



NOTICE TO OUR GRADUATES

The list of all those young American-Ukrainians who are graduating this year from high schools, colleges of professional schools will soon be published in the Ukrainian Weekly, and we therefore issue a last call for the following information: (1) Name, address; (2) School graduating from; (3) Degrees or honors received; (4) Name and address of person sending the data.

Send the necessary information directly to the Ukrainian Weekly, 81-83 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

UKRAINIAN GIRL GAINS DISTINCTION

Compiling the list of graduates we have come across the following:

Miss Rosalia Hrynyshyn of 26-49 30th Street, Astoria, L. I. N. Y., was graduated June 13th, 1934 from the New York University, Washington Square College, with a degree of B. A. (cum laude). She was an evening student at this College.

Miss Hrynyshyn was formally initiated as a member of the honorary society Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity by action of the Beta Chapter of New York. Very few students of the evening division of this College have ever been able to gain this distinction, and Miss Hrynyshyn is the first young woman to attain it.

Recently she has become a member of the American Association of University Women, and is also a member of the Reid Hall, Inc., (American University Women's Paris Center).

She intends to continue graduate studies and will pass the coming summer months in Paris studying at the Alliance Francaise.

A TRAGEDY ON THE DNIESTER

The Ukrainian Telegraph Agency reported from Bucharest recently of an incident which took place on the Dniester River, at the point where the river serves as a boundary between Ukraine under the Soviets and Bessarabia (a Ukrainian province) under Roumania.

An unknown man jumped into the river and began to swim towards the Bessarabian bank. The Soviet border guards began firing at him. Regardless of the fact that the swimmer had already passed the center of the stream and was actually in Roumanian waters, the Soviet guards kept firing at him. He was hit several times and barely reaches the bank, but could not clamber ashore. Several people from the Bessarabian shore, however, aided him and took him immediately to the hospital, where subsequently he died from loss of blood.

But before he died he said that the reason why he had run away from Soviet Ukraine and risked his life in doing so was because he could no longer bear the terrible life led by the inhabitants of Ukraine under the continual persecution of the Soviet authorities. Papers found on him, showed that his name was Ivan Popowsky.

FIRST STUDY, AND THEN JUDGE

In his prologue to "Moses" our great poet Ivan Franko deliberates upon the future of the Ukrainian race. Has fate decreed that our nation is to remain forever?—he asks of himself. No!—he exclaims—not for naught have thousands of loyal Ukrainian hearts burned with ardent love for their motherland; not for naught is our Ukraine drenched in the blood of her defenders; and not for naught has the beauty of our language been preserved in our speech and song. I believe—prophesies he—that the day of the resurrection of the Ukrainian people will surely come. But—he adds—that glorious day will come not by the efforts of the misfortune-stricken, strife-ridden older generation, but by the endeavors, the strivings, and sacrifices of the younger generation—our youth.

Ivan Franko, despite his optimism, worried a great deal about the future of our people. And so do many of us today. And in this connection, it is nothing strange that in pondering upon the future of Ukraine our youth often wonders how was it ever possible that even small nations gained their independence after the World War, while we, a great 45 million race, did not. This query although being most natural is indeed most difficult to answer. And therefore, anyone who ventures to answer it must exercise the greatest circumspection possible, in order not to fall into any serious mistake.

Ivan Franko was well known for his sharp criticism of all our faults and shortcomings. And yet he was sufficiently great enough to have said the following of critics:—Flies settle on wounds, while bees on fragrant flowers; the good always see good, while the bad always see bad in others.

This pithy saying can well applied to some of the criticism which has been leveled against those Ukrainians who figured prominently in the most recent Ukrainian struggle for independence (1917-1919). Bucketfuls of caustic, brutal criticism and invective have been poured by many of our people upon the Ukrainian movement in general, but particularly upon the heads of its leaders, decrying the latter as being not only unfit to have led Ukraine through the war for independence but also as being traitors to the Ukrainian cause as well. Most of the blame for this demagogery can be laid at the door of the older generation, although the post-war younger generation was guilty too. Today, however, this period of unrestrained demagogic attacks seems happily of the past. Our people are now beginning to judge events and figures in a dispassionate manner, one lending itself more readily to fair judgment.

And it is, therefore, with all the more pain and surprise that we read an article which appeared recently in a little gazette published by a club of university students of Ukrainian descent. This article concerns itself with the question why did the Ukrainians fail to establish their state at the close of the last war, and then proceeds to answer it by saying that President Petrushevich of the Western Ukrainian Republic betrayed the Ukrainian cause and combined the Ukrainian army with the Bolshevik forces. And this in bold, black letters!

Now, anyone who has the slightest pretension to knowledge of the real situation must admit that such a statement as the one above is not only absolutely untrue, but ridiculous as well. And it is practically unforgivable for the gazette to cite as the source for this statement a prominent Ukrainian man, one who could never have been guilty of making such a false and injudicious statement.

We understand, of course, that this article was a result of misinformation and was written with no wrongful intent. But, such a statement is so untrue and so injurious to the Ukrainian cause that it should never dare be repeated again. Remember—first study your subject closely, and then proceed to judge.

RAIN

By Stephen Rudansky

After sowing of the grain
All the farmers wait for rain.
Thus two muzhiks met one time
Burdened with some awful strain.

Old man Hrytz, the judge—by
age—
His head tilted—not a sound—
And with what should be a cane
Traces figures on the ground.

And Khoma is tying knots
Of which he has many tied.
"Not a drop of rain!" says Hrytz
"Not a drop!" Khoma replied.

"If Good Lord would send us rain
Then, Khoma, I'm telling you
Everything that's under ground
Would in no time come to view."

"Everything?" "Yes, everything!"
"Let it be, then, just the same!
My good wife is under ground—
And it would be a great shame."

June 8, 1934

Translated by W. SEMENYNA.

BRINGS REBBLES FROM UKRAINE FOR BROTHER'S GRAVE

When Andrew Sokolowsky, World War veteran, died here last fall, it was impossible for his friends to have him buried in his native land, the Ukraine. So when his brother, Fred, of New York, a student at Columbia University, came here for the week-end, he brought with him shells and pebbles from the banks of the Dniester River in his native country, and scattered them over Andrew's grave.

While in Pittsfield, Mr. Sokolowsky was the guest of his brothers, Harry, Dmytro and Michael, and his sister, Mrs. Mark Nykorchuck.

(From the "Berkshire County Eagle," Pittsfield, Mass., June 20, 1934).

PRESENT CONDITIONS IN UKRAINE

Several leading Ukrainian newspapers of Western Ukraine, including "Dilo," recently reported an interview by Serhey Khrutsky, a deputy in the Polish Sejm, with a Ukrainian teacher who had managed to escape from Ukraine under the Soviet misrule.

This lady teacher is described by Khrutsky as looking like some human being after a particularly severe illness who is not yet become convalescent and is in an almost complete state of apathy.

Asked about the famine in Ukraine, she answered as follows:

"Hunger is almost universal; it is a chronic condition. That it still exists may be seen by cases of cannibalism which are established beyond any doubt. In the town in which I lived a husband in a hunger delirium killed his wife. There were also cases of parents killing their children. The killing of children is not always due to cannibalism but parents cannot see their children suffer when they cannot nourish them any more, and rather prefer to hasten their death sooner."

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By REV. M. KINASH
(A free translation by S. S.)

(21)

Attempts to Revive Ukrainian Cultural Life

We must not suppose that upon the fall of the Kiev Kingdom before the onslaughts of the Tartars the cultural and economical life ceased altogether, for there were some gains, although of a minor character, to be sure. In the field of culture, efforts were made from time to time to revive some of the glory of former days, particularly by such men as the Kiev Metropolitan Kyrylo; Serapion, Abbot of the Kiev-Petchersky Monastery; Kyprian; and Gregory Camwlak,—the latter two being of Bulgarian descent. Metropolitan Camwlak even took part in the Sobor in Constanza, where he strove to unite the Ukrainian Church with Rome, but his efforts were unsuccessful.

Volhyn-Halytsky Chronicles

The only important literary monument which we have of this dark period, one which is highly regarded, is the so-called "Волинсько-Галицька Літопись" (Volhyn-Halytsky [Galician] Chronicles). This work is a historical record of the Volhyn-Galician lands during the 13th century. We

are greatly indebted to this Chronicle for our present knowledge of Western Ukraine during that early period, for were it not for it our knowledge of the land where our parents were born would be practically nil.

The Volhyn-Galician Chronicles open with the death of "Kniaz" Roman in 1205 and close with the year of 1292. It is divided into two general parts. The first part, written in Halich in 1240, tells of the "great rebellion" after the death of "Kniaz" Roman. The second part, written by some unknown chronicler, continues where the previous one left off, concluding in 1289. Finally the closing part, which brings the Chronicles up to 1292, is also written by still another unknown writer.

Reading these Volhyn-Galician Chronicles one can readily discern the great love of the authors for their country and people and the deep sorrow aroused in them by the various misfortunes which visited our ancient ancestors. One can also perceive in these Chronicles the unmistakable influence of Western Europe, for many words in these Chronicles bear the stamp of Latin origin.

Where War Reigneth, Knowledge Sleepeth

Where war reigneth, knowledge sleepeth. For the Tartar invasions and warfare not only suspended the future progress of early Ukrainian culture but also destroyed many of the actual achievements. A dark and blighting influence fell upon Ukraine. At the time when most of the nations to the west of Ukraine were at the threshold of a great cultural renaissance, Ukraine was passing through a period of intense spiritual darkness. Even the influence of southern-slavic culture ceased their flow into Ukraine with the fall of Serbia and Bulgaria and with it their literary life.

(To be continued)

HOW MANY SOULS

By Stepan Rudansky

"Souls—how many do you have?"
"Only one, I think; and you?"
"Maybe you have only one
But I'm sure that I have two:

"Because when I play with snow
And my hands get cold as ice
A warm soul will breathe on them
And they feel so warm and nice;

"But when mother gives me soup,
Which I must eat every day,
Then, you see, the second soul
Drives the steaming heat away."

Translated by W. S.

WHAT PARTICULAR ASPECT OF UKRAINIAN LIFE ATTRACTS ME MOST

By ROSALIE N. HATALA

[Second Prize winner of Class B of the Essay Contest sponsored by the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.]

To me, the Ukrainian National Association, is by far the most attractive phase of Ukrainian life in this optimistic America of ours today.

It seems almost an impossibility that we, the Ukrainians, have so large and progressive an organization to call our own. But to every Ukrainian, both young and old, this so-called impossibility is an undisputed often repeated fact.

This year, 1934, is a year of celebration—the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the Ukrainian National Association; that memorable February day, way back in 1894 when a small gathering of visionary Ukrainian immigrants met in Shamokin, Pennsylvania, and laid the cornerstone of today's nation-wide three-million dollar Ukrainian fraternal organization, boasting of no less than thirty-five thousand enthusiastic members.

During the past forty years Ukrainian immigrants in America, none other than our hard-working far-seeing parents, have been building up this organization, together with its organ, "Svoboda," for the sole reason that when the Ukrainian youth begin the task of continuing the work planned by the elders, they will already have a definite goal in view.

Our parents, through sheer persistence, built this Association to its present day Gibraltar like-solidity and its financial status. This Association is not just an ordinary life insurance company. It is more than that: it is the principal foundation of the Ukrainian life in America. It, together with its members, has always been associated with the progress of Ukrainian life in America, as well as in the Ukraine. It is a living organism which exemplifies all of the desires, ideals and traditions of the Ukrainian people, the world over. And as such, its main task

is the upholding of Ukrainian national and cultural life in all of its manifold phases.

The Association is a mirror which reflects on its clear unblemished surface all of the joys, sorrows, strivings and ideals of the Ukrainian people in their adopted country. Its principal strength lies not in its millions of dollars reserves, but in its moral strength and idealism; the idealism which has inspired it to rise above the level of an ordinary business concern to become the foundation of the cultural and national progress of the Ukrainian immigrants in America.

The Ukrainian National Association is the correct answer to the present day problem of organizing our youth, for, it provides us with a broad and solid foundation upon which our organization can grow and flourish. Upon such a splendid firm foundation we, the young American-Ukrainians, will have a wonderful opportunity of continuing the tasks of our parents and of making good American citizens of ourselves.

And that time has now arrived! The youth must begin taking over and continuing the tasks of their elders. We realize that our parents have been building this Association to its present day strength for forty years, and are now ready to turn it over to us, the younger generation of American-Ukrainians. It is up to us to join this organization, become active members in it, and build it to greater heights than ever deemed possible before. For—to what avail will be all the sacrifices and labors of our parents in building this unsurpassed organization, in putting it upon a lasting basis, in making it the bulwark of Ukrainian national life in America, if upon their death this bulwark of Ukrainian national life in America passes out of existence simply because of the youths' indifference,

(Concluded on page 3)

KYRYLO THE TANNER

(A Legend)

By DR. O. HRYCAY
(A free translation by S. S.)

(2)

(Concluded)

No sooner had Kyrylo the Tanner given his promise to the children of the King that he would save their sister from the Dragon then he hastened to the King himself.

—Give me—said he to the King—twelve barrels of tar and twelve wagonloads of hemp.

Although the King, naturally enough, was rather surprised at this unusual request yet he made haste to comply with Kyrylo's wishes. The twelve barrels of tar and the twelve wagonloads of hemp were brought before Kyrylo.

Taking the hemp Kyrylo proceeded to wind it around his body in such manner that it formed an armour-like protection for him. Then taking the tar he smeared it over the hemp, thus making it more impenetrable. After making sure that everything was ready Kyrylo finally took into his hand a mighty bulava (club), weighing 12 pounds at least (a pound equals 36.07 lbs.). Thus armed and equipped he went to the Dragon.

The Dragon was rather taken aback when he saw approaching

him the only man in the entire world whom he feared.—Well, Kyrylo,—he said at length—did you come to battle with me or did you come to make peace with me?

—To the devil with your peace! —replied Kyrylo—I've come to fight you, cursed Herod!

And with these words the great battle began. The very earth reverberated from it! Every time the Dragon would make a dash upon Kyrylo and fasten his great teeth upon him, the latter with one mighty wrench would tear himself loose, leaving in the Dragon's teeth a chunk of hardened tar or a clump of hemp, and before the Dragon could get away and get set for another spring, Kyrylo would fetch him an awful thump over his head, so hard that the Dragon would fall to the ground.

A number of such mighty blows and the Dragon was beginning to feel a bit dazed. And to make things worse for him the exertions were causing him to get heated up, so much in fact that he was nearly aflame. Being unable to

bear the heat and discomfort any longer he ran down to the river bank to quench his thirst and cool his body in the waters of the Dnieper. This brief respite, however, was sufficient enough to give Kyrylo a breathing spell and time to wind some more hemp around himself and then smear some more tar over it.

When the Dragon dashed back from the river at Kyrylo again the latter again gave him another awful thwack!, another! and another! until the very hillsides resounded with the echoes. Above the deafening din of the battle could be heard the ringing of church bells from the town where people had gathered in their churches and were praying for Kyrylo. Also high above the hair of the Dragon, where the battle was raging, on the tops of the surrounding hills, could be seen multitudes of people, their hands crossed, praying devoutly for the defeat of the Dragon. For if Kyrylo would win then they would be free forever from the Dragon who every once so often demanded a sacrificial victim from among the people in form of some young boy or girl.

Suddenly, as if in answer to their prayers, after a particularly furious onslaught of the Dragon upon Kyrylo, the latter fetched the Dragon a most devastating blow on his head. The Dragon leaped

high into the air, and then collapsed limply to the ground! The people on the hilltops clapped their hands in unrestrained joy, and a tremendous cry reached the heavens—Glory be unto Thee, O Lord!

And then Kyrylo, after having slain the Dragon, freed the beautiful Princess from her prison and gave her back to her father—the King. The King was beside himself with joy. He did not know in what manner he could thank Kyrylo for his mighty deed. But Kyrylo refused all proffers of any material reward and returned back to his tanning of hides. The King thereupon proclaimed that the spot on which Kyrylo killed the Dragon be henceforth named as "Kozhemyakiw" (The Tannery), in honor of Kyrylo, and as such it remains known to this very day.

We would fain end the story here, but we cannot leave it without mentioning one or more incident, one which had an unfortunate effect upon humanity. For, after Kyrylo killed the Dragon he threw his carcass into the huge fire and burned it until nothing but ashes remained. These ashes he took and scattered them to the four winds, and—from these ashes came all sorts of bugs; insects, mosquitoes and flies to plague mankind forever.

(The End)

A RUSSIAN WRITER DRAWS A PORTRAIT OF A UKRAINIAN WRITER

A few days ago several Moscow papers brought the same article of the well-known Russian writer Maxim Gorky on the modern Russian literature. The veteran of the Russian literature spoke frankly and unsparringly, calling modern Russian writers to order for various personal vices, such as excessive drinking, and still more for certain habits in professional life, which must of necessity have a bad effect upon the quality of their work. He lashed mercilessly the general custom among the Russian literatures to praise each other fulsomely, undeservedly, with a calculated purpose to be praised in return. This, Maxim Gorky pointed out, would eventually result in the lowering of the level of Russian literature.

These remarks of Maxim Gorky remind the Ukrainians of another frank observation of this leading Russian writer about the Ukrainian writer Michael Kotsyubynsky, at the occasion of the latter's death in 1913. Maxim Gorky then gave a picturesque portrait of the Ukrainian writer as a personality, and the article was published then in the Russian original and a Ukrainian translation in the leading Ukrainian literary magazine, Literaturno-Naukovy Vistnyk (Kiev, June, 1913).

"He was one of those rare people who at your first meeting with them arouse in you a bliss of spiritual contentment," Maxim Gorky begins Kotsyubynsky's portrait. "This is the kind of man you had waited to meet for a long time."

"In the world of beauty and goodness, he is at home, a man born in it, and from the first meeting there rises in you a thirst to see him as often as possible, to speak with him as much as you can."

Then Maxim Gorky attempts to examine the sources of this desire. Michael Kotsyubynsky makes upon Maxim Gorky the impression of a man who has thought out every problem, and has arrived very close to the ideal of goodness. He is organically opposed to everything that is evil. There is in Michael Kotsyubynsky a "highly developed esthetic sensitiveness to the good, he loves the good with the love of an artist, believing its unconquerable power." Kotsyubynsky understands deeply the cul-

tural importance, the historic value of goodness. Hence, he often spoke of democracy, of the people, and Maxim Gorky liked to listen to his talks on those subjects. Kotsyubynsky liked democracy for its belief in the man, for its romanticism. "Isn't romanticism the most powerful mood of the man? It seems to me that its cultural importance has never been sufficiently grasped."

"Humanity, beauty, people, Ukraine—these were the most favorite topics of Kotsyubynsky's conversations. They were always with him, as were his heart, his brain, and his kind, merciful eyes."

"He loved flowers, and, possessed of a profound knowledge of botanics, he spoke of them like a poet. It was somehow especially pleasant to hear him speak, as he held a flower in his hand, 'Just look how the orchid took the shape of the bee: it wants thus to say that it needs no visit of any insects. How much sense, how much beauty everywhere!'"

Maxim Gorky met Michael Kotsyubynsky during his stay at the famous Italian resort on the Isle of Capri. Kotsyubynsky was suffering of weak heart which made it hard for him to walk over the rugged countryside. "Why do you tire yourself," Maxim Gorky asked Kotsyubynsky.

"I would like to see as much as I can: why, I have so little to live on earth, and I love her so much."

"He loved with special benediction his Ukraine." He often imagined the small flowers of Ukrainian fields, even when there was no trace of them. In his walks in the Italian countryside, he dreamt of his Ukraine, compared the views seen by his eyes with the images of his mind, and often found a complete similarity. How this Italian hut resembles a hut in Ukraine! And isn't the old man sitting under the hut like an old Ukrainian? The rocks and the sea are different! But the sky and the sun are the same. Maxim Gorky caught him several times greeting Italians in his native Ukrainian.

He spoke a great deal of the fate of Ukraine, of her future, of her people, whom he loved so much, of her literature, of the

work in the "Prosvita" that had started so nicely to perish later.

A few months later, Kotsyubynsky wrote to Maxim Gorky from the village of Kryvorivnya, in the Carpathian mountains.

"I spent all my time in excursions in mountains, riding on the horseback of a Hutsul horse, light and graceful like a dancing girl. I sojourned in wild spots, accessible only to few, in the 'polonynas', where the Hutsul nomads spend all the summer with their herds. If you could only know how glorious is the nature here, how primitive life! Hutsuls—the most original people, with rich imagination, with psychology all their own... I am collecting material, saturate myself with nature, observe, listen and learn."

He strove to know life and its beauty, without sparing his physical strength," says Maxim Gorky. "Likewise, he was very strict with himself and his talent." He himself criticized severely his own writing. Some of his best works he considered not called-for, not interesting to anybody. Many aspects of life, which appeared so natural in his writings to his readers, were to him too pale and too weak. "He acted always without mercy towards himself, with tolerance towards others. In other people's works, even the poorest, he could find something beautiful, a dexterous work, a sonorous phrase."

He liked to speak to people kind words even when his life was poisoned by the thought of approaching death. Death is unconquerable. "It will be conquered when the majority of the people will clearly realize the value of life, will understand its beauty, will feel the exaltation of work and life."

On Kotsyubynsky's death, Maxim Gorky felt the loss of a close friend. "Here withered a beautiful, rare flower, here went out a kind star. He had a hard life: to be an honest man in Rus'-Ukraine has always been costly, both morally, and materially."

"Eternal memory to honest men!" concludes his eulogy Maxim Gorky.

Landlady: "A professor formerly occupied this room, sir. He invented an explosive."

New Roomer: Ah! I suppose those spots on the ceiling are the explosive."

Landlady: "Ah! no! They're the professor."

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

(Concluded)

and its failure to join the Ukrainian National Association's ranks.

To give us an opportunity through which we can build up not only the Association but institutions of commercial, industrial and cultural nature as well, the Ukrainian National Association is very generously sponsoring the "Ukrainian Weekly," edited in the English language. This newspaper is exclusively for the youth. The youth alone shall be its master. Therefore, it is only complimentary to our sponsors that the youth read this "Weekly," contribute to it; in short, give it their staunch support, so that it shall in time grow and flourish to the point wherein it will embrace every phase of national life of our American-Ukrainian youth, just as the "Svoboda," embraces every phase of the Ukrainian immigrant life in America today.

Again, an opportunity is not an absolute guarantee of success. Opportunity plus unstinted work equals success! Only hard work and unceasing efforts lead to recognition, not only among our people but various other peoples as well. Before our youth can take over the reins of our institutions, etc. it must first show proof of its ability to do so.

And what better proof is available, than that we are young, interested and willing to work? In youth one dreams and hopes. Our elders demand the youth that dreams and hopes; then readily goes to work and makes the dreams come true. They need the fresh ideas we can give them, upheld to a righteousness by the unconquerable fighting spirit inherited from our bold Cossack ancestors.

We are living in a mighty country which was built upon dreams and ideals; a country where nothing is impossible; where air castles are succeeded by concrete achievements; where the dreams of yesterday are the realities of today. Such is the spirit that we, the American born Ukrainian youth, possess. With that spirit we shall raise high our Ukrainian name, culture and traditions, here in this idealistic beautiful America of ours today.

THE UKRAINIAN QUESTION

By E. Lachowich

(14)

Deficiencies of the Poles

But most of all, the lack of funds was a greater obstacle than the Poles could overcome. Because the Poles, although being very patriotic and willing to sacrifice for their nation yet lack consistency for any length of time. Besides they are bad administrators.

Surrounded by enemies, they had to keep a big army, which continuously swallowed one third of the national budget, with Army orders usually flowing abroad. Constructive and productive elements are comparatively scarce. About 90% of Polish intelligentsia dream of a Government position. Not all of them get it, it is true, yet all of those that don't feel very unhappy. State taxes in comparison to the pre-war Austrian taxes are 10-15 times higher. The favorable balance sheet is being attained by underselling of export products, which exhausts the economic status of the nation and gradually pushes it to ruin. The

Polish sugar is often sold abroad for 0.17 Polish Zloty, while in the country it costs 1.80.

The government takes an active part in the economic life of the nation, but not for the sake of stimulating business, only for the sake of appropriating the lion's share of monopolies: petroleum, matches, salt, whiskey and tobacco. Almost all monopoly products are manufactured in private enterprises, the State only giving the official label and fixing the price. The prices are sometimes 20-30 times higher than the cost of production. Almost all commerce is controlled by the Government by means of s. c. "Cartels" which are a powerful instrument of favoring or oppressing those branches of economic structure that are found necessary. Ukrainian cooperatives are often victims of reprisals.

Bankrupt Polish Business

Due to the high taxes and interference of Government—many factories were bankrupt. Bankruptcies cannot be accounted by the general depression only, for Poland, due to her well balanced industry and

agriculture, has the least reasons to feel it. Yet she does feel it badly, more than most people realize. Official statistics of unemployed are exceeded ten fold by the real number, for they do not consider the millions of idle, landless peasants deprived of any support by the Government.

In spite of cheap raw material and labor (a laborer gets 8—10 pennies a day), the finished product is very dear, about 50 p.c. dearer than in England. Consumption fell to unprecedented level and there are very few enterprises that run with profit. One of the biggest wool factories in Lodz called "Widzewska Manufaktura", went bankrupt in 1930, having a 15 million debit of which 7 million were State taxes.

Poles Destroy Ukrainian Gains

These hardships and the ignorance to solve them cooled the Polish patriotism considerably down and on the other hand increased national pride, self confidence and hopes of the Ukrainians, for they—in the course of several after-war years, without the slight-

est subvention or any support on the part of the Government, but with its determined intention of suppressing them—had organized over 4,000 commercial and industrial co-operatives. The great portion of them were destroyed in 1930 by Polish troops during s. c. "pacification". It happened just before the election to Polish Sejm. Under the pretext of pacifying the Ukrainian population agitated by the Ukrainian Military Organization, the government ordered a few thousand armed soldiers to invade Ukrainian villages and to punish the inhabitants. Due to this expedition about ten thousand Ukrainian defenseless people were beaten and flogged, in consequence of which more than a thousand died. This matter was well known in all Europe. Sixty-five members of the British Parliament handed to Mr. Henderson, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, a petition requesting him to intervene. This noble move or English statesmen is very well known to all Ukrainian peasants.

(To be continued)

INFORMATION COLUMN

By Theodore Lutwiniak

Requests for information have come in fast. The Information Column looks like its going to go over in a big way. Any other persons in need of information get in touch with me immediately. Here are some of the interesting questions I have been asked to answer: (the letters after the questions represent the initials of the person who asked the question. I will not use the names of any persons asking for information):

Q. What is the area of Ukraine? M. E.

A. One million square kilometers.

Q. What are the important cities in Ukraine? M. E.

A. Kiev, Kharkov, L'viv, Odessa, Kherson, Nikolayev, Dnepropetrovsk (Ekaterinoslav), Uzhorod, Chernivtsi.

Q. What are the mountains in Ukraine? M. E.

A. The Carpathians, the Caucasus and the Yaila.

Q. Scientists claim that the Sun is a star. I do not understand what they mean by that statement. Can you help me? A. W.

A. The tiny points of light you see every evening in the sky are stars. They are many, many millions of miles away... so far away, in fact, that the light emanating from the nearest star takes many years to reach the Earth. Light travels at the astounding rate of 186,000 miles a second. When it takes light years to reach Earth from the nearest star you can imagine how far off that star must be. The Sun is very near the Earth, and that is the reason it seems so large in comparison to

those suns (stars) that are farther away.

Q. Is the Sun nearer the Earth in winter or in summer? W. M.

A. The Sun is 3,000,000 miles nearer the Earth on January 1st than on July 1st.

Q. When was the Ukrainian Weekly first published? A. Z.

A. Friday, October 6th, 1933.

Q. What is the name of the man that assassinated Petlura? A. Z.

A. Schwartzbart, a Jew.

Q. How many persons have had

their names in the Pen Pal Column? A. Z.

A. At present the number is 191.

Q. How many Ukrainians are there in the United States? E. S.

A. The number is estimated at 1,000,000.

Address your letters requesting for information to Ukrainian Weekly.

First Kangaroo: — "Annabelle, where's the baby?"

Second Kangaroo: "Oh, my goodness! I've had my pocket picked."



THE IDEAL GRADUATION GIFT

YOUNG UKRAINIANS GAIN FIRST PRIZE FOR THREE SUCCESSIVE YEARS

The local Public School of Freehold, N. J. held its graduation exercises on June 15th. Among those who graduated was a Ukrainian boy, Michael Pyatkowsky, who received first prize (a bronze medal) for his scholastic studies.

Curiously enough the winners of the first prize in that school for the last two years were also Ukrainian boys, namely, Joseph Par-nitsky—in 1932, and Yaroslav Sokil—in 1933.

FIFTY AGAINST MILLIONS!

By THEODORE LUTWINIAK

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CHAPTER EIGHT Firing Squad

"We're discovered!" Klym shouted, as a plane was heard flying over the forest. This was just a few days after the air raid upon Moscow.

"Nonsense!" scoffed Michaylo. "How would anybody know we're here?"

"I should think that the airplane runway is very noticeable from above," argued Klym.

"Hmmm!" exclaimed Michaylo, characteristically. "I believe you're right! We must prepare ourselves immediately."

The entire party went into the two newly-built cabins. They checked their ammunition over carefully... they had very little left—too much hunting had been done.

"Looks bad," grumbled Ivan. "Cheer up fellow!" gayly interposed the Professor. "We'll give them their fill of lead."

"Fedor, Wasyl!" Michaylo called. "Come here."

The two men walked over to Michaylo who seemed to have hit on an idea.

"There's a chance that we may be attacked before long. Well, I want you, Fedor, Wasyl, to fly in the plane to Germany or France and inform the proper authorities of what's been going in here lately. Tell them everything. Have you enough fuel in which to make the trip?"

"More than enough," answered Fedor, "thanks to Wasyl." (Wasyl had gone to Kolomna to purchase fuel for the plane.)

"Well, then, as soon as we are attacked I want you to leave."

"But what about you and the men?" objected Fedor.

"Don't worry about us," Michaylo answered. "Just do as you're told. Well, good luck boys," he added, reluctant to leave them at this point.

"Good luck to you, too," Fedor said, grasping Michaylo's blistered hand in his.

"There's a large party of Russian soldiers coming this way," Klym reported. He had been on scouting duty. There's about a thousand of them and they're not more than a mile away."

"Fedor, Wasyl!" Michaylo shouted. "Off with the plane! Good luck!"

Fedor and Wasyl clambered into their seats and, after warming up the motor, zoomed out of the forest... waving their hands in a last farewell. There were tears in their eyes...

Michaylo and his men watched the plane until it disappeared from view.

"Well, Michaylo," inquired Klym; "the soldiers aren't far away now. We'd better get prepared."

"Right you are," replied Michaylo. "Into the cabins, men! And when the Russians come into view make every shot count. We can't afford to waste ammunition!"

Just a few minutes later the Russian soldiers came on the scene. They asked no questions, but immediately started firing at the cabins.

"All right, men," Michaylo said, "let them have it!"

A volley of shots rang out... each bullet found its mark.

Ivan, who was in charge of the

men in the second cabin, instructed his men not to fire until Michaylo's men ran out of ammunition. A clever scheme...

The Russian soldiers hid behind trees, leaving many of their number lying dead or wounded upon the ground.

Michaylo's men fired at every exposed body. They soon found themselves without ammunition.

The soldiers, seeing that the firing had ceased, though that there was not any more ammunition available, and, amid shouts of triumph, rushed toward the cabins.

"All right, men, fire!" Ivan shouted.

The soldiers, who had not expected this, fell on all sides. Those who rushed Michaylo's cabin found no resistance, however, and succeeded in entering. Michaylo and his men found themselves in hand-to-hand combat.

Ivan's men were now out of ammunition and, instead of waiting for the soldiers to rush them, they left the cabin and rushed the soldiers.

The Ukrainians were hopelessly outnumbered; however, and though they felled many a soldier they were soon captured. They were chained and led out of the forest. Before they reached the outskirts of the forest Ivan died from his wounds.

"You men are to be shot with the dawning of the next day," a captain informed the Ukrainians. "Have you anything to say in your defense?—not that you'll be believed, though."

"Nothing," said Michaylo, except that this man here," nodding to Professor Hemingway, "is not guilty of anything—"

"Bgh!" interrupted the captain. "He's as guilty as any of you!"

Otherwise he wouldn't be in the party."

"But he's Professor Hem—" began Michaylo.

"I don't care if he's a king!" again interrupted the captain, rudely. "He's guilty and he'll get what he deserves."

"Well," Michaylo thought to himself, "I did my best to save the man."

Professor Hemingway never uttered a word. He realized that he was facing death... but rather than serve the Soviet Government he preferred to die—so impressed had he become by the Government's cruelty to the Ukrainians.

Early the next morning the Ukrainians were taken out of their cells and taken to the outskirts of Kolomna (where they had been taken from the forest).

They were lined up against a thick, high wall. The captain was on hand to see them die.

"Well, my Ukrainian enemies," he sneered, "I trust that you will find things to your liking in the next world."

"Where ever we go from here," Michaylo said, "it'll be hundreds of times better than your cells."

"Bah!" stormed the captain angrily. He went over to his men and, under his direction, a firing squad was quickly formed.

Finding themselves facing a firing squad the Ukrainians began to sing the Ukrainian National Anthem. Professor Hemingway quickly picked up the tune and joined them.

"Ready!" the captain had to shout to make himself heard above the voices of the Ukrainians.

"Aim!" the Ukrainians, unheeding, sang on.

"Fire!" still singing, the men pitched forward... dead...

(To be concluded)