



# The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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## New York U.N.A. Branches Dedicate Service Flags

Attended by well over 1,500 persons and with its entire proceeds going to the Army Emergency Relief Fund, a dedication of service flags ceremony, featuring a concert, was held last Sunday in New York City's Washington Irving High School auditorium under the auspices of the Committee of Ukrainian National Association Branches of Greater New York.

Service flags dedicated at the ceremony had 502 stars, including one golden one—killed in action, representing members of U. N. A. branches 361, 204, 130, 200, 5, now serving in the armed forces. Displayed also was the service flag of the St. George's Ukrainian Catholic Choir of New York City, which took part in the concert program in a manner that further enhanced its reputation as one of the very finest Ukrainian choirs in the country.

The ceremonies were opened by Stephen Kowalchuk, chairman of the U.N.A. branches committee, who explained in Ukrainian the significance of the ceremony.

The St. George's Choir under the direction of Theodore Onufryk, consisting of over 70 voices, then sang the Star Spangled Banner as arranged by Koshetz, and followed it with "Vesniany Deń" (A Spring Day), by Nedilsky, and "Zhala Ulianka" (Ulianka, the Reaper), by Stupnitsky.

The dedication of the service flags then followed. It was opened with a pledge of allegiance to the flag by those assembled, led by Michael Piznak, New York attorney. In the course of his address which followed the dedication, Mr. Piznak stressed the extent of the Ukrainian American war effort, and cited examples of heroism performed by American soldiers of Ukrainian descent.

The next speaker, Captain W. E. Southard, U.S.A., explained the purposes and workings of the Army Emergency Relief. Concluding he expressed the hope that at the close of this war the Ukrainians in their native land would realize their national ideals and establish their own free and independent state.

Peter Ordynsky, baritone, with Olga Lachowitch as his accompanist at the piano, then sang several selections, including "Tcherez Pole Shyrokoye" (Across the Wide Field), arranged by Koshetz, and "O, Dniyre" by Lysenko.

The choir followed with "O, Na Yordani" (On the Jordan River) by Lukiw, "Rano, Rano" (Early One Morn) by Stupnitsky, and Hayvoronsky's "Shumyt, Hude Dibrovonka" (The Rustling Grove).

The second part of the program started with a group of Ukrainian folk dances performed by the Ukrainian Dancing Society of New York, led by John Flis, with Margaret Savicki and William Huzar as soloists. Anna Maletych provided an ac-

## A Record of Our War Effort

Throughout the country Ukrainian Americans are engaged in various activities designed to advance our nation's war effort. Many of them, too, are distinguishing themselves in its armed forces, in training as well as in action. Some of all this finds its reflection on these pages, thereby acquainting the thousands of our readers in this country and in Canada and elsewhere with the deeds and exploits of their fellow countrymen of Ukrainian extraction, and inspiring them to redouble their own efforts to help win this war.

Many of these deeds and exploits, however, are not reported on these pages. Why? Simply because no one takes the trouble of informing us about them.

Very often some truly significant contribution is made to our country's war effort by a Ukrainian American individual, family, society, or community, a contribution which together with the constantly rising number of others of its kind is the best sort of an answer to the base smear campaign being waged by certain elements against Ukrainian Americans and Canadians—and yet not even a word of it reaches us for publication.

The situation obviously needs remedying. We hope our readers will help us out in this. We hope they realize that by sending such reports to us for publication, they are doing the patriotic thing. For their appearance on these pages serves to inspire those who read them to emulate and to surpass what has been accomplished thus far by people of their kind in support of our country's war effort. At the same time they help to make clear to everyone the scurrilousness of the smear campaign being waged against them.

Help to make The Ukrainian Weekly a permanent and always accessible record of the Ukrainian American contribution to our country's war effort.

cordian accompaniment to the dancing.

In his address in Ukrainian, Dmytro Halychyn, supreme secretary of the U.N.A., recalled that in previous years at this time Ukrainian Americans held observances in commemoration of the historic November 1, 1918 when the short-lived Western Ukrainian Republic was established. Today, he said, America is engaged in a war in the cause of the very same principles for which Ukrainians fought at the close of the last war.

The next feature on the program was the singing of Olga Lepkova, a mezzo-soprano of note. Her offerings were: "O Polia, Vy Polia" (Oh You Fields) by Barwinsky, the Aria from "Maid of Orleans" by Tchaikovsky, "Because" by D'Hardelot, "Tchom, Tchom ne Pryshov" (Why didn't You Come?) by Tchyshko, and "Hopak" (Dance) by Moussorgsky.

The concluding speaker, Eugene Lachowitch, associate editor of "Svoboda," thanked on behalf of the committee the program participants for their gratuitous services, thereby making possible a large donation to the Army Emergency Relief. In the course of his address, delivered in Ukrainian, he stressed that the ideals and objectives toward which Ukrainian Americans strived before the war have in no wise been dimmed by the war and that they should continue to remain as such to them.

Two selections by the St. George's Choir under Mr. Onufryk concluded the interesting three-hour program.

## JAREMA AND WAGNER RE-ELECTED

The republican gains at last Tuesday's elections did not affect two Democrats of Ukrainian descent, Stephen J. Jarema of New York City, and Marcel Wagner of Jersey City, N. J. Both were re-elected to their respective state legislatures by overwhelming pluralities.

Jarema, of Manhattan's 8th Assembly District, received both the Democratic and Labor Party vote, 10,331 in all, against the 3,001 of his republican opponent, Harry Rosenfeld. This will be Jarema's seventh term in office.

Wagner of Jersey City in Hudson County received 172,499 votes, which placed him fourth among the nine elected in the county to New Jersey State Assembly. This will be Wagner's third term in office.

Both Jarema and Wagner are lawyers, and of the younger generation. To both of them The Ukrainian Weekly offers its congratulations.

## Letters From Service Men

(Beginning with this issue The Ukrainian Weekly will publish every week excerpts of letters to it or its readers from young Americans of Ukrainian descent serving in the armed forces. Only such excerpts will be published as are of general interest to the readers.)

From Pvt. Walter Michaelson of the Army Air Forces, Keesler Field, Miss.—

"...I am now half-way through school. You would be amazed at the way the Army Technical Schools are able to teach you. By the time we graduate we will have to know everything about Army planes. I laughed at first when they told us that in nineteen weeks they would teach us everything about a plane. Since then I have changed my attitude. I respect them now, for they certainly do know how to teach you, rapidly yet thoroughly. They use a system quite unlike the one you and I were accustomed in civilian life. For one thing, they use more visual training, by motion pictures, mock-ups (replicas of the real thing), and much practical work. Quite a number of students wash out of here (fail); they become glider mechanics.

"Much to my surprise, I'm getting along fine. I now rate a semi-private room and extra privileges, no calisthenics, and a pass to town every night. In my school work I've got an average above 90. For a fellow who trained to become a lawyer (and who wrote poetry and painted, Editor) I'm quite mechanically minded.

"There are some fellows of Ukrainian descent here with me. One of them is a priest's son from Buffalo, N. Y., named Zueck. Most of the students are older and married. We have quite a number of school teachers in my squadron..."

## FORMER ATHLETE NOW LIEUTENANT

John Nanovsky, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Nanovsky of 154 North Hartford Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio, members of U.N.A. Branch 140, who starred in athletics, especially in basketball, at Miami University in Ohio, from which he graduated in 1938 with a B. A. in Education, and also at University of Pittsburgh, from where he graduated in 1941 with an M. A., is now a lieutenant in the Army Air Corps.

At present Lieutenant Nanovsky is a special service officer in the Division of Physical Training of the Academy of Aeronautics at La Guardia Field, New York.

## HUNDREDS OF POLES REPORTED ARRESTED IN U.S.S.R.

"Nowy Swiat," Polish daily published in New York, reported last Thursday that the Polish ambassador to Moscow, Romer, has informed the Polish government-in-exile in London that of the one hundred persons of the staff of the Polish Relief Administration in the Soviet Union who were arrested recently, eighty-four have been released.

"Nowy Swiat" states in this connection that the Soviet arrests of the Poles were not limited to Polish Relief officials but were widespread through the U.S.S.R. and ran into the hundreds. The nature of the charges against those arrested is not reported.



# Soviet Ukrainian Officer Tells Stowe: "If You Don't Start a 2nd Front Soon We'll Lick the Nazis by Ourselves"

IN another one of his exclusive radio dispatches from the Rzhev Front to the New York Post, Leland Stowe, ace American correspondent, told on October 23 of his experience in meeting the commander of an advanced artillery battery in that sector who is a Ukrainian, Colonel Anatole Alexandrovich Smirnov, a "six feet of solid brown and boisterous, two-fisted masculinity, a Ukrainian Paul Bunyan."

Col. Smirnov's battery was situated near the Volga and protected by a ridge, "as cozy and neat an artillery position as you would be likely to find on any front. The ridge had just enough shoulder to it and a good comfortable length of gully on its lee side cut down almost straight into the earth, so that the dugouts were real caves which even a direct hit wouldn't penetrate.

Leland Stowe was led by a major up the steep earthen steps into the battery commander's two-room headquarters which were carved deep into the hillside. It was, he writes in his Post dispatch, like walking into the entrance of a mine, but inside the walls were all whitewashed and six to eight persons could crowd into the inner room.

It was here that he met the Ukrainian commander.

Here follows his account in the New York Post of the meeting:—

## A Ukrainian Paul Bunyan

The lieutenant-colonel almost needed a shephorn to get into his subterranean home. He was six feet of solid brown and boisterous, two-fisted masculinity, a Ukrainian Paul Bunyan, and he left my hand feeling like a pound of hamburger just out of the grinder. But what a face and what a voice!

"American correspondent? Horosho, horosho," boomed Lieut.-Col. Anatole Alexandrovich Smirnov. Horosho means, "good," and when Smirnov said it, it sounded like a cathedral organ.

We followed the colonel down into the gully, across the brook and back toward where his batteries were concealed. All the time he was talking, laughing and gesticulating as if this war was one of the greatest holidays ever invented.

## Caught Nazis Napping

"Too bad you didn't come two days sooner," he said. "We gave Fritz

one hell of a massaging. We caught a whole division half asleep. That's no joke. Lots of the Fascists didn't even have their pants on. They were scared out of their wits. Hundreds of them drowned trying to swim the Volga. We threw all that was left back across the Volga. Caught them without their pants. Ha, ha, ha."

There was a lull as we approached a battery. At first it was almost impossible to see the guns even though they were big. The battery's captain snapped to attention and barked out his report to the colonel. As we strode closer Smirnov said, "Great fellows—just watch them."

Every man of the gun crew was standing alert in his place, his eyes on the colonel awaiting the command to resume firing. They were all in their twenties, as bronzed and tough as their commander. There were no German shells bursting near just now, but these chaps didn't look as if they would pay any attention if there were.

## An Exhibition Round

"We'll give the Germans this round for you," laughed Smirnov.

Other guns stood only a few yards away and all at the same elevation. The captain barked his order. Big heavy shells were pushed into place.

A soldier with the firing cord gripped in his hand leaned forward tensely, his eyes focused on the captain's lifted arm on the little hillock behind us. All the other gun crews man stuffed their fingers in their ears and I followed suit. The pause seemed exaggeratedly long. Then the cord jerked and the air around us rocked with a series of mighty roars. The huge guns bounced back on their recoils.

"What's the range?" I asked. The colonel grinned broadly. "Can't tell you that, but they'll feel it, all right."

Then at intervals it was the same thing all over again—except when Messerschmitts came prowling with too much curiosity near our sector.

We heard the German guns quite regularly, but these Russian batteries were too well tucked away. The Nazis were not hitting within a mile.

The Soviet gun crew boys were full of smiles—between rounds, that is.

"Those Germans are no good with artillery," sniffed the colonel. Russian generals and colonels had told

me the same thing in other sectors. "Their gun personnel is second-rate and they can't shoot accurately. I still don't understand why, but the Germans simply don't know how to shoot. But Fritz knows what the Russian artillery is. He knows and he'll never forget."

Smirnov laugh boomed again like a 12-inch gun and we threaded our way back and around, and finally up into the trench leading to the observation post, 20 minutes' walk from the guns.

## Another Ukrainian, Also Remedalled

At the doorway of the observation post another captain sprang to salute: "Horosho," boomed Smirnov, once more. Then he pointed to the medals on the captain's chest and turned to me: "Two," he shouted. "Another Ukrainian—see." Then he shook his clenched fist in the air. "Horosho, eh?"

And with another burst of contagious laughter, Smirnov introduced the observation post.

A two-inch slit ran around three sides of this tiny dugout, just below its ceiling. Under the slit was a careful drawing of terrain on all sides with every elevated grove or other noteworthy feature recorded and captioned in regard to the enemy positions.

The colonel swung the telescope around, adjusted it and said: "Take a look at Rzhev."

Rzhev, with its clustered roofs and smoke of battle, lay precisely in the center of the lens.

After that we made a tour of German positions, the closest about two miles away.

Finally, we started back to the battery's cave headquarters. From the crest of the hill we looked down on acres and acres of rich wheatlands, the stubble lying yellow and warm in the late afternoon sun, weather-stained peasants' cabins sitting serenely here and there, patches of woodland cropped up darkly.

"You see that?" said Smirnov "Horosho, eh? We'll never give up that—never."

Then he pointed down below us at the gully's edge where a score of women were steadily feeding wheat into a threshing machine.

"You see," he said. "They've completed the harvest. German shells didn't stop them. Ha, ha, ha."

Inside the whitewashed cave, I sat down for tea, with the lieutenant-colonel, the major and others of his staff. A kerosene lamp gave just enough light, and again the rumble of guns had receded to a dull, unreal spatter.

They brought on the inevitable sardines, vodka and onions and then something that I looked at twice. It was genuine American Spam.

All around me were intent, fighting faces. Of course, they asked the same old unanswerable question about the second front.

## "This Ukrainian Giant"

We drank several toasts. There was friendship here and that comradeship which is known only to men who face death together, day after day, as a matter of course. And once again the extraordinary hospitality of the Red Army and surging buoyant confidence of men at the front. This Ukrainian giant of a Smirnov was pounding the table with his fist.

"If you don't start a second front pretty soon," he declared, "we will lick the Nazis by ourselves."

A soldier brought in some wonderfully good raisins from the Caucasus, plain cookies and tea.

I asked about the Germans' fighting methods on this front.

"Without tanks the German infantry is nothing," the colonel replied. "It's only with superior weapons that they fight well. Without tanks and planes, Fritz doesn't like to fight at all. Bah! What a race of warriors. Man for man, we outfight them every time. Look at Stalingrad. Even with great superiority in planes and tanks they still can't take it. And wait until winter."

"What about the winter?" "This winter will be several times harder on the Fascists than it will be on us. Our men are stronger, much stronger. They are used to the terrific cold and this year they will use every lesson they learned last winter.

"The Germans have had to send a tremendous number of fresh troops into Russia along every front. Many of them are S. S. troops. These new divisions have had no experience with Russian winter. And all of them are deathly afraid of it.

"What are German ski troops like?"

Smirnov roared with laughter again. "I happen to be a skier myself. In fact, I won the ski championship of the Red Army. The Germans—" He laughed loudly and then gave his answer in one word, "lousy."

The colonel escorted us down across the gully to our car and ordered his own to accompany us. He was rumbling Horoshos all the way and he almost cracked my shoulder blade as we said goodby. "We'll meet you Americans somewhere in Germany," he boomed. "But you'd better start soon."

# The Icelandic Canadian

By HONORE EWACH

ICELANDIC Canadians are certainly worthy of admiration. There are not many of them, not over thirty thousand, and yet they have made such a landmark in the annals of Canada in the last three scores of years that they are now regarded as the most exemplary Canadians. One can find them in every branch of Canadian life—as progressive farmers, businessmen, physicians, lawyers, professors, writers, and judges; one of them, Mr. Thorson, the present judge of the Court of Exchequer, was till a few weeks ago a member of the Canadian government. But that is not all. They have already produced some of the best poets in Canada. In fact, all the rest of the various racial groups of Canada cannot parade as many excellent poets as the Icelandic group. Yet what the best Icelandic Canadian poets wrote they

wrote it in Icelandic. They were followed by a generation of Icelandic Canadians who knew their English better than the language of their parents. By that time the Icelandic Canadians had taken such a deep root in Canada that it was only natural for them to express themselves well in the language of the Anglo-Saxon Canadians. The debut was made in 1923 by Laura Goodman Salverson when her novel "The Viking Heart" won fine recognition all over Canada. Since then she has produced some ten novels and a volume of her autobiographical reminiscences—"An Immigrant Daughter." Today we find her as the editor-in-chief of "The Icelandic Canadian" monthly, published by The Icelandic Canadian Club of Winnipeg.

"The old order of brute force," she says in her first editorial, "of foolish

exploitation and rigid mental attributes is dying. The ultimate survivors will be those peoples in whom there is enough flexibility and mental genius to be the instrument of evolution. Pioneers in new and better human relationships; adventurers dedicated to the future, not the past." Such is the state of things in the world at present. And such are the hopes and beliefs of the editor and, evidently, of the founders of the new monthly.

The new magazine itself is evidently not only a realization of a practical dream but also one of the factors that will help to build up the new future. But what is the new future? To this the editor answers: "It is our conviction that the time has come to cut ourselves free of the fallacious idea that our duty to the past must constrain us to the old Icelandic mold. We believe that our first duty is to Canada and to the world of tomorrow. In that new world ethnic differences must not prevail as they have hitherto prevailed. Our divergent cultures must be freely spent in build-

ing a co-ordinated and greater civilization sincerely and sanely devoted to the common good of this country."

But is it possible for any individual or even a racial group to give up its individuality and lose itself without even a sigh in a different though greater individuality? Does any one want to commit a racial suicide willingly? Whoever among the Icelandic Canadians still has such questions in his mind gets the answer from the editor in these words: "Iceland will still live in our hearts; what is more, all that is good and great and treasureable in her ancient traditions will be transformed into living reality. As Canadians, and only as Canadians, will it be possible for us to orient our Norse heritage in the New World of Tomorrow."

It does one good to read to such a bold and very practical message from the editor of the Icelandic Canadian. One feels that here is a person who has an excellent grasp of the present situation in the world and Canada and knows exactly what the



## Polynack In Studio Recital

Miss Mary Polynack, young Ukrainian American lyric soprano, was presented in an informal studio recital by Leon Carson, Sunday afternoon, November 1, 1942, before a distinguished audience of critics, music lovers, and a few of her friends. Among those present were representatives from some of the periodicals in America devoted exclusively to musical events, including the "Musical Courier." Also present was the vice-president of the Carl Fischer and Company Music Publishers.

Miss Polynack opened her recital with two selections by Handel, "Farewell, Ye Limpid Springs and Floods" ("Jephtha," 1751), and "Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre" ("Joshua," 1747).

The second group consisted of four songs by Peter Cornelius, who has written some of the finest German lieder we have today. Miss Polynack's enunciation here was very good. Into each song she put the proper amount of feeling and shading, so that it was easily evident that this was no amateurish attempt at lieder. Her rendition of "Unerhort" (a story of two mountains) was stately, thus enabling the listener to get the full benefit of her rich voice.

Immediately after the Cornelius music, Miss Polynack turned to the lilting strains of Rossini's "Una voce poco fa," from the opera "Barber of Seville." In this the singer exhibited the full range of her voice. Singing smoothly and without too much effort throughout the entire aria she took the high coloratura notes with ease and beauty. It is worth noting that oftentimes this aria has been mauled and mutilated beyond recognition by singers who do not have a voice for it. Therefore it was a real treat to hear a good voice do justice to its beauty.

In the third group of her offerings Miss Polynack sang "Thrush in the Moonlight" by Tonnelli, "The Janitor's Boy" by Wolfe, "Feathered Trees" by Gere, and "Love's a Merchant" by Carew. Her interpretations of these songs was indeed arresting: some soft and tender, some saucy and impertinent, and others truly exquisite in their simplicity.

The recital was concluded with a group of four Ukrainian folksongs: "Sinia Chichka" by Hayvornsky, "Soloveyko" by Kropinitsky, "Oy, Kazala Meni Maty" by Artemowsky,

## DIVINE SETTING

The shore slopes down to meet the  
kiss of the ocean  
And the sky with her smiles hovers  
near  
It seems we stand on the brink of  
eternity  
Floating along with the clouds  
Attuned to universal motion  
On the horizon a sail of mystic hue  
The sunshine streaming through  
Darkly threatening clouds  
Dispelling gloom with Light  
And life renews its glow of ecstasy  
A symphony without music  
That satisfies the inmost Soul.

Close to darkening sky the ocean  
rising, blue and green  
Gliding wings of seagulls gleam  
Lit by rays of light that penetrate the  
darkness  
Men silhouetted against rocks or row-  
boats, fishing  
Contrast of sunshine and blackness  
Glorious Comic manifestation!  
Rays of light streaming through the  
purplish clouds  
Black boat against yellowish horizon  
Sailing, away to unknown seas  
A patch of blue, one of purple and  
a wall of black  
And the sea creeping up, forever  
slave of unseen forces.

THEODOSIA BORESKY  
New Haven, Conn.

and "Oy, Kozache Miy" by Hayvornsky. All of them found special favor among the listeners, who with a few exceptions were not of Ukrainian extraction. Personally, I was especially pleased by "Soloveyko," and Miss Polynack's mimicry of the nightingale (soloveyko) was enchanting to hear. In this connection, credit should be given to Maria Hrebenetska, one of Ukraine's finest singers, for her special coaching of Miss Polynack on these Ukrainian numbers for the recital.

Of particular interest to the listener at the recital was the masterly ease with which the soloist changed from the profound lieder to the brilliant aria and then to the sweet melodies of "Thrush in the Moonlight."

The entire program, it should also be noted, was enhanced by the personal charm of Miss Polynack. Assisting her at the piano was Miss Mildred Browne, who played well except in a few instances where she did not give the singer adequate support. This was evident mostly in the Ukrainian numbers, but it did not harm their performance too much. The acoustics in the studio were not

## YOUTH AND THE U.N.A.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

In almost every mail delivery to the offices of the Ukrainian National Association there are communication from members and non-members wherein numerous questions are asked regarding the fraternal order and its 475 branches. As the answers to many of these questions are of general interest, and because of their information value, we offer some of them in this week's column.

**Question.** It has been stated in The Ukrainian Weekly that U.N.A. membership dues are as low as 83 cents per month. Is this for adult membership? **Answer.** A person 16 years of age may take out a whole life certificate in the amount of \$500 for which he pays 83 cents per month or \$9.40 per year (in the latter case the actual monthly payment is about 78 cents). This entitles the certificate holder to adult privileges of membership. Applicants for membership under 16 years of age may take out a certificate in the Juvenile Department where the dues are as low as 25 cents monthly.

**Q.** Does the U.N.A. still subsidize athletic teams consisting of U.N.A. members? **A.** Although the war has greatly reduced the number of U. N. A. teams participating in the U. N. A. sports program, the organization has not discontinued helping those of its teams that are still functioning. Registration blanks are available at the offices of the U.N.A.

**Q.** Can a member belong to two U.N.A. branches at the same time? **A.** It is quite possible for a member to belong to two branches if he has two certificates (policies); he could pay dues on both in separate branches, providing, of course, he is listed on

of the best. None of these few imperfections, however, prevented the recital from being a complete success.

It is worth noting here that Miss Polynack is studying voice the hard way, by working during daytime to make enough to support herself and pay for her studies. The net result thus far, as was evident at the recital, is indeed very promising.

She is a member of the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of New York and New Jersey, and has on various occasions appeared as soloist on the Ukrainian concert stage.

Theodor Shumeyko.

the records of the two branches. If a member desiring additional insurance, for instance, obtains same through branch 1, though already insured in branch 2, that makes him a member of both branches. On the other hand he may transfer to any particular branch by requesting a transfer letter for one of his certificates, and so be a member of two branches.

**Q.** If a person's certificate is lost or destroyed, can he get another one? **A.** A member who loses his certificate should report the fact to the secretary of his branch; the secretary, then fills out an "application for duplicate certificate" which the member signs. This application is sent to the U.N.A., and the duplicate is promptly sent to the member via the secretary.

**Q.** Do members who have changed their names due to marriage have to report their new names? **A.** Yes. By doing so they eliminate any possible misunderstanding when benefits become payable. The same could be said for changing the beneficiary. Application forms for change of name and change of beneficiaries are supplied by the secretaries of the branches.

**Q.** Should a change of address be reported? **A.** Yes. It should be reported to the branch secretary who needs it to keep his records up to date. If the member happens to receive the Svoboda or The Ukrainian Weekly he should report his address to the U.N.A. so that he may continue to receive the paper.

**Q.** When should a member apply for student aid? **A.** The U.N.A. gives financial aid to members attending colleges or universities once a year, and the distribution of the fund set aside for this purpose takes place during the Annual Session of the Supreme Assembly of the U.N.A., which is held in March. Application for student aid should, therefore, be made before the end of February.

### BASKETBALL PLAYERS WANTED

Any U.N.A. member living in the Manhattan or Bronx boroughs of New York City who would like to try out for a U.N.A. basketball team, is requested to write to **John Stadyk**, 1743 Fillmore street, Bronx, New York City.

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

## The Story of Ukrainian Literature

(28) ♦

### Kotlyarevsky's Travesty of Aeneid

Since it was a mode in those days to translate ancient classics and substitute in place of the original characters those belonging to the people in whose language the translation was made, Kotlyarevsky decided to translate the popular Virgil's Aeneid into the Ukrainian vernacular, and use in it in place of the original characters a group of Kozaks wandering about Ukrainian shores and commenting upon the various things they encountered.

The appearance of Kotlyarevsky's travesty of Aeneid marked the beginning of the modern period of Ukrainian literature. For, as already pointed out, it was not written in the old bookish Church-Slavonic language, as were most of the literary works up to then, but in the popular speech of the Ukrainian people, in the living tongue which Kotlyarevsky had learned to love and appreciate while teaching in the native villages. As such it became the first important

work of its kind and a flaming guidepost for all those that followed.

### How He Wrote It

In writing this work, Kotlyarevsky was faced with no easy task. Of course, he could have written a travesty of Virgil's epic poem along the lines of several others who used the original in order to ridicule the ancient deities, just as did the French poet Scarrone; or criticize religious fanaticism, as did the German poet Blumauer; or attack drunkenness and illiteracy as did the Russian Mykola Osypov.

What Kotlyarevsky was after, however, was to portray contemporary Ukrainian life in a way that would plant the seeds of protest and rebellion against the forces oppressing it, and at the same time lay the foundation for the use of the living tongue in the creation of a new Ukrainian literature.

At that time, it should be recalled, many of the Kozaks, whose Sitch had been destroyed by Catherine II, were

still wandering around the Black Sea shores in search of a permanent home. Their plight reminded Kotlyarevsky of the Trojan warriors in Virgil's classic. This idea became the basis of his work, and thus its main characters became a group of Kozaks wandering through Ukraine. Their experiences and comments on what they saw, heard, and thought, leavened by a gusty humor, furnished the vehicle for Kotlyarevsky's message to his people.

### Its Use of the Living Tongue

Realizing that a work written in the vernacular would probably be met with upturned noses on the part of many Ukrainian stuffed-shirts of that period, Kotlyarevsky took pains to write it in a cultured and polished way. At the same time he used in it a half-jesting tone which gained the reader's good humor, oftentimes at his own expense. Thus he overcame much of the antipathy of those who regarded the living tongue as being too common to be used as a medium of literary expression.

All in all his "Aeneid" proved to be a vivid picture of Ukrainian life at the crossroads of the 18th and 19th centuries, replete with dramatic action, deep emotion, gusty humor, high courage, and presented against the inspiring background of Ukrainian Kozak life as it was in better times, gloriously free, democratic, and independent.

### Its Literary and National Significance

The striking contrast in Kotlyarevsky's "Aeneid" between the wretched conditions under Tsarist Russian misrule then and the inspiring Kozak period in Ukrainian history, drawn cleverly enough not to offend the censor, caused many of those who read it to become conscious of their national plight. Consequently they began to take a greater interest in it and in the possible ways of improving it. Thus Kotlyarevsky's "Aeneid" was the beginning of not only the Ukrainian literary renaissance but also of the Ukrainian national renaissance, with its goal of a free and independent and democratic Ukraine.

That is why Kotlyarevsky's "Aeneid" is such an important Ukrainian literary work.



**Funny Side Up**

**"FARCES ABOUT TOWN"**

At Macy's Abner Z. Grubber explains the significance of Halloween to his girl, Minnie Moocher, "What you want to do on Halloween is dress up and go out with a funny face." "Are you asking me for a date?" inquires the drippy miss. Which reminds us of our fruitful youthful days when he had lots of fun on Halloween. Once we swiped a gate, and the next day we were in a jam. How were we to know the First National Bank couldn't take a joke?

At Child's Gertie Doublechin, the type of girlie you will find in any town, in any state, on any election day. When you ask her for whom she'll vote, she'll say, "Oh, my goodness, I'm not yet old enough to vote." Which is not exactly true. As a matter of fact, if women had been allowed to vote in those days she could have cast one ballot for McKinley!

At Lindy's, Mutch Muffer, the bookie, predicts John Q. Citizen will vote for Dewey on Election Day because of what he did in the Battle of Manila. He heard that Dewey won the straw vote at Saratoga and now he wants to know what price he paid!

At Charlie's, Orlando Clippo, whose Barber Shop was used as a polling place on Election Day. Last year when Orlando, the dodo, stepped out for a few hours, the voters stole two bottles of hair tonic, a barrel of hair grease, and the cute manicurist. This year, although there's no business going on, Orlando isn't even going to lunch!

At El Stinko's, Elmer Sreech, celebrating his birthday. He's a saxophone player who blows no good. His mother insists he's a born musician, because Sagitarius says so (that's his sign under his horoscope, you dope!) But the neighbors say Elmer is a born nuisance, and the devil with Sagitarius!

At the Zoo, Oswald Phooft, admiring the zebra's stripes because they remind him so much of his Uncle Louie. Well, what do you think they wear at Alcatraz... plaid?

At Joe's Joint, Pvt. Joe Blow, in town on furlough. Last month he shot down 102 Jap planes, "If you don't believe me," he says, "just ask the guy at the Penny Arcade in Atlantic City!"

At Twenty-One Club, Horace P. Schmelly, buying a round of drinks for the boys. Says Horace, "Last Saturday I asked a cop how to get to Ebbets' Field, and he told me to follow the mob. I did, and before I knew it I was making \$1.50 an hour at the Brooklyn Navy Yard!"

**THE UNITED NATIONS**

**V. NORWAY**

AREA.—124,556 square miles; almost three times as large as Tennessee. Population—2,950,000; about that of Tennessee. Coast line—Island-dotted and fiord-cut, making a total of 12,000 miles, or half the distance around the equator. Possessions—Spitzbergen, a group of islands in the Arctic Ocean, with rich coal mines still in the hands of the United Nations; other minor islands to the north of Norway and in the Antarctic. Government—A constitutional, hereditary monarchy, with legislative power vested in the Storting, the parliament of the sovereign people. Capital—Oslo. Temporary seat of government—London. King—Haakon VII. who in 1905 was elected to and accepted the crown on invitation of the Norwegian people. The land—Norway is mountainous, 72.2 percent is unproductive, 24.2 percent is forest covered, 3.6 percent is under cultivation or otherwise being used. Many waterfalls are of great potential industrial value. The principal exports—Paper and pulp; food products, chiefly fish and fish products; base metals and manufactures thereof. The minor exports—Fatty substances and waxes, including products made from whale oil; machinery; hides, skins, leathers, and leather work.

Norway is a land of rocky soil and deep cleft bays. From forests and mines its people cut timber and dug iron for their industrial plants. They built, meanwhile, the world's fourth largest merchant marine. Farmers, sailors, woodmen, industrial workers, fishermen—these people loved freedom. And to safeguard that freedom these people learned to pull together.

There were many things that made this lesson hard to learn—mountains cut off community from community, ships would be gone from home for months, a living was hard to dig from the less than a quarter of Norway's soil that it productive. But for the common good, the Norwegians learned more and more how to cooperate with each other. And almost every group in Norwegian life—laborers, teachers, industrialists, nurses, ministers, lawyers, and men who sailed the seven seas—had its own cooperative organization which helped to distribute the advantages of good times and cushion the shock of bad times.

These people, so far north that one-third of their country is in the Arctic Circle, watched the war in Europe. To protect their neutrality, the Neutrality Defense Corps was called into active service to man the few coastal guns. The small navy was put on the alert. But Norway did not think there would really be an invasion. What had neutral Norway done to provoke an attack—from any where, by any people?

Yet on the morning of April 9, 1940, without warning, German warships steamed up the fiords, and German transport planes landed troops that took over the airfields. Astounded, the Norwegians watched this unbelievable thing, while the few Norwegian soldiers under arms fought bravely. Then from the cities the men hurried to assemble in the mountains and for 62 days, while British help came and then was forced to leave, the Norwegians fought for their independence, though many of their cities were in the hands of the Nazis. When finally the army was forced to surrender, the King and all the members of the government had already left the country, by vote of the Storting, to be free to carry on the war outside Norway.

From the capital of the exiled government, London, two wars for Norwegian freedom are now being directed: the war inside Norway and the war outside Norway.

For Norway is not really conquered. The Germans may have physical possession of her iron and bauxite mines, her pulp factories, her water power, her fishing boats. But German militarism has not conquered the soul of Norway. About 2 percent of the population had voted for the Quisling National Socialist Party before the invasion. Once Quisling had been thrust into power in 1940 by the Nazis, Norwegians resisted him at every turn, using their democratic institutions as weapons of revolt.

When Storm Troopers were permitted to break the law, the Norwegian Supreme Court resigned in a body. When the Quislings tried to head the labor unions, the members refused to pay dues. When the Nazi-directed police stopped a service at Trondheim Cathedral and the Nazis decreed that all youths must join a Nazi organization, the seven Bishops resigned, and the clergy followed their lead. Hundreds of teachers chose to endure hard labor rather than join the Nazi teachers organization.

While the Norwegian government was still in Norway, an order was broadcast to all Norwegian ships to put into British or other allied ports in order to escape German capture. Not a single ship disobeyed this order, though the Nazi-controlled Oslo radio gave conflicting instructions. Today, with her merchant marine which before the war was of 4,900,000 tons, Norway is making a most valuable contribution to the United Nations. Her boats, manned in 1940 by 30,000 seamen, are carrying supplies to battle lines all over the world. Many ships have been torpedoed and many lives have been lost, but the Norwegian seamen who escape go back to the battle again.

The most valuable part of the merchant marine is the tanker fleet which carries more than 50 percent of the oil and gasoline needed in Great Britain.

**SERVICE FLAG DEDICATED IN NEWARK**

On Saturday, October 24th, 1942 the American-Ukrainian Voters Association of Newark, New Jersey, together with other affiliated clubs held a Service Flag Dedication ceremony at the Ukrainian Center, 180 William Street, Newark, which was attended by about three hundred and fifty persons.

The ceremonies were commenced by Toastmaster John Romanition, attorney, with a short talk to the mothers of service men. Invocation followed by Rev. Myron Danilovich, pastor of the local St. John's Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church. Then while the band played the national anthem and all the lights were dimmed out excepting those on the stage, Mary Hawrylak and Elizabeth Glushik of the committee, dressed in Ukrainian costumes, pulled the curtains on the stage away from the center, revealing a red bordered white Service Flag with two hundred eighty-nine blue stars on it.

This ceremony was followed by a dinner. Upon its conclusion, Toastmaster Romanition presented to Major F. V. Smith of the Second Service Command, Army Emergency Relief, New York City, the sum of \$500.00 representing contributions by some of the Ukrainian American people of Newark. Major Smith explained the purposes of the Army Emergency Relief and expressed his thanks for the contribution.

Other speakers were: Omelian Reviuk, associate editor of the S'voboda; Rev. John Lazar, St. John's Ukrainian Catholic Church of Newark; Mykola Tkach, editor of the Ukrainian Daily News; Rev. Dr. Klodnycky, pastor of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church of the Holy Ascension, Newark, N. J.; and Prof. Theodosius Kaskiw, President of the Ukrainian Center.

Dancing following the conclusion of the ceremonies.

J. R.

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