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A CONGRESS FOR BOTH YOUNG AND OLD

At a time when the infiltration of young blood into our Ukrainian-American organized life is most marked, when the need of common understanding, intelligently planned and executed cooperation, and reciprocal good feelings between the old and the young is most felt, it is indeed very gratifying to note that a special and splendid opportunity to enhance such relations between the two will be offered tomorrow, Sunday, December 20, in form of the regular three-year Congress of the United Ukrainian Organizations of America ("Obyednanye"), to be held in Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, beginning at 10 A. M.

As already announced a number of times in the "Svoboda," delegates of both old and young organizations, of both local and national character, will meet at this congress tomorrow to deliberate upon a few of the more acute problems confronting Ukrainian-American society today, including those of the youth as well.

"Obyednanye," to use its abbreviated and commonly accepted name, is an organization of 14 years standing and service to the Ukrainian people. It was founded by the older generation with the object of uniting all Ukrainian-American people, primarily around certain well defined humanitarian and cultural principles. It was not long, however, (to be exact—4 years after its founding) before the rapidly rising importance of the youth problem caused it to include this problem within the agenda of its aims, deliberations, and action. And how capably and in what far-seeing manner it has treated this problem, can be seen in the fact that many of its ideas and principles have found expression within the framework of the various youth organizations that exist today.

By this we do not mean to infer, of course, that the "Obyednanye" has been the only Ukrainian-American organization to interest itself in the youth. The Ukrainian National Association is especially noted for such interest; which it has expressed in numberless ways, such as in the publication for a number of years of the "Juvenile Magazine," written in English expressly for the youth, and also in the publication for the past three years of our own "Ukrainian Weekly." The Association has also come forward with substantial material aid in the case of several other publications, notably the "Spirit of Ukraine." And then there is the U. N. A. Student Aid Fund, which has been of great help to our youth. Yet all this, in spite of its invaluable character, does not detract in the least from the achievements of the "Obyednanye" in its own particular field of youth and other service.

And one of its chief achievements in this respect is its ability to bring to the public attention of our people all of the discordant elements that have marred and hindered the progress of their group life, such as, for example, the religious and party intolerances.

By bringing these discordant elements before the public eye, by deliberating upon them, and by helping in some cases to eliminate them, the "Obyednanye" has thereby greatly aided the present-day youth to embark upon its course of united activities considerably free of their pernicious influences. Had no such determined efforts, as those of the "Obyednanye," been made along these lines, then it is quite certain that our youth would not have been able to advance itself as well as it has done to this day. And, incidentally, if today any portion of this youth continues to subject itself to religious or party intolerances, it should blame no one but itself.

This proven ability, then, of the "Obyednanye" to deal effectively with the various pressing problems of our communal life, together with its other services, such as that of forwarding hundreds of thousands of dollars for various worthy Ukrainian causes in the old country, not to mention those it has aided here in America, should stir in the Ukrainian-American youth a greater active

REVOLTS IN SOVIET UKRAINE

BERLIN.—The "Angriff" reports a telegraphic dispatch received from Bucharest, Rumania, which reads: "A bloody revolt of peasants broke out recently in Ukraine. Special detachments of the GPU, sent to quell the revolts, encountered armed resistance near the town of Taraschi. Following a bloody encounter, which lasted several days, the peasants fled and hid in the surrounding forests. The GPU detachments, however, managed to capture two of the leaders of the revolt, brothers Khvedir and Oleksa Tkachenko. Soviet cavalry is continuing the hunt for the others."

"The head of the GPU in Ukraine, Balitsky, launched an immediate and intensive investigation, especially to uncover the manner in which the peasants had received their arms, i. e. several machine guns. The investigation revealed that most of those who had revolted were former Soviet army men, who upon finishing their service and coming home found their families in terrible poverty."

The dispatch concludes with: "Throughout all of Ukraine revolts are breaking out in rapid succession. But the world knows very little about the shocking occurrences that take place in this country."

SECOND UKRAINIAN COMMERCIAL BOURSE IN LVIW

LVIW.—As part of the program in Western Ukraine under Poland to make the cities and towns stronger bulwarks of Ukrainianism, it was recently announced here that Lviw will soon witness the opening of its second Ukrainian Commercial Bourse. Capital for this project has already been raised and two buildings bought to house the exchange. The opening exercises will include several speakers, a mixed chorus, and a mandolin orchestra.

REPORT OF "PROSVITA"

LVIW.—The Ukrainian cultural society "Prosvita" has over 3,000 libraries and over 300,000 members, according to the report submitted at a press conference recently arranged by the society for Ukrainian press representatives. Nineteen (19) Ukrainian newspapers were represented at this conference. Two, however, the radical "Hromadsky Holos" and Bishop Khomyshyn's "Nova Zorya," which are antagonistic towards "Prosvita," did not send any delegate.

PROTEST MASS MEETING

LVIW.—All Ukrainian press throughout Western Ukraine is filled with reports from various localities of mass meetings being held against the Polish agrarian policies and the artificial settlement of Ukrainian territories with Polish colonists.

TRIED FOR MEMBERSHIP IN O. U. N.

LVIW.—A trial was recently opened here in the case of V. Makar, V. Khoma, and M. Smulka, 25, 20, and 26 years old Ukrainians respectively, charged by the Polish authorities with membership in the banned Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (O. U. N.). The defendants are represented by attorneys Dr. S. Shkhevych and Dr. V. Hrynovsky.

PERSECUTION OF WRITERS IN KIEV

BERLIN.—The "Angriff" reports new repressions within Soviet Ukraine. The authorities there recently uncovered "nationalistic tendencies" in some of the more recent works of the Ukrainian writers in Kiev and as a result they removed from the writers' organization its head, the well known author, Ivan Senchenko. And because these "leanings" have been appearing regularly within the society for many years, the authorities have decided to appoint as its governing body a special commission composed of five members.

TO ABOLISH "HELL WEEK?"

In a resolution adopted unanimously, on November 27, by the National Interfraternity Conference held in the Hotel Commodore, in New York City, the responsibility for abolishing the "Hell Week" of fraternity "horseplay and hazing" was placed upon local college authorities.

The resolution notes as "evident trend" of the students to minimize and discard hazing and to apply "less sophomoric and more mature procedures" in the pre-initiatory "Hell Week."

The resolution recommended to every conference member support of measures to abolish "Hell Week" taken by any college "to the end that the fraternities may thereby be dignified both in essence and in public estimation and may better play their part of cooperation with the colleges in furthering their common purposes."

interest in its aims, activities—and congress tomorrow; especially now, as already has been pointed out, when there is felt such a vital need for the establishment of more cooperative and amicable relations between the old and the young.

Therefore, send your delegate from your organization, whether local or national, to this "Obyednanye" Congress. Instruct him or her to pay close attention to its proceedings, to take part in them, to ask pertinent questions, and to generally play a part in it that will not only reflect advantageously upon your organization but at the same time help the congress to become another milestone in the progress of all Ukrainian-American people.

IVAN FRANKO

By S. S.

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"My Izmarahd"

In 1898 there appeared a collection of Franko's poems which he entitled "My Izmarahd."

In his foreword to it, Franko explained that its name was derived from the "Izmarahd" of ancient Ukrainian literature, which usually was a collection of sundry articles and parables, partly of an original character and partly drawn from Greek ecclesiastic writings, selected and presented in such a manner that in their entirety they constituted a sort of a course of practical Christian morality.

He had long desired, the poet continued in his foreword, to present to the Ukrainian reader in form of poetry a somewhat similar collection of stories, parables, reflections and other manifestations of feeling and fantasy, whose themes would be drawn from various sources, both native and foreign, eastern and western, and which together would

be bound into an organic whole not by some one tendency nor by any one religious or aesthetic dogma, but by a diaphonic combination of the intellectual and emotional tendencies, a combination though which they had filtered before pouring themselves out into their final mold.

Although such was his desire for quite some time, yet it remained for a severe illness, which incapacitated him from doing other sort of work, to cause him to write the major part of his Izmarahd. A goodly portion of these verses can indeed be considered as *Schmerzenkinder* (Children Born of Pain), for the poet wrote them in a darkened room with closed and paining eyes.

"Perhaps this physical and spiritual suffering of mine," the poet further writes in his foreword, "has left its imprint upon the physiognomy of this book."

"In sickness a man desires that

everyone should tend to him most softly and gently, and as a result he becomes soft, gentle and tolerant himself. He becomes embraced by a deep delicate feelings, a desire to love and feel grateful to someone, to press close and trustingly to such person, like a child to its father. I do not know how clearly such feelings have reflected themselves upon this book, but I do know that I wanted to make of it a book that would be clearly moralistic in tone.

"It is certain, of course, that my morality is markedly different from that catechistic and dogmatic morality which among us is customary to advance as the only Christian morality . . ."

And finally, after having thus explained the motives and character of this collection of poetry, he turns to the reader with the following:

"If from these poems there enters into your soul at least one drop of goodness, gentleness, and tolerance not only for opposing beliefs and opinions but for human mistakes, failings and sins as well, then this work shall not have been in vain . . ."

(To be Continued)

LIMERIVNA

By Marko Vovchok

(Concluded) Translated by E. L. Wissotsky-Kuntz

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The cossack trembled as if a stray arrow had pierced his heart. "My gift does not seem to please you Limerivna," said he with a bitter smile.

"I do not want anything," answered the girl.

"Do not listen to her," exclaimed mother alarmed: "do not listen to her, my falcon! She does not understand . . ."

The cossack wanted to speak, but his heart was crushed, his head dizzy. He left the house and walked aimlessly until he reached the brook. The fresh, cold water drew his attention, and he stopped there for a while. He stood there, meditating, longing, and loving, loving her more and more. Maltreated, hurt, and suffering—still he loved! For, stronger than anger, grief, offense and sorrow was love. After having passed a few hours of suffering, indescribable in words, he decided to sever these painful relations. But in spite of all he was overcome with passionate love for the girl and despite his decision he collected all his strength and courage—and returned to her house. And it seemed to him that he was going to a fast . . . When he approached her house, he heard her voice. It sounded sweet and clear to him. He stood there enchanted by the lovely voice he heard so seldom. Hidden by the quiet, velvety, starlit-night, he stood near the house until his heart calmed down. He could distinguish the words of the conversation between the mother and daughter. The old woman scolded the girl for her unfriendliness to such a prominent man as her betrothed. Then came Limerivna's usual answer: "I do not love him. I do not want to marry him!"

If only she would say something else! Some other words, just as cruel, but different! These few words haunted him day and night, burning like fire, and cold as ice!

The mother's voice grew louder and full of anger. She threatened to curse and disown the girl; to marry her off by force.

"You may force me to marry," answered Limerivna, "but my soul

and heart shall remain free. But, mother, do not force me to this marriage, do not bring misery to my life and his!" She begged, pleaded with her mother, but the old woman remained untouched by her entreaties.

The cossack opened the door and entered.

"Where were you, my dove," asked mother, "we have been waiting for you. Sit down, my falcon."

"When is our wedding going to take place?" asked the cossack.

"We have set a date for it, my beloved son, and it shall not be changed," answered the old woman hastily.

"It is too far off. Why wait so long?" asked Shkandibenko.

"We can hasten it, we have everything ready," answered the accommodating mother.

"Please do," said the cossack.

It was growing darker and darker in the house. Through the open window came a faint breeze, rich with the fragrance of roses, jasmines, and other flowers and shrubs. In the dark it was hard to tell a rose from a black-eyed susan; a bright red poppy from a pink peony. The cossack could hardly distinguish the white hands from the wide white sleeves; the face of his beloved from her smooth, silky hair. She never looked at him, never said a word. Only when he said "Good night"—she answered: "Good night!"

"Good night?" His good night had gone into oblivion. Since he met Limerivna—he knew no more good nights. Shall they ever return?

The wedding was to take place a week later. The old mother potters about, with the jingling of her ears. Her heart leaps at the thought of the coming riches, but sinks when she reminds herself of her daughter's departure. But the old woman does not betray her feelings. She is stern to the girl and waits impatiently for the time when riches will make both of them happy.

The cossack waits, waits for the appointed day . . . His house looked jolly, with the shining windows and white walls, shaded

by the green trees. The garden was full of flowers; in the distant fields rich crops of rye and wheat were ripening; the steppe was green with fresh, fragrant hay; the thick forest whispered mysteriously; a strip of clear blue water glimmered somewhere far, far away . . .

And all this—the shining water, the whispering woods, the golden fields, the green steppe, the garden with the flowers, the jolly house with shining windows—all breathed impatience . . . He could not, he could not wait any longer . . .

The young Limerivna also waits. Her white arms are folded on her bosom; her beautiful eyes do not watch the bustle of preparations for her wedding; her lovely lips are locked in silence—she waits. She watches the sun rise in the morning, and sits at the window till sunset. For a moment her eyes light up and her face blushes. But it happens seldom. The light in her eyes vanishes, the color leaves her cheeks. Late at night Limerivna sits at her window enshrouded in darkness until the rising moon reveals her white, quiet face.

Saturday came. The groom found a house full of young girls, dressed in bright clothes, with fresh flowers in their hair. The bride sat among them, also dressed in her best, with a wreath of fresh flowers on her head. She did not move, only looked at him searchingly. What did these large gentle eyes tell him?

Shkandibenko was in a strange mood of ecstatic happiness and deep fear,—as though he were the possessor of a great fortune and trembled lest he lose it. He heard and saw nothing during that day.

Songs of girls, sounds of voices, music, the bright sun, Limerivna sitting next to him, her lustrous hair, and the fragrance of fresh flowers, the road home, the bright scattered stars and moon—all was mixed chaotically in the mind of the groom—and still that overwhelming feeling of happiness, and unconquerable fear.

On Sunday a noisy, jolly crowd brought the bride and groom to the church, where they were married.

Is it a dream, or reality, young cossack? Indeed, it is reality! He is really bringing his young wife to his home. They are met by guests and servants, who congratulate them and wish them

a happy life. The little white house with the glittering windows is cheerful and merry now, but somewhere fear and melancholy are hidden . . .

The guests left, and the young pair remained alone.

"My heart! My soul! My happiness and misfortune! Tell me, what I shall do to please you?" pleaded the young cossack with his young wife.

"I want nothing! I do not love you!" answered Limerivna.

"If you could give just a little of your love."

"I do not love you!"

Like a wounded beast the cossack ran out of the room into the dark night.

Limerivna remained alone. She looked around, at the white walls of the room, at the beautiful evening. She stood there long, pondering, listening . . . Suddenly she flew like a bird out of the house and ran, and ran without any aim or destination. She passed the dewey steppe, the forest and dark fields. Whither did she run? She knew not, but she felt that she was running away from captivity. The future did not matter, as long as she would be free from this slavery. Somewhere, far away she heard shouts and the galloping of horses. She turned to a narrow path and ran along it. Sharp thorns remained in her bare white feet, her luxuriant hair caught on branches . . . she ran on. Louder and louder was the voice, nearer and nearer the horse . . . The tall shadow of a mounted man fell before her eyes, a familiar voice asked with a bitter laugh:

"Why do you run, Limerivna, have I not fine horses for you?"

Limerivna answered as she ran:

"I do not want your riches, cossack! My thoughts are not of you. I do not love you!"

"Stop, Limerivna, stop," begged the cossack. Suddenly, the girl dropped, exhausted, on the road. Shkandibenko dismounted, and was near her in a moment.

"Give me your knife," asked Limerivna, stretching her arms to him; "give me your knife, I want to pull the thorns out of my feet."

Never before had she stretched her white arms to him. The cossack gave her the knife as in a trance.

Suddenly he uttered a piercing cry and caught her hand—but too late! Limerivna aimed well, and stream of hot blood rushed from her heart.

"Now, cossack, I am yours! Take me, and bring me to your home," whispered Limerivna to the frenzied cossack. These were her last words.

Shkandibenko lifted the body, mounted his horse and rode ahead. He caressed the long silky tresses, the dear dead face, looked at the blood-covered bosom, and rode quietly and thoughtfully. Late at night he reached the house of Limerivna's mother. When, frightened by the familiar voice, she ran out of the house, he silently handed her the corpse and rode away.

The old woman shrieked and fell dead—near the body of her daughter.

The mother and the daughter were both buried beyond the village, by the roadside.

No one ever saw the cossack Shkandibenko, nor heard about him since that fatal night.

NEW YORK CITY.

Ukrainian FOLK DANCES (also dances of other nationalities: Danish, Swedish, American, etc.) are taught every Monday evening at the International Institute, 341 E. 17th St., at 8:00 P. M. Open to all young Ukrainian people. Fee 15 c. Begins December 21st, 1936. 296

PROF. A. KOSHETZ

(NOTE: A concert commemorating the fortieth anniversary this year of the musical career of Professor Koshetz, world famous choral director and interpreter of Ukrainian songs, will be presented Sunday, December 27, 1936 at the New Krueger Auditorium, Newark, N. J., by the United Ukrainian Folk Choruses of the New York Area.)

Alexander Antonowich Koshetz was born in the town of Tarasivka, county Zvenihorod, of Kiev Province, Ukraine, August 30th (Julian Calendar), 1875. He completed his elementary studies at the parochial school of Bohuslav, entered the Seminary in Kiev, and finally graduated from the Mohyla Academy of Kiev with the degree of a "Candidate" (Ph. D.). He studied music under Professor Lubomirsky, a teacher in composition at the Lyssenko School of Music. Following his graduation from the Academy Koshetz became a professor of history in several colleges and also at the Pedagogical Institute in Caucasus. In 1904 he was transferred to Kiev and labored there until 1919 in the field of pedagogy and music. He became Professor in the Lyssenko School of Music, a director of the newly organized society Kiev Boyan, and then was invited as professor of choral music by the Imperial School of Music. Simultaneously he got the chair in the Kiev Conservatory of Music. At that time he also became director of the St. Volodimir University Chorus, composed of students, which under his direction won first prize at the choral festival of Kiev choruses in the City Opera in 1910. Afterwards he took charge of the Church Chorus of the University and was also asked to become conductor of the Ladies' Chorus of the St. Olga University.

The famous director of the Ukrainian National Theatre, M. K. Sadovsky, succeeded in securing the services of Koshetz as Orchestra Director and in this capacity Professor Koshetz worked to put the following operas on the stage: Lyssenko's "Night Before Christmas," Kozachenko's "Pan Sotnik," Krzyzowski's "Janek," as well as "Roxolana" of Sichinsky, "Katherina" of Arkas, "Eneida" of Lyssenko, "Halka" of Moniuszko, "The Village Honor" of Maskagni, "Prodana Nevesta" of Smetana, "The Drowned Girl" of Lyssenko, "Zaporozetz za Dunayem" of Artemovsky and many operettas.

The City Opera in Kiev then engaged Koshetz as conductor of its orchestra and chorus. In the midst of this work the Revolution broke out, the Ukrainian Republic was proclaimed and Koshetz was appointed chairman of the Music Department of the Ukrainian Ministry of Education. Here he founded the Ethnographic Cabinet. The newly created Ukrainian National Capella, later changed into Ukrainian National Chorus, was handed over to Professor Koshetz and with it he went on a world's tour to help make known to the world of the newly created Ukrainian Republic. The tour was a triumph for the Ukrainian National Chorus and for Koshetz (1919-1924). Many of the musical critics declared the chorus to be the finest ever heard.

The November, 1922 issue of the "Nation" had this to say about it: "The praise that preceded the chorus from all the musical centers of Europe seemed excessive until one heard it, until one saw Alexander Koshetz

with his extraordinarily living hands mold the sounds, as a sculptor molds pliant clay. Here was that noblest and austere and most stringently moral thing in the World—perfection. The chorus is a human organ, an instrument of incomparable precision and of incomparable expressiveness. It can rustle like the leaves of the forest; it can be as lyrical as a lark at dawn; it can be as sonorous as thunder over mountains."

After the close of the American tour, Professor Koshetz settled in the United States and became its citizen.

Professor Koshetz devoted all his life to Ukrainian music. He is a student of Ukrainian folk and religious music; collects folk melodies, arranges them and executes them with his choruses. He was a coworker and associate of the famous Ukrainian composer Nicholas Lyssenko until the latter's death. Recommended by Lyssenko, Koshetz was invited by General Headquarters of the Kuban (near Caucasus) Cossack Army (the descendants of the Ukrainian Zaporozhian Cossacks) to record their songs in 1903-1905, for which work he won a golden medal at the Kuban National Ethnographical Fair. The songs, arranged by Koshetz, were published by Idzikovsky in Kiev, and Orenstein in Leipzig. For the last three years Professor Koshetz has been working on the popularization of Ukrainian songs among the Americans. His songs, translated by Max Krone, are being published by Witmark in New York.

Professor Koshetz has composed orchestral music for the Sadovsky's Ukrainian Theatre and innumerable pieces of church music. Some of them are original, some arranged or edited from Ukrainian ancient tunes, of which he is connoisseur. Of the four of his latest Liturgies two are dedicated for the use of the Ukrainian choirs in America. At the present time Koshetz is engaged in adapting from the Galician and Subcarpathian-Ruthenian melodies for three voices the entire Ukrainian Church System for the needs of Ukrainian choirs in America.

MEMORIES

Memories, memories, that once were so sweet,

Memories that take us back to our little retreat,

Lost in our own little world in which we used to meet,

Memories, memories, I wish you and I could repeat.

When we were young, you and I, oh, so long ago,

We use to ramble, hand in hand, over the meadow,

The flowers, the birds, used to join in our joy,

Of a beautiful love, given to a young girl and boy.

Hand in hand, life's path we now have trod,

All of life's bliss we owe to our belov'd God,

Never one moment's regret have we ever known,

Of all our mistakes in the seeds we have sown.

Memories, memories, that take us back my dear,

Memories that will always create happiness and cheer,

Memories of things you and I shall never forget,

Pleasant memories of our life that cause no regret.

—JYNE FORDE.

RAMBLINGS OF WORD-HUNTER

THE ITALIAN DEVIL FISH AND THE UKRAINIAN INKSTAND

In an Italian restaurant the other day I read on the bill of fare the dish: fried calamary.

Of course, the Ukrainian word "каламар," ka-la-mar, the inkstand, came at once to my mind.

"What is this 'calamary'?" I asked the waiter.

"Devil fish!"—he said. "Very good today. I ate some myself," he added, seeing my hesitation.

Then I recalled that some species of the octopus family, when pursued by enemies, squirt out into the water an inky substance, which hides them from the pursuer. Having eaten the "calamary fried," I started on a word-hunt, in which I discovered that the English language has also adopted that word "calamary," as meaning "one of various cuttlefishes with a horny internal shell shaped like a quill pen, especially a loliginid; a squid; inkfish or penfish." (I quote from Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language). A further meaning of the word is: "the horny internal shell or pen of such a squid."

The word comes from the Latin word "calamarius," pertaining to a pen, which comes from the Latin noun "calamus," pen, and this from the Greek noun "kalamos," a reed.

This word "calamary" has undergone, in the English language, several transformations; it used to be: calabar, calamer, and calamury.

PIQUE

I overheard the following Ukrainian sentence: "Бий маю на мене пика."

You may look in the Dictionary of the Ukrainian Language by Borys Hrinchenko, but you will not find there the word "пик."

But you may find it in a Dictionary of the English language. It is a well-known French loan-word, "pique," which in English means "a feeling of slight irritation, anger, or resentment, due usually to envy, wounded pride, or vanity." It comes from the French verb "piquer," which means: to prick, to sting.

In Ukrainian we used it as a masculine noun "пик" in the meaning of animosity. "Мати пика" means 'to bear malice.' The use of the phrase in Ukrainian is merely colloquial.

"GOGOL" OR "HOHOL"

What should be the spelling of the great Russian writer of the Ukrainian origin, who wrote "Dead Souls," "Taras Bulba," "Revisor," and other immortal works?

You will meet everywhere the first transliteration, which follows the Russian way of pronouncing the letter "r." The same letter, however, is pronounced by the Ukrainians, and, under their influence, by the Russians in Ukraine, as an equivalent to the English letter "h." And so to follow the Ukrainian pronunciation, i. e. the racial origin of the writer, the name should be pronounced, and transliterated in English, as "Hohol." The Russian way of spelling it has in its favor the fact that the name to a certain extent has already been acclimatized in English in that form.

The word itself is not only a family name, but also a generic name. It denotes a species of

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

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"Little Russians" and "Carpatho-Russians"

The terms "Little Russia" and "Little Russians" can be found in many English lexicons and encyclopaedias as synonyms of "Ukraina" and "Ukrainians" (or Ruthenians). These terms, as previously explained, are entirely artificial. They were created and applied to Ukraine and to the Ukrainians by the Governments of former Tsars for the purpose of obliterating the existence of a Ukrainian nation. The Ukrainians themselves did not use these terms, and even considered them insulting. Being thoroughly artificial, these terms disappeared as soon as the Tsarist regime collapsed. To use them now is simply ridiculous.

Still more ridiculous is the term "Carpatho-Russia" as well as "Carpatho-Russians." They appeared not earlier than after the World War (1919) and were created by a few journalists, whose ignorance in the field of eastern-Slavonic ethnology was as big as their conceit. The official name given to the Transcarpathia by the treaty of Versailles, attaching this land to the Czecho-Slovak Republic, is "Ruthenia"—a thoroughly correct term, conforming with history and with ethnology. In Czechoslovakia it is translated by the word "Rusinsko," which means "the land of Russins (Ruthenians)". The inhabitants are called "Rusiny" (Russins—Ruthenians).

Some people who still dream about a fantastic "Pan-Russian nation" from the Tatra Mountains and Uzhorod in the West to shores of the Pacific in the Far East, persistently call this Transcarpathian Ruthenia by this term of their own invention—"Carpatho-Russia." Let them do it. These terms will shortly die out for ever with these last Mohicans of Pan-Russism. The population of Transcarpathian Ruthenia uses only the terms: Rusiny or Ukraintsi and Podkarpatska Ukraina. As the younger generation prefers the terms Ukraina and Ukraintsi, they will remain in use.

Is Term "Ruthenian" Correct?

As the terms "Little Russian" and "Carpatho-Russian" are artificial products of political schemers, so entirely different is the case with the term "Ruthenian." Although now almost discarded this term was and is a correct one, and has a tradition of full 1,000 years behind it.

Like the term "Rossia" it is of Byzantine-Greek origin. Spelled "Routhenos" it was a Greek transcription of the word "Rusyn" with suffixed "os" as the Greek ending of the masculine gender.**) The West-Europeans of the Middle Ages transcribed this Byzantine form into Latin as "Ruthenus" and from that there sprang "Rutheno" in Italian, "Ruthene" in German, "Ruthenien," "Routhenien" in French, and "Ruthenian" in English. This term always designated the Ukrainian (Little-Russian) language and race only—in clear distinction of the Muscovite (Great-Russian or simply Russian of today). No German, Frenchman or Englishman mistook it for anything else than what we now call "Ukrainian."

(To be Continued)

duck, the so-called golden-eye. The name is probably an imitation of the bird's call.

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FOR MEN ONLY

Wherein Russ Milan Admits That Women Just Will Horn In

Well, we don't know what you're doing reading this article, Miss, but now that you're here we want to talk to you. This column is really for you this time, anyway; so sit back and take it like a lady.

You're going to have to buy him something—and you're darned if you have any idea what it will be—and don't you just hate Christmas! But stick with us and perhaps we may suggest a way out of your dilemma.

Clothes are a wonderful institution; they offer so many opportunities for Christmas gifts, especially since the advent of Esquires.

Even this late in the season, you know, he is likely to have a soft spot in his heart for the button-down collar, oxford-cloth shirt. Chances are he'd prefer it in solid color. You know, they're not going for multi-hued shirts anymore. And if he likes the plain white stiff, detachable collar, be sure you know the style collar he wears. Or perhaps he wears the stiff-bosomed, unattached job which is fast becoming popular with the coming of winter's formality. You can expect this style to be much in evidence until spring. If you should choose one of these, just ask the clerk for a "dickey-shirt." He'll catch on. And we might hint your adding, "Don't make it too loud." You'll find these styled in either pencil-line patterns or tiny design, but very neat. They make the dressiest looking of any shirt. Of course, you want him to make a nice background when he strolls along side of you. If you should want to get him a dress shirt we'll guarantee he'd be pleased with one of the dickey-bosom style. You know by now the length of his arms, so make it rather plain to the salesman that he wears a 33 sleeve, not 34 or 35.

If you'll buy a tie with an idea in mind as to what type of shirt he wears, even the lowly necktie can please him considerably. If he wears a lot of sport shirts, chances are he'd go for a nice, thick-knit, woolen tie. They're even making some now that are a cross between gunny-sack and tweed, and which look smart on an oxford-cloth or thickly woven shirt. But if his trend is more toward the stiff collar, or toward the dickey-bosomed shirt, you'd better get him a silk tie, either in a solid color or with but little flash. For his tux or full dress he'll like a shoe-string bow tie . . . appropriate for the Fifth Ukrainian Youth's Congress of the U. Y. L. N. A. in Cleveland next year.

A military set always makes a swell gift, and it doesn't matter how many you have to choose from because they always contain the same bunch of articles: comb, brush, file, scissors, razor case, and what have you. It is a necessity for any man, and the only choice you have to make in picking one out is that of price.

If you want to get him around your little finger we'll wager that a Rolls razor would do the trick. That's one gift that would make him think you knew the score, and possibly even think that you can cook. You see, with a Rolls razor he'll never have to buy blades—it sharpens its own—and the thing's guaranteed a lifetime.

A scarf or muffler is an appreciated gift, and we think he'll like it more the bigger it is.

UKRAINIAN CULTURAL CENTRE'S SOCIAL UNIQUE

The Philadelphia Ukrainian Cultural Centre's well earned reputation of really being a central meeting place for young Ukrainians from many surrounding towns was confirmed at the club's November 22nd social, in which a surprising number of towns (thirteen) were represented. This set a new 'high' and we doubt whether any other Ukrainian youth club in the country had, at an ordinary club social, such a fine representative group gathering.

Even though the towns represented, including Wilmington, Chester, Camden, Bridgeport, Phoenixville, Jersey City, Northampton, Philadelphia, Clifton, N. J., Overbrook, Sayre, Norristown and Eagleville, amounted to an unlucky number, still we are more than lucky for all are either regular members of the club or, because of distance, supporters.

Dancing, chatting, listening to an amateur show—which consisted of vocal and piano selections, characterizations, group singing, dialogues and talent renditions with the enjoyment of delectable refreshments—provided everyone with entertainment and amusements, with Mr. Joseph Senick as the maestro. Another social is being planned for January.

It is quite inspiring to learn that here, at a youth club, the growing membership necessitated the election of officers after successfully concluding a whole year without them.

In the election of November 15th the towns represented were Philadelphia, Camden, Wilmington, Bridgeport, Norristown and Phoenixville, while the following persons were initiated into office:

Director: Alexander Yaremko, Northampton, Pa.

President: John Kucharsey, Wilmington, Del.; Vice President: Stephen Stephaniv, Northeast Philadelphia; Secretary: Mary Sarabun, Bridgeport, Pa.; Treasurer: Stephanie Demianik, Philadelphia.

The faculty consists of Messrs. Rebak, Pasyczyk, Suly, Kamens and Miss Krasnoper, a Ukrainian social service worker connected with the International Institute.

MARY SARABUN.

If he wears sport clothes be sure you don't get him a dainty silk thing. Make it a thick, practical muffler; even blanket-like, it will be all the better. And one of that type can be as loud as you like. But if he runs around in an ulster and a black Homburg make it a white or cream-colored silk.

You were thinking of pajamas? Fine. Just be sure the trousers are plenty long; some of these cold nights—you know. He may prefer the slip-over the top or the button variety. The Cosack type may please him. That's for you to find out . . . and remember to pay more than a buck and a half for them. We don't think he'll care how raucous they are, and might even be so bold as to suggest that the louder the better; keep away ogres and stuff.

And now if you haven't found it we might make one last suggestion, a cup of coffee or a stimulant might warm his heart . . . but if you insist:—A trip to Bermuda, a new car, or a last minute proposal . . . we'll give up.

THE DANCE: ANCIENT AND MODERN

(5)

In North America, the numerous Indian tribes subjected to the environment of the plains, have developed in great detail some special religious observances, ceremonial institutions, secret societies, ritual observances, etc. The mental life of these Indians was profoundly influenced by the buffalo and the horse. Among the Algonkian (Arapaho, Blackfeet, Cheyenne, etc.) Siouan (Ponka e. g.) Caddon, Shonian, Kiowan, and perhaps the Kitunahan tribes, the sun-dance in some form or other prevailed at one time. Of ceremonies that are modern, it is said that the Ghost-Dance, a popular ceremonial religious dance, is known east of the Rocky Mountains by this name because of the incurred hypnotic trances; the Sioux outbreak in 1890-1891 was in part due to the excitement of the Ghost-Dance.

From Polynesia and Aboriginal America, come isolated traces of dramas, some of which were accompanied by dancing. These dramas which have been mentioned can be executed by anyone who is in the proper mood.

There is one type dancing which is comparatively new in this country, but which has met with high approval and popularity—the Ballet.

A Ballet is a theatrical presentation of a drama pantomime adapted to music, in which the emotions of the composer are expressed by the dancers with movements and gestures. In some cases, music has been written expressly to suit a certain Ballet, such as "The Fire Bird" and "Petroushka" by Stravinsky, and "The Passing of the Seasons" by Glazunov.

Originally the word "ballet" was derived from the Greek word meaning "to dance." The word has passed through the Medieval Latin to Italian, emerging as the old English word, "Ballette."

The introduction of the modern ballet has generally been attributed to the 15th century. Novelty of entertainment was then sought for in the splendid courts of Italy, in order to celebrate events which were thought great in that time, such as the marriages of princes or the triumphs of their armies. It has been supposed that the art of the old Roman pantomime was then revived to add to the attraction of the court dances. Under the Roman Empire, the pantomime had represented either a mythological story or a scene from a Greek tragedy by mute gestures, or while a chorus, placed in the background, sang a cantica to narrate the fables, or to describe the action of the scene.

The earliest modern ballet on record, took place at Toronto and was presented to celebrate the marriage of the Duke of Milan in 1849.

Catherine de Medici, noted for her taste in art and her love of luxury and magnificence, introduced the ballet which was produced by Balif, in France, about 1560, and spent large sums of money devising performances to distract her son's attention from the affairs of the state. At this time, the ladies of the highest rank performed in the ballets, which were always presented at night.

Henry IV, Louis VIII, and XIV, were all lovers of the ballet, and performed in them, portraying various characters. Richelieu used the ballet for political propaganda. One of these ballets was called "Prosperity of the Arms

"PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

As one of the youth in our modern and civilized world, I would like to ask any of our serious minded Ukrainian youth the following question: "What are the chances of youth having this so-called 'Pursuit of Happiness' in life." No doubt many will read this article and yet find it rather difficult to explain in a brief letter that they are wholly enjoying such a life.

In the first place, too many of our youth still seek employment, and that alone has caused them to lose all ambition in becoming successful. In dire need of money for various needs, they accept any job that they can come in contact with, usually one which does not even hold for them the slightest outlook of a future. In the second place they have been having a lot of difficulty in bettering themselves, especially since so many of them work hard with brawn but not with brains. In my estimation there are many opportunities offered them, if only they would take advantage of them. Many great executives throughout the country predict an acute shortage of experienced labor in the engineering, machinery, welding, and carpentry industries, because recovery has advanced to the point where it has created an immediate want for experienced labor in these trades. However, these are not the only opportunities offered to the youth. Positions in commercial enterprises are also open to the properly qualified youth.

I can say this: there are not enough of the Ukrainian youth who hold responsible positions. Why? The reason lies in the fact that they are out to get just an ordinary job and not one which calls for greater skill, initiative and brains.

Tuhs far I have attempted to point out why youth has found it hard to get along in the world. It would be noteworthy at this point to mention the fact that some parents, too, make it somewhat difficult for the youth. There is no reason to doubt that encouraging and understanding parents are a stimulus to the advancement of any individual. Without encouragement and a fair understanding of matters, defeat is almost sure to be instilled in the minds of the youth, which later leads into recklessness, envy, and a hatred, that may result in a bitter, relentless struggle, a struggle between individuals for personal gains—gains that are achieved by no other means than by selfishness and greed. Such a situation exists in Spain today and in many other foreign countries. I am sure that we, the Youth of America, are not contemplating on adopting any ideals of that nature. We are far more intelligent and educated to be of that calibre. Therefore, let us all band together harmoniously and venture into this puzzling world with a bigger and broader aspect of life.

In conclusion, let us adopt a more friendlier attitude toward one another, so that we will ultimately be on the road to "Pursuit of Happiness" that is bound to come Tomorrow, Tomorrow and Tomorrow.

PETER MUHALUK.

of France. Jean-Baptist Lully was the first to make an art of the composition of ballet music, and he was also the first to insist upon women dancing professionally in the ballets, feminine characters hitherto having been taken by men dressed as women.