



A PROPHECY

What the "Svoboda" and its "Ukrainian Weekly" have been continually emphasizing appears even in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post (June 16) in a front page article by Gareth Garrett, entitled "Socialism in the Red," (concerning the weakness of Socialism). It is as follows:

"One of the curious facts is that Communist Russia is extremely nationalistic. The internationalism it talks about is only a world-wide organization of the proletariat under the red Russian flag. An all-Communist world would be an all-Russian world." (Italics are mine-Edt.)

So much for the hopes of the poor deluded Communists of Ukrainian extraction. Perhaps now they may begin to perceive that there will never be a Ukraine in the real sense of the word under Soviet Russia.

Another interesting commentary in this article:

"In Russia, however, under the Czar as well as under the Bolsheviks, all efforts have always been directed towards importing the modern technic of capitalist countries, but not the freedom which creates modern men.... Foreign tourists in Russia stand in silent amazement before the gigantic enterprises created there. Only seldom does the thought occur to them what enslavement, what lowering of self-esteem was connected with the construction of those gigantic establishments.... they (enterprises—Ed.) owe their existence to the use of methods which compel the broad masses of the people to starve, to live in rags and filth."

Those who may still believe that the benevolent dictatorship in Moscow has the interests of the working people at heart, should pay particular attention to the following:

"The old idealists among the dictators in the Kremlin have either died or been removed from office. The men who are at the helm now have.... only the desire to utilize the working class for their own ends, which in practice are no longer the liberation of the laboring masses but the strengthening of their own absolutism. The working classes not alone of Russia but of the entire world have become their cannon fodder. In the eyes of the Kremlin rulers, the proletarians of all countries must play the part of wooden soldiers marching to their command. This is really the task of the Comintern. This is what all illusions about a world revolution have come to."

"The fundamental aim of the Communists of every country is not the destruction of capitalism but the destruction of democracy and of the political and economic organizations of the workers."

The Communists are often wont to excuse themselves for destroying the last vestiges of democracy in the USSR and establishing in its place a dictatorship by saying that:

"...it is all right because the dictatorship of the proletariat. It

(Continued on last column)

UKRAINIANS OF SUB-CARPATIA

A short time ago we wrote in this column of the little known but extensive Ukrainian colony in the Far East, and of how our youth in that distant land is fully conscious of its Ukrainian nationality and is striving to carry on the traditions and ideals of the Ukrainian people.

Today, we wish to touch upon another rather obscure Ukrainian territory, namely, "Pidkarpatska Rus," the official name given to the westernmost province of Western Ukraine, which province prior to the World War was under Hungary and today is under Czechoslovakia.

The purpose of this article is to clear away some of that confusion concerning their nationality which has arisen in the minds of some of our American-Ukrainian youth whose parents came from this province. For, at a time when even here in America the word "Ukraine" and "Ukrainians" is definitely accepted by the American government and press as the correct and only designation of our nation and people, we have people among ourselves who come from this province, and who are of Ukrainian descent, and yet who still insist upon calling themselves as "Rusini," "Rusky," "Ruthenian," and, of all things, even "Russian."

The blame for this most deplorable situation can be partly ascribed to the general ignorance and low cultural level which the Hungarian authorities prior to the World War, in an effort to combat the Ukrainian movement, deliberately foisted upon the Ukrainian people living in "Pidkarpatska Rus," by refusing them permission to have their own schools and other institutions of learning. Consequently, many of the Ukrainian inhabitants of this province fell easy prey to the insidious Russian propaganda, supported more than often by the Hungarian authorities themselves, that there is no Ukrainian race but one great indivisible Russian race. The blame can be also laid at the doorstep of the "Pidkarpatska Rus" clergy, which being brought up in a Hungarian atmosphere forgot its language and history, and practically disowned its Ukrainian nationality. And many of them still do so even today here in America. The Ukrainian cause is repugnant to them for it rests upon the people and demands of them faithful service for the Ukrainian nation and a high respect for the Ukrainian language traditions, and institutions. Consequently, in an attempt to hinder the progress of Ukrainianism they invented for themselves at first some-sort of a "Rusin" nation, and now openly and avowedly class themselves as Russians.

We advise all of these "Rusini"—which have followers even among many of our so-called "Lemkes"—to take a good look at the land from which they migrated many years ago. Great changes have taken place there, particularly since the War. A new spirit has seized the Ukrainian inhabitants of that province, and today the Ukrainian movement therein is growing by leaps and bounds. Only but recently, at a convention of Ukrainian teachers held in Uzhorod, attended by over 800, the assembled teachers seized the opportunity to openly declare before the whole world that "Pidkarpatska Rus" is and always has been Ukrainian, and that in it there dwell Ukrainian people, the same that live in Lwiv or Kiev. Still at another convention held in the same city, that of Ukrainian Womenhood, the delegates solemnly declared their intention of doing their utmost to liquidate the confusion brought about by those who seek to defeat Ukrainian aspirations by calling our people "Rusini." The Ukrainian Boy and Girl Scouts, representing "Pidkarpatska Rus," meeting in a Jamboree in Budapest declared their allegiance to the Ukrainian nation and cause. And to cap it all even the local Church hierarchy also took a Ukrainian stand.

All of this and more our American-Ukrainian youth should know. By knowing it will be able to convince those of our youth who have been led astray by their "Rusini" elders that they belong to the Ukrainian race and not to some artificial creation of alien enemy propaganda.

ATTENTION GRADUATES!

Several weeks ago I asked that the following information of Ukrainian students graduating from high school, college or professional schools be sent in to me: (1) Name, address; (2) School graduating from; (3) Degrees or honors received; (4) Name and address of person sending the data.

This data is to be used to compile a list of graduates which is to be published in a future issue of the Ukrainian Weekly as tribute and praise for their efforts.

I ask that all co-operate with me by sending in the above data concerning themselves or others who they know to be graduating this June. I ask, especially, that the graduates themselves send in this information because they are naturally the most reliable sources of information.

E. H., c/o Ukrainian Weekly.

YOUNG UKRAINIAN GRADUATES WITH HONORS

An American-Ukrainian youth, John Doley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Doley, of 117 Lloyd St., New Haven, Conn., a student at the University of Richmond, Richmond, Va., has been honored by selection to the dean's list at the university. Doley was selected with several other classmates because of his high scholastic standing.

John Doley attended the New Haven Commercial High School in 1927, and in 1929 attended the Milford Preparatory School, where he served as an associate editor of "The Typhoon" (annual) and was a member of the football, basketball, and baseball squads.

Johnny came to Richmond in 1930 with, as he says, "only a horseshoe." He has been working his way through college. His extra-curriculum activities include: President of Student Body; Omicron Delta Kappa (national honorary); President of Phi Delta Omega (social); Council of Honor; Harlequin Club; Inter-Fraternity Council; Senator-at-large; Vice-President of Junior Class; Board of Publications; Athletic Association; President of New England Club; Dean's List; Varsity letters for three years; Varsity Club. He has received at the University a B. S. in Business Administration, in Football, Basketball, Baseball,

is not. There is no such thing." The Communists like to praise themselves for having established the first workers' or proletarian, as it is called, state. Let us read the article further:

"In this proletarian state (USSR—Edt.) democracy is crushed... the proletariat is not free... labor is cruelly exploited... the workers are not permitted to consume the total product."

In conclusion we quote a prophecy made in this article:

"Like every absolutism in history, Bolshevik absolutism will be compelled to grant freedom to the Russian masses only under the pressure of an irresistible movement of the people."

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

(20)

Character of "Song of Ihor" Author

Reading the "Song of Ihor's Expedition" one can readily perceive in it the author's own character. Although his name and details concerning his life are not known to us, yet we can see from his monumental work that he was a man who had a deep feeling of patriotism for his native country, possessed a high sense of justice, and the courage to express his opinions openly and fearlessly. This latter characteristic is exemplified by his stern criticism of the evil rulers and high praise for the good rulers who had the welfare of their subjects at heart and strove throughout their reign to improve their country and people. Needless to say he must have had a high education for no poorly educated person could have written such a great work. And it is also easy to believe that he was perhaps a member of ancient Ukrainian nobility, for no one but a noble himself would have had all that mass of details concerning the life of the rulers of that day, and no mere commoner then would have dared to so boldly and severely criticize the rulers of his country as our unknown author did.

And it is very difficult to believe that the author of "Ihor's Song" was either a priest or a monk. For no priest or monk writer would have included in his work such pagan gods and deities as Daiboh, Striboh, Dywiv, Wolessiw, Obyd, and others.

Influence of "Ihor's Song"

The "Song of Ihor's Expedition" besides being a landmark in the history of early Ukrainian literature exerted also quite an in-

fluence upon subsequent works, such as "Слово про Мамаєве бойовище" (Song of the Battle with Mamay,—f. t.) which depicts a victory of an early Ukrainian prince, Dmytro Donsky, over Khan Mamay in the battle of Kulikov's Field in 1380; "Слово о погибели руських земли" (Song of the destruction of Rus Lands) and "Слово про Лазарєво воскресєнє" (Song of Lazarus' Resurrection), an apocryphal poem.

An Interesting Example of Early Ukrainian Literature

A very interesting specimen of old Ukrainian literature is the somewhat didactic "Моленє Данила Заточника" (The Pilgrimage of Daniel Zatochnyk—f. t.) which principally consists of a collection of various "dumok" (diminutive of "dumy"—reflections or thoughts) and wise sayings—arranged more than often in a haphazard order. In essence this work is a plea to the "Kniaz" to extend clemency to the Pilgrim and permission to enter his native land again. It contains many brilliant shafts of caustic satire and humor.

THE DECLINE OF EARLY UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

The beginning of the 14th century marks the definite decline of the early Ukrainian literature. The fine beginnings, which indicated the coming of a golden age of Ukrainian Literature which would have produced works comparable if not superior to some the best of world's literature, came to a practical dead stop for quite some time, simply because of unavoidable factors—principally the beginning of the great Tartar invasions of Ukraine from the East.

Fall of Kiev Before Tartar Invasions

At first the ancient Ukrainians were able to hold these wild hordes back, but when the hordes of that Mongol potentate, Djenghis Khan, who had already conquered practically three-quarters of Asia, appeared in the Pontian steppes, the resources of Kiev and Hauch were not longer able to withstand them. In a three days battle on the Kalka (1224) the Ukrainian forces suffered a terrible defeat before the immensely superior numbers of the Tartars, and in 1240 Kiev, capital of Ukraine, was captured and razed to the ground, and its inhabitants put to the sword by the Tartars.

The Shifting of the Political Center

Consequently, the center of political life of Eastern Europe upon the fall of Kiev shifted from the ancient Ukrainian State of Kiev to the Volodimir-Suzdal state in the North, whose capital was at first in Volodimir on the Kliazma River, and later Moscow.

Even the Kiev Metropolitan followed the general trend aroused by the Tartar invasions and economical and political factors and moved his capitol to Volodimir and then to Moscow.

Kiev now began to decline steadily as the center of the political, cultural, religious and economic life of Eastern Europe, which decline affected the rest of ancient Rus-Ukraine and lasted for several centuries. Although the balance of political power now passed to the north, yet most of the cultural achievements of Kiev and their further progress went to the westernmost principalities of the former mighty empire of Volodimir the Great, namely—Halich and Volodimir-Volhynsky.

(To be continued)

DO YOU KNOW?

37. That Ukraine has one of the highest grade iron ore bodies in Europe.

38. That there are around 55,000 Ukrainians living in Brazil, 90% of them agriculturally engaged.

39. That in the state of Pennsylvania there are 53 Ukrainian Greek Catholic Churches.

40. That the first churches to appear in Ukraine (988) were of stone, Grecian in style, erected and decorated by Greek artists. Thus they were called foreign.

41. That the real native churches appeared some time later. These were of hewed logs, usually of oak, maple, fir, etc., built by the natives in their own inimitable native style.

42. That one of the oldest Ukrainian documents in existence is the peace treaty which Byzantium signed with Ukraine in the year 911 A. D.

44. That the mother of the famed Ukrainian poetess Lesia Ukrainka, Olga Kozachena, was also a poetess.

45. That the Kozak had to be not only a good horseman, but just as good a sailor, as their many ventures across the Black Sea prove.

46. That N. Y. State's wrestling champ, Michael Bulavenetz, is a Ukrainian.

47. That in 1931, statistics show there were 225,000 Ukrainians living in Canada.

(More to follow)

S. LEV.

Buster was sent home from school with the following note from the teacher:

"Dear Mrs. Jones:

Please give Buster a oath. He smells something awful."

Mother's reply:

"Dear Teacher:

My Buster ain't no rose. Don't smell him. Larn him."

KYRYLO THE TANNER

(A Legend)

By DR. O. HRYCAY

(A free translation by S. S.)

(1)

Once, near Kiev, there lived a King. Not far from his castle, in the depths of a great forest, there lived a Dragon. And every year the subjects of the King had to send one of their maidens or lads to the Dragon as a sacrifice. Finally there came the year when the King himself had to send his own daughter as a sacrifice to the Dragon. He tried in all manners possible to save his daughter, but to no avail. His daughter was taken to the Dragon's lair and left there. The Dragon, upon coming out to devour her, was so struck by her wondrous beauty that he decided to spare her. But he kept her imprisoned in his retreat, nevertheless.

One day, the Princess, taking advantage of the Dragon's liking for her, ventured to ask a few questions of him.

—Tell me—she said—is there anyone in this world who is stronger than you?

—There is,—answered the dragon—This man lives in Kiev, near the Dnieper. His might is so great that when he makes a fire in his fire-place, the smoke from it shoots up to the very skies. When he takes his hides to the Dnieper, for he is a tanner by trade, he places not one on his shoulders, but twelve of them! And when he soaks these hides in the river to make them soft I often grab

a hold of the skins under water and wonder to myself—will he pull them out? But 'tis all the same to him, whether I hang on or not. With one mighty tug he pulls the hides out on the bank and nearly lands me as well. This man, Kyrylo is his name, is the only man I fear.

The Princess, upon hearing this, began to think—how could I let my father know about this mighty man. There was not a soul around her whom she could send, except her pet pigeon. She thought, and she thought, and finally an idea came to her. She sat down and penned this note to her father.—Thus and thus—she began—in your kingdom, esteemed father, there lives a man named Kyrylo. He is a tanner. Beg him to try his strength with the Dragon, and free me from this prison! Beg him esteemed father with words and with gifts, so that he will not refuse. I shall be eternally grateful to you and him for the rest of my life.

Having written this she fastened the note beneath the wing of her pigeon and let him out the window. The bird flew high into the sky, circled around once, and then flew straight as an arrow to the castle of the King, and alighted in his courtyard. Some of the King's children were playing there. When they saw the pigeon

they immediately recognized it as the pet of their sister, whom they believed already dead. Crying with delight they ran to their father.—Tatushu, tatushu—they cried—our dear sister's pigeon has come back!

The King became overjoyed. Then he saddened.—The cursed Dragon—he exclaimed—has eaten my daughter!—But he went out in the courtyard, nevertheless, and coaxed the pigeon to come close enough for him to take it in his hands. He started to fondle the bird, when—lo!—there was a little note tucked under its wing. Eagerly he pulled it out, unwound it, and began to read...Immediately he summoned his counsellors to him.

—Is there such a man in my kingdom—he asked—whose name is Kyrylo the Tanner?

—Yes, your Royal Highness. He lives down by the Dnieper.

—How can we get his help?

And thus they debated far into night. Finally they decided to send a royal mission composed of the wisest of old men.

The mission approached the house of Kyrylo, standing on the bank of the Dnieper, with a great deal of trepidation. Opening the door tremulously they beheld, seated on a stool with his back towards them, the mighty figure of Kyrylo. He was kneading on his hands not one hide, but twelve of them! All that the watchers could descry of his face was a snow-white beard, bobbing up and down with his movements. Finally, one of the old men, bolder than the rest, ventured a slight, hesitant cough.

Kyrylo started visibly, and the twelve hides went smack, smack, as he whirled around! He looked at them, and they bowed low.—Thus and thus—they began to speak—the King has sent us to you, to ask of you a boon...

But Kyrylo does not even want to listen to them. His rage at being disturbed grew so wild that with one movement he ripped the twelve hides in half!

The old men pleaded with him, they begged of him, they even knelt before him...But to no avail! Still they begged and begged, and then, seeing that it was of no use, they left, with their heads hanging low in sorrow.

What was to be done now? The King sorrows and sorrows, and with him all his knights and soldiers.

—Would it not be better to send a younger mission to Kyrylo.

So the King sent another mission, but this time composed of young, active men. But again to no avail! Kyrylo remained silent, deaf to their pleadings.

Again the King took counsel with his wise men. This time it was decided, as a last resort, to send his own children to Kyrylo. The children came to Kyrylo, in fear and trembling, and began to beg and entreat him to be merciful and help free their beloved sister from the Dragon. And finally, when they began to weep, Kyrylo could no longer withstand their pleadings and tears.—Hush!—he said—Go back and tell your father that I will help him!

(How did Kyrylo overpower the Dragon and free the Princess?)

(To be concluded)

FATE

The nurse came into the room and quietly drew down the shades. In the white iron bed a young man stirred slightly and spoke. "If you don't mind," he said, "I like having the shades up."

"I was afraid the sun would be too hot and dazzling."

"I think it's swell. It's like this almost every afternoon on the track when we're working out."

The nurse started the shade on its ascent.

"I had an awful night after the Doctor left."

"You'll feel so much better in a few days," she said, adjusting his pillows. "It's the first shock that's hard."

"I know a cracked-up leg is nothing to whimper about. Every once in a while one of the fellows gets one in football, then he has to lie around for a month or so." His eyes were bright and eager. "Of course I have an idea it will be a couple of months before I'm back on the track," he said.

"Perhaps a little more than two months," the nurse ventured, and seemed to weigh her words carefully. "You see your break was worse than usual."

"Two months is an awfully long time though."

"It isn't so" long, really. And you have to remember the plaster cast."

"Yeah, I suppose so." His blue eyes wavered. "I don't want you to think I'm complaining, it's just that I hate to miss all that time on the track. I'll be rusty and I'll never get back in form in time for the Olympics."

"Oh, yes, you will," she said, and turned away that he might not see her eyes.

"Say," he said, "the Doctor said that I could have the young lady visit me. So, when she comes, please let her in."

"I'll bring her in the minute she arrives," she promised, turning away.

For a little while after she went out he lay quiet. Once he glanced at the "Stanford Year Book" that lay beside the bed, but he did not pick it up. The book was open, but it lay face down. Its glossy new body covered the photographed likeness of a strong young giant in track clothes. A full page was given to him. "Speed" Kristuk they called

him, and you could recognize the cheerful smile, the unruly black hair, the wide set eyes. They belonged to the young man in the high iron bed. A long, enthusiastic paragraph told that in the Intercollegiate Track and Field Meet, "Speed" was high-point man and eligible on three counts for the Olympic tryouts to take place in Los Angeles. Sports editors had given young Kristuk a fine spread three weeks ago. His record had been exceptional. Stanford was proud of him, and they stressed the irony of his accident. Almost unexpectedly at the close of the Meet he had entered the pole vault event. The pole had been defective and he had fallen, splintering the bone of his leg. A bad break they admitted, but with normal recovery he might still enter the Olympics.

The nurse opened the door to a crack to look in, then she turned to the girl at her side after she had closed it. Kay was slender with luminous gray eyes. Because her race was strained and sober, she waited for the nurse to speak.

"He will have to be told eventually but it would be dangerous to take a chance yet."

"You can depend on me, nurse." The girl shivered a little, but her greeting was gay when she opened the door. "Hello there, Speed," she called.

"Did they get off for the try-outs Kay?" Speed wanted to know. Kay affected not to have heard him. She picked up the "Year Book" and glanced at it briefly. "Swell picture of you," she said. "Better of you than the others."

The boy smiled out of the corner of his mouth. "Come on, Kay, you heard me. Did the boys get off for Los Angeles?"

"Oh, yes, they left yesterday. They tried to get in to see you but Doctor Strum was afraid of the excitement."

"And the disappointment," Speed supplemented. "I know. Everybody's trying to save me. It's darn decent of them, but I wish they'd cut it out."

Kay dropped the book and came down to his bedside. "Don't you care," she said impulsively. "The boys have gone down for the try-outs and they're all sorry you aren't along; but there will be

other years... you'll make a record again."

"I've heard of men getting a knee cracked up before... How would you feel about being engaged to a guy that turned out to be cripple?" he asked suddenly.

Color drained from her face. "That would never happen," she said steadily. "You mustn't think about such a thing."

He wondered if she really believed he could never be a cripple or if her pale face and anxious eyes meant that she would not face such a possibility! "She'd break our engagement," he thought soberly. At length he said, "I see," and thought that he did.

A little red blob, on the board over the nurse's desk, showed that Kristuk wanted her.

"Sorry to call you, but I can't manipulate this funny phone."

"I tried it, too," Kay said, "but I can't seem to get an outside wire."

"I wanted to call up Dad and give him a surprise. I haven't felt as good as this since I came here."

"Think I'll kid Dad a little. There's an old boy who gabs with Dad on the phone for hours. He's Dutch or something... sorta pesty, but one of our best customers in the store."

"...ello 'ello! I would like to talk by Meester Kristuk, please. Ma'am. Ya-ya. Please Ma'am."

He winked over at Kay. "Not such a bad mimic when I can get by that office girl. She can smell a phoney deal a mile away. See if I can fool Dad, now."

The nurse went out and returned with a fresh glass of water. Young Kristuk was having the time of his life, but he seemed ready to run out of things to talk about.

"Oh ya-ya. De kids vas fine—dey vas fine, dank you, running around and having a big time now dey is got wacation. ya-ya!—und how is your boy?"

There was a slight pause. Kay held her breath.

"No. You don't toll me? in der hospital! Oh... ya-ya: Vell boys is boys ven it comes to playing games und foolshness. I go up und see 'im today maybe. No? Then I go up ven I come by town tomorrow... No? Vy not? I can no see him?... an operation? Ach, m-my..." He shook his head, mockingly grave and winked broadly at Kay. "Das ist ein pity."

ein great pity. Vot?... Vot you saying..."

The terrified eyes of the two women met and held helplessly. Frozen. Horrified. In the pause, the room was soundless except for little vibrations against the drum of the receiver. The telephone was slipping out of his hands when Kay sprang up. She caught it away from him and spoke into the transmitter.

"Hello! Hello! Mr. Kristuk, this is Kay." Her voice was tense, frightened. "Speed thought he was playing a joke on you, pretending to be Mr. Vantris," she laughed now with nervous affected gaiety. "You'd better tell him the joke was on him, you knew you were talking to him all the time, didn't you?... Sure," she laughed again, more easily now. "Just kidding him of course."

The nurse approached the head of the foot of the bed. Her knuckles stood out white as she grasped the cold hard iron of the foot rail.

"I knew you couldn't be fooled. You've heard him too often not to know his voice, but you had better talk to him. He's apt to take this operation business seriously."

She handed Speed the telephone.

"It's all right, Dad," he said quietly. "No need to pretend you were only kidding. I can stand it—No Dad, now don't feel that way about it... please don't—but I had to know sometime and I've wondered a little, why I had to have this plaster cast... yes, I know it was only a blind... so I wouldn't know!" The words caught in his throat for a moment. "Sure, I'll buck up Dad... it's just a little sudden that's all... There are other things in the world besides track and things like that... I'm lucky to be alive... even... without my leg..."

He hung up the receiver slowly. Kay wanted to speak, say something to him, but she could not trust her voice.

"You've been fine about this, Kay, but when I get out of here everything is going to be so different... You'll never be able to stand it. No more tennis games for us."

"Why Speed you can't scare me," she said. "You can't ever scare me."

"Why Kay! You are a real friend! Gee, I guess I can't scare you after all."

S. STOYKO.

THE UKRAINIAN QUESTION

By E. Lachowich

(13)

Figures Showing Wealth of Ukraine

It is really very hard to believe to what a state the Bolsheviks have brought this once so rich country. Before the war the yearly production of Ukrainian lands amounted to 47,000,000 metric tons of cereals, of which 11.5 million were of wheat, 6.10 of rye, 6.94 of barley, 4.01 oats, 11.20 sugar beets of which 1.89 million tons of sugar was produced. She raised 44 million heads of cattle a year of which 9.5 million were horses, 13.5 cows, and 13.5 sheep and goats. Ukraine was very rich in minerals. Before the war her mines' and wells' production amounted to 28.6 million metric tons of coal, 7 million of iron ore, 2 million of petroleum, 2.8 million quintals of manganese ore.

The Bolsheviks boast today of the development of Ukrainian industry. It is true that some of the industries are better today than they were before, but in the first place these branches are the ones which are necessary to ex-

plot her minerals and such which would make her an efficient consumer of Muscovian goods.

In relation to all production of the Soviet Union, Ukraine's part is this:

71.00%	of coal,
68.00%	of iron ore,
63.00%	of mangan ore,
71.00%	of cast iron,
60.00%	of cast steel,
59.00%	of pressed steel,

(Statistical Year Book of Ukrainian Academy of Science in Warsaw.) All this Ukraine provides, after socialistic prizes, for the sake of the upbuilding of the Soviet Union with its centre in Moscow.

UKRAINIANS IN POLAND

Assimilation Policy of Poland

A gloomy, though perhaps less dangerous fate has been allotted to the western lands under Polish regime. No sooner had the Poles established their state than they started an intensive assimilation of 8 million of Ukrainians who found themselves under the Polish rule. This assimilation, according to their hopes, should have been

performed in ten years. They would not take pains in masking their plans and in giving them less provocative forms. They were satisfied with themselves upon the invention that Polish culture is superior to that of the Ukrainians, and consequently the latter should surrender to the former. In accordance with this they have adopted very unfortunate tactics which rested wholly upon their negative attitude: They refused to do what all Ukrainians wanted and failed not to do all what they have wanted. As victors they treated Ukrainians with hatred, forgetting that a victor failing to be generous raises doubt of his own victory.

Ukrainian Strong Opposition

Aggressive plans and offensive tactics have raised a reaction on the part of the Ukrainians and instead of assimilating them have strengthened their national spirit. After a few years of experimenting with a "superior culture" even Prof. Grabski, a renowned Polish statesman and inventor of various plans "how to destroy Ukrainians," had to admit that the adhesive power of Polish culture decreased

under Polish rule, in relation to what it was under Austrian rule.

Polish Colonization of Ukrainian Lands

Other plans had to be had to be put into operation, and in the first place a plan of colonization which had to strengthen the Polish element by means of new immigrants, and to weaken the Ukrainians by refusing them appropriation of any portion of the land from the big land properties, unless they changed their religion and nationality. The plan was well designed, and a portion of it even carried out, but the rest nipped in the bud. Only several thousand Polish families had been imported from Poland, which was about one tenth of the number they intended. This plan required great capital and endurance, and the Poles lacked both. It is true that during that time the Ukrainian Military Organization (UWO) appeared, which set many new colonies afire, thus forcing the Polish colonists to sell their properties and return. Yet this self-defense could have been predicted.

(To be continued)

A DREAM!

1
One summery day as we rode along
Accompanied by the lark's sweet song
We skimmed the roads both small and large
And ended up in Valley Forge.

2
When first we started from our home
We did not mean so far to roam;
Nor did we think that on that day
We'd be other than happy, carefree, gay!

3
And now I'll tell you how it was.—
On De Kalb Street pike we passed a bus
Packed with loud hoodlums on a spree,
So; a suggestion came from me.

4
"I know the place they're headed for!"
Explaining, then I suggested more:
I begged our driver to turn right
And he consented without a fight.

5
That wasn't a funny thing for Jim
You'd know why if you saw him.
He drove like lightning and we got there first
To look for water to quench our thirst.

6
We rolled and tumbled out of our parked car
And got stuck in the road of gooey tar.
Boy what a sight it was to see us then
Grunting and squirming like pigs in a pen.

7
It may not have been as bad as all that
If some of us in the car had sat.
But no, as we stopped, the boys made a rush
And rolled us girls down that hill in that mush.

8
O-Oh how sticky and hot that ugly tar felt
I feared that we in the same way would melt.
"You're as black as black niggers and wetter than wet!"
He haw'ed the boys when at the bottom we met.

9
Pauline's hair stuck up like a pickaninny's
And got tangled up a hive of bees.
Gee whiz how I laugh when I picture that scene
She looked like a regular cannibal queen.

10
And Mayme—oh oh—let me hold my side.
She looked like a carcass brought in by the tide.
Her hair was matted like sleazy sea-weeds
Her long legs and arms looked like giant black reeds.

11
Oh boy I bet 'Josie' won't mind that name now
After looking that day like a plastered down cow.
She was hunched in the middle with her hands near her toes
If we'd been male cows she'd have beaus upon beaus.

12
Pauline, my cousin, was the last of all
'Cause she rolled and rolled like a brand new ball.
We found her in tears near a small pool
Covered with hot tar and ants from her stool.

13
That pool was a saviour and a cool one at that
We jumped in with our clothes 'cause the boys wouldn't scat,
Then out on the lawn we lay down to dry
As the summer sun hung low in the sky.

14
We rode home that night all shrunken and damp
Without even finding that bus' camp—
Now when we decide to go for a ride
The driver says where—not I—by his side.

MARY n SARABUN,
Bridgeport, Penna.

UKRAINIAN AFFAIRS IN AMERICA

UKRAINIAN SOCIAL CLUB OF
NEWARK

For a long time there has been felt among the American-Ukrainian youth of Newark, N. J. the need of a youth organization which would be formed and run entirely by the young people themselves. Consequently, on March 11th, 1934, a small group of local active young Ukrainians met in a private home and founded the Ukrainian Social Club of Newark.

Since that time the club is slowly but surely rising in number and work done. It includes among its members young American-Ukrainians who have taken a leading part in the local American-Ukrainian life. The members, chiefly of high school graduate age, for the most part have known each other for many years, and some of them since early childhood, and for that reason co-operation is the distinguishing characteristic of our club. And that is also the reason why our club places emphasis not upon quantity but quality of membership, as our desire is to weld of our club an active group which by its solidarity of thought and action will be able to take a leading part in the future American-Ukrainian life.

The club's membership at the present time is over 25. New members are admitted only upon the personal recommendation of two members, and a $\frac{3}{4}$ vote of the club members.

Meetings are held every Monday evening in the old Ukrainian Catholic Church Hall at 249 Court St. Following the business of the meeting the members hold a little social, together with dancing, and entertainment furnished by the members themselves. This combination has proven its effectiveness, for very rarely is any member absent from the meeting.

The social activities of the club have thus far assumed the form of several hikes and a boat ride up the Hudson River. The serious work, besides the regular business of the club, so far has been devoted to discussions on various topics, constant rehearsals for the "Autumn Surprise Night," and lectures on Ukraine by the club's advisor, Stephen Shumeyko. Real work, however, is planned to begin not until autumn.

Several rides to the shore are planned for this summer. This coming Monday, June 25th, the club is running a social for its members and their invited guests. All the necessary refreshments are being contributed by the members themselves.

Officers of the club are as follows: Anthony Shumeyko-Pres., Michael Chiz-Vice-Pres., Rec. Sect.-Olga Choma, Fin. Sect.-Tillie Paraschuk, Treasurer-Anna Zelin. The Sergeant-at-arms is George Prokipchak. The Activities Committee include, besides the officers, Olga Natiuk, Daniel Shumeyko, and Michael Schwetz. Other committee members are Catherine Pylypyshyn, Evelyn Kalakura, and Joseph Orenchak.

Anthony Shumeyko,
President.

UKRAINIAN SOCIAL CLUB OF
ST. PLETON

The U. S. C. of Stapleton, S. I. held their meeting at the home of Miss Helen Ewanicky, a member of the club. The officers of this club are as follows: President--John Karpew; Vice-Pres.--Mary Lasiw; Treasurer--Olga Lefko; secretary--Mary Maskowita. Plans for a Ribbon and Confetti Dance to be held on June 23, 1934 at Stapleton were completed. Refreshments were served after the meeting. The next meeting will be held on June 22nd at the home of Mary Lasiw.

Respectfully submitted by
Mary Maskowita
Secretary of U. S. C. of Stapleton

THE SPORT WHIRL

ANSONIA TEAM WANTS
BOOKINGS

Recently the boys of the Ukrainian Junior Social Club of Ansonia, Conn. organized a baseball team. George Shingara was elected manager, Michael Mayko, assistant manager, and Walter Cherowsky, captain. We hope to have a successful and enjoyable season for our newly organized baseball team and would like to have games with other Ukrainian teams. For games write to: George Shingara, 16 Maple Street, Ansonia, Conn.

Yours truly,
ANNA HERCHAKOWSKI.
Sec'y of U.J.S.C.

FIFTY AGAINST MILLIONS!

By THEODORE LUTWENIAK

(7)

CHAPTER SEVEN
The Air Raid.

Fedor, with the help of the men, had made the plane airworthy again. He enjoyed working this way—he had often thought of aiding Ukraine in her struggles to free herself.

"Well," said Michaylo, now that the plane is repaired we may as well strike our first blow."

"Not yet," Fedor interposed. "A hundred-yard clearance is necessary for the plane to take to the air."

"A hundred yards!" exclaimed Michaylo. "Why, that'll require months of hard work!"

"Then we may as well start right now!" said Fedor.

For six months the Ukrainians labored, cutting down trees, leveling ground, clearing away all obstacles...so that the plane could have sufficient runway to take to the air. It was very difficult work, they had very crude tools...but hard labor is usually rewarded and so it was in this case.

Winter had arrived and the

Ukrainians now found themselves confronted with new worries. Michaylo ordered that two roomy cabins be constructed. This extra work kept the men feverishly busy.

"Well," Fedor informed Michaylo one cold morning, "I guess the runway is long enough for a take-off now. Shall we strike our first blow?"

"Yes, immediately," answered Michaylo. "You will pilot the plane and Wasyl, the chemist, will drop the explosive."

Michaylo called the men together and informed them of his decision. The plane was wheeled to the runway. Fedor and Wasyl clambored aboard and, amidst shouts of cheers and cries of "Long live Ukraine!" the plane took to the air and pointed its nose toward Moscow.

In less than an hour the plane was flying above Moscow. Wasyl looked down upon the city with a feeling of greatness—the city and its occupants seemed so small...almost infinitesimal. He made out the Kremlin, the Red Square, and

many other important places. He wondered where he should drop the explosive.

In the center of the city he made out the State buildings, important structures, housing the important political men of Russia.

He tapped Fedor on the shoulder, a prearranged system of communication, and pointed at the State buildings. Fedor maneuvered the plane over the structures—

Wasyl cast out the explosive... They watched the destructive chemical mixture fall downward...

A violent explosion was heard and felt...the plane was being tossed about by air which was previously still.

Looking down they saw a broken terrain of fallen buildings and other structures crumbled even as they watched. Many conflagrations started. Moscow was afire!

Fedor headed back for the forest.

"Well," impatiently asked Michaylo, "what happened?"

Wasyl narrated the bombardment of Moscow in detail concluding the narration with:

"I knew what I was talking about when I said that that chemical mixture was the highest explosive known to chemistry!"

The world was awed. Although an extensive search was made for Professor Hemingway it was all in vain. The Russian Government had spent millions of dollars to find the only man that could perfect their "ray gun," but to no avail.

The bombardment of Moscow completed things. Twelve hours after the bombardment the Russian Government officially declared war against Japan for they had uncovered a secret Japanese revolutionary organization in Moscow which was making bombs and had an aeroplane hidden outside the city limits. During the search of the secret organization's hideout many documents were found which indicated that this revolutionary body had direct connections with the Japanese Government. And therefore the Soviets suspected this secret body of having bombed Moscow.

The rest of the world was warned to "keep hands off," but, unheeding, Germany sided with Japan.

It would have been an unlucky day for our friends, the Ukrainians, had the truth of the matter been known!

(To be continued)