buyer, the local Jewish saloon-keeper, and sold to him my batkivschena for five thousand dollars. My face fairly burned with shame when I signed the deed, but I had no other choice: my love for Kitty was too great to permit even the slightest change in my plans. The recollection of our agreement, and the realization that she was awaiting me with her warm embraces and ardent kisses, her beauty and charm,—was enough to dispose of the slightest doubts I might have entertained as to the wisdom of what I was doing. And therefore I felt no sorrow at all when after the sale I quit the village, like a thief; all that I felt was the money in my pocket, and the love for Kitty within my heart. And although I outwardly cowered when the indignant villagers escorted me out of the village with oaths, curses and clouds of dirt, still inwardly I felt no sorrow, no anger, no shame; for thoughts of Kitty had effectively screened me from the whole world, changed my usual feelings, and satisfied all my wants.

Finally the fateful evening arrived. Trembling with excitement I hurried over to her home. Suppose she had fooled me! Suppose she had left L'viv without me! What then? I grew cold at the thought. Finally I reached her house, and looked up. Yes, her apartment was lit!—she had not left! Like a whirlwind I dashed up the stairs, knocked at the door and without waiting for a reply, dashed in. She was sitting on a trunk, dressed in a travelling outfit, with her eyes turned towards the door. Her face was pale, very pale, and her eyes burning.

"Here I am!" I cried, breath-

lessly. "And here it is—take it!"

And I laid before her the five thousand dollars. She smiled and waved her hand.

"Hide it," she said. "I was waiting for you. See, I am all ready to go. Ring for the janitor, and have him call a cab."

I did as she bid and then turned to her.

"Suppose I had not come, suppose I had been a half-hour late, would you have left without me?"

"Of course," she answered shortly.

I took her hand. It was cold, like ice.

"What's the matter with you? Are you sick?" I asked.

She did not reply.

"Kitty! My life!" I exclaimed.

"Tell me, perhaps you loathe me?"

"Perhaps you are sorry that I came? Did you want to go alone, without me? If so, then go ahead, and here's the money, too. I won't hinder you in the least."

I laid the money on the table before her. With a gentle movement she pushed it aside, and then smiled—it seemed to me, through tears—and taking my face within her hands drew me close to her and kissed me on the forehead, saying:

"How foolish you are! Can't you understand? I was really beginning to think that you wouldn't come, that your batkivschena was stronger than your love for me. Of course, if you hadn't come I would have left anyway, but only with one intention.

"What intention?"

"That is my secret."

"Tell me it."

"But why?"

"But why? So that I would know."

"Since you insist so much, then I'll tell you. I had full intention of—throwing myself under the train wheels."

I seized her within my arms, as if someone was about to tear her away from me.

"Kitty, my dear," I cried out. "Why should you want to do that?"

"Because there was nothing else I could do. And therefore remember well that by coming to me today you have saved me from..."

Before she could say any more, I covered her lips with kisses.

That very same evening we were married, and then took a cab over to the railroad station.

"Where are we going to?" I asked.

"And what's that to you?" she answered somewhat sharply. "We shall go where I please. Now you are mine and I shall do with you what I please, until—"

"Until what?"

"Until I desert you! Ha-ha-ha! Does that sound terrible to you?"

"No, it doesn't."

"Do you love me, nevertheless?"

"I do."

"Well, then, mind well. For I shall be a hard school for you."

We reached the station just in time to catch an express for Vienna. She bought two second-class tickets, slipped something into the conductor's hand, and when the train started we had a compartment all to ourselves. No sooner had he closed the door than she flung her arms around my neck, exclaiming happily:

"Well, now begins our honeymoon."

We arrived in Vienna the following morning. My mind and emotions were in a turbulent state, but Kitty—she appeared as if nothing unusual had transpired. She called the porter, ordered him in the clearest Viennese dialect to get a cab for us, and soon we were at a hotel. There we took two rooms and there I lived the four happiest days of my whole life. It's really impossible for me to even attempt to describe to you those days. In fact, such things are not even told, and he who hasn't lived through such an experience could never understand any account of it, no matter how able and complete it was; and what is more important, everyone who has lived through such a wonderful experience has done so in his own inimitable way. Kitty showered me with all her charms and beauty, with all the qualities of her good, truly golden heart, and of her unusually fine intellect. Every moment of my stay with her uncovered for me some new facet of her personality. Not even one little cloud, not one misunderstanding, not even one discord marred the perfect picture that those four days left forever within my heart. She seemed to dedicate her entire self wholly to me. And her behavior towards me—it was of such a simple and yet delicate tone that for the first time in my life I realized, to what great heights civilization can elevate a person, especially a woman. Reverently my whole being bowed low before this civilization, and I resolved to dedicate myself in its service throughout my whole life, and help disseminate at least those qualities of it that I had been fortunate enough to capture. And often, looking at Kitty and loving her so, I would ask myself, by what right do I, a poor student, dare to revel with such a pearl of the human race?

Yet there were certain riddle-like, secret elements within personality, certain unseen stirrings, like the powerful pulsations of some hidden forces, that slightly puzzled me. Many times I asked her to enlighten me, to open her heart to me, to share with me that which seemed to trouble and oppress her. But to all my pleadings she would smile gently, fondle my chin, and say:

"Now, now, my little fool. Enough of that!"

And then she would sit down by the piano, strike several chords and begin singing. She sang and played marvelously—never before or ever since have I heard anything more enchanting. One song she seemed particularly fond of—perhaps she had composed it herself. It ran as follows:

В день мене любить
Сонце в просторі,
Яж покохала
Нічній зорі.

Б день мене сонце
Цілує в очи,
Серденькож прагне
Темної ночі.

Як би я мала
Над сонцем силу,
Яб його вклала
В темну вогню.

Яб заміняла
Сонце за свічку,
Всі дніб віддала
За одну нічку.

And when the last note of this song would die out from her lips, she would impetuously dart to me, kiss and hug me, murmuring all the while:

"Do you understand now? Understand? Do you now know what I am? Well then, don't ask me any further."

THE HOBBY COLUMN

We present an article written by Miss Olga Segin of 135 West Thompson Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

COOKING

Perhaps my hobby will prove to be more interesting to the girls than it will to the boys. However, I shall try not to bore the boys who read this... that is, of course, if any do.

For almost a year I have been collecting recipes and pictures showing how to arrange different kinds of foods. I know how to cook quite a few Ukrainian dishes.

Many girls cook very well but some of them do not bother to decorate their vegetables and other foods. One will perhaps say: "If the cooking is good why waste time putting a few radishes or parsley here and there to make the cooking more appetizing?" How much more tasteful is your grapefruit when a cherry is placed in the center of it? How much more appetizing are your peas when a few dried carrots are mixed with them so as to add color?

Sometime you may have a visitor drop in to see you. Naturally you invite him to dine with you. Perhaps he will say: "Thank you, but I am not very hungry." But... when he sees the way you have prepared your dinner, I am sure that he will change his mind about not being hungry very quickly.

The next time you make your lettuce and tomato salad try mixing a small quantity of sugar and water to the vinegar. You will be amazed at the difference it makes.

For those who are interested I will give my cream puff recipe. Cream puffs are easily made and they always turn out good. Take a half cup of water and a quarter cup of butter; place this in a sauce pan and cook until the boiling point is reached. Then add a half cup of flour and stir vigorously or until the mixture forms a ball. Remove from the fire and add two unbeaten eggs, one at a time; beat the mixture thoroughly. Drop by spoonful on a greased pan, about an inch and a half apart. Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. When cool, fill with cream filling. This recipe makes four or five large cream puffs.

I will be more than pleased to answer any cooking questions, and am willing to help others with their cooking.

We now present a burlesque on hobbies, submitted by a Philadelphian who signed himself "Olexious." This amusing contribution reads as follows:

DOLLAR BILLS

My greatest hobby is saving one-dollar bills. The more I get the more I want, but is seems that I cannot save them very long for somehow or other they slip away. I like my new hobby very much and aim to accumulate thousands of dollar bills.

Won't my dear friends help me out by sending all their spare dollar bills to me? This way it will prove profitable and interesting. Incidentally, I do not save counterfeit bills. How many shall I expect to receive soon? Please don't all rush at once, you big-hearted friends, but every time you have a spare bill just mail it to me. Thanks!

All contributions to this column should be sent to
THEODORE LUTWINIAK,
81-83 Grand Street
Jersey City, N. J.

I did not understand, nor did I care to understand after that. But one thing I did realize, however, and that was that such moments of ecstatic happiness as I was going through, could not last very long.

(To be concluded)