



# The Ukrainian Weekly

Dedicated to the needs and interests of young Americans of Ukrainian descent.

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## Traditional Ukrainian Democracy

The baseness of the current smear campaign by various foreign-controlled elements against Ukrainian-Americans—exposed in all its true colors (mostly red) here last week—becomes all the more evident when one considers that it is directed against a people whose democratic heritage is far older and deeper ingrained in them than it is in the case of most other immigrant groups in this country. Even a cursory examination of Ukrainian history will bear this out.

Especially will it bear out the fact that the democratic character of the Ukrainian people is no recent manifestation but is as old as the hills. Down through the centuries its outstanding feature has been the representative form of government, based on the ancient "viche," the general clan assembly whose decrees affecting the community were executed by elected officials—a sort of an American Colonial town-hall meeting, only antedating it by many centuries. Today that "viche" form of government is as popular among Ukrainians as it was when it first appeared in their tribal days. Since then it has constantly dominated their social-political forms and aspirations.

It is true, of course, that the first political state the Ukrainians established was a monarchy: the Kingdom of Kiev, or Rus as it was called (9th-13th centuries). But that system of government was not established by the people themselves. It was foisted upon them by the princes, originally chieftains who through conquests and politics rose to power. Monarchy remained extraneous and unpleasant to the people. Consequently an unceasing struggle developed in the Kievan kingdom between autocratic power, which rested on military might and royal privilege, and the power of the "viche," sanctioned by long tradition. Incidentally, this internal struggle over democratic rights was one of the principal causes of the gradual internal weakening of the Kingdom of Kiev, so that it eventually fell prey to its highly autocratic neighbors, Muscovy and Poland.

When after a period of servitude, mostly under Poland, the Ukrainian people regained their national freedom in the Kozak wars, the Ukrainian Kozak state they established showed its highly democratic character very clearly. In the Kozak state, as that eminent authority Prof. Stephen Rudnitsky points out, absolute equality of all citizens in all political and social matters prevailed above all else. All authority was vested in the representative Kozak General Assembly, and its decisions were enforced by elected officials, who were at the same time officers of the armed forces. In it, too, the liberty of the individual was very great, though it had to yield to the will of the whole. Yet in time of war, it is interesting to observe, especially now, the General Assembly delegated to the highest official, the Hetman, a degree of authority with which the power of any of the absolute rulers in Europe then could hardly be compared.

The Ukrainian Kozak State, especially its democratic form of government, was naturally an abomination to the autocratic Muscovy just as it was to aristocratic Poland, so that the two of them united to destroy it, first by cleverly stirring up dissensions among the Ukrainians, then by brutal conquest, followed by servitude and oppression.

Finally, at the close of the First World War, when the Ukrainian people once more regained their national independence, many thought that since democracy had not been of sufficient help to them in preserving their liberties in the past, they would this time have to adopt some different system of government, one which would perhaps have better chances of surviving the terrible ordeal awaiting them. But this they did not do. Without any hesitation they established their Ukrainian National Republic, founded upon clear democratic principles, forms and institutions.

## DIEPPE RAID DESCRIBED BY UKRAINIAN CANADIAN SOLDIER

In a letter written August 24 to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hutsul of Red Deer, Alberta, Canada, Sergeant William Hutsul of the Canadian forces which took part in the Dieppe raid on August 19, describes the raid as follows:

"You have already heard that we raided the French coast, and I expect that you worried about me, just as did other parents about their sons. For those who received cablegrams ("missing in action") it was a blow; others are still worrying whether any of theirs are among the wounded in hospitals.

"That which took place had to happen sooner or later. Those of us who were there and who returned already know the meaning of war. We lost some men and tanks. It was a difficult task but we accomplished it. The barges were bombarded and the fighting was terrible. Of my detachment only four returned. I lost all my closest friends—young fellows but all very good fighters. I cannot write this letter as I thought I would write it. Such sorrow gripped me, everything looked so tragic, especially when I saw them being shot down on all sides of me during our withdrawal to the ships. During that time the enemy was firing upon our cars (tanks?) and they burned.

"Now I feel very lonely without my friends. Everything seems so different. When I saw them get killed I wanted to get killed with them too.

"We mowed the enemy down like flies—300 of them were killed in two minutes, 60 heavy guns were destroyed, together with an air field, ammunition dumps, and many other things. Our troops fought like lions in the hand-to-hand fighting. Our losses were one in every three. The beach was covered with dead men. Above the burning city could be heard the roar of hundreds of planes. German planes dove down upon us and strafed us with machine gun fire. But we fought back like soldiers. We did not retreat even an inch. Some of our boys got drowned, others got burned to death in tanks, but none of them abandoned the tanks. They kept on firing to their last breath.

"The French populace treated us very nicely. They kissed us, and gave us wine. This was in places where the enemy could not see us. I brought back with me a fine souvenir. In case I don't return everything will

## Raczkiewicz Appeals To Ukrainians Not To Desert Poland

In the course of his speech "Poland's Thorny Path," broadcast from London on September 1st, Wladyslaw Raczkiewicz, President of the Polish Government-in-exile, made the following appeal to the Ukrainian people not to desert Poland:—

"Peter Skarga said: 'Our dear country binds us with chains of peace and concord. You have the same rights and liberties, the same courts and tribunals, the same Parliament, one common Mother-country. You are one body forged out of various nations and languages, which has grown together during a long period.' Unity is imperative for the whole country, for the Government and for all the Poles in exile; the enemy cannot destroy the basis of our unity, though he may brutally violate our fundamental rights at home. I should like, in a friendly way, to urge our Ukrainian and White Ruthenian fellow-citizens that they should not desert our country, deceived by the false promises of the invader."

## Ukraine Discussed In Book On Russia

Reviewing the recently published work on "Russia and Her Western Neighbors" by George W. Keeton and Dr. Rudolf Schlesinger (London, Cape, 8s. 6d.), the London Times Literary Supplement of August 8, 1942, noted that—

"Rather unexpectedly the authors go on to examine the position of White Russia and the Ukraine in relation to the U.S.S.R. Here they tread delicately but with frankness, recognizing in the partition of Ukraine the source of so much instability in Eastern Europe in the pre-1914 and inter war periods."

be sent to you. But I don't worry or even think about that."

Sgt. Hutsul belonged to the reserves before the war. When the war broke out he volunteered for active service and soon found himself in England, where he attained his present rank. His brother, Slavko, enlisted over a year ago in the Royal Canadian Air Force. Their father the enemy could not see us. I emigrated to Canada from the village of Duba, Dolyna district, Galicia, Western Ukraine.

Though in the end this democratic Ukrainian state collapsed before the onslaughts of its powerful and anti-democratic neighbors, the determination of the Ukrainian people to hold fast to their democratic traditions did not abate or even waver. Today that determination is stronger than ever, and it is the firm foundation of their political ideology and aspirations.

So if anyone has the right to be democratic, it certainly is the Ukrainian nation.

# Ukrainian-Canadians

By J. F. C. WRIGHT

(Courtesy, Canadian Geographical Journal, August, 1942)

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## The First Settlers

ABOUT fifty years ago land-hungry Ukrainians came and worked in the wheat fields, looked at the cattle ranges of Canada's flat treeless prairie. But they turned their eyes and steps to the more northerly bush country, to the rough border-lands most other settlers scorned. Thus the immigration and colonization authorities were also pleased, because they had silently feared the scrublands might remain unwanted and untilled.

Wood—wood for building, wood for fuel—was there in abundance. And wood had been scarce in the Ukraine because the landlords controlled the forests in the west, and in the east was the open steppe.

And so in the wooded, hilly, better-watered areas of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, Canada's early Ukrainian settlers built first a combined house and stable of poles. They plastered it outside and in with mud and grass puddled together with their bare feet. They thatched the steeply sloping roof with long grass cut from the sloughs. The only door in the centre faced south. On one side of it lived the family, on the other side the oxen, and the milk cow—if they had one. They cut poplar, tamarack and jackpine for their own building logs and firewood, and more to haul with oxen over winter roads to the older settlements where wood was not so plentiful.

Men, women, children rooted out stumps, dug a garden plot, planted potatoes, cabbages, turnips, and garlic, and poppies.

The first to come were moneyless people, but they well knew how to take hold with little more than an axe, a spade, a sack of flour, some seed. Around the clearing they built a fence of willow staves lashed together with slender willow branches. And when the snow of winter came riding on a cold north wind, the very young children slept warmly through the nights on the shell above the clay oven.

There are now more than 300,000 Ukrainians in Canada, which is a little more than six-tenths of one per cent of the Ukrainians in the world. They total about 45,000,000. Most of them live in the Ukraine, a vast rich territory lying in the south-eastern corner of Europe on one of the historic routes to Asia. The territory, immediately north of the Black Sea is approximately 362,200 square miles. It is one of the richest regions in Europe. Frequently described as "The Granary of Europe" the area is abundant in other harvests. Ten years ago the Ukraine supplied the Soviet Union with 95 per cent of its manganese, 80 per cent of its coal, 80 per cent of its sugar (which came from beets), 60 per cent of its iron. Quantities of mercury, gold, copper, are mined in the region.

## The Land From Which They Came

Immediately prior to World War I, the greater part of the Ukraine was held by Tsarist Russia; a westerly fringe was controlled by the Austro-Hungarian Empire. At the close of the war, with both the Russians and the Austrians in a state of collapse, a resuscitated Ukraine arose and attempted to re-establish her independence. The adventure was short-lived, for by 1923 the Ukraine was again dismembered and divided among her neighbours.

The largest section, amounting to nearly 300,000 square miles and containing more than 35,000,000 Ukrainians, came under Russian jurisdiction and was incorporated as one of the republics of the U.S.S.R. The Western Ukraine, an area of 50,000 square miles and containing 7,500,000

Ukrainians, fell under Polish domination. The provinces of Bukovina and Bessarabia, together an area of almost 7,000 square miles and the home of more than 1,500,000 Ukrainians, were turned over to the Rumanians. The Carpatho-Ukraine, comprising almost 6,000 square miles with 600,000 Ukrainians became part of the state of Czechoslovakia.

## Its History

The main Ukrainian emigration to Canada occurred before these developments. For that reason, a brief sketch of the history and geography of the people and the area is of interest. As the Ukrainians in Canada are a factor in Canada's development, so the Ukraine in Europe has long been a factor in the European situation. Its culture, extent of territory and population, plus the richness of natural resources and the strategic position, have meant for the Ukraine a dramatic role in Europe.

The Ukrainians first appeared in history during the 300's A. D. From then until the beginning of the 700's the Slavic tribes were widely scattered throughout Eastern Europe. When Alfred the Great was singing a Saxon housewife's cakes in a rude thatched hut in England, these Slavic tribes, which had finally accomplished a measure of consideration, succumbed to a relatively peaceful invasion of warriors from Scandinavia. These warriors of land, sea and river established themselves at Kiev and flourished. Part of their success was due to intermarriage with Ukrainians, and they became slavicized. For about 150 years this Kiev state achieved exceptional culture and commercial prosperity.

The Kiev state, however, inclined to break down and the area of influence shifted to the west. For more than two centuries and a half domination of the region came from what was then called the Galician Principality. The city of Lviv (Lwow) was the political and cultural centre during that period. It was a sort of liaison post between East and West Europe. The Galician Principality became especially important after the Mongolian invasion in the middle of the thirteenth century.

At this time, when the Mongols were extending from the East, the Germans and Lithuanians began pushing southwards. And finally, in 1340, Lithuanian control replaced Mongolian control over the greater part of Ukraine. Passing through Scandinavian, Mongolian, and then Lithuanian hands, the people of the Ukraine became further differentiated from Slavic groups. And, in 1569, the greater part of the Ukraine came under the influence of Poland.

In 1648 came the period of the Ukrainian Cossack revolt against Poland. The Cossacks were a freedom-loving people whose organization had social and political significance as well as military importance. They centered by the Dnieper in south-eastern Ukraine, forming a buffer against the Crimean Tartars. Fierce in battle their support was often sought by warring nations, and now they rose successfully to throw off the Polish yoke.

The leader in this movement was Bohdan Khmelnitzki. Rallied to his forceful personality, the Ukrainian people revived their political and cultural activities with the traditions of the old Kiev state, and Ukrainian independence became again a fact.

The Cossack state, however, found it difficult to hold its position against the encroachment of Poland, Turkey, and the expanding new state of Moscow which was to become the Empire of Russia. In 1667, Poland and

Russia divided the Ukraine between them. The area to the west of the Dnieper River was left to Poland, while Russia dominated the area east of the Dnieper. In this area, the Russian Tsar attempted to undermine the Cossack state, but the Cossack institutions of self-government and independence were so firmly entrenched that it was more than 100 years after the death of Khmelnitzki before the last of them was uprooted. In 1795 there was further partitioning in that section of Europe. Poland completely lost its identity as a result. Russia gained control of the larger part of the Ukrainian land, while the western section north of the Carpathian mountains and the Province of Bukovina came under Austrian rule. The final pre-World War I partitioning of the Ukraine followed the Congress of Vienna in 1815. This Congress left Russia in possession of Bessarabia and the great part of Poland. Thus, the larger section of the Ukraine was subject to Russian domination. The Austro-Hungarian Empire retained the provinces of Galicia and Bukovina.

## National Movement

Such is the historical background of the Ukraine. Out of it, during the nineteenth century, the Ukrainian national movement became a factor of some importance in the policy of Central Europe. It was during the nineteenth century, too, that the impact of these various movements and upheavals impelled Ukrainians both as individuals and in groups, to migrate beyond the boundaries of their beloved Ukraine. They scattered widely, but most of them sought for spheres of opportunity.

The largest migratory movement carried between two and three million Ukrainians across the Urals to Siberia where a number settled as far east as the Pacific region. More than half million settled in the United States, chiefly in the eastern industrial areas, though various small Ukrainian centres are found from New England to California. The third largest Ukrainian migration movement was to Canada. A few of the newcomers managed to find employment in industrial and mining centres in the East, and the British Columbia, but the vast majority settled as farmers in the three Prairie Provinces. There are also about 100,000 Ukrainians in South America, principally in Brazil and in the Argentine.

The chief impetus for Ukrainian migration to Canada came from the example of migration to the U.S. in the eighties and from the colonization work of Clifford Sifton, who under the Laurier Liberal administration favoured the settlement of the prairies as quickly as possible, especially the more northerly areas adjacent to the Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern Railways which got their start later than the Canadian Pacific Railway. The bulk of the emigration came from the Austria-dominated provinces of Galicia and Bukovina. A curious terminology spring up as a result: the immigrants became known as Galicians and Ruthenians. They were actually Ukrainians. Between the earliest emigration, about fifty years ago, and 1914, more than 175,000 Ukrainians came to Canada.

## A Story of Piquant Interest

The story of the first Ukrainians to arrive in the Dominion has piquant interest. In 1892, there came to Winnipeg two men to spy out land. They were Cyril Genik and Ivan Pilipivsky from a village in Galicia Province. They had heard of Canada from some Germans in a village not far from their own. Canada, a great free land where a man could have 160 acres of his own for only ten dollars! An unbelievable land, a land they must see to believe.

So the villagers scraped together enough money to send out the two scouts Cyril and Ivan, sent them

## What Of Ukraine?

(Editorial)

We have heard a great deal about the Ukraine in recent months. From descriptions it is a land which as Maurice Hindus puts it, "holds the richest lure to Hitler." He speaks even more so of its people and their indomitable spirit.

What of the Ukrainians who have come to America to blend their blood and their strength with other races in this melting pot of democracy? What contribution are they making to its life and government?

Just the other night, down in Fulton street, individuals and organizations of that race gathered to dedicate a service flag. It has on it 150 stars, representing the men of Ukrainian origin who are serving America and the Allied cause in our armed forces.

They are preparing to fight as their brothers are fighting in their native country against the forces of tyranny. Freedom means much to the native Ukrainian we are taught. Freedom means much to those who have come to America for the chance it offers them.

It is strange that there are in our country some men of various races who are followers of the Nazi philosophy. They belong to all races, and some of them, as we are finding out, are Americans because of being born in the free atmosphere of this Republic. It is even stranger, however, that the disloyal ones are comparatively few. The loyalty of the various races and nationalities, many of them from countries allied with the Axis powers, is proof that the amalgamation of races in our country is wellnigh complete. Whatever their ties with other countries they are loyal to their adopted land.

(The Elizabeth (N.J.) Daily Journal, September 25, 1942)

from over-populated, poverty-stricken landlord-ridden Galicia, across Germany, across the Atlantic, and halfway across Canada to the gateway of the prairie West. They reached Winnipeg in 1892, carrying their wicker suitcases on their shoulders, carrying their rolled-up sheepskin coats. Down the station platform to the street they went. But they could speak no English, no one could talk with them, until they found a Mennonite who knew Russian. He advised them: "Go to Gretna for the wheat harvest." On a farm near Gretna they saw machinery such as they had never seen before, or even imagined. They saw a good house, a fine barn, and much else that was good, all owned by the farmer himself who had no landlord. Working in the harvest fields they earned what was for them a large sum of money.

They agreed Ivan Pilipivsky should take back the good news. Ivan reached his home village at Christmas time, and immediately his wife and family prepared for the long journey to Canada where they, too, would have a home of their own. Cyril Genik's family got ready to join him. Ten other families prepared to go.

But the landlords feared their source of income was escaping them. And the State frowned upon young lads who would leave with their fathers and mothers, lads who in a few years should be conscripted into the army. Poor Ivan Pilipivsky was arrested for sedition, and Cyril Genik's family was detained. But, after suffering much apprehension, the other ten families were allowed to leave for Canada.

More families came, and still more, until in trainloads of colonist coaches they rolled westward to the prairies. This mass movement was mostly from Galicia; some came from Bukovina, and a few from the deep Ukraine of Russia.

(To be continued)

\* In some records called Wasyl.

# "CHORNA RADA"

(BLACK COUNCIL)

## A Historical Romance of Turbulent Kozak Times After Death of Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky

By PANTELEYMON KULISH (1819-97)

(Continued)

(Translated by S. Shumeyko)

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SUDDENLY, from both sides of the road the sound of galloping horses was heard, dry sticks crackled beneath hoofs, and through the green foliage two redcloaked horsemen were seen. They were the two Zaporozhians.

Both Lesya and her mother became a little alarmed. The two Zaporozhians, however, did not molest them, but kept pace with them, weaving their galloping horses in among the trees in a most reckless yet skillful manner, neither drawing up nor falling behind the carriage. It was indeed amazing to see how their mounts managed to avoid the thickly growing trees, and how they plunged headlong and out of sight into the deep hollows and gorges, and then clambered like mountain goats up their steep sides. Several times it appeared as if the mount had toppled back; when again it leaped into sight with its red-cloaked rider.

And thus weaving their dangerous way through the woods alongside the road, the two Zaporozhians began to call out to one another, in a manner that caused mother and daughter to become frightened.

"What a girl!" one of them cried. "Boy, let me be a common oaf and not a knightly Kozak if I ever saw the likes of her!"

"Do you dare me to kiss her?"

"If you do, you'll be kissed plenty with canes back in the Sitch."

"What's a caning to me! I don't care if they rip me apart even with swords!"

Lesya was now really afraid that the Zaporozhian would molest her. Suddenly the two of them disappeared out of sight into a gorge that extended from both sides of the road.

"Vasile!" Lesya's mother called out to the driver. "Where are we now? What's going to happen to us?"

"Don't be afraid, madam," he replied, smiling reassuringly. "The good lads are just having some fun. They would never molest a woman."

This did not allay her fears however, and she bade him to drive faster, in order to catch up with the others. When suddenly a thudding of hoofs was again heard and the two Zaporozhians were riding alongside the road once more, their red cloaks splashed with mud, to which they paid not the least bit of attention.

"Do you know what, brother Bohdan Chornohor?" called out again the elder of the two. "It can't be anything good, if there is a woman concerned."

"No fooling, you'll smack your lips when I tell you."

"Bunk!"

"No bunk, just listen. Even though Sitch is our mother, and the Steppe our father, yet for such a girl I would gladly give up my mother and father."

"You really would?"

"Of course!"

"And then where would you go?"

"What's the difference where!"

Here the two Zaporozhians again vanished into another gorge. Both mother and daughter were now really convinced that they meant to harm them; but Vasile the Captive only shook his head and said:

"What fine lads! Once I used to be like them, until passing years tied me down and that cursed captivity broke me. What a gay blade I used to be. Everyone knew me, tavern-keepers, bards, nobles and peasants, knights and farmers."

"And I'll tell you some more!" again the voice of the older Zaporozhian roared out, the two reappearing once more.

"It's enough what you have said already," the other replied.

"I really mean it, Bohdan. So don't try to make fun of me when I'm under the spell of such beautiful black eyes as those of that maiden. I tell you, Bohdan, somehow or other she is going to be mine!"

"Are you sure?"

"Just as sure as your name is Bohdan Chornohor and mine Kyrlyo Tur."

Just then Shraam and his companions were sighted ahead. Seeing them, the Zaporozhians quickly wheeled their horses and disappeared out of sight, like some bad dream.

### CHAPTER VI

Who in this world possesses words beautiful and descriptive enough to portray the Pechersky Monastery, so that the reader, even if he never actually saw it, could visualize it in all its magnificence, with its stone walls surrounding it, the high bell-tower, and its several churches decorated with gold and sculptures. Yet two hundred years ago [1663], at the time of this story, one needed only plain and humble words to portray the condition of this monastery then. The years of strife and warfare had left indelible marks upon it. The "Great Church" itself was mostly in a ruined condition. Even though Prince Semen Olekovich had considerably repaired and renovated it, yet even in its new state it fell far short of its ancient greatness and beauty. There was neither gold nor silver, which now glitters in the Lavra; everything was humble then.

Yet along the walls of this "Great Church" there then hung paintings of mighty princes, hetmans, and leaders who during their lifetime had defended and supported it. Beneath these paintings were the tombs of these knightly defenders of the Faith. These too are gone today.

After attending Mass, Shraam together with the others of his party went sightseeing. They first went to see the tombs and read the inscriptions on them. On one tomb they read this: "Simon Lyko, a devout and brave man, rests here after many famous victories." On another was inscribed a message from some noble buried there; it was like a voice from the past: "Fame and power were mine when I lived, but when I died I exchanged all my vast estates for seven feet of earth, and thus I became equal to the poorest old man. Do not wonder at this, dear reader, for the same fate awaits you. We are born unequal, but die equal." Another inscription was a fragment of a prayer, probably uttered before his death by the one entombed there: "O Lord, be merciful to this poor soul." Even if one were illiterate and could not read these epitaphs, yet their very presence, together with that of the rusting swords, shields, armour, coats-of-arms, varied ensigns of authority, surrounding these bones of the departed, would make him realize that all wealth, fame power and glory is naught else than vanity of vanities: sword and sceptre, both shall eventually rest alongside bones of the dead.

And so, Shraam, seeing all this and reading the epitaphs, grew quite sad, and said:

"So many tombs, and all of them containing the remains of people who once lived in this world, and who have gone to face Him at the Last Judgement. Soon we shall go there too, go to where our fathers and ancestors have gone."

Saying this, he pulled from his belt a small battle ax with its head made a gold, which he had won in battle in some war past, and hung it as an offering beneath a painting of Virgin Mary.

Coming out of the Great Church our pilgrims turned towards the catacombs, when suddenly they perceived emerging out of them a richly-acoutered partly headed by a tall and distinguished looking man, dressed in gold-embroidered attire of the most expensive red cloth, fringed with sable, and carrying a silver bulawa in his hand. He was being escorted by several monks, acting as guides.

At the sight of him, Shraam fairly trembled with joy. "My God!" he exclaimed. "That's Somko!"

A cry of delight broke out from the latter too, when he perceived Shraam.

Both men rushed forward and embraced fondly, holding on to one another for quite some time.

The Hetman then greeted the others.

Cherevan was so overjoyed that he was unable to respond to the Hetman's greetings, and all he managed to say, after embracing him, was: "Ah, dear bwother, dear bwother."

Greeting Cherevan's wife the Hetman addressed her as his mother. In her pleasure, she seemed to become visibly younger, and filled his ear with happy chatter.

"And here is my fiancee!" Somko exclaimed

turning to Lesya. "Before you, bright young miss, I bow to your very feet."

And taking her hand he kissed her as he would a child.

"It's long," he said, "since we have seen each other, and all on account of those military squabbles; but now it seems that God has brought us together, perhaps forever."

Lesya colored deeply at this, bowing like a full-blown flower in May, and drew close to her mother, taking hold of her hand.

Only now our Petro comprehended the real meaning of that dream Lesya's mother had told him she had. It was all clear to him now. No doubt, he thought, Lesya's marriage with Somko had long ago been arranged by her mother. Yet it struck him as rather curious that Cherevan had not even mentioned anything about this arrangement, neither to him nor to his father Shraam; very likely, however, Lesya's mother was the kind that settled things for both herself and her husband.

So, Petro concluded, he might as well forget all about Lesya now. Even though he was a fine Kozak, yet beside the Hetman he was nothing; although he was a handsome young man, yet he could not compare with Somko: "Somko was a great warrior, tall and handsome in appearance, powerfully-built (thus wrote a chronicler of that period) well-to-do, with blonde curly locks wreathing his head like a golden crown, with bright dancing eyes that resembled the stars, and both in his walk and talk a real Hetman." So how could our poor Petro hope to even compare with such a personage.

Somko would not permit Shraam to leave him now, but invited him and his party to accompany him to the Kozak quarters, which were outside the monastery.

They entered the dining room, and there found the dinner already on the table.

Shraam once more embraced Somko.

"My falcon!" he exclaimed.

"Dear father!" responded Somko. "I have really grown accustomed to calling you father."

Shraam sat down at the table, resting his head on his hands, and suddenly began to cry bitterly.

Everyone saddened at the sight of old Shraam weeping. What had happened? Somko himself was quite astonished, for this was so unusual for Shraam. He could not help but remember the time when the Kozaks brought before Shraam the bullet-riddled body of his son. The father did not permit a single outcry of his grief to break out, but silently, without tears or any visible sorrow, said the last rites over his boy. And now he was weeping, weeping like he did only at the funeral of Hetman Khmelnytsky, where for three days cannon boomed their thunderous salutes, where for three days mournful trumpets sounded taps, and where for three days Kozaks wept bitter tears for their great and beloved leader who had gone forever from their midst.

"Father of mine!" said the Hetman, solicitously laying his hand on Shraam's shoulder. "Tell me, what is your trouble?"

"My trouble?" said Shraam, raising his head. "I would be an old woman and not a Kozak if wept so on account of my own troubles."

"Then in God's name, what is the matter?"

"What is the matter, you ask?... Plenty is the matter, what with Tetera trading good Christian souls for Polish gold, what with ten of you hetmans squabbling for the bulawa, and what with Ukraine being torn in two. And yet no one seems to worry about all this!"

"Ten hetmans, you say? Let any one of them just try to get the bulawa out of my hands!"

"What about Ivanets? or Washuta?"

"Washuta is an old fool, and his antics provide a lot of laughs for the Kozaks; while Ivanets rules only over drunkards. If I had no regard for my honor, I would have stamped these miserable creatures out long ago."

"I know they are miserable fools, yet they manage to prevent the sway of your authority throughout all of Ukraine."

"Who told you that? From Samara to Hlukhiv, all acknowledge me as their Hetman; for at the Kozelka Council all the Kozak officers and men swore fealty to me."

"Yet, isn't it true that Washuta dispatched a letter to Moscow attacking your rule?"

"Yes, it is, and I tell you that if it were not for Washuta's gray hairs I would do to him just what our deceased leader did to Hladky."

"And isn't it also true that Ivanets was proclaimed Hetman down in the Zaporozhian Sitch?"

"Of course it's true. So what? I know these Zaporozhians very well. For them a bandit leader and a Hetman is all the same."

(To be continued)

# The Story of Ukrainian Literature

(24)

explained here last week, a brief historical review is essential for an understanding of the further development of Ukrainian literature, and so we continue with it.

## Fall of the Zaporozhe

Following the partition of Ukraine by Muscovy and Poland (Treaty of Andrusiv, 1667), the lot of the Ukrainian people steadily grew worse. Yet despite severest repressions, their opposition to foreign rule did not abate. There were constant uprisings. But only one came close to success. It was led by Hetman Ivan Mazepa, and it collapsed when largely due to Mazepa's failure to marshal all of the Kozak forces on the side of the Swedish Charles XII the decisive Battle of Poltava was lost to Peter I. This battle buried all Ukrainian hopes then. Mazepa had to flee to Turkey with his Swedish ally, while Peter put down the Ukrainian uprising with terrible atrocities.

After Poltava there were several other abortive Kozak rebellions, until finally in 1775 the last stronghold of Ukrainian liberties, the Zaporozhian Sich, fell into the hands of an overwhelming Russian force and was destroyed.

And so ended the remnants of Ukrainian independence, that had flowered so promisingly a century and a quarter before, ended at a time when across the seas in a new land thirteen young colonies were embarking upon a hazardous course that was to lead to the foundation of the great United States of America, which a century and some odd years later was to become a haven of refuge, freedom and opportunity for thousands of the oppressed descendants of those Kozaks who had fought so valiantly for that great ideal dear to all peoples—Freedom.

## Muscovy-Russia, Ruś-Ukraine

Having destroyed Ukrainian political independence, Muscovy definitely embarked upon a course designed to make her a great European power. One of her first acts in this direction was the abandonment of the term Muscovy, by which she had been called and clearly known up to that time, in favor of the term "Russia." This first happened when after the defeat of Mazepa, Peter I accepted the peculiar title of "Emperor and Tsar of all the Russias," thereby proclaiming himself a virtual successor of the rulers of the Ukrainian King-

dom of Kiev, originally known as Ruś. It is highly significant that Peter I did not designate his newly-founded empire as Ruś, for the simple reason that he knew quite well that it would be impossible to convince his people (Muscovites) as well as the outside world that Muscovy was Ruś, for to everybody Ruś was situated to the south of Muscovy and was identical with Ukraine. But an entirely new name—Russia (Rosiya)—was quite another matter, and so "Russia" was promulgated.

This act on the part of Peter I began to have its repercussions upon the Ukrainians, who to keep their identity clear of that of the Russians began to use more often as the name of their native land the term "Ukraine." This name first appeared in the old Kievan chronicles of the 12th century, as a designation for the borderland of Ruś. With the gradual advance of Kozak conquest towards the south and the colonization of the steppes, the term expanded concurrently. Gradually it came into use as a synonym of the old name Ruś, and eventually displaced it entirely. Hetman Khmelnitsky himself used both terms alternatively, and all the maps of that period (French, Dutch,

German, Italian) simultaneously and alternatively used Ruś for Ukraine, in clear distinction from "Moscovitia" or "Moscovia." Several of such maps can be seen in the editorial offices of the "Svoboda" and "The Ukrainian Weekly."

And thus, when Muscovy conquered Ruś Ukraine and adopted "Russia" as her name, "Ukraine" began to be used almost exclusively by the Ukrainians, and today it is the only name that Ukrainians the world over recognize.

Then, having subdued Ukraine and adopted her original name, Russia, began an intensive action marked by heavy-handed oppression to eradicate the various differences that existed between the Russians and the Ukrainians as members of two distinct nationalities. This was in line, of course, with its centralizing and levelling process to create a great Russian empire, peopled by one homogeneous ethnic and lingual "Russian" people. And so we find Catherine II writing in her secret instructions to the Procurator General Prince A. M. Viazemsky that it was necessary to uproot in Ukraine the "immoral idea that they (Ukrainians) are a nation completely different from ours" and to fight "against their false and improper republican ideas."

(To be continued)

## THE UNITED NATIONS

### IV. INDIA

AREA—1,575,000 square miles—half the size of the United States. Population.—389,000,000—three times larger than the United States. Capital—New Delhi. Principal cities—Calcutta, Bombay, Madras. Chief products—Jute, rice, wheat, sugar, cotton (originally an Indian plant), wool, manganese, tea, tobacco, leather, mica, iron, steel. India has the largest single steel-producing plant in the British Empire.

The subcontinent of India is a vast peninsula extending dagger-like from continental Asia into the Indian Ocean. It contains one-fifth of the world's population and a substantial share of the world's natural riches. It is a land of enormous contrasts. There are vast arid regions in western India and there are the rich, fertile plains of the Ganges; there is piercing cold in the Himalayan mountains along the northern border, and jungle heat in the southern interior; there are tall, light skinned men in the north; there are violent contrasts in religion, politics, race, culture, society, and wealth.

A stream of invading peoples—the Aryans, Greeks, Scythians, the Huns, Afghans, and Moguls—came and left their individual marks. (India now has about 100 languages although only 16 are spoken at all extensively.) Indian civilization dates back nearly 5,000 years. A highly developed culture flourished there before the Greeks entered Greece. India's contributions to art and philosophy have received world recognition. The works of her most recent great literary figure, Rabindranath Tagore, have been translated into English and many other languages.

Today nine-tenths of India's people live in mud-walled thatch-roofed villages and 75 percent of them farm for a living. The men wear cotton waistcloths. The women wear loose cotton robes. As a whole they are a vegetarian people, living principally on rice, chapatty (a kind of wheat cake), and vegetables when they can afford them. However, the larger cities are cosmopolitan, with restaurants, movies, high-powered automobiles, well-paved streets, a modern communications system.

Religion is the dominating force in India's life, the root of most of her social and political differences. Sixty-six percent of the people are Hindus; 23 percent are Mohammedans. Other religious groups are the Sikhs, from whom a considerable section of the army is recruited, Jains, Christians, and Parsees.

Hindu society is rigidly organized. A man can rarely advance in either economic or social standing through his own efforts. His place in society is normally determined by the accident of birth. From his parents he virtually inherits his occupation and his social grouping. He eats, drinks, marries, plays, and sorrows with the members of that group only. This is his "caste." As he is born within its limits, he dies according to its rites.

In theory there are four principal castes: the Brahmans, who are teachers and holy men, although they may have more ordinary occupations; the Kshatriyas or warriors; the Vaisya, the commercial caste; the Sudras, who are largely tillers of the soil. Actually, there are hundreds of subcastes to fit all shades of occupation and locality. Below these again are 50,000,000 Untouchables who, although Hindus, are considered to be so lowly that they remain outside the caste system. In this way they are automatically excluded from many of the conveniences of daily life. They cannot drink at the same pumps, eat or touch the same food, use the same schools, as do the caste Hindus. Some of the upper castes consider themselves polluted if the shadow of an Untouchable falls on them.

Enlightened Indian leaders are trying to relax the caste system. Mahatma Gandhi, respected by all India, has done much to improve the lot of the Untouchables. Railroad travel, where all must rub elbows; the radio, which all may hear; new industrial factories, where workers are drawn from all groups; the army, where men of every caste fight side by side; science, whose benefits rich and poor alike may share; and, above all, the extension of formal education are helping to break the barriers.

The Moslems do not recognize the caste system. With them all men are born equal. Moslems worship only

## British Children Know America

One of the many speakers sent out recently by "The Outpost," published by Americans in Britain, to lecture in that country about America has come to the startling conclusion that Cockney youngsters of grammar school age know more about the United States than adults with college educations.

This conclusion was reached on the basis of answers to fifty questions about America. Ten college graduates got an average of eight answers correct. Then the questionnaire was used in an "Information Please" type of program put on to entertain a club of school-children in the Paddington section of London.

### Score: 96% Correct

All of the children were from poor families. Where they got their information remains a mystery. But some child in the audience had a correct answer for all but two of the fifty questions. Most of the children knew most of the answers. Here are some of the questions, however, with some of the incorrect answers:

How many airplanes in the United States building this year?

(A couple of million.)

How tall is the tallest building in the United States?

(Three hundred floors.)

What city is La Guardia mayor of?

(Texas.)

What is the second largest city in America? (Hollywood.)

What are Harvard, Yale and Princeton? (Automobiles.)

Before the United States entered the war, many young Americans came to England and joined the R. A. F. What did they call those American squadrons? (Yanks.)

If you started walking across the United States, how long would it take you? (One week.)

### They Know Our Language

Nearly all the children knew the American words for petrol, lift, or cinema, wireless and "left-tenant." Most of them also knew what Al Capone was, who played the part of Mussolini in Charlie Chaplin's last movie, what a jitterbug is the names of America's war planes, the names of the most popular American motor cars and what the American national sport is. But on political and historical matters they were very vague. Yet all of them displayed a keen interest in the game; an interest which may have been heightened by the award of bars of chocolate (contributed by a member of the American Embassy staff) as prizes.

one god, Allah; whereas the Hindus worship many gods.

In the realm of politics, there are two principal nationalist groups divided along religious lines. The Congress Party, led by Gandhi and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, is largely a Hindu organization although it does have considerable Moslem and other non-Hindu support. The Congress seeks full self-rule for India. The chief Moslem political organization is the Moslem League, under the presidency of Mohammed Ali Jinnah, whose platform is Pakistan, which asks for a division of India into Hindu and Moslem autonomous states. The Congress and the Moslem League are mutually opposed and both are opposed to the British. In an effort to unite the country behind a compact war effort, Sir Stafford Cripps, a member of Great Britain's War Cabinet, brought to India in March

1942, a plan for dominion status for India immediately after the war. This plan was not acceptable to the Indian leaders.

The administration of India is divided among the eleven provinces that make up British India and the 562 separate principalities known as the Indian States. British India contains slightly more than half the country's total area and about three-fourths of its population. Each province has a British-appointed governor and a legislative assembly elected by the people of that province. The central government consists of a governor-general (Viceroy) with an Executive Council and a two-house legislature. The hereditary princes are the sole rulers of the Indian States. The Viceroy has ultimate control over the defense and foreign affairs of both the Indian States and British India.

## Dewey Meets Ukrainian Supporters

In response to a wish expressed by Thomas E. Dewey, Republican candidate for governor of New York, to meet some of his leading supporters among Ukrainian Americans of New York City and vicinity, a meeting for that purpose was arranged Tuesday evening, September 29, by the Ukrainian Division of the All-American Committee for the Election of Dewey.

Held in the office of the committee, the meeting was attended by a considerable number of citizens of Ukrainian extraction interested in the election of Mr. Dewey as governor of New York. Among them were not only Republicans but also some Democrats, and not only men but also a number of women, the latter which seems to confirm the expectation of some publicists that women will play a very important role in the forthcoming state elections. Among those present was a goodly sprinkling of young folks. All the people present were drawn from Manhattan, Brooklyn, Bronx, Staten Island, Jamaica, Hempstead, and even from upstate. There were among them persons of various professions and skills.



THOMAS E. DEWEY

All of them were personally introduced to Mr. Dewey by Emil Revyuk, president of the Ukrainian Division, and Mr. Dewey inquired of each guest about various matters. After the introductions, the group posed for a picture, which appeared in yesterday's "Svoboda."

### Dewey's Message to Ukrainian American Voters

In connection with this meeting, Mr. Dewey issued the following message to Ukrainian American voters: "You, of Ukrainian birth and ancestry, who have come to America and have become a part of our Nation, have contributed greatly to the Country of your adoption. I come from a farming community; I have worked in the great grain belt of the Middle West. And, through intimate association with farm owners and tillers of the soil, I can in some considerable measure understand the feelings you must have when you read of the 'scorched earth' of your native Ukraine.

"Of all the horrors of modern warfare, none is more terrible than the desecration of the soil, and of all it produces, with its simple home life and its attachment to the land.

"We in America are fortunately in a position which enables us, if we are firm, to protect our soil, and our farms, from that which has so terribly occurred on the steppes of the Ukraine. I know that you must be feeling this still more keenly, by contrast, when I observe how you are contributing so liberally to earnings not always great, to the various organizations which are aiding our Armed Forces.

"While your people in the old country win our hearts by their stubborn

## WRITE FOR EXPERIENCE

Shortly after the Ukrainian Weekly first appeared (October 6, 1933) its editor published an article ("Journalism as a Profession for Our Youth," November 17, 1933) wherein the reader was urged to take up journalism as a career. Since then the editor has consistently encouraged the readers to submit articles, reports, news items and the like for publication. The request for material from readers first appeared in the initial issue, and has been repeated from time to time throughout the years. It would appear, therefore, that the editor not only recommends journalism as a career, but offers the Weekly to aspiring writers as the medium through which they can get valuable writing experience.

Furthermore, the Weekly has published editorials and articles designed to help the aspiring writer, such as the series of articles entitled "Ramblings of a Word-Hunter." For a periodical to go so far as to recommend journalism as a career, offer the facilities at its disposal to give aspiring writers unlimited experience, and help them with special encouraging articles and editorials, let it be said it is a fine gesture on the part of the publishers. The fact that the Ukrainian National Association is the publisher of the Weekly demonstrates that this fraternal orders is keenly interested in Ukrainian-American youth, so much, in fact, that it has gone out of its way to be of assistance to them in as many ways as possible. That the organization's motives are purely unselfish is shown by the fact that non-members are urged to take advantage of the writing experience offered by the Weekly together with U.N.A. members of long standing.

A person cannot become a journalist or newspaperman overnight under normal circumstances. A newspaperman is not a product of a journalistic education, either. Experience is usually the deciding factor in determining whether a person is a newspaperman or not. If a person can write, report, interview, and edit his own work when necessary, he has a good chance of succeeding in the field of journalism. Only experience can prove to the aspiring journalist whether or not he can succeed. If he finds he cannot write qualitatively, or make out an accurate and easily understood report, or is timid, nervous, lost, bewildered or incoherent when interviewing, and cannot rid himself of these drawbacks, he will turn to a different field.

It is not an easy matter to find a periodical to which a person interested in writing can send his material just for the experience. If the material does not appear, the writer will know that it was poorly prepared and will try again. If it appears with numerous editorial changes and corrections he will know that it was far from perfect and, when preparing another contribution, will be careful not repeat his mistakes. If it appears as originally prepared by the writer, he will know that he did a good job and will be greatly encouraged by the fact. After it has appeared it is subject to

resistance to the invader, those of you who have come to us and have become Americans gain our admiration by their steadfast contribution to our farms, our mines and our industries.

"I, myself, look forward to the day when that old country will once again be free of the foreigner and peace once more restored.

"Toward these ends, if elected, I pledge you good government in the State of New York. I sincerely thank you for your support—expressed today—and may I express the hope that it will be just as loyal in the future and that it will in this critical election extend to the entire Republican State Ticket."

criticism and comment by the readers, which is also very excellent experience. A periodical that offers such services is very difficult to find...yet that is one of the main features of The Ukrainian Weekly.

As long as the writer is original, he can write about any subject known to man. The world is his oyster. He can never run out of material as long as he can use his imagination and get new ideas. Newspapermen are always busy reporting happenings of the day...something is always happening. The opportunities offered in the field of journalism are almost without limit whether the writer be a newspaperman, an author of books of fiction, a motion-picture or playwright, radio writer, author of articles, advertising copy-writer, publicity man, verse-writer, contributor to magazines, or a combination of this and that.

A writer does not have to be a doctor to write about a disease, and he does not have to study a subject for a number of years before he is qualified to write about. And yet when a serious factual article, about a disease let us say, appears in print under the name of a person who is not a doctor, some critics may say, "Now what does he know about this disease? Why, he never got through high school. His article isn't worth much because there are doctors who can write a book about the same subject." Factual articles can be written by any person because facts cannot be refuted, and what's more, all the facts on any subject can be culled from a good reference work or encyclopedia; it is not necessary to get an education in the subject of the writer's choice. Some of the best writers have had little education. And, while on the subject, it may be well to add that even the best educated people use reference works when preparing a manuscript. Any writer who believes he "hasn't got a chance" because of a limited education is only making his chances of succeeding more difficult. We must remember the story of the author of numerous books about the West who had never been out West.

A writer should do a considerable amount of reading, as by doing so he improves his mind and gets ideas for material. There is also the benefit to be gained from studying the work and style of other writers, which will help the writer improve on his own original style.

It is hoped that this brief discussion will result in interesting aspiring writers in gaining experience by writing for The Ukrainian Weekly, as the periodical desires to be helpful where the journalistic inclinations of its readers are concerned.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK

### "I BELIEVE" BROADCAST TOMORROW TO FEATURE OUGLITSKY'S COMPOSITION

The weekly "I Believe" religious program broadcast over the National Broadcasting Company system will feature tomorrow afternoon, October 11, from 4:30 to 5, over station WEAJ, two choral works by Prof. Paul Eecheniha-Ouglitsky, Ukrainian American composer, entitled "Hospodi uslyshy molitvu moyu" (Hearken to My Prayer, O Lord), based on Arkhanhelsky's composition, and "Hospody Pomiluy" (Have Mercy On Us, O Lord), arranged for chorus and organ.

## PROMISING BAND DIRECTOR

Walter Dubyk, a promising young band director and music teacher, 2519 W. Cortez St., Chicago, Ill., and a member of U.N.A. branch 221, graduated from DePaul University School of Music, September 5th, 1942, receiving a degree of Bachelor of Music Education.



WALTER DUBYK

Walter is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. William Dubyk, a well known and respected couple of the Ukrainian community in Chicago. Their older son, and only other child, is serving in the U. S. Army somewhere at an unknown post.

Upon his graduation from La Fayette Elementary School, Walter attended Crane High School for two years and then transferred to the Harrison High School so he could be under the personal instruction and direction of Captain John H. Barabash, also of Ukrainian extraction, who had made the Harrison High School Band nationally famous. Walter made progress and achievement at Harrison. He became first lieutenant in the R.O.T.C. Band and played first clarinet in the Concert Band. He also won first place in the Chicago High School Solo Contest for clarinet in 1938.

The same year Walter graduated from Harrison High School (1938), Capt. Barabash was assigned to the Wright Junior College of Chicago and Walter went along with his teacher. At Wright College he became Capt. Barabash's right hand man and student assistant director. He conducted the college band on many occasions. He was very popular with the student body of the music department and was admired for his leadership and musicianship, as well as for his fine sense of humor. Besides attending classes at the Wright College Walter enrolled at the Chicago Conservatory of Music where he also studied band work with Capt. Barabash, who is on the faculty there.

Walter's life became now a very busy one. In addition to his college and conservatory work he was director and instructor of the St. Nicholas' Ukrainian School Band which he organized in 1940. He developed this band into a fine musical organization and it won second place in the Chicago Catholic School Band Contest and took an important part in the First Catholic Eucharistic Congress of the Eastern Rites held at St. Nicholas' Parish. He received many complimentary comments on the school band from visiting dignitaries at the Congress. Previous to his graduation Mr. Dubyk was director of the Central Grammar School Band in Westmont, Illinois.

Mr. Dubyk deserves a great deal of credit and praise for his perseverance and hard work and are sure we shall hear more of him when he returns from the Army after the war is over, and takes his part in our city and community as a leading musician and educator.

A CHICAGOAN



**FUNNY SIDE UP**

**YANKS SUFFER ST. LOUIS BLUES!**

We've been in a happy frame of mind this week. Since the St. Louis Cardinals won the World Series, our monetary assets have been somewhat increased. Our creditors haven't found out yet, but after they read today's column, watch the bills pour in!

We only saw one of the five games, the fourth one, which was played last Sunday at the Yankee Stadium. The scalper who sold us the seat said he was selling it for a song. He was right. The seat was "South of the Border!" However, we were able to notice a thing a two.

During the St. Louis uprising in the 4th inning, in which they scored 6 runs, the Yank pitcher was busier than a cuckoo at 12 o'clock! He let go with a slow ball, and by the time it reached the catcher, the batter had it autographed! The next ball served up was a bean ball which was closer than the words in a vest-pocket dictionary! The batter then hit the next one squarely "on the nose" and raced around the bases. In the meantime the ball was retrieved and thrown home, but although the catcher failed to tag the runner, the outfielder's throw was so perfect the umpire called the runner out on strikes!

In the 6th inning a sad looking chap from the City Morgue showed up at the ball park. "We didn't send for you" said the management. "Well, somebody did," replied the sad-eyed chap. "The guy over the radio said three men died on base!"

The Yankee star pitcher came in to pitch the 7th inning, but the damage was already done, and although he worked the last three innings, his efforts were wasted just as all those propaganda leaflets the British dropped on Germany early in the war.

We hear the Yankees have given up playing pinocle and poker now that they've found out the Redbirds hold the better cards!

**FOUL BALLS**

It was a sunny afternoon, and a big game of baseball was in progress. Big, that is, for the locality. For the local police team was playing the convicts on the latter's home grounds.

The score was tied in the 7th inning and the convicts were at bat. One of the inmates took a healthy swipe at the horsehide and clouted the ball clean out of the park. He dropped his bat and scooted to 1st base. Then he dashed to 2nd, and around the 3rd. And then swung off suddenly and headed for the fence! He was half-way over the fence when the coppers came racing up and pulled him back.

"Just a minute," growled one of the ball-ground policemen. "Don't you know the rules of the game? From 3rd base, you're supposed to run home."

The convict nodded. "That's right," he agreed. "I live in Philadelphia!"

The big league baseball manager walked menacingly toward "Slappy" Powers, the star of the team. "I've had enough, Slappy" said the manager flatly. "No one on this team is big enough to break training rules and get away with it. You're suspended for a week and fined \$500!"

The star scowled heavily. "You can't slap a fine on me," he growled. "You got no proof that I broke training rules."

"Oh, no?" yelped the manager. "Well, lemme tell you something. On the last 6 baseballs you autographed for kids, you signed 'Mr. and Mrs. Smith!'"

BROMO SELTZER

**High School Teacher Obtains His M.A.**

Joseph B. M. Lasenko, son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Lasenko, 44 Nichols Street, Bridgeton, New Jersey, members of U.N.A. branch 347, has received his Master of Arts degree from the Montclair State Teachers College.

After attending Bridgeton High, Lasenko went to Rider College where he received his Bachelor of Education degree in 1936. In 1939 he met the requirements for a General Supervisor's certificate for the State of New Jersey.



JOSEPH B. LASENKO

Upon entering Montclair State Teachers College, Mr. Lassenko majored in administration and supervision and attained a Master's Degree in both, making an educational survey while attending the Monclair institution of learning.

For the past six years, Mr. Lasenko has been a member of the faculty in the commercial department at Boonton High School, Boonton, N. J., and resides in Paterson. He has started his educational work towards his doctor's degree. His hobbies are swimming, carpentry, photography. He is a specialist at numismatics.

Harry Tymchy

**Miss War Bond and Miss Defense Stamps Named In Philadelphia**

Two lovely blondes, Ann Billos and Olga Boychuck, were crowned "Miss War Bond" and "Miss Defense Stamp" respectively at the Ukrainian Cultural Centre's annual All-American Dance held at the Ukrainian Hall, Saturday, September 26th.

The selections were made by a group of judges composed of Temple University football players, members of the armed forces and Bill Fick, world's champion underwater swimmer. The tremendous ovation of the capacity crowd which greeted the announced winners attested to their good judgement.

Both girls received figure beauty trophies donated by Mr. Michael Nasevich and the Ukrainian Cultural Centre. In addition to these prizes "Miss War Bond" received a free war bond from the U.C.C. which was purchased from the Ukrainian B&L Association through Dr. Walter Gallan, executive-secretary.

Pictures of the contestants and the two winners appeared in three of the four Philadelphia newspapers. Miss Billos succeeds Miss Helen Gazdun, "Miss National Defense" of 1941.

ALEXANDER YAREMKO  
Contest Chairman and M. C.

Remember Pearl Harbor! Remember it every pay day! Buy U. S. War Bonds and Stamps.

**Presents Ukrainian Festival at Montgomery, Ala.**

A festival of Ukrainian folk art and cooking is scheduled for tonight at the Woman's Club in Montgomery, Alabama, under the auspices of several prominent civic leaders of that city, the Montgomery Advertiser reports.

The festival will feature Valentina Ray Mitz, of Ukrainian origin, formerly of Los Angeles, who will give a costume presentation of folk songs and dances of Ukraine, a lecture on its customs, and a demonstration in the preparation of special foods made in Ukraine. Members of the club will appear in the folk dancing and singing.

In private life the lecturer is the wife of Aviation Cadet Mitz, stationed at Maxwell Field, near Montgomery.

The keynote of her presentation, according to the Advertiser, will be hospitality in the home, "for Mrs. Mitz says the hospitality of Montgomery is like the hospitality of... Ukraine, which brings welcome to the visitor, gives growth to the dweller, understanding to the community and peace among the nations." It is her belief that through hospitality one learns about people, communes with people and loves people, and through such channels peace is established.

The Montgomery Advertiser further

**Dedicate Service Flag In Plainfield, N. J.**

A service flag, containing 101 stars for boys from the congregation of the St. Mary's Ukrainian Orthodox Church in South Plainfield, N. J. was dedicated Sunday, September 20, the local Weekly News-Review and the Courier-News report.

The dedication exercises were opened in the morning with a Holy Mass celebrated by the Rev. Joseph Yaletchko, pastor, and assisted by the Rev. Francis Donahue of New York. The flag was raised at 12:45 p. m. with Stephen Dembitsky as master of ceremonies presenting Mayor Thomas Eganey as a speaker and Chief Petty Officer Raymond Park representing the Chaumont Post, American Legion. Following the services at the church, a parade was held through the center of the borough.

Later a banquet was held in the American Legion hall, honoring the parents of the boys in the service. The service flag was borne by Corporal Skrutowsky and Private Michael Wengryn. Seaman Michael Fedirko carried the American Flag which led the unit of the parents of the men in the armed forces.

reports that for the past ten years Mrs. Mitz has spoken before various organizations in 16 states, and has organized many college and community groups.

**ONCE AGAIN ~ KEYSTONE CLUB of NEW JERSEY**  
sponsors its  
**PENNSYLVANIA DANCE**  
AT THE UKRAINIAN CENTER, 180-186 WILLIAM ST., NEWARK, N. J.  
**Saturday, October 17th, 1942**  
**2 BANDS 2**  
Johnny Stokes and His Orch. — Al Parks Polka Band.  
Admission — 65 cents. Uniformed Service Men — 30 cents.  
CONTINUOUS DANCING 9 P. M. TO 2 A. M.

**Marusia Says:**

For beauty, for style, for long wear and durability there's nothing finer than Muskrat. And you don't have to be an heiress to possess one either! At Michael Turansky's you can get a beautiful Hollander-blended Muskrat coat for as little as \$150. While for \$225, you can get a Hollander-blended Muskrat made of choice backs. There isn't a finer coat made than the Hollander-blended Let out Muskrat for \$350. Each skin is soft, glossy, making a coat of unsurpassable beauty.



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