

СВОБОДА

Український Щоденник

PIK L 4. 217



SVOBODA

Ukrainian Daily

VOL. L. No. 217.

SECTION II.

# The Ukrainian Weekly

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

No. 39

JERSEY CITY, N. J., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1942

VOL. X

## Ukrainians Fighting For Their Own Freedom Too

OUT of the welter of conflicting reports, censorship, and enemy propaganda that covers the East European Front, one thing stands out very clearly—that in this hour of common peril the people of Soviet Ukraine are firmly united with the other peoples of the Soviet Union, and shoulder to shoulder with them are fighting a common and ruthless enemy—the Nazis. Ukrainian names are prominent in reports of Red Army exploits. Ukrainians who are not in the armed forces and who have found themselves behind the invader's lines, continue, their fight against him as guerrillas and in the numberless inimitable ways that years of foreign occupation of their native land have taught them. The very fact, as Churchill reported early this week, that Hitler shot 54,000 persons in Kiev the day after he entered it, testifies of itself how strong Ukrainian hostility to him must be to evoke such terrible repressive measures against it.

Evidence of the nation-wide Ukrainian hostility against the Nazis multiplies itself each day. Some of it can be found, for example, in Rene Kraus' highly readable book "Europe in Revolt" published last summer by Macmillan, wherein it is stressed that all Nazi attempts to win over Ukraine have been a complete failure, and that death penalties do not intimidate the Ukrainians. Moreover—"The remarkable feature is the absence (among Ukrainians) of a Quisling . . . In the many thousands of villages—it is a characteristic sidelight—five mayors all told, showed themselves ready to collaborate with the invaders. All five, according to official Soviet reports, were killed by their own citizens . . . But the double game the Nazis played with them has entirely alienated even those Ukrainians who considered making common cause with Hitler against the Soviets. Today the whole nation is ferociously anti-German, especially embittered over the 'loss' of Lwow (Lviv) which under Austrian rule (and later Polish) was considered as the spiritual capital of Ukrainian nationalism. . . . The population's reaction is distinctly disappointing to Berlin. . . . etc. etc.

Thus it is clear that the Ukrainians over there have made a common cause against Hitler with the Soviets and all the others with whom they were at dagger's points over the question of their freedom and independence.

What does that mean insofar as the future of Ukraine is concerned? Does it mean that the Ukrainians over there will after the war is over and the United Nations are victorious, be satisfied to remain under the foreign rule of the Soviets and company? Does it mean that they will have to continue to endure Communism? And, does it mean that by then they will have abandoned their aspirations and struggle for freedom?

To put it mildly—we hardly think so. The very logic of it rules out such possibility. After all, a movement for national freedom that has behind it a 45 million people inhabiting a vast and self-sustaining territory, that has been sanctified by countless sacrifices, that has endured wars and repressions of the most violent sort, that is the very foundation of the Ukrainian heritage, and that has always been highly democratic in nature, such a movement cannot lose its vigor and drive and then peter out, no matter how great the cataclysm that has descended upon it.

The most the present war can do to the Ukrainian movement is to dam it up. But when the war is over and the need for making a common cause with former oppressors against a common enemy is over, that movement is bound to break down that dam and surge over it with unprecedented power and fury. That is exactly what happened at the close of the last war, when the Ukrainians struck out for their national liberties and established the Ukrainian Peoples Republic, which collapsed only because its enemies were too strong for it.

Whatever happens in the future, however, whatever the war brings for the Ukrainians, the fact remains, as was pointed out in an article entitled "The Sufferings of the Ukraine," which appeared in the "Contemporary Review" monthly published in London (October, 1941) that—"The conflict which broke out in 1939 in Europe, Totalitarianism versus Democracy, gave the hope to the Ukrainians of some possibility of seeing their country and people free again in some distant future. Whoever the Ukrainians may be and wherever they may be found, they all have one main desire: to see their freedom restored, not only on paper, but in fact."

They have been especially encouraged in this desire by the words of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill and other American and British leaders, who have time and again stressed that this war is being fought not in the interests of a privileged few but for the freedom of all peoples. Especially encouraging to them have been the utterances such as that of Mr. Eden at Coventry (August 30, 1941), when he said: "The principles upon which the post-war world will be based have been laid down in the eight-point declaration issued by the President of the U.S.A. and our Prime Minister. It established principles which will be equally valid for all nations both great and small. It excludes the idea of hegemony or zones of leadership, whether in the East or in the West." These are, as the Ukrainians say, "golden words," encouraging words, provided victory allows all nations to carry out this self-determination to its logical end, without building a half-way house of veiled hegemonies or subjugations.

Despite all this, today the enemies of this "one main desire," of this righteous and democratic movement for Ukrainian freedom, are taking advantage of the present war situation to hush it up, to distort it, to minimize it and sometimes even to deny its very existence in pre-war Soviet Ukraine, and, at the same time to malign and vilify all those who are its life-long supporters. In this task they have been aided by the pre-war Soviet censorship, which was so airtight that the world knew next to nothing about the true conditions in Soviet Ukraine, although it did know quite a bit about the freedom movement in Western Ukraine under Poland then, as there the censorship was never as effective as that of the Soviets.

On this account, and to help refute some of this absurd anti-Ukrainian propaganda, it is worth recalling that despite the rigid Soviet censorship, the American and British press did manage from time to time to get an idea as to the conditions there. Here are a few typical excerpts, selected at random:

" . . . anti-Soviet sentiment and activity (in Ukraine) has been intensely stubborn since the first days of the revolution . . . and (Ukraine) has been the field of a strong nationalist movement from the very beginning of the Bolshevik revolution." Moscow dispatch by Harold Denny in The New York Times. June, 1938.

"That something was fundamentally wrong with the situation in the Ukraine has been proved by the fact that during the recent months even Stalin's most trusted lieutenants have failed him when sent to the Ukraine, and he has had to dispose of those in the Ukraine in more rapid succession than in any other part of the country. . . ." Editorial in The New York Herald-Tribune, December 19, 1938.

"From the very first, Ukrainians were of all peoples under the Soviet the least amenable, the most strongly individualistic, the most fiercely nationalistic, the most atrociously suppressed." Cork Examiner (Ireland). May 7, 1938.

Going back still further, to 1934, we find that at the 17th Congress of the Communist Party, held in January 1934, Stalin himself admitted the existence and strength of the movement for an independent Ukraine.

What made him admit it? Perhaps one of the best answers to this question is contained in a dispatch from Soviet Ukraine which appeared several years before that admission was made, in the Chicago Daily Tribune (April 14, 1929). Entitled "Ukraine Keeps Soviet Moscow Awake Nights." it was written by the Chicago Tribune correspondent during the short-lived period of "Ukrainization" when the Soviets allowed the Ukrainians certain cultural concessions, as a partial offset to their violent political repression and economic exploitation of them. Judging by its frankness, Soviet censorship which permitted the dispatch to be sent out was not as severe then as it became soon afterwards.

The dispatch was written on board the Kharkow-Moscow train. The Chicago Tribune writer describes Soviet railroad travel in general and then the conversation he overheard concerning the Ukrainian movement:

"On the Ukrainian railroads the chief theme of conversation concerned the possibility of the Ukrainian Soviet Republic breaking away from Great Russia and becoming an independent state. Ukrainian communists always denied that such a feeling existed when I questioned them and the deputy commissar for foreign affairs, Kulik, in Kharkov, and said such rumors were worthless.

"But I found the separatist movement in importance among all classes of inhabitants and frequently I heard bitter quarrels between Ukrainians and Russians on whether or not Russia was going to disintegrate into separate independent states.

"The argument I will relate began at the station Nikolaev. In Ukrainian the name of the town is Mikolaev and on the station both names are painted, the Ukrainian one on the top. A Great Russian, a man from Moscow, in our compartment asked his Ukrainian companion scornfully: 'Do you find Mikolaev more beautiful than Nikolaev? If I had my way I would abolish this incorrect spelling. The idea of placing the Ukrainian name first! Why, Nikolaev has been called by its Russian name hundreds of years and you have to go and change it. I'd like to abolish the entire Ukrainian language.'

His neighbor said nothing, but from the other end of the seat came a reply.

"You are mistaken, dorogoy Tovarisch (dear comrade), this voice, that of a Ukrainian, said quietly. 'Nikolaev has always been a Ukrainian town and it was the Russians who originally changed its name. Perhaps we will be the first to abolish the incorrect inscription Nikolaev and perhaps we will do away with Great Russia in our country. It is about time you people in Moscow realized that we are not a Russian province, but the wide, free Ukraine.'

"Where do you get that stuff," chimed in another passenger. 'On the contrary we must be satisfied. The policy of 'Ukrainization' is progressing with gigantic steps. People with half their lives behind them are sitting

(Concluded on page 2)

# Ukrainian-Canadians

By J. F. C. WRIGHT

(Courtesy, Canadian Geographical Journal, August, 1942)

(2)

RAILWAY building meant ready work for the men; while women, children and very old folk stayed on the homesteads grubbing stumps, clearing stone, gardening, milking the cow. Their background of oppression made them suspicious of officialdom and the police. When a Mounted Police man came to the district to inquire regarding a theft or a murder, the old folk sometimes hid themselves away, leaving only the children to answer "Neznayou" (don't know). All worked long and hard on their new land, and the men returned in the late fall with money to buy plows, disks, harrows; next year, maybe a binder and a seeder. At first they bought implements communally—one plow, one set of discs, between two or four families.

The clearings widened. Oats, rye, wheat grew where bush had been. Within a few years each family had its own farm machinery, and horses were gradually replacing the oxen. The first dwelling had become a barn, and a new long or frame house had been built.

Encouraged by provincial governments, they built school houses, elected themselves to school boards.

## Mytro the Farmer

In July of 1941 I lived with a family of Ukrainian-Canadians in Saskatchewan. It was haying time. Mytro and I talked as we forked—shirtless and bronzed with the cooling feel of sweat on our backs. The half-drowsing horses pulled the mounting load from coil to coil along the willow-rimmed meadow. The dog with expectant tail and wrinkling nose looked for field mice under each rustling forkful. Mytro, Canadian born, had studied agriculture at the University of Saskatchewan. Instead of taking one of several jobs offered him in store or office, he returned to the land, because there is no better life. His wife Anna thought so too. She left her job in town to marry him.

No better life? Even with drouth and the low price for wheat? Yes, even with no car, and no telephone other than the barbwire fence phone connecting a neighbour. On the farm, said Mytro, you have more time to think than in a town. And you can think more clearly when you work with your hands beneath the great sky. Think more clearly about what? Well, about directing the consumer co-operative. Mytro was a director. About the "Wheat Pool" and the dairy, livestock and poultry pools through which he and his wife marketed. About Stephan, Pete, Bert and others who had joined Canada's Army, Air Force and Navy to beat Hitlerism and build a better world. About what the priest said in church last Sunday. About the dance next Saturday night in Romchuck's barn. About the exquisite beauty of a meadowlark's song far above the whispering poplar leaves. About educating the children and spending wisely the ratepayers' money. Mytro was schoolboard secretary.

Yes farming is a balanced life. Through the day you work your body and think while you work. Evenings you can join with the neighbours to better the community, play baseball, make music and dance. Mytro was quietly emphatic. He knew.

The sun was lower when we climbed on the last load, sank in the springy couch of good smelling hay and drove homeward.

## School Board Meeting

Mytro's home was nearest the school so the board members gathered at his place. Teacher was first to arrive. Then the chairman roared

into the yard in a mufferless Model T Ford with no top or windshield. Other members came, and they set to talking about ways to feed hogs, Germans overrunning the Ukraine, not enough rain in Saskatchewan. Chairman Pete squatting like a Cosack, looking through his horn-rimmed glasses, reached down and pulled leaves from the tough barnyard weeds. Mytro got up, stretched, dusted the knees of his pants and suggested it was about time to start the meeting over at the school.

The board members all got into Pete's automobile, drove past the school to the teacherage wherein Mytro took his place at the table and read the minutes of the previous meeting. There was money in the bank to write a cheque for teacher's salary, and enough to spare for building repairs. It was decided to calcimine the inside of the teacherage. Chairman Pete got up, paced off the walls, and calculated aloud in English and Ukrainian. Mytro figured with pencil and school scribbler. Teacher, consulted for his knowledge of mathematics, responded slowly but accurately. Then minor repairs were considered at length, and next winter's firewood. Everything was discussed with amiability and interest, but in such careful detail that a lamp had to be lit and the meeting dragged on to midnight.

When we got home I asked Mytro why the members of the board had so seriously considered the problem of part of a package of calcimine being left over. I knew they were not wasteful men, but I knew they were not mean, small, penny-pinching men. And I knew they trusted one another, worked harmoniously together. They were all Ukrainian-Canadians, they all belonged to the co-operatives and to the same political party, enjoyed the same music, went to the same church. Then why take so much time figuring the calcimine down to the last ounce as if some one were going to run away with thirty cents worth of a package left over? Besides, one of the board members was nominated candidate in the provincial elections. Suppose he is elected? How will he ever be able to help Saskatchewan's law-making at that speed?

Mytro grinned a satisfactory grin and gave the reason. The reason was a simple one. You see, the former board was mostly made up of old folks, and they had not been so careful of the ratepayers' money. Some of the old folk were naturally more accustomed to doing things the way they used to be done by officials in the old country. Well, they weren't too careful, but that was not their fault because they had been used to the old ways. They thought there was nothing wrong with it. Well, the younger folks had decided to elect a whole new board and make a fresh start.

This may seem like a primitive parable. It lacks the impressive dignity of history and statistics. Yet we cannot understand Ukrainian-Canadians only by reading their historical background or counting their noses on adding machines; we must visit them in their homes, the Michalenko home for instance.

## The Michalenko Home

The Michalenko front room smells warm like many another prairie farm living-room this winter evening. Familiar jingling as Bill Michalenko screws open the damper on the bottom of the boxstove. Purring sound of air suckled in the red glow there. Black sheet metal belly growing reddish, and Mrs. Michaelenko stoops to pull wool mitts and felt insoles further back to safety. Kerosene lamp sending amber light over red and



## OUR VALLEYS OF DECISION

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

"This is a new kind of war, a war for which we have as yet been unable even to find a name. It marks a turning point in world history, the most enveloping and decisive turning point there has ever been, because for the first time in the world's history the entire world is involved and because the decision involves the whole future of civilization.

"The future of civilization is a vague and tremendous and oratorical phrase. Interpreted and broken down, it means the freedom of yourself and myself, whether we shall be allowed to live in a decent fashion, enjoying liberty and prosperity and human dignity, involving the future of the very house we live in, the happiness and well-being of our children, the

opportunities of young people and all the comfort and security of the old. It affects how we shall worship God, and how and whether we can live in decency with our neighbors. We can help, all of us, by fighting, by working, by keeping our courage high. We can help too, enormously, by lending to ourselves the money which is necessary to win this war, by testifying to our confidence in our own country, our own battle. War Bonds and War Stamps are weapons exactly as tanks and guns are weapons. Buy now, not tomorrow or next day, but now—to save what God gave us and what we have fought for since our country became a Nation—BUY WAR BONDS."

## Ukraine In This War

(Concluded from page 1)

down with an A-B-C book and learning to read and write their language. We are subjects of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics and we have to follow where the Moscow dictatorship leads. I also am a Ukrainian and I can state in this respect I can wish for nothing better.

"You are not a Ukrainian," returned the patriot. "You have not the blood of our Zaporozhtsi (Zaporozhian Kozaks), our Shevchenko (national poet and martyr of Ukraine) and Skovoroda (national Ukrainian philosopher). You are satisfied with the crust thrown you by Moscow. It is sufficient for you to see the names of the railroad station in Ukrainian and to read the Kharkov Communist, which is printed in Ukrainian. But don't you see that all this communist propaganda is only to destroy our nationality and make us international?"

"What we want is political independence. We have had enough commissars and decrees from Moscow. Our heroic country does not need to be taught to walk like a child. We have had enough experience to govern ourselves."

Such conversation continued hours and it only one of the many which I heard. These are the thoughts of the Ukrainian educated classes who desire complete separation from Moscow. This tension is growing.

"The dissatisfaction with the Moscow regime has been intensified into hatred. The bolsheviks in Moscow have drained all the grain from Ukraine for other parts of Russia and for export abroad. The produce tax compels the Ukrainian peasant to pay far more of his crop to the government than does one from the other Russian provinces.

"This situation is keeping Moscow awake nights . . . To counteract this rising tide of separatism Moscow is endeavoring to win the support of Ukrainian intelligentsia (which it failed to do and which led to the notorious trials of Ukrainian intellectuals in 1931.

"Despite all Moscow's efforts this nationalistic movement toward complete independence is growing and strengthening under the economic disaster of bolshevik rule. Whether Moscow will permit Ukraine to secede without a civil war is a question and if this ever comes bolshevism will face its supreme crisis."

From all this it should be quite clear to a fair-minded observer that the Ukrainians abominate Nazism and that to help destroy it they are fighting shoulder to shoulder with even those who in the past oppressed and mistreated them; however, it should also be quite clear that in fighting for the freedom of all peoples they are fighting for their freedom too, and that after the war is over they will expect to have their struggle for freedom treated by their victorious allies with the same understanding and consideration as that of the Poles, the Czechs, and all the other peoples, "whose future liberty and whose very lives," as President Roosevelt pointed out last Monday night, "depend upon permanent victory of the United Nations.

pink geraniums potted in Pure Canadian Honey tins, Miel Pur. Modern art frost patterns on the window panes. Family photos on top of the drop leaf secretary desk; Private Walter Michalenko, 23, in uniform. Anne, in wedding gown. Olga with her husband who works in a coal mine at East Coulee, Alberta. Pte. Mike Hrynchuk in uniform. A summer snapshot showing six of the ten young generation of Michalencos with mother and father.

On one of the clean blue-tinted walls is an uncalculated link between Saskatchewan and faraway French-Canadian Quebec. It is an almost lurid print of a Christ lying limp on a sepulchral couch attended by metallic winged, sad-faced angels in blue, yellow, green and crimson robes. Above the gilt ridge of the lower frame is printed No. 529 H.L. Grab

Christi Zu Jerusalem II S. Sepolcro Di Cristo A Gerusalemme. The Michalencos are Ukrainian Orthodox; Pete Swistoon the school teacher is Roman Catholic, but they use much the same religious prints, hold Christmas on January 7, and play the some Ukrainian folk tunes on mandolins and guitars.

(To be concluded)

## What Confucius Said:

It is useless to discuss accomplished facts—to protest against things past remedy—to find fault with bygone things.

The serious fault is to have faults and not try to mend them.

To take an untrained multitude into battle is equivalent to throwing them away.

# "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)

(8)

"THAT is exactly why I fear, Your Highness, that the Zaporozhians might cause you all sorts of trouble. Already some of them are stirring the populace against you with all sorts of lies. Haven't you heard the rumors about the Black Council that they are threatening to hold?" Shraam asked.

"So what if they are threatening to hold a Black Council!" exclaimed Hetman Somko. "Just as soon as the Czar's boyars leave, my cannon will take care of any such attempt! I'll make pulp out of these mutinous Zaporozhians, drive their would-be leader back to herding swine, and show the fools who is Hetman here!"

Shraam pondered for a moment, and the said; "Your words cause my soul to revive like a flower covered with God's dew. What worries me yet, however, is that these Zaporozhian scoundrels are stirring trouble among the city and village populace against the settlement Kozaks."

"I'm fully aware of that," said Somko, "and to tell you the truth, it worries me very little. I think it will do our settlement Kozaks some good, for they are becoming entirely too spoiled. 'Only we are of any account, while the rest are nothing but dust! Let the populace feed us, for that is our due, while we do our Kozak task—breaking tavern window panes and glasses!' That seems to express their attitude. Tolerate this attitude, and soon you will see that they will bring the ways of nobility back into Ukraine, and stir up strife again. It's about time, I think, that we really learned the lesson Poland taught us, that peace and happiness cannot exist in the land where truth and justice do not reign. Let every man get his just dues I say, whether he be a city-dweller, villager, peasant, or Kozak; only then will Ukraine have freedom, peace, and prosperity."

These words so gladdened Shraam that he embraced and kissed the Hetman.

"May God grant," he said "that your sentiments become the sentiments of every good man in our Ukraine."

"And may God also grant," added Somko, "that both banks of the Dnieper recognize but one bulawa! Just as soon as I get rid of these Czarist boyars, I'll go after that Tetera and bring him to his senses. I'll chase that pseudo-Pole out of Ukraine, drive back the Poles to the very Slutch river, and then holding hands with Moscow throw out anyone who dares to encroach upon our Ukrainian lands!"

Shraam's face glowed at these words.

"O mighty God! O merciful God!" he exclaimed, stretching his hands towards the holy pictures, "help him in this noble task!"

"Enough of this talk about public matters," said Somko. "Let us now turn to the private ones. Methinks it is ill for a man to live alone. A Hetman must have a wife. So I take this opportunity of informing all of you that sometime ago I and Mrs. Cherevan came to an understanding in regards her daughter, Lesya. She is to marry me. And therefore, dear father and mother, give us now your blessings."

With these words to her parents, Somko took Lesya by the hand and both bowed before them.

"God bless you, my children," said Mrs. Cherevan.

Cherevan, however, appeared to have some difficulty in saying anything. He appeared to be dumb-struck. Only one word escaped him, "Bwother," and that was all.

Shraam glanced at Petro, and saw him standing by the window, pale as chalk. Perhaps a wave of sympathy for his son surged through him, but he was not the kind of a father to show such feelings.

"Why don't you bless us, father?" asked Somko of Cherevan.

"Bwother!" replied the latter. "It would indeed be a high honor to marry my daughter off to a Hetman, but she no longer is ours. She now belongs to Shraam. Yesterday, we had sort of a half-engagement."

"How did this happen, mother?" asked Somko, turning to Lesya's mother.

She was about to reply something, when Shraam motioned her to stop, and said: "Everything is all right here, your highness. Yesterday I acted as matchmaker for my son Petro, but

I did not know of your previous arrangement. So therefore I would now rather put my son into a monastery than permit him to stand in your way. May God bless you both, and don't worry about us, as we shall find a maiden for Petro yet. Such fair flowers, they say, are plentiful in this world."

"Well, then, act as my father here, and bless us together with Lesya's parents," said Somko.

Shraam took his position alongside Cherevan, and while the now engaged couple bowed before them they blessed them.

Suddenly outside the window the hoot of an owl was heard: "Poo-hoo! Poo-hoo!"

Somko smiled. "That is our Kyrylo Tur," and he replied in kind.

"I don't know what prompts you to have anything to do with these steppe owls. A settlement Kozak must beware of them," said Shraam.

"You're right, father," answered Somko. "Many of them have become ne'er-do-wells since the death of father Khmelnytsky, yet among them there are still plenty of good fellows. Like this Kyrylo Tur, for example. Many a time he was of great aid to me. He's a good fighter and fine man, even though he may appear to be lazy and wild at times. For that matter, most all of these Zaporozhians are somewhat wild."

"The devil take their carefreeness," said Shraam. "For them everything is a joke! Even Khmelnytsky himself used to get angry at times against them because of this."

"Yet you cannot say, father, that there are not good men among them."

"It would be a sin for me to say such a thing," replied Shraam. "I well remember the time when I was in a real tight spot, when it looked that I was bound to lose my head for sure. I was surrounded on all sides by the Poles. There were only four of us left. My horse was killed beneath me, and I defended myself on foot against the horsemen. And they, the rascals, were trying to take me alive, in order to do to me what they did to Nalevayko and the other poor fellows. Suddenly, out of nowhere it seemed, a band of Zaporozhians appeared: 'Poo-hoo! Poo-hoo!' The Poles fled like frightened hens, and there was a full hundred of them. I looked around, and there was hardly ten Zaporozhians in all."

"Oh, yes, they are fine and knightly warriors!" said Somko.

"Better say, son, that they used to be such fine and knightly warriors; for they have changed, and now they spend all their time down in the Sitch: all the fine seed was sowed in the wars, and what is left in the basket is nothing else than chaff!"

"Humph!" scoffed Kurylo Tur, suddenly appearing in the door. Stepping inside, without taking off his peaked hat, he took hold of his sides and gazed impudently at Shraam.

The latter's temper flashed.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded, stepping up to him.

"Humph! reverend-father," the other replied, winding his moustache over his left ear, in a manner to show Shraam that he did not fear him in the least.

"You say Zaporozhians have changed?" he continued in a scoffing tone. "Haven't you ever heard that song: 'Rivers from the world over all flow into Black Sea.' As long as the waters of the Black Sea do not change, as long as the sun shines on this earth, so long the Zaporozhians will never change from the knightly warriors that they are. From all corners of this earth they have assembled at the Sitch, like eagles on some inaccessible crag . . . Just as an example, look at my comrade here behind me . . . but that's beside the point. Salutations, sire Hetman (and now he took off his hat). Salutations to you ladies and gentlemen! And salutation to you, Colonel Shraam! Now tell me, dear colonel, how did you get back to camp without a horse?"

"You Herod!" exclaimed Shraam, his white eyebrows pulling down heavily. "If we were some other place I would teach you how to respect me!"

## HAVE YOU READ IT YET?

Modern Ukraine was born in the throes of the Kozak Revolution of 1648, which was led by the famous Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky, "the Cromwell of Eastern Europe." Bohdan's life and political career were both dramatic and colorful, a strange story of blood and thunder and diplomatic maneuver. Professor George Vernadsky of Yale University gives a striking picture of the rise of the Ukrainian people under this powerful leader, in his **BOHDAN, HETMAN OF UKRAINE**, published for the Ukrainian National Association by the Yale University Press (1941. Pp. 150. Illus. \$2.50). SVOBODA BOOKSTORE, 81-83 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

"By that," replied Kyrylo, "you mean exactly the same as if you actually pulled out your sword and said to me, 'What do you say, Kyrylo, let's measure our swords and see which one is longer.' I give you my Kozak word, Colonel Shraam, that I would give my silk belt for such an honor! But that's impossible. You can cut me in two, from my forelock to the seat of my pants, but I won't raise my hand against your honorable scars and your priestly vestments."

The Zaporozhian certainly knew how to put it. Shraam quickly recovered his self-possession. "What then, you sting-bee," he asked, "do you want of me?"

"Very little, just tell me how you managed to get back to your encampment without a horse?"

"Tshfu! you satan!" said Shraam, smiling. "I'll tell you, only don't get me angry any more. The Poles, as I said before, fled at the coming of these ten Zaporozhians. The ataman of my rescuers noticed that I did not have a horse. 'What you do say brothers,' he called out to his companions, 'let's get him a horse.' And the group of them went chasing after the hundred Poles."

"Did they get the horse?"

"Sure they did. And were we surprised. For although their horse were pretty worn out, yet the horse they captured for me was a splendid mount, and as fresh as could be. We wondered how did they do it."

"Ah, well," broke in Kyrylo, his eyes dancing, yet his expression very serious, "you know these Zaporozhians. Sometimes they know even how to use the devil himself for their ends."

"That was my thought, too," said Shraam, "that they could not have got this horse without the aid of some evil power. So I asked them, 'How did you manage to capture such a charger.' But to my question their leader said, 'That's something we can't say. Mount him and ride your way, before the Poles return.'"

"That was a good answer," said Kyrylo. "Our lads do not crow when they lay an egg. But this is how it happened. Our boys pursuing the fleeing Poles quickly overtook them. When the latter saw how few Kozaks there were, they turned to give battle. Before they could raise their muskets to shoot, however, the Kozak ataman aimed and shot their captain straight between the eyes. His men broke and fled. I grabbed hold of the horse . . . what I mean is that the ataman grabbed hold of the horse! . . ."

"What is this, anyway?" exclaimed Shraam, rubbing his eyes. "Why, you are the ataman himself!"

The Zaporozhian roared with laughter.

"So, Colonel," he said, "that's the way you treat an old comrade."

"Forgive me, brother," said Shraam, embracing Kyrylo. "The Poles must have knocked all my memory out of me with their swords."

"Say, it's about time we sat behind this table," Somko interrupted the two, "and had something to eat and drink."

"That's certainly a good idea," added Cherevan. "I'm so hungry that I'm even unable to rejoice when called to eat."

"Can my comrade, Bohdan Chornohor, sit down with us too?" asked Kyrylo, turning to the Hetman.

"Why, of course. I know that he handles his word better than his tongue."

"Don't wonder that he is silent, sire Hetman, for he comes from the Black Mountain, and therefore can't speak our language good yet. But he is a fine warrior, fine indeed! Kyrylo Tur is perhaps the only one who is equal to him. That's why I like nobody better than myself and him."

(To be continued)

# The Story of Ukrainian Literature

(25)

AND so—to conclude this historical sketch before proceeding with the further development of Ukrainian literature—at every step the Ukrainians felt the heavy-handed Tsarist Russian oppression, aimed at their complete denationalization and ruin. As a result, some of them, especially the higher classes who found advancement closed to them, turned Russian.

### Ukraine A School For Muscovy

Ukraine, wrote Professor A. Bruckner, the Polish scholar, "was equivalent of a school for Russia," especially after the Treaty of Pereyaslav (1654) when many Ukrainian students of the western theology, medicine and science migrated to Muscovy, and helped to Europeanize it.

Outstanding among them were such as Epyphany Slavynetzky, who translated Western European geographies, works on anatomy and medicine; Meletiy Smotrytsky, Archbishop of Polotsk and a man of wide cosmopolitanism, whose grammar, published in Kiev in 1619, was reprinted in Moscow in 1648; Innocent Giel, whose history ("Synopsis"), published in Ukraine in the middle of

the 17th century, influenced Russian historians more than any other text up to the 18th century and was used in their schools until the 19th century, being reprinted in Moscow in 1863; and then later Metropolitan Dimitri Rostovsky, Stephen Yavorsky, and Theodore Prokopovich, the closest advisers of Peter I.

Furthermore, at the convention of lawmakers called together in 1767 by Catherine II, the most important delegates were Ukrainians, including Gregory Poletika, author of the History of Rus', (commented upon here several weeks ago). In addition, it was the Ukrainians who taught the Muscovites the linear method of musical notation, as well as the art of printing. Nearly all the bishops at that time were Ukrainians, as well as the seminary students and teachers. Everywhere the Ukrainian influence was felt.

"Ukrainian literary men," wrote the Russian Pypyn, "composed works of which no one dreamt in Moscow... they were works of grammar, dictionaries, catechisms, histories, church teachings, and general polemical

church literature which was equal to the literature aimed against the Orthodox Church by the Jesuits."

The creator of Russian prose, Gogol, was of course a Ukrainian. In music, Tschaikovsky, Bortniansky, and Vedel, generally known as Russians, were really Ukrainians. In painting, Losenko, Levitsky, Borovikovsky, Zaryanko, Repin, and Sudovsky, were all natives of Ukraine.

And thus many such Ukrainians helped to enrich Russian culture, while the persecuted and repressed Ukrainian culture suffered a decline.

### Conditions Under Poland Bad Too

Meanwhile conditions in that part of Ukraine which had been ceded to Poland at Andrusiv (1667), were not much better, for like Russia Poland also attempted to destroy the Ukrainians as a nationality. From the very outset, however, Poland encountered very stubborn resistance, especially in form of guerrilla warfare of roving bands of embattled peasantry, the "Haydamaki."

In 1768 the "Haydamaki" nearly drove the Poles out of Ukraine, but failed at the crucial point because of

Russian military intervention. The revolt was crushed with shocking cruelty. But one thing it did accomplish. It weakened Poland, thereby paving the way towards her dismemberment by her erstwhile ally Russia together with Prussia and Austria (in 1772, 1793, 1795).

### Peasantry Last Bulwark of Ukrainian Life

Nevertheless the end of Ukraine as a nation seemed quite imminent then. All the finer things of Ukrainian life, created and nurtured throughout the centuries by valiant effort, bloodshed and sacrifices, lay strewn in the dust at Russia's and Poland's feet. The Ukrainian upper classes had become largely either Russianized or Polonized. Only within the peasantry, the most abused and down-trodden that it was, did the flame of Ukrainian national consciousness continue to flicker.

And it was indeed most fortunate for Ukraine that the blind racial instinct caused the peasants to cling to her. For upon them rose the modern Ukrainian revival in national life, culture, and literature, which despite its many discouraging reverses has been steadily growing in power and intensity to this very day.

(To be continued)

## THE UNITED NATIONS

### V. CHINA

#### Chinese and Americans

BECAUSE the Chinese live on the other side of the globe; because they wear white instead of black for mourning; because their books begin on what would be the last page of ours; because their family names come first, instead of their given names—as if they said "Smith John" instead of "John Smith"—they used to be regarded as people who stood on their heads. Lately we have learned that in many essential ways Americans are like the Chinese and they are like Americans.

The Chinese live in a temperate country the size of our own. Among themselves they differ as much as a Wyoming rancher differs from a Yankee mechanic or a Mississippi plantation owner, but fundamentally their culture is unified as our own; they speak many dialects, but their written language is the same everywhere.

Practical, ingenious, and resourceful, they are the best businessmen in the East. Like Americans, they are fundamentally democratic, and they conceive democracy not as an equality of wealth but as an equal opportunity to rise. They keep their ties with the land, even when living in cities. Just as American political and business leaders used to boast of having been born in log cabins, Chinese generals and statesmen have the tradition of the grass hut.

The story of American relations with China goes back to 1784, the year after the Revolution ended, when the first Yankee merchantman anchored in Canton harbor. It was an American soldier of fortune, Frederick Townsend Ward, who first taught Chinese soldiers to fight in the Western fashion. A shrine near Shanghai still honors this "wonderful hero from beyond the seas who sprinkled China with his azure blood."

In this war the two generals most feared by the Japanese have been an American and a Chinese—Douglas MacArthur and Chiang Kai-shek.

#### The Land and the People

China proper has an area of 2,903,000 square miles. Outer China—Manchuria, Mongolia, and Tibet—has an area of 1,577,000 square miles. The total is nearly 4½ million square

miles—more than a quarter of all Asia.

In China proper there were 422,700,000 people in 1936, according to an estimate made by the Ministry of the Interior. Outer China had 35,100,000 people. The total 457,800,000 was more than a fifth of the human race.

#### The War

"We are fighting on the same side as the brave people of China," President Roosevelt said in his January 6 address, "who for four and a half long years have withstood bombs and starvation and have whipped the invaders time and again in spite of superior Japanese equipment and arms."

China has 2 million or more front-line troops, reserves of 2 to 4 million, and at least a million irregulars and guerrilla fighters. The front-line troops, chiefly consisting of infantry, hold a shifting front of perhaps 3,000 miles. Besides its ground troops, China in the beginning had a small but effective air force. The Chinese were ably assisted by the famous American Volunteer Group.

In the course of 30 years' struggle to free and unify his nation, Chiang Kai-shek has come to be the symbol of China's unity and her will to survive. When the fortunes of his country were at their lowest ebb, he said to his councilors: "Let the Japanese come, let them drive us back into Tibet. In 5 years we will be back here and will wrest all China from the enemy again."

**Free China includes:** All Western China. All the South except for a few coastal cities. Central China, north of the Yangtze Valley. Its total population is between 200 and 250 million people.

**Occupied China includes:** The coastal plain. Most of the river valleys. Most of the big eastern cities. The principal railroads and land adjacent to them. It is said that occupied China is like a coat, of which the Japanese hold only the buttons and the seams. Even in the northeast, Chinese guerillas control the back country away from the railroads.

Outside of Manchuria, not more than 40 or 50 million Chinese are actually living under Japanese rule.

#### The Oldest Nation

China has an uninterrupted history of more than 4,000 years, a re-

## YOUTH AND THE U.N.A.

### BR. 253 BUYS \$11,800 WAR BONDS

The Supreme Executive Commy of the Ukrainian National Association recently received a letter from the Ivan Franko U.N.A. S.C., Branch 253 of Ludlow, Mass., reporting that the members purchasing War Bonds totaling \$11,800. The letter, which is signed by Damon Charko, president, Makary Pukish, cashier, and John Prystupa, secretary, reads as follows:

"We are notifying you that we have gone among our members and found that most of them are buying United States War Bonds. Up to August 15th, 1942, the total amount of War Bonds purchased by our members was \$11,800.

"We have urged them to purchase War Bonds to the limit. We assure you that the members are not only cooperating but are doing their best to help our country in its great struggle."

### NEW BRANCH FORMED IN NORTH DAKOTA

A recently organized branch of the Ukrainian National Association is Assembly 420 of Belfield, North Dakota. The branch was formed by Peter Andruszczak, secretary of Branch 345

of Minneapolis, Minn. Elko Palahnuk is the secretary.

Branch 420 is the first U.N.A. branch to be organized in the State of North Dakota, and North Dakota is the twenty-first State in which there is a U.N.A. branch. The other States having U.N.A. branches are as follows: Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Massachusetts, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, West Virginia, and Wyoming. There are also branches in two Canadian provinces, namely, Ontario and Quebec, where the U.N.A. has license to do business.

### PROMOTED TO TECHNICAL SERGEANT

Staff Sergeant William Lutwiniak, son of Mrs. Katherine Lutwiniak of Jersey City, N. J., was recently promoted to Technical Sergeant in Washington, D. C., where he is stationed. William, his mother, his sister and four brothers are members of Branch 287 of the Ukrainian National Association, which is a Jersey City youth branch.

cord no other country in the world can match.

The Chinese invented or discovered silk, porcelain, tea, printing, gunpowder.

Long before Europeans, the Chinese had great cities, good roads, a canal that is still the longest in the world.

They mined coal; they issued paper money; they had a public relief system and a civil service.

China is famous for: Her philosophers: Confucius, Mencius, Lao-tse. Her poets: Li Tai-po and Tu Fu.

Her landscape painting, her architecture, her gardens, her porcelains, her silk brocades. Her cooking; the good humor and courtesy of her people; all the arts of gracious living.

**Two heroes:** In China, the great heroes of the past were not warriors but sages, statesmen, poets. The two heroes most widely revered today are Confucius, the great moral philosopher, who died over 50 years before Plato was born, and Sun Yat-sen, the founder and lawgiver of the Chinese Republic.

### 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.

## Holynsky Wins Laurels In Vancouver

Michael Hoynsky, leading Ukrainian tenor, won further laurels for himself at a concert he gave in Vancouver, Canada, Sunday, September 28. "Audience Enjoys Holynsky" and "Tenor Pleases Big Audience" headlined local press accounts of his singing.

Stanley Bligh of "The Vancouver Sun" wrote the following:—

Michailo Holynsky, known as the leading Ukrainian tenor, gave a recital in the Hotel Vancouver Ballroom, Saturday evening, which was thoroughly appreciated by a large, enthusiastic audience.

The possessor of a very powerful vocal organ with glorious ringing top tones, the tenor sang a program consisting for the most part of songs by Ukrainian and Slovakian composers. He painted, with vivid tonal color, the trials and sufferings, the hopes and aspirations of the freedom loving Ukrainian people.

Particularly effective was the singing of a poem "Minuly Leeta Molo-deeyee" (Gone are the days of my youth) by the great Ukrainian poet, Taras Shevchenko, set to music by Nizankowsky. This was given with fine dramatic intensity, admirably controlled tone and clarity of diction.

Two of the songs told of the daring deeds of the Cossacks, issuing a clarion call to the people to rise against foreign misrule.

Some in English included "Land of hope and glory" (Elgar) and "Without a song" (Youmans).

Ambrozij Holowach accompanied with sympathy and understanding. Both artists were accorded a great ovation at the conclusion of the program.

"The Vancouver Daily Province"

"The Vancouver Daily Province" also had praise for Mr. Holynsky:—

A large and appreciative audience thrilled to the rich, vibrant tone of Mychailo Holynsky, celebrated Ukrainian tenor, who was heard in recital in the ballroom at Hotel Vancouver Saturday night.

In a lengthy program of Ukrainian and British music, Mr. Holynsky fully upheld his reputation as the "Kiepora of Ukraina."

His voice, ranging easily through two octaves, is robust and invigorating, and to his renderings of native songs he contributed a wealth of feeling and dramatic expression.

In the middle register he is especially pleasing, as was noticed in Lysenko's "Dumka" (Meditation), based on a lyric written by the Ukrainian poet, Shevchenko. The song evokes the past glories of Ukraina and prophesies the time when her honor and freedom will be restored.

At other times, Mr. Holynsky impressed his listeners by the apparent ease with which he can scale a top "C" and hold it without effort.

Many of the songs he sang during the first half of the program were specially written for him by Ukrainian composers and heard in Canada for the first time. The majority have tragic themes.

Turning to a lighter vein, Mr. Holynsky sang Vincent Youman's popular "Without a Song" and invested it with a powerful operatic quality seldom heard in renderings of popular music.

But the singer was obviously more at home with a vocal solo from Puccini's opera "Tosca," his own Ukrainian music, and the Slovakian folk song, "Ey Skienichko, Skienena."

At the piano, Mr. Holynsky's talented accompanist and interpreter, Ambrozij Holowach, responded magnificently to all of his vocal moods.

## Miss War Bond and Miss Defense Stamp



Anne Billos and Olga Boychuk who 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 in Philadelphia, Saturday, September 26, and reported on these pages last week. Pictures of the two girls appeared in the Philadelphia Inquirer.



## Ukrainian Recipes

### COFFEE FRUIT CAKE

2 cups warm milk  
2 yeast cakes  
1/4 lb. butter  
3 eggs  
1 tsp. salt  
1 cup sugar  
1 tsp. vanilla  
peel of 1 lemon grated  
peel of 1 orange grated  
about 6-7 cups flour

Solution: Dissolve yeast in 1/2 cup warm water; add tablespoon sugar; let stand for 10 minutes. Warm milk, mix with yeast; add enough flour to make sponge batter; add 1 egg and salt; cover and let stand in warm place. When double in size, add remaining sugar and 2 eggs, vanilla, melted butter, orange and lemon peel; mix well, add enough flour to make soft dough; knead about 15 or 20 minutes, or until dough loosens from hands. Put in warm place and let rise double. Divide into 6 or 7 pieces; roll out about 1 inch thick, spread with fruit filling; roll as you would jelly roll; put in large baking pan, about 2 rolls 4 inches apart; let rise double, glaze with beaten egg, and bake in oven 375 degrees for about 30 or 40 minutes, till brown.

Filling: Cook 1 lb. prunes, cool and then pit; mash with hand; add home-made preserves, any flavor you like or can get; add grated peel of 1 lemon or orange; add about 1 cup broken nuts, mix and spread lightly over dough; when baked and cool; sift very lightly with powdered sugar. This is very decorative and tasty. Cut in small pieces. Will serve 60 or 70 at a party; at home, just one big family.

### PASHA—CHEESE DESSERT

(Cream cheese, amount for your family)

Several packages Philadelphia cream cheese  
1 tsp. vanilla  
1/4 cup mixed glazed fruit  
1/4 cup broken nuts  
Sugar to taste  
Pinch salt  
1/4 cup raisins or currants (could be omitted)

Solution: Mix well; use new small flower pot, lined with white cloth. Fill with cheese mixture; have cloth large enough to come over sides of pot. When mixture is poured in, draw

### DOING THINGS IN A BIG WAY

They are telling a story in Washington about a Western Union messenger who was lost in the Pentagon Building, the War Department's new office structure in Arlington, Va. This building is so large that you can walk 26 miles through its corridors without retracing your steps. It has 135,000 telephones, 70 elevators, cafeterias that seat 8,000 at a time, and 21 snack bars.

Well, a search for the boy was about to be started when he emerged at the other end—a lieutenant colonel in the ordnance department.

### Hee-Haw

Teacher: If I see a man beating a donkey, and I prevent him from harming that donkey, what virtue would I show?  
Pupil: Brotherly love!

Tom was spending a three months' vacation in California.

"When I left for San Juan two months ago..." Tom was saying, when his neighbor interrupted.

"We pronounce the 'J' like 'H' in California."

"Well, give me time to learn. I've only been in California during Hune and Huly..."

sides of cloth over top of pot and put weight on top. Let stand for an hour or so in cool place. Then turn pot upside down; remove pot and cloth very gently in order not to spoil shape. Decorate with cherries or colored candies. This is used for special occasions and is very decorative and tasty. For ordinary use do not mold. Just use as a spread on any coffee bread.

### KHRUSTIKI—TEA PASTRY

1 cup sifted flour  
2 tbsps. brandy  
2 eggs  
1/8 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. sugar  
1 grated lemon rind  
2 tbsps. sweet or sour cream

Solution: Put flour in mixing bowl, pour in brandy. Make nest in center of flour. Drop in eggs, salt, sugar, lemon rind. Toss with ends of fingers. Add cream, mix dough thoroughly and knead well. Cover and let stand for 1 hour. Roll dough thin as for noodles. Cut in strips 2 inches wide, 4 inches long. Slit center (1 1/2 inch slits). Turn one end through slit. Deep fry in Sesame Seed Oil several at a time, turning each when light brown. Remove with spatula and put in collander. Sift powdered sugar one layer at a time while putting on platter.

VALENTINA RAY MITZ  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## WHAT IS POETRY?

By HONORE EWACH

LATELY I was at a club meeting and had to listen for an hour and half to a learned professor reading from several authors in order to prove that the verses of one of our present day Canadian poets, poetess Audrey Brown of Vancouver, B. C., are overloaded with the glitter and ornament of the English poets of the past. As I listened to him, I closed my eyes and saw a vision of a man shredding to pieces, petal by petal, a beautiful rose, trying to discover what makes it beautiful, and I gave a sigh. I looked around, wondering what effect the lecture was having on the other members of the club. There was no enthusiasm but passive resignation written on the faces of the listeners. Perhaps they were also wondering why a flower should be pulled apart into shreds, or rather why a genuine poetess, one of the finest among our present day Canadian poets, should be scalped of her poetic glory by a learned professor.

Now, who is this Audrey Brown? They tell me that she is an invalid, that she can hardly move around,—another Elizabeth Browning in this respect. Of course, much of the time she has to look at the world through the window of her library. No wonder that she know her books so well! No wonder that she has such a rich vocabulary, so well-chosen rhymes, and rhythms! Yet the great wonder is that she has not changed into a bitter grumbler, but has remained a poetess of fine emotions and delicately finished verses. No, she is not just a fine rhymster. She has also the genuine poet's feelings and visions. Of course, she is not of Robert Browning's stature, or of Walt Whitman's titanic strides, but why should any poet be like another poet?

Yet whether we read Audrey Brown's verses, or Longfellow's, Franko's, Pushkin's, Lamartine's, Schiller's, Tennyson's, Virgil's, or Pindar's, we will find there is less poetry in them, in fact, in all the books of poetry, than in one of these majestic autumn days that are with us now, when myriads of multi-colored leaves tumble down all about us, and when the chilly blue dome of the sky so high about us is warmed by the sun, which warms up all of us, even the hungry for love orphans and the homeless hoboes.

Ah, there is so much poetry in this world of ours that it cannot be compressed into books! There is so much of it that it could make poets of all of us, if we would but throw off this humiliating spirit of being busy all the time, this perpetual hankering for new hats, new coats, new cars, sweet cakes, soft beds, and even silk-lined coffins.

When I read Shevchenko's mighty verses or of Kozaks' continual fight for Ukraine's freedom, when I hear Shakespeare's Anthony speak to the Romans of Caesar's greatness, when I hear Lincoln's Gettysburg's speech, or when I gaze at night at the starry sky—it is then that I understand what is poetry. Winnipeg, Can.

### PHILLY U.N.A. BASKETBALL PRACTICE

The first practice session of the fifth Philadelphia U.N.A. basketball team will be held Monday evening, October 19. Another one will be held on Wednesday evening, October 21. From then through the entire basketball season the Fifth Street Community Center, 5th Street above Spring Garden, at which these practice sessions will be held, will be kept open for Philly U.N.A. Basketball practice and games. On Monday evenings it will be at 9 o'clock and on Wednesday evenings at 8. A junior team will be formed along with the Senior squad if enough youngsters show interest. All Ukrainian young men are invited to try out for the team.

## The Sporting Way

By DIETRIC SLOBOGIN

### NINE PEPPER MARTINS YANKEE REGIME ENDS A QUOTABLE QUOTE KICKING OFF

Do you remember the Philadelphia pennant winning days back in 1929-30-31? Do you remember the young hot corner custodian affectionately called the Wild Horse of the Osage? That was Pepper Martin. And do you remember how Mr. Martin ran the A's ragged? That was just a sample of St. Louis Cardinal Super Streamlined Speed. We think that the best way to account for the winning of St. Louis' World Championship in Baseball this year, is to say that they had nine Pepper Martins on their club. They dashed all over the tremendous Yankee Stadium with amazing speed to perfect bunts, haul in would-be extra-base wallops, snare sure hits, stretch their own drives for extra bases and . . . how many in-field double plays did you say the Yanks worked? You're correct and twice as accurate—just a lonely one in the entire 5-game series and two twin killings in all. That wasn't near their season's average when they uncorked three, four, or even seven in one game to set a record. Due credit for winning the series for the Mound City must also go to Johnny Beazley who hurled a brace of triumphs; also to Whitey Kurowski whose bat made possible those two victories tossed by the 23-year-old Nashville righthander. Besides, Whitey played flawless ball afield.

Although we haven't heard of anyone mentioning it, our opinion is that the turning point in the 1942 Fall Classic came with Enos Slaughter's great peg to Kurowski in the second game. Here was the situation: New York trailed the Red Birds by a lone tally in the ninth inning. Dickey led off the ninth with a single and he, who would have a neck and neck race with a turtle, was replaced on the initial bag by fleet-footed Tuck Stainback. Buddy Hassett followed up with a ground single into right field. Without a split second's hesitation, Slaughter picked up the dribbler and, as Stainback rounded second base, threw to George Kurowski's outstretched arms on a line and Stainback was out by three feet. Put this all together and you will easily see what we meant by the turning point.

And so, with the end of the World Series, we think the Yankee rule has terminated. Gone is the colorful Babe Ruth who practically built the huge triple-decked stadium. Lou Gehrig has passed away, very untimely, leaving a pair of spikes at the initial sack that no one will ever fill. Bill Dickey has given his best and is only good for occasional spot catching. Red Rolfe is retiring to coach baseball at Dartmouth, his alma mater. Buddy Rosar, Roy Cullenbine, or chirping Buddy Hassett are not first-string Yankees. The great double play combination of Rizzuto and Gordon will undoubtedly be broken up by the war. We can continue to segregate this fabulous organization part by part, but our result at the end will only be—Yankee Regime Ends.

Here is an excerpt from a quotation in our last column before the start of the World Series: "... we are herein selecting the World Champions of baseball—St. Louis... we think that the Red Birds' Super Speed, their fine hurling, and their timely hitting will upset the Bronx Bombers in 6 games." A pat on the back, Jeeves.

And now, putting the great U. S. National Pastime away in mothballs for a few months or perhaps for the duration, we come to that rugged old sport—football. One, we might remark, in which Ukrainians and other

## BOMBER CRASH VICTIM

Among the victims of the crash on July 18th of an American bomber on its way to its Newfoundland base was Sergeant Stephen Bilokur, whom Dr. Walter Gallan of Philadelphia reports as a member of U.N.A. Branch 239 in Philadelphia. The victim was born November 23, 1921. He enlisted in June, 1940. Prior to enlisting he took part in U.N.A. sports in Philadelphia. He is buried at the Fox Chase Ukrainian Catholic cemetery, near Philadelphia.



SERGEANT STEPHEN BILOKUR

At the time of the Pearl Harbor attack, Sergeant Bilokur was based with his Reconnaissance Squadron at Newfoundland. From there he wrote the following letter to his sister Anne:

"I am writing a few lines to let you know that everything is all right. I don't want you to be frightened by the Declaration of War... Above all Anna remember that we are true Americans, and that regardless what happens to me you are to remember that.

"The enemy has attacked without warning, men have been lost, and we must repay them in the same manner. Believe me, sister, I am for peace, but what has now happened has caused me to throw in my lot with all those who, as the President has stated will never give our enemies another chance to do such a cowardly and treacherous act as they did while their envoys were talking peace.

"Should I fail to return some day, grieve not for me, as I shall be just another soldier who has sacrificed his life for his country and honor...

"But enough of this kind of talk. Let us talk about something more pleasant. I have at last a fine picture album, and at the first opportunity I shall send it to you. As for that camera, however, I haven't had a chance to get it for you. Well, this is all for the while. I'll write more often to tell you everything is all right.—Love—Steve."

Slavs truly excell. Despite the loss of a great many star gridlers who have joined the ranks, we still expect a fine crop of Ukrainian pigskin handlers, thanks to the cancellation of the freshman rule by the colleges. We'll have plenty of grid material for you in our next column two weeks hence. In the meantime do it the only way—Sporting Way.

When you see a good man, think of emulating him; when you see a bad man, examine your heart.

### HALLOWEEN DANCE

by CIVIC CENTER

Ukrainian University Society

Youth Chorus of N. Y.—N. J.

Saturday, Oct. 24th, 1942

International Center—Y.W.C.A.

341 East 47th St., New York City

8:30 P. M.

Adm. 45¢

## Resumes Law Practice

Dr. Yatchew, recently returned from medical schools where during the past year he studied anatomy, psychiatry and related medical subjects for medico-legal purposes, of practical use in damage actions involving personal injuries, etc., has resumed practice of law at his office in the Guaranty Trust Building, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.



DR. JOHN YATCHEW

Dr. Yatchew, a member of U.N.A. branch 183, was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, of Ukrainian parentage, and obtained his B.A., M.A., LL.B., and S.J.D. (Doctor of Juridical Science) academic degrees at the Universities of Saskatchewan, Alberta, Manitoba and Michigan. He completed his studies in Pedagogy at the University of Chicago, and prior to coming to Windsor several years ago was on the faculty of Ypsilanti College, Michigan. He is a member of Ontario and Manitoba Bars.

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

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

## Back From USO Tour

Christine Stephania Polishuk, singer and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Polishuk, of 21 Fairview Ave., Tuckahoe, New York, recently completed an extended tour of United States Army camps with the United Service Organization.



CHRISTINE S. POLISHUK

Miss Polishuk entertained the soldiers with songs sung in five different languages. Her native Ukrainian songs, however, proved to be the most popular.

Upon graduating from a school of music, Miss Polishuk continued her music studies with such men as Prof. Gregory Tuchapsky, who before the last war taught at the Tsarist Conservatory in Petrograd (Leningrad) and later was assistant to Prof. Koshetz in the latter's famed Ukrainian National Chorus, Prof. Franko De Gregorio, formerly of the Conservatory in Palermo, Sicily, and Prof. A. Fiormante of New York City.

A great army may be robbed of its leader, but nothing can rob a poor man of his will.

What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others.

## Marusia Says:

There's nothing more flattering than a Persian Lamb. But it has to be a GOOD Persian Lamb. Hammer Brand Persian, the kind handled by Michael Turansky's is considered the best quality Persian Lamb. Add to the Hammer Brand skins, the skilled work of craftsmen who select, match and put together the skins, and you have a creation of beauty.

Starting at \$200. up to \$650. there is a Persian Lamb coat for every woman at Michael Turansky's. Ready made coats in sizes 12 to 44 in all the latest styles. Or you can select a bundle of skins and have a coat made special to your order. Michael Turansky's is open every Thursday evening till 9 P. M., on Saturdays to 5 P. M. and on weekdays to 6 P. M.

Get your Persian Lamb coat today.



## MICHAEL TURANSKY

350 SEVENTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

(Between 29th and 30th Streets)

16th Floor

Tel.: LACKAWANNA 4-0973