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A Ukrainian American Flyer's Encounter With The Japs

Just before going to press, we received from Stella Palivoda, secretary of U.N.A. branch 358 in Cleveland, a copy of a letter from a Ukrainian American flyer telling of his experiences fighting the Japs since last January. It follows:

The last time I wrote you was from India—a little over five months ago. That beats any of my previous records by a mile. However, there is a great deal to be said in my defense. It takes about three months for our letters to reach you in the U.S., and it takes some two months for yours to reach me. As a matter of fact, I have received only one from you, mailed sometime in January. Secondly, so strict has been the censorship that it discourages letter writing. Thirdly, the kind of life I have been leading is not conducive to letter writing. For all these reasons I have simply taken to cabling every so often—which is far easier, quicker and serves the purpose.

I have decided to make a real letter out of this. I am not going to write anything which in my opinion could be censored. I am simply going to write you a first hand version of what is now history. I shall not mention our own losses, mistakes, shortcomings, etc. In other words, I cannot possibly see how the enemy could profit from any information contained herein. You can advise me as to whether it got through the censors.

So much happened over here in the last six months that I must necessarily make this account brief, hitting only the high spots.

Off On A Bombing Raid

I arrived in Java on January 15th in the first American airplane to reach the Far East since the outbreak of the war. The following day our ship and one other Fortress left Java about 1 p.m. bound for Kendari in the south eastern part of Celebes. Arriving there that evening we refueled, loaded with bombs and checked our airplanes and armament thoroughly. It was 9 p.m. before we were finished with our job and in readiness to hit our objective the next morning at dawn. Take-off was scheduled for 3 a.m. We were settling down for a few hours sleep under the wing of the plane, when a Dutchman came over to warn us that the Japs had made a landing just ten miles from the airdrome. From a Chinaman who had just escaped from them, we learned that there were about sixty in the party armed with Bolo knives, tommy guns, etc...the conventional equipment used by Jap jungle troops and advanced landing parties.

With our two Fortresses there were also three Liberators—equally large four-engined American planes. In the complete darkness we would have been no match for a surprise attack by these well trained, well armed Japs. We had only one choice for our defense. We assembled the five planes into a rough circle with the tail

guns pointing outward. Then, with the exception of the tail gunners who were manning their guns, the rest of us lay down in the grass beside our planes armed with rifles and pistols. Our defense tactics were identical with those employed by our own westward bound wagon trains years ago.

We remained on the alert in this position until 3 a.m. Fortunately the Japs never attacked us. Looking back upon that night I am inclined to think that the story of their landing was a fake rumor, because Kendari was not actually attacked until ten days later.

At 3 a.m., as scheduled, we took off for Manado, a small town on the north-eastern tip of the Celebes. The Liberators were to bomb the airdrome while we in the Fortresses were to hit any shipping which might be in the harbor. Everything went off as planned, although the attack on the airdrome was not too successful. The Liberators and the Fortresses split up just before reaching our objective, so that from now on my story will deal almost entirely with our two ships.

Just as the sun came over the horizon, we swept down on the harbor and bombed a large transport of about 8,000 tons. Four direct hits were scored and she rolled over. Some five minutes later we were attacked by fifteen Jap Zero Fighters (unquestionably one of the outstanding fighters in the world). For thirty-five minutes we were engaged in one of the epic aerial fights of the war.

The Encounter With Jap Zeros

I was in the lead ship with Major ... piloting. The Nips made their first pass from the tail. The tail gunner waited until they were within easy range before opening up. The first of the two attacking fighters shuddered, then spun seaward, leaving a trail of smoke and flames behind it. The other one had already opened up on us in the meantime. One of the bullets, an explosive, hit our gunner above the left knee, blowing his left leg off. But the Nips would have had to do better than this to stop this nineteen-year old kid. He reached up and with his arm he wiped the blood off his window. He then cut down on the second plane, and with good results too, for a second later it went screaming into the sea engulfed in its own smoke and flames. His job done, and done magnificently, he collapsed and fell back into a huge pool of his own blood—just another of the countless unsung, unrecognized heroes. On such men's shoulders rest the reputations of "bemedalled" generals and the fate of our country...the inspiring, unbeatable American John Doe.

"I Got One"

After losing their first two planes to attack us, the Nips were a little discouraged and disorganized. The

remaining thirteen pulled out of range and went into a huddle. During this brief respite I noticed way off in the distance the three Liberators. They were being subjected to a heavy attack by other Jap fighters. Almost the instant I saw them, the left wing man pulled out of formation and started a slow dive toward the sea, leaving a trail of smoke behind him. I had some good friends on that plane, but, fortunately for me, I didn't have much time to dwell on our loss, because our own attackers were coming in on us again. This time, however, they came at us from the belly. For the next thirty minutes a running fight ensued in which we shot down three more Japs. The now famous Sgt. Sibra, D.S.C., shot down two while I got one.

As soon as we left the attackers behind we dove to lower altitude where oxygen was not needed. We then took turns going back to our wounded gunner and doing what we could for him—morphine shots, etc. He just lay there smiling weakly and congratulating everybody but himself. If some day I have the misfortune to be in his shoes, I will be mighty proud of myself if I prove one tenth as good.

Rather than fly straight back to Java, we elected to go back to Kendari to get medical attention for our gunner. We hadn't been there an hour when the air raid alarm sounded. We rushed for our plane and took off, every man at his gun. Hardly had we left the ground when I sighted five Jap Zero fighters flying in close formation and headed our way. This was a desperate situation, as we were alone now and at an extremely disadvantageous altitude. On their first pass I nailed one of them and he went crashing into the bay off Kendari. For the next thirty minutes the air was ninety per cent hot lead. We fought with the wild desperation and abandon of men who feel they are about to die. Bullets were ripping through the fuselage from every direction. It was due only to the skill of the Major's flying that we came out of that one alive. He repeatedly outmaneuvered the Jap attacks by daring tactics.

Nine Zeros Bagged In All

This second fight of the day also lasted about thirty-five minutes. Of the five which attacked us we shot down two for certain, which brought our total to seven for the day. All told, between the three Liberators and the two Fortresses, we had bagged a total of nine.

Late that afternoon we returned to our base. Just thirty hours had elapsed since we had taken off the day before. In that brief period we had flown 3,000 miles, sunk a large transport and shot down seven Jap fighters. All of us were exhausted but intact, with the exception of our gunner. He, of course, was immediately removed to our hospital. Poor kid! He is now a prisoner of war.

That was our first raid. I have been on many since then, some of them pretty rough affairs, but none of them has matched the Manado one.

Took Part in Many other Battles

To date I have taken an active part in the following battles: Macassar Straits, Malaya, Sumatra (Banca Straits and Palembang), Bali, Java, and finally the battle of the Coral Sea. Macassar is the most outstanding and devastating battle the U. S. Air Force has yet fought. Those in which I personally ran into the stiffest opposition were the battles of Sumatra and Bali.

I can say little that would add anything to the thousands of words already written about the battle of Java. It amounted to just one thing: a handful of Flying Fortresses and a small, pitifully small Navy force, tried to stop the armed might of the Japanese Empire. We made them pay like hell, but little more can be said than that.

Saw Admiral Helfrich's courageous little fleet steam out to meet the huge Jap armada. On the bridge of the lead ship was the Admiral himself. Upon sighting the enemy, he issued these orders to his captains and men: "Attack, attack, and keep attacking—even at the cost of your own ship." They carried out their orders with a dash and courage never surpassed and rarely equalled. I saw one Dutch destroyer race for a heavy Japanese cruiser. Full speed ahead with all her little guns blazing, she plowed through shot and shell right into the cruiser's side. In one vast explosion they became one and sank together to the bottom of the Java Sea.

Bitter, Frustrated Tears

Many an American shed bitter, frustrated tears that night. Along with the Dutch, we had prayed for the promised aid which never came. We were bidding a last farewell and a hollow good luck to the most magnificent, the most superb men it has ever been my privilege to know. We had to be ordered out, as I believe many of us would have elected to stay there and die with them.

At present everything is very quiet here. Actually we are only sparring with the Jap air forces. As for myself, I am awaiting very impatiently the long-heralded offensive. All of us want to get the whole damn business over with and go home.

I hear from Mary and Joe quite frequently now, having received about seven letters from each. Letters are so precious here that one allows himself to read only one paragraph a day.

Have heard from Aunt Mary twice. Got your check as well as her's. They are no good here. Thank you both. I will honestly try and write regularly from now on.

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

THE PLIGHT OF THE PERIH

By W. M. PALUKE

IF the gentle reader were asked to describe a serving of rubaboo, or of rowshow, the problem would be a delicate one even to those among us who pride themselves on knowledge of food. Yet not many years ago, in this part of the country, this particular fare was as popular as roast chicken is today. In the colorful days of the voyageurs, these two ways of preparing pemmican were legion. But there came a day when the sight of a buffalo stirred one's historical memory instead of one's salivary glands, and mention of pemmican was relegated to history books. Almost at the same time the era of the voyageur came to a close. Thus food and type of man lived and died together.

Turning back the pages of our history book still farther, we are bound to find another food and another people. When Bohdan Khmelnytsky marched into Kiev on that eventful day in January, 1649, to what dish did he—most likely—sit down for dinner? On Christmas eve, whether you have two courses or the traditional twelve, what course is the indispensable one? Take any festive occasion, what food renders the occasion less festive if absent? Over what steaming course, more than any other, has the genius of Ukrainian thought and eloquence disported itself through the centuries?

The answer to these questions is too obvious to be stated. Like Bohdan and Christmas eve and every festive occasion, there is a folk song about perohy. "A man can just sit by you and eat and eat and eat," it goes. The origin of perohy, unlike Lamb's roasted pig, is not known; but a peasant in the thirteenth century, who could find time between Tartar and Turkish invasions to think of the future, might have foretold that some such food would evolve out of the Ukrainian household—a food that would require ingredients like potatoes and flour and water, which the invaders could not wholly cally away; a food that filled one pleasantly and readily; a food that was easier to prepare than holobtsy, but as appetizing and as large; a food which required the use of a woman's hands when she was tired—as well she might be—of cross-stitching.

The peasant thought little if he thought at all about its digestible qualities. His main concern was to eat until his hunger was satisfied; some days he just wanted to eat. Then again, his body was not like some modern machine of intricate construction, which requires refined oil for its fuel; daily work was rough and manual, and his muscles could subdue any food into obedience and proper demeanor. There is even today a saying to the effect that food eaten with appetite is good food.

Came the hey-day of the perih. The peasant, to his delight, found that the perih could be prepared in a variety of ways to please the more exacting palate, which came into existence when the meat and food supply was left to increase normally. The enterprising cook found that she could use almost any ingredients, and, provided the finished product was half-moon in shape, or even remotely resembled a half-moon, she could without compunction call it a perih. This wide, almost unrestricted application of the term has come down to us. I have seen perohy two inches in length, three inches in length, even four inches in length; a quarter of an inch to one inch in thickness; there have been unwieldy plump ones, and flabby, floppy ones; hidden inside you might find potatoes, cream cheese, limburger, meat, or some other combination of these; sometimes, firmly entrenched between its walls, a squadgy plum.

So much for its appearance. Now, there is usually a certain idea con-

nected with a national food, an idea that gives a clue to the type of people that prepares and consumes it. For instance, the Englishman brings to mind four o'clock tea. We can hardly think of him but as holding a cup of tea at four o'clock, the little finger pointing away, freed from the menial task assigned to the other fingers and the thumb. But there are more associations. Tea denotes a chat, perhaps a friendly visit, and the vast world of propriety and etiquette. So, without unduly stretching the imagination, we have evoked the international aspect of the English character.

What about the perih? What type of man does the perih bring to mind? Certainly none of the complexity of life suggested by tea. Perhaps the associations vary with different people. In one case at least, the perih conjures up a vision of a large family seated about a table on which there is but one dish: a horschok of steaming perohy. There is something about this picture that dates it as a bygone age, that perhaps makes us smile hiddenly. We are apt to think of the ways in which we have outgrown that age.

But there is an aspect about the vision that we are prone to overlook in our hasty, superior-feeling age. It is the idea of family solidarity, the emphasis on the unity of the household, the symbol of which was that single baked earthen vessel on the table. Is it wrong to say that the horschok was a kind of shrine about which the family fathered periodically, and which bound them together until death? Here is something that our fathers left behind in the old country: the single bowl of perohy and the warm oneness of the family group.

When the Ukrainian came to Canada and changed his simple peasant ways for more involved, more expensive, that is, civilized ways, the change shook the very foundations of his food heritage. Objectively, the General Store was to blame. Lined attractively on the shelves were cans without number—cans of beans, cans of peas, even canned noodles and canned spaghetti, which silently began a destructive campaign of competition with the wayward, canless perih. If the general merchant were of the thoughtful kind, he'd have stored on another shelf a number of packages of senna pods and other merchandise of this sort. So whereas the old country store dared to interfere with the people's apparel closet, its Canadian counterpart made inroads into the pantry and kitchen. The retreat of the perih was a consequence.

Again, in the old country, the peasant would sit down not to a well-ordered, well-vitaminized meal; but simply to breakfast, to dinner, or to supper. The food, morning, noon and night, was interchangeable, similar, often the very same. In other words, he sat down at any time to a dish of kapusniak, borsch, or perohy. Once in Canada, he first found that every meal has three courses—so that, according to the new terminology, his old square meal of perohy meant having perohy for appetizer, perohy for the main course, and perohy for dessert. This was not only unconventional; it was uneatable; because it was all starch. Where were all the rest of vitamins essential to be a balanced diet? What about the sunshine vitamin, the brain-building element, the iron? Perohy were all right—well, they were permissible anyhow, provided you had meat and greens and only two, at most three, for supper.

Furthermore, the shape of the old-fashioned perih was wholly functional—it was (we blush to say it) meant to be taken hold of by the fingers. The business of knife and fork hand-

YOUTH AND THE U.N.A.

GOOD INSURANCE AT LOW COST

On a number of occasions it was stated in The Ukrainian Weekly that the insurance rates or premiums of the Ukrainian National Association compare very favorably with those of large commercial insurance companies. More recently it has been stated that, since the commercial companies have increased their rates, U.N.A. rates are now considerably lower because the fraternal order has made no increases at all.

Organizers of members for the Ukrainian National Association have found that some people, when told that U.N.A. rates are about the same or lower than those of the insurance companies with which they have been doing business, are reluctant to take out U.N.A. insurance because they fear that, costing less, it may not be good insurance.

It should be realized that insurance certificates issued by the U.N.A. are as modern as those issued by large commercial companies; these certificates provide for such options as cash surrender, extended insurance, and paid up insurance. Loans are given against insurance reserve at only 4% interest (other companies, in many cases, charge 6%). Dividends are given after two years (other companies do not give dividends, in many cases, until after three to five years). U.N.A. adult certificates provide for benefits for chronic sickness and permanent disability, and numerous privileges one cannot obtain from commercial companies. Such facts as these usually convince prospective members that U.N.A. certificates are as good as (or superior to) those of other companies in many cases.

So that the reader may compare U.N.A. rates with those of commercial companies (by ascertaining how much is being paid by his family for its insurance, and then comparing these rates to U.N.A. rates for the same type of insurance), we offer brief descriptions of the certificates issued by the U.N.A. Below are those of the Juvenile Department; next week those of the Adult Department.

Juvenile Class 1: Term to Age 18; 25c. monthly at age 1 to 18; insurance up to \$500. This certificate, providing for a death benefit up to \$500, expires when the member becomes 18 years old. The monthly dues are only 25c. Becoming 18, the member may transfer to the Adult Department where he will receive a credit of up to 50% of the dues paid in on his Class 1 certificate; this credit is applied toward the dues on his adult certificate. This credit feature applies to all juveniles who transfer to adults.

Juvenile Class 2: Whole Life, Premiums Ceasing at Age 70; 50c. monthly at age 1 to 18; insurance up to \$400. This certificate provides for a death benefit of up to \$400, paid up and extended insurance after 3 years, and cash surrender after 10 years. The monthly dues are 50c.; when the member is 70 years

old he ceases to pay dues but remains insured.

ling rendered its functional form useless. Eating a perih from the tip of a fork is considered by some like doing the Jitterbug dance in Zaporozhian costume.

Of course, some die-hards revert to the peasant occasionally, and, throwing discretion and vitamins to the winds, down a heaping plaeul of perohy with a kind of fiendish gusto. But civilization has taken their plow handles away and substituted a lever; it has doone away with the scythe, and with it strenuous manual labor. In return it has given them vitamins, canned food and Epsom salts. But the day of voluminous consumption of food—perohy, pemmican—is past, its death-knell sounded by

old he ceases to pay dues but remains insured.

Juvenile Class 3: 16-Year Endowment; 50c. monthly at age 1 to 16; insurance from \$100 to 1,500. If the insured has a \$100 certificate it provides for payment of \$100 when the certificate is 16 years old, a death benefit of up to \$100, paid up and extended insurance after 3 years, and cash surrender after 10 years. The monthly dues for \$100 insurance are 50c.; after 16 years only \$96 will have been paid in, but \$100 is paid out, this without considering the annual dividend after the second year (which brings the amount actually paid in to about \$89).

Juvenile Class 4: 20-Payment Life. This certificate may be issued for \$250, \$500, or \$1,000, to juveniles age 1 to 15. The insurance provides for a death benefit up to its face value, paid up and extended insurance after 3 years, and cash surrender after 5 years. On a \$250 certificate the monthly dues are 45c. at age 1 (\$4.97 annually); 48c. at age 5 (\$5.33 annually); 54c. at age 10 (\$6.02 annually); 61c. at age 15 (\$6.80 annually). For \$500 the monthly dues are 77c. at age 1 (8.69 annually); 83c. at age 5 (\$9.40 annually); 96c. at age 10 (\$10.78 annually); \$1.09 at age 15 (\$12.34 annually). For \$1,000 the monthly dues are \$1.54 at age 1 (\$17.38 annually); \$1.66 at age 5 (18.79 annually); \$1.91 at age 10 (\$21.55 annually); \$2.18 at age 15 (\$24.68 annually). The dues are payable for 20 years after which the member remains insured without further payment.

Juvenile Class 5: 20-Year Endowment. Essentially the same as Class 4 except that the certificate is payable at face value when dues have been paid for 20 years. On a \$250 certificate the monthly dues are \$1.07 at age 1 (\$12.03 annually); \$1.15 at age 15 (\$12.88 annually). For \$500 the monthly dues are \$1.86 at age 1 (\$21.05 annually); \$2.02 at age 15 (22.76 annually). For \$1,000 the monthly dues are \$3.72 at age 1 (\$42.09 annually); \$3.83 at age 8 (\$43.33 annually); \$4.03 at age 15 (\$45.52 annually).

We trust that this information on the juvenile life insurance certificates of the Ukrainian National Association proves to be of some value to the reader in the event that he or she should desire to compare U.N.A. rates with those of other companies.

Those who take the trouble to make comparisons will readily appreciate the many advantages offered by the Ukrainian National Association in addition to good insurance at low cost.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK

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

the tinny clang of cans. Happily however, the ancient perih has not passed into the limbo of forgotten foods where rubaboo and rowshow reside. The perih can be seen today lying two or three in a plate, true, a shadow of its former self. It has obstinately but successfully fought its gastronomical battle against moneyed noodles and the notorious spaghetti. Today you can have perohy served in the most modern department store, dressed up for the occasion with a sprig of parsley. Round it swirls the new civilization, machine-like, efficient, requiring such and such a function of everything within it, or else...

But the perih lives on.

("Ukrainian Canadian Review")

"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)

(12)

The Duel

WITH these words Kyrylo flashed his Turkish dagger in front of Lesya's eyes, and gave her such a menacing look that her heart nearly stopped beating in terror.

They emerged out of the forest into the open fields. In the east the morning star was now brighter than the moon. The horizon began to take on a reddish tinge, and soon the entire east began to flame. The road on which they were riding rose and fell. Reaching the top of a rise higher than the others, Kyrylo looked back. In the distance, emerging out of the forest, he dimly perceived a lone galloping after them.

"I'm not Kyrylo Tur if that horseman is not chasing after us!" he exclaimed, reining his horse. "And if you want to know how keen my eye is, I'll even tell you who he is. That's young Shraam. He's taken after his father just like an eaglet after its parent eagle. And the devil take me if I can't guess what causes him to come dashing after us like a bullet."

"Come on, let's go!" shouted Chornohor. "What are you waiting for? Let's get going!"

"His horse, brother, will catch up with us very easy, for we've got this girl on our hands. No, let's wait here and I'll give battle to him in a good and knightly fashion."

"What good will that do? There's two of us, and certainly we can't shoot him. If you start any sword-play with him he is likely to get you. But even if you get him, still by the time you do, the others will catch up and take the girl away from us."

"I know all that very well, comrade," replied Kyrylo. "I also know that he can slash and cut with the best of us. Yet look at him, look at him, how he is waving his sword at us, as if inviting us to a most lovely feast! Certainly I can't refuse him, can I? I'll be hanged if one of us today does not gain knightly fame and the other a knightly death."

"What do you intend to do, engage him single-handed?"

"Of course! I'd rather give up my sword for a spindle, than have both of us attack him."

Meanwhile Petro was drawing nearer and nearer, and seeing Lesya waving her kerchief to him, urged his mount to go faster.

The Zaporozhian cast a swift glance about him. Before him was a chasm, spanned by a narrow makeshift bridge. Waving his free arm to Chornohor to follow he clattered across the bridge, and slid off his horse with Lesya. Handing her over to his comrade, he ran back and bending his mighty back raised one end of the bridge and sent it toppling into the deep chasm, where it plunged with big splash into the swift stream that swirled through it.

"What are you doing?" asked Chornohor.

"Just giving Shraam's stripling a chance to show that he's worthy to fight with Kyrylo Tur," responded the other.

"Well, then, if you think he can't leap across, then why waste time with him. Let's get going while there's still time."

"No sir! Perhaps that's the sort of thing they do in your parts, in the Chornohora, but here among us honor and fame and the warrior's pride come first. Fame is what a knight considers, and not whether he's going to lose his head. If not today then tomorrow it will roll to the ground; but Kozak fame, ah, it will never die."

While this Zaporozhian rogue was discoursing thus upon knightly fame and honor, Petro was steadily drawing closer, with sword in hand. In a moment he was upon the scene. A few more leaps... and just in time his horse reared to a sudden stop, at the very edge of the chasm.

"Ha-ha-ha!" guffawed the Zaporozhian from the other side. "Is it too wide for you?"

"You Herod!" shouted Petro furiously at him. "So this is the way you show your appreciation for the fine welcome you got from the Hetman!"

"Fine welcome?" retorted the other. "What's so fine about it? Down in our Sitch anyone can step in, stick his lance into the ground, and sit down to eat and drink until he well-nigh bursts—and no one will smack him on the forehead with a spoon for that. While here among

you well-fed hogs everything is so sacred and private, as if it belonged to you from very beginning of this earth."

"You lawless scoundrel!" Petro replied hotly. "They embraced and kissed you, and now you are betraying them."

"Ha-ha-ha!" roared Kyrylo. "Who asked the fools to embrace and kiss me. I didn't. Why, I even told them straight in their faces that I would kidnap the young miss, and yet they kept on treating me like their best pal. But what's the use of talking about such things. Better leap across, and we'll show my comrade here how we Kozaks fight!"

Stung by this, Petro backed his mount a bit and then came dashing back with a rush, but again his mount came to a dead stop at the very edge of the chasm, snorting and trembling, with its eyes bulging in terror at the sight of the depths below.

The Zaporozhian again let out a blast of derisive laughter.

"He's a fake, and not a knight! Look at him, just look what a knight he is! Why, the girl he's after jumped across this ditch together with me on one horse, while he dashes up and then stops to consider whether he can get across."

"I'd shut that boasting mouth of yours in a hurry if I had my pistols with me!"

"Never would I have believed it possible," exclaimed Kyrylo, "that a son of old Shraam would fight like a bandit when he has in his hands a trusty blade. For shame! If I was like that, I could easily unseat you off your horse with one bullet while you sit there and ruminate whether to jump across or whether to return home."

"You cursed nag!" exclaimed Shraam angrily to his horse, leaping to the ground. "May the wolves eat you. I'll get across without you."

He ran back a little distance. Lesya, realizing what he intended to do, closed her eyes in fright and prayed. Her fears were apparently needless. For whoever glanced at Petro's tall and rangy form, his powerful arms and legs, would have doubted very little Petro's ability to leap across.

Swiftly Petro sped towards the chasm and then with one mighty jump leaped across, landing on the brink of the other side. Suddenly, before he could recover his balance, the loose earth beneath him gave way and he started to topple back into the depths. Leaping forward Kyrylo seized him just in time and pulled him to safety.

"A real man you are, brother, by God, a real man!" said Kyrylo, smiling broadly upon him. "No wonder they talk about you. Well, now I shall be very happy to cross swords with you."

"Listen, friend," said Petro breathing heavily, "Now that you've saved my life, I cannot raise my hand against you, so let's not fight."

"What's this? You're letting me keep my captive without a fight?"

"Oh no! I'd rather give up my soul first!"

"Then what in devil's name do you want?"

"Give her back to me, brother, without any swordplay. Let's not spill blood uselessly!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" roared the Zaporozhian. "Did you ever hear the likes of it! Really now, Petro, you are chicken-headed: not at all like your father. What would have ever caused me to joke with the Hetman about abducting his fiancée if not the devil himself. And now you expect me to give her up! No, brother, to be cut down by your sword is nothing; but to give her up, why that would be infamous! No use of even talking about it. Come on, let's strike our swords so hard that our enemies will shudder at the very sound. Come on, draw!"

With these words Kyrylo pulled out from its scabbard his long and heavy sword.

"Come, my fair damsel," he said to it, "exchange a kiss with this Kozak before you. Kiss him so well that the Zaporozhians will never have to be ashamed of themselves before the settlement Kozaks, and so that the Chornohorts won't be so loud in their praise of their young men!"

"So you won't give her up?" demanded Petro.

"May I never appear before the Last Judge-

ment, you stripling, if I permit you even to touch her while my head is still on my shoulders? Enough of such talk, before I start carving you just as you are!"

"Well, may God judge us then," said Petro, "and forgive me for raising my hand against you."

He drew his sword.

My dear comrade," said Kyrylo turning to Chornohor. "If I am beaten then give the girl up to him. And go back to your Black Mountain and tell your mountaineer rats that they still know how to wield a sword in Ukraine.— Aren't you attacking yet, Kozak?" turning to Petro. "Your job is to attack, and mine to defend."

Petro advanced.

It would have been hard indeed to find a better matched pair of combatants than Kyrylo Tur and Petro Shram: both accomplished swordsmen and fighters; the one wide of shoulder and girth, standing there like a bull, his feet seemingly rooted to the ground; the other, younger, taller, and more agile.

Their swords rang and sparks flew as the two clashed, cutting, thrusting, and parrying. At first they engaged cautiously, testing out the other's attack and defense. Then gradually they warmed up, advancing, retreating, feinting, their swords swishing savagely through the air, or darting forward like lightning. Neither, however, could draw even a drop of blood from the other. The violent exertion began soon to tell on them. Breathing heavily, the muscles on their arms standing out like cords, their eyes glowing, the two were now hacking away at each other in a manner that boded quick death for the one who did not parry in time. Sparks flew. Suddenly—clang! and both swords broke off at the hilt.

"Well, how are we going to finish it?" demanded Petro, all thoughts of peace out of his head by now. "Shall it be with bare hands, or with pistols? No one is going to accuse me of not being able to take care of Kyrylo Tur."

"No, not with bare hands!" replied Kyrylo, breathing heavily, "for that's a peasant's way. You couldn't throw me to the ground hard enough to knock life out of me anyway. I'd rather go to the devil than give Lesya up to you! And not with pistols either! It's no great feat to put a bullet in the other's skull. Anyone can do that. But my comrade and I have a pair of Turkish daggers, of the same size and length. We'll take each other by the hand and swing with the other; and may God have mercy on our souls!"

He took from Chornohor the latter's steel dagger, measured it with his own, and gave it to Petro. Clasp their left hands together, the two now engaged in combat even more deadly than the one before.

"Kyrylo!" cried Chornohor. "Get this over with fast, for already the pursuit is getting near."

"Don't fear," gasped Kyrylo. "Before they get here, I'll be through with him."

"Oh, thank God!" cried Lesya. "That's our men!"

The approaching Kozaks could now be seen plainly, galloping across the steppe towards them. In their lead was Somko; behind him Pavolotsky Shraam; and behind the latter about half a dozen other horsemen.

Topping a rise they could see swaying figures of the two duelists, their daggers gleaming reddishly in the crimson rays of the rising sun. While the two were still using swords, old Shraam had no fears about Petro being able to come out victorious over Kyrylo Tur, despite the latter's prowess; but when they took to daggers, his heart grew cold, for such type of combat often ended with the death of both fighters. He and Somko were already nearing the ravine, when suddenly they saw Petro and Kyrylo plunge their daggers simultaneously into each other. Both toppled to the ground.

(To be continued)

HAVE YOU READ IT YET?

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

THE UNITED NATIONS

VI. CUBA

"CUBA, almost in sight of our shores, from a multitude of considerations has become an object of transcendent importance to our Union. Its commanding position with reference to the Gulf of Mexico and the West India seas... its safe and capacious harbor of the Havana... the nature of its productions and of its wants... give it an importance in the sum of our national interests, with which that of no other foreign territory can be compared..."

—John Quincy Adams, in 1823.

Cuba and the World Conflict

Today Cuba, just 720 miles from the vital Panama Canal, is a key to the continental defense of the United States. The Windward Passage, nearest entrance through the Antilles to the Canal and chief route for traffic between the United States and the Canal Zone, lies between the eastern tip of Cuba and Haiti. The American naval base at Guantanamo, southeastern extremity of Cuba, was rented by treaty in 1903. Guantanamo guards the strategic strait. The Cuban army and navy, while small, stand ready to supplement American defenses. In 1940 Cuba had two escort vessels, five gunboats, an armed transport, and a dozen coast-guard vessels of small size. The 20,000 men of the army, navy and police can be augmented by 20,000 reservists.

Cuba's Political Stand

On December 9, 1941, Cuba declared war on Japan, and 2 days later on Germany and Italy. The Axis tried to use Cuba as a base for its propaganda mill, with Spanish Falangists and Nazi agents cooperating there. Two months before President Roosevelt declared a state of national emergency in the United States, President Batista barred all totalitarian propaganda in Cuba and outlawed organizations affiliated with Axis powers, their flags, uniforms, and insignia.

Sugar and the War

Cuba's sugar has been a vital factor in furthering the war effort of the United Nations. Cuba has sold practically her entire 1942 sugar output of 4,100,000 long tons to the United States Defense Supplies Corporation. This sugar is not only for our own use, but for that of Great Britain and Russia too.

Cuba and Cubans

This island, with its fertile soil placed in the center of the most favored maritime routes, is 44,000 square miles—about the size of the State of Pennsylvania. Its population of 4,228,000 is 68 percent native white.

Spanish is the official language, but English is widely understood.

Cuba's Fight for Freedom

Long before the Spanish-American War gave Cuba its independence, the cause of Cuban freedom was popular in this country. Narcisco Lopez, unsuccessful leader of a conspiracy against Spain in 1847, fled to the United States. The New York "Sun" offered him the use of its flagpole, and there, for the first time, the flag of the Cuban Republic was flown. When Narcisco Lopez sailed for Cuba on another unsuccessful expedition, he was accompanied by 400 Americans.

While no Cubans rose to the assistance of Lopez, a bookish young aristocrat, Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, cherished the memory of Lopez's exploit and in 1868 he and 146 patriots made Cuba's first real bid for freedom at the town of Yara. The *Grito de Yara* symbolizes the beginning of active revolt against Spain, and even though the Ten Years' War ended unsuccessfully, de Cespedes is

known to Cubans as the Father of His Country.

In 1895, Jose Marti, an intellectual exiled from Cuba by the despotic authorities, raised money in America for the final instruction. Marti had, as a boy, dedicated himself to the cause of liberty, saying: "To many generations of slaves must succeed one generation of martyrs."

In February of 1895, in the village of Baire, the second battle for freedom was launched, led by Maximo Gomez and the mulatto, Antonio Maceo. Marti joined forces with them and lost his life. Many of the insurgents were Negroes—and as a result the Negro race has secured political standing in Cuba unmatched in any other country where whites are dominant.

With their sugar-cane knives (called "machetes"), with torches that fired the cane fields, and with dynamite that blew up bridges and railways, the patriots made Cuba an economic loss to Spain. When the U. S. S. Maine, on a courtesy call in Havana Harbor, was blown up in 1898, it was the incident that touched off the Spanish-American War.

Peace and Platt Amendment

At the peace conference which followed the victory of the United States no Cuban delegates were present. A three-year period of American occupation followed. It was during this time that United States army doctors, working on a theory propounded by the Cuban, Dr. Carlos Finlay, proved that the female stegomyia mosquito was the cause of yellow fever, and cleared all Cuba of this dread disease.

In 1901 Cuba's constitution was signed. The United States required the addition of the Platt Amendment, however, which reserved for itself the right to prohibit certain foreign treaties, and to protect life, property and individual liberty—should the Cuban Government fail to do so. The Platt Amendment was abrogated May 1934, as part of President's Roosevelt's Good Neighbor Policy.

Economic Ties

Economically, Cuba is closely bound to this country. American citizens have invested many millions of dollars in Cuba. About 55 percent of Cuba's sugar mills are owned by Americans and mostly operated by them. In 1939, 75 percent of Cuba's exports went to United States and 73 percent of her imports came from here. Cuba, second largest producer of sugar in the world, also exports tropical fruit, tobacco, and coffee.

Cuba's second major economic asset has been her tourist trade. Sugar and the tourist trade both fluctuate noticeably as conditions in America change. Raised tariffs and the economic collapse of 1929, which brought depression to America, almost ruined Cuba economically. With high tariffs in 1933 Cuba was able to sell only 1,600,000 tons of sugar, as compared with 3,384,000 in 1924. The reciprocal trade treaties of 1934 and the stable government of President Batista, however, have meant revived prosperity.

The Lighter Side of Cuba

In this sun-ripened land, the palm-thatched huts, the tall royal palms, and brilliant fireflies are part of a memorable countryside. But American tourists have flocked particularly to the city of Havana, with her gold-domed Capital, wide Prado, and Malecon; her old Castilian section, and Morro Castle, where Spain's prisoners languished.

The understanding between Cuba and the United States goes deeper than shared holidays. Dr. Nicolas Rivero, of the Cuban Embassy in Washington, cited, in a recent speech, the friendly cooperation of the two countries in war, as in peace.

SIR, A UKRAINIAN IS NOT A RUSSIAN!

By HONORE EWACH

A FEW weeks ago a Ukrainian lady here, in Winnipeg, made a very beautiful piece of embroidery. It was, in fact, so fine that it attracted everybody's attention at a local exhibition of handicraft. It caught the fancy even of a retired Captain X. He stood for a few moments in front of it. Then he turned to the owner of the embroidered article and offered to send it to a handicraft exhibition in New York.

"Now, this piece of embroidery is marked as Ukrainian, but isn't the term Ukrainian, Mrs. Y, just a fad or rather a partisan disease?" Captain X asked with an all-knowing air. "No, sir," answered promptly Mrs. Y. "This is a genuine piece of Ukrainian embroidery. I am a Canadian Ukrainian, and, as you can see for yourself, I am neither a fad nor a partisan disease."

"But wasn't you father a Russian?" persisted the captain, with an air of superior knowledge.

"No, sir, my father and and my mother were Ukrainians and they never spoke anything else but Ukrainian," replied Mrs. Y. in a tone that showed how proud she was of her Ukrainian descent.

"But, perhaps, your grandfather was a Russian and spoke Russian," went on maliciously Captain X.

"No, sir, all my ancestors were Ukrainians and spoke nothing else but Ukrainian. In fact, there wasn't even a single Russian in our old country village from times immemorial," answered patiently Mrs. Y.

"Then, where did you come from?" asked the captain with new interest. "We came to Canada from that part of Ukraine that was under Austrian until 1918."

"Aha, so that was where all of you learned Ukrainian," said the persistent interlocutor with self-satisfaction.

"No, you are mistaken, sir. My ancestors spoke nothing else but Ukrainian from times immemorial. Why, they were living in their native country, in Ukraine, and spoke their native tongue, that is, Ukrainian, always. Not even the Polish authorities till 1772 nor the Austrian authorities afterwards could force them to use any other language than Ukrainian. So why do you torture me, sir, with your biased questions?" asked Mrs. Y., already on the verge of tears.

Then with her patience gone, she grasped the embroidery and said, "Give it back to me. You don't need to send it to New York, if you are going to mark it 'Russian.' The Russians have no such embroideries. I assure you."

It was only then that Captain X realized how callous he was to the lady-embroiderer and began to apologize profusely. He assured Mrs. Y. that her embroidery was going to be marked "Ukrainian." Mrs. Y. let go of her embroidery, but even then she looked with distrust at the elderly ex-captain, regarding him as a victim of the poisonous Russian propaganda which even now, as in the days of the tsars, still claims the forty millions of Ukrainians as Russians.

This in spite of the fact that the best Russian linguists of the Imperial Russian Academy in 1905 prompted their academy to publish a memorial through which Ukrainian language was recognized not as a dialect of Russian, but as a separate language, having all the necessary attributes of an independent language! Language alone, however, is not the only thing that distinguishes a Ukrainian from a Russian. Russians and Ukrainians differ in their racial traits, in their traditions, history, music, customs and manners. As

MASS HELD FOR ANSONIANS IN SERVICE

On Sunday, November 1st, 1942, the St. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Catholic Church of Ansonia, Connecticut, held services at which all the boys and girls of the parish now in service of our country were blessed. The services were held in the morning and also in the afternoon. Their chief feature in the afternoon was a procession led by Rev. Alexander Rotko, pastor of the church, to the grounds outside the church itself. Appropriate choral music was provided at the mass by the church choir under the direction of Mr. Roman Gwozdewich. The Rev. Alexander Rotko officiated. Mayor Andrew F. Nolan, chairman of the Service Fund of Ansonia, made a short address. The congregation then adjourned to the Ukrainian hall known as Liberty Hall, a short distance from the church, to attend a concert in honor of the boys and girls in the Armed Forces.

Rev. Rotko made an opening speech followed by the singing of Ukrainian and American songs by the St. Peter and Paul Choir, led Mr. Gwozdewich. John Romanion, attorney of Newark, New Jersey, was the principal speaker. He addressed the people in English. He was followed by Mr. Mareschak of Ansonia, Conn., who spoke in Ukrainian.

After the concert was concluded a banquet followed immediately at which Mayor Andrew F. Nolan, John G. Prendergast, principal of the Ansonia High School and chairman of the Ansonia U.S.O. Committee, Paul E. Schumacher, City Clerk; Rev. Alexander Rotko; and John Romanion were the speakers.

A collection was held for the boys in service, and many societies and individuals donated.

One hundred fifty young men and two nurses of Ukrainian descent are in the Armed Forces from Ansonia. The entire number of Ansonians in service is 900. Thus the Ukrainians have contributed more than one-fifth of the total number.

The attendance at the ceremonies was estimated at approximately 400 people.

J. R.

WINS MUSIC CONTEST

In the contest program presented at Butler Art Institute in Youngstown, Ohio by pupils of certified teachers in the Youngstown Music Teacher's Association Sunday afternoon, October 25, Andrew Lisko, a young violinist of Ukrainian parentage, was unanimously chosen the winner for his playing of "Zigeunerweisen" by Sarasate, the "Youngstown Vindicator" reported. He will represent Mahoning County on the student program to be presented at the Northeast district convention of the Ohio Music Teachers' Association in Cleveland, November 19.

Young Mr. Lisko who studies with Alvin Myerovich, was accompanied by a pupil of Mrs. Mary E. Fanhauser, John Carlin, who also was given high praise by the judges.

soon, for example, as an observant traveller crosses the ethnic boundary from Russia to Ukraine he notices that Ukrainians like to have their houses white-washed even on the outside and surrounded with little orchards, while Russians, on the other hand, have hardly any trees in their villages and leave the walls of their houses without any white-washing. And, if he is more observant, he would notice, too, many other differences between Russians and Ukrainians. But why enumerate them here? An inquisitive and unprejudiced mind can find plenty of them both in books and in actual life among Ukrainians and Russians.

Winnipeg, Can.

HOLYNSKY'S VOICE DELIGHTS CALGARY AUDIENCE

Paints Vivid Tonal Colors of Sufferings of His People

Possessing a powerful tenor voice with glorious ranging top tones, Mychailo Holynsky delighted his audience of more than 250 when he presented a recital Friday evening in the Ukrainian Hall (in Calgary, Alberta, Canada).

With such a robust and invigorating vocal organ it was unfortunate the singer had not the advantage of a much larger hall. However, this was not possible due to the short notice of his arrival in Calgary.

He painted, with vivid tonal color the trials and sufferings, the hopes and aspirations of the freedom-loving Ukrainian people.

Receiving the major portion of his training in Italy, he was most effective in his two Italian numbers, "Vieni" by Derza and the aria "Cavradossi" by Puchini.

Particularly pleasing was Lysenko's "Dumka" based on a lyric written by the Ukrainian poet, Taras Shevchenko. The lament traces the past glories of Ukraine and prophesies the time when her honor and freedom will be restored.

During the first half of the program he sang many selections that were specially written for him by Ukrainian composers and heard in Canada for the first time. Most of these bore tragic themes which he sang with feeling.

Mr. Holynsky impressed his audience with the apparent ease with which he can scale top notes and hold them without effort.

His two English numbers, "Without a Song" by Vincent Youmans, and "Land of Hope and Glory" by Elgar, were loudly applauded. He invested the former with powerful operatic quality seldom heard in this type of song.

Turning to a lighter vein, the artist sang a folk song "Ey Sklenichko," which, according to his interpreter, is the story of a man who, imbibing a little too much, sings to his glass—"because I have had too much of you I have nothing else."

Throughout his entire program Mr. Holynsky received able assistance from his piano accompanist, Ambrose Holowach.

("The Albertan," Calgary, Alberta, Canada, October 3, 1942)

One In The Army, One In The Navy

Stephen and Yaroslav Dmytriw, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Dmytriw, 242 Grove Street, Jersey City, N. J., are both serving in Uncle Sam's forces as enlisted men, Stephen as sergeant in the Army and Yaroslav (Jerry) as second class pharmacist mate in the Navy. Stephen is somewhere in Africa, while Yaroslav is on the high seas.

Stephen is a graduate of Dickinson High School in Jersey City. For awhile he attended the Casey Jones School of Aeronautics in Newark. He joined the Army in October, 1940, and



SGT. STEPHEN DMYTRIW

was a Pearl Harbor during the Japs' infamous attack upon it.

Yaroslav (Jerry) graduated from Lincoln High School in Jersey City. He then studied pharmacy at Rutgers University. "I can't stay home when my brother is serving his country," he said when his brother enlisted, and without waiting to complete the few remaining months of his course, he enlisted in October, 1940 in the Navy, and soon rose to his present rank of petty officer. Last Saturday he married Dorothy Traxler of Washington, D. C.



Phar. Mate JERRY DMYTRIW

YOUNG ARTISTS OF THE "BRUSH" AND "SONG"

In the Music and Art Department of the Central Library of Brooklyn, located at Park Plaza and Flatbush Avenue, one may view three large canvas murals depicting scenes from three of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. The central mural, 13'9" x 3'9", portrays English actors pretending to be Orientals, in the "Mikado." The two smaller ones, 5 1/2' x 3'9" each depict scenes from "Pinafore" and "Pirates of Penzance."

These murals were painted during study periods, after school hours and during the Easter holidays, by three honor students of Brooklyn's Manual Training High School; namely, George Olesen, Bernard Sulander and our own Harry Uhorchak.

The murals may be viewed any day and on Sundays between 2:00 and 6:00 P.M. at the Central Brooklyn Library until December 1st. The

murals will then be returned to the Music Room of M.T.H.S.

On Sunday, November 8th, at 12:00 noon, the Ukrainian Nightingale, Mary Polynack, made her debut over station WINS.

Some people work their way through college—Mary is working her way towards an Operatic career. She goes to business during the day and studies voice culture at night.

Let us show Mary Polynack that we are one and all for her! Drop a postal card, or letter, to WINS Broadcasting Station, 28 W. 44th Street, New York City with your comments.

We sure would like to hear Mary's golden voice more often over the air waves!

JEAN UHORCHAK

IN THE BRITISH ISLES

Pfc. Michael Brendzei, a member of U.N.A. branch 103 since childhood, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Brendzei, 1341 Lenz court, Sheboygan, Wisconsin, is now stationed in Northern Ireland, according to the Sheboygan Press.



PFC. MICHAEL BRENDZEI

In service since April 20, 1941, he was at first stationed at Livingston, La., and at Fort Dix until last spring. On March 3rd he arrived in Ireland. He writes favorably of his new life there. His parents and his sister Mary, all of whom are members of U.N.A. branch 103, are able to hear from him regularly, usually once a week. In a recent letter he mentioned that he had just returned from a furlough spent in London. He enjoys camp life a great deal. He has gone to school several times for cooking and baking lessons and is able to fill in that capacity at camp when need be.

Born in Sheboygan in 1918, at which time his father signed him up with the U.N.A., Pfc. Brendzei attended Sheboygan schools, where he majored in music. Prior to his induction he was a member of the municipal orchestra.

While stationed at Fort Dix he attended Jordan Holiday water-blessing services at the Ukrainian Orthodox Church in Trenton, where its pastor, Rev. M. Zaparaniuk, wished him godspeed in the service of his country.

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

The Story of Ukrainian Literature

(29)

Peter Artemovsky-Hulak

FOLLOWING Kotlyarevsky there appeared in the field of Ukrainian literature a talented writer, poet, and satirist, Peter Artemovsky-Hulak (1790-1865).

Upon completing his secondary-school education in Kiev, Hulak entered the Kharkiv University. He graduated with honors and became member of its faculty, teaching Russian history. He remained in this position until 1850, at which time he resigned and retired on pension, continuing to live in Kharkiv.

His Fables and Travesties

At the very beginning of his literary career, Artemovsky-Hulak wrote in the Muscovian (Russian) language, but after reading Kotlyarevsky's works he was so impressed with them and their use of the Ukrainian national tongue that he began to use the Ukrainian language himself in his writings. He wrote original short stories and fables, as

well as translating many of them from the Polish and German tongue.

Hulak's most important contribution to Ukrainian literature was his "Pan Ta Sobaka" (The Squire and the Dog). Here, in a fine satirical fashion, he portrayed Ukrainian social life of his time, strongly criticizing the land-owners for the many abuses and grave injustices they inflicted upon their peasant-serfs. In return he had to suffer quite a bit of antagonism from this gentry for daring to criticize them in such fashion.

Hulak also wrote travesties of the Odes of Horace, adapting them, like Kotlyarevsky with his "Aenied," to the Ukrainian setting and outlook upon life.

The Arisal of Ukrainian Ethnographic Studies

Up to this time the study of Ukrainian ethnography received but scant attention from Ukrainians and Russians. However, the impetus furnished by the previously men-

tioned writers and arisal of a group of active Ukrainian intellectuals in Kharkiv, led to a closer study of this very important subject.

The first collection of Ukrainian songs was made by Prince Tsertel. His collection aroused others to a closer study of folk songs and other folk-productions. Inspired by his collection similar ones appeared, such as those of Michael Maskimovitch and Izmail Sreznevsky. Prince Tsertel, not content with this one work, continued his studies and researches, and in time issued an important thesis in which he emphasized the fact that the Ukrainian national tongue was of an independent character, and prophesied for it a fine future.

Growth of Philological Studies

The period upon which we are dwelling at present, beginning of the 19th century, was characterized by a rebirth of the national consciousness of various Slav nations. A new spirit seized the Slav people, and they be-

gan to strive for national independence. Philologists and linguists appeared. Studying their native languages, they sought to bear out the right of national languages and the people who spoke them to lead a free and independent life.

Some Leading Slav Philologists

Thanks to the studies and researches of this new school of philologists—particularly of such well known philologists as the Czech Dubrovsky, Ungman and Shafaryk, the Serb Karadzhych, the Slovene Kopitar, and the Russian Vostokov—the Slavic languages and literatures gained a new lease upon life.

The First Ukrainian Grammar

The Ukrainian intellectual group that was flourishing in Kharkiv, fell under the influence of philological studies too. In 1818, the first Ukrainian Grammar (Hramatyka Malorosijnthho Narichiya) appeared. Its author, O. Pavlovsky, sought to show in how adaptable the Ukrainian language was for forms of literary purposes.

(To be continued)

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

The Sporting Way

By DIETRIC SLOBOGIN

MOST VALUABLE (?)
NATIONAL PRO PICK-UPS
HIGHLY RESPECTED ARE
UKRAINIAN GRIDMEN
MISCELLANEA

You are undoubtedly familiar with those "most valuable player" selections made each year, i.e. naming by a poll of sports writers, representing each city in both the National and American (Baseball) Leagues, of one player in each league who they think was most valuable to his team during the immediate past season. This year Morton Cooper and Joe Gordon were voted the most valuable in their respective leagues. To me it appears to be a tough assignment selecting one out of some 200. We wouldn't advise you to take those selections too seriously. Admittedly, Gordon was a valuable man, but wasn't it that dynamic little shortstop, Phil Rizzuto, who made him look good many times. And didn't Beazley, the 23-year-old rookie prove himself just as valuable or more so to the Cardinals in that dramatic stretch drive. Ernie Lombardi was the Braves' ace in the hole, and Pete Suder, the consistent Aliquippa clubber was Connie Mack's infield, barring first base. Chet Laabs hammered the St. Louis Brown way up to the third slot in the junior circuit. We can go on and list many more boys who were the key men of their teams. You can too.

National Pro Pick-ups: The Pittsburgh Steelers' winning streak of three games was the longest Co-owner Bert Bell has mustered in 10 seasons. Don Hutson broke the record for yards gained on passes in one game against Cleveland by receiving Isbell's tosses for 209 yards. The previous mark was 180 set by Don Looney who was on the receiving end of Davey O'Brien's aeriols in the last game of 1940. Add more play for pay grid men to our armed forces: Ernie Pannell, Green Bay tackle; George Halas, Owner-coach of the Chicago Bears; Jack Jacobs, Cleveland halfback who leaves as Number One punter in the National loop. The Chicago Bears are six-tenths of a point off their record-breaking blistering pace set last year when they scored 396 points in 11 games. At the same time, the champions are being penalized at the rate of 830 yards per game which gives the dubious distinction in this dept. Bill Dudley, the sensational Pittsburgh rookie leads now in three depts. of play: ground gained, kick-off returns, and punt returns. As of November 1 the Bears have won 19 games in a row. Frank (Bruiser) Kinard, veteran tackle, has the right to veto any play Brooklyn Dodger quarterbacks call. Tommy Thompson, Philadelphia's passing star, has been placed on a vitamin diet in an attempt to clear up a blood clot which has deprived him of the sight of his left eye for 14 years.

We often wonder why colleges respect Ukrainian football players as much as they do. Perhaps it was Buckin' Bronko Nagurski who first terrorized coaches and other officials. In our annual survey of Ukrainian grid talent we receive various replies that lead us to believe that colleges actually search for Ukrainians and when a college eleven has a Ukrainian on its squad, that one man is invariably the key man. Here, for example, is a note from Lafayette College: "Rogret we have no Ukrainian players at Lafayette. Perhaps that is why we lost four out of nine this year.—R. M. Powell."

The Ukrainian candidate for various and sundry football honors this year, Joe Huha, only played a few minutes of the game with Davidson,

LETTERS FROM MEN IN SERVICE

[The Ukrainian Weekly will publish regularly 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 our readers.]

From Corp. Stanley Terpley, formerly of New York City.

Dear Editor:

This may be a sort of a mild surprise to you as I've never written to you before. But I had to after reading your fine editorial entitled "Write To Your Friends in Service."

I don't know about the others, but although it is great to be in the Army, still find that I miss my friends back home very much. Especially striking to me in your editorial was the line about "The old familiar places..." Striking because although it may have not been apparent, our chorus [Ukrainian Youth Chorus of New York and New Jersey] provided for me the only real social and cultural life that I ever knew.

For instance tonight [Thursday] would be a regular rehearsal night and back in times of peace I would, after the rehearsing of our fine Ukrainian songs was over, be exchanging in banter with the girls, or saying "have one on me" to the boys...

Johnny Doughboy may have found a Rose in Ireland, but I found more than that in the chorus. People whose gayety and friendship were not forced or simulated. People who accepted me as wholeheartedly as I did them. Indeed it was a great pleasure to be a member of such a fine Ukrainian American group.

Now for a little data concerning my present life. For over eight months now I've been stationed in this locale, and I still have not changed my mind about it. It is a danger zone of course, but the superb work done by the Navy, Army and MacArthur have sort of minimized the danger. I only hope that all of our boys are as fortunate. Whenever we are, however, I'm sure all of us are determined to do the best we can to bring an early victory to our arms...

EVERYBODY **10%** **SAVING IN**
EVERY PAYDAY **WAR BONDS**

and the item we read devoted about seven-eighths of its space to injured Joe. The following week, Joe received a longer paragraph than a brief summary of V. M. I's game. From our Canadian Ukrainian friend, Miss Jean Harasym, from up Toronto way, comes word that the Canadian-Ukrainian Athletic Club's softball team won the city's (Toronto) Intermediate championship for the second consecutive year. Congratulations! Also in the mail is a clipping from the Toronto Evening Telegram with photos featuring Jean Harasym and Helen Pashko, the only two Ukrainians in the Beaches Ladies' Softball League. This duo, the clipping reads, were potent factors in their team's championship drive. The Ukrainian National Association Basketball League, perhaps the best organized circuit of its kind of all time (and why shouldn't it be), has disbanded for the duration in cooperation with the ODT. U.N.A. teams, however, will continue to compete locally. Branch Rickey, the former General Manager of the St. Louis Cardinals who sold Brooklyn many stars, has now himself moved into the position of General Manager in Flatbush. Branch should feel right at home with Ducky Medwick, Mickey Owen & Co.

LUBKA KOLESSA TO APPEAR AT TOWN HALL

Music lovers in New York City and vicinity will have an opportunity to hear the internationally famous Ukrainian pianist, Lubka Kolessa, in a recital to be given by her at the Town Hall, Sunday evening, February 21.

The pianist is at present residing in Toronto, to where she came from England just before the war. Besides her concert work, she teaches at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

SLAVONIC LANGUAGE TEACHERS ORGANIZE

To help promote the extension of the study of Slavic and other East European languages to new localities and new schools, as well as to colleges and universities, the American Association of Teachers of Slavic and East European Languages (AATSEEL) was recently organized.

The Executive Secretary of the association is Dr. Arthur P. Coleman of Columbia University, who has often lectured on Ukrainian literature. Other officers are President: Prof. G. R. Noyes of the University of California; Vice-President: Prof. S. H. Cross of Harvard University; Corresponding Secretary: Prof. N. Strelsky of Vassar College; Treasurer: Prof. E. Zawacki of the University of Wisconsin.

The next meeting of the association will be held in New York at Columbia University, 307 Philosophy Hall, at 3:00 P.M., Dec. 30, 1942. Topic for discussion will be "Problems of Teaching the Second Year." Visitors are welcome.

**TO KEEP ABREAST OF WHAT
IS HAPPENING AMONG
UKRAINIAN AMERICANS
READ THE UKRAINIAN WEEKLY**

YOUNG UKRAINIAN SURVIVOR OF "WASP" SINKING

Among the survivors of the U. S. aircraft carrier, "Wasp," is Edward Swidzinski, a young Ukrainian American from Mattapan, Mass., who served on the carrier as third class aviation machinist's mate, reports Anna Choppek of Mattapan.

For two hours before the crew received word to go over the side, Edward had remained at his battle station on the hangar deck after three torpedoes from enemy submarines had ripped into the forward part of the ship. Two terrific explosions occurred almost simultaneously, and a third followed about a half a minute later. Everyone kept calm and carried out their emergency duties. They were helpless to fight the flames as the equipment for that purpose had been destroyed by the torpedoes.

Edward let himself into the water, and with the aid of his lifejacket swam around about two hours before he was picked up by a destroyer. Although there were many sharks in the vicinity, they had been frightened away by the explosions of the torpedoes and depth charges. Then, too, there was little blood to attract them, as most of the wounded suffered only from burns.

Edward himself escaped uninjured with the exception of a few body bruises. Upon being rescued he was taken with other survivors on that destroyer to one of the Solomon islands, and from there to New Caledonia.

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