



## SECTION II.

## The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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VOL. X

UKRAINE A BITTER  
PILL TO HITLER

Under the above heading an Overseas News Agency dispatch from Kuibyshev by A. Matskin appeared in the Newark Star-Ledger last Sunday. Excerpts of it follow:—

The Ukraine, for which Hitler's mouth used to water, has become a bitter pill. The earth that was so good for the Russians is a desert for the invader. Cities that once hummed are now cold and bleak. The Germans have learned a great deal about conquest in the Ukraine, about the meaning of scorched earth and populations which hate with fury. They have learned, in a year and a half, that the Ukraine is no place to get rich quick. And they have taught the Ukrainians what the "New Order" means in terms of human butchery, torture and viciousness.

In a country which was called the granary of Europe, people are eating carrion meat. Wolves have been seen in the streets of towns and villages. Thousands of corpses lie unburied on cemetery grounds, on streets and highways. As in the years of epidemics or the plague, whole districts are dying out as a result of typhus.

In the summer of 1941, when the German armies streaked into Russia, the Berlin radio painted rosy pictures of the wealth falling into German hands. The Poltava district alone, the announcer would exclaim, produces enough food for the entire Ruhr. The factories of Kharkov produce everything from a razor blade to a heavy tank. Dnepropetrovsk has the cheapest electric power in the world, iron ore, manganese, brown coal and wheat, endless fields of wheat. But the German invasion killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

Chaos reigns in the Ukrainian economy. Money has no meaning. In indifference to money is so great that counterfeit money is accepted on a par with genuine money. Most people refuse to accept currency, operating strictly on a barter or commodity basis. All real business is done on the black market, and here the Germans, Rumanians and Italians dominate.

Thousands of people wander on roads and highways, as whole towns die out. From the Donbas region they move on to Poltava and Kiev, from Kharkov to Chernigov, pushing on in grim hope. Novonikolaevsk was once considered one of the richest districts in the Ukraine. Today the district lies ruined, with all buildings and houses razed to the ground. The Germans have also introduced a new taxation system. Its "principle" is simple: Everything over a starvation minimum must be turned over to the German authorities.

The new law system under which the Ukraine is ruled permits anybody who has the confidence of the Germans to send anybody he doesn't like

(Concluded on page 5)

## REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR

One year ago, on Sunday, December 7, 1941, the Japs made their infamous attack on Pearl Harbor.

Today the smoke of their bombs no longer sullies the Hawaiian air. Ginger lilies cover the scars they made. And flower scents blow sweet in city streets where they fell.

But the Hawaii of yesteryear, with its languorous music and easy airs, is no longer there. Today Hawaii is a citadel, bristling with weapons and keen with desire for revenge. Today it is a veritable symbol, of America's armed might and determination to fight to the bitter end, until our enemies have been beaten and our rights made secure.

Tomorrow and day after tomorrow we shall observe the anniversary of that day of infamy, December 7, 1941. We shall remember Pearl Harbor, where as a result of the treacherous attack we suffered severe losses, but from where we arose stronger than ever as a Nation and ranged ourselves in this great world conflict on the side of freedom and right.

In commemorating December 7, 1941, therefore, let us commemorate it not as a day of disaster, but as a day of dedication. Dedication of every one of us, Americans all, to the ideals of our Nation, and to the winning of this war for their preservation.

## Neat Tonsilectomy Done On Marine by Jap Bullet

For several years before he joined the Marine Corps in 1938 the mother of Sergeant Myron L. Koziar, a young Ukrainian American of Newark, N. J., whose father Myron Koziar is a member of U.N.A. Branch 76, urged him to have his tonsils out. Well, the job was done by a Jap bullet which fractured his jaw and snapped them off clean as a whistle. That's why Koziar was back home recently at 152 16th avenue, Newark, able to tell the story.

As reported in the Newark Evening News, the story follows:

One of the first waves of Marine raiders in the initial attack on the Solomons, Sgt. Koziar got his wound on Tulagi Island. His unit had established an outpost on a hill when word was received the Japs were sneaking up. Immediately the outfit set up machine guns and loaded down with ammunition and grenades, they waited.

Sgt. Koziar heard a noise a short distance from his machine gun crew and went to inspect it. He found it was another Marine and was on his way back to his post when the bullet hit him on the left side of the face an inch below the ear, cut diagonally through his head, cut through his neck three inches below his right ear. It fractured his jaw.

## Another Splits Helmet

"A second later another bullet split my helmet, knocked me cold for hours, but that one didn't have my name on it either," said Koziar "for it didn't even pierce my skin."

Koziar woke up as dawn was breaking and made his way to a dressing station, where he found a "corpman" (pharmacist's mate) treating others. "How about patching me up?" he asked.

"Sure thing," was the reply and the next thing Koziar knew his head was in bandages, a morphine shot was in his arm, and he was told to lie down under a tree till morning.

He woke up hours later to hear sounds of battle. A figure moved past him and he gave the Marine

pass word, a word the Japs cannot pronounce, and received the Marine reply which told him it was one of his mates.

"What's the dope," the other Marine called.

"No dope, it's just hell," Sgt. Koziar replied.

## Jap Snipers

By this time his jaw was pretty stiff and he was able only to get a few drags on a cigarette. He was ordered back to rear and on the way the Japs kept sniping at him from trees. He did not get close enough to the Japs to talk to any of them, he said, "But I saw a lot of dead ones."

When they landed through the "back door" of the island the morning of August 7, Sgt. Koziar said, they took the Japs completely by surprise. Some were sleeping while others were eating but they just dropped everything and ran for the hills.

"We followed them and at one point we came to a number of them in a cave. We yelled 'Boo-Kee-Wo-Wa-Tah-Seh,' which means 'surrender,' but they yelled back 'No' in English.

"We threw grenades inside and all was still for a few minutes and then we heard shots which meant all those who had not died from the grenades had committed suicide.

## Fusillade Their Answer

Some of the Japs could speak English quite well, Sgt. Koziar said.

"One stood on a wall and yelled, 'American marines surrender.'"

The answer was, "The hell you say," and a fusillade of bullets cut the Jap off the wall. Another one yelled, "Hey, Joe!"

Sgt. Koziar said all but a few of the Japs on the island which were taken prisoner either were killed or committed suicide. Not a one was left at the end of the battle.

He paid high tribute to the courage of the men of his unit. "Not a man was afraid, he said.

All were eager to get into action and as they neared the shore in their landing boats with marine planes

"I FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT  
TO FREEDOM"

Last July, Sergeant-Observer Michael Fedirchuk of the Royal Canadian Air Force, was killed while on active overseas service. Son of a Ukrainian Canadian, Mr. J. W. Fedirchuk, 409 Talbot Avenue, Winnipeg, Sgt. Observer Fedirchuk had taken part in many bombing raids over Germany. Before departing on one of these bombing flights he wrote a letter to his fiancee and deposited it with the Air Force with instructions that it be mailed should he fail to return from operations. Below is a part of that letter, as it appeared in the Ukrainian Canadian Review (Winnipeg):—

January 13, 1942

Dearest:

When you receive this letter you will know it is my last to you. It is hard to put into words exactly all I must say to you...

Dearest, along with thousands of other boys I do not want to die. I dread and fear that moment, which may some day come—when the clammy fingers of death will wrap themselves around my heart and with cruel finality crush it into oblivion. However, dearest, if that is to be the end of my adventure then I will try to meet it with a smile.

I only wish that if I must die I will die in such a way that will make you proud of me. May God grant me the strength to die laughing and let me with my last breath say I love you. I do not regret what I have done. I would do it again. I had to join Canada's armed forces. If I hadn't I never would have been able to hold my head up with self-pride and respect again.

No, dear, I have chosen my path and I must follow it. I am proud to have been given my chance to strike a blow for freedom. I am not fighting for England or Canada. I fight for the right to the freedom which we are all born to. No one must take that heritage from us. Our forebears gave their life blood to win for us freedom. We must keep it even if some of us must block the breach with our own bodies. Dearest, I am doing my sacred duty; for our sake I hope I do it well.

In days to come the airmen of Canada will be remembered by the freemen of all nations. You must not tarnish that tradition by being sad because I died living up to it. Perpetuate that tradition and you will be perpetuating my memory.

I have shot my bolt; I have paid my debts to humanity. God, I hope I have not died in vain.

Yours, through an eternity of love,

MICH.

overhead they laughed or joked with one another.

"One lad said: 'You better let me have that ring 'cause you ain't coming back and I don't want to have to cut it off your finger.'

"They all laughed."

# ORIGIN OF NAME "UKRAINA"

Of late there has been a revived tendency in some Russian circles to deliberately obscure the differences that exist between the Russian and Ukrainian nationalities. The old Tsarist policy of foisting upon the popular imagination the conception of "one and indivisible Russian people," is today being brushed up and put to use again. Attempts are being made, even in this country, to make it appear that the Ukrainians do not constitute an independent nationality but are only a part of the Russian people, and that the name of their country, Ukraine (Ukraine), means borderland—of Russia.

From time to time we receive letters from our readers asking us to help them refute such chauvinistic anti-Ukrainian propaganda. In response we shall publish from time to time various articles on the independence of the Ukrainian people as a nationality. The first in the series, appearing below, deals with the primary question of the origin of the name "Ukraine." It is based on an excellent and somewhat lengthy study by Professor Serge Shelukhin (1864-1938). To our mind his is the most plausible theory yet put forward on this question, and certainly one which can bear closer scrutiny than the "borderland" theory.

## Its Derivation

The name *Kraina*, *Vkraina*, *Ukraina*, is derived from the word *kraina* in the same way as the proper names *Poleh* and *Poliany* were derived from the word *poleh*, meaning a field. Each of the three forms is to be found in the earliest examples of Ukrainian literature. In the Ipatiev Chronicles they appear interchangeably. In the year 1187 the name is written as *Ukraina*, in 1189 as *Ukraina*, in the Yermoliavsky Appendix it appears as *Kraina*. In the year 1213 it appears as *Ukraina*, in 1268 the people are referred to as *Ukrainians*, in 1280 as *Vkraina*, in the *Khlebnykovsky Appendix* as *Ukraina*, and finally, in 1282, there is reference to *Vkrainitysla*. (The Ipatiev Chronicle, published by the Archaeological Commission, St. Petersburg, 1908, Vol. II, pp. 653, 663, Appendix pp. 53, 732, 864, 881, Appendix p. 24, Appendix p. 76, Appendix pp. 77, 889.)

All three forms are used as synonyms, said in the living language, the last two forms, *Ukraina* and *Vkraina*, are identical words wherein the initials *U*, and *V* are interchangeable without the slightest change in meaning. This interchangeability is only characteristic of the Ukrainian language and testifies to the Ukrainian origin of the name *Ukraine*. These words, or more precisely three forms of the same word, have a common root in the old Slavonic word *kra*.

At the beginning of his chronicles the Kievan chronicler inserted extracts from the Greek Chronicle at Amator. He translated the Greek original into the Slavonic book language which was then used in Kiev. The Chronicle itself was translated at some time during the 10th and 11th century into the Slavonic Ukrainian language of Kiev, and in this translation free use was made of the Ukrainian popular language. This material helps scholars in their analysis of the old Slavonic Ukrainian terminology and helps them to determine the exact meaning of archaic, Slavonic and Ukrainian expressions with assistance of the Greek text.

## Meaning of "Kra"

We first note the Greek words *kraina*, *kraina*, which were translated by the old Slavonic words *kra* and *razdilnie* (meaning a slice or a piece, section or cut). Taking into consideration all the other transcriptions we can safely say that in the old Kievan language, both popular

and literary, the old Slavonic word *kra* was frequently used to denote a section of land, a separate piece of land, or an independent lot. The Greek *temeo* is often translated by the word *krayu* (I cut), and the word *temeous* is translated as *kral* and *kraina*.

## ... of "Ina"

Each of these words has the common root *kra* and the prefix *u* or *v* simply indicates a completed action. Thus the verb *krayaty*—incompleted action (cut, imperfect tense), and *vkrayaty* or *ukrayaty*—completed action (cut, past perfect). This is the only difference between the three words *kraina*, *ukraina* and *vkraina*. The ending *ina* signifies an accomplished action or the result of an accomplished action. An almost similar word, *okraina*, with the prefix *o* instead of *u* or *v*, has a totally different meaning from the words *kraina* or *ukraina*. As an illustration of this we give a few verbs which have the same root but which change their meaning according to the prefix. Thus *vbyty* or *ubyty*—to kill; *obytly*—to cover; *vtochyty* or *utochyty*—to grind; to smooth; *vbyty* or *ubity*—to run in; *obity* to run around; *vstupyty* or *ustupyty* to enter; *ostupyty*—to surround; *vzhyty* or *uzhyty*—to use; *ozhyty*—to revive; *vpustyty* or *upustyty*—to allow to enter; *opustyty*—to leave or to abandon; *vkrayaty* or *ukrayaty*—to cut, to section off; *okrayaty*—to cut around or too trim.

These examples should suffice to show that the preposition *u* and *v* should not be confused with the preposition *o*, and that words with the preposition *o* often have diametrically opposite meaning to the same roots with the preposition *u* or *v*.

## Interchangeability of "U" and "V"

In examples of ancient Ukrainian literary works the letters *u* and *v* are often used interchangeably in the same way as they are used today. As we have said this is only characteristic of the Ukrainian language; it does not apply to Russian. The Academician Sobolevsky in his article on outstanding manuscripts of the 13th century, among them the Bible of 1283 written on the royal parchment of the ruling house of Galicia, shows that one of the outstanding differences between the Ukrainian language of Galicia and Volhynia and the Muscovite language is, "the sporadic use of *v* instead of *u*, and vice versa." He forgot to mention three important things which arise from this fact: first, that this change takes place at the beginning of the word when the *u* sound is not stressed second, that the letters *u* and *v* are never replaced by the letter *o*; and finally, that the addition of the letter *o* to the same root gives a word a totally different meaning. This is an important difference between the Muscovite and Ukrainian languages and their respective methods of word formation. It also shows that it is illogical to try to explain the origin of the word *ukraina*, *vkraina*, from a similarly sounding Muscovite word derived from the expression *ukraya*.

The same point was more clearly expressed by the Academician Krimsky. He wrote: "The unaccented sound *u* could have arisen in the 11th century from the stressed *v*; the author of the Kievan Collection of the Great Prince Sviatoslav, writing in 1073, very likely did the same as the inhabitant of Kiev does today when he says *ured* instead of *vred*. We frequently find this interpolation. In any case the free interchange of the prefix *u* and *v*, which is so characteristic of the Ukrainians today may be regarded as having been permanently established in the 11th century, as can be seen from old writings." (An

Outline of the History of the Ukrainian Language by the Academician Shakhmatov and Krimsky, Ukrainian Academy of Science, Kiev, 1924.)

Numerous examples could be cited from the Ipatiev Chronicle referring to the 11th and 12th centuries where this interchanging is freely practised. As Professor Ohienko has explained, when the initials *u* or *v* are part of the root of the word, they do not alter; when not part of the root, the two are interchanged freely. In the words *ukraina* and *vkraina* the *u* and the *v* are not part of the root but prepositions to the *kra*.

There is another important characteristic which distinguishes Ukrainian and Russian words with the prefixes *u* and *v*. In Russian these prefixes give words of different meaning, whereas in Ukrainian the meaning remains the same. For example, the word *uletity* or *vletity*—to fly in; *alkhaty* or *vlykhaty*—to ride into; *vvesty* or *unesty*—to bring in, retain in Ukrainian the same meaning in either form; in Russian, however, they take on a different meaning. Thus, *uletet* means to fly from or out of, and *vletet* means to fly into.

The word *ukrayaty* is inextricably bound up with the land and its mastery. This idea of land possession and land division is deeply ingrained in the oldest examples of Ukrainian folk lore.

## "Ukraine" Bound With the Land

The name *Ukraine* is, therefore, closely bound up with the land in the same way as the name of the early tribe of Kievans, the *Poliany*, and has warlike significance. This is quite comprehensible, because the land was always subject to invasion and every strip of it had to be defended. Such land could be truthfully called *Ukraine* since mastery over it was gained only by the sword. In this sense it is used in the Ukrainian folk lore of the middle ages, in the *Kozak dumy*, and by the people today.

We have shown that the words *krai*, *kraina*, *vkraina*, *ukraina*, are from the old Slavonic root *kra*, meaning a separate piece of land, a section which has its own frontiers and its own border lands. The Ukrainian people belong to the Adriatic or Dinaric Slavonic race and because of that the common Slavonic root may be found among the Serbs, Slovenes, Bosnians, Croatsians, Czechs and Slovaks, since they all belong to the Adriatic Slavonic race. The North-Eastern section of Serbia bordering upon the Danube is known as *Kraina*, in Bosnia the district around the city of *Bihach* is known as *Kraina*, in Dalmatia the region between *Omysh* and *Neretva* is known as *Kraina*. In the Ipatiev Chronicle, *Galicia* is referred to as *Kraina* or *Halyltska Kraina*. Among the Southern Slavs this name is used to describe those territories for which wars had to be waged, in order that the people might keep them in their possession. Thus the word gains a military meaning, for the Southern Slavs often use it as a synonym for war, combat, army unit, or the army itself. Among the Ukrainians there is a similar word, *kravchyna*, which means an army, partisan divisions, etc., and it originates from the same root as the Southern Slavonic expression.

## A HISTORY OF UKRAINE

by

MICHAEL HRUSHESVY

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# Mrs. CAULIFLOWER

A TRUE STORY

By LILLIAN W. ALLARD

THE first time I met her she was barefoot! This would not be so strange if she had been five years old instead of nearly thirty-five. You wonder what manner of woman she is? Seven simple words describe her—she is a woman of the soil—as constant, fine and productive as the rich Ukraine from which she has sprung. After her home and family, her husband, a boy and girl, the tiny farm she alone has created is her life.

In appearance she is of average build, possessing unusual strength of body and spirit. Her hands are the firmest, most capable I have ever looked upon. They are brown and toughened by long hours in the earth. Out of her strong tanned face, with its seamed, leathery skin, shines the clearest pair of smiling black eyes.

When we first knew her, she and family were living in nothing more than a long, narrow chicken coop which was the only building on the small, unpromising farm they had bought because of the little girl's health. Her husband labored in a textile mill, and to reach his work he walked four miles, each morning and evening to and from the car line.

We could not know of the ambition which lived in this crazy primitive home, but we did not miss the stiffly starched curtains with their deep border of exquisite embroidery or the rows of flowering plants in gaily painted cans in every one of the half-dozen windows. The yard with its American flag surrounded by a circular, cobbled-bordered garden was raked as clean as a whistle. Chickens were never allowed to hop about it either. The picture she made at sheathed her snow-white ducks out of their tiny brook, led her pretty goat into the meadow or waved her hooves at us so vigorously that we expected to see the top fly off the handle!

To this day, when we pass by, a feeling of regret sweeps over us if we fail to see Mrs. Cauliflower, as we have come to know her, because the x's, y's, and z's in her name make it so unpronounceable. She came by her nick-name one spring when she told us with much snapping of her bright eyes and rather violent gesticulations of her fine hands, that she was going to raise ever-y-ting this year. "Tomat, Coo-came, Tour-nip, Yun-yun and Cool-fleur!" saying the last named vegetable as a Frenchman might, and so triumphantly that we all burst out laughing. One of the finest things about her is her genuine appreciation of a joke, especially one on herself.

After the fourth or fifth season, Cauliflower's little farm was a patchwork of clean hen coops, neat beds of vegetables and healthy young fruit trees bound about by trim stone walls, all the heaviest work having been done this industrious little woman. The sixth spring brought about the amazing spectacle of Mrs. Cauliflower, her two children and one carpenter building a snug, attractive five-room cottage! A spot far back off the road had been chosen, and by fall her pretty curtains were hanging over shiny new windows...

So much of Mrs. Cauliflower's work is accomplished because she is always on the run. I have yet to see her walk down the garden path when we stop for vegetables. Where she finds time to do all she does is a mystery. Her home is immaculately clean, and her cellar is lined with shelves filled with home-canned foods, yea even califlower.

A deeply spiritual woman she is, yet she hardly ever shows it outwardly in the conventional way, by going to church. She doesn't need to. She believes in herself, her people, her neighbor, her country. Yes, in Nature itself. She often says, "Yes, we need rain, but soon it will rain, yes!" She has asked

## HUDSON PARISH DEDICATES SERVICE FLAG

In colorful and solemn rites, conducted by Rev. Walter M. Propheta, pastor of St. Michael's Ukrainian Church, Hudson, N. Y., the consecration and dedication of a service flag took place Sunday, November 22, at the church during the high mass, the Hudson Daily Star reports.

The congregation honored forty-five of its members now serving with the armed forces of the United States. The names were read by Rev. Propheta.

Following the church services, a parade was held from the church to the Veterans of Foreign Wars' hall, where a banquet was held in honor of the service men's parents. The parade was led by the Sons of Legion Drum Corps, under the direction of Stanton Miller.

Following the banquet, a speaking program was held. Prior to introducing Tristram Coffin as master of ceremonies, Rev. Propheta commented upon the splendid spirit of the Ukrainians regarding the war effort. He said, in part: "When John Grzyb, of 542 Prospect street, gets his Army assignment from Uncle Sam, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Grzyb, of the same address, will have occasion to put four stars on their service flag. Already in the service are Matthew, Louis and Dmitri. When I asked them how they feel about all of their sons being in the armed forces, the father said, 'I gave all I had for the defense of our beloved land' and the mother added, 'I am worried and anxious, naturally, but it makes me proud to think I have given all I could.'

Mr. Coffin, besides introducing the speakers, also read the letters from the boys in service and extended their greetings to the parish.

Ray T. Bates said, in part: "I am very happy to be invited to an occasion of this kind, when the congregation of St. Michael's church has gathered to honor the boys who have gone to fight for this country. Many of our boys have already gone to the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, and the names are represented by the

on a Sunday morning. "Oh, you go to church now, yes? Good, good!"

The milk of human kindness in this fine fine person runs rich with cream; for every summer a sickly child or a tired man or woman spends the season which with her. And they are not permitted to work about the farm or house either, sure evidence of her truly unselfish heart.

Her generosity is genuine and limitless. The measures of vegetables for which she would undercharge if allowed to do so, are always overweight. She is childishly happy when you wait as she picks a fresh bouquet of blossoms from her old-fashioned garden.

A more tender and understanding mother never breathed. She always appreciated her children's longing for a little change each summer, even if she couldn't understand their preference for the "hot doggies" and "popcorn" to carefully prepared picnic lunch, each time they spent a day at the beach. Her love for them is very evident, for now that they are grown, her eyes shine with pride as she tells you of her daughter's fine position in a large business house. You know her stout heart sings as she thinks of her splendid son who has enlisted in the Medical Corps of the U.S. Army, to help preserve this land she so dearly loves.

We all look forward to the whole-hearted greeting, the cheery smile and the constant, sincere neighborliness of this woman of the soil. To us Mrs. Cauliflower has become a symbol of all that is fine and good, as firm as that beautiful vegetable for which she was fondly nicknamed.

(Woman's Day)

stars on the flag. All of you boys will prove to everyone that no power, however great, will be allowed to destroy this freedom that is our very life."

Rev. Allen W. Brown, rector of Christ church said: "I want to congratulate the boys in the service and I want to congratulate the people of the parish for their interest in these boys for the service flag, and for other things. The Church has an important part to do at the present time. The first task of the people of the Church is to be true to their faith. The other task is to keep up the morale and courage of those who are fighting for our country and for our religion."

"We can be thankful for this one thing," said T. H. M. Hathaway, "that this nation is bound together for one cause: The right of liberty, pursuit of happiness and freedom of religion, and it is for these things that these forty-five boys are fighting. Who is there here who would not like to take a shot at those who have caused this disruption to the world?"

Fred Wheeler, former Mayor, said: "I deem it an honor and privilege to be here on this occasion. There could be no better inscription on that flag than 'God Bless Our Boys.' We complain because we have to give up things. Do you realize that our sons may be down in the Solomons or Guadalcanal fighting the Japs? If we will do our part at home, you can rest assured your boys will do their part. Those forty-five blue stars, let them always be blue and by 1944 your sons will come back in great glory."

"After listening to the letter which Father Propheta has written to the boys in the service and their replies, I am convinced more than ever that the United States has taught every boy and girl just what kind of a country we are fighting to preserve," said District Attorney William F. Christiansa. "To most of us the war seems far away, but it is to those boys at the front that we owe a great honor for their courage and bravery."

Congressman Lewis K. Rockefeller was the principal speaker.

"Today we pay tribute to those brave young men and to the forty-five men of your parish who bear arms in our defense and in defense of our flag," he said, as reported in the Hudson Daily Star. "I deem it a high privilege to be present to join with you in honor of their heroic bravery. We Americans are proud to remember that no lust for conquest, no craving for power, no greed for territory, no desire for revenge has ever caused this nation of ours to violate peace and tranquility. We have never laid upon any people the hard, cruel hand of oppression. On the contrary, whenever our armed forces have entered the field of combat they have entered to protect our nation, to widen the scope of freedom and to defend the principles of liberty. What our fathers have given us, we must hold. It is our sacred inheritance. Upon each generation falls the duty of protecting that priceless treasure of liberty. Past generations have done their duty and preserved it for us. We must do our duty and do it now. There is no place like home. The dearest spot on earth is home, and I may add there is no home today like America. Let us all do our full part to make and to keep it for all time to come."

## Passaic Church Unfurls Service Flag With 102 Stars

Mayor Kennedy and Commissioners Martini, Chinaman and Turner Join in Ceremonies

More than 500 persons attended the dedication of a service flag in honor of 102 men from the Ukrainian Holy Ascension Orthodox Church, 47 Hope Avenue, Passaic, N. J., now in the armed forces of America, according to Passaic press reports. The program began at 11 A. M., with the Holy Liturgy in English. The Rev. Walter Bukata, in his sermon, emphasized that not sorrow but pride in ability and opportunity to serve America was the theme of the day.

After the Liturgy, the service flag, a banner measuring six by ten feet with 102 stars upon the field, was taken to the front of the church by eleven service men. While Father Bukata read the prayer of consecration, the church choir, under the direction of Basil Rozdolsky, softly sang "America."

After completion of the church services, the dedicatory ceremonies began outdoors on Hope Avenue. By courtesy of Commissioner of Parks Benjamin Turner, the city speakers' truck, decorated with the flags of the United Nations, was used. Dmytro Fenkany, president of the parish, welcomed the guest speakers, and presented Anthony Molodowitch as master of ceremonies. After the delivering of invocation by the pastor, Commissioners Julius J. Cinamon, Nicholas Martini, and Benjamin Turner spoke. All lauded Passaic Ukrainians for their devotion and loyalty and stressed the need for unity of all Americans in order to insure an early victory. George Tulenko noted the high percentage of men in service for parish of little over 200 families. Mayor Thomas J. Kennedy delivered the principal address at the conclusion of which the honor roll of names of men in service was unveiled and the service flag was unfurled. During this phase, an army bugler assigned to the task by the Paterson Army Camp, blew "To the Colors." The outdoors program ended with a public pledge of allegiance to the United States flag and the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner."

More than 300 persons attended a dinner held in honor of the parents of the boys in service. Mayor Kennedy decorated individually each mother whose son or sons are in service. Besides the City officials and Mr. Tulenko, the following spoke at the dinner: Mrs. Mary Popewny, Miss Rose Sahaydak, Miss Rose Gibbs, Peter Mikula, and Joseph Sahaydak.

Anthony Molodowitch was toastmaster. Dmytro Fenkany closed the event by thanking the guest speakers and all present for their participation. The singing of the National Anthem ended the day's ceremonies.

## SOLDIER NEEDED FURLOUGH TO READ 30,000 WORD LETTER

There's a private in an Army camp at Gulfport, Miss., who needed a furlough to read his mail recently.

He is Private Eddie Zeh, who lived at 137 E. Sterner st., Philadelphia. He received a letter 75 feet long and containing 30,000 words.

The letter was from his old friend, Leo Michaluk, a young Ukrainian American of 110 W. Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia. It happened pretty much by accident.

As reported in the Philadelphia Record, Michaluk, who is 29 and was rejected by the Army, writes regularly to all the boys he knows in service. Just short letters—but he dashes off about 30 every week. Recently he sat down to write to Eddie, but he didn't have any writing paper.

Then he found a roll of paper

## Auburn Church Pays Tribute To Service Men

With solemn ceremony, appropriate sermon and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and before an assemblage of relatives, friends and parishioners that taxed the capacity of the edifice, a large Service Flag and Honor Roll in tribute to over 100 youths of the parish currently serving Uncle Sam in all branches of the service was dedicated and blessed Sunday afternoon, November 15, at SS. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Catholic Church, corner of Perrine and Washington Streets, Auburn, N. Y.

According to an account in the Auburn Citizen-Advertiser, it was pointed out at the ceremony that two of the young men from the parish had already paid the supreme sacrifice, namely Pvt. George Barzanich, submarine radioman who lost his life in the South Pacific, and Pvt. John Suchan, also a navy radio operator and who also lost his life in the Atlantic.

The speakers for the occasion were Rev. John J. Scanlon, Jesuit missionary from Buffalo and a native of Syracuse, and Rev. Michael Lysiak, pastor of SS. Peter and Paul Church. Also taking part in the service were hard C. Newcomb, assistant pastor of St. John the Baptist Ukrainian Catholic Church of Syracuse and Rev. Bernard C. Newcomb, assistant pastor of St. Francis d'Assisi Church, Auburn.

The choir, led by Constantine Orlyk, sang the chants of the ancient Byzantine liturgy for the dedication of the military emblem. Four soldiers from the parish, home on furlough, held the flags during the ceremony, assisted by four children of the parochial school.

The sermon in Ukrainian was preached by Rev. Michael Lysiak, who declared he was proud of the spirit of patriotism shown by his people, "who know too well from old-country experience the danger of dictatorships and the vital necessity of defending our liberties."

In English the sermon was delivered by Rev. John J. Scanlon, who explained the meaning of the prayer of consecration which comes down from the early ages of Christendom. He pointed out that the prayer commemorates the victory of Constantine over pagan aggressors of his day. "The sign of the Cross," he said, "was the symbol of victory, and in the spirit of that symbol, which means the love and sacrifice of the Son of God, is to be found the true defense of those deeper values which must be safeguarded in our struggle."

which would do very well; he started, and just kept on writing. He thought at first he'd make it 23 feet (as long as the bar behind which he works) to remind Eddie of old times. But he kept on to the end of the roll.

It's just news from home, thoughts about this and that—"News flash—Harry's white bulldog is on the verge of kicking the bucket"; "There was a flag-raising on Joe's street Sunday"; "Every once in a while I run over to serve a beer and by the time I get back I half forget where I left off"; talk about inventors, songwriters, anything that comes to mind.

(In a small way, Michaluk is a songwriter himself, so he has some thoughts on the subject. A three-piece band at the bar plays his latest, "Somewhere Over There" every weekend.)

"It really makes me feel funny to have to end on account of shortage of paper," the letter winds up. "You probably think I'm only kidding you, but if you could put yourself in my position and fathom the depth of my feeling for this mass of words that I slapped together..."

The Philadelphia Record featured a two-column wide picture of Michaluk writing the 30,000-word letter.

EVERYBODY  
EVERY PAYDAY



SAVING IN  
WAR BONDS

# "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)

(15)

"THE Zaporozhe!" they scoffed. "But that's not all, reverend father. It's the settlement Kozaks who are to blame for all this. In the Zaporozhe everything and everyone are equal. There they have neither lords nor serfs, neither rich nor poor."

"You poor benighted children!" Shraam exclaimed in pity. "May God have mercy on your ignorant souls. Let go those horses and let us proceed on our way. Let us go, I say, or I shall call down the wrath of God on you!"

"Very well, we'll let you go, reverend father," the reapers said, making way for the carriage and him to get by. "You certainly know what and how to say it. Were it not for you we would have surely have taken this carriage apart to see what makes it go."

"May God have mercy on your souls!" repeated Shraam as he rode away. "You are indeed in sore straits, you poor children. Cursed, cursed be that sorcerer who blinded your eyes and blunted your common sense."

In like manner our travelers were met throughout the rest of their journey to Nizhen. When, for example, they had to stop at a village smithy because Shraam's horse had lost a shoe, the black smith interrupted his work several times to tell them of the revolt brewing down in the Zaporozhe against the ruling settlement Kozaks. "It is time for all of us," he said, "to forget our ploughs and shares and begin sharpening our swords and lances. Just the other day," he continued, "several Zaporozhians on their way down to the Sitch stopped here for awhile, and they told me that a new Khmelnytsky has appeared down in their stronghold."

Everywhere they passed our travelers heard similar rumors. Suppressed excitement was in the air. Village councils meeting to promulgate new decrees for the governing of their constituents, gossiped instead about the Kozaks, especially about how they came into being, what glories they had achieved during their heyday. "In those days," a greybeard would begin reminiscing, "in the days of Nalevayko, Pavliuva, our lads knew how to take care of themselves well, even though conditions were very bad then. The Polish nobles owned most of the land and villages, and so vast were some of their domains that it would take days for a traveler to pass through them."

"If such was the case, then what did our fathers do then?" some younger man would inquire.

"What did they do, you ask? Why, they prayed to God for courage and strength, and while the Polish overlords banqueted and caroused they prepared for the day of reckoning, and when it arrived they struck mightily for their freedom."

In such manner the oldsters would unwind their tale of the days gone by in Ukraine. Gradually they would then turn to the times closer to the present, of the period following the successful war against Poland when the vast holdings formerly owned by the Polish nobility began to be parceled out among the Kozaks, and of how inequitably this was done in numberless cases, with the result that where one Kozak was left without even a roof over his head another gained so much land that he could not even cultivate and take care of it properly. "When our Kozaks with God's help managed to free Ukraine from the Poles," the tale teller would continue, "then all of our native land on both sides of the Dnieper became the common property of all Kozaks. So they went ahead and began dividing it among their regiments; some villages would go to one regiment, and some others to another; all according to the decisions handed down by the military tribunals. Everything would have been just fine and square, but what spoiled it all was the attitude taken by some of the older Kozaks, who had been in service since early youth, and whose fathers and grandfathers had seen such service too. They refused to take an equal share. 'What?' they exclaimed. 'We have to divide equally with those fellows? Why, they are nothing more than shavetsails. Neither their fathers nor grandfathers ever knew what it meant to be a Kozak. We'll redistribute the lands, and he who is a real Kozak will get his share, while he who is not will have to go

about tending to his own business.' As a result strife and great confusion arose, and Khmelnytsky had quite a time with it. Those who were well off enough to own a horse and arms and who could afford to serve as regulars in the Kozak army, began to get the lion's share during the parcellation, while those who were less endowed with worldly goods had to be satisfied with tiny bits of land. Still others, and there were many of them, got nothing at all, and in order to live they had to hire themselves to their erstwhile comrades who had so suddenly become so much better off than they. The result of this was that in some cases one rich Kozak would have twenty or even thirty poor Kozaks in his service. And so, my children, in such manner was our native land distributed after Khmelnytsky drove the Poles out. And when he died, what made things worse was that quite a number of Poles began to filter back and beg for a piece of their former domains, and in the unsettled times quite a number of them got it. Today, all you see about us are injustice and inequality. Once all of us were comrades-in-arms, sharing the little we had; but now we have classes, the very rich and the very poor, and yet descended of the same common stock. Verily I tell you my children, that these are hard times indeed. And something has to be done about it!"

To all this our travelers, especially Shraam, listened in silence, for there was nothing they could say.

"It is quite clear," Shraam later remarked to his comrades, "that someone has been doing quite a bit of agitating around here, and it won't surprise me in the least when I learn that it was those Zaporozhians. They are doing nothing else than to revive the embers of the old class hatreds. In former times it was directed against the lawless Polish nobility. Now that cunning Ivanetz down in the Sitch is using it for his own private ends. It will be a great day indeed, O Lord, when with Thine help we shall put him in his proper place."

## CHAPTER X

On the second day, at sunset, the travelers approached Gvintovka's homestead, which lay a little to the side of Nizhin, in a wilderness of oak and linden trees.

Riding by a smithy that stood near the homestead, Shraam turned his horse towards it in order to inquire whether Gvintovka was home, when all of a sudden the door leading to the smithy was flung open and out dashed a woman, closely pursued by a man brandishing a club in hand.

"You just wait!" he was shouting. "I'll tan your hide for singing me such songs!"

Seeing that there was no place where she could flee, the woman began to run around Shraam's mount, with the man close on her heels.

Can you imagine," she cried. "A woman can't sing in her own home!" Her indignation, however, did not prevent her from breaking out into another ditty, keeping of the club's reach all the while.

Ой як старий дідуго,  
Копчується як дуга,  
А я, молоденька,  
Гуляти раденька.

The man was indeed gray-haired, while wife was young and darkly handsome.

"Just wait!" he said. "Just wait until I catch hold of you, and I'll show you how old I am!... Go ahead, laugh. You'll soon turn to tears... Go ahead and wink too, but when I catch up with you you'll wish you hadn't!"

Round and round Shraam's horse he chased after her.

"Take it easy, Ostaap," she bantered, "for look how breathless you're getting. If you don't like the song I just sang, I'll sing you another."

Dancing around and clapping her hands, she broke out into another song.

Колоді мені або тям або сяк,  
Колоді мені запорозький козак,  
Тоб віи мене сюди-туди поверну!  
Тоб віи мене до серденька пригорну!

"Can you beat it, look at the song she is singing now!" her spouse shouted. "Well my darling, this time you won't escape me! Now

I know why those Zaporozhians stop so often here by the well. It's not a drink of water they're after, but you!"

He redoubled his pursuit, while she began to torment him even more.

"Stop this foolishness!" exclaimed Shraam, "and let me ride by!"

"What else, reverend-father, can I do?" the wife said. "He'll kill me for sure. Even though he is awfully stupid, yet he's got a temper that makes him fit to be tied!"

"Shame upon you!" Shraam said turning to the man. "Shame upon your gray hairs for making such a fool of yourself."

Shraam's words caused the blacksmith to first realize that it was a priest addressing him. Abashed, he bowed low before him and turned back into the house, pausing on the threshold long enough to wave his club menacingly at his wife, who in turn laughingly made a grimace at him.

"Is the Adjutant Gvintovka at home?" Shraam asked the woman.

"Of course!" she replied. "He's always at home, banqueting with Zaporozhians?"

"And why not, reverend-father? Don't you know that the Zaporozhians are now the first people in the whole world? People are saying that the Czar has given them all of Ukraine."

"May you become petrified like Lot's wife for saying such things!" Shraam angrily cried, and rode away.

"Salt on your tongue, and cinders in your teeth," she retorted when he was out of earshot. It was obvious that she was trifle drunk.

Catching up with the others, Shraam encountered the "Holy One" with the others.

"So," he said, "you did not want to come with me, and yet you arrived here first."

"Oh, so it's you!" exclaimed the latter in surprise.

"How did God lead you here?" asked Shraam.

"You remember those Zaporozhian penitents. Well, they got a hold of me and wouldn't hear anything else but that I should accompany them. They showered me with gold and silver to buy out more captives from Turkish dungeons. So I went, until I landed way down here."

"Why way down here?"

"Because they left on my hands one of their comrades, an officer to be exact. He is sick. 'Cure him,' they said to me, 'and we shall help you plenty in your task of buying out captives.' And so I am living here and nursing him like a baby. I even sing for him. And do you know who he is? The very same one who had a fight with your Petro."

"I'm surprised that you're trying to bring back to health such a stake!"

"And why shouldn't I? All are equal before me. I don't mix in your squabbles and troubles."

"Nevertheless that scoundrel nearly killed my remaining son."

"Oh yes, how is he, your Petro?"

"He's here with me, still weak but able to get around."

"Are you going to stay here at Gvintovka's?"

"No, I'm going direct to Vasuta."

"I don't think you'll find Vasuta in Nizhen. They say he has departed for Baturin to attend a council meeting there."

"What sort of a council?"

"Who knows what sort! Probably it's something about a hetman."

"So is Gvintovka there too?"

"No, likely they don't need him there. Well, reverend-father, I must go now. Farewell."

With these words the "Holy One" turned and went his way through the woods.

(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.

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

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READ THE UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

# THE UNITED NATIONS

## VIII. DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

AREA—19,325 square miles—twice the size of the State of Vermont. Population—1,656,000. Language—Spanish. Capital—Ciudad Trujillo.

The Dominican Republic was the first land in the New World to open its borders to the refugees of war-torn Europe. In 1940 a colony was established on the shores of Sosua Bay. Today, with 450 Europeans in residence, it is a functioning farm settlement.

The Dominican Republic occupies two-thirds of the island of Hispaniola which lies 48 miles south-east of Cuba and 64 miles west of Puerto Rico. Haiti occupies the other third of the island. Hispaniola is ribbed by high narrow mountain ranges and creased by deep valleys and sudden lowlands; an admiral, asked to describe the country by the King of Spain, is said to have crumpled up a piece of paper with the remark: "There, Your Majesty, is Hispaniola."

The history of the Dominican Republic, also called Santo Domingo, goes back beyond our own beginnings. Columbus landed there on his first voyage. There was the first European settlement in the Western Hemisphere, there the first university founded in 1538 and the first cathedral in 1512. The City of Santo Domingo—now renamed Ciudad Trujillo—was built by Columbus' brother, Bartolome, and named for their father's patron saint. The ruins of the palace of Diego, Spanish Governor and son of Columbus, still stand.

At first the Dominican Republic was the center of the entire enterprise of colonization on the continent. Exploratory voyages led to the discovery, conquest, and colonization of Mexico, Peru, Panama (then called Istmo de Darien), Cuba, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, and Florida. After the bustle of settlement and exploration died down, the original Indian population was found to have been practically wiped out by epidemics and forced labor. Lands once cultivated were given over to cattle-grazing.

Summer Welles, under Secretary of State, once said: "There has been no

republic on the American continent whose inhabitants have fought more nobly or against greater odds to maintain their freedom than the Dominicans." This fight for self-determination began in 1821, but it was not until 1844 that independence of the Republic was achieved under the leadership of Juan Pablo Duarte.

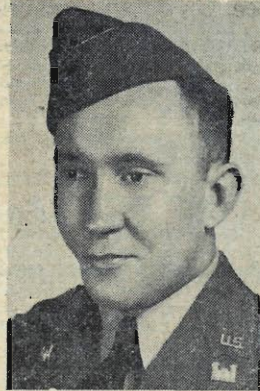
The driving force in Santo Domingo today is Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, soldier President. Generalissimo Trujillo has been a firm friend of the United States, and Santo Domingo was one of the first of the Latin American countries to follow our lead in declaring war on the Axis. An army of 300 officers and 3,000 men, provided for peacetime, has been increased for the war period, and guards the coastlines. The Republic's airfields have been opened to American military planes. Several of these airfields are excellent and the transports of Pan American Airways have made regular stops there for several years.

Sugar is now the principal export, representing three-fifths of the productive wealth. The economic danger of too great dependence on one crop has resulted in the establishment of government agricultural stations in each of the provinces. These teach the latest farming methods and foster the growing of rice, corn, bananas, mangoes, guavas, coffee, and tobacco.

The Dominican Republic has encouraged the investment of foreign capital and the extensive building of bridges and roads. Generalissimo Trujillo's most opulent contribution to progress was the rebuilding of the capital after almost complete destruction by hurricane in 1930. It then became Ciudad Trujillo. Since that time the harbor has been dredged, opening the port to large ocean-going boats, and a large tourist hotel has almost been completed.

Arturo Despradel, Secretary of State for Foreign Relations and delegate to the Havana Conference, made the attitude of the Dominican people plain when he said: "Our lands, water, air, and men are at the disposal of the governments of this continent to defend the ideals of justice and political independence of the American nations."

## Serves As Lieutenant Adjutant



WILLIAM RYBAK  
2nd Lieut. Adjutant

Lieutenant William Rybak, son of Mr. Mr. and Mrs. Roman Rybak of 424 East 5th Street, New York City, and a member of U.N.A. Branch 204, is serving at present as Adjutant in the 36th Engineers at Fort Bragg, N. C. In pre-war days, Lieutenant Rybak was active in Ukrainian American organizational life.

## In Service



Pvt. YAROSLAV FOSTYK

Yaroslav Fostyk, son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Fostyk of Philadelphia, Pa. and a member of U.N.A. Branch 324, is in service at present somewhere in Georgia. He is a graduate of St. Joseph's College where he received a B.S. degree.

## UKRAINE A BITTER PILL TO HITLER

(Concluded from page 1)

to the gallows. The hostage system is universal. For instance, in the village of Slaviansk, 100 persons were held to answer for the murder of one German soldier. In another place 50 persons were shot because of damage to telegraph wires. Jews have been massacred in town after town.

But, despite murder and atrocity, the Ukrainians keep fighting. Several months ago a band of guerrillas captured and held one of the main squares in Kiev for 24 hours. Every day German officers are killed in towns and ammunition stores go up in flames. In Odessa, 17 students recently raised Stalin's portrait on a mast and demonstrated in the streets.

The students were shot. Several days afterwards, the residence of Rumanian officers was blown up and the building of the Rumanian Army Headquarter set afire.

## Funny Side Up

### "GETTING THE BIRD"

A week ago last Thursday we had a special group of friends over to our house. Not because it was Thanksgiving, but because it was the birthday of yours truly who was born some years ago. (Readers's Note: Why?) As was the custom of the Pilgrims over two centuries ago, everybody brought something with feathers on. Lotta Avoirdupois brought a duck, Minnie Haha brought a chicken, and Mr. Fivebyfive brought a fan dancer! After awhile the house became so crowded with guests that a couple of them had to sit in the lap of "Whistler's mother," the picture on the wall!

One guy arrived with his wife. What a scream! She was dressed to chill, and a figure that looked like it was A.W.O.L. He was so bald that everytime we looked at his head, we felt like sticking our finger in his ear and bowling! As a matter of fact, everytime we looked at them we felt we were doing the government out of an entertainment tax!

To start the evening off we had a deluxe dinner. If you didn't like de looks of the dinner you didn't have to eat it! One hungry guest had a terrific appetite. "Pass me some of that saurkraut, Boston cream pie, pickles, turkey, mustard and cider," he asked. "Say," we said, "Don't you know that that combination doesn't go together? You'll get sick!" "Well," he quickly replied, "Can I help it if I like Bicarbonate of Soda?" Boy, was that guy hungry! Not only did he eat half the turkey, he also ate the paper plate. He thought it was the white meat! "Brother," said we, "if you eat any more you'll burst." "Well then," he replied, "Praise the Lord and pass the delicatessens... and get out of the way!"

Just then the doorbell and one of those female Western Union messengers stepped in with a telegram. "Dear old Pal" the telgram read, "You're a wonderful fellow, old pal, and you deserve all the happiness and good luck your friends wish you, old pal. Sorry I cannot be with you tonight, old pal, but I want you to know that your old pal is with you in spirit, old pal. And the best of everything to my old pal." The telegram was signed, "An old Pal."

After dinner we turned on the radio-phonograph and had some dancing. Drinks meanwhile were being served. Boy, with that hoard in the house the heat was intense, and the only way kept our drinks cold was to have one guy go around the room with an ice cube on a Yo Yo! Over in the corner one guy was having a terrible time. "What's wrong?" we asked. "The room keeps going around and around," he answered. "Well, why shouldn't it?" we said. "You're sitting on the phonograph!" "Golly," said the jerky jerk, "I always was interested in music!"

Finally we got around to opening up the presents our friends brought. "Here Bromo, is a present for you," said one Miss, "a telephone book." "But I've got three telephone books in the house now," we replied. "I know," replied the witty Miss, "but your table is still lop-sided!" Just as we were about to open the last package, we heard a strange ticking noise inside. Grabbing it up quickly, we tossed the package into the bathtub until the ticking stopped. Now we've got the only cococo clock in the world that blows soap bubbles every hour!

\* \* \*  
BROMIDE No. 12: We had turkey for dinner. Turkey is meat. Meat comes from poultry and cattle. Cattle have cloven hoofs. So has the devil. Therefore, the turkey we had for dinner tasted like the devil.

BROMO SELTZER.

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## WOONSOCKET LAD LISTED DEAD

Included in the list of 145 soldiers killed in action or dead of wounds, issued recently by the War Department, was the name of Sergeant John Kominicky, Ukrainian by descent, listed officially as the third Woonsocket man to give his life in defense of his country, the Woonsocket Call reports. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Luke D. Kominicki, 69 Edmund st., Woonsocket, R. I., are members of U.N.A. branch 206.

## LIEUT. KOZAK AT BROOKS FIELD

Col. Stanton T. Smith, commanding officer, announced recently that Lieut. John J. Kozak, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wasyk Kozak, 12 Miller lane, Woonsocket, R. I., all members of U.N.A. Branch 206, has reported to the aerial observation school of Brooks field, Texas, where he has been selected to take an intensive course in observation, photography, communications, and other special subjects, the Woonsocket Call reports.

Lieut. Kozak received his B. S. degree in civil engineering in 1942 from the Rhode Island State College, Kingston. Prior to entering the service, he was associated with the construction quartermaster at Fort Devens, Mass.

## LIEUT. CHAHARYN WINS PROMOTION

Orest D. Chaharyn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Chaharyn, 155 Boyden street, Woonsocket, R. I., all members of U.N.A. Branch 206, has been promoted to first lieutenant in the Army Air Corps, according to a communication received from a navigation school at Hondo, Texas.

Lieut. Chaharyn was commissioned second lieutenant last January, and is serving with the 839th school squadron.

Following his graduation from Woonsocket High School in 1934, he went to Rhode Island College, where he majored in mechanical engineering. He was a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the International Relations Club, the R. I. State College players, and participated in intramural sports, while at college.

Before receiving his second lieutenant commission, he took an advanced course of study at Guggenheim Institute, New York City.

## MARINE CASUALTY AT GUADALCANAL

Pvt. Stephen Paulison, 23, Ukrainian by descent, Woonsocket's (R.I.) first marine casualty in the far Pacific war zone, now is recuperating from a leg wound, according to word received by relatives. The letter conveying this information was mailed October 24.

Paulison enlisted in the marine corps in Woonsocket in January, going to Parris Island for training, and was transferred to the marine raider battalion in New River, N. C. In June, he was sent to the South Pacific, and took part in the first American offensive August 7 in the Solomon Islands. He was in action on Guadalcanal when it was wrested from the Japanese.

Private Paulison was an expert with rifle, pistol and machine gun and also qualified in grenade work.

A letter sent by V-mail to his mother, Mrs. Barbara Paulison Herman, 221 Cato street, Woonsocket, reads:

"I am writing you this letter aboard the U.S.S. I have been wounded in the left foot, which is not bad; will be as good as new in a few weeks, so please don't worry about me, as you know we boys in the Marines can take care of ourselves. You may have heard from the navy medical department about me being wounded, and I believe they

## YOUTH And The UNA

### MEMBERS IN THE ARMED FORCES

The Sons of Ukraine Society, Br. 287 of the Ukrainian National Association, reports that eleven and possibly more of its members are serving in the United States Army and Navy. Branch 287 is a Jersey City youth branch with 42 members, both male and female.

Second Lieutenant Peter Hrabar, who has served as president of the branch for several terms, and Miss Julia Kiocey were recently married in the Ukrainian church in Jersey City. Another member, Miss Sophie Malek, was married to Private Samuel Zidiak. A third marriage was that of member Miss Anne Lutwiniak and Private Mario Minissale.

Corporal Technician Frank Dubeck hopes to become a Second Lieutenant in due time. Recently a Technical Sergeant, William Lutwiniak is now a Master Sergeant. Another officer who is a member of Branch 287 is Sergeant Technician John Procyk. Walter Zukowsky is in the U. S. Navy, and William Can, Alexander K. Kulikowski, Peter Sysak, Michael Pollichock, Nicholas Tomchuk and Roman Milanowicz are (as far as is known) Privates in the Army.

Private and Helen Kulikowski have recently become the parents of a baby boy whom they named Peter. Parents and son are members of Branch 287.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Uhorchak, the parents of 26-month-old Dorothy Loretta, had cause for celebration on November 25th when their son was born. He was named Michael after his late grandfather, Michael Uhorchak who was Supreme Recording Secretary of the Ukrainian National Association from 1912 to 1921 and Vice President in 1925. The father, Joseph, who has been in the retail pharmacy profession for a good many years and who has recently organized a manufacturing business in the pharmaceutical field that is proving to be very successful, for a time had a bit to do with the stimulation of youth activity in the U.N.A. He insists that young Michael, for whom he had filled out a U.N.A. membership application when the child was only two days old, will outdo not only his "feeble efforts but even those of his grandfather" where U.N.A. activity is concerned. Mr. and Mrs. Uhorchak live in Patchogue, N. Y. Their daughter, who is named after her mother, was voted to be the most beautiful infant in Patchogue two years ago. The family of four are members of Branch 287.

### U.N.A. BOWLING TEAMS

Although activity in the sports program of the Ukrainian National Association has slowed down due to the war, three bowling teams have been organized recently. The Friendly Circle, Branch 435 of the U.N.A., has two teams, one for men and the other for women. The men's team is managed by Stephen Kurlak who is also the branch secretary, and the players are Walter Bodnar, Stephen Kurlak, Michael Kondrasky, Joseph Hawryliko, and Walter Pytlowany. The women's team is managed by Sophia Parker; its players are Olga Parker, Sophia Parker, Miriam Kurlak, Mary Atton, Anastasia Kott, Anna Wasylikow, Sophia Parchin, Mary Kurzow, Julia Charuk, and Stella Purka.

wrote you that I am all right, which is true.

"How is everybody at home? I trust you all are in a good health. Give my love and regards to everyone back home.

"Please don't write until you hear from me again. Will write when I get to shore. God bless you all—your son in the service."

## ALL-UKRAINIAN TEAM OF LEHIGH VALLEY

The preponderance of Ukrainian American gridders on varsity squads of good teams in scholastic ranks is attested by a sample in the Lehigh Valley League (Eastern Pennsylvania) of this year, making it possible to assemble what we'll call the "Lehigh Valley Scholastic All-Ukrainian-American Football Team."

Northampton High School, which dominates placements, won the championship of the Lehigh Valley League, with Palmerton and Slatington schools finishing next in order. Bethlehem Hi won the championship of "The Big 15" conference while Allentown, which tied Bethlehem on Turkey Day, finished in fourth place. The conclusion is that these Ukrainians must have been pretty good to win berths on such classy teams. Here is how they would line up, with Evans and Bahniuk moved from the backfield to fill up the line.

Player	Position	High School
Evans	LE	Northampton
Bahniuk	LT	Northampton
Micio	LG	Northampton
M. Helko	C	Northampton
J. Helko	RG	Northampton
Skorinko	RT	Palmerton
Babyak	RE	Slatington
Kuhar (C)	QB	Bethlehem
Baranchok	LH	Allentown
Bomba	RH	Palmerton
Krasnai	FB	Bethlehem

Coach: Mike Lisetski of Northampton High School.

A. Yaremko

"Why are you calling up the various hospitals?"

"My friend Snigglebat assured me he'd pay me \$5 today or break 2 leg, and I want to find out which leg he broke."

КАРНЕГІ, ПА. — Тов. Січ, від 186, повідомляє всіх своїх членів, що річні збори відбулися дня 6. грудня, в 1. годині пополудні, на гали парохіальній, 230 Іждей ст. Просимо всіх членів прийти і вислухати справовдання фін. секр., касієра і конгр. комісії. Було вибір нового уряду на рік 1943. Просимо записати свої діти до У. Н. Союзу, бо члени є дуже забезпечені в замогочивій організації, як в інших бізнесових. — За уряд: Юзеф Сус, пред.; Іван Копко, кас.; Василь Копко, фін. секр.

## U. N. A. BRANCHES DONATE TO ARMY FUND

The contribution of \$900 by the Committee of U.N.A. Branches in New York to the Army Emergency Relief was acknowledged in a recent letter by Major General T. T. Terry, U. S. A.

In a letter addressed to Mr. Michael Piznak of the Committee, Major General Terry wrote:

"The contribution of \$900 from the Ukrainian National Association (Committee in New York City) to Army Emergency Relief is deeply appreciated. Only through such donations can our work in alleviating distress among the families of our soldiers be continued, and it is gratifying indeed to know that organizations like yours recognize the importance of our endeavor. With such spirit among our civilian friends we are confident that no soldier need worry about his dependents at home.

"Please extend my sincere thanks to all members of your organization for their generous gift to Army Emergency Relief."

Officers of Ukrainian National Association Branches Committee in New York City, are: chairman, Stephen Kowalchuk; secretary, Michael Lykete, treasurer, Mr. Podhaynay.

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

ATTENTION! CONNECTICUT!  
It is your patriotic duty as an American of Ukrainian Descent to attend the  
**6th ANNUAL CONVENTION**  
— of the —  
**UKRAINIAN YOUTH ORGANIZATION OF CONNECTICUT**  
**SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1942**  
2 o'clock sharp  
**ST. MICHAEL CHURCH HALL**  
Walnut St., Hartford, Conn.  
This Convention shall decide the status of the Organization for the duration.

## Marusia Says:

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