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THE UKRAINIAN JUVENILE MAGAZINE

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VASYL STEFANYK.

Vasyl Stefanyk, whose short-story entitled "His Sons," is published in this issue, in a translation by Valdimir Semynyna, is not a writer of stories for children. And this short-story is not an exception: it, too, was not written for children.

And yet the editor decided to publish it, and he decided this for several reasons.

First, Vasyl Stefanyk is one of the foremost if not the best of the modern Ukrainian prose-writers.

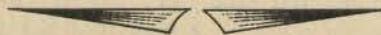
Secondly, he takes his subject matter from the life of the peasantry, from which he himself originates, and he writes about that life with power and beauty equalled by few writers in Ukraine or abroad.

And, finally, as the Ukrainian peasant constitutes a great mass of the Ukrainian race, it becomes not only interesting but also important to know the feelings of this peasant.

Vasyl Stefanyk was born in 1871. His 60 years of life seem outwardly to be

poor in great moments: he had lived first the usual life of the peasant boy, was then sent to study in schools, in the "gymnasium," then to study medicine at the university, but gave up his studies and returned to the land. He was called away once more from the land, this time to be the representative of the peasantry in the Austrian parliament in Vienna, but the land again called him back. He is now an old man, living on his farm.

This outwardly uneventful life was strangely full of inward experiences. Those are expressed in his short-stories and sketches. The short-story published here reveals the powerful emotions that swayed the Ukrainian peasantry before the war, during the world war, and especially during the Ukrainian war of liberation and during the hard years following the downfall of this struggle. Though not a short-story for children, this story, the editor hopes, will have plenty of interest for those among the young readers of the Ukrainian Juvenile Magazine, who are more mature in understanding.



THE UKRAINIAN EASTER.

The description of the Easter in that section of Ukraine which lies beyond the Carpathian mountains, which is usually called Hungarian Rus, because it used to belong, before the world war, to Hungary, gives to those born in America an idea of what Easter in Ukraine looked like. If any reader should take the trouble to ask his parents to describe the Easter they know, he would find that in many respects the Easter differend from the one described here, but in many more respects it resembled it.

There is surely the same feeling of the importance of the festival. There are surely the same expectations and elaborate preparations. There are the same elaborate ceremonies during the festival

itself. A thousand powerful emotions were stirred by such a festival, and even by the remembrances of it.

By understanding these emotions, we come to understand the attachment of the old people to the land in which these emotions were stirred so powerfully and beautifully. And we might also understand their efforts to transplant to this adopted country of theirs some of these beauties of the bygone days. And, perhaps, some of the young folks might feel that the Easter as we know it in America is rather dull and boring and they might do their bit in making it more interesting, rich, and beautiful by some of the beautiful things brought over by their fathers and mothers from the old cultures of their old lands.

Yury Zhatkovych.

EASTER IN TRANSCARPATHIAN UKRAINE.

It is safe to state that the Easter is for a Transcarpathian Ukrainian, who calls himself usually Rusnak, the holiday of holidays. Easter is for him the middle of the year; one prepares for the Easter for a long time, one awaits it with impatience. For a long time they ask how many more weeks until Easter will be here. As soon as Lent begins, it becomes the foremost worry of each farmer to save up enough for the "paska," the Easter cake.

When Easter approaches, everybody strives to carry out the precepts of the church. The first to go to confession are the youts, then women, and the last men.

In the houses in which there live

more than one housewife, one of them bakes the "paska" on Maundy Thursday, as she could not bake on Good Friday, this day being considered a holiday. The second housewife prepares her dough on Friday evening. It could be said that the baking of the "paska" is the most important work in the year for the housewife as the housewife concludes from it the fate of the various members of her household. Hence we can imagine with what fear she kneads the dough for the "paska" on Saturday morning, at the dawn, with what fear she rolls the dough and fashions the loaf and bakes it. The "paska" is fashioned in such way that the lump of dough, often some fifty pounds in weight, is placed into a

wooden mold, covered inside with flour, and this mold is shaken up until the "paska" takes the shape of the vessel. After the dough stops rising, the cake is smeared with beaten yolk and a wreath of dough with two bars of dough crossing in the middle in the form of cross is placed upon it. Spices have been added to the dough. To shape the "paska" and to shovel it into the oven two strong persons are required, and this is often done by the husband and his wife. Each housewife would like to see her „paska" the largest one in the whole village; hence the opening of the oven has often to be widened by taking out bricks so that the "paska" may get in. Hence, too, it happens only seldom that a "paska" can be baked well. After it had been baked and taken out of the oven, it is placed upon the table and covered with a white tablecloth so that they may see how early the housewife baked her "paska." Out of the dough which was left in the trough small loaves of bread are baked for the beggars. The cinders and ashes on which the "paska" was baked are taken out separately and scattered over the plots on which cabbage is to be raised.

In the Transcarpathian Ukraine the Easter ceremonies begin at midnight or soon after it; hence only the youngest children go to sleep on that night. Women folk prepare what should go "under the 'paska'", that is eggs, bacon, butter, cheese of cows, sheep and goats, sausages, cured ham, baked chickens, and the like. But only prosperous wives manage to place these things around the "paska," others contenting themselves to place a few eggs, some bacon and cheese. There is a special "paska" not only for each family, but also for each person who has no family of his own, as for instance, for those who serve with Jews, for beggars, old bachelors and

old spinsters. While the women prepare those victuals that are to go "under the 'paska'", bathe children, dress them in clean linen, cook food for the Sunday, the boys build a fire in the churchyard, talking of the coming holiday, while the older men pray in the church.

As soon as the bell rings for the first time, the women folk, dressed in their Sunday best, hurry to the church. Having come from the church, they lie down for a short nap since they will have to go to the church again, this time with their "paska" before the dawn breaks. And as the priest knows very well that not even the youngest child would eat anything before it has tasted of the blessed "paska," he tries to celebrate the high mass and to bless the "paskas" as soon as possible. The right to carry the "paska" to the church belongs to the husbandman, and if there is no husbandman, to the oldest man of the family. He carries it wrapped up in a clean, white tablecloth, on his shoulders. Other victuals, which "go under the 'paska'", are carried by the housewife or the oldest girl of the family. Having arrived under the church, the people stand in two rows, place their "paska" before them, and stick into each "paska" a burning candle. While the high mass is being celebrated, the church curator collects for the priest the charge for blessing, usually eggs, in some places small loaves of bread, and in still others a few coins. During the mass the beggars are given alms: loaves, eggs, and the other eatables. As on this day every person who can as much as stir comes to the church and even those who for some reason have not come to the church the whole year, we can imagine that not only the church but the yard about it is crowded with people. As soon as the priest gives the blessing, there arises around the church such a

commotion that it seems as if the people were running away from death. This is because the Rusnak believes that the sooner he comes home back with his "paska," the better success will he have in this year with his farming. Hence every one tries to beat the others.

Having arrived home, the husbandman cuts out of the "paska" a slice for everybody and then his share in others victuals. Having eaten their fill of the blessed food,—the crumbs of which are thrown upon the garden,—they eat some cooked food, (especially) sweet, cooked milk. Then the older people go to rest a bit, while the young people gather about the church and play till the vespers. Younger children play with eggs which they had colored on Good Friday; girls play at "kotyky" and "blyshka," while the lads like to play at "railroad." The lads spend a great deal of their time at Easter in the bel-

fry, and every lad wishes to have a turn at ringing the big bells. In some places the bells never stop ringing during Easter. When the weather is nice, the entire three days are spent about the church not only by the young but also by the older people.

Many beliefs are connected with the behavior on the Easter. Though the meat eaten by them calls for water, many of them refrain from drinking it, believing that a person who does not drink during Easter would not suffer from thirst during the harvest work in the summer.

It is customary to eat the "paska" in such a sparing manner that at least one helping of it could be had on St. Thomas' Sunday. The wreath and cross of dough on the "paska" are cut off and preserved, and when a beast of the herd gets sick some of this is mixed with the food given to the beast.

GAMES OF UKRAINIAN CHILDREN.

"Bulka."

"Bulka," from which the game is called, is a wooden ball, which is used in the game. It sometimes reaches the weight of one pound and a half. It is driven by means of a stick. Each player has a stick of his own, the "bulka" being one for all players.

The game is played usually in autumn and winter, after the field work has been done and the mud and puddles are frozen. For the field is selected a village green or a wide street in the village. The number of players reaches 20 to 30 persons. It is a game of youth, though occasionally older people take part in it.

The players arrange themselves into two more or less evenly matched teams. The field is divided into two sections, and

the limits of the field are marked for each section.

The rules of the game are very simple. Each team tries to drive the "bulka" through the field of the opponents across the limits of the field behind the opposing party. Each successful effort is counted as one loss for the party which permitted the ball to roll across the field's limit.

The game is played with great zeal and even passion, and the elderly peasants always go far away to circle around the place in the street where the "bulka" is being played, as the players do not like to be interfered with.

Several American games, for instance hockey, are merely more elaborate forms of the "bulka."

HIS SONS.

By VASYL STEFANYK.

Old man Maxim was harrowing his field of spring-wheat with a team of good young horses. The spiked implements flew over the ground like feathers. Maxim threw his wide-rimmed straw hat to one side; his wide-sleeved shirt unbuttoned and worked itself up around his waist, hanging like a sack on his back, while a cloud of dust from under the harrows covered the gray hair of his head and chest. He shouted, raged, and the people on the adjoining fields gossiped: "An old dog, always angry, but holds his horses tight, yet... Rich and well-fed from childhood, but since he lost his sons he forever shouts in the fields and in the village..."

Maxim halted his horses.

"Old bones are like an old willow: good for the fire but useless to chase with after horses. When the legs bend behind the plow and give way at a dance then such legs are worth I don't know what to say. Crawl, old man, on the oven*, your time has come."

He shook his gray head by the horse's rich black mane and kept up his torrent of words:

"To climb the oven I'm able to as yet, only the oven is cold and is pealing. The pictures on the walls have turned black, and the saints look down at the emptiness like a bunch of hungry dogs. My old woman always used to decorate them with branches of myrtle and other green leaves, and gilded pigeons** in

* The oven is a characteristic feature of the Ukrainian home. It is built low and extends beyond the chimney so that its roof forms a good sized shelf on which the children spend their nights.

** Similar to the goose that lay the golden egg, it is a dying out belief among the peasants of some parts of Ukraine that gilding an egg and gluing on parts resembling wings etc., before holy images, will bring good fortune to the household.

their presence to gain their favor, so that our home would be bright and our children would grow well. But, although there are many of them, they're all no good, those saints. My sons gone, my old woman buried—so you, Gods, will have to excuse me for my neglect—you should have cared better... Well, Starface, let's do some work—whatever God has allowed us."

And so they walked from one end of the field to the other, all enveloped in a cloud of dust, while the harrows barked, bit at the earth and tore it apart in order to create a softer bed for the seed.

"You, Barefoot! you're no horse—you're a dog! You have bitten up my whole back, scar upon scar. Don't tug like that, because life has tugged me till I can hardly stand on my feet. At dawn I give you oats, I myself not having eaten; I comb you, I bathe you with my old tears—and you bite me. Starface is my pal: he follows me with his dark eyes wherever I go, he feels sorry for me; but you, ugly one, have no heart. Only a short while ago you pulled out a chunk of my hair and threw it under your feet. That's not right, because, even if you are a pretty horse, you're no good. I can't sell you to a ragman—but if Saint George came to me, then, by God, I'd give you away to go and fight those dragons with him. You're not fit to work the soil because you're full of mischief."

Then he moistened his fingers with his tongue, salved the wound on his back and powdered it with dust.

"Well, my horses, come, let's go..."

The harrows calmed down, the earth gave way, and Maxim's feet felt a spongy

softness under their heels—the softness which very seldom visits the soul of the peasant. It is the soil that gives him that softness and that is the reason why he loves it so. And when he sowed the seed with his hands he would say: "I've made you a soft cradle, so grow to the sky."

Maxim paused—did not strain his voice—then suddenly stopped his horses.

"Why the devil do you pain so, you old wreck, crunching at every joint? A piece of glass! damn your soul. Now harrow! And yet you can't leave a field unfinished; might as well fall apart to do it. You, my poor field, will gain very little by this old blood of mine, because old blood, like old manure, is good for nothing; a loss to me and no benefit to you."

Limping along he unharnessed the horses, led them to the wagon, and placed some hay before them.

"You there, sun, don't frown at an old man for making noon so early; the old man has nothing to walk with..."

He pulled out of his bag a lump of bread, a piece of salted pork, and a bottle, and began to wash his cut with the alcoholic beverage; then he ripped off a part of his shirt sleeve, wrapped his food and tied it with the cord from the feed-bag.

"Now you may pain or not pain at all, or do what you please, but harrow you must."

He drank some of the liquor, took the bread, bit it, and again began to ejaculate angrily:

"So this is bread? Good enough to comb a ragman's horse with; would peel the skin off a good one..."

"They come to see me in swarms. 'Grand-pop,' they say, 'we will cook for you, wash for you, only give us your land.' Do those shabby wenches think that I hold my land for them? When

I die then let flowers grow on my fields, and with their tiny heads let them say Our Father for the old man."

In anger he threw the bread away on the ruffled soil.

"The teeth won't take this stale crumb; let's drink, Max, it flows easy..."

"Hey there, keep quiet! don't bark over my head; who are you singing for anyway? For this tattered and scarred beggar? Fly away to your heaven; tell your God not to be sending me any foolish birds with songs. If He is so strong then let Him send me back my sons, because it was through His will that I am left all alone on all this earth. Let your God stop fooling me with songs; go away!"

And he threw a lump of earth at the lark, but the bird began to sing over his head even louder and refused to fly to God.

"You, little bird, don't understand a thing. When my little Ivan used to run after you, when he looked for your nest in the fields and played on his flute, then, did you, little bird, do the right thing when you sang—that's just as you should have done. Your song and Ivan's flute drifted over the earth, while above you was the sun—and all of you together poured out God's words above me and the shining plows and above all happy mankind. And God showered brightness through the sun like through a golden sieve, and all the land and all the people shone with gold. That's how the sun made spring on earth, like in a big trough... And from that trough we took cakes, and the cakes stood before the musicians, and the young ones loved each other and went to wedlock—and so the spring rolled on like a sea, like a flood; it was then, little bird, that your song flowed into my heart like clear water into a new pitcher..."

"Go, little bird, go into the lands

where the cakes are not all eaten yet, and where the children have not been butchered."

He grasped his gray head with both hands and bent his head low.

"Shame on you, gray head, be ashamed of yourself for talking and singing to yourself like an old woman, because nothing on this earth will help you now..."

"Eh, sons of mine, my sons, where are your heads resting now?! Not only all my land but my whole soul would I sell to be able to reach your grave with bloodshed feet. God, the church books lie when they say that you had a son, they lie! They say that you brought yours back to life again while I, I don't say: bring them back to life, I only say: show me their graves that I may rest beside them. Yes, you see the whole world but over my graves you've turned blind..."

And he plucked at his hair and threw what there was to the ground.

"Gray hair, burn the earth, I can bear you no longer!"

Tired out to helplessness he relaxed on the ground and, after a long silence, softly began to talk:

"For the last time Andrew, who was my educated one, came to see me. 'Father,' he said, 'we are going to fight for Ukraine! For what Ukraine?!' And he picked up some soil with his sword and said: 'This is Ukraine, and this,' pointing at his chest, 'is her blood. We are going to save the land from her foes. Give me,' he said, 'a clean shirt and some water that I may wash myself and say goodbye.' When that sword of his flashed it blinded me. 'My son,' I said, 'but I have another younger one than you, Ivan, take him with you for such a deed, he is strong,—so that the foes may not pluck it from its roots.' 'Very well, father,' he said, 'we'll go to-

gether.' But when my old woman heard this I saw right away that death wrapped itself around her like a white shawl. I went outside because I felt that her eyes fell out and rolled over the ground like dead stones. That's how it looked to me—the light on her forehead had already faded..."

"And in the morning when they both were leaving, my woman leaned on the gate and kept her peace, but seemed to look from such a distance as if from heaven itself. And when I was leaving them at the railroad station, I said: 'Andrew, Ivan, don't turn back, and don't forget me, for I'm alone, now—your mother died at the gate...!'"

Till late evening Maxim led his horses over the fields but did not shout any more—fell into a complete silence.

Children driving their sheep and people that cluttered by with their plows did not greet him—from fear. Smeared with earth, torn and bent, he seemed to be gradually sinking into the earth.

Late in the evening when Maxim had attended to his cows, watered his horses and milked the sheep he went into his dwelling.

"You, my poor friend, have grown deathly silent, as if someone had thrust a knife into you—can't say a word... But I will spread a little fire for you, yet..."

He cooked some corn-meal, put on a white shirt, ate, and fell into a meditating silence. Then he knelt on the ground and prayed:

"... And you, Virgin Mary, be my housekeeper; you with your son in the middle and on either side of you Andrew and Ivan... You gave only one son, and I gave two..."

Translated from Ukrainian by

Valdimir Semenyna.

ТЕЧЕ РІЧКА.

Українська народня пісня на молодечий хор.

Moderato

Arr. by M. O. Hayvoronsky

1: Те-че річ - - ка не-ве-лич - ка вишне-во-го
3: Ой, я то - - бі, коза-чень-ку і дажу йне

са - ду - ;
ра - жу - ;
кличе ко - - зак' дівчи-номь-ку
я з тобо - - то ввечір сто - то,

к' со-бі на по - ра-ду - . Гей, гей.
на дру-го-го ва-жу... ф.

Гей, гей, Гей, гей, Гей, гей - ,

mf

КЛИЧЕ КО - - ЗАК ДІВЧИ-НОЧЬ-КУ К'СОБІ НА ПО -
 ЧИ ЗАРУ-ТО - - ЧО ЖЕНИ-ТИ - СЯ, ЧИ НА ТЕ - БЕ
 Я ЗТО - БО - - ЧО В ВЕЧІР СТО - ТО, НА ДРУГО - ГО

mf

РА - АУ - . ММ... ММ...
 ЖДА - 'ТИ - .
 ВА - УКУ - . *mp*

FINE

2: ПІРАДЬ МЕ - - НЕ, ДІВЧИ-НОЧЬ - КО,

ЯК РІДНА - Я МА - ТИ - , ММ... : .
 ЧИ ЗАРУГО - - ЧО

ЧИ НА ТЕ - БЕ ЖДА-ТИ...
 ЖЕНИ-ТИ - СЯ,

Триспів: Гей, Гей!

THE LAZY WOMAN.

(Ukrainian folk tale).

There once lived a man and a woman, who had one child, a daughter. They were prosperous farmers, their daughter was beautiful and jolly, and they pampered her greatly. She grew to be a big girl, who knew no work, but only how to dance.

When the girl grew big enough to be married the parents saw that it was their own fault that the girl knew nothing about work, and they said frankly to the man who courted her.

"We are going to endow our child with all the goods she might need, but you cannot expect her to work at anything in your household as she knows no work."

When the man heard this, he stopped courting. There chanced another, but when he heard these frank words, he, too, stopped coming. They did not care to consent to such an arrangement. For a long time the girl had no suitors.

Once her father met a friend and they talked of every kind of matter. Then the friend said,

"You have in your household a daughter already of marriagable age, and I have a son who could marry, so why should we not become in-laws?"

"Indeed, why not!" the man said. "But I make the condition that my daughter should not be forced to any work since she knows none."

"And if she learns to work?" the young man's father asked.

"Well," the girl's father answered, "as long as you do not force her. I do not want her to weep at my failure to have taught her to work."

The other man thought for some time and then said,

"All right, let us strike hands on that!"

"Well, then, send in your match-makers."

The match-makers were sent, the girl gave her consent. A wedding was celebrated, and a week was spent in the parents and guests feasting now in one household then in another, as it was the custom of prosperous farmers.

At last, the wedding celebration was over, and the young woman began to live in the household of the young man.

His father rose in the morning and gave each member of the household some work to do for the day: one son was sent to do this, another to do some other work, the old mother had to do her work, the daughter had to cook, the other daughter to do some other work. Everybody had some work to do, only the young daughter-in-law was sitting, doing nothing. When the hour of lunch came, they all gathered at the table, and father asked each of them what he, or she, had done. Everybody answered him, only one daughter kept silent. Father asked her,

"And you, daughter?"

"I have done nothing, father," she answered.

"Why, and you know the order of the house, don't you," father said.

And the girl rose from the table and sat at a bench near the door all the time the others were eating. The young daughter-in-law was not asked any question: she sat down at the table and ate with the others. Nobody asked her a question and she answered none.

After the lunch they went back to work. At the supper, they again came together at the table, and father again

started his questioning. This time another daughter had done nothing and she was left without her supper. The young daughter-in-law just watched them and listened to them,—as usually a person new to a family does. She did not know that they had merely planned this in secrecy, and in a low voice she asked her mother-in-law and one of her sisters-in-law,

"It was always so — in your household, my dear?"

"Yes, sister," the sister-in-law answered.

"And why don't they asked me about my work?"

"Because you are still a guest here, sister," the girl answered.

There passed by another day, and still another, and she saw even her mother-in-law being left once without her lunch. And on the following day, rising up early with others, she asked mother-in-law,

"Could I work at something, mother?"

"Take the broom, my daughter," the mother-in-law said, "and sweep the house and the hall."

The young wife took the broom and swept the house. When they came to lunch, father again asked everybody about work, and the young wife, seeing that nobody is asking her, says herself,

"And I swept the house, father."

"Oh, my beloved daughter!" father-in-law said, "I am not asking you. I know you are a daughter of decent family, of a wise father and mother, and you would not waste your time. Hence I am not asking you."

After the lunch they went all back to work. The young woman again asked mother-in-law, what she would do, and the old woman sent her to fetch water. She fetched water, and the father-in-law, seeing how hard she was working, came

over to her and kissed her on the forehead.

She kept on doing something every day, and slowly she learnt how to cook a dinner, and still later how to bake bread. It was easy, with her husband loving her, with the whole family treating her kindly and setting her an example how to work.

A week thus passed, and then her mother said to her father,

"Could you, perhaps, go to visit our daughter? I would go myself, but I am not well. And here my heart pains for her: we have given her into a strange household, and yet we do not seem to care how she is getting along over there."

The old man said,

"I will do it, indeed."

He dressed and went over to the other village, where his daughter lived now. As he came into the house, his daughter was cooking dinner, all by herself. She was very glad to see him, she rushed to greet him. She asked him to have a seat in her house, and at once turned back to her work and kept on tending the pots. Her father was astonished to see her handle the kettles. He asked her,

"And how are you, daughter?"

"I am all right, father."

"And this—do you know already how to cook?"

"I know, father," the daughter answered. "There is a rule with us here: who does not work, does not eat."

"Well, daughter, every master has a different rule in his household," father said. "Then you must have gone hungry about before you learnt how to work?"

"No, father. They do not teach you by force, only step by step, slowly."

"All right, daughter."

The young husband's father saw the old man come into the house, but he did

not hurry to greet him in order that the man might talk the things over with his daughter. Only a long time later, he went into the house. The bride's father, seeing him through the window, picked up a coat, which the men of the household had muddied and left to dry, and started to clean it. The master of the household entered, greeted the guest in a hospitable fashion and sat down with him to talk. They talked and the visitor kept on cleaning the coat all the time. The master asked him,

"What are you doing, brother? Leave it!

"Oh, no, brother. I would leave it gladly but I have not lunched today yet."

"Yes, yes, brother, this is the rule of my household now, and I find that we are getting with it very nicely along, thank God."

"Yes, brother, every master has a rule of his own in his household," the guest said, "and as long as it is a good rule, why should I break it?"

THE UKRAINIAN PLATEAU CALLED ROSTOCHE.

In previous issues of the Ukrainian Juvenile Magazine the two Ukrainian plateaus were described, namely the Podolia and the Pokutian-Bessarabian Plateau. The third member of that group of Ukrainian plateaus is the ROSTOCHE.

It is also called the Lviv-Lublin Ridge. It lies between the San and Vistula Plain and the low country of the Buh river. It is narrow and hilly. Towards the southwest it has a steep rim, towards the east it resolves itself into ridges of parallel hills, which gradually grow lower and lower.

The southern part of the Rostoché merges with the Podolian Plateau near the city of Lviv. The highest hills reach the height of 1200 feet. The valleys of the rivers are in general flat, only those along the steep borders of the plateau are deep cut.

The western border is steep and its deep gorges and its walls of loes are

very picturesque. Many vigorous springs come to the surface here. Of them, the well-known spring Parashka has a heavy column of water rising from time to time.

The soil of the Rostoché is not very fertile as sand and marl soil prevail.

The northern part of the Rostoché is a broad, slightly undulating plateau, which hardly ever reaches a height above 1000 feet. The western edge of the plateau is distinct and steep; it sinks in places 300 feet to the low country of the Vistula river. Towards the north the surface sinks gradually and merges almost imperceptibly into the plain of the Pidlasye. The rivers which traverse it, like: the Buh, the Vepr, have all broad, flat, and marshy valleys.

The soil of the northern Rostoché is similar to that of the southern part. It still has great woods. It is not very fertile, only towards the Pidlasye does the soil become more fertile.

Michael Hrushevsky.

THE TARTAR POGROM.

Two hundred years had passed since Yaroslav's death. Ukraine was split into a number of principalities. The princes were weakened and the cities impoverished by this division and by eternal wars. The prince of Kiev had no greater power in his principality than any other prince had in his. Kiev itself, the "mother of Ukrainian cities," was many a time plundered by other princes and their armies and the allied Polovtses.

The worst experience of this kind was the sacking of the city of Kiev, in 1169, by Andrew, the prince of Vladimir, near Moscow, carried out with the purpose of weakening the principality of Kiev and of strengthening his own domain. Later on the princes of Vladimir purposely set the Ukrainian princes to quarreling in order to weaken Ukraine and to make their own nation, which came to be called Moscovy, to rise to supremacy over Ukraine. There remained only one principality in Ukraine of importance, and that was the principality of Galicia.

After Ukraine's power had decayed in this manner and she had lost her strength, a more terrible misfortune befell her. There came from Asia another horde, which having destroyed the Polovtses, who lately had weakened considerably, passed through Ukraine like a storm. These were the Tartars, or Mongols. The Mongolian horde originally roamed the Far East, on the Amur river. In that horde there rose a great conqueror Temudjin, who united into one whole all the portions of that race and began to subdue the neighboring nations and countries and soon ruled over all the lands between China and the Caucasus.

His grandson Batu invaded the country around the Black Sea, and, having destroyed the Polovtses, went to war against the Ukrainian and Russian lands. He intended to found there a Tartar empire and to subdue the neighboring lands. To bring the people into subjection and obedience the Tartars were wont to terrify the populace by their inhumanity, so that they would fear to revolt. Hence, having taken a large city, they would kill the people without discrimination or pity, and ordered those, who were left behind, to pay tribute and be obedient.

In 1239, the Tartars attacked the Ukrainian provinces on the Dnieper river, occupied the cities of Chernyiv and Pereyaslav, destroyed the cities, and killed many people. In the following year, Batu crossed the Dnieper river, and besieged Kiev. The horde surrounded the city in great numbers. The annalist says that because of the creaking of wagons, the lowing of camels and the neighing of horses under the walls the people in the city could not understand the words spoken to them. The prince ran away. The people defended themselves as best they could. The Tartars made a breach in the walls of the city with a battering-ram, suspended on ropes; while the Tartars rested, the people of Kiev erected a wooden fortress around the church of God's Mother which had been built by prince Volodymyr. The fortress was not strong, however, and the Tartars after carrying the breach soon took it. The people rushed into the church, and there came such a number of them upon the choir, that the walls could not hold out and the

church fell down, burying the people under its ruins. The Tartars then passed through the province of Kiev, Volhynia, and Galicia, taking one after another the cities which stood in their path and massacring the people. Then they passed into Hungary and Poland, ruining them. Later they returned into the steppes around the Black Sea, settled on the Volga river and sent their messengers into the neighboring lands demanding that the people pay them tribute. Thus the Ukrainian and Moscovite lands passed into Tartar slavery.

The princes played a peculiar role in this debacle. Although the strength of the Tartar horde was great, still, if the princes had united to defend themselves against the horde, they would have probably succeeded, at any rate in preventing the Tartars from devastating the lands to such a great degree. But they never thought of helping each other. Each of them thought only of defending

his own city, and lacking strength even for this he often ran away, leaving his people to the mercy of fortune. Hence, when the people saw that the princes did not know how to defend their lands, they stopped obeying the princes, refused to accept them back, and often surrendered to the Tartars freely, promising to obey them. As there were among the officials and bailiffs of the princes some who were not just and with whom the people were dissatisfied, they tried now to get rid of them by means of the Tartars. If they were to pay a tribute to the Tartars and another to the princes, and the princes could do nothing to defend them against the Tartars, it was better to have to do only with the Tartars, to curry favor with them. Besides they expected that the Tartars would not meddle in their affairs, except to collect tribute, but would let them live according to their own will without princes and their bailiffs.

FOLK - ANECDOTES.

MOSCOVITE IMMIGRANTS ON THE KUBAN.

Several Moscovites heard that the Kuban province of Ukraine is a golden country: you simply could gather the gold with shovels. There is so much gold there that the chickens are too lazy to peck. They grew excited about the news, and started out to make their fortunes in this wonderful country.

They passed the frontier, entered the first village of the district of the Kuban cossacks, when, lo, there lies a hundred-rubbles banknote on the ground. One of the Russians quickly rushed for it. Another called to him, "Stop, stop! What's the use! Let it lie there! What's the use stooping for such trifles! When you pick up hundred-rubbles notes in the first village of the district, just fancy what we can expect further on!"

They let the note lie, and went on. They tramped for many days, but found

no other note. Their supply of food went out. There was nothing left to them but to hire themselves for work. They had to work hard for the money they received. The Moscovite who stopped his friend from picking up the banknote, said to his friend, "What would you say to going back for that banknote?"

They went back, but the banknote was there no longer.

HOLY PICTURE AND TOBACCO.

"How are you, friend?"

"All right, and you?"

"Where are you coming from?"

"From a fair."

"What have you bought there?"

"A holy picture."

"Let me see it."

"Oh, it's too cold to unwrap it."

"Well, let's have a smoke then."

"Yes! Let's roll ourselves cigarettes!"

Michael Kotsyubynsky.

THE SPRING IN THE CARPATHIANS.

(A fragment from *The Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors*).

On a warm spring morning Ivan started for the „polonyna”*. The forest still exhaled chills, the mountain brooks foamed over the rapids, and the „ply,” the mountain path, gaily rose between rail-fences to the top. It was hard for him to leave his girl behind him, and yet the sun and the rustling green spaces, which supported the sky with their summits, filled him with boisterous spirits. He leaped from one rock to another, lightly like a mountain brook, greeting the passers-by just to hear his voice,

“Praised be Jesus Christ!”

„Forever and ever!”

On the distant hill-tops there stood alone quiet Hutsul settlements, cherry-red from the pinewood smoke, in which they were wrapped, pointed roofs of hay-lofts with fragrant hay, and in the valley the curly Cheremosh river angrily shook its gray mane glittering against the sun and glared under the overhanging rocks with an ominous green fire. Leaping over one brook after another, passing gloomy forests, where occasionally a cow-bell rang or a squirrel dropped the shells of pine cones, Ivan climbed higher and higher. The sun grew hot, and the rocky path tired his legs. He met with huts more and more rarely. The Cheremosh stretched in the valley, like a silver thread, and its rustle did not reach here. The forests gave place to mountain meadows, soft and succulent. Ivan waded through the lakes of flowers, bending now and

then to adorn his hat with a flower. The slopes of the mountains caved in forming deep ravines in which a man's foot had never trod, from which were born chilly brooks, in which lived only the brown bear, the terror of herds, the „vuyko.” The water grew more scarce. But when he leaned over it, finding a brooklet, it was a chilly crystal, which evaded every yellow root of pines and even to this place brought with it the rustle of the forests! At each such rivulet some good soul has left a small pot or a pail of sour milk...

And the path led always on and on, somewhere among broken rocks, where rotted, one upon another, bare prickly dwarf pines, without bark and needles, like skeletons. It was empty and wild in those cemeteries of forests, forgotten by gods and people, where wild hens cackled and snakes lay in coils. There was silence here, the great calm of nature, severity and sadness. Behinds Ivan's back mountains rose and grew blue in the distance. The eagle rose from the rocky summits, blessing them with wide sweeps of his wings. One could feel the cool breathing of the „polonyna” and the sky stretched above one. In the place of forest there was the „zherep,” the black carpet of creeping pines, in which the legs became entangled, and the moss enwrapped the stones with green silk. Distant mountains, one after another, uncovered their summits, bent out their backs, rose like waves in the blue sea. It seemed that the sea waves have frozen in the very moment as the storm lifted them to dash them against the earth and to flood the

* Polonyna,—a pasture on a broad, treeless, grass-covered top of a broad hill or mountain, in the Carpathian mountains; a down.

world. The summits of Bukovyna supported the skies upon blue clouds, while the close-by summits of Synytsya, Dzembronya and Bila Kobyla enwrapped themselves with blue color, while the Ihravets steamed with white fog, the Hoverla cut the sky with its sharp summit and the Chornohora pressed the earth with her heavy body.

POLONYNA! He stood already on it, on this high meadow, covered with thick grass. The blue ocean of stormy mountains surrounded Ivan in a wide circle and it seemed that it seemed to circle and it seemed that the endless blue

breaks were marching upon him, ready to fall to his feet.

The wind, sharp, like a well-honed axe, cut into his chest. His breathing became one with the breathing of the mountains, and pride filled Ivan's soul. He wanted to call with the full strength of his lungs so that the echo should reverberate from one mountain to another to the very horizon, so that the sea of summits be stirred. But suddenly he felt that his voice would be lost in the stretches as if it were a mere buzz of a mosquito...

NEW BOOKS ON UKRAINE AND UKRAINIANS.

GRAIN ECONOMICS SERIES. No. 1. September 1932.

AGRICULTURAL RUSSIA AND THE WHEAT PROBLEM, by Vladimir P. Timoshenko, Ph.D. Lecturer in Statistics and Economics, University of Michigan. formerly Professor of Economics, Ukrainian University in Prague. Published jointly by the Food Research Institute and the Committee on Russia Research of the Hoover Library, Stanford University, California, 1932.

The purpose of this book is to analyze the present condition of Russian agriculture, particularly grain production. It is thus a work on a special subject, though it gives plenty of interesting information on other related subjects, such as industry, ethnography, and history of the country.

There are in it interesting maps of the soil of Russia, which seems to suggest that Russia proper could produce grain enough to satisfy her own needs, without depending upon, and exploiting, Ukraine.

IMMIGRATION: CULTURAL CONFLICTS AND SOCIAL ADJUSTMENTS, by Lawrence Guy Brown, Associate Professor of Sociology, Ohio Wesleyan University. Longmans, Green, and Co. 1933.

As the title indicates, this book studies the conflict of cultures and adjustments of cultures, of the American born stock and the immigrant. The author does not consider any of them inferior. In particular, he holds the old theory of the inferiority of the immigrant as refuted, and accepts the theory of Dr. E. D. Reuter, expressed in his work *The American Race Problem*, that "the various races and peoples of the world are essentially equal in mental ability and capacity for civilization."

In his short mention of the Ukrainians, the author emphasizes their Slavic race, their great number in the country of their birth, the centuries-long oppression by their neighbors, and the resultant hatred of the oppressors.

The book can be read with profit by every one interested in the adaptation of the immigrant to the life of America.