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THE MOST ABSURD NONSENSE

One of our readers from Passaic, New Jersey, recently sent us for examination a book printed in English and apparently published in Passaic (for there is no mention of the publisher in it) bearing the title "The Most Useful Knowledge For The Orthodox Russian-American Young People." It is "compiled by: V. Rev. Peter G. Kohanik," of Passaic, "for the enlightenment of all Russian-American Orthodox Young People in their social and religious training," and contains "concise discussions . . . about the origin of 'Ruthenianism' and 'Ukrainism'." The compiler assures the reader that, "Equipped with such useful knowledge, the Russian-American Orthodox Young People can face any Religious or Political adversary with a ready answer . . ."

Glancing through the book, which contains close to eight hundred pages, one does not know whether to laugh or cry at the lengths a human mind will go to pervert, distort and falsify facts, for those sections dealing with the Ukrainian people (we did not read the others) are packed with the most absurd and muddled nonsense it has ever been our misfortune to lay eyes upon.

The compiler of this book, for example, reproduces some excerpts from the Svoboda (of which the Ukrainian Weekly is the supplement) as "documentary evidence" of the "historical development of the senseless 'Ukrainian' separatism in America . . ." coloring this "evidence" in a manner to suit his ends. In another section he declares that "'Ukrainism' is a senseless political invention imposed upon the Little Russians of Galicia by the Austro-Polish-German politician's in cooperation with the Archbishop Shepticky, Metropolitan of the Uniat Church in Galicia." Ukrainian history for this compiler is "unexisting." The Ukrainian language is a "jargon," which "Hrushevsky compiled" as a "linguistic scheme . . . to denationalize the four million Little Russians of Galicia." Furthermore, "In 1863, 'Ukrainism' existed only on paper, in some political documents, but when Shepticky took charge of the 'Ukrainisation', after 1890, in became a fanatical political force." Then too: "'Ukrainism' was originated by the Poles." And so on, and so on. Need we quote any more?

To attempt to answer the above and the other nonsense contained in these sections dealing with the Ukrainian people, would be nothing short of folly. We feel quite inclined to drop into the parlance of prize fighters and say to this compiler: "Get a reputation before we take you on," before we deign to refute your absurdities.

Really, though, we are uncertain as to which should surprise us more: whether it be the compiler's ignorance on the matters he writes concerning the Ukrainian people, or whether it be his boldness in attempting to impart to the "Orthodox Russian-American young people" all this twaddle and falsehood about the nation of which are descended those to whom his book is addressed.

What is more amazing is that this book was published in 1934, at a time when Moscow itself, the most implacable enemy of Ukrainianism and the moving force behind all Russophilism, has long ago been forced to recognize the Ukrainian people as a distinct nationality, with their own national traditions, culture and language. And we do not even bother to go into the various pronouncements of leading Russian institutions before the war, such as that of the Russian Imperial Academy of Sciences at Petrograd in 1905, to the effect that Ukrainian is a language independent of Russian, a pronouncement that denounced the myth of the "Pan-Russian" language of which Ukrainian had been declared a dialect.

It is all the more amazing in view of the fact that the world wide press, including American, constantly refers to the Ukrainians as an independent nationality; when American historians, such as the recently deceased

YOUTH TODAY

MARRIAGE MORE ECONOMIC?

Married students at the University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore., decided to form an organization to be known as the T. C. L. A. C. A. (the initials standing for "Two Can Live As Cheaply Association.")

The members of the organization determined to prove co-operatively the old saying quoted in the name of the Association. The club will promote social affairs for young married couples, appoint committees to study individual problems, and work out plans for cooperative purchasing of commodities.

A TRUE PICTURE OF AMERICAN PARENTS?

In her article in a Rome, Italy, newspaper, Miss Daisy di Carpenetto, Italian novelist, says:

"It is strange and sad for us Italians to observe how the happiness of children counts for less than the egoism of the mother and father."

She also says:

"The freedom granted her (the American woman), which we have sometimes considered excessive, is a necessity arising from her training. Every girl of 18 years is free to live in the most absolute and fullest sense of the word. She knows no restraints or prohibitions and admits no control. Her spiritual independence results, in a large measure, from

her economic independence."

Miss di Carpenetto says she bases her remarks on her observations made during an American tour. It would be interesting to compare these remarks with the observations of American girls who live the typical life of an American girl.

WHAT VALUE HIGH SCHOOL STUDY?

American high school education is softening and degenerating, Dr. John L. Tildsley, Assistant Superintendent of New York City Schools, told the annual convention of the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, held in Atlantic City, New Jersey, on November 26.

Young boys and girls receive freedom to choose their course of study before they have so disciplined their powers as to be truly free. Some 20 to 40 per cent of pupils entering high schools have lying credentials saying that the pupils have satisfactorily completed the work of the lower schools. These pupils are incapable of doing, or at least not prepared to do, any work that has been thought of as secondary school work.

"So the principal finds it necessary to emasculate the subjects," Dr. Tildsley said, "to reduce the contents, simplify the teaching, lessen the educational value—and then finds the pupils cannot grasp even this mere shadow of the once honored subjects. So he introduces new subjects and free electives for everybody."

Herbert Adams Gibbons, deplore the attempts to becloud Ukrainian identity and aspirations; when such an outstanding Russian-American historian as Prof. George Vernadsky of Yale devotes a goodly portion of his recently-published "Political and Diplomatic History of Russia" to a sympathetic treatment of the Ukrainian national movement; when even the American Government has recognized the Ukrainian nationality in its census reports; and when, finally, but only a few years ago this same Government granted to the Ukrainians the right to have their national exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair Exhibition, thereby making the Ukrainians the only exception to its enforced rule that only those nationalities were to be allowed to exhibit there that had their own sovereign state. And Rev. Kohanik has the temerity to call Ukrainianism "a senseless political invention"!

To deviate for a moment. Since the World War we all have been bombarded with various explanations why America entered the war. Among those that gained most popularity were: "to fight for democracy," and "those 'Wall Street Bankers' drove us in." Well, dear readers, perish all such thoughts now, for at last we have the real reason,—as set out on page 761 of this "Knowledge" book, where it is stated that "'Ukrainism' and its promoters deserve no assistance, neither sympathy in their senseless work from the real spirited Americans." Why do you ask? Because those villains, those "Ukrainian politicians during the World War . . . signed an odious and separate peace with them (the Austro-Germans), betraying the Entente and Russia" and that—

"This betrayal on the part of the Ukrainian politicians FORCED THE UNITED STATES to enter the war (compiler's caps), on the Allies' side, and lose over 80,000 of its best sons and billions in money."

Just a reminder to V. Rev. Peter G. Kohanik:—The Ukrainian National Republic, its diplomatic ties established with France, England, and Japan, concluded this "odious" treaty of peace with Germany in February, 1918. America entered the war on April 6, 1917.

IVAN FRANKO

By S. S.

(29)

Third Cluster of "Withered Leaves"

Вона умерла; Слухай! Бам! Бам-бам!
Це в моїм серці дзвін посмертний
давонить.

Вона умерла! Мов тяжезний трам.
Мене цілого щось додолу клонить.
Щось горло дуцяє. Чи моїм очам
Хтось видер світло?... Хто це люто
говить

Думки з душі, що в собі біль за-
перла?

Сам біль? Вона умерла! Вмерла!
Вмерла!

— — — — —

І як це я ще досі не вдурів?

І як це я гляджу і не осліпну?

І як це досі все те я стерпів

І у петлю не кинувся коніпну?

Аджеж найкращий мій вогонь згорів!

Аджеж тепер по-вік я не окріпну!

По-вік каліка! Серце гадь пожерла,
Сточила думи всі! Вона умерла.

Лиш біль страшний, лекучий в серці
там

Все заповнив, усю мою істоту.

Лиш біль і це страшенно: бам, бам,
бам,

А сліз нема, ні крові, ані поту.
І меркне світ довкола, і я сам

Лечу кудись в бездонну стужу й
слоту.

Ридать! Кричать! — та горло біль
запер.

Вона умерла! — Ні, це я умер.

She has died!—No, tis I who
have died.

In this one line lies the very
essence of the third cluster of
Franko's lyric drama "Withered
Leaves" (*Zhyviale Lystya*). The
poet's beloved has given herself
to some one else, and this he
regards as the very death blow
to his spirit.

Where the first cluster of this
collection was a cry of pain,
and the second cluster was the
cult of pain, this third cluster
is freedom from pain—of pain
begotten of unrequited love.

In it the poet loses all desire

to enjoy life and its pleasures.
Yet for awhile he is capable of
a feeling of hatred towards every-
thing pertaining to life, although
this hatred borders very closely
on resignation.

Ненавиджу я нині вас (зорі)
Ненавиджу красу і силу
І світло й пісню і життя,
Ненавиджу любов, чуття,
Одно люблю лиш — забуття,
Спокій, безпам'ятну могилу.

But then comes resignation:

Даремно битися, працювати
І сподіватись і бажати!
Пропала сила всь моя.
Лиш чорних мар гуляє згряя
І resignation безкрая
Засія в серці як зм'яя.

The poet is now quite close to
a state of complete apathy—a
refuge to all earthly sorrows. In
fact, he is very close to a state
of Nirvana, where all desire of
existence and worldly good is
extinguished, where lies the salva-
tion from the evils of existence.
For he feels that all his strivings
and labors merely hasten his
earthly end and bring him thorns

instead of roses, so that it is of
no use to value life. Despite
this Buddhist-like reasoning, how-
ever, he cannot bring himself to
live in this manner, for he is
a poet!

(Кожна пісня моя
Віку мого день,
Протерпів її я,
Не зложив лишень!)

That means that his suffering
and sorrow must therefore find
expression in poetry, must call out
within him a reaction against the
buffetings of life and thereby
prevent him from falling into
complete apathy and denying life
itself.

Та в серці моєму поет
Бунтується, плаче, мов дитя.
Для нього ти краса життя,
Струя чуття, пісень нора —

For the poet within him rebels
against the destruction of the
ideals of life and love, against
the death of all emotion, hopes,
sufferings, against the indifference
to life's manifestations.

(To be Continued)

ORISIA

By Pantaleon A. Kulish

Translated by Helene Kinash Sigler

(2)

(Concluded)

The girls are listening and be-
come sad: Orisia listens, and is
afraid to look at the stones, which
have spread out in a heap across
the river. Already it seems to
her that it is not really stones,
and that the water murmurs some-
how, not quite like water . . .

Old Hriva made the girls
entirely sad. They do not know
whether to wash the clothes, or
return home: only they are
ashamed of old Hriva: for he
glances at them and smiles. They
used to like to wash in deep
waters, placing a board across
from stone to stone, but now,
they moved away from the cliff
to where the water has not quite
reached the stones and is calm
and clear like the surface of a
mirror. And, indeed, just like in
the mirror, one sees in the water,
the sky and the cliff with the
gnarly roots intertwined with hops,
and curly hawthorne, which grow
over the very edge and spread
out its green paws over the river.

Orisia looks into the water;
and it seems that something
appeared in the water; as if
someone rode over the thicket on
a grey steed and stood amidst the
hawthorne. She is afraid to look
up for fear that someone might
really be there; she is afraid to
look at the stones too, it seems
to her that in the twinkling of
an eye, the enchanted bisons will
roar and push on across the river.
She pulled at the sleeve of an-
other girl and pointed to the
water. The girls look down and
lo, a prince on a grey steed
stands on top of Tur's Cliff.
They became speechless. For
who could say that it was not a
prince, all in crimson, and gold
even drips from his sash?

It seemed that the cossack was
not less surprised, he sits on his
horse, motionless. For who
wouldn't be stupified, having
landed on such a cliff? Down
below, water flows over the
stones, and by it sits, motion-
less, on a stone, an old grey-
haired man, and there stand
motionless girls with washing-
paddles and wet clothes in their
hands. Are they girls, or per-
haps mermaids who have swum
out to wash shirts for their
under-water king, who lives in a
crystal palace under the water?
It is perhaps, he himself, who

came out of the water to warm
up his old bones in the sun?
Once again the cossack looks at
the grey-haired old man, once
again he looks at the girls: their
sleeves are rolled up to the
elbows, their skirts and red-and-
blue embroidered aprons are
tucked in at the waist-line . . .
Gold does not shine so in costly
rings, as their white feet shine
in the water and over the water.
The cossack stares, and himself
stands motionless; when old
Hriva shouts at him: "Hey! Hey,
cossack! What has ever brought
you to this cliff? Perhaps you
want to rinse out your crimson
in the Trubailo?"

As soon as he spoke, he seemed,
at once, to have broken some
magic spell. The girls, ashamed
of themselves, began to beat
clothes with their paddles.

The cossack answers the old
man: "Thank God for that, that
I even came as far as the cliff.
Tell me, kindly, grandpa, how
will I reach Witovtsi from here?"

"What takes you to Witovtsi?"
"Through Witovtsi" he says
"lies my destination."

"My road—to someone's door-
step, my path—to someone's
heart."

"I see," says old Hriva, "may
God help you in your good deed.
Here is the way you should go.
Take the lower course along the
bank, and there, a bit lower will
be your road; by that little road
you will reach a small river.
There is even a little foot-bridge
over that river, you cannot cross
it in a wagon, but with a horse,
a skilled cossack, will fly through."

The cossack thanked him for
the directions, turned his horse
and disappeared among the trees.

When he was out of sight, then
and only then, did the girls be-
come alive; they drew the
cossack as on a piece of paper:
what eyes, and what eye-brows,
and how he talks, and how he
smiles. One says: "That's your
fated-one" and the other: "That's
yours." And another one added:
"Do not quarrel girls, in vain;
is such a handsome prince your
equal? He is fated to our miss."

Orisia blushed. "You must be
out of your mind, Paraska," she
says "Did you not hear what he
said to grandpa?"

She felt sorry, and does not

know herself why, that he is
going a-courting. The maiden's
heart is softer than wax; it
melts under cossack's eyes, like
under the sun . . .

"What of it" says Paraska,
"that he is going a-courting?
You cannot ride around your
fated-one even with a horse!"

VI.

The girls washed the shirts,
put them on the wagon, covered
them with green, fresh smelling
grass, got in themselves, and rode
home, fresh and jolly; they
twittered like swallows. The
wagon had not yet reached
"sotnik's" homestead, when it was
already known that they were
returning.

"Orisia, our mistress!" shouted
the girls as soon as the gates
were opened. "Whose grey horse
is standing in the grounds? He
belongs to that cossack that we
saw, to your prince, to your
fated-one!"

Orisia looks and her heart
burns like fire. Whether she was
frightened or glad, she did not
herself know.

The young cossack looked out
of the window of the main-room:
a wagon drawn by old horses with
an old grey-haired driver rolls
into the grounds; green grass is
slipping down at the sides and is
whipped by the wheels; and
beyond the grey beard of old
Hriva, beyond white winter,
summer blushes—a wagon, full of
girls in flowers and beads—Orisia
like the sun among them! He
looked out and clapped his hands.
"It is she, it is she!" Then he
began directly to speak forth to
"sotnik," who he is, and why he
came. Who he is, that "sotnik"
knew already long ago, a young
commander of Cossacks from
Mirhorod, a scion of a fine and
wealthy family. Why he came?
He came to see for himself what
the famed Orisia looked like,
what sort of a daughter "sotnik"
Tavolha had, who was known
through the whole Zaporozhe
(Cossack's State) for her beauty;
and having seen and shown him-
self, to find out whether she has
stored away embroidered towels
in the chest . . . Whatever
"sotnik" had wished for, and what
he had worried about, that came
to him but of a clear sky. Not
contemplating long, he called
Orisia to himself. She entered,
red as a cherry.

"Here, Orisia, is a suitor for
you! Is he acceptable to you or

will you wait for a handsomer
one?"

Would she say at least a word,
or even raise her eyes? No, she
stands still, the poor one, with
her head lowered.

Her sire-father sees that he
cannot expect an answer from
her—for where in the world
would a girl tell what is in her
thoughts? Her eyes perhaps, will
tell, but not she herself. Sire-
father took that in consideration,
and says: "How is it possible not
to fancy such a cossack? Embrace
and kiss each other, and may God
bless you!"

The cossack embraced Orisia,
and kissed those lips which are,
as if made of very honey, and
they both bowed low to the sire-
father.

Whether many guests came to
the wedding, whether they were
lavishly entertained, whether they
danced till the wee hours, that
is not our affair to relate.

I saw Orisia just before the
wedding; she was as beautiful as
a flower. I saw her again in a
year's time, in Mirhorod—she be-
came even more beautiful after
marriage, and she has a baby like
a God's star! Many times have
I thought, looking at her: "She
is God's glory and not a woman!
What if some genius would paint
her just as she is, with a tiny
baby in her arms! What a
picture it would be!"

(Written September 7, 1844, in
Khudorkov, at the home of Svidzin-
sky, having read the sixth ode of
Odyssey.)

ALIENS

You seed, of a scattered race,
Flung into this whirling space;
Struggling against its maddening
pace,

From native heath, unwillingly
torn;

From your deserved inheritance,
cruelly shorn.

Living in a shell apart from each
other,

Nourished by prejudice that keeps
one from another;

Unable to see each other as
brother.

A tree, when young is easy to
bend,

Swayed, by false differences, it
will wither in the end.

Lift your branches to the sun,
You aliens, in alien land born;
For your old life do not mourn.
Stretch new roots into fertile soil,
Grow whole again in united toil.

WALTER MICHAELSON.

WHO CONTROLS YOUR INSURANCE MONEY

The oldest method of organizing an insurance enterprise was to make the insured contribute the funds necessary to manage the business and to pay the obligations as they fall due.

When the corporate form of doing business became popular, with the development of capitalism, this form was applied to the organization of life insurance. Life insurance then became like any other kind of business: the entrepreneurs would collect money necessary to start the business and to carry it on until the insured paid in enough to carry on the business. After the business was established, whatever remained above the carrying expenses and provisions for reserves, was considered an income of the stockholders, to be distributed among them as dividends.

Gradually it dawned upon the people that the surplus in a life insurance company was not like a surplus in a commercial or industrial enterprise: it became known that the surplus was really an overcharge. It came to be considered not fair to distribute such overcharges among the stockholders. The surplus was considered the property of the insured, and if it should be returned to anybody, it should be returned to the insured and not to the stockholders.

In time companies came to be organized based upon this principle that the surplus should be turned over to the policyholders. Such a company is called a mutual life insurance company. The management of such a company is in the hands of a board of directors, but those directors are not elected by the stockholders, as in a regular joint-stock company, but by the policyholders.

Under the usual procedure in such mutual life insurance companies, every policyholder may attend the general meeting of the company, and vote there. He may vote in person or by proxy, occasionally also by mail.

Though in principle this looks like an organization based upon broad democratic principles, in practice this works in such a way that only a very small section of the mass of policyholders attend such meetings or vote at them. As a rule a handful of them attend such meetings and pass upon the business, including the election of the board of directors.

The organization of fraternal benefit orders, such as the Ukrainian National Association, constitutes further improvement upon this scheme of organization. The fraternal benefit order is composed not of loose disconnected members, but of members organized into branches, i. e. local groups, each with a governing body of its own, charged with the duty of collecting the dues and forwarding them to the central organization. Such a branch elects for the general convention of such a central organization, a delegate to represent the local, to decide the policies of the central organization, and to elect the central board of directors.

Thanks to this organization of branches and to its representative system, the members have a real and effective voice in the management of the organization. The control of the insurance funds is here actually in the hands of the dues-paying members.

JOBLESS

Without a job, but hopeful
Roaming through the streets
Looking for work everywhere
But treading hopeless beats.

Worn-out, tired, blue, disheartened
Days of search gone by
We sink at last and give up hope
And no more do we try.

MARY SARABUN.

RUSSIAN... RUTHENIAN... UKRAINIAN...?

(Continued)

Among our people in the old country, there is not one folksong in which the term "Rus'" is used. That is the best proof how popular the term "Ukraina" became and to what degree it overshadowed the old term "Rus'."

Muscovy Appropriates the Name "Rossia"

There was also another reason, why the term "Rus'" disappeared so rapidly in the 18th and 19th centuries. It has to do with the policy of the Tsar Peter I (called "the Great"). After the battle at Poltava (1709) in which the Hetman of Ukraine, Ivan Mazepa, and his ally Charles XII, king of Sweden, were defeated, Tsar Peter accepted the very peculiar title of the "Emperor and Tsar of All the Russias" (Imperator i Tsar Vsyekh Russyey). It means—he proclaimed himself to be the successor of the Empire of the old "Russia" (Rus') of Kiev.

His idea was to incorporate the Ukraine into his Tsardom and to assimilate her with Muscovy into one whole. A common religion, church rite, calendar and alphabet as well as the old slavonic church language was to help the process of blending both nationalities into one. To the same end was to serve the common state name "Rossia" (Россія), introduced by Peter the Great, with the adjective "russkiy." Under this artificial term "Rossia" both Muscovy and the old "Rus'" (Ukraine) were to become amalgamated.

It is highly significant that Tsar Peter I did not call his Empire by the old name "Rus'." He felt quite clearly that it would be impossible to convince his people (the Muscovites) as well as the outside world that Muscovy is "Rus'." To everybody "Rus'" was situated to the south of Muscovy and was identical with the Ukraine. But an entirely new name—Rossia—that was another thing! So a "Rossia" was promulgated. The foreigners at first wondered, some of them (e. g. France) even protested in a diplomatic way. Finally, however they became used to that term and started to use it themselves, for Muscovy now united with Ukraine ("Rus'" of old) in one Empire. They used it in the form "Russia"—the more that the old "Russia" (Rus') of South was incorporated in that Empire. Gradually Western Europeans (and with them Americans) lost the distinction between "Russia" of old and "Russia" (Rossia) of the new pattern as well as between "Russia" proper and Muscovy. They started to consider both countries (Muscovy and Ukraine) as one—just one big, large immense Russia. . . . A complete political mix-up was thus accomplished.

The Origin of the Term "Rossia"

Here is the place to explain the etymological origin of the term "Rossia." It is nothing else than one more variety of the old root "Rus'"; a Byzantine—Greek form used by the Chancery of the Patriarchs of Constantinople for the designation of old "Rus'."

After the complete destruction of Kiev by the Tartars (1240 A. D.) the province of the Metropolitans of Kiev split in two—one in the South with the see at Halich (in Galicia), later again in Kiev, and another one with the see at Moscow. This meant that the religious organization followed the political division of the old Empire of "Rus'" to the North (Muscovy) and to the South ("Rus'" proper). As however both metropolitans derived their title from the first metropolitans in Kiev, so both of them retained the traditional title of "Metropolitans of Rus'" (Metropolit Rusy). They did it the more since every one of them claimed the supremacy over the whole of

POTPOURRI

By Burma-Capelin

Special Note to the Readers of Ukrainian Weekly

It has been a source of great pleasure to me to conduct the "Potpourri" column for the readers of the Ukrainian Weekly. My hope is that my thoughts, my observations have been of some profit, particularly to Ukrainian youth. Many of the ideas expressed have been perhaps somewhat unorthodox or novel; the reason for that lay in the fact that I have tried to mince no words on subjects about which, though close study and observations, it was possible for me to arrive at definite conclusions. I have ever kept in mind the struggles, the difficulties, the perplexing problems of Ukrainian youth, and if by holdness I have given expression to some of these, I have, I feel, spoken for those inarticulate thousands who, more or less helpless and silent, are mowed down by grim central forces beyond their control, at least as individuals. I reiterate my conviction that the problems of Ukrainian boys and girls are serious and very real, that the only real problems are those which enter the experience of every Ukrainian youth—boy or girl. The way to get at these problems, at just what they are, is to patiently get the stories of these young people. The supreme fact which will come out is that, added to those difficulties which face American youth generally, the second generation Ukrainian boy or girl has to bear an additional strain, a difficulty arising out of his or her being a sort of a "marginal individual," an individual between two cultures—the Ukrainian and the American—with the consequent conflict of loyalties, allegiances—more especially conflicts between variant modes of behavior, variant definitions of situations.

My one supreme regret at the moment is that, due to reasons of health, my articles may continue to appear only sporadically. Of this fact I wanted to acquaint the readers of the Ukrainian Weekly. My health has not been in any too good a state for some time; it fluctuates and it may be that it shall not go below its norm now, in which case the articles will continue regularly.

Faithfully,

Burma-Capelin.

POSSIBLY A NEW FAMINE IN UKRAINE

In claiming that everything points to U. S. S. R. being faced with a famine as calamitous as that experienced in 1933, "Svenska Pressen" states that "growing bitterness is being displayed by the peasantry against the Government's policy of storing enormous quantities of cereals against a possible outbreak of hostilities in the Far East."

The harvest in certain districts has fallen as much as fifty per cent below the estimated figure. The crops in the Volga regions are said to have suffered from a severe drought. Deprived of cereals, the peasants have been indiscriminately slaughtering their cattle, and thereby causing an unprecedented shortage of meat."

the former Empire of "Rus'." Finally the boundaries of their metropolitan provinces were established in accordance with the boundaries between the Grand-duchy of Muscovy and the Grand-duchy of Lithuania and "Rus'."

The Chancery of the Patriarchs of Constantinople recognized this division as well as the right of both metropolitans to use the title of the "metropolitan of 'Rus,'" which last word of Chancery used in its Greek form—"Rossia."

(To be Continued)

ARCHIPENKO HAILS THE PACIFIC

'Art Just Coasts on the East Coast'

By Alfred Frankenstein

Alexander Archipenko believes in the West Coast. The famous Ukrainian sculptor, who is in San Francisco to give two lectures at the San Francisco Museum of Art, declares there is more artistic creativeness on the Pacific slope than in New York, and that it works faster and to better effect.

"I have just come from a summer's teaching at the University of Washington," he said. There, of a class of 90 students, there were at least 15 outstanding talents. In 10 weeks these students did as much as the average New York class will do in three years. Perhaps it is because the rush and bustle of the metropolis defeats natural self expression. At any rate, I find myself coming closer to nature since taking up my residence in California, and I shall not go back permanently to New York."

The artist, one of the leaders of the modern movement that began 25 years ago in Paris, believes America is now the art center of the world. "Paris is now played out," he said. "Europe lives in the fear of war, and its civilization has become too artificial. It is in this country that the future of art lies. But London remains a bright spot on the European horizon. England is beginning to awaken to modernism, after many years of extreme conservatism in criticism and practice."

Archipenko, who does not believe in copying nature because copying nature is too easy, compares the art of the sculptor to that of the musician in requiring constant technical practice to keep in trim. He may often have as many as a dozen separate works in progress at the same moment, he remarked. In the past 30 years he has produced over 1000 pieces of sculpture, and has recently invented a machine, called the "Archipentura," to illustrate movement in painting and the plastic media.

(San Francisco Chronicle, October 7th, 1936.)

THE TEST

A mighty Ukrainian Prince once saw many beggars on a pilgrimage and ordered them to be called into his presence. He saw that among them were old and young, sick, crippled and healthy, and he thought to himself: "Just wait and I shall test you."

He told his servants to dig in the meadow a ditch six feet deep and six feet wide, and then he said to the beggars:

"Listen, beggars! You must all, one after another, jump across this ditch. And remember: whoever jumps across it receives a ducat (gold coin) and whoever falls in the ditch receives twenty-five strokes."

Of course, every beggar tried his hardest. Well, naturally, those who were weak and crippled fell into the ditch and those who were able-bodied idlers jumped across. Then the Prince gave to each one of those who fell in, a ducat:

"You," said he, "evidently are weak and unable to work."

But to those who successfully jumped across, he said:

"But you, rascals, parasites, are able to jump but not to work. Boys, give them each twenty-five blows, and afterwards take them to the harvest field and put them to work."

MURKO AND BURKO

By Ivan Franko

Once upon a time there was a cat Murko and a dog Burko, who lived in adjoining village homes. Although cats and dogs usually hate the very sight of each other, yet Murko and Burko were the best of friends for a long, long time.

One day, during harvest time when everyone was out in the fields, Murko was wandering about the yard and yowling most dimly, because he was very hungry. For early that morning when his mistress had left for the fields she had forgotten to leave him food,—that meant that he had suffer until evening, the poor cat. . . . The forest with its prey was too distant, and from the straw-thatched roof of the house no chirpings of birds came forth; so what was he to do?

"Eh," he thought, "yonder in the neighbor's yard there stands a little storehouse on whose roof some pigeons have their nests. I remember casting my eye there once before and seeing two nests, containing a flock of the cutest little doves you ever saw, so fat and smooth like little pillows. My, but one of these doves would certainly hit the spot now! But as ill luck would have it, Burko keeps watch over that storehouse. Even though we are friends, yet I'm sure that he won't let me get near it. There's no use of even talking to him about it. He's too faithful a hound!"

But as the day passed by, Murko's hunger grew worse. So he began to think how he could manage to get Burko leave his yard, for at least a short while. And since an empty stomach, as you know, makes the brain work very fast, a few minutes later found Murko speeding towards Burko, as if carrying some very good news.

"Listen, Burko," he called out yet from afar. "I've got some very good news for you. I was just sitting outside the village on a high linden tree—right at the crossroads by the cross, you know where—when suddenly I see a dog running towards me from the neighboring village, and carrying in his mouth the longest piece of sausage you ever saw, so long that both its end were trailing behind him in the dust. He dashed up to the linden on which I was waiting to catch some prey, looked around him carefully to see if anyone was looking, and then quickly dug a hole in the ground, shoved the sausage into it, covered it up with earth, pushed a stone over it to mark the spot, and then sped away. Can you beat such luck! I could barely wait until that dog disappeared from sight, so appetizing a smell did that sausage give out. But what of it. I could not get at it because the stone was too heavy. So maybe, you would, my comrade. . . ."

But Murko had not yet finished speaking when Burko leaped to his feet and like a whirlwind dashed out of the village to get that sausage beneath the linden tree. He too, the poor fellow, never had much to eat; meat he rarely even smelled; while a sausage was something that appeared only in his dreams. And here was a sausage right near by, like a godsend, buried and covered with a rock no less. No wonder the ground fairly flew beneath his flashing feet. This was just what Murko has hoped for. Without wasting a moment's time he climbed upon the storehouse, picked out the plumpest doveling, seized it in his teeth, and then quickly bore it away to his yard. There he climbed upon the straw-covered roof of the house, gloatingly put the doveling down before him, and began to purr happily.

Meanwhile Burko had reached the linden and was searching for the sausage, sniffing, scratching the ground, dashing back and forth—but not even a trace of

WANTED: VOLUNTEERS

The Sports Division of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America is interested in hearing from all Ukrainian basketball fans so that definite plans can be made for the coming season. In the November 7th issue of the *Ukrainian Weekly* there appeared an article entitled "Attention Basketball Fans," written by John S. Billy, Basketball Director of the League, which stressed the importance of co-operation and asked all interested to volunteer to help. Although some teams and volunteers responded, the results are not what they should have been. More teams and volunteers are wanted. . . . particularly those in the Eastern Division.

There must be many basketball teams in the country. Surely, the greater majority of them would be interested in playing teams of different cities. Many teams will win beautiful trophies.

All teams are requested to get in touch with John S. Billy, 110 West 7th Street, N. W., Barberton, Ohio. Also, all interested persons who are willing to help. For more detailed information refer to the November 7th issue of the *Weekly*.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK,
Publicity Manager, Basketball Division, U. Y. L. of N. A.

THE LOAD

A peasant, driving to a fair, noticed a burdened woman trudging by.

"Have a seat, mother," said the driver. "Let me take you to the fair as that's where I am bound."

The gentle woman took her seat in the wagon and the driver noticed that although there was a lot of room inside the wagon the woman kept holding the bundle in her lap.

"Why don't you place the bundle inside the wagon, mother?" asked the driver.

"God bless you, my kind man," answered the elderly woman, "but I don't think it is right to burden the horse any more."

any freshly-turned earth nor stone, not to speak of the sausage itself. And so the poor dog had to return home, downcast. Passing Murko's yard he turned into it to reproach his friend for fooling him so. In turning the corner of the house he suddenly saw Murko licking his chops and talking to himself:

"What a fool this Burko! Most likely he's running around that linden tree, his tongue hanging out, sniffing furiously for the sausage, not knowing what a fine dinner I am about to have of this luscious little doveling."

A sudden pain clawed upon Burko's heart when he heard how false a friend Murko was to him. He decided to get his revenge. Setting his chops into a smile he approached the straw-roof beneath Murko and said:

"Murko, Murko! You think that you fooled me, that I believed your fairly-tale about that sausage? Well, you were fooled, for I was sitting behind the fence all the time and saw how you stole the dovelings from your storehouse. But why did you have to do it stealthily? Why didn't you tell me what you wanted? Do I have to watch over the dovelings yet? That's not my job. Really, there's many a time I felt like tasting some doveling meat myself. In fact, I feel like that right now. Be a good fellow and get me one too, and you can take another one for yourself also."

Murko became very happy when he heard these words, for, as it is well known, an evil one is always glad when he learns that one whom he has regarded as honorable is as much a thief as himself. So off he leaped to greet Burko, and in flash Burko seized him and tore him to bits.

Translated by S. S.

THE DANCE: ANCIENT AND MODERN

(Continued)

(3)

The Archbishop of Trier attends, for the Germans, and the Bishop of Luxemburg comes to represent the Grand Duchy. The religious procession, carrying crosses and banners and attended by three hundred singers, comes first, chanting St. Willibrod's hymns. Next comes a band of miscellaneous instruments playing, as a rule, the old German air, "Adam Had Seven Sons." Then follow the dancers. Many of them are young and full of life and health, and they dance for amusement, but many are old and feeble, or broken in health, and dance in hope of recovery or of escaping some trouble. But they dance all alike. There three steps front, and two steps back, five steps are thus taken to make one in advance. This becomes especially trying at the flight of steps mounting the little church where the procession ends in front of the shrine of the great saint. There are sixty steps leading to the church, but it takes three hundred steps to reach the top for the final time. It is said that those who fall from weariness or old age, must be dragged out of the way of the coming waves of dancers, or they would be trampled to death. The procession although covering less than a mile, is said to take more than five hours to pass. Some critics see in the dancing procession of Schternach merely the survival of the Spring dance of the heathen races, but at any rate, it invests an importance that would otherwise be lacking.

In America, the Washington Post, and several forms of the Barn Dance became fashionable towards the end of the 18th century. These constitute our only national dances.

Today, in countries south of the Equator, savages, with the sweat glistening on their chocolate bodies, gather in the steaming forests, to perform ceremonial dances under the delirious leadership of grotesquely masked and painted witch doctors. Not unfrequently, in spite of the intervention of the government troops these ceremonial dances are climaxed by human sacrifices.

In Tibre, the Abyssinians, dance the Chestee step in a circle, keeping time with the music by shrugging their shoulders and working their elbows back and forward.

The Gonds, a hill tribe of Hindustan, dance generally in pairs with a shuffling step, the eyes on the ground, and the arms close to the body. They are also very fond of dancing the Bison hunt, with one of the dancers wearing the skin and horns of the animal.

Among the Zulus, the grand dances are merely accompaniments to the colloquial war and hunting songs.

The Bushmen dance in their low-roofed homes, supporting themselves by sticks, one foot remaining motionless, and the other dancing in a wild and irregular manner, while their hands are occupied with sticks.

The Australians and Tasmanians in their dances called "Carborories," imitate the frog and kangaroo. The hunt of the Emu is also performed, with a number of men passing slowly around the fire and throwing their arrows about so as to imitate the movements of this animal's head while feeding.

In Madagascar, when the husbands are absent on war, their wives' dance for a great portion of the day, believing that this inspires the men with courage.

RESOLUTION PASSED BY UKRAINIANS IN POLAND CONCERNING COMMUNIST DANGER EXCERPTS

The Central Committee of the Ukrainian National Democratic Organization passed a resolution on October 10th, concerning the situation in Ukraine under Soviet and the destructive work which the Communist is doing to the Ukrainian population outside the boundaries of the Soviet Union. The resolution stated that:

1. From the beginning of the military occupation up to the present day the policy of Red Moscow aims directly and systematically at the complete political, economical and cultural subjugation and denationalization of the Ukrainian Nation.
2. The Bolsheviks have caused, by their economic policy and especially by the enforcement of rural collectivisation, an acute state of famine in Ukraine. As a result of this policy millions of peasants have perished, and hundreds of thousands have been deported to the Arctic regions, to Turkistan or to Siberia, under the pretext of their opposition to collectivisation. According to recent information, mass reprisals against the peasants in Ukraine under Soviet are being conducted, and the danger of a new famine is again probable.
3. By the mass deportation of Ukrainian peasants, the Soviet Government is conducting a policy of denationalization of the Ukrainian territory, because it is being colonized by foreign elements introduced by the Government. Such a policy of diluting the population aims at the unification of the Red Empire by Russification. The Soviet Authorities are still conducting a systematic extermination of the nationally conscious elements in order to stamp out the independence movement of the population; but as can be seen, the Ukrainian national spirit is not lessened in this way but rather its resistance is hardened.
4. The Seventh Congress of the Communist, which took place in Moscow in July and August 1935, put forward new tactics for Communists who are working outside the U. S. S. R. Immediately after the Seventh Congress of the Communist a new wave of Soviet agitation appeared in Ukraine under Poland. Its purpose is to disintegrate the Ukrainian national organism and make it less resistant to Bolshevik ideas. The Bolsheviks push their men into the Ukrainian political, economical, cultural and sporting institutions, and even into their religious bodies, where their agents conduct disintegrating work. Where Bolshevik influence is strong, Communist elements come out into the open and conduct anti-religious propaganda and organize Communist cells. The most violent cases occurred in the villages and towns (here were enumerated names of places where Communist attacks took place) which resulted in sanguinary conflicts. Taking all these points into consideration the Central Committee warns the Ukrainian people of the Bolshevik danger and calls upon them to organize an effective resistance against the destructive work of Communism.