СВОБОДА SVOBODA
Український Щоденник Ukrainian Daily
РІК LIII. Ч. 177. VOL. LIII. No. 177.

SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

Dedicated to the needs and interest of young Americans of Ukrainian descent

No. 34 NEW YORK and JERSEY CITY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1945 VOL. LIII

Believed Dead, Bataan Hero Found Alive In Jap Prison

Captured by the Japs at Bataan where for heroic action he was promoted from captaincy, Major Stephen Malevich of Pittsburgh, Pa., was recently found alive and well in a Jap prison camp in Mukden, Manchuria after he had been practically given up for dead by his family.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vladimir Malevich, 230 East Agnew Avenue, Pittsburgh, received the joyful tidings of their son's safety in form of a telegram last week from Adjutant General Witsell that he was among the listed army personnel found interned at Mukden.

A later telegram from General Witsell quoted a cable from Major Malevich in which he said, "Am in good health and high spirits. Hope to be home soon. All my love."

Prisoners Ask Who Is Truman

It appears that the freed Ukrainian American officer was one of the group of prisoners from Mukden who, as reported then by Associated Press, arrived at Kunming, China, on August 24 en route to Manila and home. Some of the men were suffering from malnutrition or tuberculosis or various other diseases contracted in prison, the A.P. reported. The men were quiet and appeared dazed by the swift march of events in the last few days. A majority of the prisoners had never heard of President Truman nor of General Dwight D. Eisenhower. They knew nothing of the epic struggle at Guadalcanal or Tarawa. Nor did they know that the United States had 10,000,000 men under arms.

Promoted For Heroic Achievement

Details on how Maj. Malevich became a prisoner of the Japs are not yet available. All that is known thus far is that during the defense of the Philippines, Maj. Malevich, then a captain, was in command of an engineering crew whose work made it possible for General MacArthur's men to withdraw successfully across a bridge damaged by the enemy.

The crew labored twenty six hours at breakneck speed to make the Carmen Bridge, one of the largest in the islands, safe for the troops to cross.

As soon as the last detachment was across, the bridge was blasted to delay the approaching Japanese troops. Shortly after this, the then 31-year-old Carnegie Tech. graduate was promoted to major. In February of 1942 he wrote his parents a letter, received by them in May, in which he wrote that he was safe and sound. Evidently soon after that he was captured by the Japs. Outside a few briefly worded cards in the earlier stages of his imprisonment, his parents and his wife, Mrs. Dorothy Malevich, heard nothing from him, which finally made them fear that he was dead.

After graduating from Carnegie Tech, where he was activive in the ROTS, Maj. Malevich was employed as an engineer of the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corp. and later went to Baltimore to aid in development of Government war projects. He was called to active duty in the spring of 1941.

Mr. Vladimir Malevich, his father, an engineer by profession, is a former vice-president of the Ukrainian National Association, while his mother is at present vice-presidentess of the association. He has two sisters and one brother, Mrs. Dola Davis, Miss Olga Malevich, and Bob Malevich.

UCCA Urges Truman to Help Ukrainian D.P.'s

An appeal to President Truman and Secretary of State Byrnes to help prevent the forced repatriation by the Soviets of scores of thousands of Ukrainian displaced persons in Central Europe, was made Friday, August 31 by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America. Dispatched by Stephen Shumeyko, president of the Ukrainian Congress Committee, the appeal was worded as follows:

Its Text

Sir:

This is an appeal on behalf of the scores of thousands of Ukrainian "displaced persons", in Central Europe, particularly those within the American zone of occupation. In numberless letters they beg us to help prevent forced repatriation of them by the Soviet authorities.

As traditional foes of tyranny and totalitarianism and as embattled believers in true democracy and the independence of their native but foreign ruled Ukraine, these Ukrainian D.P.'s suffered much at the hands of of the brutal Nazis, either as forced laborers or as hounded political refugees in concentration camps. Today on account of the self-same reasons they face imprisonment, banishment to Siberian wastelands, or execution, at the hands of the Soviets if the latter succeed in forcibly repatriating them.

American soldiers of Ukrainian origin, stationed there, write to their relatives and friends here that Ukrainian war refugees constantly approach them with pitiful pleas to help prevent their repatriation. Likewise they write that many of these refugees threaten to kill themselves and their families before they will allow themselves to be returned to Soviet rule. The Associated Press reports that thousands of them, erroneously called Russians, have gone into hiding in Western Germany as a result.

Much as they love their homeland Ukraine they dare not return to it. They remember too well the mass starvation, the imprisonment and banishments, the numberless executions of their kinsmen and relatives by the Soviet regime for opposing that regime, and, most of all, for their championing of the cause of a free, independent and truly sovereign Ukraine. The merciless Soviet secret police, the N.K.V.D., knows them and their national sentiments very well, so that once they are repatriated their doom is sealed.

Therefore in tones of extreme urgency and despair they beg their American kinsmen to hurry to their succor. Every minute counts now, they say.

Accordingly, in their behalf and in the name of humanity and fair play, Ukrainian American communities, churches, parishes and societies represented by the undersigned committee, earnestly appeal to our President and our Government to intercede in their behalf, so as to prevent their forced repatriation by the Soviets, and so as to help obtain for them an asylum, either in the Old or the New World, wherein they may live in true democracy and freedom, a credit to their liberty-loving race and traditions, and an asset to the land of their adoption.

WILL THEY STILL BE INTERESTED?

Now that our Ukrainian American servicemen are returning home from Europe, either on furlough or for good, it is only natural to speculate on how the war and their absence have affected their interest in Ukrainian American life and all that it represents. Since the time of their enlistment or induction, they have been away from home and Ukrainian American institutions and activities for several years. In that time their experiences and environment and new friends and acquaintances must have greatly affected their former perspectives and ideas on things. How then will all of this affect them in regards Ukrainian American life? Will their interest in it become a thing of the past? Or will they want to return to their former Ukrainian organizational activities? These are very pertinent questions and they should be given serious consideration.

There are scores of thousands of our young men in service. Their sudden departure for war left a great void in Ukrainian American life and held back its natural development to a great degree. At the time of their departure they and others of the younger generation had underwent their apprentice days, so to speak, of organizational activity, in their local societies, including the U.N.A. branches, and especially in the youth leagues. Most of them had completed or were completing their schooling and were embarking on their careers, trades, business and professions. They were adult young people. They were good material to go into the making of Ukrainian American life, to take over where their ageing parents were beginning to leave off.

The cataclysmic war brought a sudden end to all this. Now after the lapse of some years, the boys, and some girls, are coming home. Within a year from now perhaps the great majority of them will be home. The burning question is whether they will take over where they left off.

We believe they will. We believe that Ukrainian American life in general and the Ukrainian cause in particular will attract our homecoming servicemen a great deal. Why? Firstly, because that organizational life was part of their pre-war pattern of living which they, while in service, missed a good deal. They will be glad to return to it. Secondly, because so many of them met and talked, while in war-torn Europe, with numberless Ukrainian war refugees. For the first time in their lives they witnessed living and breathing evidence of the trials and tribulations of the Ukrainian people about which hitherto they had had but secondary knowledge. Here before their eyes were the victims of their own race, of those tyrannical and totalitarian systems, be it Nazi or Soviet or pre-war Polish, which have oppressed and mistreated the Ukrainian people for so long. Undoubtedly, the sight of such victims, together with the story of their plight they heard from them, must have stirred the hearts and minds of our young servicemen. At least that is what some of their letters say. So it is only natural to expect that when the boys come home they will have with them a keener appreciation of the plight of their kinsmen in Ukraine, and far ouside its borders, than they had before the war. This of itself, not counting the other important cultural, religious, social and economic factors involved, will probably cause them to remain interested in Ukrainian American life.

COMMENDED AND PROMOTED ABOARD USS MASSACHUSETTS

Raymond Francis Wawryshyn, radarman, second class, USNR, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Simon W. Wawryszyn, live at 656 South Bridge street, Holyoke, Mass. and are members of U.N.A. Branch 52 of the U. N. A., recently was officially commended by Capt. John R. Redman, USN, commanding officer of the USS Massachusetts in Jap waters, the local press reports. Shortly thereafter, he was promoted to duty as a leading petty officer of his division.

The commendation, presented at a special shipboard ceremony known as "meritorious mast," cited Wawryszyn for "outstanding performance of his duties of his rating, which materially contributed to the fighting efficiency of his ship."

Shakespearian Plays in Ukrainian

By PROF. D. DOROSHENKO

THERE is no doubt that translations of Shakespeare's plays could be considered not only as a standard of the literary taste of a given community but also as proof of a sufficient development of the literary language into which these works are translated. From this point of view it is interesting to follow up the history of the Ukrainian translations of Shakespeare.

These appear rather late, as late as the last part of the 19th Century. That, of course, does not mean that the Ukrainians were not interested in Shakespeare's works. It will be sufficient to mention that one of the most popular early translators of Shakespeare into Russian, in the thirties of the 19th Century, was a Ukrainian author, Ivan Roskovshenko (1809-1889).

But among the Ukrainians themselves there used to be an opinion that Ukrainian literature, being, before all things, a national literature, ought to take its subjects from the national life of the country or from its historical events. That is why there are only very few early translations from foreign literatures into Ukrainian with the exceptions of translations of Byron's works by Kostomariv in the thirties of the 19th Century.

The first place among the translators of Shakespeare into Ukrainian belongs without a doubt to Panteleimon Kulish (1819-1897), a well-known Ukrainian author. From his biography we know that he was, from his earliest years, an enthusiastic admirer of the great Englishman and that, at the end of the fifties of the 19th Century, he had elaborated a plan of translations of Shakespeare into Ukrainian,[1] but he only carried it out considerably later.

Sventsitsky the First Translator

The honor of the first printed Ukrainian translation of a Shakespearian play belongs not to Kulish, but to Pavlin Sventsitsky, a modest writer who published part of a Ukrainian translation of **Hamlet** in a Lviw review, **Niva**, in 1865, and signed his translation with a pseudonym, "Pavlo Sviy." The translation was heavy and awkward, and that explans why it made no impression and found no echo in contemporary Ukrainian litterature.

At the beginning of the seventies a talented Ukrainian poet from Bukovina, George Fedkovich, undertook a translation of Shakespeare's plays, but he lacked a wide culture and was ignorant of English, making use of a German translation. He translated **Hamlet** and **Macbeth**. These translations had no literary value, though they cost their author immense labor; of the **Macbeth** translation alone there came down three different versions quite complete. Fedkovich made use of the local Ukrainian dialects (especially the Hutsul); Ivan Franko says that in his Shakespeare translations Fedkovich "emptied the treasury of the Hutsul dialect to the bottom." But both translations remained in manuscript for twenty pears and were quite unknown until published simply as a literary document by the Scientific Shevchenko Society in Lviw, in 1902, in the collected works of Fedkovich.[2] Had they appeared when they were made, they certainly would have been an interesting literary event.

In 1882 there appeared in Kiev a **Hamlet** translation by a well-known Ukrainian poet and playwright, Mykhailo Starytsky: **Hamlet, printz Dansky.** Tragedia a 5 diyakh V. Shekspyra. Pereklav na ukrainsku movu M. Starytsky. Z prylohoyu muzyky M. Lysenka. Kiev, 1882, st. 204+xii, 8°. Starytsky had already made several translations from Byron (**Mazeppa** and part of **Childe Harold**), Heine, Mickiewicz and others. His verse translation of **Hamlet** must be considered as a very good one, though unfortunately he changed the metre of the original and adapted instead a very unsuitable one, that of the Serbian epic songs (shortly before, he had published a Ukrainian translation of Servian epic and lyrical songs).

Starytsky's of High Literary Quality

Starytsky's translation of **Hamlet** gave rise to a sharp division of opinion. Some were fundamentally against the translation on the ground that Ukrainian literature ought not to exceed the limits of original works or books adapted for the people. Among these was the best known Ukrainian historical writer Kostomariw, who from opportunist motives, in order not to run the risk of Ukrainian literature being accused of political separation, maintained that it must remain within the limits of original productions in prose and verse and popular books for home use only. Others reproached Starytsky for his coining of new words. Only a few noticed the high literary value of the translation. It was not till much later that Starytsky's translation found recognition and appreciation. In our time, in Soviet Ukraine there has been issued a new edition: **Hamlet.** Pereklad M. Starytskoho. Statya S. Rodsevicha. Redaktsia, statya i prymitky S. Nikolovskoho. Kiev, 1928, st. xxxvi+192+xxxii, 8°.

In the same year as Starytsky's Hamlet, there appeared in Lviw v. I Kulish's translation of Shakespeare's plays. It is assumed that Kulish began the systematical translation of the most important of Shakespeare's plays at the end of 1870. In 1882, he came to Lviw bringing with him the sum of 6,000 roubles given by an unknown Ukrainian Maecenas for the purpose of publishing Shakespeare's play.[3] Kulish had the intentions of himself seeing his translations through the press. There were nine volumes containing 27 plays. But Kulish succeeded in publishing only one volume comprising **Othello, Troilus and Cressida** and **The Comedy of Errors** (Shekspyrovi tvory z movy brytanskoyi na movu Uknainsku pepereklądav P. A. Kulish. Tom perviy. U Lvowi, 1882, st. 418, 8°).

Kulish was not able to complete his plan, he did not publish any more Shakespeare's plays, and used the funds for some other publishing purpose. In 1889, he had finished in manuscript, besides the three already published, the twelve following plays: **King Lear, Coriolanus, The Taming of the Shrew, Romeo and Juliet, Julius Caesar, Much Ado about Nothing, Macbeth, Anthony and Cleopatra, Measure for Measure, Hamlet, Cymbeline** and **The Merchant of Venice.** He did all he possibly could to obtain the permission of the Russian Imperial Censor to publish his translations, but it was of no avail.[4] Ukrainian literature in Russia was under the ukase of 1876, limited to the publication of original poetry and fiction, the period from 1882-1883 being a liberal interval that accounts, for instance, for the publishing of Starytsky's translation of **Hamlet.** Thus Kulish died in 1897 without having seen any other of his Shakespeare translations in print, nor Byron's **Childe Harold,** while only parts of his translation of **Don Juan** appeared in the Lviw monthly review **Pravda,** 1894.

Kulish's Trans. Edited by Franko, the Best

But soon after Kulish's death the publishing of his Shakespeare translations could be realized in Lviw. Again a Maecenas from Ukraine (also unknown) gave funds (4,000 guldens) for the purpose. Kulish's manuscripts were given to the well-known Ukrainian poet and savant, Ivan Franko, for revision. The choice of the editor was a most happy one. Himself a great master of the Ukrainian language and well versed in the knowledge of Shakespeare, Franko made a success of his task. He corrected all the errors of translation, and changed awkward and unhappy expressions to such a point that the translation, having passed through the crucible of these two great Ukrainian poets, is indeed a beautiful one. During the period from 1889 to 1902, Franko published in separate volumes the nine following plays (given in the order of their publication): **Hamlet** (1899), **The Taming of the Shrew** (1900), **Macbeth** (1900), **Julius Caesar** (1900), **Antony and Cleopatra** (1901), **Much Ado about Nothing** (1901), **King Lear** (1902), and **Measure for Measure** (1902). Each play is preceded by a special study and explanatory notes based on wide sources. Unfortunately the MSS. of two plays in Kulish's translation (**Cymbeline** and **The Merchant of Venice**) were lost, and did not appear in Franko's edition.

The Ukrainians can be justly proud of Kulish's translation as revised by Franko. In a special monograph on Kulish' translations of Shakespeare's plays[5] J. Hordynsky made a careful analysis of the work of the translator and the editor, verifying word by word with the original as well as well as with Franko's revision work. This monogrph amply corroborates our high appreciation of Kulish's translation as edited by Franko. According to Hordynsky, Franko brought Kulish's translation nearer to the text of Shakespeare, and that not only without losing the literary and artistic value of Kulish's work, but coming nearer to the true spirit of the original. Franko smoother Kulish's tendency to coin neologisms and his excessive use of the Church-Slavonic; with great tact he simplified Kulish's language without effacing the individual characteristics of Kulish's vocabulary and of his poetical style.

Besides Kulish another well-known Ukrainian author, Panas Mirny, attempted the translation of Shakespearian plays. His version of **King Lear** is unfortunately not yet published and it is hoped that it will now appear in the posthumous edition of Panas Mirny's works to be issued by the Ukrainian State Publishing Office in Kharkiv.

Recent Revival

Just now [1931] there is a revival of interest in Shakespeare's plays in Soviet Ukraine; there have appeared series of new translations, reprints of old ones and several adaptations. During the last few years there have been published the following translations: (1). **Othelo,** Translation from the English by Johansen and V. Sherbaniuk. Kharkiv, 1927, st. 268, 8°; (2). **The Taming of the Shrew** (Priborkannia Norovystoyi), a comedy by W. Shakespeare. Kharkiv, 1928, st. 68, 8° (a prose translation of an unknown translator); (3) **Macbeth,** a tragedy from the English, by T. Osmatska. Kharkiv-Kiev, 1930, st. 150, 12°.

Besides these new translations some of the older ones have been reprinted: **Hamlet,** translated by Starytsky, with a preface by S. Rodzevich and revised by A. Nikovsky, Kiev, 1928, st. xxxvi+192+xxxii, 8°; and **Romeo and Juliet,** translated by Kulish, but revised and edited by M. Vorony. Kharkiv, 1928, st. 162, 8°.

We have not been able to see these new translations, but judging from from the fact that they are done by young and talented Ukrainian poets (M. Johansen and T. Osmacka) and and revised by well-known authors of the previous generation (A. Nikovsky and M. Vorony), it is to be supposed that they do not discredit Ukrainian literature. The fact that there should be this interest in Shakespearian plays in Soviet Ukraine, where the tone is given by the "proletarian" poets who officially dominate literature and where the classics are neglected, is in itself distinctly curious.

Quite lately there appeared in Lviw a verse translation of the **Midsummer Night's Dream,** by J. Hordynsky (in the monthly review, **Literaturno-Naukovy Vistnyk,** in Lviw, 1927, and also separately). The translation is very close to the original but somewhat heavy and abounding in provincialisms of the Galician dialect.

Besides the translations there are are in Ukrainian several adaptations of some of Shakespeare's plays. These are the result of the desire to popularize Shakespeare, to bring him nearer to the understanding of the people and to render the plays accessible to popular theatres. The opinion has long existed among Ukrainian authors that Shakespeare's plays, through their wide human interest, can be perfectly understood by the average Ukrainian reader of the people, and that their great human and ethical value makes them especially valuable to popular libraries and popular theatres. This view was expressed by Kulish as early as the fifties of the last century, and later the well-known Ukrainian author and educationalist, B. Hrinchenko, supported this view (especially in his book, **Before the Wide World,** Kiev, 1907). But the difficulties of some of the passages in Shakespeare which, to be understood, require a thorough knowledge of contemporary history and life in foreign countries, gave to some Ukrainians the idea of adapting the Shakespearian plays, bringing them nearer to the understanding of the Ukrainian popular reader or theatre-goer. The first attempt at such an adaptation comes from the pen of the above-mentioned translator of Shakespeare, George Fedkovich, who published in the Lviw review, **Pravda,** 1872, his adaptation of **The Taming of the Shrew** under the title "Yak puryavykh uhovkuyut."

Quite lately there appeared an adaptation of **The Merry Wives of Windsor** (Susidotchky Iz Windzoru Komedia na 4 diyi, pererobyv i dla narodnoho teatru prystosuvav Hnat Khotkevych. Teatralna biblioteka No. 36, Kharkiv, 1928 st. 77, 8°.

As in other literatures there exist also in Ukrainian adaptations of Shakespearian plays into tales for young people. Two such publications should be mentioned here: (1) **Shakespeare for Young People and Elder,** adapted by Andrew Veretelnyk. (Lviw, 1901, p. 47, 16°, containing **King Lear, The Merchant of Venice** and **Macbeth**); (2) **Charles and Mary Lamb: Tales from Shakespeare (The Tempest, Macbeth,** and **The Comedy of Errors**). From the English by H. Chikalenko (Kiev, Leipzig, 1922, p. 40, 8°).

As is to be seen from this short survey, not all of Shakespeare's plays have been translated into Ukrainian and the editions are far from numerous. The reason lies chiefly in the abnormal conditions of the development of Ukrainian literature in the 19th Century. The translators had no hope of seeing their work in print;

(Concluded on page)

[1] **Kievskaya Starina,** 1889, v. 66, p. 349.

[2] **Ukrainska Biblioteka.** Tom IV. Dramatycni tvory Yuriya Fedkovica. U Lvovi, 1902, st. xiii + 532,8°.

[3] **Ivan Franko:** Shakespeare bei den Ruthenen, **Die Zeit,** Wien, 1903, N. 446, 5.33.

[4] W. Senrok, P. A. Kulish, **Kievskaya starina,** 1901, tom 75, s. 24-25.

[5] **Zapisky Naukovoho Tovarystva imeny Shevchenka u Lvovi,** tom 148, Lviv, 1928, st. 55-164.

The Amazons in Ancient Ukraine

By YAROSLAV CHYZ

IN pre-historic times the territory which is now Ukraine was known to contemporary Greek and Roman writers under various names. The Greek poet Homer speaks about the north of the Black Sea as the country of Cymmerians, "the famous mare-milkers, poor milk-drinkers, the most honest among the men." Later on, Herodotus and other writers mention the Scythians, some of whom roamed the prairies between the Don Rivers and the Carpathian Mountains while others tilled the soil in the valleys of Dnieper, Buh and Dniester rivers and their tributaries. In the fourth and third century B. C. Greek and Roman historians state that the Scythians were replaced by a kindred tribe, the Sarmatians (Sarmatae, Sauromatae).

All these tribes, as well as some of the later dwellers of the Ukrainian plains, were probably of Iranian origin, like today's Persians and some tribes in Afghanistan. During following centuries, starting probably around 500 A. D., their land came under the influence and was colonized by Slavonic tribes, from which the Ukrainian nationality evolved. But it is impossible to conceive that they disappeared entirely. They only melted with the later immigration, lost their language and political organization, but undoubtedly survived as one of the racial components of what is today the Ukrainian nationality.

Among the fragments of history and legend about these ancient times one is especially interesing. It concerns the Sarmatians, whose name survived for the longest time as the denomination of Ukraine. Even some of the writers of the Kozak period of Ukrainian history (seventeenth and eighteenth century) liked to refer to themselves as to the "descendants of the famous Sarmatians" and to call their land "Sarmatia." The origin of these ancient people is thus describe by Herodotus, the well known Greek historian who lived in the fifth century B. C.:

Herodotus' Account of Them

"110. The history of Sauromatae is as I will now show. When the Greeks warred with the Amazons (whom the Scythians call Oirpata, a name signifying in our tongue killers of men, for in Scythian a man is oior, and to kill is pata) after their victory on the Thermodon they sailed away carrying in three ships as many Amazons as they had been able to take alive; and out at sea the Amazons set upon the crews and threw them overboard. But they knew nothing of ships, nor how to use rudder or sail or oar; and the men being thrown overboard they were borne at the mercy of waves and winds, till they came to the Cliffs by the Maeetian lake [Sea of Azov]; this place is in the country of the free Scythians. There the Amazons landed, and set forth on their journey to the inhabited country. But at the beginning of their journey they found a place where horses were reared; and carrying these horses away they raided the Scythian lands on horseback.

"111. The Scythians could not understand the matter; for they knew not the women's speech nor their dress nor their nation, but wondered whence they had come, and supposed them to be men all of the same age; and they met the Amazons in battle. The end of the fight was, that the Scythians got possession of the dead, and so came to know that their foes were women. Wherefore taking counsel they resolved by no means to slay as heretofore, but to send to them their youngest men, of a number answering (as they guessed) to the number of the women. They bade these youths encamp near to the Amazons and to imitate all that they did; if the women pursued them, then not to fight, but to flee; and when the pursuit ceased, to came and encamp near to them. This was the plan of the Scythians, for they desired that children should be born of the women. The young men, being sent, did as they were charged.

"112. When the Amazons perceived that the youths meant them no harm, they let them be; but every day the two camps drew nearer to each other. Now the young men, like the Amazons, had nothing but their arms and their horses, and lived as did the women, by hunting and plunder.

Young Scythians and Amezons Finally Meet

"113. At mid-day the Amazons would scatter and go singly or in pairs away from each other, roaming thus apart for greater comfort. The Scythians marked this and did likewise; and as the women wandered alone, a young man laid hold of them, and the woman made no resistance but suffered him to do his will; and since they undrestood not each other's speech and she could not speak to him, she signed with the hand that he should come on the next day to the same place bringing another youth with him (showing by signs that there should be two), and she would bring another woman with her. The youth went away and told his comrades; and the next day he came himself with another to the place, where he found the Amazon and another with her awaiting him. When the rest of the young men learnt of this, they became acquainted with the rest of the Amazons.

"114. Presently they joined their camps and dwelt together, each man having for his wife the woman with whom he had become acquainted at first. Now the men could not learn the women's language, but the women mastered the speech of the men; and when they understood each other, the men said to the Amazons, 'We have parents and possessions; now therefore let us no longer live as we do, but return to the multitude of our people and consort with them; and we will still have you, and no others, for our wives.' To this the women replied: 'Nay, we could not dwell with your women; for we and they have not the same customs. We shoot with the bow and throw the javelin and ride, but the crafts of women we have never learned; and your women do none of the things whereof we speak, but abide in their wagons working at women's crafts, and never go abroad a-hunting or for aught else. We and they therefore could never agree. Nay, if you desire to keep us for wise and to have the name of just men, go to your parents and let them give you the allotted share of their possessions, and after that let us go and dwell by ourselves.' The young men agreed and did this.

"115. So when they had been given the allotted share of possessions which fell to them, and returned to the Amazons, the women said to them: 'We are in fear and dread, to think how we should dwell in this country; seeing that not only have we bereaved you of your parents, but we have done much hurt to your land. Nay, since you think right to have us for wives, let us all together, we and you, remove out of this country and dwell across the river Tanais.' [Tanais is the Don River.]

"116. To this too the youths consented; and crossing the Tanais they went a three days' journey from the river eastwards, and three days' journey from the Maeetian lake northwards; and when they came to the region in which they now dwell, they made their abode there. Ever since then the women of the Sauromatae have followed their ancient usage; they ride a-hunting with their men or without them; they go to war, and wear the same dress as the men.

Girl Couldn't Marry Until She Slew An Enemy

"117. The language of the Sauromataes is Scythian, but not spoken in its ancient purity, seeing that the Amazons never rightly learnt it. In regard to marriage, it is the custom that no virgin weds till she has slain a man of the enemy; and some of them grow old and die unmarried, beeause they cannot fulfill the law." (Herodotus, Book IV, 110-117, English translation by A. D. Godley. The Loeb Classical Library)

It must be added that ancient Ukrainian history as preserved in Russian folk-songs called Byliny often mentions women warriors (polyanytzi) in connection with the heroes of the times of Volodimir the Great, the Kiev Prince (979-1015). Some of the Ukrainian princesses, like Olha of Kiev (946-960), and some Ukrainian heroines of the Kozak days clearly showed the spirit which they might have inherited from Amazon ancestors who liked to "shoot with the bow and throw the javelin and ride."

Civilian Americans at Peace

The Government needs and asks its citizens to:

1. See your volunteer war jobs through to completion. War Bond salesmen, price control and draft board assistants, nurse's aides and other Red Cross workers are still needed.

2. Go back to school to continue the higher education you will need in the post-war world. If you are a high school student who has been working in war industries, you can best assure your future by continuing your education.

3. Consult your local United States Employment Service as to where your skills can be used to speed reconversion most. USES has fullest information as to the nature and location of available jobs.

4. Continue to collect waste fats. Your butcher still gives you two points per pound for them and fats and oils will be short until Pacific sources are again available.

5. Stay on your ship if you are a merchant seaman. Soldiers are waiting overseas to return home on the ships that cannot sail without you.

Gets Bronze Medal Posthumously

Pvt. Roland Slobogin, a member of U.N.A. Branch 324 in Philadelphia and a forward on the U.N.A Youth's Club basketball team from 1939 to 1943, died of wounds in France on March 23 of this year, and has been awarded posthumously the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star Medal.

The Bronze Star Medal citation reads:

"The Bronze Star Medal is awarded to Private Roland Slobogin, 33576911, Armored, Combat Command "B," 4th Armored Division, U. S. Army, for meritorious service in action against an armed enemy of the United States. During the recent historic campaign to open the Bastogne corridor from the 22nd to the 27th of December, 1944, Private Slobogin as a member of the forward operations section of the combat command, gave invaluable service toward the success of the mission. His exemplary conduct throughout this campaign in continually working at all hours and at several times exposing himself to hostile fire, was an inspiration to all who saw him. His actions are a credit to himself and to the military forces of the United States."

SHAKESPEARIAN PLAYS IN UKRAINIAN

(Concluded from page 1)

or if printed outside Russia, these books were considered as prohibited literature. We ought to admire the idealism of those men who in these circumstances still went on working, in the desire to give to their people in its own language the works of the "divine Shakespeare," as he was called by our greatest national poet, Shevchenko.

However, since the Ukrainian translations of Shakespeare include that of Kulish and Franko, they are far from being the least important in the series of Shakespeare translations into Slavonic languages.

(From "The Slavonic Reviews," London, March, 1931)

Connecticut State News

(As reported by Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut Bulletin)

ANSONIA

Gets Bronze Star

T/3 **John M. Paulishen,** of the army medical corps, has been awarded the Bronze Star Medal, in a citation from Major Gen. Louis E. Hibbs of the 63rd Infantry division. Technician Paulishen has been in the service for nearly three years, and has been overseas for the past eight. He is a former officer of the UYOC, and member of the Sts. Peter and Paul Choir.

His citation for the Bronze Star medal is as follows:

"John M. Paulishen, technician third grade, medical detachment, 862 field artillery battalion, for meritorious service from January 15 to March 25, 1945, in France and Germany. As surgical technician, Paulishen was responsible for the successful organization and operation of the battalion aid station. Due to his unceasing devotion to duty and untiring efforts, his assignments were accomplished in a superior manner. The outstanding ability of Paulishen and his high degree of professional knowledge, coupled with his energy and loyalty, reflect great credit upon himself and the armed forces of the United States."

★

BRIDGEPORT

Killed in Plane Crash

Lieut. **Alex Datzenko,** 27 years old of 120 Kent Ave., an overseas veteran, was killed in a crash of a P-47 on a combat training mission.

[illegible]ommissioned Ensign

[illegible]er receiving his commission as e[illegible] 10th at Notre Dame University, where he has received his training, **Harry Pidluski** spent a short leave at home. Ensign Harry Pidluski is stationed in New York.

★

NEW HAVEN

Pharmacology Instructor at Yale

Americans of Ukrainian descent are daily contributing to American life in agriculture, industry, government and the arts and professions. In American science Ukrainians also are represented. Among them is Dr. **Stephen Krop.**

Dr. Krop was born in New York City to Dmytro and Mary Krop and grew up on a farm in Colchester, Conn. He attended public and high schools there, and went to college evenings at George Washington University in Washington, D. C., working during the day as a laboratory assistant to pay his way. While in college he married Mary Lulick, whose parents now live in Lebanon, Conn. After getting the Bachelor of Science degree in chemistry from George Washington University, he studied under a scholarship for the Master of Science degree in chemistry at Georgetown University, also in Washington, D. C. Upon completion of his work, he obtained a fellowship to study in the Physiological Sciences Group of the Graduate School of Cornell University. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred on him by Cornell University in N. Y., and he joined the teaching and research staff of Cornell University Medical College.

At present Dr. Krop is an instructor in pharmacology at Yale University School of Medicine in New Haven. He is engaged in teaching and in research for several scientific societies: The American Chemical Society, the New York Academy of Sciences, the American Society for Pharmacology and Experimental therapeutics, the Harvey Society, the Society of Sigma Xi, and others. In addition, he is at present studying for the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

Dr. and Mrs. Krop live in Haven with their three children, Elaine, Marianne and Paul.

Dies of Wounds

Pfc. **Michael Muzyka,** 29 years old of 389 Grand Ave., died of wounds received from an exploding mine in Northern Italy. Pfc. Muzyka was an infantryman with the fifth Army, and was a veteran of many battles as he had seen action in Tunisia, Sicily, and Italy. He entered the service May, 1942, and has been overseas since August, 1942.

A requiem high mass was celebrated for Pft. Muzyka at the St. Michael's Ukrainian church on Park Street.

He leaves his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Muzyka, three brothers, and two sisters.

Relief Action Started

Rev. S. **Balandiuk** of Hartford paid the New Haven Ukrainian parish a visit and helped to organize the New Haven Ukrainian War Relief Committee. The following people compose the group: Mrs. Musyka, president; Mrs. N. Kisil, secretary; Miss Mary Burbella, treasurer; and Mrs. J. Burbella Jr., financial secretary. Clothing drive is being continued and it is deposited in the church hall.

Was Near Mother's Village

Pfc. **Walter Matachuh** spent a 30 day furlough recently. He saw action in the invasion of Normandy, in the Ruhr pocket, and Czechoslovakia. He was near Chernivtsi, but was unable to visit the former home of his mother.

★

THOMASTON

Saves Life of His Gunner

From bombardier to medical technician in one fast switch may sound fantastic, but in an emergency nothing is fantastic, especially when it means saving the life of buddy. That's why First Lieut. **William P. Kisiluk** received a special commendation from General Geo. C. Kenny, commanding general of the Far Eastern Air Forces.

He saved the life of his waist gunner by his quick thinking in givng first aid in time.

Lt. Kisiluk was being processed at the AAF Redistribution Station when he told of the incident. It happened on the first daylight raid his B-24 group flew from New Guinea to the Philippines.

"We were without fighter cover over the target," he said, "and just after I had dropped the bombs we were attacked by about 30 Jap fighters. My plane took a beating. It was peppered by cal. 30 and 20-mm shells, one of which cut the control cables.

"Both of our waist gunners were hit. One of them was hurt badly. His back, neck, face and hands were all shot open, and he was bleeding profusely. Looked like he'd never live to get back to the base unless something was done in a hurry."

So Lt. Kisiluk did something in a hurry.

First he gave him an injection of morphine to relieve the pain. Then with materials from the first aid kit he cleaned the wounds and covered them with sulfa powder to prevent infection. The gunner was still bleeding and there was nothing with which to stitch his slashes, so the bombardir taped them together.

"The doctor at the base was so amazed," he grinned, "that he gave me a quart of liquor."

Lt. Kisiluk flew 43 combat missions while in the Southwest Pacific, and was awarded the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kisiluk of 355 East Main St.

★

NEW BRITAIN

Promoted to Captaincy

First Lieut. **Stephen C. Bilas** was recently promoted to the rank of captain in the Southwest Pacific area. An engineering officer with the Army Air Forces, Captain Bilas has been in the service more than three years and overseas since July 1944. Previously stationed in New Guinea, he is now in the Philippines.

Fought at Okinawa

William R. Oles, S 1/c, U. S. N., fought aboard the battleship U. S. S. Colorado for 60 days and nights at Okinawa.

Gets Merit Award

T/4 **Joseph Bindas** serving with with combat engineers in Europe has been adarded the Certificate of Merit in recognition of conspicuously meritorious and outstanding perfarmance of military duty.

Veteran Home

S/Sgt. **Walter Timchiszin** is home for a 30 day furlough after being in three theaters of operation in Europe. He is with the Army Air Forces.

Was Killed Over Germany

Previously reported missing in action, Sgt. **John Nostin** has been reported killed in action March 2 in a mission over Germany. A tail gunner on a B-17 Flying Fortress, he was inducted into service in March, 1941.

Besides his parents, he leaves three brothers in the service and two sisters. His father was formerly president of the St. Mary's Ukrainian parish.

Sailor Wins Commendation Ribbon

For his performance of duty in action aboard a motor torpedo boat in the Pacific, the Navy's Commendation Ribbon has been pinned on **Myron W. Timchiszin,** 25, torpedoman's mate 2/c, U.S.N.R.

The New Britain bluejacket received the decoration from Capt. H. J. Abbet, U. S. N., commanding the schools and training command, at the U. S. N. Repair base.

"Torpedoman Timchiszin distinguished himself in operations against the enemy," read the citation accompanying his decoration.

"As a pointer on a gun, he directed accurate and effective fire. He made numerous patrols in enemy territory and took part in the destruction of many surface craft.

"Despite heavy return fire from ship and shore installations," the citation continued, "his boat assisted in the probable sinking of an enemy warship."

Bluejacket Timchiszi has seen action in New Guinea and the Philippines since his enlistment in the Navy February 1943.

He recently spent a 30 day leave at home and spent one of them at the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Conn. outing. He joined with his old friends singing his favorite Ukrainian songs.

He was active in the UYOC and the Ukrainian Choir in New Britain. He has written some poetry, one which has appeared in the Bulletin last year.

Servicemen's Club Holds Picnic

The Ukrainian American Servicemen's Club held its second annual Servicemen's Day, Sunday August 12th at Schuetzen Park in New Britain. Close to a thousand people attended, coming from Ansonia, Hartford, New Haven, Terryville, and many corners of the state. Joe Lazarz and his orchestra played dances for the enjoyment of all. The proceeds were added to the local Ukrainian Servicemen's Fund. The affair was under the general management of Mr. John Kotyk, Mrs. Barbara Hlosciak, Mr. George Bohatczuk, Misses Mary Platosh and Mae Karbonic, Mrs. Helen Sencio, John Seleman, and supervised by Mr. Peter Kerelejza.

MET SOVIET UKRAINIANS

Upon his return home from Germany Sgt. **Joseph F. Havelevitch** recounted to a Bulletin contributor that he had been through France, Luxemburg, and into Germany to the Elbe River. When the Americans were on the verge of joining with the Russians the U. S. Army asked for volunteer interpreters. Joe volunteered to be a Ukrainian interpreter. In this task he met many Ukrainians, although they didn't admit readily they were Ukrainians; those serving in Soviet Ukrainian Armies were able to do so more freely.

Havelevitch stated that the Ukrainians in Europe showed a great deal of surprise when a young Ukrainian American spoke to them in their native tongue so fluently.

Helped to Maintain Rhine Bridge

Sgt. **Michael Procyk** sent home an interesting letter which appeared in part in the Hartford Times recently. He is the brother of Stephen Procyk who was active in the UYOC, and was sports director, Sgt. Procyk wrote:

"... We hit the Belgian Bulge early in January, where most of our work was maintaining roads and now and then building a Bailey bridge. In this campaign we received our first battle star, for giving direct support to the first Infantry Division, often called the prize unit of the American Army. ... From Belgium we entered Germany and the Siegfried Line. This barrier was far from what it had been drummed up to be. Consequently it wasn't long before we took part in the Roer River (advance). From there we moved right along with the First Army, clearing road blocks, maintaining roads, sweeping roads for mines and constructing air strips for field artillery liason planes.

"Then we got our biggest job since coming over, maintaining of the first bridge over the Rhine River, at Remagen. We were assigned the task of maintaining it shortly after it had been taken. During the entire time that this bridge was our 'baby,' we were in the center of everything the Germans could throw at us. If it wasn't artillery, it was air attacks, and if it wasn't bombing it was robots.

"... Then in the afternoon of the 17th we suffered a tremendous loss. The bridge collapsed while we had nearly 200 men working on it. Luckily through the help of other troops many were saved, but in the end our casualties were still high. I didn't work on the bridge myself, but I had often made trips over it while it was under repair."

Met Slave Laborers

The stories told him by slave laborers, says the Sergeant, would fill a book. Most of them are of starvation and beatings; of being housed in miserable barracks beside factories and mines. After visiting one Russian Polish camp, he says, he found a shoe store and bought nearly 50 pairs of footgear for inmates, thereby all but precipitating a riot.

"In every German town or city we pass through," he concluded, "we see white surrender flags hanging from all windows (that is from the houses that are still standing); German people meek and beaten; slave laborers looting and ransacking German homes; and last but not least a mass of American equipment. Equipment and men that amaze all these people. They can't believe their eyes, when day after day our forces ride through. At meal time the Germans look out of windows at us, trying to figure out how a 'decadent' nation can feed its manpower like that."

He also wrote and sent a snapshot of himself and a child slave laborer:

"Ivan (name of tiny slave laborer) like so many other slave laborers, ate the food that we intended to throw away. Seeing these people eat out of garbag cans is something I'll never forget."

UYOC Directors Meet

The Board of Directors of the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Conn. held a meeting August 25 at the home of Miss Mary Grogoza in East Hartford. A number of guests were present from New Haven, Terryville, Southington, and Hartford.

Chairman Andrew Melnyk opened the meeting and suggested to everyone present to take a lively part in discussions as he laid out a program for the meeting. The program of the meeting consisted of plans for the rest of 1945, and getting the organization back to its former status.

Plans were discussed to have a bowling jamboree followed by a banquet dinner on Sunday, October 14th. A great deal of discussion revolved around this and it was voted to proceed at once with the plans.

There was a discussion as to reviving a sports program for the coming season. Contacts are going to be made with various cities as to their having teams for a bowling league. The games will be on a home and home basis. John Seleman and John Tishon have been picked as co-sports directors to set a schedule into action.

A tentative plan for a convention was deliverated upon and it was decided to hold it in Terryville. One of the most successful UYOC conventions was held in this town, and it was deemed a proper place to revive and return the UYOC to its former form. It'll be held the first Sunday in December. Further plans and details will be discussed at a future meeting. Watch the "Bulletin" for complete details.

The next meeting of the UYOC Board of Directors will be held Sunday, September 16 at 2:00 p.m. at the home of Miss Stephanie Salabay, East St., Southington.

After the meeting the directors and guests had a social. Moving pictures were shown outdoors by J. Seleman, a photographer, followed by a dog roast in the back yard fireplace.

WMC TO MAKE WEEKLY EMPLOYMENT SURVEYS

To provide up-to-the minute information on the rapid changes in the labor market resulting from the end of the war, the War Manpower Commision will institute immediately a weekly survey of employment based on the public employment office activities in the nation's 166 principal labor market areas, Paul V. McNutt, WMC Chairman, says. The surveys will show the extent to which cutbacks have affected employment and the number of job openings available in each area. The information will be made public as soon as it is received and correlated by WMC, as a means of providing a current over-all view of the employment situation.

Childhood in the Hutsul Highlands

Opening chapter of Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors (Тіни Забутих Предків) by MICHAEL KOTSIUBINSKY, (1846-1913), translated by STEPHEN SHUMEYKO—dealing with life at the turn of this century in Carpathian regions inhabited by the colorful Hutsuls, Ukrainian highlanders.

Ivaś was the nineteenth child in his family. The twentieth (and last) was Annichka.

No one knew — whether it was the eternal roaring of the Cheremosh river and the complaining murmur of the mountain streams that constantly beat against their lonely hut on the lofty treeless summit, or whether it was the sadness of the sombre spruce forests that frightened the child—the fact remains that Ivaś often wept, awoke screaming in the night, or looked at his mother with such deep wise-beyond-his age eyes that she would became alarmed. Sometimes, frightened, she even imagined that he was not her own child. Who knows, perhaps at childbirth she had not taken the proper precautions of exorcising the evil spirits away, had not smoked out the house properly, had not lit the proper number of candles, and so that cunning witch had exchanged her brat for her son.

Ivaś grew very slowly, yet he grew, and before they realized it they had to sew pants for him. Nevertheless his oddity remained with him. He would stare ahead of himself, as if seeing something distant and unseen by others, or he would start crying without the least provocation. His pants slipping off, he would stand in the center of the hut, eyes tightly shut, bawling lustily away.

Mother would then take her pipe out of her teeth and brandishing it menacingly, angrily exclaim:

"Murrain on you! You changeling! Go and lose yourself!"

And he would go and lose himself.

Tiny and white, like a bowl of dandelions, he would waddle about in the green hayfields, or fearlessly plunge into the dark forest where spruce trees spread their branches over him like the paws of some mighty bruin.

From here he would gaze upon the mountains, at the near and distant purple peaks that reared up against the heavens, at the fragrant black spruce forests and upon the bright green meadows that shone like mirrors within their frames of trees. Below him boiled the cold Cheremosh river. Upon distant knolls lonely huts dreamed in the sun. It was so still and sad...

"Ivasiu!... Come home!" would come the strident voice from the house, yet he would pay no attention to it but keep waddling about, gathering raspberries, slapping a leaf on his wrist in such manner that the resulting sound was like that of a pistol shot, whittling a whistle, or howling in the grass in a ludicrous attempt to imitate the birdcalls and other sounds that he heard about him from time to time. Hardly discernible in the tall grass, he would gather flowers in the forest glade and adorn his hat with them, and, growing tired, lie down beneath some drying hay and be lulled to sleep and then awakened by a gurgling, splashing brook nearby.

When Ivaś attained his seventh birthday, he began to look upon the world through different eyes. He already knew a good deal. He knew, for example, where to find healing flowers and herbs, he understood the call of the kite, the legend of how the cuckoo came into being—but when he recounted all this at home, his mother would look dubiously at him (maybe "it" was talking to him). He knew that there were evil spirits in this world, that they ruled all; that the forests were full of gnomes that pastured their cattle there; and he knew of the stags, deer, and hares; and that through the woods there wandered the happy Chuhayster — that master gnome who invites all passerbys to dance with him and who rips apart the restless spirits of unbaptized children. Ivaś could spin stories too, about the mermaids that on fine days emerged from the water out on the bank to sing; or about those drowned people who after sunset appear on the river rocks to dry out their chalk-white bodies. For Ivaś, all sorts of evil spirits filled the crags, cliffs, chasms, huts and farms, lying stealthily in wait to catch and harm some poor innocent soul.

Often, awakened at night, amidst a stillness fraught with fear, he would lie trembling with fright.

The whole world seemed to be a fairy tale, full of magic and mystery, both wonderful and terrible.

Now that he was seven years of age, he had certain duties to perform—he was sent to graze the cows. Into the deep forest he would drive his brown and black and when the pair began to disappear from sight in the tall forest grasses and the young spruces, he would sit down somewheres on the hillside, pull out his flute, and blow silly tunes upon it that he had learned from his elders. Somehow, however, this music always left him unsatisfied. Impatiently he would cast away the flute and mutely listen to those dim and fleeting melodies that he heard within himself.

From below there rose to Ivaś and enveloped him the dull roaring of the Cheremosh, while from time to time his ears caught the faint peals of distant village church bells. From beyond the branches of the spruces peeped the worried-looking mountains, seemingly saddened by the shadows of passing clouds that repeatedly obliterated the wan smile of the meadows. Their wooded slopes constantly changed their mood: when the meadows laughed, the forest frowned. And just as it was difficult to capture their true expression because of their rapidly changing face, so difficult it was also for the little boy to capture his inward chimerical song, that soared and fluttered its wings about his very ears and yet refused to be caught.

One day he forsook his grazing cows and began climbing to the very top. Higher and higher he climbed along a barely discernible path, amidst thick growths of pale ferns and prickly blackerry and raspberry bushes. Lightly he leaped from rock to rock, climbed over prostrate tree trunks, and plunged through the bushes. After him rose the eternal murmuring of streamlets, the mountains seemed to grow in size, while yonder loomed the mighty shape of the blue Chornohora mountain. Tall weeping grasses now hid the face of the slope. The tinkling of cow bells was as faint as distant breathing. Boulders began to appear more often, until near the top there was a veritable chaos of them, with lichen growths upon their broken surfaces and snakelike tree-roots winding about and choking them. Beneath Ivaś's feet each stone was covered with moss, heavy, soft, velvety. Warm and fine, it kept within itself the summer rains, made golden by the sun, and softly gave way and embraced Ivaś's feet like downy pillows. Various types of forest berry plants sank their roots into the depths of this moss, and sprayed its surface with bright red and blue berries.

Here Ivaś sat down to rest.

Softly the spruce cones above him rustled, their sound mingling with that of rapids far below; the whole valley seemed flooded with golden sunlight, pierced at one point by a thinly wavering column of campfire smoke; while from beyond Mount Ihritz the velvety rumble of distant thunder rolled.

Ivaś sat there, listening, having forgotten entirely about the cattle he was supposed to mind.

And it was thus, in the midst of this resonant stillness, that he suddenly heard the soft music that had been tormenting him so long, by fluttering its wings about his senses and then fleeing rapidly away when he sought to capture it. Rigid and immobile, neck outstretched, he listened with rapt attention to the strange melody. It was not human; at least he had never heard it played before. But who was playing it? There was not a soul in sight on this a large boulder was he, a satyr, his sharp beard thrust sideways, horns pointing downwards, eyes tightly shut, blowing upon his floyara[1]. "Gone are my goats... gone are my goats..." the floyara was fairly melting with sorrow. But now the horns, tilted upwards, the cheeks became puffier, and the eyes wide open. "Here are my goats... here are my goats..." the notes leaped happily upward, and before the frightened gaze of Ivaś the bushes parted and bearded goats appeared shaking their horned heads at him.

He wanted to flee, but could not. Riveted to the spot he dumbly screamed his fright, and when finally his voice did break out the alarmed satyr jumped to his feet and swiftly disappeared among the rocks, while the goats leaped away among the roots of the upturned forest monarchs blown over by storms.

Ivaś sped downhill, panic-stricken, unseeing, tearing himself loose of the false embraces of blackberry bushes, breaking dry boughs, slipping over moss, ever conscious of some terrifying forest spirits pursuing him. Finally he tripped and fell. How long he lay there he never knew.

When at last he came to his senses and recognized the familiar landmarks, he grew more composed. To his wonder, however, he discovered that the melody of that strange song played by the satyr upon the mountainside now lingered within him. Eagerly he drew out his flute. For awhile he had no luck, the melody refusing to be captured. Again he tried, racking his memory, catching stray parts of it, until finally when he did master it, when through the forest there flew the notes of a most enchanting and strange song, a great gladness filled his heart, flooded the sun-drenched mountains, the forest and grass, gurgled in the streams, and tickled the feet of Ivaś, so that he, casting aside the flute rose and placing his hands on his hips whirled off into a dance. His feet executed the most complicated steps with the utmost ease. One moment he would be on his toes, the next his heels would be drumming against the ground, then a leap into the air, again a whirl.

And so, in this sunny glade, that had stolen into this somber kingdom of the spruce, the white figure of the boy capered about, just like a butterfly flitting from flower to flower, while both cows, the black and the brown, thrusting their heads through the low-hanging branches, looked upon this scene with kindly eyes, and chewing their cuds enlivened it even more by occasionally ringing their bells.

And thus Ivaś found in the forest that which had sought.

At home, within the family, Ivaś often was witness to trouble and misery. Within the reach of his memory the trembita[2] had already blown twice, notifying the hills and dales of death in the household: once when brother Oleksa was killed by a falling tree, and the second time, when brother Vasyl, a fine upstanding young man, was hacked to death by a rival clan. It was an ancient feud between their clan and the Huteniuks. Although everyone in his family boiled with anger even at the very mention of that devilish clan, Ivaś could never learn from anyone the cause of the feud. He too burned with desire for revenge, and would often seize his father's hatchet, too heavy for him, hoping for a chance to do his share of the fighting. (Concluded page 6)

GUELDER ROSE VS. CRANBERRY

It is customary in any controversial question to muster all the known facts and then, after having considered them from every angle, to come to a conclusion; otherwise there is a danger of making the same blunder as did the seven wise, but blind, men of Hindustan in a well known fable. They went to see the elephant, but being blind each of them touched a different part of the animal and at once made up his mind what the elephant was like. Naturally every one of them was wrong.

So we will try to gather more facts.

Manitoba Kalyna Not Ukrainian Kalyna

In the first place I would like to make it clear that "Kalyna" growing in Manitoba is not Ukrainian "Kalyna." I intimated as much in my previous article on the subject. Had it been read more carefully it would have been obvious that I was not trying to rename that "Kalyna" from Manitoba. Mr. G. Woloshynski writes, apparently, about the Manitoban (or rather American, as it grows all over Canada and United States) "Kalyna."

The two "Kalynas" are not the same thing. The most reliable source to which we may turn for information is the "Standardized Plant Names," 3rd edition, 1942, which is accepted as final authority by both Canadian and U. S. governments and practically by all universities on the North America continent. It gives for Viburnum Opulus L. (Kalyna)—European cranberrybush viburnum, European cranberrybush, pincushion-tree; and for "Manitoban Kalyna": Viburnum trilobum (other Latin synonyms: V. americanum Auth., V. opulus Auth. [not L.], V. opulus americanum, V. oxycoccus)—American craneberrybush, squawbush. It is it plain from the above that both are considered to be two different species of Viburnum, and that there was a lot of controversy about the "Manitoban Kalyna." Many Latin names indicate that the botanists did not know where to place it.

Because botany as a science is not static, but changes, revisions and new discoveries are made every year, Spottons Wild Plants of Canada, written more than 30 years ago, must be discarded as an authority. Gray's Manual of the Botany of the Northern U. S., 1889, gives for Viburnum Opulus L. the same thing as Spotton and adds: "The acid fruit is a substitute for cranberries, whence the names High Cranberryhush, etc."

We see then how this cranberry business started. The bush was called cranberry simply because it's berries resembled those of cranberry. It was a wrong name but it stuck and spread among the people. Does this fact make it more correct than any other, or than the name or names that already existed?

Being on the subject of popular usage let me illustrate it by an example taken at random from Словник ботанічної номенклатури, (Д. В. У. 1928): Galium verum L. — медівник, медова трава, медова марена, кашка жовтенька, кашка, дробноцвіт, багно, батіжки, підмаренник, жовтий цвіт, жовтянка, горілочка, громове зілля, цінторія, грудник, гусятник, лотай, лижовик, парасочки, смолина, сосенка, рай-зілля, тайзілля, буркун, сиворотень, сичужник, дереза, дівунка, затай-зілє, затай, Іванчик золотий, Іван, Іван купала, пшенка, черевишник, черемиця, червенець (37 names) — English—yellow bedstraw (I left out some variants of the above). Using popular usage as a yardstick which of these names would you choose as the best or most correct? No. I don't know either. It is necessary to know the plants very well and a great many other plant names to choose properly. Popular usage is no guide at all, as they all are more or less widely used. The same thing applies to English names. Standardized Plant Names (2nd edition, 1923) has this to say on the subject: **One Standard Common Name for Each Plant.** The confusion in common names has been, of course, even worse, than in scientific names. A single plant is sometimes known by twenty or more different names, some very closely localized, some very widespread. For example, Van Vijk's Dictionary of Plant Names credits the European White Waterlity, Nymphaea alba, with 15 English, 44 French, 105 German and 81 Dutch common names, or a total of 245 vernacular appellations—a ridiculous state of affairs. Many other examples similarly absurd could be cited. More confusing still is that the same common name is often applied in different parts of the country to wholly different plants. Some of these contradictory and confusing names are so firmly entrenched in local popular usage that it may be quite impossible to eradicate them. The Committee (that is: American Joint Committee on Horticultural Nomenclature—A.G.), in proposing one of a plant's common names as a national standard common name for that plant, does not imply that some of the other common names in use for it are not just as good, or even in some respects better. But if we are ever going to reduce the confusion some one name must be selected more or less **arbitrarily.**" (bold—A.G.)

Guelder Rose Used in Living Language

Then again: Guelder rose (for Viburnum Opulus L.) is also in popular usage, and may be more widespread than Cranberrytree, as 47 millions of people in England where it grows, call it that. Illustrations of the British Flora by W. H. Fitch and others, published 1944, gives for Viburnum Opulus L. only one English names: Guelder Rose. Therefore "Guelder Rose" is, as you may gather from the above, "actually used in the living language, not only in dictionaries and encyclopaedias."

It should also b[illegible]rne in mind that while the [illegible] in Encyclopaedia Britannica were written by experts on the subject, in our case—botanists, such thing can not be said about the best dictionary, not even about the big Oxford in 20 volumes. Compilers of dictionaries base their work on that of scientists in different branches, especially in case of terminology and nomenclature, and will repeat their mistakes in dictionaries. That is, ultimate authority on any branch of science is not a general dictionary but the latest literature on the subject. In connection with this I wish to point out that there are certain rules governing the plant taxonomy and nomenclature which must be adhered to if hopeless confusion is to be avoided. In other words the matter under discussion is not as simple as looking up an outdated botany book and a general, even the best, dictionary. I would also refer the reader to an excellent book on the subject of plant nomenclature: How Plants Get Their Names. By L. H. Bailey. Macmillan. New York 1933.

Reasons For Writer's Views

Then again Mr. G. Woloshynski is not correct in saying that I reject "cranberry" for two reasons. As he missed some things in my previous article I will tabulate my reasons as given so far:

1. Translating "Kalyna" as "cranberry" gives an absolutely false impression in translation, makes phrases and similes sound ridiculous, and perverts the sense of the Ukrainian text. This is expecially the case when "cranberry" is used alone; without any modifying additions, such as: highbush, tree, European, European highbush, viburnum etc. to indicate that not just an ordinary cranberry is meant, and those modifiers are practically never used in such a way because they make the translations too clumsy.

2. Cranberry is a proper name for plants wholly different from Viburnum and should not be used even in English. "European cranberrybush viburnum" (as given by Standardized Plant Names) is not a happy choice, I think. Does it not sound funny to you to call a plant a "cranberry" (which it is not), and then add "European" and "viburnum" to make sure everybody will understand that it is not a cranberry at all. The name is an unwieldy and unnecessarily long compromise to popular (American only at that) usage. It is a clear digression from the objectives of the society quoted above. (Remember: For each plant only one name, and no two plants may have the same name.)

3. Cranberry is botanically NOT the Ukrainian "Kalyna."

4. Guelder rose which is used in England almost exclusively is a far better word than cranberry as it is correct botanically and does not make a translation ridiculous or hard to understand.

To sum up: Ukrainian "Kalyna" (Viburnum Opulus L.) may be rendered in English: guelder rose, snowball, water elder (English names), European cranberrybush viburnum, European cranberrybush, pincushion-tree (American names), cranberry tree, highbush cranberry, arrowwood, mooseberry, squawbush (the last are really Viburnum trilobum, that is "Manitoban Kalyna").

There may be more names, but these are all we could find so far. If we go deeper, we may dig up some more.

Have your choice. A. G.

(Concluded from page 5)

It mattered little that Ivaś was the nineteenth child in his family and that Annichka was the twentieth. For their family was quite small: the parents and their five children. The other fifteen were resting peacefully in the cemetery near the little church.

All of them were very religious and loved to go to church, especially to the yearly festival in honor of the saint after whom the church was named. There they could meet distant relatives and friends, and there also they had a chance of gaining their revenge upon the Huteniuk family for its slaying of Vasyl and its other attacks upon them, the Paliychuks.

For such occasions the finest clothing would be donned, embroidered jackets, wide belts and shoulder pouches studded with nail heads, aprons interwoven with wire thread, red silk shawls, and even a snow white gugla[3], which mother carried carefully on a cane slung over her shoulder so that it would not soil or be torn in the woods. Ivaś would also be given a new hat and a cloth pouch that dangled against his feet, ever threatening to trip him up.

One day, mounted upon sure-footed horses, the whole rich cavalcade started off over the narrow mountain trail, covering it like a moving bed of red poppies.

Over the mountains, through the valleys, the the holiday-clad highlanders wended their way. The second crop of potential hay in the meadows had just burst into brilliant bloom; alongside the Cheremosh river ran a many-hued streamlet; while high up yonder, against the dark background of the spruces, there flamed beneath the early morning sun the red top of a Hutsul's parasol.

It was on that day that Ivaś witnessed a meeting of the two rival clans.

They were returning home, and his father was a little drunk. It chanced that both clans suddenly met on a narrow road between the rocks and the Cheremosh. It was a very tight squeeze. Wagons, horsemen, pedestrians, men and women—all stopped and jammed together. In the angry hubbub that rose as suddenly as a squall, steel hatchets glistened and leaped menacingly before distorted faces. Like flint and stone the two clans clashed, and before Ivaś had a chance to learn what it was all about his father drew back his hatchet and hit with the flat end of it someone over the head. Blood spurted, covered that person's face, and ran down over his shirt and richly embroidered jacket. Women screamed and plunged in to separate the combatants, but before they could, the bloody-faced one and his friends were already dealing blows upon Ivan's father, who swayed like a tree that had been cut. Ivan plunged into the fight. He did not know what he was doing. Something seemed to drive him on. But the elders stepped all over him and despite all his exertions he could not reach the spot where they were fighting. Wild with hot anger he suddenly espied a little girl crouched against the wagon, trembling with fear. Aha! That must be Huteniuk's girl! In a flash he was upon her and without saying a word struck her over the face. She gave little cry, pressed her shirt close to her breast and began running away. He caught her near the river, grabbed her shirt and ripped it. As a result, the ribbons she had hidden in her bosom fluttered to the ground. With a cry she flung herself after them, to pick them up; but before she could, he seized them and threw them into the river. Then the girl, crouching at his feet, looked up at him with a deep glance of her black filmy eyes and quietly said:

"It's nothing ... I have others ... Much nicer."

Both sat down, having forgotten all about the hubbub of the fighting and the roaring of the river, while she told him that her name was Marichka, that she pastured sheep, that some woman named Marcina, blind in one eye, had stolen flour from them ... and many other such things, interesting, close and understandable to both, while the look in her black filmy eyes sank gently into Ivaś's heart ...