

# THE UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

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Dedicated to the needs and interests of young Americans of Ukrainian descent.

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To vote on Election Day is your duty and privilege as an American citizen. Don't Fail To Do It!

## BRANCH 204 NOW LARGEST IN U.N.A.

Branch 204 in New York City now occupies first place in membership among all the branches of the Ukrainian National Association, it was revealed last Sunday Evening by Dmytro Halychyn, U. N. A. Recording Secretary, at a banquet given in conjunction with the 15th anniversary celebration of the branch held last Sunday evening, in Beethoven Hall, New York City.

Branch 204 has now over 750 members, about four or five more than Branch 361 ("Dniester") also of New York, which occupied first place in membership up to now.

The banquet featured the presentation by Branch of an adding machine and a large gold-plated loving cup to Mikola Blyznak, its financial secretary from its very founding, for his organizational work. Awards were also given to other officers of the branch.

The celebration included a con-

cert and ball as well. The Dumka Chorus under Prof. Kirichenko sang at the concert. Soloists were Stephanie Turash, soprano, Peter Ordynsky, baritone, and John Moroz, violinist, with Mrs. Olga Lachowitch at the piano. Speakers were Dr. Luke Myshuha, in Ukrainian, and Mrs. Pauline Riznyk, in English. Dr. Myshuha, dwelt upon the services of the U.N.A. to Ukrainian-American life for the past 47 years. Eugene Lachowitch, president of Branch 204, opened the ceremonies. In outlining the history of the branch, Mr. Blyznak gave credit to Peter Zadoretzky and the late Mikola Worobets for the leading roles they played in the founding of the branch.

Among the speakers at the banquet was Dr. Luke Myshuha, Michael Piznak, Rev. Wesolovsky, Rev. Klodnytsky, Stephen Jarema, Peter Zadoretzky, and others. Mr. Halychyn was toastmaster.

## SCARCITY OF YOUTH LEADERS

There is a very lamentable lack of leaders among our younger generation. As a result, the young people are not making the progress they should.

### Those Outside Our Organized Life

Various reasons suggest themselves why such is the situation. First, there is the fact that carving out one's career and devoting oneself to purely non-Ukrainian activities has sucked in most of the energy and time of many of our young people who have qualities of leadership within themselves, and who could be of service to Ukrainian-American young life, if only they allowed themselves or found the time and energy to become part of it.

The remedy in their case, we think, should consist of efforts made to interest them in our nationality group doings, by pointing out to them, for example, that these doings will be of considerable advantage to them, not only in their careers but in other activities as well, and also by pointing out that these doings by no means represent any possible efforts to isolate ourselves here in America; we are merely exploiting the various potentialities that lie within us Americans of Ukrainian descent and heritage, for the benefit of this country of ours—America, and also as an aid to our sorely oppressed kinsmen in their native land Ukraine, especially in their valiant struggle to gain their rightful freedom and independence.

### The "Potentials"

A second important reason for the scarcity of good young leaders among us suggests itself by the fact that although there are many of our young people who have inherent capacity for leadership in our organized life, yet because of the lack of consistent labors on their part, or the lack of proper study of the problems and issues confronting them, or their failure to properly seize opportunities when they present themselves, or just because of their plain indifference or laziness—they never seem to make the grade and attain the posts awaiting them. At times such young potentials, if we may be allowed to call them that, show definite signs of what is really in them and what they could accomplish if only they so willed and really tried; but usually these signs quickly vanish and once more they revert to their customary inertia, to the accompaniment of the crashing of the high hopes that had been built around them.

Such young "potentials" need be awakened to a realization of what splendid chance they are neglecting of advancing themselves and others of their kind with them. This awakening, be it gentle or rude, depending upon the circumstances, can be done best by their friends, or by any others in whom they have confidence.

### Too Easily Discouraged

Finally, there presents itself one more reason, of the possible many, for this dearth of capable leaders amongst the younger generation. Though having no real basis it causes, nevertheless, much damage to those whose misfortune it is to be motivated by it. We specifically refer to those of our young

people who show all the qualities of leadership, who actually accomplish quite a deal for awhile, but who soon come to a dead stop in their promising careers simply because they feel they are not being given the proper public recognition for their labors, be it in form of newspaper or other publicity, or their election to a higher post or responsibility.

How many such cases most of us have seen or heard about! Especially are they noticeable where a young leader has gradually worked himself up to the point where he feels that he should displace some older man who occupies the position to which he aspires, and to his dismay he discovers that the older one has not the least intention of relinquishing it and handing it over to him. Immediately our young hopeful becomes hurt and discouraged, and his mind becomes occupied by dark gloomy thoughts. It's all the bunk, he sadly concludes, about the older generation giving the youth a chance—just look at me! And so, in a fit of despondency, tinged with bitterness, he retires from active public life—unwept, unhonored and unsung.

### Leadership Has To Be Won

A little calm and realistic reflection would quickly make such a young malcontent realize how foolish he and his conclusion is. After all, he is not a child. He should know that leadership is rarely handed down, especially in these days of fierce competition. It has been won, and won only after a hard struggle and a great deal of self-sacrifice. And once it is won it is held on to as long as possible. That is only natural. That is life. The sooner we realize that the better.

Take, for example, our men of the older generation who occupy the key positions in our organized life. It was a long and hard struggle for them to attain their present status, a struggle from which the fittest emerged. It would certainly be naive for us to suppose that after all that struggle and self-sacrifice they would simply turn over their hard-won posts to aspirants whose main qualification is that they are young. Each such aspirant has to show his other qualifications as well, and show him whom he aspires to succeed that he is a better man than he. And the way to do it is obvious, by deeds and accomplishments.

### Lesya Ukrainka's Message

In this connection it is well to recall the message that Lesya Ukrainka preached in her deathless poetry and by living her life in accordance with it. This woman, who wrote in the shadow of death, gave forth a message of grit and indomitable will—that Life knows no mercy or pity, but only victory or death, and those who live must struggle, while those who are indolent are defeated even before they started to live. To cry, she says, "I want to live!" should mean as much as, "I want to struggle." The destiny of the man, and his happiness, lies in that struggle. But only that struggle is worthwhile, she warns, which is carried on in the cause of a great ideal, for the emancipation of the people, for the betterment of their life, and not for just glory and fame.



# A Kozak Black Sea Raid

(Continued)

(2)

Being an account taken from an old Ukrainian story of an exciting Zaporozhian Kozak sea raid upon Kaffa, a leading seaport and stronghold of the then powerful Turkish Empire. Should be read in conjunction with the "The Zaporozhian Kozaks" articles running serially on these pages.

## A Storm At Sea

OUT in the open sea at last!

The light Kozak "chayki" released from the limited confines of the river danced merrily, as if in joy at their newly found freedom, on the bluish-green gentle swells of the Black Sea.

To the two country lads who had just joined the Kozaks, and who had never seen anything larger than a small lake, the grandeur and the immensity of the open sea was breath-taking. To their friend Karpo, however, veteran of many a sea raid on the Turkish stronghold, busily engaged at the present moment in curing the hide of the "tur" (bison) he had killed, the wide expanse of the sea was too familiar a sight to arouse any wonder in him. After all, what is there to wonder about the sea? Nothing but a lot of water, and undrinkable at that!

His attitude towards the sea at that particular moment, however, would not have been so contemptuous had he taken the trouble to look over the gunwale and see how far in the distance on the horizon a small black splotch of a cloud had appeared. This cloud seemed to have within itself some expanding force, for it grew with startling rapidity, covering the cloudless blue sky and growing blacker and blacker with every moment. The oarsmen toiling away at their heavy oars felt a sudden cooling breeze strike their heated and perspiration covered bodies. Soon the sun disappeared behind the fast advancing clouds. Whitecaps appeared here and there as the stiff breeze increased in intensity. Karpo, sensing the change going about him, raised himself and glanced over the gunwale. What he saw was enough to make him whistle.

"Now we're in for it!" he exclaimed to the boys, who were rapt spectators of this sudden change of nature's mood.

The "chayki" began to experience trouble in the fast rising sea. Out in the leading on, which carried Sahaydachny together with his staff, the Kozaks saw their "father" appear on the bridgelike enclosure (chardak) which covered the "chayka" in its center. Sahaydachny glanced appraisingly at the sky, and seeing the low slate-colored cloud that covered the sea like a roof in a cave, quickly realized that they were about to encounter one of those dreaded storms which so often descend upon the Black Sea. As if to bear out his conclusion a rumble resembling distant artillery fire was heard and volley of bullet-like hail spattered on the sea and boats. A sudden blinding flash of lightning rent the sky, then a terrible thunderclap deafened their ears. Sahaydachny whipped out his kerchief and signalled to someone in the chayka. A Kozak rose and approached the Otaman. This was the artilleryman.

"Fire a shot," he was ordered.

The artilleryman approached the cannon in the bow... A shot rang out, sounding strangely hollow in the still distant rumble of storm.

The chayki, like a brood of chicks darting under their mother's protecting wings, quickly surrounded their leader's chayka.

"Comrades!"—Sahaydachny called, "The Almighty Lord has given us a task. A storm is arising. We'll have to fight it. The merciful God will aid us, for we go forth on this expedition in His name against the enemies of Christ His Son. Keep close together. Do not be afraid of the water. Bail it out with your hats. Do you hear me, my children?"

"We hear, father!"—roared the Kozaks.

The storm broke upon them with all its fury. It seemed as if heaven and sea had combined to destroy these puny mortals who dared to venture out amidst the elements. The wind roared and howled like in some terrible agony. Heavy thunderclaps followed one another in rapid succession. Lightning flashed into the sea on all sides of them. Hail and rain poured, drenching them to the very skin. It seemed as if the very sea was emptying itself from up above.

The Kozaks fought with all their might to keep afloat and ride out the storm. It seemed as if every moment was their last. Where but a few moments ago the Kozak chayki had been dancing blightly over the easy waves, now they wallowed drunkenly in the great seas. Heavy rollers swept over their sides, smothering them in spray from time to time. One moment the chayki tore through the white crests before the wind, and in the next they raced down into tremendous abysses. The Kozaks labored like mad bailing out water. The crackling and roaring of the thunder, the groaning of the boat timbers,

the piercing whine of the wind, the roar and hiss of the foaming seas, the yells of the Kozaks—all formed a hellish holocaust, which was enough to cause one's hair stand up in terror.

And the storm did not seem to be letting up even a trifle. The drag on the oars was terrific. Already the oarsmen could not even feel their arms, and many an oar had been torn out of their weakened grasp by some particularly heavy sea. The water rose higher and higher in the bottoms of the boats. The end seemed inevitable.

"Almighty Lord! we are lost!"—cries began to be heard—"Merciful Father—help us!"

"Brothers!... Comrades!... Confess your sins before the Merciful God!"—exhortations could be heard from all sides.

Sahaydachny, hearing these despairing outcries, saw that unless quick measures were taken to restore the morale of his Kozaks, all would be lost. Knowing the sea well, he knew that just as swiftly as the storm had fallen upon them, so just as swiftly it would leave them. He saw signs of that in the lightning and thunder. But they had to hold out to the end. He determined upon a stratagem.

Climbing out of the "chardak," he raised his voice as loudly as he possibly could.

"Brothers! Comrades! Harken ye unto me! Perhaps there be one among you who has some heavy sin upon his soul, which has incurred the



Kozaks In A Black Sea Storm  
(reproduced from a painting)

wrath of the Lord. If so, let him confess. And the one who has the heaviest sin let him sacrifice himself in the sea, and thus appease the wrath of our Lord!"

The Kozaks fell upon their knees, and raised their arms heavenward.

"I have sinned! I have the most sins!"—could be heard between the thunderclaps.

In Sahaydachny's boat a figure detached itself from others and slowly climbed upon the "chardak" and bracing itself there, stood facing the fury of the storm. It was Oleksa Popovich, the Kozak scrivener. He was very pale, his wet shock of black hair falling down upon his face. Although of a noble character, he had a hot temper, which often led him into many quarrels, but for which he quickly made amends. As a punishment for his sins, he now determined to sacrifice himself, appease the wrath of God, and thus save his comrades from a watery grave.

"Brothers! I am the greatest sinner. Punish me therefore. Let me die, and let the Zaporozhian knighthood live," he began, loudly enough to be heard by those about him, and then began to recount all his petty sins, which to him had assumed such tremendous proportions. The Kozaks listened solemnly to him, like to a sermon. Meanwhile the storm had begun to subside. Popovich's voice steadily grew clearer, as the sound of the storm's fury grew lesser. Sahaydachny felt sorrow tug at his heart that such a splendid Kozak should needlessly sacrifice himself. He decided to modify his stratagem.

"Comrades! Comrades! As a punishment for his sins, cut off the little finger of his right hand, and let his Christian blood mingle with

the sea!"—he cried. To this the Kozaks quickly assented, for they were also loath to permit the sacrifice of such a splendid comrade as Popovich.

Oleksa Popovich crossed himself to the four corners of the earth, and then placed his little finger on the gunwale. Nebaba, who stood closest to him, drew his scimitar out of its scabbard, wiped it with the end of his "zhupan" (coat), and then crossed himself.

"O Lord—help us!"—the scimitar flashed, and the little finger dropped into the sea. Popovich did not even wince, but held his hand quietly on the gunwale, letting his blood mingle with the sea.

All crossed themselves. Popovich also crossed himself... bloodying his pale face.

Meanwhile the storm had subsided as quickly as it had come. Popovich glanced at the heaving wake and the clearing sky... and he smiled in gladness...

## Sahaydachny's Stratagem

The terrible storm which the Kozak flotilla had encountered in the Black Sea had blown it clear off its course, but now, with the coming of clear weather, it was soon able to regain its original course. Soon the faintly distant western coastline of the Crimean peninsula became once more visible. The light Kozak chayki ploughing their way easily through the rapidly diminishing swells, skirted the uniform coats:

Night came and went. In the early morning, the rays of the rising sun outlined in bold relief, before the sleep-laden eyes of the Kozaks, astirring sight of an acclivitous shore and beautiful coast-line composed of picturesque capes, jetties and crags, between which lay pretty little bays and coves. Rearing majestically high into the air—with their rough summits cut up by steep precipices, deep gorges, and strewn with rocky craters—stood the fear-inspiring Yaila mountains: fear-inspiring in that they formed an impenetrable barrier to the many Ukrainian victims of Turkish and Tartar raids, languishing in Kaffa prisons. A few more hours of hugging the coastline brought the Kozak chayki in sight of Kaffa itself.

Nestling in a deep valley with a commodious and sheltered harbor fronting it, lay Kaffa. From the distance, it presented an illusory scene of some fairy city springing out of the sea, belieing the fact that it was the center of the greatly flourishing slave trade of the 16th century. Thousands of prisoners, men, women and children, drawn from all corners of Europe, principally from Ukraine, were sold daily at its auction blocks like so many cattle. Few ever saw their native land again.

The sight of this sink hole of human depravity, where many of Ukraine's fairest sons and daughters had lost their lives, filled the Kozaks with cold fury. Each vowed that, God allowing, he would strike at least one blow in revenge. Tensely they waited for Sahaydachny's command. It was not long in coming. An event occurred which gave Sahaydak, as he was also called, an idea.

The Kozaks had come to a stop quite a distance away from Kaffa: far out enough not to be seen by anyone from the city or its shipping in the harbor. Nebaba, standing close to Sahaydak, suddenly clutched the latter's hand and pointed far out seaward. Screening his eyes from the sun Sahaydak perceived a dark splotch upon the horizon, and by straining his eyes was able to make out of it a small Turkish caique, sailing gently toward Kaffa. A sudden idea struck Sahaydak. Turning quickly to his oarsmen he gave them the signal to start rowing in the direction of the caique. The other chayki seeing their leader's boat moving, started to follow, but stopped at his command.

"Hayda! my lads, catch up with that boat yonder!"—Sahaydak urged on his oarsmen.

Like a bird the light chayka flew over the waves.

Approaching the stray craft, Sahaydak perceived that it contained a lone Tartar, who, with his back to the Kozaks, lazily pulled on the oars. Sahaydak gave the signal to his men to stop rowing. The Kozaks quietly rested on their oars. Slowly the caique approached them, its oars glistening in the sun, and its occupants blissfully ignorant of their danger.

Just when a few yards separated the two craft, the Tartar, hearing a slight noise in the back, turned around. A startled yell broke from his lips and in terror he dropped his oars.

"Allah! Allah!... Kozak! Kozak!"

From the bottom of the boat two more Tartars sprang up. Evidently they had been sleeping there. They added their startled "Allah!" to the din; but to no avail, for the boats drifted together. Karpo sprang into the caique, and grabbing one by the throat cried:

"Shut up, you heathen, or I'll strangle you!"

Mighty Khoma followed Karpo, and seizing the other two around their waists lifted them bodily and threatened them: "Stop your squirming, or I'll drown both of you like a pair of rats!"

(To be continued)



WHO joined the Zaporozhe? All sorts of men. Those who wanted to lead a free life, who sought adventure, who could no longer endure serfdom, wrongdoers, nobles, scholars, every strata of society was represented in the Zaporozhe.

Zaporozhian Customs

There were no written laws among the Zaporozhians. They governed themselves by unwritten common-law, handed down from generation to generation, supplemented by decisions of the governing council ("rada") of the Sitch and the Sitch elders. The latter were old Kozaks who had proven their worth in battle and council, whose decisions were highly regarded by the other Kozaks. The laws were strictly administered, and their infringement severely punished.

There were different sets of laws and regulations for the entire Zaporozhian warrior state and for the Zaporozhian center Sitch.

Only unmarried men were permitted to live in the Sitch. Celibacy was strictly adhered to there. No women at all were permitted within the Sitch. Anyone who brought a woman in was punished with death.

Equality was the predominating element in the Sitch. Kozaks called one another comrade, excepting the youngsters who were learning the art of warfare. Every Kozak had to faithfully execute the tasks imposed upon him by the Rada.

"Kuren"

The Sitch was divided into "kuren"—barrack buildings, which served as administrative districts in the Sitch as well.

The barrack was usually a large building, made of heavy lumber or thickly pleated willow branches, capable of housing 600 men. Both the outside and inside walls were plastered with clay. Light was furnished by small windows, which instead of glass had thin membrane tissues taken from animal bladder. Along the walls ran series of rude wooden beds, covered with straw, hay, and skins of wild animals. In the middle of the room were benches and tables, where the Kozaks ate their meals and conversed. At the head of the barracks, in a prominent place, hung an ikon, often in very precious frames. Under it stood a lamp whose light was never permitted to burn out. Here was where the Kozak command of the barracks presided. In the center of the room, hanging from the ceiling, which was also plastered with clay, was a large kettle, where the barrack meals were cooked. Sometimes there was a separate kitchen. But whether any cooking was done in the barrack or not, there was always a large fireplace in the center, used for heating purposes.

"Kuren" Command

Every Kozak "kuren" in the Zaporozhe had its own command and its own register of "comrades" comprising it. These officers were elected by the "kuren" comrades themselves. They were subordinate to the Sitch high command, which, in turn, was elected by the entire Sitch. Although in most cases a "kuren" was housed in one large barrack building, yet at certain periods, such as in time of war, it grew to such large proportions, running into thousands, that it had to have several buildings.

Membership in the "Kuren"

Members of each "kuren" called one another comrade or brother. In order to become a comrade or brother of a "kuren" a regular procedure had to be followed out. This procedure was typical of the Zaporozhian Kozak's sense of equality.

A candidate coming to the Zaporozhe to join it, would first present himself before the chief of Zaporozhe, commonly known as the "Koshovey" or "Hetman." As described in the previous installment, the latter would question the candidate in regards to his religion, whether he was Christian. After satisfying himself on this point, he would send him to one of the "kuren."

In most cases the candidate would have someone from the "kuren" act as his sponsor. Both would present themselves before the "kuren" chief, known as the "Otaman." After first bowing ceremoniously before the holy ikon, hanging on the wall above the seated Otaman, the two would greet the Otaman in accordance with the following ritual:

"Your heads, Sir Otaman!" \*

"Be of good health, good people," replies the Otaman. "What is it that you desire?"

"Father Koshovey sends this man here to be admitted into our kuren," explains the Kozak acting as sponsor.

"I am the chief in this kuren, and no one has any right to order me around," the Koshovey exclaims. "Go, both of you!"

"Oh, father, do not get angry, but permit this man to join our ranks. For if you don't, then what will become of him?..."

"How can I admit him when I don't even know him. Perhaps he is some lazy good-for-nothing... No, I won't admit him," would be the usual rejoinder.

\*) "Your heads." — Ancient Ukrainian greeting. He who entered one's home placed his head, figuratively speaking, in the care of his host.

... would follow... by the candidate's sponsor of the candidate's good qualities, skill with arms, courage, and the like. The plea would end with the statement that the candidate is capable of buying himself in, i. e., paying the entrance fee.

"Well, then, I shall see what the cook has to say in this matter," the Koshovey would finally say. Turning to the cook he would ask:

"What do you say, comrade, shall we let this man into our ranks or not? Have we enough food for an extra mouth?"

"And why not," says the cook. "I have plenty of food. We can accept him, but first he must buy himself in."

This usually concluded the ceremony of letting a candidate join the Zaporozhe. He would then pay some sort of a fee to cover the cost of food that he was bound to consume. But this paying of fee, of buying oneself in, as it was called, was merely part of the general procedure, for he would pay only what he was able to. If he came to the Sitch penniless, then his fee would be paid by his sponsor, whatever the latter could afford. From that time on, the candidate became a full-fledged member of the Zaporozhian Sitch, subject to its iron discipline and entitled to all rights and privileges. If, however, the candidate was a youngster and a novice in art of warfare, then before he became a regular member of the Sitch, he was first assigned to the novice barracks. Here, under the tutelage of older Kozaks, he learned how to handle weapons, military strategy, Kozak customs, until such time as he qualified himself to become a "comrade."

The Cook

It may strike some as being rather strange that in admitting men into the Sitch, so much weight was placed upon the opinion of the cook. But we must remember that the Sitch cook was no ordinary "pot-licker." Very often he did no cooking at all, but left it to his assistants. He was in direct charge of not only food but other supplies as well of the Zaporozhe. And as such, his rank was equivalent to that of a modern army quartermaster.

Number of "Kuren"

Towards the close of the Zaporozhian Sitch's existence, there were thirty-eight kuren. There is no need of burdening the reader with their names. Suffice it to say that these names were usually drawn from localities or sections from which most of the Kozaks of the particular kuren hailed, or they were named after some leading Kozak of the kuren.

Interior of the Sitch

In general the plan of the Zaporozhian Sitch was as follows:

The barracks buildings were set in a rude circle in the middle of which was the "mydaan"—square. The Sitch square was the scene of Kozak mass councils, meetings, elections, besides being the parade ground. In the center of it stood the Sitch school, chapel and rectory. Besides the barracks there were many other buildings, such as carpenter shops, blacksmith shops, magazines, headquarters building, special quarters for the high commanding officers, etc. The roofs of all buildings were overlaid with horsehides or reeds. The gate was guarded by cannon and sentries. The entire Sitch proper was surrounded by a strong wall, moats, and palisades.

The Bazaar

Outside, nestling along the walls, a little town had sprung up. Here the Sitch Kozaks did their trading, but only if they obtained permission first. Traders from far and near, from Ukraine, Poland, Muscovy, Crimea and Turkey, flocked here. That no Kozak should be cheated, a special overseer was appointed by the Koshovey known as the "Kantarley." His rank was equal to that of the "Polkovnik." With the aid of assistants he policed the bazaar.

Married Kozak Settlements

Mention has been already made of the fact that Zaporozhians were a celibate order, that is while in the Sitch they had to live entirely without the companionship of the opposite sex. Any Kozak who brought a woman into the Sitch courted punishment by death. Yet, although marriage was frowned upon, still it was not forbidden. If a Zaporozhian wanted to marry, he had to first apply for permission to the Koshovey. The latter would then issue him a license. Armed with this the Zaporozhian married. But he no longer could live in the Sitch, or be considered part of the active Zaporozhian Sitch fighting force. He had to go out into the steppe and there build himself a home. This did not mean, however, that all his connections with the Sitch were severed, for he still remained part of the Zaporozhian reserve corps. Yet he was no longer considered a first class fighting man.

During the earlier periods of Zaporozhe's growth, these married Kozaks settled in the Zaporozhian territories wherever they pleased, either singly or in groups, and no attempts at governing them were made by the

Sitch. In time, however, the increasing number of these married Kozaks and their settlements caused the Sitch to take them under its administration. Kozak officers were appointed by the Koshovey to govern these settlements.

Their Value

The growth of these married Kozak settlements, besides helping to colonize the virgin steppe, also acted as a counterpoise to Moscow's attempts to colonize Ukraine with Russians and other foreigners. Moscow realized that its imperialistic plans of obtaining an outlet to the Black Sea were imperilled by these Kozak settlements, not to speak of the still greater danger from the Zaporozhe. For that reason it even imported peoples from the Balkans to colonize the Ukrainian steppe. The Kozaks hotly resented this and often drove them out. Deputations were sent to Moscow bearing rich gifts with the plea that this artificial colonization cease. They usually returned with a lot of empty promises. Seeing this, the Sitch sent a call throughout Ukraine for Ukrainian colonists to settle the Zaporozhian lands. The call did not go unheeded. Swarms of Ukrainian settlers gave up their life of toil in the service of the Polish or Russian landlord and descended into the Zaporozhian territories. Ukrainian settlements sprang up with the rapidity of mushrooms after a rain-storm. The land was very fertile, game and fish was most plentiful, the Zaporozhian rule just and merciful, what more could one want!

Zaporozhe—A Republic

The Zaporozhian military organization was in the nature of a republic. In it all had equal rights. Even the humblest Kozak could aspire to the position of Koshovey—chief of the Sitch.

"Velka Rada"

All of the legislative powers of the Zaporozhe were vested in the General Council ("Velka Rada"), composed of the Zaporozhian Sitch garrison. This Council met regularly once a year, usually after the Jordan holiday, at which time the annual elections were held and usual business transacted. Urgent matters, such as the invasion of Ukraine, the need of carrying war into the enemy's country, etc., were taken care of at special meetings of the Council.

On the day when the meeting of the General Council of the Zaporozhian Sitch was to take place, notice of the same would be proclaimed throughout the camp by Kozak heralds (Litavri). To the accompaniment of rolling of drums, Kozaks would stream to the Sitch square ("mydaan"). Everyone had to leave his weapons behind, for obvious reasons; Ukrainian Kozaks were rarely known for a stolid temperament.

The Yearly Council

When all had taken their places, forming a rude circle, a fanfare of trumpets or the firing of a cannon would proclaim the opening of the Council's session. A rift would appear in the Kozak massed ranks, and into the center of the huge square would march the Kozak high command ("starshena") bearing their insignias of office. These they would lay down, as a mark of the end of their tenure of office: the Koshovey his "bulawa," the Judge the seal of the Zaporozhe, and the Scribe his silver "kalamar" (ink stand). Then would follow the giving of reports by the various officers of the performance of their duties during the past year. If the officer had performed his duties well, he was usually reelected.

Election of the High Command

The method of election was primitive. Candidates would be nominated from the ranks of the Council, and those receiving the greatest acclaim, either by cheering or throwing of hats into the air, were elected. Where the Council's decision seemed doubtful, however, then counting of hands was resorted to.

The Koshovey

The elections were naturally very exciting and colorful, particularly that of the Koshovey. Usually the Kozak nominated for that position would demurr, claiming his general unfitness for so exalted an office. His objections would be overruled, but if he still persisted, then threats of killing or drowning in the Dnieper would usually cause him to change his mind very rapidly. His decision to accept would be met with a shower of hats into the air. Then would follow the initiation ceremonies. Their purpose would be to impress upon the newly-elected Koshovey that his power was derived from the people and could be taken away by them. It ranged from the simple ceremony of smearing the newly-elected Koshovey's head with mud by a Sitch elder, to the one where he was perched on top a high mound and there subjected to all manner of insults, imprecations, and beatings by the Kozaks. When that was over he would arise and go to his quarters. In a few moments he would reappear, washed and dressed, bearing in his hand the "bulawa." His appearance would be met with a sudden hush, for now he was the undisputed master of the Sitch. He had to but wave his "bulawa," and a Kozak head would roll to the ground. Such was the power delegated to him, and it was all the greater in time of war.

(To be continued)

SECOND CALL

The Ukrainian National Association will assist financially basketball and bowling teams, boys' and girls' providing the teams are composed of U.N.A. members only. The assistance is one of the numerous benefits derived from membership in the U.N.A. Write for registration blanks before November 30, 1940.

GREGORY HERMAN  
Athletic Director  
261 Madison Street,  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

AND CHRONICLE SMALL BEER

DIRGE TO BE CHANTED IN ANY GRAVEYARD AT MIDNIGHT OF A RAINY AUTUMN NIGHT

As a weaver's shuttle,  
To and fro,  
The gray days come  
And the gray days go.  
Faster and faster  
The shuttles run —  
Now what shall be woven  
When the web is done?  
You shall have a shroud  
For a wasted life;  
Soon here you'll lie  
Secure from strife.  
On every side  
The tombstones white  
Gleam faintly in  
The rainy night.  
In this grave here  
A mother sleeps —  
Softly above her  
The black night weeps,  
And the cold, blind worms  
Feed at her breast —  
But she has peace  
And dark, warm rest.  
Each damp grave here  
A story tells  
Of lovers dead  
And faded belles.  
They did not dream  
When they were young  
Someday their dirges  
Would be sung;  
For Death to them  
Was a foreign thing —  
They dreaded not  
His numbing sting.  
But now they're dead  
And here they lie —  
As some day even  
Will you and I.  
Faster and faster  
The shuttles run  
And weave a shroud  
For a life that's done.  
Be the thread dark,  
Or be the thread fair;  
Stain of passion,  
Or white of prayer;  
When the shuttles are still  
And the last thread run  
You'll wear the shroud  
That the weaver spun.

NOT IN WEBSTER'S

JUDICIOUS: 1. A state of mind wherein things are weighed in an imponderable scale; a conjunction of two negatives in a void. 2. To be wanting in foolishness, character or brains. 3. An exquisite and delicate perception of the difference between two things that are exactly alike, or the total unlikeness between two things that are absolutely different. 4. An umbrella to be carried on clear days as well as on rainy ones, thus protecting the possessor from everything. 5. To see what's coming and avoid it by taking all sides.

THE PASSING SCENE

... It appears more and more that many Democrats, in striving to see eye to eye with Mr. Roosevelt, are becoming cross-eyed. ... We see that Mr. Willkie is out stumping the country. We would like to point out that there is no need of that as this country has been stumped for the past several years.

... Mr. Roosevelt still holds his fireside chats. The only difference is that he tries to push his opponent in.

... Another example of marvelous equilibrium is a politician standing on his past record.

ETAOIN SHRDLU

THE POLITICAL FORUM

WHY WE ARE FOR WILLKIE

I

We Americans of Ukrainian origin are descended of a race that for centuries has been oppressed by foreign dictators. Thus we appreciate all the more the liberties which we enjoy here under the democratic form of government, and realize that one of the main pillars of democracy is the upholding of those traditions which for generations have been sacred in the hearts of the people. Among such traditions is that no President of the United States should seek a third term. In seeking the presidency for the third time, President Roosevelt has broken that tradition. On this account, therefore, we Americans of Ukrainian descent should vote for Willkie.

We Ukrainian-Americans are an industrious and hard-working people. We pride ourselves in not going "on relief" unless in dire need. We prefer to earn our daily bread by toil. Now, Mr. Roosevelt has proven that he can only offer relief. On the other hand, Mr. Willkie, being an able business executive, is better qualified to deal with unemployment, and, instead of relief, offer the people jobs.

Mr. Roosevelt was well informed about the conditions in Europe. He knew that, sooner or later, Europe would plunge into war. Yet he did not take the necessary steps to prepare this country to give adequate help to the European democracies in their fight with the totalitarian states. Mr. Willkie, we believe, will avoid the mistakes and floundering of his predecessor and prepare this country for all such emergencies.

Many of us American-Ukrainians, who lived in Europe during the economic and monetary chaos brought about by the last World War, know the misery that comes with inflation. Having an unbalanced budget here, we are approaching an inflation. As long as the Roosevelt administration is in power there is no hope for balancing budget. Therefore, we need a business man and executive like Mr. Willkie to avoid inflation.

Chairman of the Republican Section in the Ukrainian Language Division of the Republican Committee.

II

Although I am a registered Democrat and will vote for local Democratic candidates, I cannot bring myself to endorse the candidates of the Democratic National Party who in my opinion are Democratic

NEWARK CENTRE TEAM OPENS SEASON

Beginning tonight the Ukrainian Centre of Newark Basketball Team will play outstanding teams every Friday night, at the Ukrainian Center, 180-186 William Street, Newark, N. J. Tonight's game will be with the Lionel team. Tonight, too, the Ukrainian Centre Girls Team will play against a leading girls team in the area. A dance will follow the games. Proceeds to go to the Centre.

The Ukrainian Centre team is coached by Walter Bakum, former all-state forward and regular on the George Washington University team (Washington, D. C.). It is managed by "Zeke" John Zinsky, former Olyphant basketball star. The team is composed of former high school and college stars.

The New York Ukrainians are starting their 1940-1941 Basketball Season. All sport enthusiasts wishing to play for the New York Ukrainians Basketball Team are invited to come to practice Friday evenings from 9-11 p.m. at the Labor Temple Gymnasium, 242 East 14th St., New York City.

LISTEN to the Ukrainian Youth Radio Program sponsored by Surma Book & Music Co., 325 E. 14th St., New York City every Saturday from 3:45 to 4:00 P.M., from station W.B.N.X., 1400 kc, New York City. Special youth features, guest stars, music, etc. "Lystopadowe Swiato" Program this week. Michael Herman, Announcer.

member in theory nor in practice. I want WENDELL L. WILLKIE for President

BECAUSE I do not agree with Earl Browder, Communist candidate for President of the U. S. that "the tradition against the Third Term must be set aside."

I do agree with Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Wilson that "It is intolerable that any President should be permitted to determine who should succeed him—himself or another."

BECAUSE the New Deal has squandered billions and has failed to bring about recovery as it has failed to do away with unemployment. We had 10,000,000 unemployed when Roosevelt took the case—he has charged us a fee of sixty billion dollars—and we still have 10,000,000 unemployed.

BECAUSE one of the first acts of President Roosevelt's administration was recognition of the Soviet Union. Every communist revolutionary in the United States cheered President Roosevelt's recognition action which gave Soviet Russia respectability in the family of nations.

BECAUSE although the Dies Committee published a list of 563 federal employees who were either members of the Communist Party or of a Communist Front organization, they, however, have been permitted to hold their positions and exercise their influence in the cause of leftism, and not even one has been removed from office.

BECAUSE I, as an American of Ukrainian descent, am opposed to totalitarianism, in every form. The New Deal exerted every effort to frustrate the investigation in un-American activities by the Dies Committee by a well planned campaign of mis-representations, sarcasm and ridicule.

BECAUSE The White House has been open to known radicals and communists, where Democratic Governors, members of Congress and other Americans have found the President too busy to see them.

BECAUSE I do not believe the President was "drafted for a Third Term." It is hard to conceive that any person could believe that. The Chicago convention was if anything, a "one man" convention.

BECAUSE I believe that the present administration by its ill-considered "flying off the handle" method of dealing with foreign nations without sufficient preparedness at home will eventually involve us in a foreign war.

JOHN H. ROBERTS  
Chairman of the Democratic Section in the Ukrainian Language Division of the Republican Committee

("Why We Are For Roosevelt" — will appear here next week.)

YOUTH and THE U.N.A.

The Get Acquainted Club

Our newly formed Get Acquainted Club is progressing very nicely, and we have three new members for this week's column. In addition, our column received a little radio publicity on October 19th when yours truly was interviewed on the Ukrainian Youth Radio Program over New York's station WBNX. It can be seen that there is very little to ask for now that things are going along so smoothly... but we would appreciate your continued support. Send in your letters for publication as usual, so that the readers can get acquainted with you. Give some information about yourself, and mention your Ukrainian National Association branch number. Your address will not be published, but will be given to all U.N.A. members who write to me for it. So, whether you want a letter published or desire to have the address of a member, be sure to write. New ideas will be carefully considered.

So far we have published six letters... five from girls. Our seventh letter, however, is from a fellow in Chicago. His name is John Luckew and his letter reads as follows:

"I am a member of U.N.A. Br. 221, am five feet four inches tall, weigh 140 pounds, and have brunette hair. I am a Ukrainian artist, am a member of the United Hetman Organization, Lysenko Choir, and Y.U.N. Branch 1. I have been a member of the 202nd Coast Artillery Illinois National Guard. I am mostly interested in sports, particularly football, tennis, and track. I am now entering the Randolph National Rifle Team. I was born in Martin's Ferry, Ohio, and spent considerable time in Drohobych, Galicia, Western Ukraine, studying art; I returned in 1929. I would like to hear from young Ukrainians in Ohio, Virginia, and Connecticut, and will exchange snapshots."

Obviously, John must have had some very interesting experiences. If you would like to write to him, his address is yours on request. Letter number eight comes from Miss Olga Skorotko of Cleveland, Ohio. Olga writes that she is "greatly interested in making the acquaintance of some Ukrainian girl in Connecticut." She is 20 years old, is 5 feet 3 inches tall, has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Olga is interested in the doings of the Ukrainian youth in the East. She is a member of U.N.A. Branch 358, and also of the Ukrainian Junior League of Cleveland. Olga will answer all letters promptly.

Our ninth letter comes from Miss Gloria Skibinski of New York City, who writes that she is 22 years old, is five feet five, and is a member of U.N.A. Branch 130. Gloria would like to hear from anyone interested in roller-skating, her hobby, and will exchange rink-stickers. She guarantees to answer all letters.

So there you are. We invite our U.N.A. members to fraternize with each other through this club. Please help us continue it by sending in your letters. All communications for the Get Acquainted Club should be addressed to Theodore Lutwinak, P. O. Box 88, Jersey City, N. J.

XJIOIII! Tell your best дівчина to expect a добрий time of her life on November 9th at the BAJb held by the Ukrainians Boy's Club, Elizabeth, N. J.

PHILADELPHIA HALLOWEEN FROLIC sponsored by Phila. U. N. A. Youth Club at Ukrainian Hall, 849 N. Franklin St., Phila., Saturday, October 26, 1940. Commenting 8 p.m. Nick Boley & His Casa Del Rey Orch.; also Ukr. Orch. Admission 40¢ inc. taxes.

THE U.N.A. IS THE SUPREME ACHIEVEMENT OF YOUR PARENTS. BECOME A MEMBER OF IT NOW!



NEW YORK CITY

SATURDAY, October 26, 1940 is no time to relax. The Ukrainian Civic Center Halloween Party is sending forth the Old Witch on her Broomstick to sweep you into an evening of excitement and hilarity. Look for the needle in the haystack (maybe we'll thread the needle first, to make it easier for you). Or you can be locked up in the hoosegow by a pretty young "gendarme" for swiping fruit and nuts from our rafters. Or you can wash your hair while ducking for apples. You can gorge yourself on hearty foods, then dance it off to music. Games, songs, dances, fun! Come in costume or hill-billy clothes. Admission .25¢ plus tax of one fruit. (Again we repeat, cauliflower and cucumbers are not fruits). Remember Saturday, October 26, 1940 at 8:30 P.M., at the International Institute, 341 E. 17th St., N.Y.C., Ukrainian Civic Center Halloween Party. Our Halloween Witch is out to get you before Conscriptation does.