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# The Ukrainian Weekly

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## The "Curzon Line"

In her timely column in last Wednesday's New York Times on "The Ukrainian Aspect of the Soviet-Polish Border Dispute," the noted commentator on European affairs, Anne O'Hare McCormick, concluded her remarks with the observation that the "Ukrainians, in fact, are a third though submerged party to the dispute."

"Submerged" is certainly the word for it. In the reams of copy being now written on the Soviet-Polish border dispute there is hardly a mention of that "Ukrainian aspect" to which Mrs. McCormick alludes. All, of course, admit that the Ukrainians constitute the preponderant majority of the population of the territory in question, namely, Western Ukraine. Yet hardly anyone attempts to present their side of the story—that they, like other enslaved peoples, also want their national freedom. Practically all press and radio commentators treat them as mere pawns in the game played by the occupants of their native land.

In reality, the Ukrainians are not pawns. They and their centuries-old struggle for national freedom have definitely shaped the history and national policies of Russia and Poland—something which for obvious reasons the ruling regimes of these two countries always tried to hide from the eyes of world opinion; in fact, they have even attempted to becloud the very national identity of the Ukrainians. Nevertheless, the influence of the "Ukrainian aspect" on the Russian and Polish policies has most always been an important one. Mrs. McCormick recognizes this fact when she notes in her column that the "Ukrainian question is perhaps the strongest reason for the claim of the Soviet Union to the territory east of the so-called 'Curzon Line,' because 'Stalin is resolved not to have possible springboards for Ukrainian independence movements on the border of the Soviet Ukraine.'" Less informed and astute international observers, however, appear to be blind to this fact.

Such general ignorance concerning the Ukrainian situation enables those who would profit by it to even juggle with history in order to attain their ends. A case very much in point here is the recent Soviet statement itself on the frontier dispute.

In that official statement the Soviets declare that the future "Soviet-Polish border could approximately follow the so-called Curzon Line, which was adopted in 1919 by the Supreme Council of Allied Powers and which provided for the incorporation of the western Ukraine and western White Russia into the Soviet Union."

That is certainly juggling with historical facts. The statement is misleading. The truth of the matter is that in 1919 there was no Soviet Union. The Soviet Union did not come into being until several years later. Moreover, when the so-called "Curzon Line" was proposed by the Supreme Council in 1919, the issue then did not concern the Soviets. It was merely whether Eastern Galicia (chief part of Western Ukraine) should go to Poland, or whether it should be allowed to exercise its right of national self-determination. The Soviets were no party to the proceedings then at all. They came into the "Curzon Line" picture later, but not in the manner the current Moscow statement portrays it.

To better see this picture, it is necessary to go back some twenty-five years to the time when Ukraine was in the midst of a merciless war to retain her new-won national independence. That independence had dawned when following the Russian Revolution the Ukrainians of Dnieper Ukraine established their Ukrainian National Republic, with Kiev as its capital. Exactly one year later, by the Act of Union of January 22, 1919 the Ukrainian National Republic incorporated the Western Ukrainian Republic, which had been established, with Lviv

as its capital, following the collapse of Austria-Hungary. This inspiring union, incidentally, represents the national objective of Ukrainian patriots, then and since. Efforts of the Ukrainians then to retain their national sovereignty and unity, however, soon became frustrated by the hostility and ambition of their neighbors, by the ravages of a typhus epidemic, and the lack of understanding in Western Europe of the Ukrainian problem.

From all sides enemies converged upon the heroic Ukrainian republic. In the southwest Rumania was seizing the provinces of Bukovina and Bessarabia, which had previously expressed their intentions of becoming part of the Ukrainian republic. From the west Polish forces were steadily advancing deeper into Western Ukraine, aided considerably by French materiel and officers, and also by General Haller's Polish Army, recruited here in America and trained in France—ostensibly to fight the Reds but actually used against the Ukrainians. From the east and south the forces of the Ukrainian republic had to fight against the royalist Russian armies of Denikin. And from the north came another powerful enemy, the Bolsheviks.

In the course of this struggle for their national independence, the Ukrainians appealed time and again to the Allied Powers for support of their right to national self-determination, upon which they had relied when they had established their independent state. The Allied Supreme Council took cognizance of those appeals which pertained to Eastern Galicia; for by the Treaty of St. Germain, Austria had renounced its rights and title over that "Ukrainian Piedmont" in favor of the Allies. Thus the question which group to recognize—the Ukrainian or Polish—came before the Supreme Council. In all fairness, it must be said that the Council really made efforts to give the Western Ukrainians the right of self-determination. But every such effort was balked by the Poles, who desired to occupy all of Western Ukraine, and who felt quite safe in their stand with French support behind them. Thus every solution advanced by the Council was rejected by the Poles, including even a proposed mandate of Poland over Eastern Galicia for 25 years, with a plebiscite at the end of that period. Finally, the Council made one more vain effort. To settle the Polish-Ukrainian problem it promulgated in December, 1919 a tentative line of demarcation, running roughly along the San River. Everything west of this territory was held to be indisputably Polish; the territory to the east remained to be adjudicated.

This, then was the original "Curzon Line." As can be seen, the Soviets were no party to it at all. In fact, at that time, the Soviet forces were in a very precarious position, occupying but little of Ukraine. At about that time, too, the Allies were basing their hopes on the possibility that the Denikinites (royalist, "white" Russians) would be able to overthrow the Soviet regime. That is precisely why the Supreme Council in setting up that forerunner of the "Curzon Line" left undecided the status of the territory east of it, although it clearly belonged to the Ukrainian republic.

The first contact the Soviets had with the "Curzon Line" was in the summer of 1920, in the midst of the Soviet-Polish war. The Poles were then in serious difficulties. They appealed to the Allied powers. It was then that the British Foreign Secretary proposed an armistice, recommending that the Poles should return to the Supreme Council's tentative line, but extending north of Eastern Galicia this time. Lord Curzon thus gave his name to the line but not, unhappily, to a settlement. The war continued with fluctuating fortunes until the Riga peace conference in October, at which the Poles got 450,000 square kilometers of Ukrainian territory.

And yet even then there was no Soviet Union. The official participants at the Riga conference were representatives of Poland, of a "independent and sovereign" Ukrainian S.S.R.,

(Concluded on page 6)

## A SHORT HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN MUSIC

By DR. ALEXANDER KOSHETZ  
(Translated by W. Paluk)  
(Concluded) (6)

Together with the Opera, our instrumental music of all sorts and tendencies is now beginning to achieve commendable stature, and to progress by leaps and bounds, starting with symphonies, concertos, ensembles, and encompassing short works, wholly instrumental, and solo and choral singing as well. Moreover, the modern outside world is becoming acquainted with our new music in concerts through our contemporary artists: Mikisha, Rudnitsky, Boychenko, in Europe, and Prydatkevich, and Pecheniha-Ouglitsky in the United States, and Lubka Koless in Canada; just as earlier it had learned to appreciate our songs as interpreted by the Ukrainian National Chorus of Alexander Koshetz. Assisting them in this task are such vocal artists as Maria Sekil, Olga Lepkova, Maria Hrehmatska, Michael Holynsky, and Peter Ordynsky, and some young Ukrainian-American artists as well who were born and reared here.

As regards choral art, in Ukraine it never suffered an eclipse. Ukraine has always been the treasure-house of choral singers and choral songs. Our chroniclers, as early as the 12th century, tell of the national choral singing of our ancestors. The "Studite Ustaw (Corpus) of Kiev-Pecherska Lavra," instituted by St. Theodosius in 1029, devoted its main efforts to choral church singing. The school of "Demesticos" organized at the "Desyatina" (Tithe) Church in Kiev by Prince Volodimir in the 10th century; our collections of "Two-verse Tunes" and "Three-verse Tunes" of the 14th and 15th centuries, the works of our composers of the 17th century for 4, 6, 8, 12, and 24 voices—all make clear the fact that choral singing in Ukraine was never silenced, but always advanced, achieving the highest peaks of technique. The Chorus of the Kiev Church Brotherhood, for example, entranced the foreigners Herbinus (1675) and Deacon Paulo Alyepsky (1654); the Russian Czar's Chorus, composed of Ukrainians, under the direction of Bortniansky, awoke high admiration with its singing of Haydn and Beethoven in 1769, in Vienna. Private choruses, in the employ of Ukrainian aristocracy, and of the Hetmans (Rozumowsky), in Churches, Monasteries, Episcopal Cathedrals—all became famous for their excellent voices and their rendition of the most difficult numbers. The choir of Y. Kalishevsky (1856-1923) at the Kiev St. Sofia Cathedral, was regarded by Chaikowsky as the best choir in Europe, and the Ukrainian Republic's Chorus (Ukrainian National Chorus) of Alexander Koshetz during its world's tour (1919-1924), amazed everyone with its highest choral art, gaining laurels and triumphs for Ukrainian song and for Ukrainian people.

Thus Ukrainian music up to the present has always had at its basis the musico-creative genius of our people, which has served as a national corner-stone, and also as an invaluable signpost for national effort—towards music that is Ukrainian, and not territorial in essence. Regardless of the unfriendly political and historical circumstances, the purely national foundation always played a constructive role from ancient times; it called into being the national renaissance in the last century, and now it augurs a bright future for our music, which already is preparing itself for an eagle-like flight. But, given masters of world fame, our music still awaits the musical genius. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!" we will say in the words of the Apocalypse.

The End

## Ukrainian Christmas and New Year's Customs

By HONORE SWACH

**The Symbolism of Christmas.**  
Each Ukrainian family enacts symbolically at Christmas the drama of Christ's coming into the world and enriches it with the rituals of the pre-Christian Thanksgiving Day that took place at the time when, after the winter solstice, the day began to increase again.

Now let us trace both elements in the Ukrainian Christmas.

On Christmas Eve the whole family awaits for the first star to appear in the sky. The star reminds them of the star that led the three wise men to Bethlehem, to see the Baby Jesus. The appearance of this star is the signal for the family to enact the drama of Christ's Nativity. The head of the family brings a large bundle of either straw or hay into the main room of the house and greets those present with: "Christ is born!" And the whole family answers: "Glory be to Him!"

Then all the children pounce upon the bundle of hay or straw and start spreading it all over the floor, pretending to be domestic chickens and saying, "kvok, kvok, sto kurok," meaning "Cluck, cluck, let there be a hundred chickens." In the meantime the grown-ups scatter candies and nuts on the straw-covered floor for the children to pick up. The straw or hay symbolizes the hay on which Christ lay in the manger. Yet the clucking of children points out too well that the hay or straw-spreading ritual is of pre-Christian origin. Then it signified to the ancestors of the present Ukrainians one of the bounties given to man by Day-Boh, that is God the Giver. The clucking of the children on the hay is another of the pre-Christian Thanksgiving Day's rituals, expressing the wish of the family that it be blessed next year with plenty of fowl.

After a while the head of the family enters again, with a large sheaf of wheat or rye. He puts the sheaf in the corner, in the place of honor behind the table, where the long benches, running along the walls, meet. The very name of the Christmas sheaf explains its symbolic significance. It is called either briefly Dyed, that is Grandfather, or Dyedookh, meaning the Grandfather's Spirit. That means that the ancient Ukrainians symbolically used to invite to their Thanksgiving Day's celebration also the spirits of their dead ancestors. The sheaf represents the most recent head of the family, who has passed away, and the blades of the hay or stems of the straw on the floor (also known as Dyedookh) represent all the ancestors of the family and mankind in general.

After the Grandfather Sheaf is put in the place of honor behind the table, the head of the family and the rest of the family kneel down and pray. The head of the family solemnly chants the Lord's Prayer and the others repeat the prayer in a half-audible tone. This prayer is really the Christmas blessing for the bountiful supper on the table.

Sometimes a little of choice hay is put right under the table and a few blades of it are also spread under the white table-cloth on the table. The old people explain that this wisep of choice hay is the symbol of the hay on which Christ the Baby lay in the manger.

In the center of the table we see two round loaves of bread, made of choicest flour. Usually the Christ-two round loaves of bread, made of coils of dough. The second loaf is put on top of the first one. A hole is made in the centre of the upper loaf and a big candle inserted in it. When the candle is lighted, the other lights in the room are blown out. The whole family sits down at the table, on both sides of the head of

the family, who sits next to the Grandfather-Sheaf.

The coiled loaves of bread are symbolic of the grain bounties received from God the Giver. The wax candle reminds one of the gifts brought by God's little servants, the bees. The light of the candle reminds the ancient Ukrainians of God as the Light-Giver, as the sun was their symbol of God. Now Christ is regarded as the Light of Mankind.

The first Christmas dish is Kutya made of the choicest essence of all foods: of the boiled grain seeds and honey. As the family sits down at the table the head of the family dips his spoon in the Kutya, saying, "May God bless us!" He lifts the filled-up spoon high above the dish, and then with a sudden movement of his hand sends the grain of the boiled wheat flying towards the ceiling. Then the merriment begins. Every one at the table wants to catch as many grains as possible. It means that so many swarms of bees may be caught by the members of the family next summer.

After eating a few spoonfuls of Kutya the whole family sings a carol and eats dish after dish, such other eleven courses, as beet-soup, Holubtsi, all kinds of boiled dumplings, and other such appetizing foods.

### Happy New Year!

All over the world people greet New Year with joy. All over the world people drink, play, dance, and make merry on the night before the New Year.

Ukrainians put on quaint costumes and masks and go from house to house, wishing everybody a Happy New Year. Young men form little dramatic groups, dress up as maidens and their gallants and go on from house to house, with a little band of musicians, and arrange a dancing party for the maidens. The girls of the house have to wait patiently till the group of masqueraders reaches their home. Then they dance with the young men of the masqueraders. There is a special kind of dancing for the occasion. It is called in Ukrainian *plyasati*. A young man dances in front of the maiden with hat in his hands in front of him, now coming near to the maiden, then moving away from her backwards, and again, coming forwards, all the time rhythmically stamping his feet and singing suitable New Year's ditties. Such little New Year's ditties are called *plyasanki*. One of them sounds like this:

Here I come dancing,  
Knowing her kindness,  
Lassie will tip me  
With a silver quarter.

Then flop! goes the *pivzolitii* into the dancer's hat. Well, you know, the young men need many quarters for the New Year's carousal next morning at the public inn. And as every maiden regards that it is but proper to contribute her yearly mite to the young men's new Year's carousal fund, all are happy and satisfied.

Then, just as the masqueraders fade out into the public inns from the scene, groups of young boys start their round of going from house to house with New Year's greetings.

As the group of young boys enter a house early in the morning of the New Year, each boy takes out from his bag, slung across his shoulders, handful of mixed grain and starts sowing it all over the floor of the room. As the boys sow their New Year's grain in the parlor of the house, they chant, saying something like this: "We sow here rye, wheat, and other grains and wish that you may have this coming year a bountiful crop. We wish you all good luck and health on this New Year's Day."

## WHAT THEY SAY

General Henry H. Arnold, chief of the Army Air Forces:

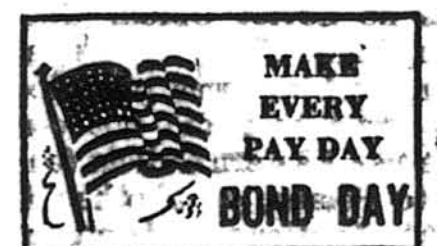
"Charts, graphs and strategy would mean nothing without the devotion, anger and bitter pride of our men. The reading public has been almost surfeited with fabulous accounts of how they live and what they do, how after having had three engines and a wing shot off they come in on the other wing, one engine and a prayer. Unfortunately, it always takes two wings and usually two engines to return. The crews are made up of men, and it is as men, not as heroes, that have to fight this war. It is a dirty war, as dirty as any. Heroes or not, our men have done heroic things...not without regard to consequences, as some like to think, but knowing full well what the odds were... Behind them, and behind every man in uniform are men and women who work in our aircraft factories, the farmers who raise their food, the miners who bring up the ore, the women who make parachutes, the 600,000 volunteers who acted as plane spotters until they could be released for other defense work. But final tribute must be to the airmen who pit their flesh, skill and steel against the flesh, skill and steel of our enemies. It is they who are fighting this war."

Carl W. Ackerman, dean of Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism:

"Immediately after the war there must be an end to secret international conferences and to official governmental propaganda financed and operated for the purpose of influencing public opinion in foreign countries. Every nation in the Western Hemisphere, whether large or small, is entitled to international news freedom without being subject to international propaganda pressures and inducements. Even the Government of the United States of North America should go out of the international propaganda business, first of all within the Western Hemisphere, so that the free flow of information between all nations, victor and vanquished alike, may be on a basis of equality from the standpoint of news interest and values."

Paul V. McNutt, chairman of the War Manpower Commission:

"Women have more than the usual reason for accepting part-time employment. Wives of service men may find need for additional income and discover that their household duties have measurably decreased after one or more of the family have entered the Armed Forces. These conditions increase the possibility of part-time work for women. In Great Britain more than 650,000 women—ten percent of the female labor force—are employed part-time... Experience abroad and our own limited experience here demonstrates the practical usefulness of part-time labor supplies. As the labor force approaches its war-time peak, the large pool of potential part-time workers—students, homemakers, and some employed workers—will increasingly be drawn upon to provide additional manpower."



Then it is the house-lord's or house-lady's turn to reward them adequately for their kind New Year's wishes. A tempting pice of honeycake or a penny is all that the rosy-cheeked village boys expect for their New Year's sowing.

Happy New Year!  
Shchaslyoho Novoho Roku!

# "Hear Ukraine Sing"

**D**ELAYED by war priorities on the necessary materials, the production of the recordings of Ukrainian songs made last summer by the Ukrainian Chorus under the direction of Prof. Alexander Koshetz, has now begun, and the "Hear Ukraine Sing" album will be released some time next month. In the meanwhile we present below to our readers a brief outline of the songs that appear in the album. (The numbers listed, alongside the titles are those of the records.)

The twenty-seven songs selected by Dr. Koshetz for this Hear Ukraine Sing album of ten records, reflect in general the main features of Ukrainian song and melody. They are grouped here into nine different types.

The first group is represented by "Incarnation of Christ the Lord" (Boh predvichny; arr. by Koshetz; 101A), a Christmas carol, purely religious in origin (18th century), and yet so widely popular that it is generally classed as a folk song. "God the Eternal has been born on this day," the song says, "to bring all humanity peace and salvation."

The second group, consisting of three carols: "In the Jordan River" (Oy, na ritchisl, no Ordani; arr. by Stetsenko; 102A), "Oh, Wondrous Nativity" (Oy, dyvnye narozhdenia; arr. by Koshetz; 102A), and the "Miracle of Nativity" (Scho to za predyvo; arr. by Koshetz; 103B)—are truly folk songs in origin and character. In them Christ's nativity is depicted in typical folk phrases and manner. The first, for example, tells of Virgin Mother washing chrisom cloth in the Jordan river and then swaddling Christ Child in them; three angels come flying down and take Jesus with them to Heaven, which opens and reveals all the Saints worshipping Him.

The third group, "The Moon in the Sky" (Khodyw pakhodyw, mislats po nebi; arr. by Stetsenko; 103A), and "Christ the Plougher" (V'poli, poli, pluzhok etc; arr. by Leontovich; 101B) are *shedrivky*—New Year's carols, pagan in origin, with Christian accretions, and rooted deeply in Ukrainian folk life. In the second *shedrivka*, for example, Christ is depicted plowing a field; Virgin Mother brings Him his noonday meal and urges him to even greater efforts, so that the crop may be all the greater and enrich mankind.

In the fourth group, "A Falcon Flew Upon the Windowsill" (Pryletiw sokil do vikontsia; arr. by Stupnitsky; 101B), "Marusia and the Peacock" (V'lysku, na zhovtim pisku; arr. by Koshetz; 102B), and the "Cembalists Are Playing at the Inn" (Na horontsi v'zlotiy korchmontsi; arr. by Stetsenko; 103A)—are New Year's carols of pagan origin which with the passage of time gradually entered the cycle of present-day carols. Typical of the three is the last-named song, which tells of three cembalists playing on "golden-stringed cembalos" in an inn on top of a hill. Dancing to their music and quaffing wine and hydromel is Hannah. Her father arrives to fetch her home, but she does not leave until she has finished her merry-making. Reaching home she finds a pleasant surprise—matchmakers awaiting her. The soprano solo part in the first song, "A Falcon," is sung by Mary Polynack.

The fifth group in this album embraces several historical songs drawn from the 18th century: (1) "Beautiful Bondarivna" (Pro Bondarivnu; arr. by Lysenko; 104B), depicts the tragedy of a beautiful Kozak maiden who was killed by the despotic Polish Starosta of Kaniv, Mikola Pototsky (1712-1782), because she had repulsed his bold attentions and slapped his face. "Ataman Kharko Rides" (Mide Kharko z Turechyny; arr. by Koshetz; 110B) deals with a Kozak chieftain of that name who won fame during the Ukrainian revolt against the Poles in 1735. The baritone solo in this song is sung by Peter Ordynsky. (2) "Kozak's Nostalgia" (Oy, siv puhach na mohyll; arr. by Lysenko; 100A) is characteristic of the sorrowful period in Ukrainian history following the destruction (1775) by Empress Catherine II of Ukrainian Kozak liberties, the famed Zaporozhian Sitch stronghold below the Dnieper river rapids. (3) "Her Beloved Slain in Battle" (Shumayt hude dibronka; arr. by Hayvoronsky; 107A) is a vignette of the turbulent times of the 16th and 17th centuries when the Ukrainians had to constantly battle against the invading Turkish and Tartar hordes. In this song a maiden sees a column of mounted Kozak troops approaching down the road; she vainly looks for her sweetheart among them, and finally she sees his horse—riderless.

Folk songs typifying Ukrainian family life comprise the sixth group in this album: "A Hutsul Lullaby" (Koliskova; arr. by Koshetz; 110A), "The Lonely Widow" (Oy, sama ya; arr. by Koshetz; 107B), "Mother Knows Best" (Viter povivaye; arr. by Koshetz; 106B) and "Gone Are My Youthful Years" (Oy, po horakh, po dolinakh; arr. by Koshetz; 109B). In the "Hutsul Lullaby" the soprano solo is sung by Alice Onufryk-Shumeyko.

Patriotic songs are represented in the album by the "Ukraine We Will Revive" (Chervona Kalyna; arr. by Koshetz; 105B)—one of the most popular marching songs of the Ukrainian soldiers during the war for Ukrainian independence twenty-five years ago, which resulted in the short-lived Ukrainian National Republic.

Of the humorous songs the album contains "A Marriage Be-moaned" (Ta, hida ozhenyvalis; arr. by Koshetz; 108A), which tells of a man's regret of having taken himself a flirtatious wife, and "Mushroom Picking She Went" (Openky; arr. by Lysenko; 107B), which tells of the troubles of a maiden who ventures into the woods to pick mushrooms and there encounters several amorously-inclined Kozaks.

Love songs, constituting the seventh group, consist here of (1) "A Spurned Maiden's Lament" (Boday taya stepovaya mohyla zapala; arr. by Koshetz; 108B), wherein the soprano solo is sung by Mary Polynack; (2) "The Merry Shepherd" (Po tim botsi Dunayu; arr. by Koshetz; 105A); (3) "Longing For Her Beloved" (Oy, siv poyikhav; arr. Leontovich; 108A); (4) "The Parting" (Oy, vid sodu; arr. by Leontovich; 106A); and (5) "Sorrowing Kozak" (Molody kozache, chohe zakhuryvsia; 104A), a ballad telling of a Kozak in quest of good fortune; finally he finds it, but it is as black and forbidding as a sea in storm.

The tenth and final group of folk songs in this album are the dance songs: the lively Kolomeyka (arr. by Koshetz-Kelassa; 105A),

# Captain Courageous, Model 1943

Leader of First Overseas WAC Group Reports

**W**HENEVER the air raid alarms sounded in Algiers and the anti-aircraft gun crews ran their stations there was always one crew that would slap the barrels of their Bo-fors and fifty-caliber guns and shout—"Give 'em one for the Wacs, baby. Give 'em one for the Wacs!"

"They were the gun crews stationed near the WAC barracks," said Captain Frances Marquis, Commanding Officer of the first contingent of the Women's Army Corps in North Africa. "I guess they liked us," she said. "Or maybe it was our chow. The cooks were always whipping up special dishes for them, and the minute the all-clear sounded, they said good-bye to their guns and dashed for our kitchen."

Just back from North Africa, Captain Marquis gave a graphic picture of the life of the Women's Army Corps in Algiers. "The Army accepted us as wholeheartedly as anything I've ever seen," she said. But she laughed as she talked about the struggle she had in convincing officers that Wacs wanted to tackle the hard jobs with the soft.

"We came over with about a dozen drivers," she said, "but the Army thought driving was a man's job. Finally, they said we could assign one driver. We picked the prettiest girl we had, who at the same time was probably the best driver, and sent her off with the fate of others in her hands." The driver, who was Technician 5th Grade Pearl Hargrave, not only convinced the Army that Wacs could drive but went them one better. Sent along with a soldier who was driving the official armored car to meet some distinguished officers, including some generals at the air field, Corporal Hargrave drove off with the generals, leaving the soldier to escort a few second lieutenants.

Taking over many of the specialized jobs in the North African Theater, Wacs worked as code clerks, stenographers, and interpreters—twenty-five of them even learning teletyping at the last minute when there was a sudden shortage in the message centers. They were carefully classified according to their previous training and occupations. One of the Wacs, Sergeant Nana Rae, who had been secretary to a steamship executive in New York, was the first enlisted woman secretary to General Eisenhower. Because she had majored in psychology in college, another woman fitted perfectly into the Psychological Warfare Division. A former legal stenographer was assigned to the Judge Advocate General's Department, and one of the Wacs who had spent ten years in France with her father, a former consul in France, and spoke the language fluently, acted as interpreter over the telephone. The Wacs in North Africa have belied the age-old idea that women cannot hold their tongues. Wacs worked in Air Force headquarters and knew the comings and goings of every plane. They even worked with a group which planned the invasion of Sicily and knew the exact place, date, and time of the invasion.

When the Wacs first arrived in

North Africa, they lived in an ancient convent which had its own farm and cattle and gardens on a hilltop just outside of Algiers. Later, when the U. S. Army Band arrived, it was decided that the only place they could rehearse without disturbing the whole theater of operations was on the hilltop, so the Wacs moved to a modern apartment house in town. They do their own cooking, and their food is the talk of North Africa. Army officers from other outfits are constantly sending over their mess sergeants to pick up culinary tricks from the women, and once a month, when the Wacs hold open house, they have a field day, whipping up specialties for men, like chocolate cake—a miracle only made possible through a trade between the American Army, which had too much spinach, and the British Army, which had too much chocolate.

"When the Wacs arrived in Algiers," Captain Marquis said, "delegations of soldiers kept coming to the gates of the convent asking what they could do to entertain them." The women were invited to so many dances that they finally had to be limited to two a week. When the First Division returned from the front after the invasion of Sicily, Captain Marquis saw four of its soldiers looking very lonesome on a street corner. She invited them for supper, served them roast beef, and even brought out real china for the occasion. The next day, twenty soldiers came. The next day, thirty. In desperation, they set the daily quota of guests at twenty-five. Busy as they are, the Wacs can still find time for romance. "One of our women married a British lance corporal," reported Captain Marquis, "and along with the wedding bells, every ship in the harbor added a real fifteen-gun salute. The couple had picked a perfect day—the Fourth of July."

Fitted for her work as officer in charge of the first Wacs in North Africa by a long record as an executive, Captain Marquis is a graduate of Simmons College, and studied economics at the University of Illinois, and philosophy at Columbia. After serving fourteen years as concert manager of Town Hall, she was assistant director of the American Women's Association in charge of Education and Recreation and left her post as executive secretary of the Women's City Club of New York to join the WAC.

"Yes, I'd like to go overseas again," said Captain Marquis, who is now telling the story of Wacs overseas in speeches throughout the country.

Just before she left North Africa, Captain Marquis received two special medals. Because of her assistance to the Women's Motor Corps of the French army in North Africa, the commanding officer of the 1st Zouave Regiment made her the first American woman member of the regiment, stating that: "Captain Marquis gave the best possible example of cooperation between the two women's armies." And a Franco-American organization, La Bonne Volunte, added the second—a large bronze medal for the contribution that Captain Marquis made in promoting friendship between the Americans and the French.

and the merry "Play For Me, Oh Hrytz" (Vlydy Hrytsiu na vulytsiu; arr. by Koshetz; 106A), the latter which tells of a maiden waiting for her sweetheart and being accosted by a happy-go-lucky swain who tries to tempt her to go merrymaking with him.

## THE CHORUS

Members of the Ukrainian Chorus which under the direction of Dr. Koshetz made this "Hear Ukraine Sing" album of recordings, are mostly of the younger generation of Americans of Ukrainian descent. Like many others of their kind throughout the country they look upon Ukrainian songs as one of the finest aspects of their Ukrainian cultural heritage. This heritage they strive to cultivate in order that its best elements may gradually find their way into the stream of American culture.

S. S.

# The Flower of Happiness and Fortune

By BOHDAN LEPKY

Translated by Stephen Shumeyko

As far back as he could remember, the little boy had heard people speak of "happiness."

"What is happiness?" he once asked his mother, his blue eyes regarding her gravely.

"Happiness, my child, is fortune," she replied.

"And what is fortune?"

She pondered for a moment. It was difficult to answer this question in terms simple enough for the child to understand. So finally she said:

"Fortune, my little one, is a flower which is very hard to find."

"Is this flower beautiful, mother?"

"Beautiful, do you say? Why of course it is. Very beautiful indeed. So much so that when you look upon it your eyes gladden at the sight, your heart quickens with happiness, and you can hardly tear yourself away from it."

"Mother, I want this beautiful flower. Tell me where it grows, and I shall go after it. Yes, I shall go for it, and bring it back for you and me."

"You have no need for it, my dear one," his mother said kindly, kissing his fair head. "You are too young yet, not strong enough to go after this flower; and it is far beyond the waters, too far away for you. You don't need such a flower now anyway; you're too young yet. When you grow bigger and stronger, however, then you can go in quest of it."

"No, I won't wait until I grow bigger and stronger. I want it now. Please, mother, tell me where I can find it."

And "tell me" and "tell me" the child kept on pleading, until finally, to put an end to it, mother took him by the hand, led him over to the window, and showed him the lake. (Their home stood on a knoll, at the foot of which was the lake.)

"Over there, beyond the lake, there grow those flowers of happiness and fortune. See them?"

"Oh, I do, mother, I do! There's a whole meadow of them! And how beautiful they are, oh how beautiful! Are they far from here?"

"Very far. Can't you see? Far beyond the water."

At this the little lad grew silent, his big blue eyes gazing thoughtfully into the distance, to where the horizon gently touched the rippling waters.

Dusk fell. On the rim of the horizon a faint glow appeared, and a moment later the moon emerged, like a silver vessel. Slowly it sailed higher and higher into the dreamy and starlit sky.

"Mother!" exclaimed the little boy, leaping joyfully from his deep reverie. "You know what, mother?"

"What, my sweet?"

"I know something, but I won't tell you."

"Why won't you tell me?"

"Because I won't. You would be cross at me if I did."

"Why you little rascal. Don't you know that you must tell your mother everything?"

"Yes, I do, but this I won't tell you," replied the little boy, and cuddled his curly head against his mother's breast.

A few moments later he was already in bed. Mother led him in his prayer, told him to beg the Lord to take good care of daddy, brothers and sisters, and then tucked him in, made the sign of the cross over him, kissed him, and said "Sleep."

He closed his eyes and made believe he had fallen asleep. In fact, he even snored. But all the while he was awake. For no sooner had mother tiptoed out of the room, then he opened his eyes.

It was quite light in the bedroom. The moonlight flowed in through the window and shone upon the walls, the door, the holy pictures on the wall, and the furniture. Beneath the window, outside in the garden, the nightingale sang its rich lovesong, while from the lake came the faint babbling of water, as wavelets upon wavelets, tiny like wrinkles on an old man's face, plashed against the dam and shore. The boy pricked his ears.

"The lake is calling me," he thought. "It tells me it will carry me far yonder into the meadows where grow these flowers of happiness and fortune. My, aren't those flowers beautiful though! There are no more beautiful flowers in the whole world. I wonder why people don't pluck them? Aha, I think I know. It is because they can't get to them, they don't know how to swim across the water. But I do. Just wait until dawn comes, then I shall go after them.—Yes, I will!"

The moon shone brighter and brighter, the nightingale kept on singing his melodies, while the wavelets continued their musical babbling and plashing.

Midnight passed. Before long, the short summer night was drawing to a close. Dawn was about to break. On the distant horizon appeared a long narrow streak of light, at first pale and indistinct, then larger and brighter. The stars began to pale and disappear; the nightingale grew silent. A chill early morning breeze rustled through the grove trees. Dew-drops trembled on the flower-petals.

The boy was wide awake. His chest rose and fell in excitement, his eyes shone, and his lips burned. He raised his head and then cautiously sat up. For a moment he listened intently. All was still in the house. Even the old black cat that usually was fond of hunting at this time, was lying still by the oven, like a black clod of earth. Silently, the boy climbed out of bed, tiptoed over to the window, and gently open it.

From the sill to the ground was but a few feet. Stealthily he climbed through the window and stepped down on the grass. He shook from the chill, as the cold dew wet his warm feet and the cool morning air penetrated his body. Making sure that no one was about, he broke into a run, heading towards the lake. The exertion quickly warmed him. Swiftly his pattering feet carried him over near the dam. There he paused. Now he could hear the babbling and plashing of the water much better. And now too he could sense the water begging him to step into its cold embrace.

"Come, little boy," it seemed to say. "I shall carry you over to the other side, there where the beautiful flower of happiness and fortune grows. It is dazzling and so fragrant! No one has seen its like before. Come! Don't be afraid!"

Stretching his arms before him, the boy waded into the lake.

Over yonder on the horizon dawn had arrived. In its center there shone a gleaming golden ball, whose rays cast flickering flames upon the restless waters. Each incoming wavelet grew brighter, reflecting the rays like the scales of a fish. Stepping through these liquid scales the little boy waded in deeper and deeper. He was trembling with cold and excitement, while his eager eyes fastened on the golden horizon drew him constantly onward.

Suddenly he saw a large white bird swimming toward him. Slowly it bore down upon him, like a sailing vessel in a gentle breeze, its wings rising and falling gently, its legs guiding it. It was a swan. Beyond it there appeared another, tall and white, with a gracefully arched neck.

"Take me, o white swan, take me and carry me across this water. I won't weigh you down. Look, how small I am."

Thus spoke the little boy; but the swan appeared not to hear him and drew close to him. Curiously it examined him, nodded its head wisely, then nudging with its wing its mate, it seemed to say something to her. With one accord, both of them wheeled and swam away.

"Wait!" cried the boy. "Don't go away. Please take me across with you."

But the swans paid no attention to him. Faster and faster they swam through the glimmering wavelets.

"Wait!" the boy cried out through tears, plunging through the water after them.

The tiny waves and ripples glitter and flame, the wind skips lightly over their crests, carrying with it the sweet smells of the forest—while the little boy plunges deeper and deeper into the lake. Already only his head shows, then his hands, and then his hair, floating on the water...

By the bedside of the unconscious child the doctor sits, his brow furrowed, listening intently to the faint beats of the heart. The poor mother looks on him like on some prophet.

"Will he live?"

"Will he live?" the doctor ruminates. "Yes, if God so wills. If he has a strong constitution, then with God's help he will get well. But if not, then he shall set on his way in quest of happiness and fortune."

The eyelids of the little boy flutter open, disclosing his bewildered eyes. He raises himself painfully and whispers through chapped lips:

"I want the flower. I want the flower of happiness and fortune... Please, let me go, so that I can get it..."

Many years have passed since that time. No one today would recognize the little curly-headed boy. He has grown and changed. He has become a man, one who has learned to know life.

Thanks to his studies in botany, he has learned to know all the flowers in the world; and he knows that over yonder, beyond the lake waters, there grows no flower of happiness and fortune.

He knows this... yet he always plunges into the waters of life and struggles after it, after this wonderful and beautiful flower of happiness and fortune.

Will he ever get it?

Who knows?

The End

## 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.

## To Publish Translation of Franko's "Zakhar Berkut"

An English translation of one of the most outstanding of Ivan Franko's works, the popular historical novel, "Zakhar Berkut," is now going to press, being published by its translator, Theodosia Boresky, the first Ukrainian American young woman to have an article, "Ukraine, The Forgotten Nation of Europe," appear in *The Commonweal* (a review of arts, literature and public affairs) in 1939.

Miss Boresky has also been a contributor of poems, articles and translated Ukrainian short stories to "Ukrainian Weekly," and other Ukrainian American publications as well.

"Zakhar Berkut," is a charming story of young love and adventure against a historical background, portraying the life and system of government of the people in the Carpathian region of Ukraine, during the 13th century, at the time of the Mongol invasion.

The English speaking public is little interested in Ukraine and its problems, its struggle for existence. Why should it be? Why should it seek information on the history of Ukraine? It is the Ukrainians and those sympathetic to the Ukrainian Cause who must publicize it and present the facts. It is not the duty of others to seek out and aid us, but rather it is our task to seek and obtain aid from various sources.

Poland no longer exists as a nation, yet daily we read about the plight of the Poles. But little is said about Ukraine—except of course in Ukrainian publications.

Mass meetings attended only by Ukrainians, big writeups only in Ukrainian papers do not influence or reach the people who might be able to help us, if they knew our problem, our history.

Hence it is the duty of each person of Ukrainian descent to help boost, support and back to the best of his ability every attempt to acquaint the Western world with the struggle of Ukraine for self-determination.

Unfortunately we lack a Ukrainian owned, English language press to print and publish works. However, an American printer has been found who is undertaking the greater part of the cost of the publication of "Zakhar Berkut," trusting that the Ukrainian American public will fully one among them who has undertaken the task of bringing this most worthy of Ukrainian works to publication, pertinent to the Ukrainian Cause, which it so ably and subtly outlines. Included as part of the book is a brief outline of Ukrainian history and the evolution of the Ukrainian problem.

If you are truly a freedom-loving Ukrainian, a believer with Franko's Zakhar Berkut in the time-honored precepts of our forefathers and their democratic principle of "one for all and all for one," then here is your opportunity to show it in a concrete way. Remember, the translator has no wealthy publishing organization behind her but must rely upon you, the English reading Ukrainian public, to promote collectively, through your pre-publication subscriptions, the printing of a large enough edition of this most significant of Ukrainian novels to attract the attention of the English speaking world. (A few books would be lost among Ukrainians alone, whereas a large edition is bound to stir up interest in literary circles).

Special pre-publication offer, \$2.15 including mailing. Cloth bound, gold stamped. Send orders to: Theodosia Boresky, 390 Ferry St., New Haven, 13, Conn.

EVERYBODY SAYING IN EVERY PAYDAY  WAR BONDS

## The Marine Corps Women's Reserve

Approximately 12,000 women have been sworn into the U. S. Marine Corps Women's Reserve, but thousands more are needed.

Women marines in fulfilling the primary purpose of their enlistment—to free a Marine to fight—may go into three major job classifications.

First, they may enter administrative or training work. Women so assigned, while not actually replacing fighting Marines, are vital to the operation of the Women's Reserve and, accordingly, to the efficient operation of the entire corps.

Second, they may take over in Marine Corps offices throughout the country. Most of these are stenographic and clerical. But there are many other jobs—for writers, for draftsmen, fingerprinters, mapmakers, telephone and teletype operators, quartermaster and paymaster clerks, message center personnel and other specialists.

Third, and probably most spectacular, is the work done by women in the numerous posts in aviation ground work. More than half of the women Marines are expected eventually to be placed in this work. Other jobs to be done are those of metalsmith, radio operator, light truck, bus and jeep driver, and many more not traditionally regarded as women's work.

The Women's Reserve of the U. S. Marines was authorized by Congress in an Act of 1942. Nationwide enrollment began February 13, 1943, under the direction of the appointed director, Mrs. Ruth Cheney Streeter, with the rank of Major. The commander of the Corps at that time announced that the Marines were extending membership to women on the same basis as men except for prohibition on combat or overseas duty.

Women Marines emerge from training versed in Marine Corps organization and administration, Marine Corps history, naval law and terminology, mapreading, military symbols, communications aircraft identification, characteristics of infantry weapons, and other pertinent subjects. They also know how to drill and how to perform interior guard duty. Thus equipped, they are either sent out on the job, or to any one of a number of specialist schools.

The Women's Reserve includes both commissioned officers and enlisted personnel. Both ranks and pay are the same as those for men in the Corps and it is possible for women to work their way up through the ranks into commissioned grades. The Women's Reserve allowances, privileges and special benefits are practically the same as those for men.

The U. S. Marine Corps Women's Reserve dates back to World War I when Josephus Daniel authorized enrollment of women in the Marine Corps Reserve on August 12, 1918. On September 1, 1918, there were 31 women on active duty and the number increased to 277 by November 11, 1918. Final records show a total enlistment of 305.

## Notice to the Subscribers OF "SVOBODA" AND "UKRAINIAN WEEKLY"

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.

WOULD YOU GIVE \$100 TO BRING VICTORY NEARER?—YOUR PURCHASE OF A \$100 WAR BOND MAY TURN THE TRICK!

## 1943 Ukrainian All-American Football Team

SIXTH ANNUAL SELECTION

By DIETRIC SLOBOGIN

(Released through Ukrainian News Service)

Although the 1943 football season is now history, we recall one factor that was outstanding: that football, like other competitive sports, was and is a definite part in the American way of life—that it will continue to be that; it will always be an indispensable part of America.

Just as in five previous years, Ukrainians have again stood out on the nation's gridirons, and we pay tribute to them with our sixth annual selection of an Ukrainian All-American Football Team.

### Marines Predominate

With the exception of Mike Yaremko, the Great Randolph Field Cotton Bowl signal-caller, we have an all-Marine Backfield in Villanova's Johny Dzitko, Bucknell's Mike Kosty-

Name of Player	School	Position	Class	Home Town
Nicholas Steshko	Purdue	End	Senior	Bayonne, N. J.
Mike Teslovich	Maryland	Tackle	Senior	Monessen, Pa.
Steve Kawchak	Duke	Guard	Fresh	Johnstown, Pa.
Joseph Tomcho	F. & M.	Center	Marine	Freeland, Pa.
Ed Mikula	Penn	Guard	Navy	Colver, Pa.
Michael Rapko	Minnesota	Tackle	Junior	Chisholm, Minn.
Henry Olshanski	Michigan	End	Marine	Wausau, Wisconsin
Michael Yaremko	Randolph Field	Back	Air Corps	Staten Island, N. Y.
Joe Andrejco (Capt.)	Dartmouth	Back	Marine	Beaver Meadows, Pa.
John Dzitko	Villanova	Back	Marine	Jersey City, N. J.
Mike Kostynick	Bucknell	Back	Marine	Hempstead, N. Y.

(The above can be republished by the permission of the Ukrainian News Service only).

### KNOX COMMENDS UKRAINIAN SEAMAN

John Wichot, seaman first class, U. S. Navy, Ukrainian by descent, former football star at Bethlehem High school, has been commended by Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, for his unselfish courage and endurance which he displayed as a member of the armed guard unit aboard an American merchantman torpedoed and sunk at night by an enemy submarine, the "Allentown Morning Call" recently reported (clipping sent to the Weekly by Mr. Wasyl Puchta of Trumbanesville, Pa.)

Wichot is the son of Elias Wichot, 1716 E. 3rd St., Bethlehem, Pa. He enlisted in the Navy, Sept. 24, 1942, and received his basic training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Ill. Following his basic, he entered armed guard school, at New Orleans, La. Before enlisting he was a member of the Ukrainian church choir in his locality.

He graduated from Bethlehem Technical High school with the class of 1941 and was home on a 21-day furlough last July. His family hasn't heard from him for about a month. He has been on many trips to undisclosed destinations.

The letter of commendation reads as follows:

"Reports of the disaster reveal that without warning a torpedo struck the port side after part of number five hatch with a tremendous explosion which instantly disabled the vessel, buckled the after gun platform, and caused the stern to sink below the surface of the water. Despite the fact that one of your comrades had been blown overboard and two more cruelly injured, the men of the Naval gun crew refused to abandon the sinking ship along with the other personnel and gallantly remained on board, manning the forward and amidships guns on the oil covered decks in utter disregard for their own safety for a full hour and ten minutes, hoping only for an opportunity to join battle with the enemy warship if she should surface.

"Shortly before the merchantman sank, you took to the remaining lifeboat and during the ensuing ten exhausting days on the open seas be-

nick, and the versatile great ex-Fordhamite, Joe Andrejco. In actual play, Mike could certainly tell his story to the Marines just as he told it to the nationally famous Glenn Dobbs, his teammate, and others. Joe Tomcho of a better than ever F. & M. eleven and the glue-fingered pass receiver of the Wolverines, Henry Olshanski, add more leatherneck trainees to this war-time all-star cast. Four great civilian gridders and a Naval trainee round out our forward wall representing Purdue, Maryland, Duke, Penn, and Minnesota.

We select as our captain—Joe Andrejco; our head coach of this mythical squad is Bronko Nagurski—one of the all-time greats in the grid game. And here's how they line up:

### THE DRAFT DODGER

I'm writing this short letter  
And every word is true.  
Don't look away, draft dodger,  
For it's addressed to you.  
You feel at ease, in no danger,  
Back in your old home town.  
You cooked up a pitiful story  
So the draft board would turn you  
down.

You never think of real men,  
Who leave home day by day;  
You just think of the girl friends  
You can get while they're away.  
You sit home and read your paper  
And jump and yell, "We'll win,"  
Just where do you get that "we"  
stuff

This war is won by men.  
Just what do you think, draft dodger,  
That this free nation would do,  
If all the men were slackers  
And scared to fight, like you?  
Well I guess that's all, Mr. Slacker,  
I suppose your face is red;  
America is no place for your kind  
And I mean every word I've said.  
So I'm closing this draft dodger  
Just remember what I say—  
Keep away from our girls, you slacker  
For we're coming back some day.

Pfc. Harry Hawrylew  
(Somewhere in England)



fore reaching land every man displayed remarkable fortitude, courageously maintaining efficiency at an exceptionally high level. Throughout the entire voyage you and your shipmates distinguished yourselves by outstanding coordination at all drills and by the unflinching prompt and willing manner in which you executed all commands.

"Your brave, aggressive fighting spirit and stamina on the above occasion were in keeping with the highest traditions of the U. S. Naval Service."

## UKRANDOMS

By ALEXANDER YAREMKO

If you're entitled or are contemplating to take a day off from work soon, make it on Saturday, January 22nd and come to good old Philly for an unusual week-end. For it is on this Saturday and Sunday, January 22nd and 23rd, that the Second Congress of Americans of Ukrainian Descent will convene in the famous Benjamin Franklin Hotel and the lovable Ukrainian National Hall on well-known Franklin Street. All Ukrainian churches, societies, fraternal branches, clubs and communities may send delegates and anyone may come as a guest. The two-day agenda calls for a dance, concert, dinners, a war bond drive, resolutions, speeches and public discussion on topics affecting our war effort and fate of tormented Ukraine.

The first congress of its kind, held in Washington in May of 1940, drew American-Ukrainians from all ranks of life, from all sections of north-eastern America, young and old, men and women, Catholics and Orthodox, professionals and laborers, rich and poor, in full harmony, in full accord, and proved to be a tremendous success. A number of senators and congressmen came to say a few words to the assembled eight hundred.

This year, due to war-time conditions, the number will be smaller but the purposes of the gathering are more important. For, in addition to the spirited war bond drive to be unleashed, January 22nd is historically dear to the heart of every Ukrainian throughout the world. For it was on January 22nd in 1919 that the Ukrainians unshackled the chains of subjugation from Russian, Polish and German exploiters to unite themselves—forty million strong, inhabiting an ethnographic area of 250,000 square miles, with Kiev as the people's capital—into an independent and indivisible Ukrainian National Republic. That happened twenty-five years ago—ten weeks after the Armistice.

So once again Ukraine appeared as a free nation on the map. Once again the Ukrainians ruled themselves, spoke and wrote in their own native language, issued Ukrainian stamps and currency, introduced Ukrainian laws and set up democratic machinery to govern themselves according to the principles of Christianity and Democracy.

Unfortunately, a free Ukraine was not in the economic interests of the powers and the rapacious neighboring countries and their combined armies invaded, attacked and plundered the hapless Ukrainians. Emerging from the free-for-all melee over the spoils of Ukraine were the Bolsheviks from Soviet Russia who overthrew the new-born republic and absorbed it into the then-forming Soviet Union. The Ukrainian republic was handed a communist regime, controlled by Moscow, and renamed "Soviet Ukraine." Most of Western Ukraine fell under the misrule of Poland.

Today, twenty-five years later, the fertile soil of Ukraine is once again a battleground, between the Nazis and the Soviets. Ukraine has been scorched, sacked and systematically plundered. Millions of Ukrainians have died or are slaves. Three years of such fortune are up in June. And so, as the fate of Ukraine and Ukrainians seems to be entering upon a new stage, the Ukrainian American meeting in Philadelphia on January 22nd will also commemorate this memorable day which may, if history repeats, find a succeeding date that will again announce to the world the emancipation of freedom-loving Ukrainians who inherently prefer to rule themselves and by a democratic regime.

## LEPKOVA RECITAL TOMORROW

Times Hall in New York City will be the scene of a recital tomorrow, (January 16) evening, at 8:30 by Olga Lepkova, Ukrainian mezzo-soprano. It will be under the management of the Columbia Concerts of the Arthur Judson, Inc.

The singer's program will include selections by Donizetti, Chopin, Reger, Meyerberger, Tschakowsky, and others. She will also sing a group of Ukrainian songs arranged by Barvinsky, Chysko, Lysenko, and Rudnitsky.

## THINGS ARE HUMMING OVER THERE, SGT. CLEM SAYS

## Wonders How Nazis Can Stand Punishment Much Longer

Take it from Staff Sergeant Andrew Clem, Jr., Ukrainian by descent, formerly of 70 Oak Street, New Britain, Conn. now of a United States Air Force Bombardment Squadron overseas, things are humming "over there" and, he writes, he doesn't see how the Germans can stand the punishment they are receiving much longer—according to a press clipping sent to the Weekly by Andrew Melnyk.

A gunner on a Flying Fortress with one Nazi plane to his credit and another "probable," the local man already has completed 42 missions and says "I admit I've been pretty lucky, but let them come on, we'll bounce 'em right back into the ocean."

He writes: "If it wasn't for civilian help back home we couldn't accomplish much around the fighting fronts."

## Quotes Prices

Sergeant Clem gives the prices of various articles and sundry along the North African shores.

For instance, 50 francs represents one American dollar, and that is why American soldiers spend it so quickly.

Prices sky high? Here's the table: One fried egg, 15 francs or 30 cents.

Horsemeat, 80 francs or \$1.60 and Vinó, or wine 250 to 350 francs a quart or \$5 to \$7 "and you can smell feet from it just as soon as you open the bottle."

Mournfully, Clem reports there is no beer around his particular camp but the Arabs serve up some stuff called "Anaset" which is supposed to rival our whisky and it really can score a haymaker on the individual who forgets to clock himself. But the fellows from the states have a N. G. (no good) sign on "Anaset" and the stock goes begging.

On yes, champagne. It's 1000 francs or \$20 a quart.

## MAKSYMOWICH ON FLORIDA ALL-STATE

A former resident of New York City, Taras Maksymowich, son of Anna and Nicholas Maksymowich, now living in Miami Beach, was named on the Florida High Schools' All State team, by coaches of various Florida schools and sportswriters.

After living in New York for 15 years Taras and his sister Olga moved with their family to Miami, where they are now living at 1333 18th Street. The entire family are members of the U. N. A. Branch 204 in New York City.

A scholarship was offered to Taras on his football ability, and if the war does not interfere with his plans he will attend Duke University in North Carolina.

Taras now attends Miami Edison Senior High in Miami and will graduate in June, 1944. Besides making the All-State team, Taras was chosen by the High School coaches in the city of Miami as All-City.

17 years of age Taras is 5 ft. 11 inches, weighs 175 and played center on his grid team.

## THE UKRAINIAN ASPECT OF THE SOVIET POLISH BORDER DISPUTE

By ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK

There is also a Ukrainian aspect of the Russian-Polish border dispute. It receives little attention in the current controversy because the question of the Ukraine has not actual political importance. Yet it is perhaps the strongest reason for the claim of the Soviet Union to the territory east of the so-called "Curzon Line," drawn rather hastily and casually after the last war, because there is no clear ethnographic boundary and no natural frontier in the vast and featureless plain.

The Russians have no strategic frontier against the Germans, as was demonstrated by the speed and ease with which the Wehrmacht jumped across the part of Poland the Red Army occupied as "security zone" under the terms of the Nazi-Soviet pact. They have no particular interest in extending their immense domain by incorporating a comparatively small strip of territory which for the most part was poor to begin with and is now devastated, thus adding to the huge area they have to rehabilitate. Part of this territory belonged to Russia before the last war, but so did Warsaw and much more of twice-partitioned Poland. Part belonged to Austria, including the important city of Lwow and the land running thence to the Carpathians and the Czechoslovak border. At the time of the Russian-Polish agreement of 1941 Stalin assured General Sikorski that he had no interest in this segment, and there is no definite evidence that he claims it today.

Nor has Russia any special interest in annexing the Polish population of Poland's pre-war eastern provinces. Estimates of the proportion of Poles to White Russians, Ukrainians and other racial elements vary widely, but the Poles probably number about one-half and the experience of Czarist Russia suggests that they might prove as indigestible in the Soviet Union as the Germans might be in Poland if East Prussia and Silesia are given to the Poles in compensation for their losses in the east.

But Stalin is vitally interested in incorporating all the Ukrainians in the U.S.S.R. More than three fourths of the 40,000,000 Ukrainians in the world are already in the Soviet Union. Between five and eight millions lived in the Polish Ukraine before the war as an unhappy and rebellious minority. Something like a million more were in the eastern tip of Czechoslovakia, where they organized a "patriot army" under German influence and set up a republic when Prague was occupied and Czechoslovakia fell apart. The republic lasted only twenty-four hours, however, for the next day the Hungarians marched in and hauled down the home-made flags the patriots had hoisted on the snowy heights of the Carpathians.

As the name implies, the Ukrainians are border people. They are a submerged nation which in modern times has not existed as an independent entity\* but lives in its tradition, its folk lore, its music and poetry as a national consciousness, a nostalgia and desire for nationhood. Cut across by the frontiers of other nations, camping ground of many migrations, scene of many wars before it became the main battlefield of today's gigantic struggle, the Ukraine is the most striking type of the borderlands and buffer countries that blur the boundaries of eastern Europe.

The dream of an independent Ukraine persists wherever Ukrainians gather. It inspired a revolutionary movement among the dissatisfied Uk-

\* There was an independent Ukrainian National Republic at the close of the last war, 1918-20.—Editor.

PROGRAM  
SECOND CONGRESS OF AMERICANS  
OF UKRAINIAN DESCENT

JANUARY 22 and 23, 1944. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22

Site: Benjamin Franklin Hotel (9th and Chestnut Streets)

Time: 9 A. M.

(Registration at hotel. Friday: 7-11 P.M.; Saturday: 7-9 A.M.)

## I. Opening

Roll call; Invocation; Welcome address

## II. Election of presiding chairman, secretaries, committees

## III. Report of Congress Committee

## IV. Discussion on the report

## V. Addresses

1. Our Contribution to America's War Effort
2. The Ukrainian American War Bond Drive
3. Ukrainian War Relief
4. The Need of Coordinating Bodies in Our Communities
5. Congress Committee Needs Material Support

(Break for Luncheon)

6. Women's Role in the War
7. Ukrainian Independence Movement Centuries Old
8. Free Ukraine: A Victory of Democracy
9. Why We, American-Born, Support the Ukrainian Cause

## VI. Discussion

## VII. Resolutions

## VIII. Election of Congress Committee Officers and Members

## IX. New Business

## X. Closing

BANQUET at Ukrainian Hall, 847 North Franklin street, 7 P. M.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 23

## Morning:

CHURCH SERVICES at Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral (316 North Franklin street) and at Ukrainian Orthodox Church, Germantown ave. and Berks street).

## 3 P. M.:

CONCERT in commemoration of the historic January 22, 1918 when both the eastern and western parts of Ukraine united themselves in a free, independent and indivisible Ukrainian National Republic. Place: Ukrainian Hall, 847 N. Franklin St.

## 7 P. M.:

SOCIAL—at Ukrainian Hall.

Ukrainian Congress Committee of America

## "CURZON LINE"

(Continued from page 1)

and of the Russian S.S.R. It was not until after the Riga meeting that Soviet Russia and Soviet Ukraine concluded a military-economic union, which bound them closely but still left Ukraine independent diplomatic representation abroad. Furthermore, Ukraine was not fully occupied until 1921. And it was not until in 1922 that the Soviet Union assumed shape; the following year its first constitution was adopted. By that time, of course, Soviet Ukraine was completely ruled by Kremlin.

Thus the recent Moscow statement that the "Curzon Line" of 1919 provided for incorporation of Western Ukraine into the Soviet Union, is misleading, to say the least. It merely goes to illustrate the methods used to keep the "Ukrainian aspect" submerged.

rainians in Poland. It stirred the peasants of the Carpatho-Ukraine. It is strong among the million and a quarter Ukrainians in the United States and Canada. The Russians claim that the Ukrainians in Poland demand union with the Soviet Ukrainian Republic, the Poles that they desire to be an autonomous part of a new and more liberal Poland. The outsiders have no more knowledge of the sentiments and preference of the people in the disputed territory than of the state of mind within the Soviet Ukraine. All we know is that Ukrainian pressure for independence was long a most troublesome problem for the Soviet Government, that peasant resistance to collectivization was strongest in the Ukraine and that the Germans, although they nursed along the Ukrainian national movement before the war and invaded the territory with large promises of independence, apparently failed utterly in their efforts to win the populace to their side. The ghastly terror the Nazis are reported to have visited on the Ukraine indicates

that Hitler may have completed Stalin's work of consolidating the province behind the Soviet Government just as the Germans turned the uncertain Caucasus into a stronghold of Russian Soviet patriotism.

In any case, Stalin is resolved not to have possible springboard for Ukrainian independence movements on the border of the Soviet Ukraine. If he has recognized the pre-war frontiers of Czechoslovakia he is satisfied that the Carpatho-Ukraine will not again be used as a spearhead of Ukrainian nationalism. The Polish Ukraine is far larger, more important, more self-conscious. Whether or not Ukrainians in that region yearn for inclusion in Russia, Stalin doesn't want several millions of them on the other side of the frontier. This is undoubtedly one motive for Russian insistence on a return to the Curzon Line as the definitive boundary. The Ukrainians, in fact, are a third though submerged party to the dispute.

(The New York Times, January 12, 1944)