

NEW YEAR'S CAROLS

The evening before New Year's Day is known and celebrated among the Ukrainian people as "Schedriy Vechir" (Bountiful Eve). Wherever possible, children and grown-ups gather in groups and go from house to house, in the manner of Christmas carolers, singing "Schedrivky" before the windows of homes, in honor of its dwellers.

When they are through singing one of the carolers steps forward and addresses the master of the household, wishing him, his wife and children, "good luck and health for the New Year."

The carolers are then showered with gifts by those whom they have greeted thus. The gifts usually consist of money, or of palatable Ukrainian culinary products such as "pirohy" and "holubtsi," depending upon the wealth of the husbandman.

The custom of singing "schedrivky" has its origin in the pagan periods of Ukrainian history, but in time it became gradually merged with the Christian Epiphany Holiday (Yordan).

A good example of a "schedrivka" of olden times is as follows:

Ой вірле, вірле,
Сивий соколе!
Щедрий, святий
Вечер Божий!
(не повтаряється за кожним дво-
віршом).
Високо сидиш
Далеко видиш;
Сідай ти собі
На сивим морі!
На синім морі
Корабель на воді;
Т. А., а кінчиться желанням:
Бувай же здоров,
Нап Василейку!
Не сам з собою,
З всьох челядіою!
Щастянка на двір
На художню;
Здоровя в той дім
На челядоюку,
Щедрий, святий
Вечер Божий!

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

From John Demkowicz, vice president of youth branch number 471 of the Ukrainian National Association, comes the following:

"Since its inception six months ago, our 'Hetman Mazeppa Society' has progressed beyond our expectations. This remarkable advance has been due to the fact that both the main office of the U.N.A. and our organizer, Mr. Zahayevich, have unselfishly and faithfully advised us, and helped us in every possible way. We fully realize that the U.N.A. is not only the strongest fraternal order in this country, but that it is more stable than that most of the commercial companies. The U.N.A. should not be looked upon only as a benefit or an insurance organization, but as the hub of a wheel from which the spokes—our Ukrainian social and cultural groups—have their beginning and origin.

"The U.N.A. has done more for its youth and has contributed more to the unity of the Ukrainian people in America than any other body or group. It has made most progress in acquainting America and her people with the music, literature, customs, and culture of Ukraine.

"As it is customary to make resolutions with the coming of a new year, here is one resolution that Americans of Ukrainian descent should make—and keep: 'We shall, we will, we MUST join the U.N.A.' It is an unequalled and unrivaled honor to be associated with an organization that is the backbone of Ukrainian activity and

THE COMING U. N. A. CONVENTION

Beginning May 12 of this year and in all probability lasting several days at least, the 20th regular convention of the Ukrainian National Association will take place in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, according to an announcement issued on January 2nd by the Supreme Executive Committee of the U.N.A.

Since the Convention is of vital significance to the younger generation members of the Association, and since it is desirable that they be well represented at its proceedings, we present below for their information a few outstanding provisions dealing with it as contained in the By-Laws of the U.N.A.

Read them carefully and then refer to the By-Laws for further information.

Legislative Powers

6. The Legislative Powers of this Association shall be vested in a Convention of representatives of the members composed of delegates from Subordinate Assemblies [branches], elected and approved as hereinafter set forth, and the officers and members of the Supreme Assembly [executive board].

Number of Delegates and Voting Powers

8. Every duly established Subordinate Assembly in good standing in the Association having twenty-five or more members shall be entitled to representation and vote on all matters to be acted on at the Convention as follows:—Assemblies composed of twenty-five or more members but less than fifty, one delegate with one vote; of fifty or more but less than one hundred, one delegate with two votes; of one hundred or more but less than one hundred and fifty, one delegate with three votes; of one hundred and fifty or more but less than two hundred and fifty, two delegates with four votes; of two hundred and fifty or more, three delegates with six votes. No Assembly or delegate therefrom shall be entitled to more than six votes.

A Subordinate Assembly having less than 25 members shall not be entitled to a delegate or to a vote; provided, however, that for the purpose of representation at the Convention any Subordinate Assembly having less than 25 members may unite with other Subordinate Assemblies also having less than 25 members and if, when combined, the aggregate membership of the two Subordinate Assemblies shall be 25 or more, they shall have the right to elect one delegate with one vote. Unless otherwise agreed by the mutual consent of both Subordinate Assemblies, the Subordinate Assembly having the greater number of members shall be entitled to elect the delegate, and the Subordinate Assembly having the lesser members, the alternate. The Supreme Executive Committee when issuing a call for a Convention shall, for the benefit of such Subordinate Assemblies, publish a list of the Subordinate Assemblies having less than 25 members with the names and addresses thereof.

9. If a Subordinate Assembly entitled to more than one delegate at the Convention sends one delegate, he may cast the entire number of votes to which the Assembly he represents is entitled, but where more than one delegate is sent, the number of votes to which the Assembly is entitled shall be divided equally among the delegates.

Qualifications

10. No member shall be eligible for election nor shall he be entitled to a seat as a delegate to any Convention unless he is of Ukrainian nationality, has been a member in good standing of the Assembly which he is to represent, for a period of not less than one year next preceding the first day of the Convention to which he is elected, is over twenty-one (21) years of age, can read and write, and possesses all the qualifications of an officer of a Subordinate Assembly. Any person who at the time of the election or at the time of his seating as such delegate is an officer of any other fraternal, beneficial organization or association or any branch thereof; or who solicits or sells life insurance for any insurance company; or who at any time instituted or caused to be instituted any suit, action or proceeding against the Ukrainian National Association either on his own behalf or on behalf of any other member, shall be ineligible.

Election and Report.

12. When the Supreme Executive Committee shall issue a call for a regular Convention each Subordinate Assembly shall within sixty days from the date of the call, at a regular meeting, by a majority vote of the members present at said meeting, elect the delegates and alternates to which said Subordinate Assembly may be entitled as herein provided. Within ten days from the time of the election and not later than sixty days prior to the convention, the Subordinate Assembly shall send to the Supreme Recording Secretary for approval by the Supreme Executive Committee, on forms to be supplied by the Association, a report of such election, under the hand and seal of the president and secretary of the Subordinate Assembly, stating the name or names of such delegates and alternates. Any Subordinate Assembly failing to comply herewith shall waive and forfeit its right to representation and vote at the Convention.

Credentials of Delegates, Approval.

13. Although duly qualified and elected by the Subordinate Assembly, no person shall be seated as a delegate or alternate unless the credentials of such delegate are first duly approved by the Supreme Executive Committee.

Delegates' Allowance.

14. The traveling expenses of the approved delegates and of the work started by them. Let us

LESH MARTOVICH—SATIRIST

Tomorrow marks the 25th anniversary of the death of Lesh Martovich, one of the most prominent Western Ukrainian writers of the latter part of the 19th century, known especially for his keen satire. A contemporary of Vasile Stefanyk and born the same year as he (1871), Lesh Martovich nevertheless died twenty years earlier than Stefanyk, on January 11, 1916, alone and friendless, in a war-stricken and deserted Galician village, Pohoryska.

Together with Vasile Stefanyk and Marco Cheremshyna (Ivan Semeniuk), Lesh Martovich belonged to the so-called New Trio in Western Ukrainian Literature (the original trio being Shashkevich, Vahilevich, and Holovatsky), for all three of them came from the Pokutya district of Galicia, were about the same age, born of peasant parents, close friends, and, finally, all wrote about Ukrainian peasant life—though Cheremshyna specialized more in Hutsul stories.

Martovich's first work was "Rudal," which Michael Pavlyk later changed to "Nechytalnik" (Illiterate—a peasant who opposed the enlightenment movement being introduced into the village). Then followed a whole series of works, all written in the 90's of the last century, of which one of the best is "Muzhitska Smert'" (Peasant's Death).

The best story Martovich wrote is "Zhytyeva Istoria Selyanina Hrytsya Banata" (Life Story of the Peasant Gregory Banat). It unrolls itself in a simple but striking manner, moulding in the reader's imagination a clear picture of a peasant who constantly fails in everything he attempts. Yet this story is not typical of Martovich, for most of his writings are characterized by wit, derision and mockery. In them Martovich ridicules the shortcomings of peasant life, and even that of the intelligentsia, and mercilessly derides all those who of their own free will are lazy and illiterate and enemies of progress.

Most of Martovich's work are based on either the local enlightenment society or the "korshma" (tavern), the two dominant but conflicting influences in the life of the Ukrainian peasants during the latter part of the 19th century.

OFF THE EDITOR'S DESK

In last week's account of the Shepitsky Concert at the Town Hall in New York City, we inadvertently failed to mention that the choral responsals in "Hospodi Vozvakh Tebi" were introduced by chants sung by Michael Fatiuk, director of the Yonkers choir.

order by supporting it. Let us make it stronger by joining the 35,000 people who are already members. Let us resolve to work for it and to interest others in it. Let us strive to make it ever more stronger and influential, so that it can survive for many, many years. Let us be determined in our efforts to build it, as were the original pioneering organizers—our parents. Let us make 1941 a year that will go down in the pages of U.N.A. history as the most eventful where the organization of youth is concerned. Let us make our ageing parents proud of us by continuing the work started by them. Let us

The Jay's Wing

By IVAN FRANKO

(Sixteenth in Series of Translated Select Ukrainian Stories)

(1)

TOMORROW the New Year will arrive bringing with it my fortieth birthday. I have decided to celebrate this double holiday.

Ha, ha, ha! Celebrate! What is the usual celebration of a New Year's Eve? A noisy crowd, young feminine voices, which ring like silver bells; the older folks chatter sedately like oaks in fair weather; bright lights, music, songs, recitations, applause... Midnight is near... The clock starts to strike twelve... Glasses filled with wine are raised and drained, while the head of the family smashes his glass into fragments... with it all the cares and sorrows shall perish! The lights are suddenly extinguished... Everybody follows the sound of the clock and counts twelve... Long live the New Year! May new happiness last long! The lights shine brightly again... Music, songs, more wine, new toasts, kisses, merriment, hand-claps... and the children, children!

But—why think of it? I was there once and drank the cup of joy and celebrated this temptation, which we call the New Year. Warm hands gripped mine, bright eyes smiled to me. And I believed, dreamed and loved... My soul basked in a rosy vapor, building golden castles in the air and lending hues of beauty and life to that which was merely a conventional lie...

But past is past. I shall start my fortieth year differently from the way I did last year and the year before. I shall live like a hermit. This year I shall try to start with more harmony, more beauty than the two previous years.

To begin with—may the devil take melancholy! During the last two years I was a novice in the cruel school of seclusion and solitude. The links of the past and present were not broken yet. I was still yearning for something. Somewhere in the depths of my soul still lived the little child which cried for mother. Now it is all vanished. The old accounts have been settled, old wounds have healed... where once storms were raging, silence and peace reign now.

Today's feast shall be the celebration of my new outlook, my newly established mode of life. And this standard is the old Horatio's "Aequum Servare Mortem."

Without optimism, without hopes,—for optimism is a sign of childish naivety, which sees in life something that does not really exist, and hopes for some thing life cannot give. Without pessimism,—for pessimism is a sign of sickly cowardice, it is "Testimonium Paupratis" which man himself creates. Without extreme indifference or enthusiasm. Without extreme sternness and obstinacy in the battle of life, but also without negligence and sentimentality. I shall look at everything sensibly, practically, thoughtfully, and first of all—calmly, peacefully, as becomes a man of forty.

A fool is he, who on the threshold of his fortieth year has not conceived the full value of life, and has not become an artist of life!

I have passed the hard school of life and, I guess, have learned something. I lost many flowers on the road of life, buried many illusions, but I rescued a costly fruit from all catastrophes. This fruit which remained untouched, is the ability to live and enjoy life. To live just for oneself, within oneself. Life is my property, and all the riches in the world cannot pay me for the minutest part of it, for a single moment. No one has right to demand any sacrifices from me, as I do not expect it from anyone.

Community, state, people? These are double chains. One chain is cast of iron—violence; the other, parallel to the first, is woven out of soft spider-webs—conventional lies. One chains the body, the other grips the soul,—both with the same aim: to strangle, and trap, deface and lower the great, free creation of nature,—the human individual.

It is the only the individual that lives, works, thinks, suffers, fights, falls and triumphs. And my modest unit often triumphs over painful falls,—not with drums and organs, which jar upon the care of economics and wake jealousy and envy in these who do envy. This is the triumph of savages and is beneath a civilized man. My triumph is calm and quiet as a sum-

mer night. It has no envious and wakes no envy, but it is deep, truthful, and durable. It is not momentous, not a result of mad struggle and strain. It is my everyday life, but it is elevated to a higher step, lighted by the rays of the sun, saturated with beauty and harmony.

This immobile fortress, where I live and dominate, is my creation. Hidden from all its vanities, I view the world from there. This fortress was built in my soul. Storms of the world, needs and passions pass somewhere above me, not reaching my fortress. I contribute my donation to the outside world for the material and the spiritual food it gives me. I work for a certain bureau. I do work which occupies my brains without touching my heart. I am friendly towards my co-workers but reserved. They all respect me, but no one can enter my sancta sanctorum. I never opened my soul to anyone, nor does any one care about it. As for the inquisitive—I quickly free myself of their acquaintance. And all those who greet me, take my hand, talk to me at the bureau, never dream that I have a real life of my own under the cloak of convention and triviality. No one suspects that this dry pursuer of formality, this realist is really an artist, who knows how to live.

Here, in this quiet den, which is far from being luxurious, but suits me,—I am master. This is the light and romance of my life. I may act like a child one day and like a hero the day after, but here I am always myself. On the walls hang artificially made portraits of the masters of life: Goethe, Emerson and Ruskin. My favorite books in neat bindings are arranged on my shelves. On a pedestal in a corner stands a marble copy of the ancient statue of a boy who is trying to pull a thorn out of his foot. On every table are flowers,—my favorite chrysanthemums of many hues. On the desk lies my diary; near by is a table set and decorated. Even the blue flowers of Barvinok were not forgotten. The mischief-maker, Ivasse! It was he who invented this surprise for me. He knows my belief that Barvinok brings happiness to the New Year. Whether I believe or not, does not really matter. It is pleasant to rock oneself in a hammock of hope.

On the table are apples, oranges, figs, a few bottles of wine of the best brand and... two glasses! Ha-ha-ha! The funny mischievous Ivasse! He thought that she would be here! That there can be no celebration, that the New Year will not arrive without her. Those times have passed! You are mistaken, my lad! "She," whoever she might be, does not tempt me anymore. I shall try to get along without "her," and I guess my happiness shall not diminish, at any rate it shall be purer and deeper than with her.

Since my last romance in the woods three years ago, queer feelings sweep over me at times. Whenever a young girl, especially a brunette, smiles to me, I imagine that the flesh on her face becomes transparent, and a frightful skull grins at me. Is it a sign of old age, or is it something else?

Yes! What is the program of this evening? For special occasions I like to work out a program, with the condition that I am free not to follow it. This gives me double pleasure. I enjoy and anticipate every point while planning the program, and afterwards, when I change it, the new combination gives me joy. The first on the program is Rossini's "Overture to William Tell" for the harmonium. This is my favorite piece of music, which always leaves me in an animated mood. Then we shall examine the chrysanthemum, the heliotrope and tuberoses in my salon. The poor things have been expecting me for some time and have blown into full blossom today. Then we shall have a drink and a bite. After that we shall read the last number of "Neue Deutsche Rundschau," mainly Wilde's article about Christ. I am curious to know what such a master of style and such a sickly creation of the new hour can say about Christ. After that,—but what time is it?—Seven! Well, there is plenty of time until twelve. We shall glance through the latest illustrations: Jugend, Liberum Veto, and the artistic almanac. Some good people provide them for us, sinners, that we may not be lonesome. Should the illustrations prove to be a disappointment, we have still another luxury saved for this evening, a set of new records for the phonograph. I shall hear Jeres thundering from the parliamentary tribune, Gabrielle D'Annunzio's speeches on the necessity of propagating the idea of beauty among the people; I shall

hear Duse in the role of Glaucoada, and the chatter of Cleo DeMerced with her friends. It is true, I would want to—oh, no, no! I want nothing. There is use of wanting anything above the things which common sense deems possible, and within one's reach. One should not desire any baked ice. Let the youngsters and dreamers strive for the impossible! My desire must and shall go hand in hand with the possible and real.

When the twelfth hour will strike, then... What is that? The door bell rang! At this hour! Someone to see me? Impossible! Of course, I am home to no one! Who has the right to intrude tonight and spoil my quiet, harmless, hard-earned joys?

Quiet steps in the salon. "Is that you, Ivase?" "Yes, Sir." "Who rang?" "The letter-carrier. There is a letter for you, Sir."

"A letter, for me?" I hold the letter in my hands. It is really a package. The address is written negligently, just my name and the name of the city—Lviv. Lucky that there is no one else by the same name. It seems, it was written by someone, who...

What is this? A Russian stamp from Port Arthur! What does this mean? Who in Port Arthur can have anything to do with me? But perhaps the letter is not really for me? Perhaps there is another envelope inside and a note asking me to forward this letter to someone. The simplest thing would be to open the envelope and see the truth. No, I shall wait awhile. Here lies before me a sealed package addressed to me, sent from a strange place by a strange person. It is a puzzle, a mystery. I love such mysteries, for my life is void of them. My life is like a wide, clean alley with green trees which leads...

What seems to be the matter with me? Why should I think today of the end of the alley, the end of human life? It shall not miss us and there is no necessity of flying there voluntarily. But the letter!... What can be the contents of this envelope? A newspaper correspondence? The diary of some warrior, official reports, or the last will of a compatriot, who was strangled in a strange country?

It is a woman's handwriting, but that does not mean anything. There is something hard inside. It is impossible to tell the shape of it, as it is hidden among many folded sheets of paper. It is neither a key, nor a coin... Well, let us open and see. Where are the scissors? But, perhaps, I should not open it? Maybe this letter, so quiet and tempting when sealed, will lose its charms afterwards and become the box of Pandora, out of which snakes will creep and poison my life, ruin my fortress, and spoil today's holiday. I always feared letters and I seldom write them. Every letter is a bomb. It looks like a chocolate bomb, but no one can tell whether it is not filled with melinite and will not blow you to pieces within a moment.

My hand shakes. A chill passes through my body...

Stop! It is a true sign that this letter has a fatal meaning. Wait! Do not touch it! If I threw this unopened letter into the fire,—it will burn to ashes and carry its mysteries into the great space it came from. And I would remain with another unsolved riddle in my soul,—that is all. An unsolved riddle awakens curiosity, sorrow, yearning... These are rather pleasant feelings. If I solve it,—it may wound or kill.

Ha, ha, ha! What a coward I am! I feel so sure of myself within my fortress, under the shield of my philosophy,—and here I am,—afraid of this paper visitor! Even if it were a bomb thrown by the hand of one enemy,—what harm could it do me? It can not affect me, nor anyone dear to me, for there is no one near to me in the whole world, I think. Then—why fear?

Why then does my hand tremble? Why does a feeling of alarm grip my heart? Mechanically, without my personal will, my hand cuts a narrow strip off the envelope: Fate! If you still have an arsenal of arms against me, if just tonight, before the New Year, you have brought enemy troops to my peaceful abode, from the distant Port Arthur,—strike! We shall fight!

The letter is open...

(To be continued)

RUSSIA and UKRAINE

To the Editor of Free Europe

Sir,—It is with some hesitation that I submit my observations on Mr. George Knuppfer's article in F. E. of November 1. Knowing the Russians to be intransigent on the question of "one and indivisible Russia" (some of them are political trinitarians and speak of three Russias in one), I would not trouble

them, were it not for the fact that by their persistent voicing of an historically questionable hypothesis the Russians may lead unsuspecting people into error.

Mr. Knuppfer and, I am afraid, numerous Russian emigrés regard Ukraine as the rightful patrimony of the Muscovites, and the Ukrainian people as flesh of their flesh and blood of their blood in spite of universal Ukrainian protest. The brittle pillars upon which their theory is erected are: First, once upon a time the Muscovite principalities were ruled by secondary

which reigned in medieval Russia. Ukraine. This fact is said to have given the Muscovite princes a dynastic claim to Ukraine and such a claim was first advanced by Ivan III, who claimed that Ukraine was a hereditary appanage of the house of Rurik. Secondly, there is the general confusion about the significance of the terms; Russ, Russia, Russkij, etc. The Muscovite princes applied the name Russ to their territories simply because during the formative period of the Muscovite or so-called Great Russian nation, these princes were only

ance to, the Kievan or Russ-Ukrainian princes. It is more than probable that most of these northern subjects of the Kievan State belonged to the Ugro-Altaic and not the Dinaric racial group to which most of the Slavs except present-day Russians belong. It might be added in passing that even the dynastic argument no longer had any meaning when the Rurik dynasty came to an end in Muscovy at the close of the sixteenth century. Although the names Russ and Russkij remained current in Muscovy, the Ukrainians and all other

How the Kozaks Greeted the New Year

THE famed Zaporozhian Kozaks had a custom of electing their officers and redistributing their lands on New Year's Day.

For days before New Year's Day the Sitch, their stronghold, would resemble a beehive as Kozaks came streaming into it from far and near, from their lonely winter quarters somewhere deep in the steppe by a river, stream or lake, where they fished and hunted, or from their settlements where they subsisted mostly by farming. This, of course, was in time of peace.

Church Services

Bright and early on New Year's Day the Zaporozhian Kozaks rose, washed, and dressed themselves in their Sunday best, in their "zhupans," made of colorful, embroidered materials; boots of soft, colored leather; high fur caps; and embroidered silk sashes; and then donned their weapons, sabres, pistols, daggers, and yataghans. When the bells tolled they hurried to the Sitch church of the Intercession of the Holy Virgin.

The services which they attended there consisted of the matins and then the high mass, which as a rule were celebrated by two priests, usually monks of the Monastery of the Savior at Mezhehiria in Kiev. The priests were assisted by two deacons, a sexton, and a choir of fine voices, composed largely of young men who attended the Sitch school.

In church the Kozaks stood in their proper places, according to their rank and division. During the reading by the priest of the Evangelium, the Kozaks grasped their swords by the hilts and pulled them half-way out of their sheaths, thus indicating their readiness to defend the Christian faith against the infidels.

The Repast

Upon the completion of the high mass, the Kozaks left the church for their "kurens"—barracks, to lunch. Here they prayed before the "ikons," wished one another good fortune and health for the coming year, and then taking off their expensive outer garments for the while, sat down to eat. The "otaman" of the "kurin" sat in the honorary corner, under the ikons, where an image lamp burned continually and where on the table stood the platter for the collection. Having eaten their fill and downed some beer and mead, the Kozaks rose from their tables, said grace, thanked the "otaman" and the cook for the repast, placed two or three coins on the platter for the purchase of provisions for the next day, and sallied from the "kurini" into the green, for the military council.

Ceremonies Opening Council Meeting

There the "otaman" of the Sitch ordered the "dobush" to bring out his drum-sticks, which he had under his supervision as the mark of his office, and then to bring from the church the various military ensigns, and also the cymbals, which he was to strike as a signal for the Kozaks to come to the council. The "dobush" did as he was bid. At the sound of the cymbals the Kozaks hurried, as bees for honey, to the council square, which had been evened out and freshly strewn with sand for the occasion. Around it, shaped like a horseshoe,

stood the thirty-six "kureni." At the southern end of the green stood the Sitch church with its bastion-like belfry.

Having struck the cymbals once, the "dobush, as he was known, went back into the church for the Sitch banner which he carried out ceremoniously into the square. Thereupon he struck the cymbals twice. This was the signal for the officers to emerge from their "kureni" and assume their posts at the council meeting. Each one advanced to it carrying his special ensign of office: the Sitch "otaman"—a "bulawa" (mace); the judge—a big silver seal; the scrivener—his pen and silver inkstand; the "osaul" (aide-de-camp)—a small mace; At the approach of all these Kozak dignitaries and in their honor, the "dobush" struck the cymbals again.

All of them walked with their heads bare. Reaching the center of the green they placed their hats on a table standing there, then lining up in accordance with their rank they bowed to the Zaporozhian order. The Kozaks, with their heads bare, too, stood behind the "otamans" of their respective "kureni." They responded to the greeting of their high command by bowing too.

Distribution of Land

When greetings had thus been exchanged a mass was celebrated out in the open by a priest. When it was concluded the Sitch commander called the council meeting to order. "Esteemed comrades!" he called out. "In accordance with tradition, we are bound on this New Year's Day to redistribute amongst ourselves our rivers, lakes, and privileges of hunting and fishing.

"So we shall!" the massed Kozaks replied in chorus. "We shall distribute them as is the ancient custom."

Then the scrivener stepped forward. He had already written the names of all the properties to be divided upon small slips of paper. These he mixed by shaking them and called upon the "kurin otamans" to come forward and draw lots. Each of them drew his lot. Then the scrivener read which section of the Zaporozhian lands fell to each "kurin" for the coming year. There were no quarrels or arguments, and the "otamans" thanked the high command and returned to their places. Thus the Zaporozhian Kozaks distributed all the land from the mouth of the Samara river to the upper reaches of the Konka, and from the "poroh" section of the Dnieper to the mouth of the Boh.

As soon as the distribution of the land was completed, the "dobush" again struck the cymbals and the Kozaks reassembled, sometime to the number of five thousand.

In order that a clearer picture be obtained of how the Kozaks elected their leader, the following excerpt of an old story about Sahaydachny, famed Kozak leader, is presented below. It tells how he was elected:

Election of the "Otaman"

The entire Zaporozhian Sitch was in a state of wild excitement. A new Otaman was to be elected to lead the Kozaks on an expedition across the Black Sea to free the

scientists, including Russians.

In the light what has been said above, Mr. Knuppfer's article is grossly misleading and contains numerous mistakes in connection with simple historical facts. His allegation that the Ukrainian question was "originally made in Germany and Austria," is an indication that he views the Ukrainian question through the wrong end of a telescope. The future of Ukraine is fortunately bound up with the

Ukrainians in Turkish prisons, particularly in Kaffa.

The Sitch boiled: shouts, strange oaths, the rattle of sabres, and a general hullabaloo filled the air.

"Elect old Netchay!"—was one cry.

"Nebaba Khwelona!" — roared others.

"Nebaba is a fine Kozak!"

"The devil with Nebaba! We want Netchay!"

"Nebaba, Nebaba!"

Already a fight arose in one section of the heaving crowd. But suddenly new cries began to be heard, which gradually increased in intensity:

"Let Sahaydachny lead us overseas! Sahaydachny!"

"Away with Nebaba! Away with Netchay! We want Sahaydachny for our Otaman!"

"Give him the bulawa! The Bulawa needs a wise and steady head—and Sahaydachny has such a head!"

"Nobody else but Sahaydachny, brothers! Who could be better than Sahaydachny?"

"Sahaydak! Sahaydak! Ho-ho-ho!"—the entire multitude roared, while Kozak hats, like a flock of birds, flew into the air.

In this manner the Kozaks elected Sahaydachny as their Otaman: the throwing into the air of their hats signified their final and irrevocable decision. No change could be made after that.

Sahaydachny, bowing, began to excuse himself: that he was too old for this honor, that he could hardly see, and that he had grave doubts whether he could manage even to hold the bulawa in his hand. His excuses, however, were immediately overruled, and he was threatened with speedy death unless he accepted.

"Into the river with him, the old dog, if he refuses to accept the bulawa!"

"Cane him, if he refuses!"

For it was the fashion in those bygone days that if the Kozaks showed their love and trust in one of themselves by electing him Otaman, and he refused the election, then woe be unto him. He would be either caned to death, or drowned in the Dnieper. But if he accepted, he would have to, for a while, suffer various indignities inflicted upon him by the Kozaks. They would shower him with ashes and refuse, smear his face with mud, beat him—all of this in order to show him that the people gave him the power, and that the people could take it away. But—when these peculiar ceremonies came to an end—the Otaman became the master of life and death for the Kozaks.

Sahaydachny well knew all of this and of the responsibility invested upon him as an Otaman. Resolutely he lifted his head.

"So be it! I accept—'tis God's will," he said, and then bowed in four directions.

Once again a cloud of hats flew into the air. The Kozaks roared: "Up with our new father on top of the mohela!"

"Let him sit high above us!" "Get the wagons, cover them with earth!"

Wagons were dragged in, and overturned on their backs.

"Thus will he overturn the wild horde!"

"And Turkey, too!"

The Kozaks, drawing their glittering sabres, began to dig up the ground, scooping it up with their hats, and throwing it on the wagons.

"Just like a grave for the dead," thought Sahaydachny to himself, as standing quietly on the side, he recalled the story told in an old

certain that Mr. Knuppfer will have nothing to do with moulding their destiny.

Yours faithfully,

STEPAN DAVIDOVICH,

Kensington Close,

Wright's Lane, W. 8.

London.

("Free Europe," London, Nov 29, 1940)

poignant "Kobzar dmy" about the burial of a young Kozak.

Meanwhile the mohela grew higher and higher. Already the Kozaks, laughing and joking, were experiencing difficulty in climbing to its top.

"Higher and higher, boys!" they urged one another. "Let it be so high that it can reach the sky."

"Let it rise like Kozak fame, like Kozak pride!"

Soon the mohela was completed; higher than had ever been raised for any Otaman. The Kozaks, stamping on it, cleaning their hats, laughing, began to clamber down. The Scrivener turned to the new Otaman.

"Go, Father, and take the Kozak oath."

Sahaydachny ascended the mohela, and seated himself at the very top.

"Here's health to you, Father!"—cried the Kozaks.

"May we see you in battle, as we see you now!"

Meanwhile the cooks had gathered a big bagful of refuse and ashes, and dragged it to the top. There they raised it over the new Otaman's head. Sahaydachny closed eyes...

"For good luck, for health, for our new Father!"—they cried, as they emptied the whole mess over his head.

"For good luck, for health, for our new Father!"—echoed the Kozaks.

Thereupon the scrivener also ascended the mound, and in a ceremonial tone declared:

"As you have been strewn by refuse, so now you shall be strewn with Kozaks."

At his words, the Kozaks immediately swarmed up the sides of the mohela, and there began to do with the new Otaman as they pleased. One smeared his face with mud. Another tugged industriously at his shock of hair.

"So that you will not 'highhat' your brother Kozaks."

"So that you will be fit from head to foot."

"Here's hoping you beat the Turks as I beat you,"—cried another, as he resoundingly smacked his "father."

Finally, Sahaydachny arose, dirty, covered with ashes and refuse, and with the yells of his beloved "children" still resounding in his ears, entered the largest of the Kozaks huts—the one reserved for the Otaman.

After a short interval of time he reappeared, dressed anew, washed and cleaned, with the bulawa in his hand. Following him came his aides, carrying with them all of the Otaman's insignias of authority.

A sudden hush descended upon the multitude of the Kozaks... for now, the Otaman would have but to raise his finger, and a Kozak head would roll to the ground.

Sahaydachny formally took command of the Kozak expedition to Kaffa—the Turkish stronghold. The joy and gladness of the Kozaks became now unbounded...

ELIZABETH, N. J.

GET-TOGETHER — 1940-1941

You are cordially invited to attend the Celebration of Ukrainian New Year's Eve, MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 13, 1941, at 9 P. M. at the Ukrainian National Home, 214 Fulton St. Elizabeth, N. J. Dinner and Dance \$1.00.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

VALENTINE DANCE sponsored by The Ukrainian Youth of Hartford, Conn., at the Lithuanian Hall, 227 Lawrence Street, Hartford, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1941. Music by John Karas and his Rhode Islanders from Woonsocket, Rhode Island.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Enjoy the New Year's Eve MALANKA sponsored by ODWU, Ukrainian dances, tangos, Shoo, Fly, Virginia Reel to the music of Nick Anton, Stayvassant Casino, 140 — 2nd Ave., New York City, SUNDAY, JANUARY 12, 1941. Admission 50¢ incl. tax. Commencement 4 P. M.

Muscovy and its people as Muscovites.

Some leading Russian imperialists use the linguistic argument which, of course, cannot be treated seriously since the relative proximity of all Slavonic languages could serve equally as justification for absorbing the Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Bulgarians, and the southern Slavs in addition to Ukrainians and White Ruthenians. The anthropological argument is now seldom pressed, for its fallacy has

Ukrainian Situation Before the War

(Concluded)

Polish Abuses of Ukrainians

THE Ukrainian people under Poland complain also that they have no University of their own in Lviv, that they are only allowed a small percentage of students at the Polish Universities, and that, on completing their education, these students cannot find any occupation outside business and petty trade. They complain that the number of schools at which Ukrainian as well as Polish is taught is continually being decreased. They complain that estates are being broken up in Ukrainian territory and distributed to Poles and not Ukrainians, that, in other words, Poles are systematically colonising Western Ukraine. They complain that their press is heavily censored and that organisations having no other object than the promotion of sport are frequently dissolved. They complain that local officials are a law unto themselves and that there is no justice for a Ukrainian, a fact which is well known to the Polish population, and which causes it to treat the Ukrainians with but scant respect. They complain that several thousands of Ukrainians are in prisons or in camps, and that arrested Ukrainians are kept in gaol for a long time without any charge being preferred against them, while the police hunt for evidence. They complain that offences which are punished heavily when they are committed by Ukrainians are passed over lightly when they are committed by Poles. It must not be thought that the Ukrainians have done nothing but revolt. They have tried to build up a life of their own, and have created competently-managed organisations for assisting education, agriculture and co-operative enterprises. A number of Ukrainians, it is true, have resorted to terrorist acts. On the other hand, the Government's methods of oppression or pacification, as it is called, have been terroristic. The truth is that two proud and obstinate wills have clashed, and so acute is the resultant tension that it is now impossible to come to an agreement about anything.

The Ukrainians are determined to have freedom. The Poles are in no hurry to give it to them. They believe that they must have Galicia, Volynia and Polisia, which constitute one-third of their whole territory, to protect themselves against Soviet Russia. But they cannot imagine that the best form of protection is a contented Galicia.

Oppressed Under Rumania

Under Rumania in Bessarabia, which was formerly a Russian province, and in Bukovina, which was formerly Austrian, there are about one million Ukrainians. Here, too, the Allies, faced with accomplished facts, accepted them. In Rumania the Ukrainians are treated as badly as elsewhere, and in one respect worse. For they are not even regarded as worthy of serious notice. From the concessions granted to other minorities they have been excluded. How farcical is the régime to which they are subjected may be judged from the fact that not only is their press heavily censored, but it is compelled to print material which the Government supplies in praise of itself.

Carpatho-Ukraine

Lastly, we come to the fourth and the smallest of the Ukrainian lands, which after the War was transferred from Hungary to Czechoslovakia. Hidden away on the slopes of the Carpathians, remote from the beaten European tracks, is a little region some 12,000 square kilometers in area, the population of which is

predominantly Ukrainian or Ruthenian, as it is called. For centuries it belonged to the Magyars. The people were mostly peasants, wretchedly poor. No one knew much about them. They were neglected and overlooked. Certainly it was never suspected that they had national yearnings. But they did produce some intellectuals, and at the end of the War, although there was much confusion among them, it was clear that they wished for autonomy or union with the Ukrainian Republic under Petlura. The Czechs exploited the situation greatly to their own advantage, and occupied the territory, citing as justification a pact which Masaryk had concluded at Philadelphia in 1918 with a group of emigrants from Carpathian Ukraine, who agreed to its inclusion in the Czechoslovakian State on condition that full autonomy were granted. The Peace Conference again accepted an accomplished fact, but stipulated that the territory should be an autonomous unit and be given the fullest degree of self-government compatible with the unity of the Czechoslovakian State. The Czechs failed to carry out this condition. They governed the region mainly with their own officials, introduced their own language as the official language, and provided far fewer schools for the Ukrainians than they did for their own people. They encouraged White Russians—that is, Russians of the old régime—to spread their literature and language, and did all they could to persuade the Ukrainians that they were Russians, or of special Carpathian-Ruthenian nationality. Yet, in 1919, the Czechoslovakian Academy of Science had declared that the country was a Ukrainian country and that its language should be, and was in fact, Ukrainian. Finally, as we know, Czechoslovakia entered into a pact with the Soviet Union.

The reason which Czechoslovakia gave for withholding self-government was that the Ukrainians were backward, but it must be admitted that she was not over-anxious to assist them to come forward. In 1934, Dr. Benes said of Carpathian Ukraine: "This part of the Czechoslovakian Republic belongs to us, and always will."

Problem Vast and Complicated

Divided among four nations, and of interest to so many, the Ukrainian problem is vast and complicated, but amidst its currents and cross-currents its nature is discernible. The Ukrainians are a peasant people. For that reason they have been kept down. For centuries they have been under the domination of Russians, Poles and Jews. Their towns and industries were almost wholly in the hands of these peoples. How they and their occupation were regarded may be judged from the fact that Hebrew fathers counselled their sons never to become labourers on the land.

Peasants Have Produced Vigorous Young Leaders

I am afraid that Ukraine was not the only country where cultivators of the soil were looked down upon. But this urban contempt for agriculture is, I hope, now passing. Today, the peasants of all lands are demanding to be uplifted and respected. It is natural, therefore, that the Ukrainian question should come to the fore at this moment, and that the Ukrainian peasant people should have produced a crop of vigorous young leaders. If earlier I dwelt upon the martial qualities of their ancestors, it was because I wished to show that the Ukrainians have a great fighting tradition. I would like

to add now that, mingled with all the detestable qualities of a peasant

German Interest In Ukraine

You will expect me to say something about the attitude of foreign nations to Ukraine. Ukraine contains all the raw materials and supplies which Germany needs. It is plain that Germany's future will be closely bound with South-East Europe. In the past, she and Austria had strong ties with this region, both economic and cultural. Indeed, Germans say that they were predominant there. When the Germans speak of South-Eastern Europe, they have in mind Ukraine. But, at the moment, foreign nations are barred from economic and cultural access to this territory. Consequently, Germany is deeply interested in the Ukrainian National Movement.

It is difficult to imagine how Ukraine could free herself from Soviet domination without external aid. While I am confident that most of her people would welcome this aid, at least for a time, I am equally confident that their leaders do not wish to exchange one conqueror for another—they want an independent Ukraine.

Germany's Unpleasant Experience In Ukraine

Germany cannot have forgotten her not very pleasant experience in Ukraine in 1918. If now economic opportunity were to be the price of her assistance, then perhaps Ukraine might be willing to pay it. Up to the present, Germany is the only Great Power which has seriously interested itself in this region. Democracies pick and choose very carefully those to whom they extend their sympathy, and not always the peoples and nationalities who need it most get it.

Poland, too, would like to see Ukraine separated from the U.S.S.R., but not if it were achieved by Germany. Ukraine is her next-door neighbour and she considers that, geographically, historically and economically, she alone has the right to be seriously interested in the future of Ukraine.

British Attitude Should Be Ukrainian Attitude

These considerations at once suggests the question: What should be the attitude of Great Britain? Our attitude, I think, should be the Ukrainian attitude. We should stand on the side of Ukraine and of any nation who is ready to help her on terms she is willing to accept. In other words, we should strive to bring about a solution such as she herself desires. To do so, I am convinced, would be in our interests as well as in hers.

Great changes are bound to come in Eastern Europe, and other problems not dissimilar from that of Ukraine will occur. If these problems are to be solved in a new spirit and in a new way, then some means must be found by which young and small nations can live an independent existence along with older and more powerful nations.

LANCELOT LAWTON
(Spring, 1939)

FRIENDLY CIRCLE WINS BOWLING MATCH

In the opening match of the Metropolitan New York U. N. A. Bowling League, which took place on Jan. 3rd, the Friendly Circle, U.N.A. Branch 435, won 2 out of 3 games from Branch 240 of Newark, rolling up a total pin score of 1991 to the latter's 1977. The scoring was very close throughout the match, with neither team winning any of the games by a large margin. High scorer for the evening was Stephen Shumeyko of the Newark team, whose total of 454 was almost matched by the total of 447 made by Michael Kondrasky of New York. The additional support of the other 4 Circle men, however, outweighed the high score's effect, and the final total showed victory to be theirs.

Although the same 5 men played throughout the match for Branch 435, substitutions by the other team split the pins among 6 players. The totals for the Friendly Circle were as follows: M. Kondrasky, 447; A. Sulka, 404; S. Kurlak, 403; J. Belgaus, 386; F. Belgaus, 351. The

total for Branch 240 were: S. Shumeyko, 454; A. Shumeyko, 432; P. Wowchuk, 381; D. Slobodan (2 games) 210; N. Wowchuk, (2 games) 234; D. Shumeyko (2 games) 210. Grand totals: New York, 1991; Newark 1977.

On Jan. 17th Branch 435 is scheduled to play its 2nd U.N.A. League match. It will play Branch 423, another New York youth club, led by John Kosbin. It is hoped that the 3rd game could be arranged with the Branch 361 team led by E. Husar. A definite schedule will be arranged in the near future, it is believed. In the meantime it seems as though things in the bowling field are taking positive form, and there is every likelihood that a full season will be completed before the warm weather sets in. Other nearby U.N.A. bowling teams are invited to submit open dates to the undersigned in care of The Ukrainian Weekly.

STEPHEN KURLAK.

THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION IS THE CHIEF BULWARK OF UKRAINIAN-AMERICAN LIFE. JOIN IT AND THEREBY STRENGTHEN IT.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

THE CITY OF GOOD TIMES invites you for an EVENING OF PLEASURE on FEBRUARY 15, 1941, at the Ukrainian Ballroom.

UKRAINIAN BOYAN CHOIR
of Elizabeth, N. J.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

UKRAINIAN NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY, sponsored by Branch No. 171 of the U.N.A. MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1941, at Ukrainian Center, 181 Fleet St., Jersey City, N. J., at 8 P.M. Admission 25c. Good Music, Fun, Games, at our Punch Party.

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., 1350 kc., New York City. Special youth features, guest stars. This week: Ukrainian "Lyssenko" Choir of Jersey City.

TO ALL OUR FRIENDS

We hope you have had a Merry Christmas and we wish you a Happy New Year.