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GROWING UNDERSTANDING AND COOPERATION

The recently held Congress of the "Obyednanye" (United Ukrainian Organizations of America) proved its worth in more than one way.

Besides showing that the interest of the Ukrainian-Americans in the old country and its struggle for freedom is as intense as ever, and that this interest does not interfere in the least with their efforts to adjust themselves satisfactorily in relation to their Ukrainian background and American environment, the Congress was also illustrative of the new spirit of mutual understanding and cooperation between the old and young that has been developing within the last few years. Especially within the sphere of this mutual understanding was the worth of the Congress particularly noticeable.

Those of the older generation present at its sessions, for example, clearly saw that despite the wailings of calamity howlers, there is a considerable portion of the younger generation that greatly interests itself in Ukrainian-American life, and that has as one of its main ideals—the freeing of Ukraine. They also saw clear evidence of the fact that this youth is more than willing to cooperate with them towards the attainment of their common goals. And yet, it was also brought to their attention that this youth reserves for itself the right to its own judgment on the question of how it can best contribute its services towards the attainment of these goals.

On the other hand, those of the youth present at this Congress perceived how highly idealistic is the attitude of their elders towards the endeavors of Ukraine to free herself, an attitude which finds material expression, for example, in the $285,136.00 which they sent to the old country during the last 14 years through the channels of the "Obyednanye" alone. They saw, too, how despite the many discouraging reverses the Ukrainian movement for independence has suffered in the past, these elders of theirs have rarely faltered in the hope that it will soon achieve its successful culmination. And finally, they also saw how mueh hope and dependence the elders are placing upon them, their children, to continue their moral and material aid to this noble movement and to generally carry on their other tasks and traditions.

Besides all this, however, the Congress proved itself to be an excellent object-lesson for the youth of how cooly and tactfully one should conduct oneself at such a meeting when a sudden flurry of passions aroused by any one individual with personal grievances or an ax to grind suddenly threatens to disrupt the entire proccedings.

Confronted with such an emergency, the young people at the Congress quickly realized that they should not, as is often the case, rise indignantly to their feet and stalk haughtily out of the council chambers, as if to say, "This is your quarrel, not mine." After all, it is very likely that basically this is their quarrel, even though they do not realize it. And even if it were not, still it would be more than worthwhile for them to remain calmly seated and observe how such an emergency is handled. If it is handled well, they should carefully observe the technique used, and make a mental note of it for future reference; as there is not the slightest doubt but that they will more than need it in their own, youth organization life. And if it is bungled, they should also note the mistakes made, in order to avoid them themselves in the future.

Such were some of the things impressed upon the minds of the young people who attended the Congress of the "Obyednanye." Especially impressed, however, were they with the laudable work of "Obyednanye" itself, not only on its familiar grounds of humanitarian, political, and cultural endeavors, but also in the newly-opened field of Ukrainian-American youth activities. Here, as brought out by the older and younger speakers, the organization strives to give the youth a better knowledge of its Ukrainian background; chiefly through the medium of published and to-be-published books written in the English language. Here also the organization strives to help the youth orient itself in relation to those social, economic and political conditions under which they live here on the American soil. And here, too, the "Obyednanye" endeavors to enrich Ukrainian-American youth life by pointing out to our youth those ideals in whose service one is spurred on to higher and nobler things.

NEW YOUTH BRANCH FORMED IN JERSEY CITY

A new youth branch of the Ukrainian National Association, the "Volodimir the Great Society," Branch No. 287, was recently formed in Jersey City, New Jersey.

Its temporary officers are. Peter Hrabar, President; John Proeyk, Secretary; and Peter Komendant, Treasurer.

The braneh was organized by Stephany Halychyn.

UKRAINIAN-AMERICAN APPOINTED ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL

John Panchuk, prominent Ukrainian-American attorney of Detroit, and President of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, was recently appointed as Assistant Attorney General for the State of Michigan. He assumed his new duties on January 4th.

Mr. Panchuk was one of the 23 successful applicants out of the 500 that applied for this position.

UKRAINIAN-AMERICAN DESIGNS NEW AIR CRAFT

Waldimir Semenyna, young aeronautical engineer, known especially for his translations into English of Ukrainian poetry, recently designed a trim low-wing monoplane of simple lines and wood and metal construction, which aviation experts believe is best suited for present-day quantity production, especially for the use of the average private pilot. Officially it is known as Model S-125, and production of it will soon start at the Ben Jones, Inc., Schenectady, New York, where Mr. Semenyna is employed.

A comfortable and an appealing machine, the ship has a wing spread of 31 feet, is approximately 25 feet in length, and contains a sliding canopy enclosure for two persons. In its test flights, piloted by Ben Jones, a 125 horsepower motor was used, but the plane is designed and stressed to take a power plant of 150 horsepower and develop a top speed of over 160 miles an hour. In its maneuvers the ship averaged a top speed of approximately 150 miles an hour and cruised easily at 135 miles an hour. The takeoffs and landings of the plane on its initial trips have been excellent and in the air the ship has all the appearances of a "pursuit job."

Besides the local newspaper reports on this new plane, the "Aero Digest" magazine for December had an extended account of it, too.

HAVE STUDENTS COMMON SENSE?

An investigation into the amount of "common sense" that a public school education gives to a young man or woman seeking a job has been undertaken, in the State of New York, by the Regents Inquiry.

The inquiry will interview about 2,000 boys and girls, most of them now working, who left school recently and who did not go to college. A report will be filed with the State Board of Regents.

After interviewing the former students themselves, the inquiry will question teachers, friends and particularly the bosses of the young men and women.

"It is, however, more than the recent student's conduct on the job that the inquiry wants to know about," the statement of the board of inquiry says. "What the young worker does with his leisure time and how much interest he takes in being a citizen are part of the picture. Especially is any influence of the school on any phase of his adult hfe being considered.

"For example, among the questions are such as these: Was the love of reading inculcated during school years? Does the young employe turn to reading now for interest and relaxation? As a recent graduate does he go back to his teachers for advice and friendly conversation, or does he feel cut off and adrift?"

The inquiry said it hopes to create a "new view of the schools through their products."

"NATALKA POLTAVKA" ON THE SCREEN

Hailed as the first Ukrainian sound film in America, an adaptation of Ivan Kotlyarevsky's "Natalka Poltavka" was presented several weeks ago in New York City by the "Avramenko Film Production, Inc.", and is now on a tour of Ukrainian-American communities.

The original music score to this play has been modernized for the film by Prof. K. Shvedov. The main role is played by Thalia Sabanieva, who has also sung in the Metropolitan Opera Company. Other main roles are played by Michael Shwetz, M. Vodyaniy, D. Criona, T. Swystun, Olena Dibrova, and Lydia Berezovska. It was directed by V. Avramenko and M. Gann. Costumes by F. Brazhnyk. It was filmed by Dr. E. Ulmer.

IVAN FRANKO

By S. S.

(32)

Divisions of "My Izmarahd"

Although in his foreword to "My Izmarahd," Franko declares his intention of presenting to the reader a collection of verses of a moralistic character, yet in reality only parts of this collection can be said to conform with his expressed intention, namely parts II, III and IV ["Paranetikon" (Parenesis), "Prytchi" (Parables), "Legendy" (Legends), respectively], while the remaining parts I, V, and VI ["Poklony" (Bows), "Po Selakh" (Throughout the Villages), "Do Braziliyi" (To Brazil)] are based entirely on modern contemporary themes, being linked with the former perhaps only by the "diaphonic combination of the intellectual and emotional tendencies" of the poet, or, to put it more simply, by the uniform presence of the author's "I."

"Paranetikon"

Beginning from this latter section, we find that "Parenetikon" consists of brief moral teachings, 65 in all, very similar to the ancient Ukrainian gnomes and aphorisms. Some of these teachings elaborate upon foreign themes, but most of them are original and native in both theme and its treament. The best of them, however, are those in which can be found some modern subjective thoughts of Franko himself, or where the gnomic theme is especially embellished by poetic raiment; while the remaining others are sometimes dry and in a few cases even quite commonplace. Two good examples of the first and second type are as follows:

Не звикай утертими стежками
Йти за другим сліпо як у дим,
Бо як стануть пастухи вовками,
Треба віцам пастися самим.

Як від лютого татарина,
Що шаблюкою маха,
Всі втікають безоружині,
Так тікай ти від гріха.

The above are drawn from the category of the briefer verses of the "Parenetikon," which are generally known by their separate title "Stropha." Of the longer ones, the one following is also a good example of the first type.

Не слід усякого робити без розбору.
Як добрі щепи садівник плекає?
Так, що всі зайві паростя втинає,
Щоб добрі соки йшли все вгору, вгору.
Господь сказав: „Яка тобі заслуга,
Коли кохаєш свого брата, друга?
А ви любіте своїх ворогів!"
Подумай добре, що Господь велів!
Не мовив: „Моїх ворогів любіте!"
Отсе, брати, ви добре розумійте
Що ворог божий, ворог правди й волі
Не варт любови вашої ніколи.

In this connection, however, it must be borne in mind that gnomes and similar moral teachings are usually very difficult to handle in form of poetry; in view of this Franko's collection of them, aside from the few weaker ones, is generally distinguished by its fine poetic form and wit. And although it does not have running through it some one leading basic theme, as Franko himself warned in his foreword to it, yet it is characterized by warm humanitarian feelings, by the ideal of productive love and justice.

(To be Continued)

ALIAS PRINCE CHARMING

By Michael Petrovsky

(2)

This newly awakened feeling of love for Olga, Les experienced later that same day at the home of the bride where the wedded couple, according to the custom of their people, were taken for the celebration and dancing.

Les and Olga, as attendants of the bride and groom, were obliged to help in the serving of the guests who kept coming in all afternoon until the house was filled with crowds of hilarious men, women and children; they brought loads of food and drink to the tables, and carried dishes to the kitchen. Les liked this sort of work because it let him be near Olga, to whisper a soft word now and then, or bestow on her a glowing glance, such a glance, indeed, that she finally began to evade him resentfully.

It was evident that his persistent attention provoked a suspicion in the girl's mind, which, in turn, produced a certain frigidity, quite natural to a seventeen-year-old girl having to contend with tempestuous love-making in the presence of her parents and friends.

She became suspicious, indignant.

Why this sudden show of affection? Hadn't he ever seen her before?

These questions Les was able to read in Olga's eyes, although he was certain that those same eyes secretly admired him.

He decided to dare her! When the orchestra hit the kolomeyka, his blood stirred. This was the best loved dance of the Ukrainian highlanders, the Hutzuls, and he, the son of a Hutzul, would never miss it! More so, since it was to be his first dance with Olga. He swept her into his whirlwind dance before she even knew what had happened.

He sang her a love song in his deep-chested baritone, to the melodies of the violin, cymbals, clarinet and tambourine—melodies that had been snatched from the tempestuous winds, wild rambling streams, and the clamoring firs and pines of the Carpathian mountains by the Hutzuls, to express their passionate freedom-loving nature.

And the guests applauded wondering if there was another tune in the world to compare with the kolomeyka, which stirs the very blood to dance in ecstatic abandonment. Its stirring notes have the power to sway inanimate objects into a rhythmic whirl, or rouse the bones of a Hutzul in his grave, and make him long to join in the maze of this dance. Indeed, to finish a kolomeyka without collapsing from heart failure, requires a Ukrainian's limbs and a very sound and sturdy constitution. Thus Les and Olga danced! Thus most of the wedding guests, young and old, danced, singing appropriate verses to please their fair partners or their fancies.

Les sang all the kolomeyka love verses he could remember, and when his stock was exhausted, he improvised his own, in which he extolled Olga's beauty and his love for her.

And the girl blushed, both from the effect of her partner's songs and the whirlwind dance. She swung around as lightly as though she were carried on the wings of the wind, her face flushing and her beautiful eyes sparkling with excitement.

Les did not dare take his eyes off her, for fear of losing this glimpse of heaven.

For a flitting moment she faced his daring eyes—gave him an illusive smile . . . and what brave attempts he made not to enclose her in his powerful arms, and whisper: "Olga, I love you!" and implant a kiss on her lips.

Bah, what a fool he was not to have done this before—whenever he met her picking berries on his side of the farm, or whilst giving her a lift to Zoria, or helping her to round up the sows lost in the bush . . . Ah, but he was blind then.

The kolomeyka came to an abrupt stop, and the dancers, with perspiration streaming down their faces, took their first breath.

"Play on!" he cried to the musicians.

"Play on! Play the kolomeyka!" demanded others, and the room filled with the crowds of people, humid air mixed with smoke and vapors of food and liquor, again resounded with the thud of heels, swish of skirts, and songs to the tunes of the frisking bow, the wailing clarinet, the jingling cymbals, and the beat of the tambourine.

Before long the older dancers began to fall out of the dance from sheer exhaustion. The youth kept the floor. In fact, they were just getting warmed up; their coats flew off to the side, they sang and danced in their shirtsleeves, while their elders stood and admired the vigor of youth.

In the end Les and Olga had the floor to themselves, Les daring his fair partner to excel him in some fancy steps. Olga accepted the challenge with an air of defiance, somewhat piqued at the very idea of his trying her out. Yet she so bravely held her own the people applauded, and they danced until the musicians collapsed.

Olga, then ran outside for a few gulps of fresh air, leaving Les in the middle of the room wiping his brow. He ran after her and found her on the garden bench, in the full glow of the magnificent moon. She presented an exquisite picture of maidenly beauty that stirred him to the depths.

"Olga . . . you're lovely! You dance divinely! Listen, Olga . . . I love you—love you—my dove!" he whispered passionately.

He was on his knees before the girl, holding her hands, and then, before she even realized what it was all about, he enfolded her in his arms, his lips fervently pressing hers.

"Oh, how dare you—you . . . Oh, how I hate your moustaches!" she cried, repulsing him in frantic confusion.

"Ha-ha-ha! You beautiful vixen! You don't like my cute little moustaches—the pride of manhood, eh? Hate them, but like me," he laughed, as was his habit in overcoming any embarrassing situations.

"I hate you too,—you conceited, fresh thing!" she snapped at him, and ran to the house.

"All right, Olga! Just the same I shall send my "starosty" after you, as sure as my name is Les," he cried after her, and sat on the bench in a happy reverie.

Left alone, he mused on her under the spell of the glorious moon, while the house hummed with music, songs and dancing. Les was in love—he was happy . . .

Before the week was over he found two men to act as "starosty" for him.

Olga's parents received the "Prince" and his envoys (the two men specially selected to accompany a young suitor to the home of the girl's father to arrange the marriage—an old custom still adhered to among some Ukrainians) with beaming faces, for the young Sandulak was considered a good catch. After an elaborate ceremony, as required by the ancient custom, consisting of much bowing and many polite and meaningless phrases, the suitor expected to receive a beautifully embroidered towel, sent on a silver platter by the girl, hidden in her chamber, as the pledge of her consent. There was no vision of a "harbooza"—a pumpkin—for the suitor, in token of her curt refusal. Les expected an embroidered towel from Olga. He knew she admired him secretly, and her parents liked him too. But—to his utter disappointment—Olga presented him with a big, ugly pumpkin. She carried it to him from her bedroom, where she had sought refuge from the whole procedure, and deposited it in his hands with a mocking smile.

Ah, what a shame on the whole Sandulak tribe! What sneers and jeers he withstood from the people of Zoria! How could she ever send him away with a pumpkin? He, Les Sandulak, the only son of the richest farmer in the colony, who deserved the hand of the most beautiful belle—not only for his riches but for his own merits—to be thus shamefully turned down? Unbelievable! For, was he not handsome, brave and honest; was he not tall and straight as the timber, and strong as a young oak; could he not beat any four husky men in a fight, just as he had killed a vicious bear with an axe in a single combat; did not his face appeal to every girl, and did not his eyes, like two dark lodes, extract sighs from any girl they were fixed on; were not his curls abundant and dark; did not his voice and manner make an irresistible appeal?

"Oh, how could she . . . how could she!" he repeated again and again. Did he not love her with all his might? Even when she scorned him, he had not ceased to love her. He followed her like a shadow, pleading, remonstrating, until she feared him.

Now, since she had gone away, he knew that this was one of the reasons why she had flown to the big city like a frightened canary. There were other reasons, also, and one of them was her parents, who nagged her for the refusal of the offer in marriage of so desirable a man as Les Sandulak.

And then there had been that city man at the wedding who had told her she was much too beautiful to waste her time on a farm when she could be earning good money in the city. She had listened with rapt attention as he described the city to her, and flushed happily when he told her that she would always be a Cinderella as long as she remained on her own hearth but would be the belle of the ball in the city and probably find herself a Prince Charming. She had tried to laugh it off as a jest, but she was sufficiently interested to take the young man's address and promise to look him up when she went to the city.

And so, she had gone without a word; the months had passed, the sore was unhealed. Now he carried a message that was surely from her and might mean no good . . **(To be Continued)**

NEW YEAR'S CUSTOMS IN UKRAINE

In ancient Ukraine, New Year's Day fell in March. Subsequently, begining with 1348 A. D., it was observed in September. It was not until 1700 that New Year's Day began to be observed on January 1st of the Julian calendar.

The basis for all the customs that are connected with the observance of New Year's Day in Ukraine is the insuring of prossperity and bountifulness for the coming year and the guessing or foretelling of what the year will offer.

On New Year's Eve the Ukrainian people celebrate the "Malanka." That evening the husbandsman tends to the cattle sooner than usual. After all chores have been done the family sits down to supper. After supper neighbors come in the role of fortune-tellers and prophesy what will transpire of during the coming year: what sort of crops there will be, who will marry, who will die, and so on.

In the district of Poltava as well as in the Hutzul (Ukrainian mountaineer) land, there is a custom of groups of people, usually young, gathering together and then going from house to house singing "schedrivky." The latter are New Year's carols, not very different in form from the Christmas carols ("kolyady"), in fact being the continuation of the same. In other sections of Ukraine, however, these "schedrivky" are not sung until the Jordan Holiday. In certain parts only young men are allowed to sing the "schedrivky" and girls the "kolyady."

There is the curious custom in several sections connected with the observance of New Year's of thieves going to the cemetery, alone of course, and there announcing loudly "I shall steal!" If any voice is heard immediately afterwards, then that is regarded as a bad omen, and the thief will not rob or steal. But if no voice is heard, the thief takes this as a sure sign of success and proceeds to practice his "profession."

Bright and early on New Year's Day, little boys enter the home and wish everyone health, luck, long life, and bountiful crops, scattering about them in the meanwhile grains of oats and barley that they carry for this express purpose in little bags. For this they receive "novorichne"—gifts.

The household is most careful not to let a woman enter the house first, before a man, for if she does, then the family will have bad luck during the coming year. For the same reason no sick person is allowed to enter first.

The housewife, after having washed herself in the early morn, takes a broom, and all the dirt that has accumulated since Christmas and that she has purposely swept into the "pokutya" ("honorary" corner), she now sweeps out, gathers up and takes it out into the garden, where she burns it. The Hutzu's have a custom of jumping through the flames in order that they be as happy and merry as the flames.

Refer to last Wednesday's issue of "Svoboda" for article in English on "Ukrainian Christmas."

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN UKRAINIAN MOUNTAIN VILLAGES

An air of bustling activity characterizes the Ukrainian mountain village during the week preceding Christmas. During every day of it the husbandsmen are seen wending their way towards the nearest town, some by foot, some on horseback, and some by sleigh. They go to buy flour, honey, dried fish, pepper, prunes, incense, candles, oils, pots, spoons, and articles of clothing. "This holiday comes but once a year," they say. "God be thanked for having permitted us to live see it."

After all his shopping is done, the husbandsman chops enough wood for the oven to last him through the holidays. Next he prepares fodder for the cattle, so that "just as human beings, the beasts, too, be content, lest they should curse us."

The housewife, in the meanwhile, busies herself about the house: she washes linen, whitewashes the walls of the hut, scours the table, the benches, and sweeps the dust out of every nook and corner.

When the day preceding Christmas finally arrives, the marriageable girls take care lest an unmarried young man should be the first to enter the house, for if does then it will indeed be extremely difficult for the girl to get a husband that year. On that day, too, the mother strains all her culinary skill to prepare for the evening's "Holy Supper" the custom prescribed twelve different courses. When she is done with her cooking and baking, she then tends to the children, bathing them and changing their clothes. When that is done, aromatic hay is spread upon the table, and this is covered with a white tablecloth. Two loaves of bread are placed upon is and a candle is stuck in the top loaf. A "hurman" (a cone-like lump) of salt and a bottle of honey are placed next to the loaves. Some iron farming utensils, such as an axe, scythe, sickle is placed in the hay under the tablecloth as a precaution that the iron farming tools do not rust.

As soon as the first star of the evening has shown itself, the husbandsman takes a loaf of bread with the candle stuck in it, goes outside with it and, followed by his wife and children, circles his house, saying prayers at the same time for the health of his family and his cattle. Returning into the house he brings back with him a sheaf of oats, places it in the corner behind the table, and replaces the bread on the table.

Various rituals are then performed by the husbandsman, his wife, the oldest son, or marriageable daughter. Each of them has some particular significance attached to it. For example, the legs of the table are tied with a cord so that the winds will not be able to break the fruit trees during that year. To safeguard the son from being drafted into the army, the blades of a pair of scissors are also tied together. Various objects are taken off the hooks on which they hang, lest worries should hang over the members of the family. Then too, certain words are eschewed, in order to avoid certain calamities that would befall upon the household if they were uttered during this Christmas Eve.

After all have taken their places at the table, the mother places on it a dish of wheat grains mixed with ground poppy seeds and flavored with honey—the famous Ukrainian "kutya." Prayers are then said. After this follows the wishing to one another of health and good fortune, accompanied by the tasting of the "kutya." The housewife fills her spoon with the "kutya" and dashes it into each corner of the house, saying "May all evil fail to take to our sheep and cattle as this wheat fails to take to the wall." She gives her chickens some wheat grains, saying "May they lay as many eggs as there are wheat grains in the world." If anybody drops a grain of wheat while eating the "kutya," he quickly picks it up, for upon how quickly he does it depends his quickness in finding his sheep next summer when they stray from the flock.

Thus one dish follows another. The last one usually is that of fish, served in a jelly-like substance. A spoonful is taken from each dish and placed into a special plate. This mixture is later baked and given to the cattle to eat, for it is supposed to help them grow healthy, and prolific. Ashes from the fire over which this mixture was baked is strewn in the vegetable patch to make the cabbage grow well.

After the "Holy Supper," young men and boys gather together and go carroling through the village, stopping at each house. These are the so-called "small carols." On Christmas Day itself, after the church services, both young married and single men, accompanied by musicians, go carolling too, and this is what is known as "great carols." Usually, after they have sung the opening carol they are invited inside the house by the husbandsman, where they are seated around the table. The musicians then play the "bereza," the leader of the carolers intoning the first verse of the songs while the rest follow him by singing the refrain in chorus. They also sing their greetings to the members of the family beginning with the head of the house and ending with the youngest child of the servant. Refreshments are then served to them.

S. S.

CHRISTMAS DAY

(To K. M. Lazarewsky)

By TARAS SHEVCHENKO

(Written in exile at Kos-Aral near the Aral Sea, Asia, in 1848.)

When you're not going home at night
From one place or another,
And sleep has gone from you in flight—
Remember me, dear brother!
And when your lonesomeness and grief
Won't leave you for a price,
Why, then, just think of me my friend
And call me for advice.
It's then that you should think of how
Beside a distant sea,
Your friend of friends, so happy once,
Fights with his destiny;
How he, with just his hidden thoughts
And with his humble heart,
Walks aimlessly and prays to God
To lighten, some, his lot;
Whose thoughts drift often to Ukraine,
Who thinks of you, my friend,
And sometimes worries for a while—
Not much—you understand.
You see, it's but a day away
When Christmas will be hail'd—
How hard it is to meet this day
When you're alone and jailed
In the desert.
Bright and early
Tomorrow, in Ukraine,
The bells will ring and people'll sing
To God a sweet refrain.
And tomorrow, bright and early,
Somewhere along the plain,
A hungry beast will introduce
A chilling hurricane:
To bring and blow the sand and snow
Around my hut of clay.
That is the way that I shall meet
The Holy Christmas Day!

* * *

So what is there to do? Life's here
In which we all must grope
And struggle to the end. My friend,
If you should ever mope,
Just know what's written on this sheet:
That on this earthly isle
The only life that's hard to meet
Is desert-bound exile . . .
And man, though poorly, lives there, too.
What else is there to do?
Unless to die—but hope, good man,
Refuses to comply!

Translated by
WALDIMIR SEMENYNA.

OLD AND NEW STYLE CALENDARS

Ukrainians, the world over, celebrated the Birth of Christ on January 7th, with glorious customs centuries old. These Ukrainian Christmas customs are richer and more colorful than those of any other country; therefore, we should be proud of them and preserve them as much as possible even here in America.

The Julian Calendar, upon which is based the Ukrainian liturgical year, was introduced by Julius Caesar, forty five years before Christ. Until 1582, this calendar was in universal use, being used by all Christian nations, including Ukraine. Since, however, astronomical authorities observed an error in the Julian Calendar, amounting to approximately thirteen days, Pope Gregory ordered another calendar to be arranged, which would cancel the then existing error of 11 days, and calculate time in a more accurate manner. The result was the Gregorian Calendar, which was introduced in 1582.

One by one the nations of Europe adopted the new calendar. Yet, as late as 1751, England was till celebrating Christmas at the same time as the Ukrainians. The Calendar Amendment Act of that year, however, cancelled the 11 days difference existing then between old and new style calendars, by providing for adoption by England of the Gregorian amendment to the Julian Calendar. At the present time the difference between the old and new style calendars is—13 days.

To the present date the Ukrainians have consistently refused to abandon the calendar of their forefathers because of certain benefits accruing to them by holding on to the old.

MICHAEL ELKO.

TRANSLATIONS

Have you ever tried to translate anything from the Ukrainian language into the English? It is quite a task I assure you. I have read many translations here in our Weekly, and never really appreciated what a great deal of time and effort must have been put in by the translator.

However, just before the American Christmas, the music teacher of a private day school requested some Ukrainian carols. The teacher was one of others who had received some of our Ukrainian Easter Eggs, last Easter. She said, "You have such wonderful customs, and you no doubt have some wonderful carols. Could you secure two or three for our Christmas play?" Since the time was so short, and it was impossible to get translations from our Book Store in time, there was nothing left for me to do but translate them myself. The teacher was enthusiastic over our melodies and as a result these American children sang our Ukrainian carols at their Christmas play.

My free translations are submitted herewith.

A NEW JOY HATH COME

(Нова радість стала)

A new joy hath come this night
Twas unheard of e'r before
And a bright star o'er the stable
Shone with an eternal light.

Where Christ the Lord was born
Of the Holy Virgin
Veiled in flesh in a poor stable
So our Christ the Lord was born.

IN BETHLEHEM

(Во Вифлеємі нині новина)

In Bethlehem, O what joyful tidings
Of the Virgin Mary Christ the Lord was born
There in a manger peacefully He lay
Christ the Lord Jesus asleep in the hay.

Hark Choirs of angels in the heavens singing
Glory glory to Christ their newborn king
And bearing presents shepherds following the light
Reverently welcomed the Christ Child that night.

After this experience an idea occurred to me. It would do us all some good if we tried a hand at translating. The editor of the Weekly could print a small Ukrainian poem, and ask for translations. The readers would then get some experience in translating and would be able to compare their translations with others. To stimulate results, a very small award could be made to the best judged translation.

ANNA CHOPEK,
117 Greenfield Rd.,
Mattapan, Mass.

WANT GAMES

The "Rossford Ukes" would like to book any games within a radius of 350 miles,—home and home games.

TONY BOBAK,
134 Walnut St., Box 417,
Rossford, Ohio

UKRAINIAN ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM

Dominated by ten Eastern players, six of whom are from Pennsylvania, the selection of the second annual "Ukrainian All-American College Football Team" is here presented.

Approximately forty school registrars were contacted, and they cooperated in verifying the nationality of alleged Ukrainian football players, making possible the compilation of a strictly Ukrainian personnel of this 1936 cast.

PLAYER	SCHOOL	POSITION	HOME-TOWN
Frank Souchak	Pittsburgh	Left End	Berwick, Pa.
Fred Hladkey	Wyoming	Left Tackle	Crete, Nebraska
John Kawchak	Carnegie Tech	Left Guard	Johnstown, Pa.
Joseph Yuhas	St. Bonaventure	Centre	Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Eugene Pypiuk	Washington & Jefferson	Right Guard	Monessen, Pa.
Walter Kozak	Susqehanna	Right Tackle	Shamokin, Pa.
John Druze	Fordham	Right End	Irvington, N. J.
Michael Stelmach	N. Y. U.	Quarterback	Jersey City, N. J.
Mike Kabaelo	Ohio State	Left Half	Loraine, Ohio
Nick Wasylik	Ohio State	Right Half	Astoria, L. I.
John Michelosen	Pittsburgh	Fullback	Ambridge, Pa.

A study of the line-up reveals that five are veterans from the 1935 All-Ukrainian squad—Michelosen, Stelmach, Souchak, Kawchak, Yuhas. Pittsburgh and Ohio State are represented by two players, while in Hladkey and Stelmach we have two that were captains of their school teams. All except Kozak and Stelmach are juniors in class, qualifying nine for the 1937 team consideration. To fill vacant posts, Michelosen and Wasylik, quarterbacks, and Kozak, a backfield man, were shifted to complete the line-up.

In the line we have hard-driving, clean fighting men, with the left flank particularly strong. In Hladkey we have a great tackle, and in Yuhas an excellent pivot man. In Souchak we are blessed with a versatile wingman, adept in catching passes and a reliable place kicker. Kawchak, a sturdy guard, and Pypiuk and Druze are other good line-men.

The backfield consists of clever-playing, fast-running backs, all of whom played instrumental parts in their teams' many victories. It was Stelmach's generalship that carried New York University to a surprise victory over mighty Fordham, and Michelosen's great quarterbacking that led to the downfall of Nebraska by Pitt. In Kabaelo we have a passer and punter extraordinary, as is also true of Stelmach and Wasylik when it comes to flipping the pigskin accurately to targets that reap substantial gains. Here is a backfield loaded with dynamite, versatility, brains and brawn, enough to satisfy any coach's dream.

To coach this all-star cast, we nominate 'Bronko' Nagurski of the Chicago Bears, and Mike Mikulak of the Chicago Cardinals, two great professional football players. This rounds out a cast of which all Ukrainians should feel mighty proud this season. (In conclusion, may we add that two Ukrainians saw action in the Rose Bowl game on New Year's Day in California—Michelosen and Souchak of the University of Pittsburgh).

ALEXANDER YAREMKO

UKRAINIAN INDEPENDENCE
(Reprinted from the "Catholic Herald," London, England)

SIR,—As a Ukrainian and a Catholic of the Eastern Rite I would like to make a comment on the letters of Mr. Speaight and Count Bennigsen which appeared in a recent issue of your paper and to give two interesting quotations concerning Ukraine.

1. In Voltaire's work, **Histoire de Charles VII, Roi de Suede,** the eminent writer says (in 1731):

"L'Ukraine a toujours aspire etre libre; mais etant entouree de la Moscovie, des Etats du grand-seigneur et de la Pologne, il lui a fallu chercher un protecteur, et par consequant un maitre, dans l'un de ces trois Etats. Elle se mit d'abord sous la protection de la Pologne, qui la traita trop en sujette; elle se donna ensuite au Moscovie, qui la gouverna en eclave autant qu'il le put. D'abord les Ukrainiens jouirent du privilege d'elire un prince sous le nom de general; mais bientot ils furent depouillees de ce droit, et leur general fut nomme par la cour de Moscow."

2. The words of the well-known German Travellor J. G. Herder, in his **Journal meiner Reise im Jahre, 1769,** sounds rather prophetic when he writes:

"Die Ukraine wird ein neues Griechenland werden: der schoene Himmel dieses Volkes, ihr lustiges Wesen, ihre musikalische Natur, ihr fruchtbares Land usw. werden einmal aufwachen: aus so vielen kleinen wilden Voelkern, wie es die Griechen auch vormals waren, wird eine gesittete Nation werden: ihre Graenzen werden sich bis zum Schwarzen Meer hin erstrecken und von dahinaus durch die Welt."

These are only two quotations, but the eighteenth century produced a legion of works dealing with the Ukrainian Independence Movement. It was well-known all over Europe and for a long time occupied the diplomacy of the European chancelleries from the Bosphorus to the Seine.

V. J. KISILEWSKY.
27 Grosvenor Place,
London, S. W. 1.

WHAT THEY ARE STRIKING FOR?

Over three hundred public school pupils in Deepwater, New Jersey, went on strike from classes to demand the reinstatement of William (Pete) Eckley, village policeman, ousted on New Year's Day by the Lower Penn's Neck Township Committee.

Carrying placards reading "On Strike for Pete's Sake," "No School Until We Get Pete," and "Down with Prince!" the children, ranging in age from 6 to 14 years, paraded through the village and taunted Patrolman Arthur Prince, whom the commissioners had named Eckley's successor.

Eckley has been directing traffic at the school crossing for seven years and has become so active in village athletic affairs that he is a favorite with parents and children alike.

HOW THE WOLF BECAME A MAYOR

By Ivan Franko

(A Ukrainian fairy-tale)

A Donkey was grazing in a meadow. Suddenly out of a bush a Wolf rushed towards the Donkey, ready to tear him to pieces. Though generally taken for a fool, the Donkey at once bethought himself what to do. As the Wolf was running towards him, the Donkey laughed joyfully, bowed low and addressed him thus:

"What luck! What luck! Oh, in what a good moment you came, dear sir. I have been seeking and searching for you a long time."

"And what can I do for you?" the Wolf asked.

"Well, you see, our village sent me out to find you, ordering me strictly, 'Go, and do not come back without the Wolf!'"

"And what do your people want me for?" the Wolf asked.

"Don't you know? Why, there is going on in our commune the election of our mayor."

"Well, what of it that they hold this election?"

"The matter is not that they are holding this election," the Donkey said, "but that they cannot agree upon a candidate. The Peasants, having quarreled with each other, said, 'Only the Wolf from the forest could be our mayor.' As soon as the others heard this, they liked it. They decided to send me out to bring you to the village."

On hearing this, the Wolf joyfully raised his tail. He climbed at once upon the Donkey's back, sat on him as if on a saddle and drove into the village. As soon as they came into the village, the Donkey called with his ringing voice. The people came running out of their houses, and seeing the Wolf riding on the Donkey's back, rushed at him with sticks, flails and pitch-forks. They started to whip the Wolf. The Wolf barely escaped from the village with his life.

The hapless fellow ran and ran, looking backward to see if the people were chasing him. When the village was seen no more, the Wolf came over to a haystack, clambered to the top of it, and stretched himself to rest.

As he lay there, he spoke to himself, "My father never was mayor. Nor my grandfather. What in the world made me hanker for the honor! Ugh, what a pity that there is no strong man around here to dust my fur right and proper and teach me sense."

And as he thus spoke, a strong peasant stood under the haystack, holding a pitchfork in his hand. Hearing the Wolf's words, the peasant jumped to the top of the haystack, and with a few blows on the back killed the Wolf.

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KILLING OF MINORS AND KILLING BY MINORS

Pleas for executive clemency for three youths convicted of first degree murder were heard by Governor Lehman of New York, at Albany.

The previous pleas, which the Governor rejected, were based on the ground of the youthful age of the convicted men.

This plea was based on the ground that their "confessions" had been forced from them by the police. The governor reserved decision.