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THE  
UKRAINIAN  
JUVENILE  
MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY  
THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION,  
at 83 Grand Street,  
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

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Twenty five cents a copy.    One dollar a year.



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TWENTY FIVE CENTS A COPY.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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under the Act of August 24, 1912.

## EDITORIALS.

### AN EXTRA PAGE IN "SVOBODA" OR A SPECIAL JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

The editor has received again a number of letters from the readers of the Magazine referring to the question propounded six months ago: should the members of the Juvenile Department of the Ukrainian National Association receive from time to time a special page in "Svoboda", the official organ of the organization, or should they continue to receive a special Juvenile Magazine?

The letters, almost without exception, repeat the first letters, on the question which appeared in the July issue of Magazine. This seems to point out that nothing new could be said on the subject.

Still the editor would like to have some more of those letters. If the matter is such that so little can be said for one and for the

other plan, then probably the best way of settling the matter would be to find out which plan is favored by more readers. This he will be able to ascertain if he receives a large number of letters.

### TO MAKE AMERICANS INTERESTED IN UKRAINIAN MUSIC.

One of our Philadelphia readers, who signs himself "A Yong Ukrainian Musician", has written the editor an interesting letter on the spread of Ukrainian music in America. A great deal has been said in the "Svoboda" on this subject, and yet "the Yong Ukrainian Musician" finds something new to say about it. His letter reads in part:

"I have not noticed in our press any mention of the fact that the Ukrainian composer Vassil Barvinsky has won wide renown



outside of Ukraine. His works have been published in Germany by "Universal Edition," which has issued his piano compositions. In America they are distributed by the well-known firm of Schirmer and can be obtained in all large music-stores. These compositions are called "Miniatures." One of them, called "March," is arranged also for orchestra; it is an elaboration of the popular theme, "Hey, tam na hori Sich ide."

"The Ukrainian immigrant, it seems to me, has shown so far not enough interest in the works of Ukrainian musicians. This is a sad story. How can we expect the people of other races to discover the beauty of the Ukrainian music and to support its compositions, when we, to whom this music is closest at heart, pay it no attention. There is in the new Ukrainian music so much that is beauti-

ful, outside of Barvinsky (take only the musical compositions of the Ukrainian composer in America, Mr. Michael Hayvoronsky); how are we going to acquaint America with the music of Ukraine if we do not support even those Americans who, out of their own free will, make the first steps towards bringing our music to America?

"May I ask the parents of the readers of the UKRAINIAN JUVENILE MAGAZINE to call the attention of their American friends to the musical composition of Mr. Hayvoronsky in the Magazine, and may I also ask the young readers themselves to send to the Magazine the translations of the various Ukrainian songs which they come across, and which, I hope, the editor will publish in the Magazine for the benefit of all."

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### UKRAINIAN FOLK PROVERBS.

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Work without end is like a horse without tail.

Toil may be bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

With a word you cannot kill even mosquito.

Who does not work, does not eat.

The wolf is fed by his legs.

Without bending to the ground you cannot pick mushrooms.

The hawk never sits on the same spot: where it sees a bird, there it flies.

Every bird feeds itself with its own beak.

If you want to have fish-soup, you must catch a fish.

Work is black, coin is white.

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# THE PROUD TSAR.

(A Ukrainian folk-tale).

Far away, in an empire, not in our land, not within our memory, there lived a tsar, and so proud he was, so proud, God forbid to meet such a one. No matter how many people, wise and old, advised him, he would never listen to them. He did only what came to his own mind. And nobody dared to differ with him.

Woe befell his ministers and councilmen. Woe befell all the people in his empire.

Once the tsar went to church. The priest was reading the Holy Scripture. A word in it displeased the tsar. After the service he ordered the priest to be brought before him.

The priest came.

"How did you dare to read that passage?"

"How could I omit it", said the priest, "when it is so written?"

"What of it? If there were written God-knows-what, you would read it too? I command you to erase that passage. And never dare read it any more!"

"It was not I, your majesty, who wrote these words," said the priest, "and it won't be I who will erase them."

"How dare you resist me? I am the tsar: you must obey!"

"I'll obey in everything," said the priest, "but in what God has ordained, the man may not change."

"If I want," cried the tsar, "I may change it! I command you to drop those words at once and never to read them again in the church!"

"I dare not," the priest said. "It's beyond my will."

"I command you!"

"I do not dare."

"I give you three days' time to think it over. I order you to come to me on the fourth, and if you will still disobey me, you won't carry your head on your shoulders."

The priest bowed deep by and went home.

The third day was already passing away, and the priest still did not know what he was to do. To die for his faith was not terrible for him, but to leave behind his wife and small children was. He went to bed but for a long time could not fall asleep. When he had fallen asleep, just before the dawn, there an angel stood before him and said:

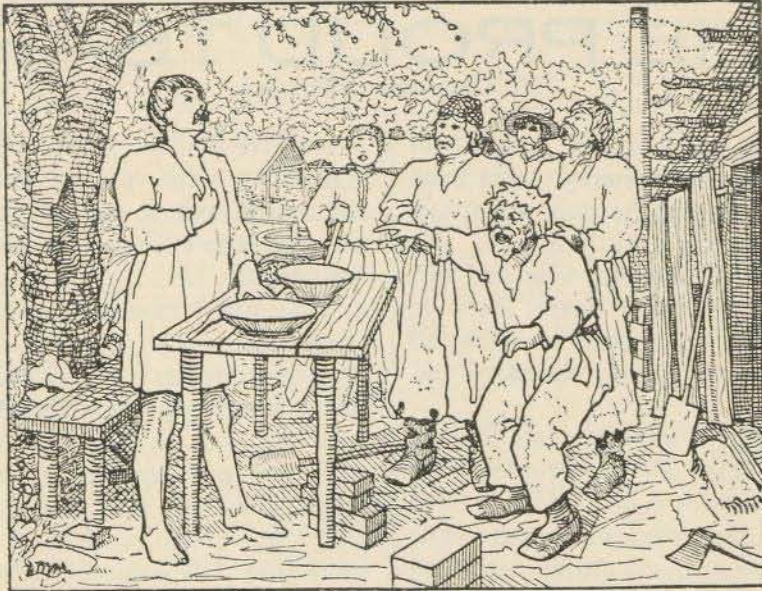
"Never fear. God has sent me to the earth to defend you."

The priest rose in the morning fresh as a newborn baby.

The tsar woke up early, too, and called to his hunstmen to get ready for a hunt.

The hunt was on in the forest. Suddenly the tsar saw a stag jump out of the thicket. The tsar pursued it. He followed it for a long time. Neither could the tsar overtake it, nor could it escape him. The tsar grew angry and spurred the horse. He was about to overtake the stag when suddenly they came to a river. The stag jumped into water. The tsar doffed his robes and jumped after the stag. He knew how to swim well: he would overtake the stag. He was already coming to it. One more stroke and he would catch the stag by the horns. But the stag reached the other bank of the river, the tsar right upon its heels, and just as the tsar was about to grab the stag by the horns, the stag was no more!





Astonished the tsar looked around: Where had the stag disappeared?

Then he saw: on the other bank of the river some one was putting on his robes, mounting his horse, starting off. The tsar thought it must be a thief. He did not know that it was the angel, who only a moment ago had been a stag. The angel took on the form of the tsar, caught up with the huntsmen, and drove home with them. And the tsar, naked, remained in the forest.

The tsar wandered about until he saw smoke rising above the forest as if a cloud was rising on the azure sky. He thought, "It must be my huntsmen. They must be roasting game." He went in the direction of the smoke. He came to the smoke, and it was a brick-factory. The workers came out to see: what a wonder? A naked man! His feet wounded from thorns, his body all scratched.

The people took pity on him, presented him an old, torn robe, brought him some black bread and pickles. As he

ate, they asked him, "And who may you be, man?"

"Let me alone," he said, "let me eat. I am hungry."

He ate, and nothing in his life has tasted to him so well as that mouldy bread and pickles.

After he had eaten his fill, he spoke: "And now I'll tell you who I am: I am your tsar. As soon as I come to my capital, I'll reward you."

"Ah, you, good-for-nothing! That a beggar should brag of being a tsar! Look at yourself! And such a thing wants to reward us!"

"Don't you dare to insult me. I will order your head to be cut off." He forgot that he was not at home.

"Who? You?"

And they began to beat him. They beat him and beat him, and then drove him away.

He went around in the forest. As he was walking thus, he again saw smoke rising above the forest. He again thought that there were his huntsmen and he



went in that direction. At sunset he came to another brick-factory. The workers again took pity on him, fed him, gave him some torn pants and an old shirt (they themselves were poor). They, too, thought that he was a poor man, perhaps a deserter hiding from soldiers. But he, having eaten and drunk, dressed and said: "I am your tsar!"

They laughed at him. He again quarreled with the people, and the people again gave him a beating and drove him away. He went back into the forest. He lay down under a tree and fell asleep. In the morning, he rose and dragged on, without knowing where he was going.

And thus he came to a third brick-factory. But here he did not confess that he was a tsar. His only thought was how to get to the capital. The workers fed him and seeing his feet bleeding took pity on him and gave him old-old boots. He asked them:

"And do you know the road to the capital?"

They showed him. He had been going in the wrong direction for a whole day and must have made quite a distance.

He went now in the direction pointed out by them. After a long travel he came to a town. On the street he was stopped by a sheriff.

He stopped.

"Have you a passport?"

"No, I haven't."

"How then do you walk about without a passport? Then you must be a vagrant. Take him!" he called the police.

Policemen rushed at him, tied him and clapped him in a jail.

After some time he was asked:

"And who are you?"

And he told them that he came from

such and such a capital. He was chained with thieves and led away.

They brought him to the capital and placed him again in a jail. Some time had passed, and the jail warden asked every prisoner: "What are you in jail for?"

One prisoner said: "A lord has taken my wife from me and beaten me up. I killed him, and I am imprisoned."

"And what are you in jail for?"

"I was serving in the army, and they beat me up and tortured me because I knew not how to blow a trumpet. So I deserted, and they caught me."

"And you?"

"I had nothing to eat, and I stole into a lord's pantry."

And another said that he had fought with a rich man in a tavern; the rich man had gone off scotfree, while he found himself in jail.

Everybody told why he was sitting in jail. At last, the warden comes to the tsar and asks him:

"And you, old man, why are you here?"

The man told the truth: "I was a tsar and I had such a thing happen to me."

They saw that he did not look like a tsar at all. His face has grown thin, his beard long and unkept. How could this be? He began to insist that he told the truth. No matter how they asked him, he kept on answering: "I am a tsar, and that's all."

They then decided that he was off his mind and drove him away from the prison. Why should they keep him, a fool, there in vain, and let him waste the tsar's bread?

And after he had been let out, he began to suffer misery. If he should find work, he was not badly off. But he was not used to work, and work could be found only seldom. He had to live on





beggar's bread. He spent nights as God ordained: sometimes in a garbage corner, sometimes under a stranger's fence. Such a life!

In the meantime the angel, having turned a tsar, had come home with his huntsmen. Nobody divined that it was not the tsar. In the evening the priest came to him and said:

"Your Majesty may take off my head, but I won't agree to strike even one word out of the Holy Scripture."

The tsar said to him:

"Then God's Glory be done! Now I know that in my empire there is one priest who keeps God's word holy. I appoint you the highest priest."

The priest thanked the tsar, bowing to the very ground, and went away, wondering in his mind: what has happened to the proud tsar that he has grown so meek and just?

And all other people wondered what had become of the tsar that he did not go hunting any more, but went about his empire asking if there was no injustice

done. Where he found one, he would right it at once, appoint just justices and peacemakers. Just as before the people had been sad, so now they rejoiced. The taxes were not high and the courts were just.

And the real tsar in the meantime went on suffering misery.

Three years later an ukase was issued: on a fixed day all the people, rich and poor, lords and peasants, should come to the tsar to a banquet.

On the day fixed all the people came. Among them there was also the unfortunate tsar. In the tsar's courtyard tables were set. What wasn't there upon those tables! Everybody ate and drank, and the tsar and his ministers themselves served the food and drinks and coaxed everybody to eat. And the unfortunate tsar received a double portion of food and drink.

All had eaten and drunk their fill, and then the tsar began asking the people: wasn't there any injustice or



insult done to them of which he did not hear?

And when they people began leaving the court, the tsar stood in the gate with a sack of money and gave everybody a golden coin, and the unfortunate tsar he gave three coins.

Three years later the tsar again made a banquet, and again called all the people. He fed them, asked them how was justice done in his empire, and again presented each of them a gold coin, and the unfortunate tsar he gave twice as much to eat and on leaving gave him three coins.

And after three years there was again a banquet. The ukase read: Everybody must be there: rich and poor, lords and peasants.

All the people came together, ate their fill, and thanked the tsar. The unfortunate tsar was about to leave with others, when the tsar stopped him. He led him into the palace and said:

"This has been God's sentence for you that you should do a penance for nine years for your pride. I was sent to teach you how a tsar should have pity on the people. You, suffering misery and tramping over the world, have learnt sense. Now see to it that you should rule the people justly. From this day on you again will be tsar, and I am going back to heaven."

The angel ordered him to wash and to shave and gave him back his imperial robes and said:

"Go now — there in the hall you are waited for by the imperial council. Go there. Nobody will tell you have tramped so long as a vagrant."

Having said this, the angel vanished. Only his robes were left behind.

The tsar first prayed to God and went into the council.

From that day on he ruled the people justly as he had been taught by the angel.

## UKRAINE IN FOREIGN BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

### 1.

**Eugenio Onatsky: Il problema Ucraino attraverso la storia.** (The Ukrainian Problem in the Course of History.) In, **L'Europa Orientale, Revista Storica E Politicata a Cura Dell' Istituto per L'Europa Orientale.** Roma, Anonima Romana Editoriale, Luglio-Agosto 1928.

The author relates the history of the Kiev principality; the decay of the Ukrainian national and political life in the period of the Tartar invasion; the Ukrainian revival in the XVI. and XVII. centuries; the struggle for the Ukrainian

independence in XVII. and XVIII. centuries; the downfall of the Ukrainian autonomy; the national life during the XIX. century; the last struggles for independence.

### 2.

**Evhen Onatsky: Intorno Alia Morte (Credence, Usi e Costumi del Popolo Ucraino)** Dalla **Nuova Antologia, 16** Marzo 1929. Roma. (Eugene Onatsky: About Death: The Beliefs, Uses and Customs of the Ukrainian people).



# ЖОРАЛ

Lento

Літчий або мішаний хор  
або п'яно

М. О. ГАЙВОРОНСЬКИЙ

Soprani

До Те бе, Во - же, ру - ки під - но - сим,

Altі

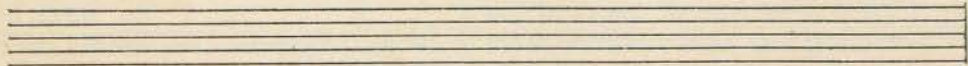
Soprani

Altі

Tenori

Bassi

Для У кра і ни хо че мо жи ти



Бла - го - сло - ве - ня й по - мо - ці про - сим:

І вір но, От че, То бі слу жи ти,

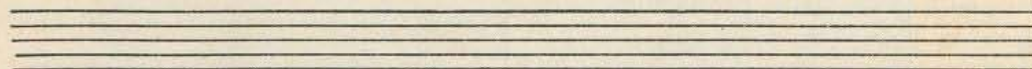


*cresc.*

Не дай про - пас - ти нам на чу - жи - ні,

*cresc.*

Бо У - кра - ї - на це на - ша ма - ти,



*f*

*f* Дай <sup>нам слу-</sup> вік до - жи - ти <sup>під-ній</sup> на У Кра - ї - ні.

*f*

А Ти наш бать - но, *f* весь бла - го - да - ти.



## ABU KASSIM'S SLIPPERS.

By Ivan Franko.

(Translated by Waldimir Semenyna).

### I.

In Bagdad, that great old city,  
Years ago when yet the pretty  
Caliphs held sway over life,  
Lived a man who, like old Harry,  
Was so tight he would not marry  
So as not to feed a wife.

Although rich he would not revel  
And was dirty as the devil,  
Walking around like a tramp,  
Muddy shirt of heavy pattern  
Ready to fall should he fatten  
And the pants of sieve-like stamp.  
His bald head, instead of turban,  
He wrapped with a dirty ribbon,  
Torn, greased, and quite colorless;  
Coat, — a sack-made proposition,  
Belt, — a tree-bark composition,  
Thorns for pins, — just one great mess.  
Abu Kassim, merchant, dealer,  
So was called this money peeler,  
Traded with sweet perfumes, scents,  
And when he walked through the city  
Mobs would follow him with pity  
Like they followed once the saints.

But what drew the most attention  
To this miser, I must mention,  
Were his antique shoes, so rare.  
They were shoes! I don't mean Nanny!  
Must have served the devil's granny  
At her wedding or some fair!

Where he got those diver's sinkers,  
Long he wore them — different thinkers  
In their search were moved to tears.  
Only cobblers of the city  
Could have sworn that that oddity  
They had patched for some ten years.

All the patches without knowing!  
All the leather! All the sewing  
Cobblers's hands did, — without length!

Dozen soles they must have padded!  
And the patches they had added  
With which to increase the strength!  
And the top of last hard layer  
He had charmed, like some soothsayer,  
With some nails as last resort.  
And what nails! Ones, shaming bunions  
Or the heads of early onions,  
From a blacksmith he had bought.  
And the heels, with their graces,  
Left the widest horse shoe traces  
When they stepped upon soft earth  
While the vamps, although sewn double,  
Were so patched that without trouble  
They resembled some tree's girth.

Noah's Ark, I am quite certain,  
Could not present such a curtain  
As did Kassim's boots command.  
They resembled fresh cut timber  
And to wear them and be limber, — —  
— — Just imagine bags of sand!

That's why all the population  
Used to watch, with admiration,  
Kassim's efforts to walk straight;  
How the beggar puffed, perspired,  
Dragged his feet, yet never tired —  
As if handcuffed to this fate.

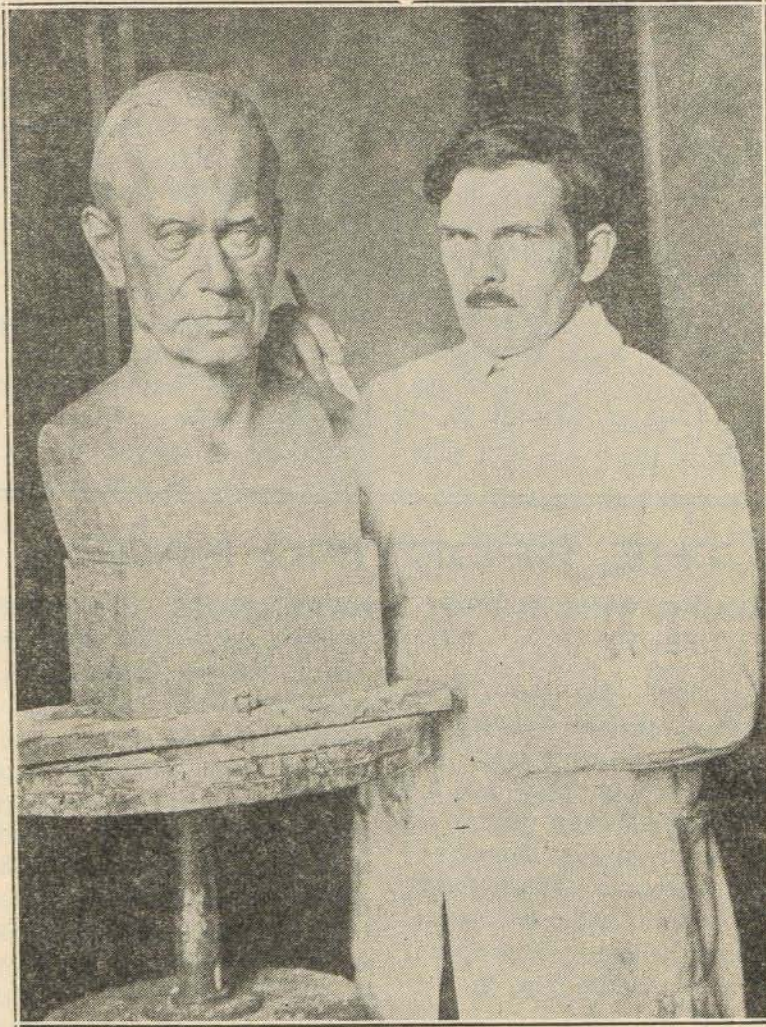
These poor slippers, so well noted,  
Were, by people, so oft quoted  
They became proverbs in time:  
If one faced some heavy weather:  
"Kassim's slippers were no better,  
I can't do it for a crime!"

Listen then how, in derision,  
Mother Fate, to clear his vision,  
Started to pick on his soul,  
Till for all his vulgar meanness,  
His bad habits and uncleanness  
He had paid his duly toll.

(To be continued).



## WORK BY UKRAINIAN SCULPTOR EXHIBITED.



**Alexander Archipenko at work.**

Twenty-two sculptures by Alexander Archipenko, the well known Ukrainian sculptor and painter, were placed on view at the exhibition of the Saks's Fifth Avenue Department Store in New York City, on September 17, 1929. The exhibition lasted until October 1.

The pieces in display were mostly in silvered and gilded bronze. There were also several examples of the ceramics by the versatile artist.

American newspapers wrote about the work of the Ukrainian in great praise. The New York Sun, of Tuesday, September 17, wrote:

"From the first Archipenko has been well to the front in the modernist movement and has kept his admirers fumbling for terms in which adequately to convey the significance of many of his creations. These commentators have resorted in the main to amiable generalities, more



notable for warmth than the light they shed — which is perhaps all so original an artist can, or need, hope for. In any event these outgivings have the advantage of leaving the observer alone with the sculptures themselves and his own reactions. Which is doubtless all the artist desires. For Archipenko broke with the old plastic conventions years ago and has long been engaged in making form do what it would not, as some one said Keats did with words. For there is no limit to what Archipenko essays to express plastically, and in the process our mere visual conceptions of form are thrown to the winds if it suits

his purpose. So the department store public has a unique experience ahead in appraising all this.

"As a further evidence of his versatility, Archipenko has entered a new field of applied art — that of window decoration — and has designed and set up the backgrounds for four show windows on the Fifth avenue side of Saks's. In these he has also broken away from the generally accepted way of doing such things and has developed a new form which he describes as a 'decorative structure employing rhythmic architectural motives,' based on the ideas developed in his sculpture."

## THE SPORTING PAGE.

### STEVE HALAIKO WINS IN PRO DEBUT.

BUFFALO, Sept. 21. — Steve Halaiko, of Auburn, former National A. A. U. lightweight champion, made an auspicious start as a professional by decisively trouncing Mickey Petta of Syracuse in a six-round bout here last night. Halaiko, boxing in superb form, won by a wide margin and was master of the situation all the way. He dropped Petta with a right to the jaw in the third round.

In the six-round main event Billy Kowalik beat George Dawson of Jamestown by decision.

J. M. Zayatz, Teacher.

### AUBURN, NEW YORK.

#### The Ukrainian Athletic Club Winning. Ukes Win 13-Inning Battle in Final Frame.

A 13-inning duel was fought yesterday afternoon between the Auburn

Ukrainian A. C. and the Pastime A. C. of Syracuse at Falcon Park with the Ukes garnering one run in the 13th inning to clinch the victory. The final score was 8 to 7.

The game remained in a deadlock with both teams having seven runs to their credit in the eight stanza. Neither one scored from the eighth until the 13th when the the Ukes opened up a batting attack and came through with the sole run of the inning.

The Ukes played fast ball throughout the whole contest garnering 17 hits and eight runs while their opponents took 11 hits and seven runs. Corredgrass, the Cuban, featured for the Ukes at the stick with five good clouts and two runs, one of his hits being a long home run. Heindorff, catcher for the Pastimes, had a fair day at the bat with four bingles in his tries. Kuss of the Syracusans was the only other man to circle the bases, besides Corredgrass.

Bill Pysnak had a great day on the mound striking out 10 of the opposing hatsmen against Reinsmith's six. The



local twirler dealt out 11 hits with the Ukes touching the invading pitcher for 17 clouts.

The contest was well played on both sides with the Ukes coming out a little ahead of the Syracuse nine. Now that they have taken the second contest from the Pastime Club Manager Pysnak again hurls a defi to any team who contested in the league this season, Secred Hearts, Elmira, B. I. C. nine or any other semi-pro teams for a game on Saturday or Sunday afternoon or holidays.

Batteries for the game were Bill Pysnak and Capt. Jake Savage for the Ukrainians and Reinsmith and Heindorff for the Pastimes.

("The Auburn Citizen," Aug. 26, 1929).

#### **A NOTICE TO THE YOUNG UKRA- INIAN BOYS AND GIRLS OF ELIZABETH, N. J.**

A Ukrainian Social and Athletic Club has been organized in Elizabeth, N. J., by the young folks, and I want to say a few words with reference to this club.

I am proud and happy to see that the Ukrainian boys and girls in Elizabeth are anxious to get together, and why should they not? Such clubs have been organized in lot of other cities and are we going to stay behind? Should we not be proud that we are children of Ukrainian descent and show our parents that we are proud and join this club? Polish young folks have a club of their own and are we going to let them get ahead of us? I should say not.

Somebody might want to know the object of this club. The name itself suggests two reasons, social and athletic. Social reason is very important as here is where the boys and girls get to know each other and our future generation depends upon them. Why should our boys and girls join clubs of other na-

tionalties as Polish, Italian, Slovak, etc. and later marry people of other nationalities, when they can easily join their own clubs, meet their own kind of people and keep together. We all know that our vital question now is the Young Generation of today. How to get them interested in their own people and country, so when their time comes they will be ready. This club is not only for social and athletic reason but also to acquaint the members with the daily problems of our country in here as well as in the Old Country. It is necessary that the young folks know something about how our country stands in political matters and by having different speakers once in a while at the meetings, who will enlighten us on these problems, we will get knowledge about our country.

I am sorry to say that I know quite a few boys and girls who never read a Ukrainian newspaper, with exception of the advertisements, although they know how to read, and therefore I hope they will join this club and I am sure that after few months there will be a great improvement among young boys and girls in Elizabeth.

So don't stand back and let the other fellow do it, join yourself and encourage others to join. As the saying goes in the Army "Join one, join all".

**Betty Kinash**, Elizabeth, N. J.

#### **THE UKRAINIAN SPORTING CLUB OF CLEVELAND, OHIO, ISSUES A CHALLENGE.**

Dear Sir:—

The St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Sporting Club of Cleveland, Ohio, challenges any Ukrainian Basketball team between 15 and 16 years of age. For further information write to:

**Nick Sonivka,**

1515 Auburn Ave., Cleveland, O.



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## HOPES TO MAKE THE MAGAZINE MORE INTERESTING.

65 Stamford Street,  
Providence, R. I.

The Ukrainian Juvenile Magazine,  
83 Grand St.,  
Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Editor:

I would like to add to the amusing side of the magazine and "Believe it or not" by Ripley of the Boston Advertiser is the originator of this game.

"Believe it or not" by Ripley is very interesting and adds to one's knowledge. Boys and girls could gather strange facts and send them in to the editor. Then the best ones would be picked and published. Pictures should accompany the letter as to make it more interesting. Proof should be sent also and where one obtained the fact. The answers should not be published and if a person did not believe it he could write to the editor, giving three cents in stamps to pay for return postage.

Yours truly,

**Alexander Swider.**

Sir:—

I would like the Ukrainian Juvenile Magazine to reprint the following poem which I found in the New York Times and to which the writer had been inspired by the beauty of our country of origin.

**Mary Kovalchuk.**

### FALL IN THE UKRAINE.

This is the second day of Fall. The first I was too blinded by the sparling air To write. It was as though a star had  
[burst  
And scattered silver fragments every-  
[where.

The millet where the wind has lately  
[sighed  
Stands up in shining packets for a god  
To carry home at sundown to his bride;  
That such a metal lifts itself from sod!

The river goes in blue like mandarin,  
The steppe is turned into bazaar of gold;  
The next man that we meet will pause,  
[begin  
To tell the half that Polo never told.

**Helene Searcy Pulse.**

## HOME OF THE UKRAINIANS.

South Plainfield, N. J.

September 9, 1929.

Editor,

Svoboda,

Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Sir:—

Please publish this in Svoboda. I thank you.

In the short period of five years, from 1924 to 1929, the Tovaristvo Prosvita of South Plainfield has come into its own, and on Sunday, September 1, 1929, they celebrated a great opening of the Ukrainian National Home. A great many Ukrainians attended the opening. The Ukrainians of South Plainfield are contented because they will have a place not only for their own gatherings but for the teaching their children the Ukrainian language.

The work on the Home was started on July 4, 1929. For two months the members worked under the direction of Mr. Chmil and Mr. Dorosh, and completed a beautiful home.



After the Home had been completed, the Ukrainian boys organized a Boys' Orchestra under the supervision of Prof. Kreski. Boys and girls have also organized a theatrical group under Mr. Luz. As a Ukrainian boy I would like to

see the Ukrainians of South Plainfield known in Ukrainian history for their great work.

A Ukrainian,

**Nicholas Sawczak.**

## UKRAINE IN NEW BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

### 3.

The Golden Book Magazine, of June 1929, reprints from Asia, of 1920, Michael Kotsyubinsky's well known story "By the Sea". The translation was done by R. Vissotsky-Kuntz, two beautiful drawings by Wilfred Jones.

### 4.

**History of Sweden.** By Carl Hallendorf (Professor in the University of Stockholm) and Adolf Schnek (Lecturer in History in the University of Stockholm). C. E. Fritze, Ltd., Stockholm, 1929.

The book mentions Ukraine on two occasions.

First, when the authors speak of the account of the so-called Nestor Chronicle about the foundation of "Russ." They repeat how the Varangians came across the sea and forced several Finnish and Slav tribes in northern Russia to pay tribute, but were driven away three years later.

"The people then began to govern themselves," the chronicle says, "but it went badly: clan rose against clan, and there was internal strife between them. And they said to each other, 'Let us look for a prince who could reign over us and judge what is right. And went over sea to the Varangians, to Russ, for so were these Varangians called, and

said to them, 'Our land is large and fertile, but there is no order in it: come ye therefore and reign and rule over us.'"

Three brothers were then selected to go at the head of "Russ" to the country of Slavs. The oldest, Rurik, settled in Novgorod and became, after the death of his brothers, ruler of all their provinces. The Varangian state extended rapidly towards the south, where the city of Kiev became the centre of resurrected principality.

This account flatters the Swedish national pride to such a degree that it is natural that so many good historians of that race accepted it. Hallendorf and Schnek consider it on the whole correct. They suggest, however, one correction: "It is possible that the Varangians were called in during a civil war to assist one of the fighting sections, and, once on the spot, grasped the opportunity of making themselves lords over them all."

Their idea about the origin of that "Russ" is that the "Russ" came from the Swedish east coast, called Roden. "Many people in the East, who suffered from Swedish raids, spoke of Roden as Rots, Routs, and so on. The Swedish settlers in Russia were called 'Russ' by Arabs and Slavs. As time went on, the name Russ began to include also the Finns and Slavs, ruled by the Swedes, whose northern stock soon merged into



one with the subject population, and their country received its present name, Russia."

It is superfluous to add here that this "Normanic theory" of the origin of the Kiev empire is rejected by many Ukrainian and Russian authorities.

The authors come again upon Ukraine, already under her proper name, when they come to relate the campaign of the Swedish king Charles XII. against the Russian tsar Peter I. They speak of the ambitious plans of the king to strike a blow at the heart of Russia, and how he was forced by the approach of the winter to turn southward to Ukraine, postponing his attack at Moscow till the following spring.

"Charles received an invitation to the Ukraine from Mazepa, the chief of the Dnieper Cossacks, who found the moment opportune for revolting against the tsar and creating an independent state. But Peter had been secretly informed of Mazepa's plans, and was in time to send down troops to prevent their fulfilment. The majority of the Cossacks deserted their chief, who reached the Swedish army as a fugitive with a small number of loyal supporters."

##### 5.

**Samuel Northrup Harper**, of the University of Chicago: **Civic Training In Soviet Russia**. — The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois, 1929.

The book, which on the whole makes an honest effort at impartiality, makes

several mentions of Ukraine. In one passage the author says,

"The nationality element is minimized in the structure of the communist party. Although local organizations, in the Ukraine for example, are spoken of as 'National Communist parties', and have their own Central Committees, they have no more independence than a corresponding set of local organizations for an area without a distinct nationality character. It is an 'All-Union Communist party'. The 'oneness' of the Communist of the whole Union tends to modify the autonomy, and particularly the independence of the various units of the Union... During the first years, as the Revolution was centered in, and was spreading from, the Russian industrial center, the Russian element tended to predominate in the Communist organizations and correspondingly in the Soviet institutions of non-Russian units. This was particularly true of the Ukraine for example, which passed back and forth several times during the fighting of 1918—20. Also, the Jewish element in the party was found to be very dominant in the Ukraine".

To quote another passage,

"As Ukrainian political nationalism has no way of expressing itself directly it is impossible to determine to what extent it interprets the internationalism of Sovietism with its center at Moscow, as resembling in many respects the former exclusive and aggressive Russian nationalism."

#### РОЗВ'ЯЗКА РЕБУСА З КВІТНЕВОГО ЧИСЛА.

Ребус се — перші дві стрічки з відомої поезії Тараса Шевченка „Вечір”:  
 Садок вишневий коло хати,  
 Хрущі над вишнями гудуть...