



SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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VOL. XI

A REPORT ON THE SITUATION
IN UKRAINE

Behind the facade of official war communiques, events are taking place in Eastern Europe which probably beggar description and of which the outside world has little conception. Thus we read a great deal about the mighty clash of the Soviet and Nazi armies, the offensives and counter offensives, and occasional exploits of guerillas. And we get an occasional glimpse, too, of the terrible sufferings of the homeless and often starving population. But on account of the censorship, so necessary in wartime, most of the picture of what is happening there never meets our eye. Occasionally, however, a report does manage to reach us which gives us some idea of what is really going on over there.

One such report we recently received in a roundabout manner from Stockholm. It gives us a dramatic picture of what has been happening recently in Ukraine, especially in that portion of it which is under Nazi occupation.

The report states at the very outset that the Nazis employ against the Ukrainians the same terrorism that the Ukrainians suffered under former Bolshevik rule. Those Ukrainians who thought the Nazis would treat them better than the Reds, have found out by now how wrong they were.

At the beginning of the war, the report further states, the "German Military East Command" wanted to utilize the Ukrainian national movement, but the Nazi party and its Gestapo at once took a stand against that, as they wanted to use Ukraine only for purposes of German exploitation and colonization. Hundreds of Ukrainian nationalist leaders were thereupon arrested by the Gestapo, including Orshan, Sciborsky, Senyk (Hrebivsky), Teliha, and Baranowsky.

Furthermore, the report states, thousands of members of "UWO" (probably Ukrainska Viyskova Organizatsia—Ukrainian Military Organization, founded at the close of the last war for the purpose of liberating Ukraine, and later reorganized into the OUN—Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists), particularly Bandera's followers, were murdered by the Nazis, while Bandera (nationalist leader, whose attempt to proclaim Western Ukrainian independence in L'viv in June, 1941 following Red retreat from Western Ukraine, was ruthlessly suppressed by the Nazis) himself died in a German concentration camp. In this way, the report says, the Germans drove the Ukrainian nationalist movement underground, and thousands of villages were burned, and the Ukrainian people were murdered with women and children by Nazis. Furthermore "the situation in the 'colkhos' is as heavy as it was under the Bolshevik regime."

As a result of all this, there appeared in Western Ukraine last spring a Ukrainian patriot calling himself Taras Bulba (name of principal character of the Kozak story of that name by Gogol) who at the head of a force of about 15,000 men has had not only to fight against the Germans but also has had to repel attacks by Poles and Bolsheviks. One notable "insurrection" (as the report describes it) took place between Kremianetz and Luboml. There the Germans retaliated against it by bombing villages from the air. Hundreds of arrests by Nazis also followed, including that of Metropolitan Polikarp.

Quite significantly, too, the Stockholm report adds that the Ukrainian people are relying greatly upon their own strength to achieve their freedom but find themselves handicapped by the "lack of moral help from the Allies."

In 1942, the report finally reveals, UWO established an information bureau in Helsingfors, Finland, but German persecution forced UWO to transfer the bureau to Stockholm, where it is encountering many difficulties placed in its way by the Poles and the Bolsheviks.

UKRAINIAN SERVICEMEN'S
ASS'N HOLDS RALLY
IN LONDON

Over seventy servicemen of Ukrainian descent from all corners of the British Isles attended a Get-Together in London on July 31 and August 1st last under the auspices of the Ukrainian Canadian Servicemen's Association (Active Service—Overseas), according to a News Letter published by the Association and recently received by us. The get-together was held in the Canadian Legion Services Club at Cartwright Gardens.

Though that weekend happened to be a bank holiday when traveling restrictions for the Forces were in effect, the news-letter report of the affair states, yet "in spite of the traveling restrictions and in spite of the fact that a lot of our boys had left for Sicily, the get-together was a success beyond all expectations. Over seventy boys attended from all corners of the British Isles... The majority were on short privileged passes. In most cases the passes were granted by the commanding officers especially to give the boys the opportunity of attending the gathering. In one army unit the adjutant on being approached by one of our members issued a special request to all the sections in the unit to grant all Ukrainian boys a 48-hour pass."

The rally started Friday night with a meeting of the association's executive board. Saturday afternoon, following registration, a business session was held, at which the officers gave their reports. In the evening all those present went to a church on Moscow road for choir practice, which "was very good indeed."

Sunday morning over 65 of the servicemen attended church. The service was all in Ukrainian. After the liturgy a memorial service was held for all those whose names the association had been able to gather for its honor roll, 115 names thus far.

Following church services another business session was held. Then at 1:30 luncheon was had in the dining hall. Hostess was Mrs. S. Davidovich. The toast was proposed by Lieut. Kupchenko, of Edmonton. Cigarettes were then distributed to all those present—the gift of the Ladies Aid Society of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church in Edmonton.

Sunday afternoon was completed by another business session and a social. During the social those present were entertained by vocal selections by L. A. C. J. Yuzyk, of Regine, Sas. It was finally decided to hold another such get-together next January 6, 7 and 8th, and to make it a Ukrainian Christmas celebration.

The news-letter report of the rally closes with thanks to "those Manchester girls who came all the way to London to help make it the success that it was. They were: Misses Winnie, Annie and Mary Borodinsky, Miss Stephanie Zavalinski, Miss Olga Lesniowsky, Mrs. Stephanie Lesniowsky and Mrs. Camille Slusar. Thanks

NAZIS GERMANIZED KIEV

A description of the Germanization of Kiev while it was under Nazi occupation appeared in last Thursday's New York Herald-Tribune in a dispatch from Ukraine's ancient capital by Maurice Hindus.

Streets bearing Ukrainian names were given German names, Kievites were evicted from the better sections of the city to make room for the horde of German tradesmen and intellectuals, the botanical park was open only for the Germans, and all Ukrainian high schools and universities were closed, the dispatch reports.

As a result those Ukrainians of Galicia "who flocked to Kiev as aids of the Germans, grew increasingly restless and resentful," and demanded that the Germans fulfill their early promises to allow the Ukrainians their national independence, Hindus writes.

"Those who demanded too loudly or persistently were shot. Others were sent to concentration camps. A battalion of Ukrainian Galicians was so outraged that the men killed their German officers, fled to the forest and joined the Soviet guerrillas," the report states.

SERVICEMEN INVITED TO VISIT
MANCHESTER UKRAINIAN CLUB

The Ukrainian Social Club in Manchester, England, which has been reported on these pages several times in the past, invites American servicemen of Ukrainian descent to visit its quarters and partake of Ukrainian hospitality, Corp. Tom Ewasko, member of U.N.A. Branch 361, informs us in a letter from England.

"During my nineteen months of active service in the United States Army Air Force I met many nice people," Cpl. Ewasko writes, "but I never enjoyed myself more than I have among my new Ukrainian friends here in England. This Ukrainian club was kind enough to find me a night's lodgings at one of its member's homes. I had an enjoyable stay with the Ukrainian family and we had the traditional dinner of borsch, pyrohy, holubtsi, etc.

"The club is small but it has the friendly atmosphere so typical of Ukrainian clubs. It is very well decorated and has pictures of famous Ukrainians, such as the poet Taras Shevchenko, Ivan Franko, Michael Hrushevsky, Lesya Ukrainka, and others.

"The club and the Ukrainian families that compose it are always glad to welcome American and Canadian servicemen of Ukrainian origin."

Mr. P. Tarnowsky is president of the club, and Mr. J. Lesniowsky is secretary.

In his letter Cpl. Ewasko also writes how invaluable he finds the Ukrainian Weekly, and recommends that it be sent to all American servicemen of Ukrainian descent.

are also rendered to Misses Lydia and Nadia Pankow and Mrs. S. Davidovich."

A Short History of Ukrainian Music

By DR. ALEXANDER KOSHETZ

(Continued)

(From the series of lectures on Ukrainian subjects, sponsored by the Department of Eastern European Languages of Columbia University in collaboration with the Ukrainian National Association, held at the University's Philosophy Hall in March, 1941.)

(Translated by W. Paluk)

THE Duma of that period have a realistic basis; their mood is eager, the Kozak element active, their tone heroic, or bitterly ironic towards the Poles. At this point, in consequence of the uplifting turn that life took, there appear moralistic ideas in the Duma, of a didactic nature. In addition, there is the complete idealization of Kozakdom as defender of the faith and truth, and Khmelnytsky as the Leader-Liberator.

As mentioned before, the Duma is a melodic recitative, in which the words hold first place, and dominate the melody. Proportion of form as a whole, however, is achieved by its division into clauses, which, though not large, finish with a certain melodic flourish figure. The melodic part of the duma is based on the special Ukrainian scale: minor, with augmented 4th and 7th. It is full of oriental melismatic graces and embellishments, which makes it very impressive. Its musical roots are to be found in the lamentation for the dead, of prehistoric antiquity. It is very difficult to perform and therefore beyond most singers. It was composed by actual participants in the sung events. At first the duma melodies were based on the pattern of folk songs; later on more literary patterns. Such folk creative genius is unique, and it cannot be found in any other country. They were sung accompanied by the Bandura, a plucking instrument of 12 to 23 strings, of Asiatic origin.

Chumak Songs

These are songs of the wagoners, who in olden days used oxen for transport; shipping land-tillers produce to distant parts of Ukraine—to the steppes, Sitch, to the Dnieper, Crimea, Black Sea, the Don,—and returning with salt, fish, and caviar. This trade was transacted not only by ordinary Kozaks, but also by Sitch men, townspeople, and gentlemen. Usually a group of people would get together, organize a valka (caravan) of wagons drawn by oxen, elect a leader from among themselves, arm themselves against all emergencies, and stock up well with food. In the foremost wagon, a caged rooster was placed, serving as a chronometer. They would then set out on distant, dangerous journeys. So long as they stayed within the Zaporozhian lands, their trip was uneventful. But, when they ventured past the Dnieper, into the pathless steppes, danger stalked at every step. Either Tartars would attack them, or robbers. Very seldom did the trade journey end without adventure. Because of this, only brave and strong people set out on such journeys, while the adventures and dangers that they experienced produced a silent, severe character-type. In compensation, the spacious steppes, the vast heavens and silence, the loveliness and poesy of the long trip, roused the creative spirit, and it found expression in songs full of the melancholy and beauty of the steppes. They are a most beautiful example of Ukrainian national poetry and music. Chumak wanderings lasted in Ukraine to the middle of the 19th century.

Songs of Ukrainian Home Life

These songs deal with the private life of society as well as the separate individual. In our national song-literature, this is the most widespread and most developed form. Here in fact, song embraces man's life in all its stages—from the cradle to the grave; and here we find the most developed examples of individual—unisonal and group—polyphonic song, as well as some extremely beautiful examples of national poesy. Especially exhaustive in treatment, while deeply and brilliantly developed, is the love motif, to which are assigned the most beautiful melodies, profound in meaning and feeling, nearly always characterized by a haunting melancholy, but always far from being erotic. Melodies in the major mode suggest vigor, joy of living, sometimes whole-hearted humor, but always restricted in range. Along with melodies of limitless broadness, the ear is impressed by sprightly rhythms of a dance character.

Ballads

In Songs of Ukrainian Home Life, we find many Ballads dealing with native and borrowed subject-matter. These include Eastern and Western themes, worked out in a distinctly Ukrainian style as regards words and melody. Here you may discover the ancient Greek tale of Oedipus about the marriage of the son and mother; an echo of the Knighthood of Western poetry in the French legend of Bluebeard, and in the song about a prince; and the Italian legend of St. Alexis, man of God, arranged very similarly to the original, etc. All this tells of the many ties that Ukraine established with the East and West in the distant past.

Religious and Moralistic Songs

Just as in the pre-Christian Era Ukrainian creative genius composed a complete cycle of songs belonging to the pagan cult, so in the Christian Era, it was the source of a genre of special songs Christian in theme, dedicated to Jesus Christ, the Holy Mother, and their beloved Saints (Nicholas, Barbara, Alexis, George, Dimitri, Michael, etc.), or to the Icons, or wondrous happenings; or again relating Evangelical events in an apocryphal setting; and even happenings in Ukrainian history, in which folk imagination saw supernatural, fantastic forces at work (e.g. the Tartar siege of Potchaiv, July 20th, 1675, and the miracle of the Potchaiv Mother of God). Quite a number of these songs are devoted to Christian morality and didacticism (regarding death, the fear inspiring Judgment, the little orphan, Truth and Wrong, the Rich Man and the Pauper, etc.). In these songs is developed a highly moral picture of Ukrainian character, and, as Lactantius calls it, its "natural Christianity"—its humanity, and its high-toned, but gentle, religious feeling. For the most part these songs formed the repertory of "God's people,"—the blind singers who sing them accompanied by a Lyra,⁸ an instrument brought to us from Europe about the 9th or 10th centuries (perhaps by the so-called Skomorohy— itinerant musicians). The Church found in these songs a helpful, non-Liturgical, factor of moral teaching for the masses, did not oppose them, as it did the pagan Ritual Songs. Perhaps they were even composed in the sanitariums for old folks, and hospitals for the sick, both of which Ukrainian monasteries had in plenty. They represented a phase of life half-Liturgical, half-secular. The religious, or as they say in Ukraine Lyra player's⁹ songs were the precursors of the Hymn Book "Bohohlasnik," which played such an important role in our music.

Ukrainian Songs Analyzed

An analysis of Ukrainian Songs reveals them to be akin to general European music, and of Indo-European genealogy. The course of history has separated our song from general-European art, and it has gone its way alone; subjected to many influences of the Ancient Classical world, of the West and East, and Oriental world when it came into contact with foreign cultures on Ukraine's road through history. But all these influences were thrown into the boiling pot by our people's creative genius, which melted them into a distinctive cast; and before our eyes there arises the Slavic essence of the Ukrainian soul, in its own dress, though sometimes bedizenéd with the finery of other lands. On analysis, we find that our song developed the logical way—"from the simple to the involved; from the small to the great." While on the one hand our beginning with melody of only a half-tone or a whole-tone in range lead us to the age-dimmed prehistoric past, to the dark ages of primitive life when singing was hardly distinguishable from speech; on the other hand, at a more advanced phase of our development, we come across contemporary major and minor modes and the distinctive Ukrainian scale: minor with the raised 4th and 7th intervals. We witness the perfection of the song structure, the broadening of the form, and the achievement of loveliness and distinction in the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, from the strophic form, set and defined already in the first verse, in which case the rhythm is superior to the words, to the free recitative form of the Kozak Duma, where the

⁸ Britannic "Krauth" or "Rote."

⁹ Beggar—singers of religious songs accompanied by the Lyra.

Had Bohdan Lived Ten Years Longer

Had Bohdan Khmelnytsky, the great Hetman of Ukraine, lived ten years longer, writes Prof. Vernadsky in his Yale-published "BOHDAN, HETMAN OF UKRAINE" book, "he would have succeeded in assuring the stability of the Ukrainian government, in spite of all disruptive forces at work either at home or abroad. But as his (premature) death came in the midst of war and before the relations (based on Treaty of Pereyaslav, 1654) between the hetman and the (Russian) tsar could assume definite shape, Bohdan's passing proved to be an event of fateful consequence to Ukraine."

The story of what took place before and after the death of Bohdan Khmelnytsky, is vividly told in two outstanding works in English on Ukrainian history—

I

BOHDAN, HETMAN OF UKRAINE

by Prof. George Vernadsky
(\$2.50)

II

A HISTORY OF UKRAINE
by Prof. Michael Hrushevsky
(\$4.00)

Both published in 1941 for the Ukrainian National Association by the
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

They may be obtained at

SVOBODA BOOKSTORE

81-83 Grand Street Jersey City, N. J.

rhythm is dependent on the words, and the architectural form of the whole is marked by melodic figures (cadences). From strongly-defined dance rhythms, to mixed rhythms.

Homophonic and Polyphonic

The entire treasury of Ukrainian songs may be fundamentally divided into homophonic songs (of one voice) and polyphonic (choral). For the most part, songs of an individual character are naturally homophonic, (both as regards construction of melody and the method of rendition) and live on in this well set and defined form in the song tradition of the people. These are the family songs (especially women's), the Lyra player's Songs, the Kozak Duma, songs of the Bandurists. Along with these, we have the songs of polyphonic form, where the melody from the very start is introduced by the cooperation of at least two voices. In addition, one should point out the older the song, the more it is, so to speak, homophonic, although it may belong to the choral class or sung in unison traditionally, as for instance those of the pagan cults (Ritualistic Songs). The memory of the people for thousands of years has given us this unisonal method of rendering such songs; they do not violate this rule today, nor the rule governing the other, multi-voiced songs.

In practice, songs may also be classified as girls', young men's women's and old folks'. And just as one never heart a Christmas Carol sung in one voice, nor a Spring Song, so one can't hear a choir sing songs of an individual character—family, women's, Lyra player's songs, or Kozak Duma. Just as young men do not sing girls' songs, neither do the girls the young men's nor youth the old folks'. As a man does not sing (except, perhaps, as a joke) a woman's song, neither does a woman sing a Kozak Duma or a war song. In addition, songs may be divided seasonally—Spring, Winter, Summer and Autumn, and no one will sing a summer song in winter, nor vice versa. Girls will not play and sing Spring Songs in Winter, nor sing "Shchedry Vetchir" in spring.

Polyphony Most Interesting

Ukrainian national polyphony is a most interesting musical phenomenon. Its origins are hidden in the obscurity of the pagan cult, and in phases of social life. It is easy to understand that the cult, or communal action of peaceful or warlike character, is the cradle of choral singing, and the process of its development may be traced on the Ukrainian choral song itself. Our chronicler-monks of the 12th centuries relate of pagan holidays and their choral singing, accompanying Devil games, leaping over the fire, and songs, etc. Therefore these group songs and acts (perhaps without great changes) were retained even to recent times in Ukraine in the Ritual Songs. The main stem of melody acquires before our eyes

The December 15th Tax Declaration and Payment

On or before December 15 certain groups of people are required by law to file declaration of estimated 1943 income and victory tax and make a tax payment. The Treasury Department says farmers are the principal group affected, inasmuch as they were not required to file on September 15, but that two other groups also must file: persons whose income in September was not large enough to require filing but has since risen to such a size that filing is necessary; and persons who substantially underestimated their tax in September and now must file an amended declaration to avoid penalties.

Those who filed on September 15 but paid only a part of their tax also are required by law to complete payment on December 15. These people will be billed for the amount they owe.

In September four groups were required to file: 1. single persons earning more than \$2,700 from wages subject to withholding; 2. married couples earning more than \$3,500 from wages subject to withholding; 3. single persons or married couples with an income of more than \$100 from sources other than wages subject to withholding and sufficient gross income to require the filing of an income tax return; 4. persons, regardless of marital status, if they were required to file an income tax return for 1942 and expected their income from wages subject to withholding to be less in 1943 than in 1942.

Now, farmers and others in any of the above categories who did not file in September (farmers because their income was difficult to estimate at that season, and others because their income status may have changed) are required to file a declaration and pay their tax by September 15 or be subject to a penalty of 10 per cent of their tax.

The Treasury Department explains that many of those now required to file are persons who since September 15 have changed jobs, received supplementary income, or, because of some circumstance, have increased their income to the point where they are now required to file. These people also are subject to a penalty of 10 per cent of the amount of the amount of the tax if they do not file a declaration and pay whatever they owe on December 15.

Persons who underestimated their tax by more than 20 per cent (33 1/3 per cent in the case of farmers) in September, must file an amended declaration on December 15 to avoid a penalty of six per cent of the difference between the estimate and the actual tax, as determined by the March 15, 1943, filing. In addition, those persons who substantially over-

estimated their tax in September, file an amended declaration to reduce their December 15 payment.

Forms will not be mailed out inasmuch as the Collector of Internal Revenue says it would be impossible to single out those who are required to file. Persons who do not still have the forms mailed out before September 15 may obtain them by writing their local Collector of Internal Revenue. They are requested to specify whether they want the simplified form or the more detailed form and instructions available for those persons who want to make a precise estimate.

Who Must Make a Tax Payment on December 15?

All persons who are required to file and have a tax liability are required to make a payment on December 15. In addition it is a tax payment date for approximately 4,000,000 persons who filed a declaration on September 15 but paid only a part of their tax at that time. People in this group will be billed by their local Collector of Internal Revenue for the amount they still owe.

Any one with questions on his tax liability should address them to his local Collector internal Revenue. Collector's offices will provide taxpayers who request it with advice and technical assistance.

The Treasury has announced that the December 15 declarations and tax payments are another step in getting all taxpayers on a substantially current basis on their income tax; that it is part of the transition to pay-as-you-go. The taxes withheld from wages cover only minimum tax rates. Withholding does not cover certain types of income (from farming, investment income, earnings of professional men and people who own their own business, etc.).

Notice to the Subscribers

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When changing your place of residence, be sure to notify the home office of "Svoboda" immediately thereby avoiding any delay in delivery of newspaper to new address. Also, be sure to enclose ten (10) cents in coin or stamps to cover the cost of making a new stencil. Canadian subscribers will please remit COIN ONLY, as stamps cannot be redeemed.

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the branches and leaves of the secondary voices, different in each verse of the song. If you were to ask the singers to repeat this polyphony just as they had sung it, they would be unable to do so. This is "creation" in the exact meaning of the word, or impromptu singing. The character and musical worth of this polyphonic design depends on the musicality of the singers, their mood, and the general word-sound pattern. They are forever new, and never infringe upon their musical and logical relationship with the basic melody. In its harmonious basis, all this is wholly contradictory to the ideas of European harmony and counterpoint: everything is full of an unusual musical heresy, surprises, but is always fresh, interesting, and new. Your European musical logic is misled, and before you, the paradox (from the point of view of European music) becomes the logical thing. Before you, it is as though an unknown plant suddenly blooms with a fantastic flower. The impression is not recordable nor forgettable. Customarily, one voice begins, but it does not play the important part, but rather gives the choir its cue, calls it to work, and, when the choir comes in, all the work is assigned to it. The song grows, de-

velops, reaches its climax, and ends in unison, often in the octave.

Song Linked With History

As one, and also the brilliant manifestation, of the spiritual life of a nation, Ukrainian song is closely bound up with the history of that nation. Together with it, its song lived through periods of uplift and of downfall. So the 16th and 17th centuries produced the greatest treasures of Ukrainian musical creative genius. Although at that time the Ukrainian national struggle occupied the people's minds and souls entirely, it nevertheless brought to the fore all their creative powers. This tension continued throughout the 18th century, at which time national ideals were not as yet obscured, and hope and expectation inspired the souls of the people with vigorous life. On the other hand, in the 19th century, the darkness of national slavery hid from Ukrainians the kindly light by which they had lived and hoped, and they, as it were, lost a good deal of their national consciousness. The ebb in national creativeness marked a decline in the Ukrainian song too, and from its dominant position in the political life of the people, it

What We Said Then

UKRAINIAN WEEKLY Editorials Typical of the Years When They Appeared. Recalled on the occasion of the Weekly's 10th anniversary.

(Continued)

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PRESS COMMENTS ON UKRAINE

SIMPLICITY is keynote in modern news reporting. The most intricate subjects are whittled down to the size and shape of the average man's mind; movements of an involved nature are tagged with a glib name; all to the end that his sense of comprehension may not become overstrained, nor the digestion of his breakfast or dinner disturbed. As a result, while his general knowledge becomes broadened, it also becomes very much thinned.

A good example of this is in the case of Ukraine. From time to time this name crops up in the American press, usually in relation to Hitler's dream of expansion towards the east. "Hitler plans to sever Ukraine from the Soviet Union," is the general tone of such reports. In fact, the uniformity and regularity with which such reports appear, gives rise to the ironic thought that whenever American press correspondents in Europe are at a loss as to what to write about German-Russian relations, they fall back upon this stock theme.

Yet hardly ever is an attempt made in such reports or the occasional editorials to explain the significance of this country Ukraine, of its people, what they represent, and to what do they really aspire. In most cases it is just—Ukraine. Just a name. Just a pawn in international diplomacy. And that may be said to be the sum and total of many an average American's conception of Ukraine, drawn from what he reads in the daily press. At most he regards it as something the Kremlin has, and the Wilhelmstrasse wants.

That so little is known of Ukraine, is of course greatly due to the suppressive policies of her autocratic rulers—the Soviets, Poland, Rumania and Czechoslovakia. There have been times when the very existence of Ukraine as a distinct nationality has been denied by them. And since they are in power, it is their word that usually counts. Nevertheless, the growing strength of the Ukrainian struggle for freedom, together with Ukraine's rising importance in international affairs, is gradually arousing public interest in her. The average person is beginning to find his curiosity piqued by her.

To help satisfy this curiosity, conscientious newspapermen are beginning to rely less upon the official handouts given them by the propaganda bureaus of Ukraine's misrulers, and more upon their own

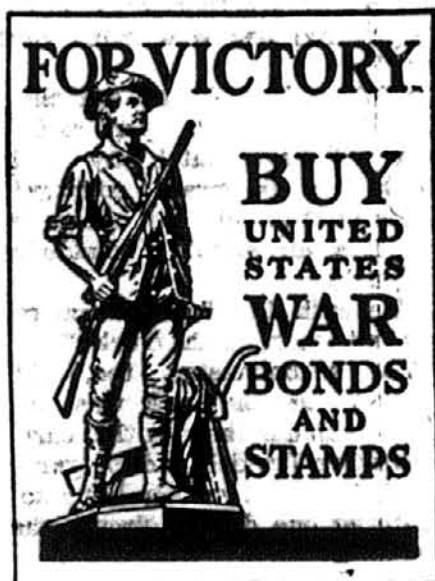
initiative and investigation to get the true facts in the case. Especially has this been noticeable within recent days, when the current European war crisis has brought the Ukrainians, Europe's largest minority, somewhat into the limelight of public attention.

A clear illustration of this has just been furnished by an Associated Press dispatch originating in Washington, which appeared in the September 23rd issue of many newspapers throughout the country. In essence, the dispatch deals with the reports reaching Washington that the Soviet Union, fearing Hitler's designs upon Ukraine, is concentrating troops within that lucrative region. In its description of Ukraine, however, it is very evident that its writer has not depended upon Soviet sources of information, for he writes the following:

"The Ukrainians are not and never have been Russians. They do not speak Russian. Their culture, literature and civilization is vastly different and older. There has been and probably still is a powerful separation movement in the region."

It is such newspaper reporting that revives one's faith in the efforts of the American press to portray facts and situations as they really are, and not as unscrupulous propagandists picture them. We only hope that more such press reports about Ukraine appear, for the Ukrainian national movement for freedom constitutes one of the gravest problems connected with European peace. To view this movement in the distorted light its enemies present it, to underestimate or ignore it, is to endanger this peace. For when peaceful methods are of no avail, then a resort to arms is always the next step of an oppressed people determined to gain their freedom and rights.

October 1, 1938.



retired to a modest place in family life. The Ukrainian national creative genius, however, came to the fore again with the Haydamaky Revolution under the leadership of Zalizniak and Gonta in 1768, and it produced several marvelous historical songs. After that it again died down to a quiet role of singing of home life for the remainder of the 19th century. Great events in the historical life of the powers ruling Ukraine did not inspire the Ukrainian people, and they lived through them silently. Even such an event as the abolishment of serfdom did not give us many songs. (The Bolshevik enslavement of Ukraine was ignored by the creative spirit of the people. Everything that has been published by the Bolsheviks under the name of national composition is either (1) a false repetition of the old with matched-up words of various national (that is, pseudo national) poets, or (2) a composition by Soviet musicians, poor as regards national style but which nevertheless is "popularized" by special organizations in order that the people sing only what these organizations regard as "great." Obviously, such songs can only be dubbed as songs for the people, rather than songs of the people).

(To be continued)

THE NEW PLOW

By OSYR MAKOVEY
(1867-1925)

(Translated by Stephen Shumeyko)

FROM that day, when in the home of Senko Hrimalo there appeared among the holy pictures on the wall a framed certificate of membership in the Society of Enlightenment, Hrimalo became a changed man. Before this, he was like anyone else, but now he fairly seemed to swell with importance and dignity, as if he had plumbed the very depths of learning. For long periods of time he would stand before the framed certificate and lovingly regard it, and if any neighbors came he would be sure to point out to them the inscription on it: **Senko Hrimalo, farmer, Hungry Hollow.** The neighbors would stand before it, wonder-struck. What sort of picture was this! They had never seen the likes of it. It looked like a holy picture, to be sure, but then it couldn't be, for how could Hrimalo's name be on one; and yet there was that figure of the angel holding a torch in hand—while to the side was: **Senko Hrimalo, farmer, Hungry Hollow.** And as if that wasn't enough, beneath there was a large blue seal and several impressive signatures of some high gentlemen from L'viv. A wonderful picture indeed, certainly not obtainable at the market. And how did Hrimalo ever manage to become acquainted with the high gentlemen from L'viv?—would be the usual question. Well, upon the advice of the village schoolmaster he had sent a dollar, and from L'viv they had sent him this certificate, booklets, and an almanac—all for one dollar!...

"Our people don't know a thing," said Hrimalo to the schoolmaster. Since his membership in Enlightenment he now was meeting the latter more often and together with him reading newspapers. "Which of them, for example, knows what is happening in Bulgaria? And by the way, do you know whether they have yet caught the one who killed Stambulov?"

"Not yet," replied the schoolmaster.

"In fact, the newspapers write that they will never catch any of them."

"Such a backward country! No order in it at all. But where is this Bulgaria, anyways?" Hrimalo asked, curiously.

"Beneath the Turk, of course."

"And where is the Turk?"

The schoolmaster, too, did not know where the Turk was, but this did not hinder them in the least from discussing Turkish and Bulgarian affairs. For that matter Hrimalo even ventured one day to discuss the killing of Stambulov with his wife; but she paid only scant attention to what he was saying, so that finally he waved his hand, saying, "What does a woman know of politics," and from that day never spoke of politics to her again.

One day he read in the newspapers that the Society of Enlightenment was sponsoring a farmers meeting and inviting all its members to attend it. Since now he felt it to be his duty to attend, he decided to go, especially since the schoolmaster desired to go too.

"And where to, now?" his wife asked, when she saw him harnessing the horses to the wagon.

"To a farmers meeting."

"Humph, what is that... You'll only tire out the horses for nothing."

"Eh, what do you know!" he snorted, and taking along his boy (to keep watch over the horses while he was at the meeting) and the schoolmaster, he left for the city.

Senko at the Farmer's Meeting

The Court House, where the meeting was held, was packed with farmers from the surrounding countryside, seated on chairs just like some high and mighty gentlemen, listening to En-

lightenment. Seated among them was Senko Hrimalo with the schoolmaster, also listening to what these gentlemen from Enlightenment had to say. An elderly reverend father appeared and began telling them how wonderful Enlightenment is and how much it cares for the farmer. Hrimalo remembered his certificate—and the talk of the speaker pleased him very much. He would have even clapped his hands, just like some people near him were doing, but handclapping seemed kind of childish to him, so he remained quiet. Then another lecturer appeared and said: "Congratulations, my friends, for having come to this meeting, even from distant parts... There could have been more of you, but it's good that at least you are here!" Hrimalo felt very happy that no one had to regret his absence. A third speaker appeared and began talking about storekeeping. Hrimalo listened attentively until he finally understood the speaker to mean that all farmers should become storekeepers. Concluding that he did not have to be a storekeeper, Hrimalo settled himself more comfortably in the chair, lowered his head and began trying to recall the military band music he heard on the street on his way to the meeting. Memories of his days in the army came upon him—and he dozed off... He did not sleep long, however, for he was suddenly awakened by the sound of applause around him. Opening his eyes, he perceived that the speaker was no longer there and that some of the farmers were leaving the hall. Stretching, he decided to do likewise. Leaving the schoolmaster behind him, he went outside. He walked about a bit, peered in store windows, went to see if his horses were being properly taken care of, had a bite, a drink of brandy, and then returned to the hall. This time there were not as many farmers as before, but those that were there crowded with outstretched necks around the table, behind which sat the lecturers. Before the table and on it lay several spinning wheels, several graftlings, bags of grass seeds, a winnow, a horse-hoe, and a plow. One of the speakers, a little active fellow, was speaking sonorously:

"With the plow we plow the earth. (As if we didn't know that!—thought Hrimalo). The plow is older than the pen, with which we write, and who knows but that it is even of greater value than the pen (Sure thing! A pen can be bought for a penny, but not a plow!—said Hrimalo to the schoolmaster, who was standing alongside him, but so loudly that even the lecturer heard him). That is not what I mean—continued the lecturer—the plow is of greater value to us because it plows up the ground for the planting of wheat, while a pen is valueless in this respect. What would happen, for instance, if there was no plow? (Voices: No bread!) With what would the people plow up the ground? (Hrimalo was fairly stunned by the thought: indeed, how could people plow up the ground without a plow?). And thus you see, my dear farmers, how important is the plow. But this plow that stands before you is not like the one you use on your farms. You have always used a wooden plow, and you have perhaps seen iron plows, but this one before you is not an ordinary iron plow, because it cuts two furrows instead of one, for, as you see, it has two shares. (Hrimalo rose on his tiptoes to see better this wonderful plow: yes, indeed, it did have two shares!). All of you should have such a plow on your farm, for it cuts your plowing time in half. (How clever!—several voices spoke

up). And now that I have explained to you how to operate the winnowing-machine, the horse-hoe, spinning wheel and the plow, we shall now give everyone of you a chance to win these farm implements. Whoever wins can take it home. But he must make good use of it and urge his neighbors to obtain one for themselves. He must also take very good care of it, for some of these implements are quite expensive; this plow itself is worth 40 dollars (My!—Hrimalo could not help ejaculating—that's certainly worth winning!)."

Senko Wins the Plow

The farmers began to crowd around the table and draw their lots. A village reading circle won the winnowing-machine, several farmers won books on agriculture, others—quarts of special grass seeds, one won the horse-hoe, the schoolmaster got a spinning wheel, until, finally, there was left only the plow. "Gosh, if I could only win that plow!" fervently wished Hrimalo, and is if in answer to his wish, the lecturer emerged from behind the table and said: "The plow has been won by Senko Hrimalo from Hungry Hollow!"

"Here I am!" yelled Hrimalo, and began pushing his way to the front, as if afraid that someone might take the plow before he reached it.

"You can take the plow now, if you wish," said the lecturer.

"Thank you, sir, thank you for your kindness." Hrimalo was fairly beside himself with gratitude and made a move to kiss the lecturer's hand.

"Don't thank me but thank Enlightenment, which cares for you so well," replied the other.

Hrimalo was so happy that he would have thanked Enlightenment herself and even kissed her hand. In fact, he even looked around for her, but not seeing her anywhere in the hall, turned back to the plow. Imagine! It costs forty dollars! He had never seen the likes of it! Hrimalo leaned over and attempted to lift it, "Ho! but it's heavy! I don't think I can lift it."

"How much does it weigh?" he ventured to ask the lecturer.

"Eighty-four kilograms," the other replied.

"How much is that by our reckoning?"

"Close to two sotnari."

"Hm!" thought Hrimalo. "Well, we shall see. But I certainly can't leave it here."

He went outside to his wagon, drove it in front of the hall, and with the help of his son and the schoolmaster managed laboriously to carry it outside and heave it on the wagon.

"What sort of a plow is this?" asked his son, red-faced from the exertion.

"Can't you see? It is a plow with two shares, that can cut two furrows at once."

"But it's all iron! How is it possible?" the boy could not get over his wonder.

"Eh, what do you know about plows! Come, let's get going!"

The schoolmaster laid his spinning wheel alongside the plow, sat down alongside Hrimalo—and the wagon started off. He was not particularly happy over his spinning wheel, for he did not know exactly how he could utilize it, and felt aggrieved that he had won such an ordinary prize. Hrimalo, however, was fairly bubbling over with happiness at his stroke of such good luck. One dollar he had sent Enlightenment, and she in return had given him a certificate, books, a calendar, and a plow worth 40 dollars!... This Enlightenment was certainly wonderful, he thought, may God bless her soul!

When they returned to Hungry Hollow, the school teacher carried his spinning wheel home, while Hrimalo dragged his new plow into the shanty. He made his mind to try it out the first chance he got. His wife, of course, tried her best to dis-

suade him from this, telling him that even the neighbors would laugh at him, but he paid no attention to her. After all, he thought, the new two-furrows plow would cut his work in half! He should worry about the neighbors!

One morning, about a week later, Hrimalo rose very early and went into the shanty. There, at his feet, it lay, this new brightly-shining iron plow, with its two shares, while beside it lay the old weatherbeaten wooden plow. The pair lay there like two strangers, one a peasant, and the other a lord. Both seemed to scorn the other. Apparently, this thought must have struck Hrimalo too, for he smiled to himself. With an amused look he lifted the old wooden plow, which was as light as a feather in his practiced grip, and leaned it against the wall in the corner. Gosh, it was a plaything, that's all,—he thought. Ah, but this new iron plow, with its two shares, that was something different. And he gazed at it admiringly. Still lost in admiration he gripped hold of it and sought to lift it. A sudden involuntary gasp broke from him as he quickly let it down again. Whew! It was heavy!

"Ok-sa-na!" he called to his wife, for help.

She came running out, wondering what happened. Seeing her spouse standing red-faced beside the plow she immediately surmised what had happened.

"Why don't you put the plow on its undercarriage?" she asked.

"For the simple reason that I don't want the whole village see me taking it out in the fields. First I want to test it, and then I'll let the village know about it. That's why I want to put it into the wagon, so no one will see it," he explained. "Here, give me a hand with it."

Somehow the both of them lifted the iron plow into the wagon, and then laid alongside of it the old undercarriage with its two small wooden wheels. The latter, like the old plow, looked quite out of place beside the shining new plow; however it didn't seem abashed in the least by the fact. After all, a plow was just a plow.

Telling his boy to hop in, Hrimalo drove to his farm, which was situated near the forest's edge. Arriving there he managed with a great deal of difficulty in getting the plow off the wagon, place it on the undercarriage, couple the two with an iron pin, hitch his horses to it, and adjust the double shares. Grunting and puffing he got the plow over to the edge of the farm. Now he was ready to give it a trial.

Trying It Out

Spitting on his hands he gripped the plow handles firmly, and nodded to the boy. The latter yelled to the horses "Ho!"

With a lunge the horses started forward. Both shares entered smoothly into the earth. But the horses had barely advanced ten steps, when suddenly they came to a dead stop, panting.

"Hey, what's the matter?" Hrimalo cried to the boy, "Why don't you get them started."

"Ho!" shouted the boy at the horses. And again the horses lunged forward heavily, dragged the plow about two paces and then again stopped.

"What on the earth is the matter?" vexedly cried Hrimalo. "Here, give that gray mare a cut with whip. She's a lazy one."

Under the sting of the whip, the gray mare jerked forward so hard that the coupling pin holding the plow to the undercarriage broke loose with a loud ping! and went sailing over the field. Freed of the pin the plow and undercarriage quickly parted.

"I guess I need a larger pin for that hole," muttered Hrimalo, stifling a oath. He took a larger one from the wagon and after putting it in drove

Ukrainian Veteran of Eight Battles Against Germans Is Home, Says 'We Have a Great Bunch'

THREE shells in rapid succession whizzed overhead as a sergeant from Fairfield, Conn. crouched beneath the overhanging brow of a rugged ridge in Tunisia. Then a fourth, by itself, whistled toward the precarious American positions on Jebel Anz, the famous Hill 609.

"This one is going way over, too," said Staff Sergeant Wallace Bidney to his platoon guide nearby.

Thus begins the story of Sergeant Bidney, Ukrainian by descent, of Fairfield, Conn., as it appeared in the November 21st "Bridgeport Sunday Post."

But the German shell didn't go way over.

It landed on the lip of the ridge and Bidney and his companion were battered and buried in earth and rock by the explosion only a few feet above their heads.

"I clawed my way out and saw my platoon guide already halfway down the slope," Bidney recalled as he relaxed in his hometown on furlough, far from the African and Mediterranean battlefronts where he won a colorful array of service ribbons.

"Then I decided to get out of there. A few seconds later another shell landed right where I had been."

Sergeant Bidney was injured by the shell blast and later received the Purple Heart decoration.

Star For Gallantry

He also has a Silver Star for gallantry in action, won at Faid pass, and his European-North African theater of war ribbon bears a silver star and three bronze stars denoting participation in a total of eight major battles in the North African and Sicilian campaign.

With these battle decorations he wears the Good Conduct medal and the American theater defense medal. Sergeant Bidney, 23 years old, has been in the Army since February, 1941.

Sergeant Bidney was with the First division, the famous Fightin' First, commanded by General Terry Allen who had Brig. Gen. Teddy Roosevelt on his staff.

The sergeant, who left Sicily last month, is now on a 21 day furlough from Fort Devens.

One soldier from each company was selected for the trip home and Sergeant Bidney expects that his new orders will not take him back to his buddies in the First division.

They were a great bunch and stuck together like brothers, said this young veteran. He recalls the party his company gave for him just before he left Sicily, and the gift he received, a purse of \$150.

Refused Commission

He liked being an enlisted man so much that he turned down a battlefield appointment to the rank of second lieutenant and Sergeant Bidney carries among his military records the order for his promotion and the subsequent notice of his refusal of it.

Sergeant Bidney was in the most bitter battles the American forces fought in North Africa and served with distinction throughout the campaign.

The citation with his Silver Star medal reads:

"Despite a constant and exceedingly heavy enemy artillery barrage, Sergeant Bidney assisted a seriously wounded soldier across several miles of barren terrain to a point where medical aid could be given. His unselfish action exemplified the traditions of the service."

The Fairfield sergeant, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Bidney, live on Edison avenue, remembers those enemy artillery barrages as very tough, indeed.

"The Germans used some six-barreled mortars," he said, "and the shells made a growling noise as they went through the air. You got so you could recognize them right off. The sound scared the men at first, but we soon got used to them."

U. S. Artillery Best

But the American artillery was the best and did a wonderful job in North Africa, Sergeant Bidney stated flatly. One of his men figured that the barrage laid down by U. S. artillery in one battle must have cost

a million dollars. The guns fired for hours, he said.

Bidney, a Roger Ludlowe High school graduate in 1937, trained at Camp Blanding and Indian Town gap, then went overseas to England. There was more training there and in Scotland, and a chance to meet the British and Scottish people.

The people in Scotland liked the Americans, he said, and the proverbial Scotch "tightness" was notably lacking when they were entertaining American troops.

Then came the order to move and the Americans boarded transports, bound they knew not where. Plowing southward in the Atlantic, the transports carried the Yankees past Spain and into the Mediterranean. Sergeant Bidney's outfit landed at Oran in French North Africa at 2 a. m. on a bleak November night.

That was pretty much of a picnic, the sergeant finds now as he looks back on tougher battles that came later on. The French were not too eager to fight, and three days after the landing the area was mopped up and firmly in American hands.

Licked Africa Korps

After the fighting in Algiers, the Americans moved into Tunisia and Marshall Rommel's veteran African Korps soon showed these Yankee fighters that from then on they were in a real war.

The battle of Kasserline pass found the First division suffering heavy casualties and at one time a battalion of 900 infantrymen fought a pitched battle with two panzer units. After the initial German success, the Americans reorganized and drove the Nazis from the pass.

That was the one determined German attack, said the sergeant. From then on the enemy was constantly falling back, almost always on the defensive until finally Tunis itself fell and German resistance soon ended.

Sergeant Bidney wasn't in the triumphant march into Tunis because his outfit, tired by constant fighting, was moved back to rest and fresh units made the final drive into the Tunisian capital.

But the rest was a short one, for the strategy of invading Sicily, next on the schedule, called for more training and the veteran First division began to prepare for the over-water hop to the island adjoining the Italian mainland.

In Sicily Invasion

Sergeant Bidney's group landed at Gela and it was there that the bitterest battle of the entire landing raged. The American invasion force had moved only a short distance inland before the Germans sent a tank column to attack the Gela beach-head and the panzers nearly broke through to the shore.

"I thought for a while I was going to swim back to Africa," Bidney said as he described the perilous position of the American troops.

He said that from his observation post on a hill he could see the line of tanks moving down toward the beach, under artillery fire which was ineffective because the hills and ravines gave the enemy great protection.

The German tanks broke into the clear and the artillery began direct fire at them at 300 to 400 yards range.

When the tanks were 150 yards ing to swim back to Africa," Bidney thought the end had come. It was even worse than he thought, for he learned that the artillery ran out of ammunition at that point.

But the Germans didn't know that the American ammunition was exhausted and the surviving tanks turned and fled as the last of the shells whistled after them. A few minutes later a supply truck brought up needed ammunition and the beach-head was saved.

Sergeant Bidney's outfit moved up the middle of Sicily while another American force struck out for Palermo on the northwest coast and the British Eighth army took Catania and moved up the east coast toward Messina.

Humor in War

In Sicily occurred one of these humorous incidents which Sergeant Bidney confesses make the war seem like a little fun, no matter how bitter the fighting.

He was with a Bridgeporter, Al Scarpetti of Salem street, and Al

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also a wedge into the hole to hold the pin better.

"All right now, drive them!" he directed the boy.

The plow moved slowly a few paces, and then again stopped.

"Hmm, maybe I'm not handling this plow right?" wondered Hrimalo. He lifted the plow out of the ground and saw that the space between the two shares was packed with earth. Thinking that maybe this was responsible for the heavy going he took a stick and cleaned that space out. Again the horses tugged and strained forward, and again they advanced but a few steps. In fact, the horses themselves were beginning to look back at the plow. One could easily surmise that they were wondering what manner of a plow was this! Never had they any trouble in plowing, and now the blamed thing was heavy for some reason or other. The gray mare even shook her head and snorted, as if in puzzlement and indignation.

"The horses are sweating already," commented the boy.

"Let them," sharply replied his father. "Go on, drive them ahead."

This time the boy gave a particularly stinging blow to the gray mare with his whip. Either it was the blow or a sudden determination to move that thing behind her or die in the attempt, at any rate the gray mare gave a prodigious heave—and her traces broke. Just in the nick of time she recovered her balance, and stood there, startled, glar-

ing balefully at the indifferent plow.

"Well, can you beat that!" wailed Hrimalo, already past the stage of mere anger.

Taking the broken traces he tied them as best he could. When he got through he once more sought to make some progress. But this time the horses absolutely refused even to try, and even whipping did not help matters.

"Eh, boy, you don't know yet how to drive the horses," ejaculated Hrimalo, and telling him to lay down the whip he got a firmer grip on the plow handles. Then filling his lungs with as much as they could hold, he suddenly let out such a powerful HO! that the horses, startled nearly out of their wits by the roar, lunged forward so hard that the undercarriage broke loose and one of its wheels went careening crazily over the field.

Hrimalo sat down on the ground, without saying a word. The horses pawed the earth angrily. Obviously, they were as unsettled as he was. At length Hrimalo rose.

"I guess, after all, that this plow is too heavy for these horses," he admitted.

"That's what I've been trying to tell you all this time," his boy broke in. "What are you going to do now?"

"Nothing much," replied his father gloomily.

He unhooked the undercarriage from the plow and looked at the latter with sorrow in his eyes.

"And it's so dear too! But what

can I do? Nothing! Guess I'll just have to put it back into the shanty and use my old one. Oh, my poor head!"

In lifting the plow back into the wagon the boy got his hand caught on the sharp edge of the share, with the result that he had to let go. The entire weight of the plow fell upon Hrimalo and nearly bore him to the ground. Just in the nick of time he jumped out from under. Fluently he cursed the whole plow family.

Again they tried lifting the plow into the wagon. This time they succeeded. Climbing alongside the boy Hrimalo gloomily let the horses set out for home. He only hoped that school teacher wouldn't see him. But as luck would have it, the latter popped up just as Hrimalo was nearing his home. Seeing the plow on the wagon and the broken undercarriage, he slyly asked:

"What, you have plowed the ground so early in the morning?"

"No, I didn't and may the devil take it..."

"What's the trouble? Isn't the new plow any good?"

"Oh, there's no trouble. The plow is all right, but it's too heavy for my horses. I need oxen for it, not horses."

"Well, what are you going to do with it?"

"Nothing," replied Hrimalo shortly, anxious to get rid of this unwelcome person.

The school teacher smiled with ill-hidden satisfaction. Hrimalo couldn't

help noticing it. He winced. But he had his revenge.

"By the way, what have you done with the spinning wheel you won?" he asked.

It was the teacher's turn to become uncomfortable, for the truth of the matter was that his wife had in no uncertain terms told him that she hadn't the least intention of taking up spinning and that was that!

Finally, Hrimalo arrived home. And, as could be expected, he certainly received a scathing reception from his spouse. He remained silent however, and somehow managed to drag the plow into shanty again. He let it down in one corner with a sigh of relief. Walking over to the other corner he picked up the old wooden plow as easily as he would a toothpick and slung it over his shoulder. He began to feel himself again. Ah, nothing like one's own!—he thought, and went back to his plowing...

For two years the new plow lay unnoticed in the corner, until one day Hrimalo finally decided to get it out of the way. He took it to the blacksmith.

"Humph, I can't give you much for this," said the blacksmith, "for nobody will repurchase it from me. No one needs a plow like this one."

"Well, give me anything you want," said Hrimalo. "Maybe you could make nails out of it."

So the blacksmith bought the brand new plow—for nails.

The End

Anthony Hlynka, M.P. Weds

Before the beautifully-appointed altar of St. Josaphat's Ukrainian Church, Frankland avenue, Toronto, Ont., with its rich coloring of gold, blue, cream and red the wedding vows of two Canadian Ukrainians were heard last Saturday afternoon, the Toronto Telegram reports.

The groom was Anthony Hlynka, only Ukrainian member of the Dominion Parliament from Vegreville, Alberta, and his bride was Stephanie Chole, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Chole, of Toronto. Both the bride and groom were born in the Western Ukraine, coming to Canada as children and attending schools here.



ANTHONY HLYNKA
Member of Canadian Parliament

The bride and her attendants were meet at the door of the church by the groom, best man and ushers and were escorted to the altar by the priest, Father Roberecki. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Neil Savaryn and at the altar assisting him were Father Kushniryk, Father Kohut, superior of the Basilian Fathers Monastery at Grimsby, Very Rev. Father Kaminitsky and Father Roberecki.

Bride's Attendants

The bride wore a lovely gown of white satin trimmed with lace. Her full-length veil covered the back of her head and was worn over a wreath of orange blossoms. She carried pale pink roses and white pom-poms. Mrs. Donald Sadoway was the matron of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Josephine Chomko, Miss Anne Roborecky and Miss Mary Klymko.

Dr. John Yatchew of Windsor was the groomsman and the ushers were Mr. Marshall Romaniuk, Mr. S. Froliak and Mr. Walter Chole, brother of the bride.

A dinner followed at the Hearthstone, Bloor street, where the bride's mother received. She was assisted by the groom's aunt, Mrs. Anna Hlynka.

Hon. John Bracken, leader of the Progressive Conservative party, was a guest and in a brief speech wished the couple all success and happiness. Rodney Adamson, M.P., and Mrs. Adamson were also guests as were the Mayor and Mrs. F. J. Conboy. Dr. Yatchew, the groomsman, presided as master of ceremonies.

Ukrainian Hospitality

A dance followed at the Ukrainian People's Home on Lippincott street, and Sunday open house was held at the home of the bride's parents. Ukrainian food such as holobtsi (stuffed cabbage); pirohi (potatoes or cheese covered with pastry); and borsch (beet soup), were served as well as chicken and turkey.

The couple left Monday for Ottawa, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

During the sessions of the House, the couple will live in Ottawa, and between sessions at Vegreville, Alberta.

YOUR REAL HOME

By HONORE EWACH

IN his thoughts Shevchenko was always at home, in Ukraine.

Abraham Lincoln was also always at home. His home was the United States. He loved his home so much that he fought staunchly for over four years for the sake of keeping his beloved home unified. Perhaps the present United States exist just on account of Lincoln's ardent love for his home, for his homeland.

The Jews are living as exiles all over the world for hundreds and hundreds of years, yet spiritually they have always been at home. Spiritually they are closely bound with their home, so lovingly described on every page of the Old Testament. Wherever they go they carry their home in their Bible, in their Talmud, but especially in their hearts. That is why they never feel homesick or uprooted. That is why they feel they are at home wherever they go.

Have you a home? Have you a place which you love and venerate, where you like to stay always? Have you? Then, what is it, and where is it? Is it some actual home where you and your family live, or is it a place where your thoughts are constantly and fondly dwelling?

A very unhappy being you are, indeed, if you have no home, if you are an uprooted being, homeless and always on the go.

If you could have Shevchenko's love for his homeland, you would be a great person. If you could lift yourself to the height of Lincoln's love for his homeland, you would be a great man or woman. If you could have Dante's love, Jeanne d'Arc's love, or Robert Burns' love in your heart, you would also possess a beloved home and happiness. Your real home is where your thoughts constantly dwell.

Now just think of it: your real home is where your thoughts constantly dwell. Well, where do your thoughts most of the time dwell? Is it around some grand and beautiful ideal, or around something so petty, and shabby that you are even ashamed to mention it? Now, where is your home, sweet home?

If you are an unhappy, homeless being, then find yourself a home. If you cannot love and constantly dwell in Shevchenko's home, so beautifully described in his "Kobzar," perhaps you can find a home for your thoughts at least in such a little but attractive place as described in Andrew Chaykovsky's "Za Sestroym." If your thoughts cannot adapt themselves to the beloved home of Lincoln's thoughts and heart, well, build yourself a real home somewhere in America where your family can take root; where your heart could take root; where you could dwell and really like it; where you could become happy.

Winnipeg, Canada.

UKRAINIAN VETERAN OF EIGHT BATTLES

(Concluded from page 5)

who could speak Italian engaged a native in conversation.

The native seemed puzzled as he listened to the Bridgeporter, and finally he broke in with:

"What's the matter with English? I'm from Passaic myself."

With the fall of Sicily, came another rest period for the hard-fighting veterans.

Then also came the first time that battle-tested soldiers found they had weak knees. Sergeant Bidney and about 90 other men were ordered to report to the colonel. The officer lined them up, then said:

"Did you ever hear of the U.S.A.? It's a foreign land across the water. And that's where you're going."

The surprise was great they could have collapsed as one man.

ROMAN HWOZDEWICH, VETERAN ANSONIA CHOIR DIRECTOR, DEAD

Roman Hwozdewich, choirmaster of the St. Peter and St. Paul Ukrainian Greek Catholic church in Ansonia, Conn. for the past 22 years, died recently at St. Raphael's hospital, New Haven, following an operation. His death comes as a sad blow to a wide circle of friends in the associated communities who held him in the highest esteem, the "Evening Sentinel" reports.

Mr. Hwozdewich was born in Perymsliany, Galicia, in Western Ukraine, son of John and Josephine Pulsh Hwozdewich, coming to this country over 30 years ago and residing in Pennsylvania until 1921 when he came to Ansonia to serve as director of the St. Peter and St. Paul choir.



ROMAN HWOZDEWICH

During his years in Ansonia, Mr. Hwozdewich developed the St. Peter and St. Paul church choir to a high degree of excellence, imbuing its members with much of his own keen enthusiasm for the beauty of the church's liturgy and for the folk songs of the Ukraine which he dearly loved.

In addition to its reverent and excellent rendition of the music of the church the membership of the choir under Mr. Hwozdewich's direction developed an outstanding proficiency in concert work. In many of their concerts the choir was attired in the national costumes of Ukraine.

Made Choir Famous

Under Mr. Hwozdewich's direction the choir kept alive many of the traditions of their ancestors, one of the finest of which was to visit the homes of parishioners at the Christmas season singing Ukrainian Christmas carols. While he always insisted upon a high degree of excellence in the musical work of the choir, Mr. Hwozdewich was aware of the adage about all work and no play and saw to it that the choir members as an organization had their share of good times. Annually the choir held a banquet and dance and there were social and entertainments among the members to keep their interest.

Intensely Loyal

One of the most recent concerts of the choir was given October 10 at Liberty hall, Ansonia; as a memorial to the Ukrainian poet, priest and patriot, Father Markian Shashkevich, the entire proceeds of which were donated to the Service Fund of Ansonia. Mr. Hwozdewich was imbued with the finest ideals of patriotism. It was his ardent hope that he might one day see the resurgence of the Ukraine as an independent nation. To America, the land of his adoption, he was intensely loyal, and as a father was proud of the fact that his son, Walter, was serving in the United States marine corps. The news of his death will be received with deep regret by a large number of Ansonia

LT. TURANSKY DIRECTS ROAD BUILDING IN LIBERIA

American soldiers in the Negro republic of Liberia, Africa, busy with steadily mounting air traffic and perfecting defense against sabotage and attack, also are making good the United States promise to give the country one of the things it needs most—new roads, according to a report of Joseph Morton, AP Features writer.



LIEUT. WALTER TURANSKY

Of the two officers on the project one is First Lieutenant Walter Turansky, son of a leading New York Ukrainian furrier, Michael Turansky. Lieut. Turansky, according to the report, spends a good deal of his time "in conference" with tribal chieftains, and in training a small number of Liberians who will take over and operate the equipment when the soldiers leave. Frequent gifts of eggs, chickens, bananas, pine apples, oranges, and avacadoes testify to the gratitude of natives who realize opening of the road will bring them marked economic advantages.

At present not a single highway crosses the Negro republic, a country of some 45,000 square miles. Two-thirds of the existing roads are confined to the two Firestone rubber plantations; the longest, single stretch runs 50 miles southeastward from Monrovia, the capital. One sizable road section can be used only by automobiles carried through the bush in parts and then assembled. Past construction of many other sections has halted at streams too large to bridge with materials and equipment on hand.

With the rainy season approaching rapidly, the soldier-road builders are moving ahead rapidly, intense heat and high bush notwithstanding. The khaki-clad highway builders bivouac just as if they were battling with guns, instead of bulldozers. Their camp moves along with the road. They enjoy the advantages that come with roomy tents, cots, electric lights hooked up to a portable power plant, a motorized water purification unit and a portable shower bath (home made), but they must also endure a blistering sun and other hardships inflicted by one of the toughest regions on earth.

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boys, former members of the choir, who are now serving in the armed forces, many of them overseas and in the battle lines. He heard frequently from many of them, and wrote to them often.