



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

Supplement to the SVOBODA, Ukrainian Daily

Published by the Junior Department of the Ukrainian National Association.



No. 25

Jersey City, N. J., Friday, June 21, 1935

Vol. III

YOUTH TODAY

AN ADVENTURE OF BOYS

Joseph Mina and William Sullivan, students of Newton High School, Queens, N. Y., were thrown into the water by the wash of a tugboat that upset their kayak in Flushing Bay a mile off College Point, last Saturday at noon.

The boys clung to the overturned kayak, hoping that help would come, but not another craft was within distance. After fifteen minutes, when their bodies began to grow numb from the cold water, Mina, who is 17 years old, decided to swim ashore to save himself and his companion, who is a poor swimmer.

Kicking off most of his clothing, he set out for the Malba pier and swam an hour before he reached shore. He staggered to the home of Mrs. Olive Champ, a short distance from the pier, and collapsed on her porch as he told of his chum's plight. He was revived by the Bayside emergency squad and sent home. In the meantime, while other members of the emergency squad were putting out in a boat to rescue Sullivan, John Strauss picked up Sullivan in his rowboat.

ANOTHER OLD SPANISH CUSTOM?

Caught as he was forcing a jeweler at the point of a pistol to empty out his pockets, a young man who told the police he had entered this country as a stowaway from France was identified later by the superintendent of an apartment house as the son of the Peruvian Consul General.

The police must have been puzzled by his behavior:

Was he following another "old Spanish custom," or was he catching somewhat of the spirit of America?

In explanation of his behavior, the prisoner said that "the girls are nice in New Jersey but in New York all they think about is suppers and shows." They evidently did not seem very commendable from the moral standpoint, to our hero.

DANGER IN EXTREMES

We have heard a great deal about the value of travel for self-education.

New Allan V. Heely, headmaster of Lawrenceville (N. J.) School, deems it advisable to warn the youth against the modern trend of "going places and doing things." It brings neither happiness nor richer lives, Mr. Heely said.

We have been used to hearing a great deal against the old educational methods and their emphasis on "strict discipline and prompt punishment." Now headmaster Claude M. Fuess declares at the annual commencement exercises of Phillips Academy, in Andover, Massachusetts, that in many progressive schools of the present day "softness and laxity have corrupted the recitation room."

And he assures us that the youth themselves do not exactly like that freedom. He said, "That little girl is not entirely mythical who cried plaintively, 'Mother, must I do what I want to all day long?'"

(Concluded in Column 4)

OUR POLICY

Although we have on several different occasions set out the aims of the Ukrainian Weekly, there still are a few of our readers to whom the matter is not quite clear. For that reason we do so once more.

In the first place, we must remember that the Ukrainian Weekly is primarily an organ of the Ukrainian National Association. As such, it is published to promote those aims upon which the Association was founded and upon which it rests today: the protection of our people against death and disability and the development of their national, cultural and economic means.

The Ukrainian National Association is a good and solid business institution. Its high standing among its kind well testifies to that. Yet it is far more than a business concern, for through the years of its steady growth it has acquired qualities that today make it a sort of a paternalistic body, one which exercises father-like care over its members. And because it is a fraternal organization, where each member has an equal voice in the management of it, this care is at all times a direct expression of the wants and desires of its members. Therefore, the Association is never anything else but what its members want it to be.

Since, however, the Ukrainian National Association is a product of American-Ukrainian life, its interests are not confined only to its members, but embrace all American-Ukrainians. This interest the Association has manifested by seeking to aid the American-Ukrainian people in their endeavors to improve their position here in America and at the same time aid their kinsmen across the seas in Ukraine.

The Association teaches us to take good care of one another, whether it be in life or death, for no one else will. It urges us to take a vigorous part in American and Ukrainian life, and not, figuratively speaking, sit in the house by the side of the road and watch the world go by. It teaches us to be philanthropic, and sets a fine example by expending yearly large sums of money for such purpose. It supports the cultural and educational activities of our people, and asks us to do the same. It seeks to spread enlightenment among us. To this end it has in the past published many booklets and books for the older generation, and now is beginning to publish books in the English language for our younger generation, by means of which they can learn of their fine heritage, their inbred national talents, and their future possibilities. Also, the Association has always sought to instil the American spirit into Ukrainian hearts. It has striven to make fine American citizens of us. And yet, it has never ceased to remind us of our sacred duty to the land of our common ancestry—Ukraine.

All this is but a skeleton outline of what the Ukrainian National Association has sought to do from its very founding. These aims form the ideals upon which the Associations rests. And these are the ideals which the Ukrainian Weekly seeks to disseminate among our young American-Ukrainians. This is our editorial policy.

It took many years before these ideals of the Association were understood and appreciated by our parents, and we have no doubt that many years will pass by before the youth does likewise. Our path is rocky and thorny, yet it lies clearly before us. Our goal may seem very far away, yet we believe we can reach it.

Despite the handicaps under which we must labor, we shall always strive to improve the Ukrainian Weekly, make it more interesting. Yet we must all remember that the Ukrainian Weekly is not a sensation-pandering sheet. It is not a tabloid that can be glanced over and assimilated in one moment. It is a serious paper for serious thinking young people.

DO YOU KNOW?

—Do you know the name of the people who for 500 years defended western civilization from annihilation by savage hordes of nomads; who were the first to carry the torch of Christianity into the heart of Eastern Europe; who, like the American frontiersman, established the supremacy of the white race over territories larger than France; who now number more than 40,000,000; whose capital the first geographer of the middle ages, Adam of Bremen (German historian of the 11th century), called "the competitor of Constantinople"? Do you know the name of the people called by Charles XII of Sweden "the famous race"; the people described by one French traveler in the 17th century as active, strong, and dexterous; great lovers of liberty who cannot suffer any yoke? The people who, according to Voltaire, always aspire to freedom, and who are still dragging the irons of subjugation. These people are the Ukrainians.—

Thus begins that excellent newly-published book "Spirit of Ukraine" (Published by the Obvednanye. Can be obtained at the Svoboda. Price \$1.00).

To the above questions we add:

Do you want to know what have the Ukrainians contributed towards world culture; what is the historic service of the Ukrainian race in the general scheme of human development? Would you like to learn something about Ukrainian music, folk dance, national costume, the arts of the Ukrainian Home, Ukrainian architecture, painting, Ukrainian etchers and illustrators, Ukrainian moral and legal heritage, and religious life? Could you name the Ukrainian representative men and tell something about them?

All this can be found in the "Spirit of Ukraine." And how important all this knowledge—so finely compressed and illustrated in this book—will be to you, young American-Ukrainian, will not be fully appreciated until some curious non-Ukrainian asks you any one or more of those questions, whether it be in school, business, or in social life. What will be your answer?

Therefore, make haste! Send for your copy now!

WHO IS CULTURED

Dr. Gustav Beck, head of the Labor Temple School at New York, speaking at the annual meeting of the American Association for Adult Education, said,

"After teaching New York's East Side working class population for eight years, I can tell you that the poor worker in America often has a truer sense of cultural values than the 'sodden middle class,' which is fairly comfortable and therefore has stopped thinking."

He said that New York and other educational centres realize that it is a mistake to give foreign-born a thin varnish of Americanism. The new way is first to make them proud of their native European cultures. "We teach them to know and respect their own rich backgrounds," he said, "and in that way enrich our American culture through them, our new citizens."

(Today's Ukrainian Weekly including Pen Pal Column is concluded in the Svoboda)

MICHAEL DRAHOMANIV

1841-1895

Based on V. Doroshenko's account

June 20, 1935 marks the 40th anniversary of Michael Drahomaniv, Ukrainian patriot and publicist.

The name of Michael Drahomaniv is not very familiar to most young American-Ukrainians, yet it is one of the most illustrious to grace the pages of Ukrainian history. A scholar and thinker, yet he never hesitated to jump down into the dusty arena of political action and give and take with the best of them. When his friends chided him for neglecting his specialty, history, he retorted that he would much rather create history than write it. He is one of the chief figures connected with the revived Ukrainian movement of the last century. His life and thought should be of special interest to the youth, for it was the youth that understood him best and gave him its ardent support.

Michael Drahomaniv was born in 1841 in the district of Poltava of small country gentry, descended of high Cossack officialdom. His father, an educated and liberal-minded man with decided leanings towards the then budding Ukrainian movement, exerted considerable influence upon the young boy. Young Drahomaniv was sent to a local grade school and thence to the Poltava Gymnasium from which he graduated in 1859. The next rung in his education was the Kiev University, where he entered the historical-philological division.

It was at this period of his life that Drahomaniv began really to interest himself in the hard realities of life all about him. He saw the terrible want and privation suffered by the Ukrainian peasantry, brought about by Russia's remorseless economic exploitation of Ukraine, and he perceived the low intellectual culture of his people, a result of Russia's denationalizing policy which took away from the Ukrainians all means of educating themselves. The realization was made all the more acute by his readings in ancient Ukrainian history, of the time when Ukraine was a great, prosperous and independent nation, whose high degree of culture excited astonishment among foreign travellers.

While yet a student, Drahomaniv sought to do his bit in bringing enlightenment into the life of the Ukrainian people. At first he taught in the so-called Sunday schools, where the uneducated had an opportunity of learning to read and write. When these schools were closed by Czarist order, Drahomaniv shifted his teaching activities to the "Temporary Pedagogical School," which sought to train teachers for Ukrainian grade schools for the Right Bank of Ukraine. Here he made his first contacts with leading exponents of the Ukrainian movement of his time.

In his last year at the university Drahomaniv joined the "Hromada," a society which he had heard was about to begin publishing books and pamphlets for popular consumption. Graduating that year, 1863, he began to prepare to teach history at the university, in the meanwhile eking out a bare living by teaching geography at the Kiev Gymnasium. In 1865 he received his appointment as instructor at the university. The pay involved, however, was hardly sufficient to meet his barest needs (The year previous he had married. Besides he also had to support his wife and

sister.) and therefore he had to look about for other means of earning a livelihood. He entered the newspaper field.

Newspaper work launched Drahomaniv upon the career of a great publicist. Article after article flowed from beneath his prolific pen, most of earlier ones being published in the liberal Russian "S.-Petersburskiya Vidomosti." It is from this time that his absorbing interest in the Ukrainian people could be discerned. His vigorous outspoken comments on contemporary events quickly brought down upon him the unwelcome attentions of the Russian authorities and jeopardized his position at the university. In fact, when the time came for his promotion to a higher teaching position at the university, the curator refused to make the necessary recommendation, although Drahomaniv was well entitled to it.

Nevertheless, Drahomaniv's scholarly attainments were sufficiently great enough to outweigh the antipathy aroused among the Russian authorities by his outspokenness, and in 1870 he was sent abroad by the university to complete his historical studies. There he remained for several years, studying in Germany (Berlin, Leipzig, Heidelberg), in Austria (Vienna, Prague), and in Italy (Florence). And even from here and while engaged in the deepest studies, Drahomaniv did not cease writing articles on Ukrainian affairs, sending them this time to another liberal Russian monthly "Vistnik Evrope." Also, it was during his stay in Vienna that he first met a number of young Ukrainians from Galicia, which helped him become greatly interested in Galicia and its position in the general Ukrainian revival. From here he began to contribute his articles to the Ukrainian journal issued in Lviv, "Pravda."

Returning to Kiev in the autumn of 1873, Drahomaniv immediately plunged into hard work. He took an active part in the founding of a Ukrainian scientific society which, in order to avoid its quick dissolution by the Russian authorities, bore the disharming name of the "Southeastern Branch of the Russian Geographical Society."

Just about this time a new series of repressions by the Russian government against the Ukrainians began. Among the first to feel the blow was Drahomaniv. He found himself assailed on all sides by the reactionary forces he had antagonized with his progressive writings and political activities. The reactionary press labeled him as a dangerous Ukrainian separatist, while the Galician Muscophiles (those who opposed Ukrainian national aspirations and saw Ukraine's salvation in the hands of the Russian Czar) from time to time sent accusations to the Russian authorities that Drahomaniv was in pay of the Poles. He now found it very difficult to have his articles published in the "European Vistnyk," and those that did were mutilated beyond recognition, by the censor. In May, 1875 the curator "advised" him to resign from his teaching position, otherwise he would be compelled to discharge him. As a reason for this, the curator accused Drahomaniv of propagating in his articles the idea of separating Ukraine from Russia and uniting it with Poland. Drahomaniv refused to resign, flatly denying the accusation. He showed how these very same articles which formed the basis for the accusation were the cause of his being called a "Russian agent" by the Poles.

Upon completing the school year, Drahomaniv decided to visit the various parts of Western Ukraine: Galicia, Bukovina, and the Sub-Carpathia. He foresaw that soon it would be impossible to labor on behalf the Ukrainian people in Greater Ukraine, under Russia, and that any further such work would have to emanate from Galicia, where conditions under Austria were somewhat better. Accordingly, he spent the summer travelling through Western Ukraine and making contacts with its leading Ukrainian spirits.

Drahomaniv's sojourn in Galicia gave the local Muscophiles another opportunity of charging him with plotting with the Poles. And therefore, when he returned, the curator immediately forced him to turn in his resignation. This blow was followed by another: he was forbidden to do any further teaching in Ukraine. Drahomaniv's position was desperate indeed, for now he had no means of earning a livelihood, and besides, he was placed under the dreaded Russian secret police surveillance. Still he did not desert his principles. When several Russian universities, recognizing Drahomaniv's high scholarly attainments, offered him well paying positions as professor, he refused to accept them because he was determined not to desert his people nor to cease laboring for them.

Just when everything looked hopeless, a group of patriotic Ukrainians came to his aid. They offered to send him abroad where he was to propagate the Ukrainian cause before the nations of the world. To Drahomaniv this offer was a godsend, and he accepted with alacrity. He left in the early part of 1876, and just in time, for in May of that year the Russians issued that infamous decree forbidding the use of the Ukrainian language in Ukraine. At first Drahomaniv settled in Vienna, but only for a short time, for the Austrian police refused to let him work freely. He looked about for a likely center for his activities, and finally decided upon Geneva, Switzerland, where he moved to in the autumn of 1876. Here he began an unusually active politico-literary career, writing in many languages about the Ukrainian cause. He fought against all form of oppression of the Ukrainian people, against Russian Czarism, against the Russian Social-Revolutionary Party, which although revolutionary still opposed Ukraine's aspirations for freedom, and against the Polish ruling caste in Galicia which so mercilessly exploited and persecuted the Ukrainians. Finally, he also attacked the evil influences in Ukrainian life, the lack of good national consciousness, the division into numerous petty parties, the "ruthenism" of certain elements, the lack of clear political perspective, etc. He sought to introduce Western European progressive ideas into Ukrainian life. For that reason he is regarded as having "opened the window to Western Europe" for Ukraine. At the same time he unceasingly

sought to show Europe the unfortunate position of Ukraine, of its ancient glory and culture, by means of numberless articles written in the French, Italian, Spanish and English languages. In 1878 Drahomaniv raised a vigorous protest at the International Literary Congress held in Paris against the ban on the Ukrainian language in Russian Ukraine. Besides all this, he continued to send articles to Russian publications on Ukrainian affairs, this time, however, under various pseudonyms, and to the newly-founded "Kiev Starina" (Kiev Yore) various interesting articles based upon Ukrainian national creativeness. He also wrote considerably on Ukrainian national and sociological questions for the Ukrainian journal "Hromada," in the publication of which he collaborated with several other Ukrainian emigrants (S. Podolynsky, Kh. Vovk). In this latter journal he expressed his social-political views, which evolved with the passage of time.

Drahomaniv was a great admirer of the tenets of the Kyrylo-Methodius Brotherhood, the society that was disbanded by the Russian government long before, but which during its brief existence propagated a political program that was quite popular for a time: the uniting of all Slavic peoples into one federative state in which each people would have absolute autonomy. The subject of Drahomaniv's social-political views, incidentally, would require a special article by itself. Roughly speaking, however, it may be said that Drahomaniv was a cosmopolite in principle but a nationalist in action.

Besides performing this staggering amount of work during his stay at Geneva, Drahomaniv still found time to keep alive the contacts he had made previously with the younger Ukrainian generation of Galicia. He was one of those rare individuals who is able to influence the youth. This influence he used most effectively, helping it to find itself, discover its past and map out its future.

In time, however, Drahomaniv's stay in Geneva became very difficult, mostly due to lack of financial support.

Luckily for Drahomaniv, just at this time he received an offer by the Bulgarian Government to teach at its university at Sophia. The Russian Government sought vainly to persuade Bulgaria to revoke its offer. In 1889 Drahomaniv became professor of world history at the Sophia University. In this position, despite a rapidly growing ill health, he found spare time to further continue his work on behalf the Ukrainian cause. He made extensive researches into Ukrainian folklore, sent numerous articles for publication in Galicia, and always kept in contact with his native land.

As can be seen from the above, Drahomaniv placed a great deal of hope upon Galicia as the center of the Ukrainian movement. That this hope was not unrealized, was seen later on, when even during his lifetime Galicia became the "Ukrainian Piedmont" for all of Ukraine, both Western and Greater.

As a supplement to this brief life sketch we recommend the reading of Ivan Franko's article on Drahomaniv which appeared in the last two issues of the Svo-boda.

MARLBOROUGH'S CROWN

By BEDWIN SANDS

(1)

There is constant famine in the sovietized Ukrainian republic. It is starved to prove theories, and to increase the food reserves of the army raised by the Muscovites or Northern Russians. Once more it is shown as a land of perpetual trouble, and one which does not seem to attract the world pity as others more fortunate do with ease.

In the seventeenth century Ukraine was an autonomous State, and the country and its people were of no small importance in the affairs of Europe. Later, its name was carefully suppressed, and "Little-Russia" substituted in its place. Until within quite recent time, the very fact of the existence of Ukraine and Ukrainians was forgotten, having been extinguished by the Russian conquerors of the country. Although the "Whites" who fled Russia continue their denials of racial, linguistic, and spiritual differences, Ukraine remains and wishes to remain a separate country. It is forcibly maintained in the Soviet Union by the leaders of Bolshevism who do not, of course, approve of separatism any more than their Czarist predecessors. Their own constitution allows for it, but they ignore it. The Union must be maintained to the end. We can do nothing but watch the struggle.

From early times it has been the fate of Ukraine to be attacked, overrun, devastated, amputated, looted and exploited by ambitious neighbors. Ravaged by the Tartars in the thirteenth century, the country fell under the rule of the non-slavic Lithuanian princes in the fourteenth. The Ukrainians, an intelligent and advanced but merry and peaceful people, a cultured rather than a fighting folk, preserved their national culture, and even imposed it on the Lithuanian invaders. Towards the close of the following century they had to fight against the inroads of the Turks. But this was mostly done by hereditary Cossacks. To save themselves from these invaders, Ukraine and Lithuania allied themselves with Poland, an alliance which had at that time little advantage for the Ukrainians and jeopardized all their future. The history of the struggles between Poles and Ukrainians dates from the time of the Alliance. Perhaps a reversal of attitude will bring a solution to the sons of the Cossacks and other Ukrainians.

The aristocratic Poles gave themselves the airs of masters of the agricultural country. Small wonder if the history of the Ukrainian people in the first half of the seventeenth century resolves itself into a series of bitter revolts against the Polish noble landowners. The people of Ukraine have always been lovers of liberty and individualists.

As early as the fourteenth century associations of warriors are said to have first adopted the name of Cossacks, a name the origin of which has been explained in various ways. The word Cossacks became famous, and it was used rather loosely by Western writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to designate all the inhabitants of Ukraine.

Even in distant England, a lively interest in this south-eastern extremity of the continent was displayed. It is possible to trace the history of the revolts of the heroic Khmelnitsky, Hetman of the Cossacks from 1649 till 1654, against the Polish oppressors of his country, in the English news-

papers of the time, which usually contained a good deal of foreign intelligence from various countries. We read, for example, in the *Mercurius Politicus* of July 3rd-10th, 1651:

"From Stetin in Pomerania, 8th June.

They write that the Cossacks have not some part of the Polish Forces coming from Lublin and Quarlikow, that were marching to the King's Army, whom they engaged and routed: But on the other side, that "Prince Ratzwill, from Littaw, is gone into the Cossacks Country, called Ukraina and hath taken the chief city thereof, called Kiev: But hereof is no certainty."

For December 11th-18th, 1651: "Stetin the 4th of December.

The Peace between the Poles and the Cossacks we have confirmed, and the Cossacks are to restore all the places they have taken; the revolted countrymen to give themselves under their Lords obedience again; and the Cossacks are to send their agents to his Majesty at the general meeting to give thanks for the received mercy of him. All the nobility and citizens of the Poles, that had kept correspondence with the Cossacks shall be pardoned, and their goods be restituted to them again; and for great joy hereof, they made great show in the Armies and chief Towns, by shooting of their cannon, etc."

For March 16th-23rd, 1654, same periodical:

"From Dantziek, March 7th, S. N.

The news out of Poland is, that the Cossacks have agreed with the Muscovites, and to secure him their fidelity, are to deliver him three Earldoms, if it be not a report raised by the Court to further the agreement with the Cossacks, as to procure more large contributions, which a little time will show."

These are but a few extracts chosen from among many.

In 1672 there appeared a translation, by Edward Brown, of a French book, entitled "Histoire de la Guerre des Cosaques contre la Pologne, avec un discours de leur origine, Pays, Moeurs, Gouvernement et Religion, et un autre des Tartares Precopites." The author of this book, Pierre Chevalier, who had travelled in Poland, borrowed some of the information contained in it from a more celebrated work by Guillaume la Vasseur, Seigneur de Beauplan, which appeared in 1651 under the name of "Description des Coutumes du Royaume de Pologne, contenues depuis les confins de la Moscovie jusques aux limites de la Transilvanie." A translation of Beauplan's account appeared in 1732 in the "Collection of Voyages and Travels," by J. and A. Churchill. As it is remarked in the preface to this translation, "The Sieur de Beauplan author of this small account, had a long time to make himself perfect in it, having serv'd, as he tells us, seventeen years in the Ukraine, as engineer to the King of Poland." Beauplan also drew a large map of the Ukraine, a copy of which is included in the great atlas presented by the Dutch Government to Charles II of England. Another map of the country, by Janssen, was published at Oxford in 1680.

It is interesting, by the way, to note that the earliest grammar of the Ukrainian language, in Latin

A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

By BEV. M. KINASH

(A free translation by S. S.)

(71)

Boris Hrinchenko

(1863-1910)

Although descended of a thoroughly Muscovized Ukrainian family, Boris Hrinchenko fell under the spell of the Ukrainian national and cultural movement at an early age, when he read Kotlyarevsky's "Aenied," Hrebienca's "Proverbs," and, lastly, Shevchenko's immortal "Kobzar." The last made him an ardent Ukrainian nationalist.

Hrinchenko first appears in the field of Ukrainian literature and social life during the 80's of the last century, at a time when the notorious ban on the Ukrainian language in Russian Ukraine was in existence, when as a result of it and the cruel Russian oppression of the Ukrainian people the Ukrainian movement was passing through a most critical period of its existence. Energetic, courageous, unyielding, Hrinchenko threw himself into the thickest of work on behalf the Ukrainian people. Like several other leading Ukrainian spirits of the day, he was forced to spend his time beyond the borders of Ukraine. Finding that the Russian authorities barred the way for his writings into Russian Ukraine, Hrinchenko had them published in Galicia, Bukovina (under Austria) and in America, using various pseudonyms, such as Ivan Perekotipole,

Vasile Haychenko, Vilkhivsky, and then under his own name.

His literary output consisted of novels, poems, stories, dramas, and tales and fables. Besides he prepared several textbooks for Ukrainian children. He performed a great service for the Ukrainian nation when he prepared a Dictionary of the Ukrainian Language, consisting of four volumes and containing around 68,000 words of the living Ukrainian popular and literary tongue, beginning with Kotlyarevsky. This work cost him a great deal of his health.

When in 1905 the ban on Ukrainian language was lifted, Hrinchenko returned to Ukraine and took a very active part in the rebuilding of Ukrainian life, organizing Ukrainian societies, writing extensively, doing newspaper work, and devoting considerable time and effort to the publication of the Kiev *Prosvita*.

Besides his original works, he, with the aid of his wife, made many translations of Schiller, Heine, Goethe, Ibsen, and others. Among his better known novels and stories are *Olesya*, *Sestritsya Halya*, *Zustrich i Bayda*, *Sonyshay Promin* (Sunrays) and *Na Rosputti* (At the Crossroads). Besides, he also wrote extensively on scientific, literary and historical topics.

(To be continued)

and Ukrainian, is said to have been published in Oxford in the sixteenth century.

Brown's translation of Chevalier's work is called "A Discourse of the original country, Manners, Government and Religion of the Cossacks, with another of the Precopian Tartars, and the History of the wars of the Cossacks against Poland." It carries the history of the wars as far as the peace arranged in September 1651 at Biak-Czerkiew (cf. *Mercurius Politicus* for December 11th-18th, 1651, quoted above).

The first part of the work contains the following description of the Ukraine:—"The country inhabited by the Cossacks is called *Ukrain*, which signifies the Frontier; it extends itself beyond *Volhnia* and *Podolia*, and maketh a part of the Palatinates of *Kiewia* and *Brachaw*. Some years since they made themselves masters of the Provinces, and of a part of black Russia, which they have been forced to quit. This country lieth between the 51 and 48 degrees of latitude, between which there is nothing but desert plains as far as the *Black Sea*, which on one hand are extended to the *Danube*, and on the other to *Palus Malotis*, the grass of which country groweth to an incredible length. *Ukrain* is very fruitful, and so is *Russia* and *Podolia*, and if the Earth be never so little cultivated, it produceth all sort of grain so plentifully, that the inhabitants know not for the most part what to do with it." The author thus describes the unhappy lot of the Ukrainian people under their Polish and Jewish oppressors: "The peas-

ants in *Ukrain* and the neighbouring Provinces are like slaves, the same as they are in almost all places of *Poland*, being forced to work three or four days in the week for their Landlords, and are charged besides with many other duties, as of Corn and Fowl, for the Lands which they hold, and to pay the Tenth of Sheep and Hogs, and all Fruit, and to carry Wood and do divers other days works; add to this the ill treatment which they receive from the Jews, who are Farmers of the Noblemen's Lands, and who before the wars did exact all these Duties with a great deal of rigor; and besides that had Farmed out the "Brewing of Bees,"* and the making of Strong waters. So that we need not wonder so much at their frequent revolting, and that in these last wars they disputed and defended their liberty with so much obstinacy; for this severe servitude hath disclosed all these brave *Zaporowski Cossacks*, whose number is much increased of late years, through the despair into which the severity of the Gentlemen and the Jews cast the people of this Frontier, which hath constrained them to seek their liberties, or the end of their miseries among the rest." Their character is then described:—"The inhabitants of *Ukrain*, who are all at present called *Cossacks*, and glory in carrying that name, are of a good stature, active, strong, and contented in what they do, liberal, and little caring to gather Riches, great lovers of liberty, and that cannot suffer any yolk; unwearied, bold and brave..."

* Mead, a fermented drink made from honey.

(To be concluded)

Father—Jane, I see you are going around with that young Flubdub a lot. I hope you have no idea of marrying such a spendthrift as he is.

Jane—Oh, I would never marry a spendthrift!—but it's nice to go places with one.

* This interpretation is that advanced by Russian writers. The first name given in modern times to the principality of Kiev was *ROUSS*, translated in the West as *Ruthenia*. The name *Ukraine* is derived from *KRAINA*, which signifies country. There was also a Slav tribe, living there, named *UKRES* and *UKRANES*. The word *UKRAINA*, meaning March, is a later invention.

"FREEDOM"

By M. CHERNIAVSKY
(Translated)

CHAPTER FOUR

The plan was made, all the details worked out... Betman and the Snail at last agreed. They did not convey their thoughts to the rest of the prisoners. The Wolf was taken into confidence, while only a few things were told to Sedorchenko and Kramarchuk. The details were kept a secret. It was a secret of three persons who had been through life. They alone understood this undertaking, the danger of it. They feared and regretted nothing... Freedom! Freedom! Just Freedom!... There is nothing greater and more beautiful in life!

Today was the appointed day. Another few months, and the free birds will leave their dark lonesome cage...

Kramarchuk looked through the window. A few more hours... Something will happen, something terrible and wonderful...

Night was falling. Kramarchuk gazed at the gate. He waited... He feared to miss someone... The Wolf walked up to him and stood at the window. Silence reigned in the cell...

The prisoners listened keenly to the sounds in the room below their cell. For Betman and the Snail everything was concentrated there and they seemed to see all that was going on there with the eyes of their imagination. All their thoughts were of the man in the room below. He was getting ready to go... They heard him use the keys from his trunk. Then a boot fell and steps of feet in new boots sounded. Silence... He was oiling and combing his hair... Now, he was curling his moustache before the mirror. Now he went to the door...

Why so slow? If only he would hasten!...

He left... "Watch him!" whispered the Snail.

"Here he is!..." He was walking towards the gate, followed by the guard who unlocked it for him. The ringing of keys, loud grating of the heavy gate... They disappeared behind it... They were gone...

"Now," whispered Betman, standing in the center of the cell and raising his right arm: "The hour has come! Either we conquer and are free, or we lose our heads! Quietly, make no noise. I will watch the door, while Kramarchuk will be at the window, Sedorchenko will let you down!" he nodded to the Snail and the Wolf: "Be quick! Go down!"

CHAPTER FIVE

A piece of plaster fell from the oven to the floor. When Kramarchuk turned around, the Wolf and the Snail were not in the cell any longer. A large hole was seen on the white surface of the oven. Dennis knew that they were to make their escape through the oven down to the room of the prison guard. For weeks they had been taking out bricks from their oven, and the one in the room below. The large hole, which was now seen on the oven, was skillfully covered with paper, which was pasted up with chewed bread and whitened with chalk. The paper they claimed to have used for an appeal for the Snail.

The prison guards never noticed anything...

Now the passage into the lower room was made. At night they will leave the room, climb over the fence, and be free... If only the guard would not return early. But he surely will not return. His

sweetheart lives at the other end of the town. He is not on guard tonight and will surely not return before sunrise. There is ample time. The Snail and the Wolf will be through soon. They have all the directions.

They were very busy. Quietly like cats, they went down into the oven in the room below. There they quietly took out the bricks from the side of the oven. They could have been mistaken for mice, so quiet was their labor. Now they were out of the oven... the snail tried the door. It was locked.

"Look for a knife," he whispered to the Wolf. They found several knives.

"Try to find a rope." They looked about... no rope... "We will have to tear up the sheets and quilts."

They tore the quilt and sheet into long strips which they tied together.

"It is all right!" whispered the Wolf.

"Now we need some spikes." "There is nothing here," said the Wolf.

"Oh, Hell!" he whispered, "take a board out of the bed!"

They took a board, cut it quietly into planks, the ends of which they sharpened. Now they had spikes.

"Now we need a crow-bar." They looked about for it, but could find nothing.

"I have it!" said the Snail. "Come here!"

They walked over to the iron bed and broke off one of its legs. The bed made a grating noise.

"Quietly, you devil!" hissed the Snail.

"It was you!" snapped the Wolf.

"If that is the way we are going to work, we shall be caught like chickens."

"Sh-h! Someone is coming!"

They held their breaths. Someone's steps became audible right at the door... Perhaps he had returned! Someone was walking quietly, with an even stride... Someone tried the door...

The eyes of the Wolf and the Snail lit up like those of wolves. The hand of the Wolf clasped the piece of iron, the Snail held a knife...

"Locked! Again that devil is absent!" sounded the voice of the guard Trouba.

He grumbled, spat, and walked away with his heavy boots. He was gone.

"Let him go to Hell!" hissed the Snail. "Let us try to bend the piece of iron."

They moved the piece of iron under the heavy closet which stood in the corner, trying hard to bend it. Little by little the bar yielded. Now they had a lever.

Now they had to wait until midnight, when sleep will reign in the prison and the guards will doze near the gate. There had to be a roll-call of the prisoners. The guard will walk from window to window and watch the captured birds.

There was a noise in the cell above. It was a signal to go back to their cell. The two shadows lingered another few minutes and disappeared in the black opening in the oven. The room remained as quiet as before. If not for the black opening on the oven and the destroyed bed, the room would have seemed the same as it was when its dweller was dressing for his appointment with his sweetheart.

(To be continued)

AN ARGUMENT

When I was at a Ukrainian affair in New York City some time ago, I was introduced to a Ukrainian fellow who proved to be quite an interesting conversationalist, although he was somewhat argumentative. We discussed several subjects of a general nature for some time, after which we talked about certain articles which have appeared in The Ukrainian Weekly. It wasn't long before we were discussing the Weekly itself.

"It seems to me," said my friend, whom I shall refer to as "John" from here on, "that the Weekly hasn't made much of an impression on its readers. When the first issue came off the press it caused quite a bit comment, I admit, but now—" he left the sentence unfinished.

"What is wrong with the Weekly?" I asked, greatly interested.

"Why, nothing is wrong with it," John replied, "but I was given to understand that it was to be a paper for and by the Ukrainian youth. Well, it isn't."

"No?" I questioned. "In what way hasn't the Weekly lived up to that understanding?"

"Please don't misunderstand me," John said. "I know just what you are thinking about. You don't have to remind me of the fact that the Weekly is edited by a Ukrainian youth... I am quite aware of that. I know, too, that many of the articles were written by the youth. But still quite a bit of material appears that has not been written by American-Ukrainian youth. I am speaking of certain translated serial articles and special articles."

"Do you object to translations?" I further questioned. "Many of the translations appearing in the Weekly are really of value as many of the readers haven't read the original material in the Ukrainian language. Furthermore, the translations are made by the Ukrainian youth."

"Undoubtedly," John replied.

"But what I can't understand is why original articles written by the Ukrainian youth don't appear in place of the translations. An entire page of the Weekly is devoted to translations alone... a page that can just as well be filled by articles written by the youth. Since when have translations become so important?... and so long? Take the translated 'Short History of Ukrainian Literature,' for instance. That 'short history' is now in its 71st installment. And who, may I ask, is going to follow such a seemingly endless serial week after week? I'm willing to wager that nine out of every ten persons who have begun to follow that serial have stopped doing so."

"Perhaps you're right," I said.

"Another thing that I don't approve of is that many issues of the Weekly have overflowed into the Svoboda. It was suggested editorially that the readers of the Weekly should save their copies... but with so many overflowed supplementaries who will bother saving copies of the Weekly? Without the supplementaries a bound volume of the Weekly would be incomplete... and it is impossible to have the supplementaries bound with the Weekly. But the important point is this: if an entire page of the Weekly wasn't devoted to translations there wouldn't be any overflows."

"Nothing of special importance appears in the overflows," I said. "The overflow usually consists of an unimportant article or two, short articles on sports and Ukrainian affairs, and that's all."

"Granted," said John, "but you admit, nevertheless, that a copy of the Weekly would be incomplete without the overflow, don't you?"

"Yes, I admit it," I answered.

"And if the Weekly must have translations," continued John, "they could save plenty of space if they had all the articles on sports, excluding those of special importance, condensed into a column... and by 'condensed' I mean just that. You stated about a minute or two ago that articles on sports and Ukrainian affairs weren't considered important... yet the way the Weekly publishes these articles in seems that they're the most important feature of the Weekly. Articles on sports and Ukrainian affairs should be condensed into a column... a weekly column. It'll become a feature of the Weekly."

"You have a good point there," I approved.

"I am glad to have you agree with me," said John. "Many of the people I have spoken to on this same subject have agreed with my viewpoints. But I am afraid that the Weekly will disagree. Why? Well, the Weekly has been in existence about two years... surely some reader must have offered the same suggestions we have just discussed during the two years. If no changes have appeared in the Weekly yet, when will they appear? About all they have done is that they have changed the type in the title-head of the Weekly... and that is of little importance. If they made some really worthwhile changes they'd get more contributions. The same contributors' names appear in the Weekly week after week, and now and then (mostly then) a new name would appear. This goes to prove that the Weekly does not receive many contributions and they do not receive many contributions because the readers do not think the Weekly interesting enough... inspiring enough—to write to. A paper depending on contributions must prove to its readers that it welcomes material by making itself as interesting as possible. It should also offer helpful suggestions to those readers whose contributions were found unsatisfactory, instead of merely throwing said contribution into the wastebasket and forgetting its writer. Writers need both inspiration and encouragement and the Weekly supplies very little of these essentials. The Ukrainian Weekly has a weak journalistic policy... in fact, it has no policy at all."

That is John's argument. I am submitting this article to the Weekly because I agree with most of John's viewpoints. I do not know what the Editor will do or think about this article and I do not know what the readers' reaction will be... but this I do know: that all of the people I have spoken to about the Weekly agree with me on its faults. And John says that many of the people he has spoken to agree with him, too. Conclude this article for yourself. What happens from here on remains to be seen.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK,
U.N.A. Member, Branch 69.

Sunday-school Teacher — Bobby, I want you to memorize today's motto: "It is better to give than to receive."

Bobby — I know it already. My dad taught it to me.

Teacher — How noble of your father! What profession is he in?

Bobby — He's a prize fighter.

("U. W." including Pen Pal Column is concluded in today's Svoboda.)