



FORGET NOT

Forget not, ne'er forget
The days of youth, of spring;
All the paths they brighten,—
The dark, dark path of life.

Golden dreams, quiet joys,
Heartfelt words, loving thoughts
And every impulse chaste,—
Ne'er be ashamed of such.

Soon they pass, then comes toil
In dreary loneliness,
And corded veins appear
On hands and on the soul.

But only he who loves,
Whose blood is quick to throb,
In whom hope heals all wounds,
Whom battle doth allure,
Who weeps for others' woe,
Rejoices in their good,
He only, is a man.

All through thy life, perhaps,
It may not be thy lot
A man like this to be.
Yet be thou such, e'en though
But for a single hour.

And then, when ill days come,
With grief and sadness fraught,
When hope doth fade away,
When passion glows no more,
When from the broad highways
Of love and keen contest,
Thy way through bypaths leads,
Deserted, narrow, steep,
When cares wither the heart,
And thorns pierce wearied feet,—
Then shall thou life's springtime
With gratitude recall:
And those bright dreams shall shed
A light o'er thy dark path.
Forget not, ne'er forget
The days of youth, of spring.

Trans. by Percival Cundy.

VERSES

By Ivan Franko

The weathy man is doubly rich:
The hearth is full, the logs blaze
like a pyre,
And I have but a single stump
And even that will not catch fire.

Knowledge is a danger when it's
wrongly taught,
Undigested food is baneful to life,
To the poor man—credit with dan-
ger is wrought,
The curse of the old man is a
youthful wife.

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

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

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

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

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

How foolish are the well-to-do
Who love their pillows soft and
sized!
I rested only on a quill
And slept so hard you'd be
surprised.

Translated by W. SEMENYNA.

IVAN FRANKO

Undoubtedly the complex problems of daily existence leave very little time for the average young Ukrainian-American to delve into the traditions and other elements that constitute his Ukrainian background. It is therefore important that he devote the little time that he has for this purpose, to the best advantage. This he can do at least by reading the publications devoted to giving him and his kind a better knowledge and appreciation of their Ukrainian heritage, such as the Ukrainian Weekly, and also by acquainting himself in every possible way with at least a few of the leading representative Ukrainians and their works.

Among the latter, one man whom none of us should fail to learn to know better, is Ivan Franko, whose death on May 28, 1916 (born August 15, 1856) Ukrainians the world over are commemorating at this time. For with the possible exception of Taras Shevchenko, the national poet of Ukraine, no one is a better all-around representative of the Ukrainian people, their culture, their prolific talents, their national sufferings as well as hopes, strivings and aspirations—than he, Ivan Franko. In addition, he is a man whom any nation would be proud to claim as her own son, for his literary works are a valuable addition to the world's best literature—a fact which will become better realized when the Ukrainian language becomes better known outside its homeland.



A sculpture of Ivan Franko by Alexander Archipenko.

One quality, however, of Ivan Franko's works which makes them very popular among those of our young Ukrainian-Americans who have read them, is their modernism. There is nothing out-of-date, remote or unreal about them. In many of them the reader is likely to find a replica of his own experiences, both happy and sad, and of the problems with which he has to contend from time to time. And the manner in which Franko treats such situations or solves the problems, often turns out to be of great help to the reader, by pointing out to him the path which he should take, or by inspiring him to fresh endeavors to reach his goal. That is at least one of the reasons why those of our young people who read his poems, short stories, novels, and articles on sundry subjects—all of the highest literary quality yet written in simple Ukrainian—find them to be so engrossing, so personal in tone, and so real.

We strongly recommend, therefore, to the many of our youth who know Ivan Franko only by name, to learn to know him better. This they can do by reading his works and about his life.

Summer is a good time to begin reading Franko. We will be glad to be of assistance to those who want learn more about him.

MID-WEST U.N.A. YOUTH RALLY TOMORROW

The first Mid-West U.N.A. Youth Rally will take place tomorrow in Detroit, at the Ukrainian National Temple, Martin and Michigan Avenues, beginning at 1 P. M. Talks and general discussion will feature the afternoon session, while in the evening, beginning at 6, a banquet will be held, followed by a dance. At the banquet a representative of the Ukrainian National Association, will present a trophy to the Ham-track U.N.A. basketball team, Mid-Western champions of the U. N.A. Basketball League.

BE READY!

(An excerpt from the poem "Great Anniversary")

By Ivan Franko

For that greatest of all moments
Be all ready, one and all—
Any one may be the leader
When the proper time will call.
You say: "Now the wars are dif-
ferent";
Then with different arms prepare:
Whet your wits and steel your will!
Only fight and don't despair!
Struggle on and don't seek rest—
Better fall but don't give up.
Stand up proudly, don't give way,
Better perish than betray!
Each one think that on your
shoulders
Million obligations rest
That for all these obligations
You will have to give account.
Each one think: right where I'm
standing
All around, above, below—
Is now being waged the outcome
Of a battle with a foe.
Should I but give way, not face it,
Like a shadow should but sway
All the work of generations
Will be quickly swept away.
With these thoughts you should be
living.
And bring up you children, too!
As long as the wheat is wholesome
There'll be cakes for all of you.
"Shall we have to wait to conquer?
That's too long" . . . Then do not
wait!
Learn today and tomorrow
You will surely dominate.
'Tis no wonder that the nation
Of Ukrainians awoke.
'Tis no wonder that sparks glitter
In the eyes of our proud youth!
Soon new sabres will be flashing
In the hands that grope for truth.
Long enough does our misfortune
Leer o'er every window sill;
Let's sing out: "Ukraine's not
perished,
Never perished—never will!"

Trans. by Waldimir Semenyina.

WORTH READING!

IVAN FRANKO'S "MOSES"

Trans. by Waldimir Semenyina

With a Biographical sketch of
Ivan Franko

by Stephen Shumeyko

Price 50 cents

SVOBODA BOOKSTORE

81-83 Grand Street
Jersey City, N. J.

Constitution For Hogs

By IVAN FRANKO

Translator's Note: This story is satirical in nature and was written in 1896. Its locale is Galicia, then a province of Austria-Hungary, inhabited mostly by Ukrainians but dominated by Polish nobility. The Constitution referred to here was that adopted by Austria in 1849 (well-nigh abolished soon thereafter and then gradually revived in the 60's), a year after the abolishment of feudalism. Both acts raised high hopes among the oppressed peasantry, yet the plight of the latter remained essentially the same, if not worse than before their passage. The landowning Polish nobles soon found ways of circumventing the original designs of the Reform of 1848, as it is called, and strengthen their hold over the land-poor peasantry. Concerning these nobles, Bjoerntjerne Bjoernson, the Nobel prize winner, wrote in 1902 that, "in their understanding, liberty means nothing but license for themselves to do what they please. Everywhere the Ukrainians were discriminated against and abused."

THIS story is really not my own. I heard it in Zbarazh, East Galicia, from an old peasant, Antin Hrytsunak, who told it at a large mass meeting. Hrytsunak was a very interesting personality, one of the few living survivors of that class of story-tellers and bards who used to recount to very attentive audiences the heroic exploits of the Kozaks, of Hrytsko Zborovsky, Kishka, Bezrodny, Andibera, about the wars of Khmelnytsky with the Poles, or about the tragic flight of the three brothers from Azov. There was nothing at all striking about his appearance: he was just an ordinary old grey-head, dressed plainly, in fact poorly, not very tall, lean, with a face marked with lines that bespoke of a life of hardship, and with black lively eyes. He did not stand out from the crowd, rarely intruded into a conversation, and at first glance did not reveal any higher intelligence than that of the average Galician peasant. As could be expected, he could neither read nor write.

Shortly before the mass meeting was about to begin, I was talking with several peasants whom I knew.

Hrytsunak approached our group, someone introduced him to me, we exchanged a few words and then parted. My acquaintances, most of them young people who had graduated from grammar schools and were widening their knowledge by extensive readings, were full of praise for Hrytsunak on account of his talent for public speaking and because he was one of the very few of the older generation who had unreservedly joined the peasant movement for better social, economic and political conditions.

It was no wonder, then, that I was very curious to hear his speech. Yet when the mass meeting opened and point after point was discussed and settled, Hrytsunak remained silent. When, however, the final point of the meeting was reached, that of "motions and interpellations," he climbed up on the table, which served as a speaker's stand, in a half-hearted manner that indicated he was doing it only at the urgings of those around him. A stir rippled through the audience at the sight of him, and then all of them, about 600 in all, packed tightly in the small hall, grew so silent that one could hear a pin drop.

"Well, if I must speak," Hrytsunak began very gravely to those who were closest to him, "I must have a sheet of paper in my hand. Of course, I'm illiterate, but I know my numbers and without paper I can't speak. Any kind of paper will do."

Loud laughter greeted these opening remarks. Someone close to him handed him a blank sheet of paper. Hrytsunak took it in both hands and holding it before him, as if reading from it, began his speech in the monotone, sing-song fashion of a village

school-boy who has just learned to read. Gradually, however, his tone livened, although it did not abandon its rhythmical quality or its biblical-like prose. From time to time his speech elicited loud laughter, but he did not even crack a smile; on the contrary, as his remarks became more and more humorous his mien became more and more grave, in fact—more so, only his very lively black eyes flashed in humor or in irony...

Listen, brothers—he began—and I will tell you of the conversation I recently had with a friend. He comes to me, this friend whom I hadn't seen for a long time, and after greeting each other, we begin to talk.

"How are you, old man? How's the world treating you?" I asked him.

"Pretty good, thank the Lord," he replied.

"That's fine," I says. "But tell me exactly how well the world is treating you."

"Need I go into that," he says. "Can't you see for yourself."

"Now, don't try to squirm out of it," I answered. "Just where does your good fortune lie."

"Is it not fortunate for all of us that we live in these days," he said. "Just think, we no longer are forced to work in the fields of the lord. In the eyes of the law we are all equal, lord and peasant are now the same. And, finally, we now have the Constitution, thank the Lord."

He spoke this so rapidly that he was all out of breath when he finished.

"Eh, my good friend," I said to him, "that's all very nice what you're saying, so long as you don't look at the matter too closely."

"Why?"

"Because if you do, you will discover that those things you mention are like a factory-made shawl, whose colors are not fast and soil your hands when you take it in your hand."

My friend could not understand what I meant, so I had to explain to him further.

"You see, my good friend, it is very true that we no longer have to work the fields for the lord. But don't you remember how it really was then and how it is now?"

My friend could not, so I had to refresh his memory.

"Don't you remember how during feudal times the overseer walked from house to house early in the morning and knocked at the door with his cane and shouted: 'Get up there, Ivan, get up! Time for you to be working out in the lord's fields. Get up! Or else you'll feel this cane over your back!'"

"That's right," replied my friend, and involuntarily rubbed that part of his body where it certainly did not itch just then.

"And how is it now? The overseer no longer goes around with his cane from house to house, that's true. But what does the peasant do?"

"I'll tell you, my dear friend. Very early every morning the peasant gets up entirely of his own free will, takes a hen or some eggs and goes to this self-same overseer—now he's known as director—and lays before him his gift and begs his permission to go out and work in the lord's fields, for he has none of his own from which he could get his daily bread. And if he comes without a gift, the director cuffs him over the neck and leaves him at liberty—to die of hunger."

My poor friend could find no answer to this, and just sighed and shook his head.

"You also say, my friend, that we are all equal before law," I continued. "No doubt there must be truth in what you say here too, although I haven't been able to find any evidence of it as yet. For when I go to court for justice, I still am greeted with same: 'Wait

a minute, lout! Get out of here, lout!' as in the olden days. And when one time I tried to be smart and demanded my constitutional right to be treated justly, I received the same blow in the neck that I would get from the overseer. But look what happens when some squire, or office-holder, or even a plain saloon-keeper appears in court. He is never told to wait. Everyone treats him with the greatest politeness... So you see, we are treated just the same by law as we were before 1848."

"But then they used to beat us a lot," countered my friend, and again involuntarily rubbed himself in the spot which certainly did not itch then.

"You're right there," I replied.

"But in place of beatings they have invented things that hurt us even worse. Just listen what a neighbor told the village mayor recently. This man is an inoffensive person, yet some bug must have bit him for he joined the large delegation that went to see the emperor in Vienna and complain to him of the misrule in Galicia by Count Badeny. Well, you know the reception the delegation received in Vienna. But it was far worse when they returned home. Its individual members were jailed or fined, and the same thing happened to my neighbor too. The mayor fined him fifty dollars. When he heard his sentence, he summoned his courage and said to the mayor: 'Sir, I am a poor man. If I have committed a great crime in going to Vienna to make a complaint, then I'm ready to accept my punishment. However, neither my wife nor my children are to blame for my crime. They are perfectly innocent, so why do you punish them too? For when you fine me so heavily, I will have to sell everything I own, including my last cow and last hog, and this punishment will harm my family more than me. So I beg you, sir, to change my punishment. Instead of the fine, give me fifty lashes. Thank the Lord, I am healthy and strong, and will manage to survive fifty lashes; but neither I nor my family will ever survive the fifty dollars fine.' Thus spoke my poor neighbor to the mayor, but the latter refused to grant him his plea, for he said that by the new law we are all equal and lashing is now forbidden, therefore he must pay the fine even if it ruins him. And so my poor neighbor is now awaiting for his property to be seized and sold by the authorities, for he could not raise the money to pay the fine. What do you say to that, my good friend? What do you think of this new form of punishment, which instead of hurting only a part of a man's body hurts all of him and his family too?"

Again my friend had nothing to say, but just sighed heavily.

"We also have a Constitution," I said, after a moment of silence.

"Sure, we have it. They say that it is a wonderful thing. Have you ever seen it?"

"Did I see it?" he ejaculated in surprise. "Of course I did. It's on paper, in a printed book."

"That's not what I mean. Have you seen it just as it actually appears. Have you ever seen a real, live Constitution?"

"But how can we see it? We live by it and feels its influence..."

"Sure we do. But I actually saw it in operation and I'll tell you about it. One day I was riding to the market in Tarnopol with my two sons. In the wagon before us was a man and his wife. He was driving while she was seated in the back, and between them on a pile of straw lay a hog, its legs tied securely, and its head hanging peacefully over the side. They were taking it to the market to sell it. We reached Tarnopol and approaching the toll-gate we saw guarding it a roundish, testy-looking individual, holding in his hand a gleaming knife and smoking a pipe with a long stem—that long! No sooner did he see the wagon with the hog, then immediately he leaped to his feet from the bench and bellowed:

"Halt, you!"

The man stopped his wagon and the guard approached him.

"What have you got here?" he demanded roughly.

"A hog, if you please, sir," the man humbly replied.

"I can see myself that it is a hog, but how are you treating it! You have tied its legs so hard that they have become swollen. You big lout! you scoundrel! Don't you know its against the law to mistreat animals like that?"

With these words, he approached the hog and slashed at its bonds so indignantly that he cut its legs in several places.

"Now, you drive with me to the police station. We'll punish you right and proper," shouted this liberator of hogs.

The poor peasant sat stock-still, frightened; he began to plead to be given one more chance, but the pompous guard refused even to listen to him. The peasant's wife, however, appeared to be sharper than her spouse. She pulled from her blouse a knotted red kerchief, untied it, pulled out twenty cents (undoubtedly it had taken her two hard days of labour to earn them!) and pressed them into the hand of the unyielding guard and at the same time joined her husband in pleading to be let loose. Immediately the guard softened and said:

"All right, I'll give you one more chance and let you go free, but don't ever forget it."

The man stopped his wagon and the guard approached him.

"What have you got here?" he demanded roughly.

"A hog, if you please, sir," the man humbly replied.

"I can see myself that it is a hog, but how are you treating it! You have tied its legs so hard that they have become swollen. You big lout! you scoundrel! Don't you know its against the law to mistreat animals like that?"

With these words, he approached the hog and slashed at its bonds so indignantly that he cut its legs in several places.

"Now, you drive with me to the police station. We'll punish you right and proper," shouted this liberator of hogs.

The poor peasant sat stock-still, frightened; he began to plead to be given one more chance, but the pompous guard refused even to listen to him. The peasant's wife, however, appeared to be sharper than her spouse. She pulled from her blouse a knotted red kerchief, untied it, pulled out twenty cents (undoubtedly it had taken her two hard days of labour to earn them!) and pressed them into the hand of the unyielding guard and at the same time joined her husband in pleading to be let loose. Immediately the guard softened and said:

"All right, I'll give you one more chance and let you go free, but don't ever forget it."

While this was taking place, I had driven a little ahead and told my boys to stop the wagon, for I wanted to see what the end to all this would be. It was a good few minutes before the peasant and his wife with their hog drove past us. But what a sight the three presented now! The wife was now sitting in the front and driving, while her husband sat in the back with both his arms wrapped tightly around the hog's neck. Freed of the rope, the hog now stood upright in the wagon, glancing this way and that way, lunging at every strange sight, ready to jump out of the wagon at the slightest provocation. It came sooner than we expected. A gleaming noble's carriage came upon the scene, its horses stamping, bells tinkling, and the driver cracking his whip...

The hog became greatly frightened, lunged heavily and leaped out of the wagon. The peasant, who was holding on to it for dear life, was evidently the weaker of the two, for he flew out of the wagon with the hog and landed heavily in the dust, his face striking a rock and causing blood to flow. The hog scampered away as fast as its legs could carry it. My boys leaped to the ground and after some chasing caught it and helped the poor man lead it into the market. Such, my good friend, is our Constitution—made for hogs, as you can see.

But that is not all.

In the afternoon of the same day, I was hurrying home from the market place in order to get there before dark. Approaching the toll-gate, I saw the same self-important guard we had seen earlier in the day, a knife in hand and smoking his long-stemmed pipe. My gaze swept past him, and far down the road I saw two men dressed in peasant clothes marching evenly toward the city.

"No doubt, the two must have served long in the army," I said to my boys, "and they were drilled so much in 'hay-foot, straw-foot' that they haven't got over the habit yet, so they march evenly and in step even now."

But when they drew nearer, I perceived something dark looming behind them, and something gleaming, tongue of flame over them. It required no great wisdom to realize that that was a policeman with his gun and bayonet. And when they drew still closer, I heard a soft musical sound: clink-clank! clink-clank!

"Aha!" I thought. "So that's it! That's why they are keeping such an even marching step. Their legs are shackled to chains. But just wait, Mister Policeman. Just wait until you reach this here toll-gate. Just wait until these two painfully-

Just wait until these two painfully-

Just wait until these two painfully-

Just wait until these two painfully-

Just wait until these two painfully-

Just wait until these two painfully-

TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE

By LANCELOT LAWTON

(Editor of "East Europe and Contemporary Russia," London)

(1)

MANY Russians declare that Ukrainians, White Ruthenians, and Russians are one and the same people. They base their assertion upon the fact that at one time the Ukrainians called themselves *ruski*, while the Russians (that is, the Great Russians or Moscovites) spoke in the past, and indeed still speak of themselves as *ruski*. The Russians say that they call themselves *ruski* because in reality they are identical with the Ukrainian people.

Is this contention justified? The issue thus raised has more than an academic interest; the insistent repetition of the Russian assertion has spread confusion. Consequently there is need for historical inquiry. Yet, whichever way the decision may go, the Ukrainian claim to national independence cannot be invalidated. To substantiate such a claim it is sufficient that at the present time an overwhelming majority of Ukrainians should realize that they are a nationality distinct from other nationalities. That this condition is fulfilled, no one who has conscientiously investigated the modern Ukrainian movement can for one moment doubt. But if it be demonstrated that Ukrainian nationalism has deep roots in history, who will deny that its cause would gain immeasurably?

Let us see first what Russian scientists themselves have to say of the subject. The academician, F. E. Korsh, postulated the matter this way:

"Of a Ukrainian, a logically-thinking man will say: 'Yes, he is *ruski*; all the same, he is not a Great Russian.' But a Russian specialist in patriotism will exclaim: 'Aha! he is *ruski*. So, too, are we. Therefore he is the same as we, and is not entitled to demand anything out of the ordinary.'"

¹ White Ruthenians in the Soviet Union number five and a half millions and occupy a territory which is the size of England, situated to the north-west of Soviet Ukraine. A strong separatist movement has developed among them.

² Russians spell *Ruski* with a double "s," Ukrainians with a single "s." Russians pronounce the word harder than do Ukrainians.

³ Patriot o Mazeppynstve; Istoria Rosii; 1912, p. 53.

chained men are seen by this testy guard at the gate with his shining knife, and never again will you torture human beings!"

Already I was beginning to tremble at the thought that in his haste to cut loose with his knife the bonds of these two unfortunate men, the toll-keeper might injure their legs, just as he did those of the hog. At the same time I gloated in anticipation that he would seize the brutal policeman and haul him off to the police station. But, to my great amazement, nothing of the sort happened. The two chained men and the policeman marched quietly past the testy guard. And instead of flinging himself upon the policeman, as he did upon the peasant with the bound hog, the guard merely rose, bowed very politely to him, and waved them on. Such, then, my good friend—I concluded my conversation—is the peasant's Constitution. Indeed, the peasant has to envy an ordinary hog!

The storm of applause that followed this talk by Hrytsunak lasted a long while. When finally it had subsided, Hrytsunak added:

"Forgive me, my dear friends, for I should have told you all this when the point under discussion was 'causes of emigration,' but I didn't think it was too late now."

With these words he climbed down from the table.

END

Translated by Stephen Shumeyko.

Elsewhere, Korsh remarked: "This double meaning of the words Rus and *Ruski* occasions misunderstandings, not always sincere, among our theoretical and practical politicians."

Here it should be explained that in ancient times the word Rus was applied to a territory, a state, and a people. Old historical documents speak of Rus firstly as the land of the Poliany tribe, and secondly as the State in the basin of the Dniepr, the capital of which was Kiev.

The State was composed of the territories of Kiev, Chernigov and Pereyaslav. Hence, Rus of those times was synonymous with what in later times were the Ukrainian lands. Other territories occupied by Eastern Slavs were not called Rus or Rus lands. A wealth of historical evidence is available to prove this statement. I regret that I have only space here to cite one or two examples.

In the *Novgorod I Chronicle* it was recorded: "That year (1145) the whole land of Rus went against Halich and laid waste to many of its territories." Thus, it is plain that Halich was not Rus. The same *Chronicle* also referred to a journey made in 1135 by Burgomaster Myroslav and Archbishop Nyphont from Novgorod into Rus, and mentioned that in 1221, "they showed the road to *Kniaz* (Chief) Vsevolod, saying: 'We do not want you; go where you please—go to your father in Rus.' Thus, it is plain that Novgorod was not Rus.

Among other testimony from the ancient *Chronicles*, bearing directly upon the subject under discussion may be cited the following: "And Sviatoslav came with the people of Suzdal, Smolensk and Polotsk to Rus" (in the year 1167) "... he (a Moscovite *Kniaz*) is going from Moscow to Rus." Thus, it is plain that Suzdal, Smolensk, Polotsk and Moscow were not Rus.

As has been said, much more historical evidence could be adduced to show that in ancient times—that is, the ninth to the thirteenth centuries—the designations "Rus" and "Rus lands" were applied to the regions of Kiev, Chernigov and Pereyaslav, not to other regions occupied by Eastern Slavs.

It is true that some ancient *chronicles* alluded to the Novgorod, Smolensk, Suzdal and Moscow *kniaz* (chiefs) as *Ruski kniaz*; but they did so only because these *kniaz* were descendants of the Rus dynasty of Vladimir the Great or Vladimir Monomakh. The designation was therefore dynastic only; it did not mean that the inhabitants of the regions over which the chiefs ruled were *Ruski* (or, alternatively, *Rusy*, *Rusini* or *Rusichi*).

When in the thirteenth century the Kiev state fell, the name of Rus went to Halich-Volynia, not to Vladimir-Suzdal and the kinsmen of the Kievan people in Halich (Galicia), Volynia and remote Subcarpathian Rus came to be known as *Ruski* or *Rusiny*. The fact that these names are preserved to our day in Subcarpathian Rus (or Carpatho-Ukraine) has enabled the Russians to claim that the people of this region are Russians, whereas, in reality, they are Ukrainians. Consequently, much confusion has wilfully been caused in the minds of many foreigners.

It should be added that Rus was transcribed in Latin as *Ruthenia*, and the name of its people as *Rutheni*. Here, again, we have revealed the source of much con-

⁴ *Zavoeyateli i Zavoeyanie*. Byzhevia vedomosti, No. 14254.

⁵ *Lektsii i Issledovaniya*, by V. Sergievich, pp. 61-62; *Obzor istorii Rus-skago prava*, by M. Vladimirovsky-Budanov, p. 25.

⁶ *Kniaz* is a title of Oriental origin. Actually, the word means "head" or "chief." It is translated "Prince"; but it does not mean "Prince" in the sense in which that title is ordinarily understood in Western Europe.

fusion in our time, not a little of which was deliberately occasioned by the enemies of the Ukrainians. Often in statistical data, Ruthenians are represented as a different people from Ukrainians; whereas, actually, they are one and the same.

Great Russia and Little Russia

The designation "Great Russia" is applied by Russians to the territory where they live, and that of "Little Russian" to the territory where the Ukrainians live. Frequently it is intended that the comparison which these terms imply should be derogatory to the Ukrainians.

Actually, the designations "Great Rus" and "Little Rus" are of Byzantine origin. In 1299, when Maxim, the Metropolitan of Kiev, left for Vladimir, and later, when his successor Peter removed to Moscow, the Patriarch of Constantinople, and also the Byzantine Emperor, began to refer to the Metropolitan of Kiev as "Little Rus." According to Greek understanding Little Rus meant "Rus Proper" as distinct from "Great Rus," which comprised outlying territories; analogous examples were: "Greece Minor," which meant "Greece Proper," and "Greece Major" or "Great Greece," which embraced all colonial possessions.

It is interesting to trace down through history the juggling with names and titles which led to a reversal or a distortion of their original meaning or application. When, in 1299, Maxim, the Metropolitan of Kiev, went to reside in Vladimir, he continued to use his title, "Metropolitan of Kiev and of all Rus." The Moscovite *Kniaz*, Ivan Kalita, forced his successor, Peter, to go to Moscow and at the same time, to enhance his own dignity, took upon himself the title of "Grand *Kniaz* of all Rus." Yet, at that period, not a square inch of Rus or Rus lands was under his domination. In 1416, a Metropolitan Cathedral was again re-established in Kiev. Gregory Tsemblak, who was appointed to fill this high office, was independent of Moscow, and, as a matter of course, he resumed the title to which he alone was entitled: "Metropolitan of Kiev and of all Rus."

In the fourteenth century, the designations "Little Rus" and "Great Rus" found new application. As a result of Tartar raids, there were in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries large migrations from Kievan Rus to the outlying westernmost provinces of Halich (Galicia) and Volynia. Eventually, these provinces surpassed Kiev in power and prosperity, and their ruler came to be known as "Autocrat of all Rus Lands." In the early fourteenth century, several Metropolites sought to encroach upon each other's area of jurisdiction. The dispute was settled by the Patriarch of Constantinople and the Holy Synod, who re-divided the dioceses. To one Metropolitan was allotted Galicia and Volynia, under the name "Little Rus," to the other the remainder of the territories under the name of "Great Rus." Precedent was therefore adhered to; the prefix "Little" being attached to the most important of the two regions—the ruling centre.

In 1335, George II of Halich (Galicia) proclaimed himself to be: "By the Grace of God the Hereditary *Kniaz* of all Smaller Rus." According to some authorities, this act was intended to be recognition of the fact that his throne was of more recent origin than that of Kiev, the cradle of the race and its culture. On the other hand, it might merely have been an endorsement of the ecclesiastical delimitation.

From 1340, almost all of Rus (Ukraine) came under the formal domination of Lithuania, and Halich under that of Poland. The name Rus, it should be emphasised, applied then not to Moscovia but to the territories of Kiev, Chernigov, Pereyaslav, White Russia, Volynia and Halich (Galicia). With the exception of small portions of Chernigov and Siverski territories,

and then only for a short period, no part of Rus or of Rus lands came under the domination of the Tsars. But towards the end of the sixteenth century, when Moscovia proclaimed herself to be the third and last Rome and the sole possessor of Christian truth, her Monarch began to style himself "Tsar of Rus," which occasioned a protest from Poland, whose monarch at that time was also styled Puler of Rus, a title derived from the formal dominion of Poland over Rus lands.

In 1648 the Hetman, Bohdan Khmelnytsky, drove the Poles from the whole territory of Rus or Ukraine and styled himself: "Monarch and Autocrat of Rus," a title to which he had full right at that time. According to Kluchevski, "Little Rus still lay beyond the horizon of Moscovite politics." The Poles, renewing their attack upon Ukraine, Khmelnytsky was forced to seek aid. He had the choice of several allies and eventually inclined to Moscovia. Soon she abused his trust and cunningly utilized the occasion to annex Ukraine. She also sieged White Rus and Lithuania, whereupon the Tsar proceeded to aggrandise the Imperial title with these words: "Autocrat of Great Rus and Little Rus and White Rus and Lithuania and Volynia and Podolia." Kluchevski, the Russian historian, tells us that for several decades the Little Russian question exhausted Moscovite foreign policy, and made it difficult to hold Kiev and the Eastern Ukraine.

As we have seen, in the XVII century for the first time, Great Rus and Little Rus were mentioned in the title of the sovereign of Moscovia. The manifest purpose of placing them in this order was to exalt the status of the northern territories on which Moscovia was established and to lower that of the region which, according to Greek and Byzantine designation, had been Rus Proper.

Yet for a long time afterwards the tsardom of Moscovia was known as Moscovia, and its people called themselves Moscovites. It was not until the closing period of the XVII, and the beginning of the XVIII century that the terms "Russia" to denote the State and "Great Russian" to denote the people came into use. Up to the XVII century foreigners called Moscovia and her people by their true names; to them Moscovia was Moscovia and her people the Moscovite people.

Ukraine

When in order to support their pretence to superiority, the Moscovites transposed the meaning of the terms "Little Russia" and "Great Russia" and, making play with the prefix "Little," sought to stamp upon Little Russians the mark of inferiority, the people of the South abandoned the name and adopted that of Ukraine. The change was justified, for Ukraine is a not less historic name than Rus. As far back as the twelfth century the country was sometimes called Ukraine, and its inhabitants Ukrainians. In the *Ipatiev Chronicle*, for example, it was recorded that when Vladimir Hlibovich, *Kniaz* of Pereyaslav, died, "Ukraine mourned him greatly," and that in 1189 *Kniaz* Rostislav "went from Smolensk to Halichian Ukraine." Further references to Ukraine are to be found in ancient records in 1213, 1268, and 1282. Describing the campaigns of Hetman Nalyvaiko the old Cossack *duma* said: "In our glorious U-

(Continued on page 4)

⁷ At this period Russia was very weak. The legend that she was the Third Rome was created in order to bring about a patriotic revival. It is propagated to this day in certain circles, but there is no more justification for it than for the equally preposterous assertion that the Russian "mojilik" is destined to save the world, which, too, was originated in a period of depression after 1312 during the reign of Alexander I.

TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE

(Continued from page 3)

kraina; none aided the Ukrainians when strife visited our Ukrainian lands."

As a synonym for Rus, Ukraina was used in various foreign official documents, chronicles, geographies and charts from the XVI to the XVIII centuries. The records of the Sorbonne show that in the XVI century Ukrainian students were registered as "natione Ruthena de Ucraina"; on the geographical charts of 1580 in the National Library in Paris, the name Ucraina denotes the territories on both sides of the Dnieper, together with Kiev; the geographer Sansoné headed his map of Ukraina, the date of which is 1641, "Ucraina o pose de Casacchi" (Ukraina, or the land of the Cossacks) and on it referred to the Moscovite state as "Muscovia; Hetman Khmelnit'sky declared in 1649 to the Polish minister: "I left neither pan-nor kniaz (landlord nor chief) in Ukraina," and in his speech to the Kiovan clergy in 1651 said: "God helped me to drive the Poles from Ukraina;" a proclamation of Hetman Briukhovetsky in 1668 speaks of "Ukraina our beloved fatherland which Poland and Moscow want to divide."

It should be added that up to the sixties of the XIX century the words "Ukraina" and "Ukrainians" were widely used in Russian literature as synonymous with the officially employed words, "Little Russia" and "Little Russians." Only in 1863 were they banned by censorship and removed from circulation. In that year the Minister of the Interior, M. Valuev, issued the well-known pronouncement: "The Ukrainian language never existed, does not exist and never will." Since that time to this day most Russians have been content to reiterate this assertion, without making any scientific effort to substantiate it.

But although "Ukraina" was banned in Russia it replaced the ancient name Rus in Galicia and Bukovina, territories outside the Russian Empire, and similarly in Bukovina and Galicia, "Ukrainian" replaced Rusin and Ruski, which were the ancient designations of the people. While these changes were introduced into life, they were not, it is true, officially recognized by the Austrian-Hungarian Government. In 1915 a group of Ukrainian members in the Reichsrath urged the Government to substitute Ukrainer for Ruthenen, but nothing came of the request.

We reach then this final conclusion: In ancient times, beginning from the IX century, those who dwelt in the land now known as Ukraina called it Rus and themselves Ruski. Because the Moscovites, who were a quite different people, appropriated these designations, the original Ruski people elected to call their land Ukraina and themselves Ukrainians. They were wholly within their right in doing so; a nation is entitled to name itself. In this instance a name was not invented; an old name which had fallen into disrepute was dropped and a new name which had been current together with it, at least after the XII century, was brought into common usage. Thus Moscovia's claim to the heritage and genealogy of Ukraina was effectively repudiated.

(Reproduced from the article "Ukraina: Europe's Greatest Problem," appearing in "Eastern Europe and Contemporary Russia.")

(To be concluded)

⁸ Akty luzhno—Zapadni Rosii; vol. III, p. 444.

⁹ Istochniki Malorossiskoi Istorii, by B. Kamenski; vol. I, p. 184.

BAYONNE, N. J.

FIFTH ANNUAL DANCE sponsored by the Ukrainian Athletic Club **SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 27, 1939**, at Mt. Carmel Auditorium, East 22nd Street, Bayonne, N. J. Frank Mose and his 10 piece Orchestra featuring Irene Collins of W.A.A.T. John Stancik and his Golden Bell Orch. Subscription Fifty Cents. 16,22

YOUTH and THE U.N.A.

DURING the first meeting of the newly organized Centralia, Pa., youth branch of the Ukrainian National Association, the following persons were elected to office: Charles Locke, president; Joseph Sydor, financial secretary; Stephen Koschoff (Kostiw), recording secretary; John Wysoczanski, treasurer. Auditors, trustees, and other officers shall be elected at the next meeting of the new branch, and all will serve for the remainder of 1939. The members have named the club "St. John's" and the main office of the U.N.A. recorded it as branch number 426.

One of the purposes of the new lodge is to encourage youth to mingle with the members of other U.N.A. branches, and also, to increase U.N.A. membership.

In order to bolster its treasury and activity program, the St. John's society will sponsor a picnic, which will be announced at a later date.

Organized with nine charter members, branch 426 hopes to increase its membership to fifty before the beginning of the next fiscal period. Much interest has been shown in the progress of the group, which has already planned a series of activities. A benefit plan will be in effect during the next few weeks, and it is believed that this will stimulate interest in all types of athletic functions. It is hoped that, in time, this ambition on the part of Centralia's youth will result in the building of a home, thus bringing the youth closer together and promoting fraternalism at the same time.

The members of the new society appreciate the work that Ukrainians before them have accomplished where the U.N.A. is concerned. They are determined to fulfill their ambitions where their new club is concerned, and "have to thank our faithful pioneers" for making it possible for them to take part in the development of a great Ukrainian organization.

The formation of the branch was not an overnight accomplishment, for its officers devoted a considerable portion of their time in investigating and interviewing many persons in an effort to enroll their members. In relating the advantages and benefits of U.N.A. membership, however, the young organizers found their work less difficult, for it is a well-known fact that the U.N.A. offers more to its members than any other Ukrainian organization in its field. The organizers received considerable aid from Mr. John Cheppa of branch 90, as well as from the new members themselves. The branch as a whole thanks Mr. Gregory Merman, Vice President of the U. N. A., for his valuable advice and participation, and also thanks other Supreme Officers for their cooperation.

The St. John's group hope to maintain their good standard for the future, and are striving to establish recognition not only for themselves but for the parent organization as well.

That the new branch will have an eventful future is evident in the creed contained in the report submitted by its recording secretary: "Spirit is the cause of this activity. Begone the glory... we do not strive for it. Activity is the turning velocity of our wheels."

Other U.N.A. youth branches are invited to submit reports and news items for publication. All communications, including announcements of meetings and affairs, should be addressed to Theodore Lutwiniak, P. O. Box 88, Jersey City, N. J.

PHILADELPHIA and VICINITY.

ELEVENTH REGIONAL RALLY of the Ukrainian Catholic Youth League of North America sponsored by United Ukrainian Catholic Clubs of Greater Philadelphia, **SUNDAY, MAY 28th**. Rally at Ukrainian Church Hall, 820 N. Franklin St., 2 P. M.; Banquet and Ball at Broadwood Hotel, Broad & Wood Sts., Phila., 7 P. M. Dress Optional. Rally—Free. Banquet-Ball \$4.75. 146,22

THE U. N. A. SPOTLIGHT

Announcement

The U.N.A. baseball season will open sooner than was anticipated. On May 28th Wilkes-Barre will cross bats with Centralia for the league opener. The last year's champs will present the same team that faced New York twice last fall, with two new players, Pete Elko and Sluzar. Centralia will have a revamped team and, in spite of Meheleczko's absence, will give the visitors plenty to worry about. The game will begin at 1 P. M. at Centralia in order to enable the teams to attend a banquet in Berwick.

Besides Wilkes-Barre and Centralia, the Eastern Pennsylvania Division of the U.N.A. Baseball League will include Berwick, McAdoo, St. Clair, and probably Olyphant.

Of the Metropolitan Division only Jersey City has filed the registrations, while New York, Newark and Philadelphia are marking time until the last day.

The Rochester U.N.A. softball team, being too far from other U.N.A. teams, has joined a city league. Our best wishes to Rochester for a successful season. We hope to hear from that team often.

The U.N.A. basketball champs of the East (Berwick, Pa.) will be tendered a banquet on May 28th in the afternoon, to be followed by a dance in the evening. This is an occasion for a get-together of the U.N.A. teams in the neighborhood, as Berwick is situated within the traveling distance of all teams in the Division. A trophy will be presented to the Berwick basketball team.

Phila. Suffers First Defeat

The Philadelphia U.N.A. Youth Club's baseball players suffered their first loss of the season when they were nosed out by a 7-6 score in their Fairmount Park League encounter with the Indiana A. C. on May 19th. Marty Horobowski, U.N.A. pitcher, did acceptable mound duty, but an error on a trickling ball hit to the outfield in the final inning produced two unearned runs for the opposition, and the game was lost. It was Philadelphia's first setback in 5 starts. Tony Cherkas hit a triple and a single, while Peter Konchak singled 3 times to feature the U.N.A. offensive attack.

The score by innings, with hits and errors following the total runs:

Indiana A. C.: 002 011 3—7-11-4
Philadelphia: 131 000 1—6-6-3

According to Dietric Slobogin, the Philadelphians will engage in 2 Fairmount Park League games, facing the Abanell A.A. tomorrow afternoon at 3rd and Dauphin Sts., beginning at 3 P. M., and the Ryan Aces on Wednesday, May 31st, on the same field, beginning at 6 P. M.

Jersey City-Newark-Brooklyn Games.

The Jersey City U.N.A. Baseball Team will play the Newark U.N.A. Lions at the Olympic Park Stadium, Irvington, beginning at 3:15 P. M., Sunday, May 28.

On May 30, Memorial Day, the Jersey City team will play the Brooklyn Young Ukraine at Pershing Field, Jersey City, beginning at 3:15 P. M.

WANT GAMES

The Lakewood Cossacks of Lakewood, Ohio are willing to schedule home and home series with any Ukrainian softball team within a radius of 150 miles. Those interested please write to John Babiak, Jr., 2077 Lark Ave., Lakewood, Ohio. How about it Ambridge and Rossford?

TONIGHT! THE NIGHT OF NIGHTS!

BRAMERUKS CLUB of SOUTH BROOKLYN, again cordially invites you and your friends to attend its **ANNUAL SPRING DANCE** at the St. Nicholas Hall, 256 — 19th Street (bet. 5th & 6th Ave's), Brooklyn, N. Y. at 8:00 o'clock. Come! Swing and Sway to the sweet and danceable music to be rendered by Johnny King and his Cavaliers. Tickets at the door will be 40 c.

NEW ISSUE OF "TRIDENT"

The April-May issue of "Trident," English language magazine published by the Organization for Rebirth of Ukraine, makes its appearance today. Its vigorous editorial by V. S. Dushnyck, entitled "The Epopea of Carpatho-Ukraine," and its comprehensive article by Michael C. Lapica and Roman Lacyk on "Republic For A Day," dealing with Carpatho-Ukraine's fight for freedom, deserve special commendation. The issue also contains articles on Petlura and Konovaletz, Ukraine under the Soviets, Polish-Ukrainian relations, the Ukrainian Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, and a short story by P. Krechet, "They Called Him a Traitor." Mailing address of the publication is Post Office Box 13, Station D, New York City. Price 15 cents.

AFFIRMS NATIONAL TITLE OF CHESTER TEAM

To end this basketball championship claim business once and for all, I hereby declare officially that the Chester team is National Champion and not Allentown.

Because of many complaints a play-off was necessary in Area III. To save time and traveling expenses for teams, a combined play-off and Eastern Finals was arranged by me and sanctioned by Mr. John Billy, National Basketball Director of the UYL-NA. The failure of two of the teams to show up was no fault of mine, and Chester won from New York, later to win the national title in Arnold.

As to the eligibility of a Chester player, according to rules set by Area III Director he was eligible and permitted to play throughout the season.

PETER J. ZAHARCHUK,
UYL-NA Eastern Basketball
Director.

YOUTH OF ASTORIA ORGANIZE

A New Young Ukrainian Club is being organized in Astoria. On the night of May 18th we had our first meeting. It was a great pleasure to see over twenty-five young people, come to the Ukrainian Democratic Club's clubrooms, in response to an inadequate local mail appeal for membership.

We take this means of thanking the Ukrainian Democratic Club of Astoria for their clubrooms. We also appreciate the good wishes of the Trident Club, issued at this our very first gathering through John Lichac, and hope to build up pleasant relationships with all Ukrainian clubs.

Membership is open not only to Astorians. If you are over sixteen, Ukrainian, and desirous of helping us promote the ideals of unity among our own people to every advantage, we shall be pleased to have you come down to our meetings, which throughout the months of May and June will be held every Thursday, at 30-10 32nd Street, Astoria, L. I., N. Y. at 8:30 P. M.

SECRETARY.

UKRAINIAN MERCHANT
(Member of U.N.A. br. 204)
— dealer in —
Trophies—Sports Equipment
Badges—Flags—Emblem Pins
Write or phone
MICKEY HAMALAK COMPANY
373 FOURTH AVENUE
(Near 26th St.)
NEW YORK, N. Y.
Telephone: MURRAY Hill 5-7217-8