

СВОБОДА

[Український Щоденник

PIK L Ч. 227.



SVOBODA

Ukrainian Daily

VOL. L. No. 227.

SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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

No. 41

JERSEY CITY, N. J., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1942

VOL. X

NOVEMBER 1, 1918

Twenty-four years ago late tonight, stirring events were taking place on the streets of war-weary L'viv. Acting swiftly and silently, and under the authority of the newly-established Ukrainian National Assembly, Ukrainian war veterans and armed volunteers were occupying the main buildings and other strategic points of this ancient capital of Western Ukraine. The oppressive power of the disintegrating Austro-Hungarian monarchy was no longer able to stop them. And just before daybreak, a young student, Stephen Pankiwsky, climbed the city hall's high tower and there fastened the Ukrainian yellow and blue banner. Flaming in the rays of the rising sun it proclaimed that after centuries of foreign subjugation and struggle for freedom, a nation had been reborn, that Western Ukraine had at last become free and independent.

Such were the events that ushered the Western Ukrainian Republic into the family of free nations twenty-four years ago. Beginning tomorrow and lasting throughout the rest of the month, patriotic Ukrainians the world over will observe the anniversary of that date. Where, however, war and enemy occupation will not permit it, as in Ukraine itself, they will at least pay silent homage to it.

No doubt, it may strike some as rather strange that this date, November 1, 1918, should still have inspirational qualities today. Of what use observing its anniversary, some may say, when the Ukrainian freedom gained then, was short-lived and is no longer in existence today, and when the Ukrainians are under the tyranny of the Nazis.

Such an attitude may sound plausible, but in reality it has no basis. Were those who think that way better acquainted with Ukrainian history, they would readily understand why November 1, 1918 is so inspiring to the Ukrainian people, even now when their native land has been terribly devastated by war and is being maltreated so mercilessly by the Nazis. They would realize that what gives it this quality is the fact that for centuries the Ukrainians had been subjected to an unprecedented oppression and denationalization, rigorous and cruel enough to have obliterated from the face of this earth any ordinary nation; and yet when so slim an opportunity presented itself, at the close of the World War, the Ukrainians rose to it, strong in their national consciousness and confident in their national destiny, cast out their oppressors and established their own independent and democratic state.

This striking achievement, it should be borne in mind, was in no wise dimmed by the events that followed. For although the Ukrainians were unable to retain their newly-won national freedom, it was little fault of their own. Their republic found itself attacked savagely on all sides by powerful enemies, especially Poland. That latter had also just gained her independence, thanks largely to the efforts of President Woodrow Wilson, who declared that a Polish state should be set up within its ethnographic boundaries. Despite this just limitation, however, the newly resurrected yet already greedy Polish state quickly encroached upon Ukrainian ethnographic territories, and when met with determined resistance engaged in a war of aggression against their populace.

There is little doubt that the Ukrainians, despite their lack of war materials, would have driven off their ancient enemy and retained their independence, and thereby perhaps have insured more enduring peace in Eastern Europe, if to the support of the Poles had not come French help, including equipment, arms, ammunition, tanks, planes, and even officers.

Already overloaded, the scales of this warfare turned definitely in favor of the Poles when to their aid there also arrived General Haller's Army, consisting mostly of Polish-American volunteers, recruited to fight the Reds but actually used to destroy the democratic aspirations of the Ukrainians.

SENYSHYN CONSECRATED BISHOP

CHICAGO.—Amid the glitter of candles on gold-embroidered vestments, and to the beautiful harmonies of massed choirs, the Most Rev. Ambrose Senyshyn, O.S.B.M., was consecrated Thursday, October 22, titular bishop of the Maine and auxiliary of the Ukrainian Catholic Diocese of the United States. The ceremony, blending Byzantine and Latin rites, was performed for the first time in this country.

According to the local press, St. Nicholas Ukrainian Catholic Church, Oakley Blvd. and Rice St., was bedecked with bunting in the national red, white and blue and also in blue and gold. The bunting intertwined from pillar to pillar, led to the brilliance of the altar itself—past the massed somberness of black cassocks, through the scarlet and purple mass that was the robes of bishops and monsignori, and then to the brightness of the sanctuary. There were white and gold robes of the officiating clergy and the glow of many-armed candelabra playing upon high-banked golden flowers.

The ceremony, reports Michael Kozak, was attended by two archbishops, thirteen bishops of the Latin and Byzantine rite, fifteen monsignori, a Benedictine abbot, more than 300 priests and monks of the Basilian Order, and thousands of faithful.

In a procession before the ceremony, tiny girls, with flowers wreaths and white veils, were followed by acolytes, in gold and blue, then by 300 priests, monsignori and members of the Catholic hierarchy.

As reported in the local press, four men in morning clothes carried gilded barrels of salt and trays of bread, part of the symbolism of the ceremony. Beside this bishop-elect walked a cleric, bearing on a silver tray the

papal decree confirming the consecration, to be read in three languages during the ceremony.

Archbishop Stritch, who presided, marched toward the end of the procession, his raised hand frequently forming the Sign of the Cross, at which the massed spectators on the curbs bowed.

For the actual consecration, the bishop-elect was led to an image of an eagle, beneath whose feet were depicted a city and a river—symbols of the Byzantine liturgy. The eagle represented the depth of the newly consecrated bishop's theological learning; the city denoted that work to which the bishop is called, and the river represented the grace of the doctrine.

The consecrator, Bishop Constantine Bohachevsky, head of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic diocese of the United States, was assisted by Bishop Basil Takach, head of the Greek Rite Catholics of persons of Rusin, Croatian and Hungarian ancestry, and by Bishop Vladimir Ladyka, O.S.M.B., head of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic diocese of Canada.

The Rev. Desmond A. Schmal, S.J., preached. Monks of the Order of St. Basil, in the procession, were followed by Archbishop Stritch, Archbishop Francis Beckman of Dubuque, Archbishop Moses E. Kiley of Milwaukee, and the following bishops: Henry Althoff of Belleville, Henry P. Rohlfman of Davenport, Joseph H. Schlarman of Peoria, Joseph E. Ritter of Indianapolis, Paul C. Schulte of Leavenworth, George J. Rehring of Cincinnati, Sidney Metzger of El Paso, Bernard T. Espelage, O.F.M., of Gallup, N. Mex., Francis J. Magner of Marquette and William D. O'Brien, auxiliary bishop of Chicago.

A reception and dinner at the Drake Hotel followed the ceremony.

Added to all this, the Paris Peace Conference, yielding to French pressure, made decision after decision favoring the Poles and disfranchising the Ukrainians.

Before these great odds the Western Ukrainians, their ranks decimated by typhus, had to gradually give way, just as in Eastern Ukraine, in the Ukrainian People's Republic, which had risen earlier and with which the Western Ukrainian Republic had united on January 22, 1919, their kinsmen were also giving way before hordes of the Reds and Whites and other enemies. Thus in the end,—after a sanguinary and merciless war which, in the words of Winston Churchill (in his history of war in Eastern Europe then) defied precedent and beggared description, a war characterized by bloody raids, afraids and massacres, involving tens of thousands of men, a war of horrible persecutions wreaked upon the Ukrainian people by one enemy or another,—the Ukrainians lost their independence and fell under the misrule of their post-war oppressors.

Although they lost, however, they lost honorably, and they emerged from that holocaust with stronger national consciousness and firmer conviction that no amount of oppression and denationalization will ever break their spirit, and that, furthermore, given the chance, they will once more rise and reassert their determination to establish their own free and independent and democratic Ukraine.

SOVIET UKRAINIAN VILLAGE BEFORE THE WAR

AN interesting description of a village in Soviet Ukraine just before the war, by Sir John Russell, R.F.S., appeared in an article in the July 24, 1942 issue of the "Science" periodical (Washington), entitled "Collective Farming in Russia and the Ukraine." It is based on a trip the writer made through the Soviet Union in 1939.

The Cottage

"The cottages—Sir Russell writes—are small and simple, made of local materials, wood in the north (presumably in Russia proper), wood or whitewashed adobe in the center and the Ukraine; thatched with straw or roofed with wood or sheet iron, painted red but soon becoming reddish brown. Iron is safer from fire. In the north there is an attic or garret; elsewhere the cottages have one story only. Usually there are two rooms and a kind of entrance or large lobby, beds in each room, one room has the brick stove, in the lobby there is a cooking stove, but in the south this is often outside, it is then made of clay. Beyond a table and a few seats there is little furniture, though there may be a kind of dresser or cabinet containing some china.

In the Ukraine there may be a trunk holding some of the old peasant embroidered work and shown by the old lady with great and justifiable pride. Usually an ikon hangs in a corner, which, it is explained, is for the old people; there may be a portrait of Stalin for the younger ones; a few faded personal photographs may complete the adornment. Lighting at night is sometimes a difficulty when shortage of fats and oil have curtailed supplies of candles and lamps; a pine splinter may then be used. But many villages have electric light. Usually there is no sanitation. Water is drawn from a communal well operated by a wheel and bucket; naturally this becomes a center of life and gossip. Elsewhere the cottage has its own well with a long pole as lever to lift up the bucket.

Hygiene

"In summer there are many flies, though a vigorous campaign is organized against them and on the clinics you may see a scarlet banner with the slogan, "Keep away flies: they cause decay and disease," or another, "Keep clean and so prevent disease." There are mosquitoes and various domestic insects. When you have seen a peasant woman combing a girl's hair you appreciate the force of Postyshev's demand that "hygienic baths and hairdressing shops in the villages must occupy an important part in our Party organization." Naturally one hears of dysentery, enteric, malaria and, at times, typhus, besides stomach troubles. Where there is a local hospital the doctor, often a woman, is kept very busy.

"The very young children often look sickly; those that grow up, however, look well and in summer they get much sunshine. There are lots of them, very friendly and accessible, very fond of being photographed. The government encourages large families and gives a bonus of 2,000 rubles for the seventh child. But it is only in the country you see them; the town dwellers, like our own, usually have small families.

Dress

"The women commonly wear a dark skirt and white blouse with a white cotton square tied round the head, but the younger ones wear a printed cotton frock and a printed or embroidered square tied at the back of the head. The embroidered peasant frocks and saraphans of the old days

are out of use and deemed old-fashioned. The men commonly wear tunics, trousers and peaked caps; some are bare-footed, some wear bast shoes, others canvas or leather shoes; the smart young men in the Ukraine wear white tunics with embroidered edge and high boots. All clothing, however, is of very poor quality; the clothes of my English friends were always stared at with great curiosity. One sees few old people either in village or towns; Russia always impresses the Western visitor as a land of young people. The survival rate after 50 is not as high as in the west.

"Each house is in its own piece of land, separated by a rough palisade from the road. Outside the house is the pile of fuel; always local material, it may be peat but is often straw briquettes. One sees but few flowers, although the Russians like them (apparently Sir Russell has Russian cottages in mind here, as Ukrainian cottages are famous for their picturesque surroundings and profusion of flowers); there are vegetables, however, potatoes, cabbages, tomatoes and little cucumbers; these one finds and eats everywhere, and often the big watermelons. There are also poultry, one or two pigs and the cow, but usually no dog and no cat; you can travel far in Russia and meet few of either.

Diet

"The peasant's dietary is simple, mainly black bread, millet porridge (Kasha) and the vegetable soup known as "schi"—made with much cabbage, some onions and other vegetables; or "borshch" made with beetroot. Sunflower oil supplies the fat, but some pork is eaten; sometimes you see tinned meat or, on the Volga, dried fish. Tomatoes and little cucumbers are much liked. Apples are the only fruit one sees as a rule; they are widely grown but not usually well grown; there is, however, good research on this subject. In the communal kitchen one often meets a compote made of fruit pulp. Tea and coffee are too dear for common use; on the Volga hot water with a piece of apple in it is often drunk. As alcoholic drink there is kvass, made from fermented black bread and when well made something like fortified ginger beer, and the universal vodka—a very potent spirit of which a good deal is consumed. One notices this in the provincial towns at night.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Endorses Proposed Coordinating Council

Dear Editor:

May I take this opportunity to congratulate you on your fine and timely editorial, "National Coordination Needed," which appeared in The Ukrainian Weekly on Saturday, October 24, 1942. Although it may be a little late still I believe it is not too late to form the national Ukrainian American war effort coordinating council that you proposed. For that purpose a meeting of representatives should be held as soon as possible.

In my work with the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut, I find that the Ukrainian Americans are not lax in their war efforts but rather are doing a very fine job, although they get little or no publicity. Several projects that the UYOC has started on a state-wide scale are bringing gratifying results, especially since the competitive spirit has entered into the picture.

I sincerely hope that your call will not go unanswered and that we will be able to see such a Ukrainian American War Efforts National Coun-

Youngstown Community Aids In War

By ANNE NORTON

THE 5,000 people of Ukrainian descent in Mahoning Valley migrated to America from the western part of Russia known as Ukraina, now one of Hitler's main objectives.

They are not Russians or Poles, as is the general opinion, but have a language and culture all their own. A liberty-loving people, they are proving themselves good Americans.

A small minority of the many nationalities which make the Mahoning Valley one of the many "melting pots" of America, they are contributing in many ways to the war effort, in all branches of the armed service and on the home front.

Have Central Body

The Ukrainian United Organization ties together all clubs and activities of its people in this locality. Theodore Parish is president; Michael Mushinsky and Mrs. A. Dubas, vice president; John Pawlosky and Joseph Frank Fesitch, financial secretary; John Duroskey, treasurer, and Peter Lischak, John Pawlosky and Joseph Vengzen are auditors. The organization is composed of officers from all Ukrainian clubs and societies.

Gifts for boys who are entering the service are purchased and presented by the Boyan Choir, whose members correspond regularly with each man. John Panko is president of the choir, John Sveth, treasurer and Sophie Skubiak, secretary.

Churches Serve

There are two Ukrainian churches in Youngstown, each helping its group to serve.

Holy Trinity Greek Catholic Church (Ukrainian) at 522 W. Rayen Ave., with Rev. Peter Ponytishyn as pastor, has been outstanding in its war effort, with its many organizations doing their bit.

Boy Scout Troop 56 of the church, led by Scoutmaster Nicholas Yours-towsky, has aided in air raid work and in collecting scrap.

Miss Skubiak, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Skubiak, 1699 Siliman St., has been one of the most prominent of the younger generation to enlist church groups in various war activities. A stenographer for Youngstown Steel Tank Co., she helped organize the ladies' circle at Holy Trinity Church, which now does work for the Red Cross, knitting, sewing, and mending clothes for soldiers and refugees.

Forms First Aid Class

Besides being an officer in many of the Ukrainian organizations she is helping organize a first aid class at the church. Others in the circle include Mrs. Mary Parish, Josephine Stahura, Mrs. Mary Bury, and Mrs. Mary Dubas.

Miss Skubiak's mother is treasurer of the Sisterhood of Holy Trinity Church. Mrs. Ann Patrick is president, and Mrs. Ann Mitulinsky, secretary. Their organization has donated more than \$75 to the Red Cross

and donates half its proceeds from picnics and parties to the Red Cross and USO.

Holy Trinity Church has 200 parish boys in the armed service and has purchased more than \$3,000 in war bonds.

Rev. Anthony Stangry is pastor of Sts. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Orthodox Church at 1018 N. Belle Cista Ave. Fifty boys from the church are in the service. Women and men of the church are engaged in war activities and the church has purchased \$500 in war bonds.

Buy War Bonds

The Ukrainian-American Citizens Club, with John Darowsky as president, has bought several hundred dollars in bonds and presented an American flag to Holy Trinity Church.

Other Ukrainian clubs and branches of the central organizations have purchased more than \$4,000 in war bonds and families are putting at least 10 per cent into bonds.

A gift of \$25 was recently presented to the Red Cross from proceeds of the 12th annual Ukrainian Day.

Many outstanding boys are proving the loyalty, courage, and stamina of these people on many war fronts.

John Fiel, 719 Tyndale Ave., a ship's cook first class, was one of the first injured in this war. He was burned during an explosion at Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7.

Andrew Pupa, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Pupa, 1817 Midland Ave., recently was promoted to first lieutenant at Fort Jackson, S. C., where he is an instructor in heavy artillery.

John Suhar, son of Mr. and Mrs. Metro Suhar, Broadview Ave., has been promoted to second lieutenant following a year of active service. At Fort McClellan, Ala., he instructs Negro divisions.

Others in Service

Other Ukrainian boys in service include: Sgt. Joseph Bury, in the Solomon Islands; Frank Mushinsky, first class machinist on a U. S. destroyer; Nicholas Strilycky, chief machinist on a submarine chaser; Walter Melnik, technical sergeant who has proved valuable as a meteorologist and instructor; Steven Stahura, a petty officer in the navy and torpedo instructor and gunner; Nicholas Mamrich, staff sergeant at Camp Forrest, Tenn., where he is an instructor in the motorized division; John Stahura, in the radio intelligence corps; John P. Homzy, corporal at Camp Forrest; John Musinsky, "somewhere" in the Pacific, and many others.

Many Ukrainians are engaged in defense plants and civilian defenses. Walter Decovich is in the Civil Air Patrol and expects to join the ferry command soon.

Michael Cycyk is a supervisor for Goodyear Aircraft Corporation. Vlad Tikson is on the Red Cross disaster relief committee and the decontamination committee. Mrs. Tikson, a registered nurse, is in the Red Cross medical corps.

Many Ukrainians, including John Hrinko and Donald Kishton, are air raid wardens, auxiliary fire and policemen and fire watchers. Father Stangry is official chaplain of the Ninth District of Mahoning County's casualty station areas.

(The Youngstown Vindicator, October 4, 1942)

JOHN SELEMAN
Secy. New Britain Ukr. Defense Council, UYOC Central War Bond Committee.

The Ukrainian National Association has more young (as well as old) Ukrainian-Americans within its ranks than any other organization. Sign up with them!

10% SAVED
NOW OR 100%
TAKEN BY THE
AXIS LATER!
BUY WAR BONDS

Ukrainian-Canadians

By J. F. O. WRIGHT

(Courtesy, Canadian Geographical Journal, August, 1942)

(Concluded)

Other Community Centers

(4) "Nationalist" halls owned by the Ukrainian Nationalist Federation. Many of these members are also members, but some of them are not affiliated with either church. The "Nationalists" extra activity is that of promoting the idea of an "independent" Ukraine, and several of the leaders of this faction are ex-soldiers, of the desperate and disappointing European factional wars, who emigrated to Canada after 1925. The "Nationalists" are bitterly opposed to Bolshevism and Soviet sympathizers.

(5) "Hetmanite" halls owned by the United Hetman Association favouring the elevation of Prince Skoropadsky as "hetman" of the Ukraine. The "Hetmanites" in Canada are few in number.

(6) Labour-Farmer or "Red" halls built by members and supporters of the Ukrainian Labour-Farmer Temple Association which looked to Soviet Russia for its inspiration. The halls were among the largest and best equipped, and, in general, very active choirs and orchestras were developed in them. After Canada declared war on Germany the association was declared illegal, the halls were confiscated under the Defence of Canada Regulations.

(7) Community halls in farming districts. These halls are built on a community basis by Ukrainian-Canadian farmers who attend them regardless of individual religious or ideological concepts. Moreover, they often become a community centre for every one in the neighbourhood regardless of national background. Besides concerts and other entertainment, they are used for "Wheat Pool" motion picture screenings, co-operative meetings and political meetings of all Canadian political parties.

Bitter strife between Right and Left groups is much less evident in rural areas than in urban centres.

While the great majority of churchgoers in town and country are Ukrainian Greek-Catholic (Roman Catholic), and the second largest group are Ukrainian Greek-Orthodox, some seven thousand belong to the United, Presbyterian, and Baptist Churches. Few, if any, are members of the Anglican Church.

Here is the foundation for the exaggerated generalizations that have been made concerning opposing groups of Ukrainian-Canadians.

While a few Fascist-Nazi-minded men were active in the operation of the anti-Soviet halls, some of the directors on the boards of the various Labour-Farmer halls were members of the Communist Party of Canada. But I wish to make clear that the majority of the men, women and children who went to any of the halls were neither Fascist nor Communist. They went for the music and dancing, and the community social life so dear to the Slavic people. But they were doubtless influenced by leaders, and by the failure of commercialized democracy to solve the enigma of poverty amidst plenty, and subconsciously they sought a solution in one or other bold and opposing ideologies of Communism and Fascism.

Ukrainian-Canadians are political-minded and they have shown increasing interest in Canadian elections. In Saskatchewan the great majority of the "Right" support the Liberal Party, while those of the "Left" support C.C.F., Unity or Social Credit candidates; the Conservative Party has a small following.

There are approximately 600,000 Slavs in Canada—including Bulgarians, Czechs, Russians, Poles, Slovaks, Ukrainians. Ukrainians are by far in the majority, and their distribution, according to the 1931 census, is as follows:

Distribution

Province	1931	1936
Prince Edward Island	0	
Nova Scotia	871	
New Brunswick	12	
Quebec	4,340	
Ontario	24,426	
Manitoba	73,606	86,982
Saskatchewan	63,400	75,984
Alberta	55,872	63,073
British Columbia	2,583	

The 1936 figures, which afford an interesting record of the speed of population expansion in the West, are from a Prairie Provinces census taken in 1936. Some statistics on the origins of the Ukrainians in Canada, as at 1931, are also elucidating:

Origin of Ukrainian-Canadians

Country of Birth	At 1931
Canada	128,281
Austria	10,364
Czechoslovakia	466
Hungary	376
Poland	59,612
Roumania	10,539
Russia	2,158
Ukraine	12,203
United States of America	712
Elsewhere	402
	225,113

The above table needs explanation. It will be noted that the great majority of Ukrainian-Canadians are second and sometimes third generation Canadian born. Further, of those naturalized or still alien, most seem to derive from Poland, rather than, as noted earlier, from Galicia and Bukovina. This is due to a confusion of terminology. In the partition of the Ukraine in 1923, Galicia and part of the Eastern Ukraine went to Poland, while Bukovina went to Roumania. Therefore, Ukrainians from those areas may have been recorded under the new "protectorate" countries as to place of birth. Unfortunately, the compilation and tabulation of the 1941 census returns are not completed. Comparative returns are therefore not available.

Today, as noted, most of the Ukrainian-Canadians are in Western Canada, and most of them are on farms. Their farms are as prosperous as any in the Prairie Provinces. Their gardens—long past the potato and cabbage stage—are among the finest; besides tomatoes, beans, cucumbers, squash and watermelon, they have many small fruit trees and flowers. Gardens along with milk cows, hogs, chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese—help against depressed grain prices and drouth in the wheat fields. The years have proven their choice of the wooded better watered areas. Today the Ukrainian-Canadian enjoys mixed-farming, he has never placed his faith in straight grain growing. His traditional love of the land was underlined by the custom of the early immigrants bringing to Canada a handful of the old homeland soil knotted in a handkerchief. Young men who have gone through high school, some who graduated from universities, returned to the land by preference.

Other Occupations

Not all Ukrainian-Canadians, however, are farmers. Forty-five years ago the immigrant men pumped many of the hand-cars, repairing railbeds and tracks. Today thousands ride gasoline juggers to keep safe the rails that wind through the rockcuts of Ontario and the mountains of British Columbia. They are skilled mechanics, too, in the automobile factories of Windsor, in the steel mills and war industries of the East. They are in the metal mines of Sudbury and Timmins of Alberta, British Columbia,

Nova Scotia. Many restaurant and hotel waiters are Ukrainians. In towns like Port Hope, Welland, Ontario; Sandy Lake, Fraserwood, Manitoba; Canora, Hafford, Krydor, Alvena, Borden, Saskatchewan; and Vegreville, Alberta, are Ukrainian-Canadian doctors, lawyers, merchants. Winnipeg has the largest single Ukrainian-Canadian population, and along Main Street and Dufferin Avenue are store-front and business signs in Ukrainian and English languages.

Ukrainian-Canadian war contributions are significant. They march with Canada's Army, sail the seas with Canada's Navy, fly with the R.C.A.F. More Ukrainian-Canadians from Saskatchewan—in proportion to population—have joined Canada's armed forces than any other national group in that province, including the British. As a matter of fact, more complete statistics, which should be available soon, may show this circumstance also obtains in the other two Prairie Provinces. Thousands of Ukrainian-Canadians make weapons in Canada's war industries. Ukrainian-Canadian women have come forward in large numbers to work in voluntary organizations making, packing, and shipping comforts for the forces.

Discrimination

Despite these patriotic activities, it would appear there is still a certain amount of wartime discrimination against Ukrainian-Canadians. In Ontario, for example, fully qualified technicians and workers have been refused jobs simply because their names ended in "chuck" or a "ko". This is reminiscent of World War I when many lost their jobs, were refused employment, and were interned as alien Austrians.

In farming districts one of their far-reaching contributions arises out of their special aptitude for organizing their communities about community halls which are centres of education, drama, music, athletics, and social life. This sense of organization also enables them to put their communities on a co-operative basis, which often reaches out into the larger unit beyond a particular district. This means they are effective members of wheat, dairy, livestock, and poultry pools. Consumer co-operatives are no less actively supported by Ukrainian-Canadians.

This marked tendency undoubtedly arises out of a background of sustained experience. The Ukrainian people have an ancient tradition of democracy going back to the splendid days of the city of Kiev, and carried on by the free Cossacks who elected their Hetman. Democratically organized, the free Ukrainian-Cossack state kept back the nomadic hordes from Asia, kept the Tartars and Turks from overrunning Western Europe. It is true that for many hard years before they came to Canada, they were serfs or landless peasants with no voice in government. But the germ of democracy was in them, and here in a free country it has flourished in a scant fifty years; flourished in a people who, when they came to the New World, could neither read nor write in any language.

Some of Their Prominent Men

Besides their co-operative activities, they take their places in the rural municipal councils, as both reeves and councillors. They are also prominent in larger political spheres. Canada's Who's Who list Nicholas Nicholas Volodymir Bachynsky, teacher and legislator, three times elected to the Manitoba Legislature. Michael Luchkovich, teacher and legislator, of Vegreville, Alberta, twice elected to the House of Commons. Today in the House of Commons at Ottawa sits Anthony Hlynka. In the Saskatchewan Legislature, Orest Zerebko represents Redberry Constituency. Three political parties and a minority group in the Manitoba Legislature are represented by seven Ukrainian-Canadians: Steve Krawchuk, Joseph

Wawrykow, N. Hryhorchuk, N. V. Bachynsky, N. H. Stryk, William Kardash, J. R. Solomon. Several Ukrainian-Canadians are members of the Alberta Legislature.

Nor are Ukrainian-Canadians absent from the academic world, The Universities of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have outstanding scholars enrolled. Ukrainian Canadian professors teach in the Western Universities, and men like Professor Pavlychenko, of the University of Saskatchewan, have done valuable research. Ukrainian contributions to culture have been outstanding. The immortal Tschalkowsky is often called Russian: he was Ukrainian. Taras Taras Shevchenko was the Robert Burns of his day and region.

Singing and Dancing

The backs of the early settlers were tired at the end of the day's work, and there was little singing or dancing. But once they gained a foothold on their new land, they revived the folk music of the deep Ukraine, taught the children to sing and dance. Today in Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver, they have string orchestras of many pieces, guitars, mandolins, violins and balalaikas; and choirs of many voices. They dance again the spectacular steps of their Ukrainian-Cossack ancestors. Music to them is a necessity of living—not a frill, and their vivid feeling for it has enriched the symphony and concert orchestras of Canada. In the Saskatoon Symphony are eight Ukrainians of the first and second generations born in Canada. In Winnipeg, Toronto and other cities they are in the string sections of many orchestras. In Vancouver, Bohdan Pitchko, young aeroplane factory worker, leads a balalaika, mandolin and guitar group. With enthusiasm and free of charge he teaches Cossack steps to all comers regardless of their national or racial backgrounds. And he, in turn is being taught classical dancing by Manitoba-born Rosemary Deverson who has a vision of a Canadian ballet. Bohdan's sister Olga works in a laundry, plays the balalaika too, and paints pictures of trees and skies and water. A scholarship won in Saskatchewan enabled her to study one summer.

Handicrafts have long been a part of Ukrainian life. In the early days of settlement in Canada, the busy hands of the Ukrainian women had no time for fine needlework. But this art they knew so well was only dormant, and today their handworked designs—often including Canadian flowers and leaves—are admired and sought after by other Canadians.

When the Ukrainian immigrants first came to the prairies, they, like other nationals, settled in "solid" districts. Through the years there has been a moving about as they bought farms more to their liking, or entered business and the professions in towns and villages. They readily fit into these centres. This intermingling of many backgrounds is shown in the "international" town of Borden, Saskatchewan, where the background of the hotel proprietor, Mrs. Herenuk, is Ukrainian; Doctor Palsen, Icelandic; Postmaster Smith, Scottish; the lumberman, English; the British American elevatorman, Norwegian; the National Grain Company's elevatorman, German; the Province elevatorman, Dutch; the blacksmith, Polish, the C.N.R. station agent, French, the municipal reeve a Dane.

Intermarriage

Ukrainian-Canadians increasingly intermarry with Canadians of various origins. A few examples from Borden district are of interest. Here Daisy Belyk married Dave Assman (German); Nick Derbawka married a German girl; Mary Katarynych married Tom Tapley (English); John Andrushko married Bonny Ford (Scotch); Frank Pilka (Lithuanian)

(Concluded on page 4)

"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)

(10)

BUT what had happened to Lesya? She, the poor dear, had really become prostrated from her fright. What the Zaporozhian had said did not appear to her to be any joke, but an actual threat, and she feared that he would attempt to really carry it out. In this state of mind she begged her mother to lock all doors, which the latter did. Her mother did everything else to quiet her fears, and yet despite all her efforts the fearsome figure of the Zaporozian did not disappear from Lesya's mind. Even Cherevan himself, packing into the room, tried to cheer her, and in his efforts forgot himself to the extent that he called her "bwother"; seeing, however, that his efforts were in vain, he waved his hand in disgust and lay down to rest; he slept until the tinkling of a bell calling for supper awakened him.

After supper, everyone gathered outside in Somko's courtyard. Shraam and Somko had by this time returned, in high spirits, and drank toasts to a united and mighty Ukraine. They also toasted the true and orthodox czar, who would never harm anyone in this world, not like that king who had handed over the Kozaks to the magnates to be exploited. And so they toasted and feasted. Hearty fellowship prevailed over it all. Cherevan was especially happy to see that Shraam had grown more cheerful, and quaffed one drink after other, accompanying it with: "May all our enemies be confounded!"

All this hubbub penetrated into Lesya's room, where she was reclining. She lay there like one ill, yet no one paid the least bit of attention to her. When Kozaks had war or other such matters on their minds—women meant very little to them. And yet, even though this lot was common to womanhood then, Lesya's heart tightened in pain at this total unconcern in regard her feelings; and she felt particularly hurt by her fiance's indifferent attitude. Such a fine and knightly personage and warrior, yet it was evident that all he was concerned with was with ruling and order. Of what meaning is a Kozak's fame and good looks to a young girl, when he pays so little attention to her!

Lesya had fallen in love with Somko when she was yet a child, when he used to carry her in his arms, and give her toys, earrings and beads to wear. Already then he called her his betrothed, and pledged with her mother to take her in marriage when she grew up. Her father took this matchmaking as a joke, but it certainly was not between those two, so when Somko called Mrs. Cherevan his mother-in-law and she called him her son-in-law they both really meant it. And thus Lesya grew up, loving Somko with all the devotion her young innocent heart was capable of. All the beautiful things that are written about love in poetry, she felt towards him. So it really hurt her now that despite all this, he paid so little attention to her, and spent most of his time talking about weighty matters with Shraam and others. And yet her pride would not permit her to reveal her feelings even to her mother.

And where was Petro all this while? Immediately after dinner he had taken his musket and had gone into the forest, as if to hunt. There he spent the whole afternoon, the poor fellow. Coming back, he found all gayety and merriment around him, a veritable banquet. Several offered him a drink, which he refused, for how could he drink when his heart fairly pained with unrequited love.

They sat down to supper, when here again

Kyrylo Tur appeared, but this time without his comrade Chornohor.

Lesya did not come out to eat. The fright Kyrylo Tur had given her with his remarks had left her trembling and distraught even now, so much so that her mother finally decided to call an old medicine-woman. The latter came quickly, and after examining Lesya prescribed that certain flowers be boiled and the juice given to her during the night. Apparently to make sure that this potion would have its desired curative effect upon the girl, the old woman decided to spend the night outside in the courtyard. Nevertheless neither her potion nor her presence gave Lesya any relief, for as soon as she heard Kyrylo's booming voice through the wall she woke up with a start and thereafter could not again fall her asleep, so fearful was she that he would come during the dead of the night and kidnap her.

Kyrylo seemed to be aware of the fear he had inspired in Lesya, and perhaps more in a spirit of fun than anything else he took up the subject again of what he had said earlier in the day.

"Well, my good sirs," he exclaimed loudly, sitting down to eat with the others, "I am all set to go now."

"To go where?"

"To the Black Mountain, of course."

"So you haven't changed your mind?"

"When did you ever hear of a Zaporozhian changing his mind after he has decided upon something. What an ordinary man fears even to think of, a Zaporozhian will take into his mind, examine it, think about it, and even if he bursts from so much thinking about it he will not forsake it. It looks like I will have to do the same. To put it plainly, I have to either put up or shut up; and it certainly won't be shut up. For those eyes of that fair lass have burned too deeply into me to allow me to do such a thing."

"Aren't you ashamed to even admit such intentions?" asked old Shraam, becoming somewhat nettled by Kyrylo's boldness. "And what will your comrades down in the Sitch say when they hear what their otaman has done to besmirch their honor?"

"They won't say a thing, for now I am a free Kozak."

"What do you mean by saying that you are now free? What were you before, a slave?"

"I mean just what I say. Among us the custom is that as long as a Kozak does not resign from the Sitch he has to obey the orders of the high command. If he ever fools around with any woman, however, then woe unto him! He immediately loses his membership in it. In fact, we are more strict in such matters down in our stronghold than monks are in their monasteries. If one of us becomes guilty of any such earthly and vain things, he is not led to the whipping post or to the lock-up, but is told beat it, to get out. And yet, often it so happens that such a disgraced man, after tasting what life outside the Sitch is like, throws up his new mode of existence, forsakes his wife and children, and comes back to us. 'Brothers,' he usually says, 'please take me back into your order again! The world is a terrible place to live in.' To which the brothers reply: 'Aha! So you've had enough, hey? Very well, here take a goblet, fill it up, and tell us all about it.' And so he would fill up the goblet given him, sit down among them, and recount his tale of everything that had happened to him, about

his wife and children; while his companions would josh and twit him all the while, and sometimes fairly roll on the ground with mirth at some of the things he would tell them. Well, that's exactly what once happened to my good father—may his soul rest in peace. While escorting a comrade on his way to a monastery, he encountered a pair of the most enticing eyes, which bewitched him away from his friends. So he resigned from the Sitch, and settled on a little homestead, became a farmer, and raised two children—a sturdy little lad and a stubborn little lass. Yet in about five years he became so weary with all this that he began to be as restless as a caged steppe bird. Sadder and sadder he grew. His Kozak spirit yearned for the wide open steppe again, for battles and adventures. Yet it seemed as if God alone would be able to free him..."

"Well, so what did happen to your father?" asked Somko, when Kyrylo Tur lapsed into a musing silence.

"Ehe! he quickly saw that he had to do something about this, especially since he began to want in the worst way to rejoin his former companions down in the Sitch. My mother, of course, saw the signs and spoke to him like that wife in the song.

"Only, of course, my father did waste time with such mournful talk like that kozak in song with his wife, but after thinking awhile finally made up his mind. Taking his best horse he leaped into saddle, pulled up after him his sturdy son, meaning myself of course, and hied himself for the Zaporozhe. And mind you, my mother did not run after him, she did not seize his stirrups and beg him to return, to drink some mead, to dress himself in his best clothes, and to look once more with loving eyes upon her; no, she did nothing of the kind. My father left her everything he had and fled beyond the boundaries of a woman's domain. And now, as you see, it looks like the same is going to happen to me."

"In that case, take your goblet and strengthen yourself for your trip," said Hetman Somko. "Black Mountain is quite far away. We'll help you smooth that road."

"Thank you, Sire Hetman!" said Kyrylo, bowing low before him. "When you yourself will smooth my road, then you can be sure that I won't have the least trouble in carrying away my heart's desire to the Black Mountain."

"What are you thinking of, laddy?" whispered Shraam to Somko. "Don't you realize how irresponsible these Zaporozhians are, and that you can't fathom them? Remember that old saying: 'Don't believe it, for it is an animal and even though it won't bite, yet it will scare!' So be careful!"

"Don't worry, father," laughed Somko. "I know him very well. I have no more a faithful friend than he. One time when I was driving the Poles out of Ukraine I got separated from the main body and got myself into a nice mess of trouble, and just in time he came with his comrade Chornohor and rescued me. He has served me well in other capacities too, as my mouthpiece, as my spy, and as my guard, and all he desired in return was a good word and a good drink. Sometimes I would fill his hat with silver dollars, which he would take to the doorway and spill them out on the ground, saying, 'Where did this refuse come from?' That's just what he thinks of money and other such earthly things. Sometimes I would ask him: 'Kyrylo, how can I reward you for serving me so faithfully and for saving my life so often?' And to this he would briefly reply, 'It is not for you to reward me.' And that's that, Reverend Shraam. What do you think of him?"

(To be continued)

A Sound Knowledge of Your Old-World Background is Indispensable to Good Americanism, Especially Now in War-Time

To Gain Such Knowledge

READ THE UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

UKRAINIAN CANADIANS

(Concluded from page 3)

and Mike Kolibob (Slovak), and John Yaremowich (Polish) have Ukrainian wives. Myron Feeley, M.L.A., Canora, Anglo-Saxon from United States, is married to a Ukrainian-Canadian.

Far from being an insular people, the Ukrainian-Canadians readily intermingle and marry with their fellow Canadians. And despite factions, often led by ambitious and vociferous

individuals, all are united in admiration for the great poet of the Ukraine, Taras Shevchenko. Though variously interpreted, it was he who fought for liberty with poetry so powerful that the Tsar exiled him to Siberia. In almost every hall and home in Canada is a picture of Shevchenko who wrote:

To those of ever greedy eyes,
Gods of earth, the Tsars,
Are the plows and the ships,
And all good things of earth
Only for these little gods?

Their Primary Interest—Canada

The large majority of Ukrainian-Canadians are Canadian born and their primary interest is naturally in the land they know best—Canada. Work alongside the young lad of Ukrainian origin in factory or office and unless you are looking for it, ten chances to one you will not know him apart from any other Canadian boy who speaks and thinks in the English language, likes dancing, skating and Bing Crosby, hopes to get married someday and is some-

what confused about the world in which we live.

I see no "Ukrainian problem" separate and apart from a "French problem" or an "English problem." Slavic people are at times more intense in their support of the conflicting "new orders" over which the world is in flames today, but their problems in Canada, or in the Ukraine, cannot be separated from those of humanity in a world made small by the radio and aeroplane.

THE SPORTING WAY

By DIETRIC SLOBOGIN

NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL NOT JUST ANOTHER JOE NATIONAL PRO LEAGUE PICKUPS

WE have never played football at the University of Notre Dame; we have never been to South Bend; furthermore, we have never had the pleasure of meeting that great football immortal—Knut Rockne. Still, that great institution in the Middle West, particularly its football teams, have been our idols for years. What do Notre Dame football teams have that other teams do not, besides the colorful "T" formation? Admittedly, several college elevens have the "T" formation. Why do Notre Dame football teams pack all stadiums wherever they play? Why are bettors reluctant on quoting odds for the Gold and Blue games?

No football team will ever inherit the spirit inculcated into the Notre Dame system of football that the Knute Rockne bequeathed it. It's more than the ole' college try. It's something that words absolutely cannot express; something that comes automatically to almost anyone when the Notre Dame band strikes up with their victory march, above thousands of roaring voices.

This Notre Dame spirit—and spirit alone—has put many a Rambler grid team on the march to pull a game definitely out of the fire or just play over their heads to conquer supposedly unbeatable elevens.

About 8 or 9 years ago (remember that play of Shakespeare to Miller?) a Notre Dame team was swarmed all over for three quarters of a game against Ohio State and almost two thirds of the last period. Then something happened. Just like a bolt of lightning the Gold and Blue struck... not once did they strike, but three times in quick succession to win out when just about everyone and his brother had conceded the game to the Buckeyes.

This season Notre Dame was rated with the best of 'em. But something went haywire. They lost to Georgia Tech and tied Wisconsin. When they came back the following week to flatten Stanford, experts put them in the "flash in the pan" class. Then came the big pay-off game with Bernie Bierman's powerful Iowa Pre-Flight Training outfit. The Ramblers were definitely selected as underdogs. Who wouldn't select them as such? This Iowa Pre-Flight squad had flattened the powerhouse Minnesota eleven just a week previous. When Notre Dame scored and converted

there wasn't much ado about anything. When Bert Bertelli, heart of the Notre Dame "T" passed for another score there commenced some eyebrow raising. Once more the Notre Dame victory march played and the South Benders were on the loose again; to make a long story short, the final score was 28-0. Here's a sound friendly tip—don't ever bet against Notre Dame, no matter what their record shows. A statement like "let's win this one for Rock" is enough for the Gold and Blue to play far above their average. Now, Knute Rockne rests comfortably in eternity; little does he know (but then, who knows, perhaps he does, that Notre Dame football teams keep winning "this one for Rock.")

Certainly Clark Shaughnessy must be listed among the better football coaches in the modern era. And, as such, his statements carry much weight. Clark turned out a Rose Bowl Champion in 1940 at Stanford; at present he is coach of Maryland. The latest member of the Muha family (Ukrainian) to terrify opposing gridders is Joe—but not just another Joe. Here are the exact words of Clark Shaughnessy uttered at a dinner in Philadelphia recently:

"...but losing to VMI gave me an opportunity to say something about a great back-for-all-around performance—Joe Muha. I never thought we could be stopped with a 5-1 defense. That is, a 5-man line, with only one man, Muha, backing it up. He choked all our running plays, pocketed all our passes and provided all of VMI's scoring punch. I know you raved about him up there when he starred against Temple. (Muha threw a touchdown pass with less than 15 seconds of play—D. S.) But I'll go further. I don't think there's a man in the country—including the pro backs—who is playing any better football this year." That is certainly a great compliment, especially coming from Mr. Shaughnessy. No—not just another Joe.

Dots and dashes from the National Professional Football League circles... Cecil Isbell, the great Green Bay Packer back, has replaced Slingin' Sammy Baugh as the National League's leading passer... All-American Bill Dudley, after leading ground gainers up to October 18 has dropped to second place... Washington, pacing the Eastern division of the N. L. is still the foremost defensive unit... The Chicago Bears, as usual, lead the league in point-producing... Bulldog Turner of the Bears eleven has intercepted at least one enemy aerial

Now a Lieutenant

Joseph Lesawyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ilko Lysohir of 558 Columbia Street, Hudson, New York, and a member of Ukrainian National Ass'n Br. 477, of which his father is secretary, recently completed the officers' training course at Camp Barkley, Texas, and received his commission as a second lieutenant. At present he is stationed somewhere in Louisiana.



LIEUT. JOSEPH LESAWYER

Prior to attending the school, Lt. Lesawyer was staff sergeant at the 66th General Hospital, Fort Bragg, North Carolina. He is a graduate of New York University, where he played varsity baseball. He also played baseball on the New York Athletic Club team. He is treasurer of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America.

Both at Fort Bragg and at Camp Barkley Lt. Lesawyer received the Ukrainian Weekly regularly, which he praised for helping him remain well informed about latest developments in Ukrainian American life and war effort.

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

in each game played thus far... This Abilene, Texas, cattle buyer, should enlist in the Air Corps... Dean McAdams, Brooklyn triple-threat back, leads the punting dept. after getting one off for 74 yards against the Redskins... The departure of rookie fullback John Polanski from the Detroit Lions to join the Marines brings to 208 the number of N.F.L. players and executives who have left football to enter military service... Failure to pass the eye test prevented Tuffy Leemans, N. Y. Star fullback, from enlisting in the Navy... Ward Cuff, veteran Giant halfback, is coaching football at Cardinal Hayes High School in N. Y....

Commissioned a Lieutenant

Daniel Slobodian, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roman Slobodian, 341 Rosehill Place, Elizabeth, N. J. and a member of U.N.A. Branch 3, received his commission as second lieutenant recently upon graduation from the officers' training school at Fort Benning, Ga.



LIEUT. DANIEL SLOBODIAN

Prior to then, Lieut. Slobodian completed the course at the non-commissioned officers school at Camp Croft, South Carolina. At present he is stationed at Camp George G. Meade, Maryland.

Lt. Slobodian is a graduate of New York University, where he received a bachelor of science degree in finance. He is a former treasurer of the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of New York and New Jersey, and an officer and member of various other Ukrainian American societies. His father is supreme treasurer of the Ukrainian National Association.

Lt. Slobodian says he is a constant reader of The Ukr. Weekly.

Bernie Crimmins of Notre Dame fame was his predecessor... Dick Todd, Washington, picked the right team. His grandmother is a full blooded Cherokee... Here is a fine compliment from Jack Sutherland who turned out those great Pitt elevens... "he's [Bill Dudley] an exceptional pass defense man, too. He plays passes on defense just like an outfielder who has learned to play the hitter."

Just as we featured Joe Muha, Ukrainian, this week, we expect to have another Ukrainian grid great featured in our next column. Until then, do it the only way—Sporting Way.

The Story of Ukrainian Literature

(27)

THUS far we have reviewed the first and middle periods of Ukrainian literature. We have seen that whereas in its first period Ukrainian literature was strongly colored by Byzantine influences, in its middle period it was characterized by the emergence of truly native motifs and style and the gradual infiltration of the vernacular as its medium of expression, thereby setting the stage for the third and modern period of Ukrainian literature, with Ivan Kotlyarevsky as its founder.

Ivan Kotlyarevsky

Ivan Kotlyarevsky (1769-1838) was born, raised and educated in the Poltava region of Ukraine. He began his studies at home, as was the custom in those days, under the tutelage of his father. Later when he grew older he was sent to gymnasium. Here he studied in Russian, which at

first proved to be quite difficult for him, as back home he had been accustomed to the Ukrainian tongue. But since teaching in Russian in Ukraine was compulsory, he had to make the best of it.

Kotlyarevsky was popular among his classmates. He especially endeared himself to them by entertaining them with Ukrainian folk songs and tales which he had learned at home. He also recited poems to them of his own authorship, on which account he was dubbed a "verse-maker."

After completing his studies Kotlyarevsky became a private tutor for wealthy families.

Folk Customs Attract Him

Most of Kotlyarevsky's tutoring was done in the country. Here he had a splendid opportunity of observing the everyday life of the peasants, their many customs, modes and color-

ful observances of various religious holidays. At the same time he was also able to see the varied forms of oppression practiced upon them by the Russian authorities and the Russified Ukrainian gentry and nobility.

This village background left an indelible mark on Kotlyarevsky. He became very fond of its simplicity and color. Often he would attire himself in the Ukrainian native costume and mingle with the ordinary people in their work and play. Thus he gained a perspective of their life impossible to other intellectuals of his day who remained secluded from the real life about them.

In time Kotlyarevsky grew tired of teaching rich men's sons. He threw up his tutoring and entered government service, where he served about seven years, chiefly in the law department. Then he resigned and entered military service in which he

remained for ten years, emerging from it a captain on pension.

His Love of the Ukrainian Tongue

Throughout this varied career, Kotlyarevsky did not neglect his pursuit of knowledge. His studies gave him a wide understanding of many subjects, especially of literature. Though educated enough to appreciate the qualities of foreign literatures and that of ancient Ukraine, his interest, however, was most stirred by the literary possibilities of the language he heard all about him, used by the common people in villages and hamlets in their everyday life. This interest was further heightened by his fondness for Ukrainian folk songs and tales, wherein the expressiveness and beauty of the popular speech was especially evident.

Gradually the idea grew within him of using this popular speech as a literary medium, one which would be understood not only by scholars but by all people. He determined to put this idea to a test.

(To be continued)

SEAMAN DESCRIBES SUB ATTACK ON CONVOY BOUND FOR RUSSIA

A vivid and dramatic story of an attack on a convoy and rescue at sea was told by John Zelwak, member of branch 104 of the Ukrainian National Association, known to his friends as "Smokey," who has returned to his home in Matawan, New Jersey, from Scotland, where he was taken after being picked up at sea by a British rescue ship.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Zelwak of 659 State Street, Perth Amboy, also members of branch 104, and married to the former Miss Alta Lewis, John, twenty-five, had been employed by the General Cable Company in Perth Amboy until last summer, when he decided to enter the merchant marine in which he had been employed for some years prior to taking the Cable Co. position. As a first class seaman, "Smokey" was assigned to a ship included in a convoy that left for Russia on August 9.

His story, as reported in the Perth Amboy News follows:—

"Our first contact with enemy submarines was on Aug. 26 with no loss. On Aug. 31 at 6 a. m., two ships were lost and during the entire day we fought submarines until 2 o'clock the next morning, when the convoy was able to rid itself of the submarines.

"Everything ran smoothly until Sept. 13 when a major attack was made by German submarines and airplanes which continued for three days. Our losses were small compared with those of the enemy. It was the greatest convoy to reach its destination in the present war. The airplanes were like wild ducks in the sky and were shot down in large numbers, crashing into the sea with their occupants.

"When the vessel I was on was struck by two torpedoes from a German sub, I was in the pilot house at the wheel of the ship. As they hit the boat shuddered like some huge wounded animal. When it was certain the craft and its cargo would have to be abandoned, the crew and navy gunners assigned to the vessel made for their life boats. It was my duty to remain on deck and assist in the launching of the life boat to which I had been assigned and after it reached the water, to slide down the ropes into it.

"After the life boat had been lowered, I started to slide down the ropes. As I reached the water I looked down, but there wasn't any boat there. One of the torpedoes that had hit the ship had damaged the life boat and it filled and sank as soon as it touched the water.

"Seamen who were in the boat when it left the deck were struggling

in the water and the only thing left for me to do was to let go of the rope and drop into the sea. Dressed in a heavy woolen weatherproof suit, seaboots and life preserver, I floated around in the water which was 30 degrees above zero for thirty minutes before I was picked up by a war vessel, transferred to a rescue ship and taken to Scotland, where I was hospitalized.

"During the time I was in the water I kept whistling through my fingers so the rescue ship would know where I was and could pick me up. Many times I had to blow my breath of my numbed hands before I could make the sound through my fingers. Once on the rescue ship I was assigned to a gun station to keep away the airplanes. No men were left idle."

"Smokey" was accompanied home by two of his fellow seamen, Anthony J. Todd, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Peter Sugarman of Walden, Mass. All three intend to return to convoy duty in spite of their experience. "Smokey" said, "We go through hell both ways, hell going over and hell coming back.

"We realize," he continued, "the great need of the merchant marine at the present time and how much the government depends upon it to help win the war. We realize that someone must get the materials and food to our fighting men overseas and the men of the merchant marine stand ready to do their part in this work for their country."



New York and Vicinity DEDICATION of Service Flag Exercises

featuring a **CONCERT**

to be held **Sunday, November 1, 1942**

at WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM beginning 7:30 P. M.

under auspices of Committee of Ukrainian National Association Branches of Greater New York

Entire proceeds to Army Emergency Relief. Concert will feature St. George's Ukrainian Catholic Choir of New York, Olga Lepkova, mezzo-soprano, Peter Ordynsky, and other attractions. Admission 75¢ and 50¢.

PENNSYLVANIANS

Safeguard Your State and Interests

on **TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1942**

— BY VOTING —

THE STRAIGHT REPUBLICAN TICKET:

GENERAL EDWARD MARTIN
FOR GOVERNOR

JOHN C. BELL, JR.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

WILLIAM S. LIVENGOOD, JR.
FOR SECRETARY OF INTERIOR

JUDGE ALLEN M. STEARNE
FOR SUPREME COURT JUDGE

JUDGE JOSEPH STADFELD
FOR SUPREME COURT JUDGE

WILLIAM I. TROUTMAN
FOR CONGRESSMAN AT LARGE

HEADS ACTIVE UP-STATE N. Y. VOTERS

With the arrival up-state New York from New York City of our young lawyer, Mr. William Andrushin, a new spirit and fresh energy have imbued our communal life. And this not only in Utica, where he opened his law office, but in the entire region, which boasts of many Ukrainian workers as well as farmers. At once what had hitherto appeared to many of us a mere wasteland proved to be a big cultivable land, which had lain fallow simply because there had been no one who knew how to till it properly.

Mr. Andrushin, who is a member of U.N.A. branch 58, and who knows his Ukrainian background thoroughly, is just the man for the job, especially since it requires the knowledge not only of two languages but of two cultures as well.

Never was this better shown as during the current election period. We have in this region a consider-

able number of voters of Ukrainian descent, but they have never really amounted to anything because of the lack of leadership. Mr. Andrushin put an end to this situation this year. He took hold of the situation, and started to mold the Ukrainian vote into a coherent unit.

On October 20, we had an opportunity to see how successful he has been thus far in his efforts. At his call there gathered, in Herkimer, N. Y., a group of prominent local Ukrainian Americans, men and women, for the purpose of meeting the Republican candidate for the governor of the State of New York, Mr. Thomas E. Dewey. The group had an ample opportunity to speak to Mr. Dewey.

On the same day, several hours later, Mr. Andrushin led another group of Ukrainian voters to meet Mr. Dewey in Utica, N. Y.

A FRIEND

Paid Political Ad.

Paid Political Ad.

IN WARTIME

The State of New York Needs an Efficient, Energetic and Progressive Administration

SUCH AN ADMINISTRATION THE VOTERS CAN OBTAIN BY VOTING THE STRAIGHT REPUBLICAN TICKET:

THOMAS E. DEWEY
FOR GOVERNOR

THOMAS W. WALLACE
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

FRANK C. MOORE
FOR COMPTROLLER

NATHANIEL L. GOLDSTEIN
FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL

MISS WINIFRED C. STANLEY
CHARLES MUZZICATO
FOR REPRESENTATIVES AT LARGE

Marusia Says:

It's a sin to tell a lie, and we're not sinners! So you can be sure that every word we say about Michael Turansky furs is the truth.

It's a fact that every skin used in a Michael Turansky fur is of the highest quality. It's a fact that these coats are noted for their durability, their beauty, their style.

It's a fact that Turansky furs are priced at the lowest figures. It's a fact that you'll find the biggest selection of furs in all sizes and styles at Michael Turansky's.

It's more than a fact, it's a tradition, that you buy your furs with Confidence at Michael Turansky's. Step in today, and see for yourself.

For your convenience, we are now open every Thursday evening until 9 P. M., on weekdays until 6 P. M., and on Saturdays until 5 P. M.

MICHAEL TURANSKY

350 SEVENTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
(Between 29th and 30th Streets)

16th Floor Tel.: LACKAWANNA 4-0073