



SECTION II.

## The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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A Great Leader



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

### FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Born near Hyde Park, N. Y. January 30, 1882.

Died at Warm Springs, Ga. April 12, 1945.

Although our great peacetime and wartime leader, Franklin D. Roosevelt, is no longer with us, we believe his spirit will continue to inspire the American people in exerting their utmost to win this war, this great crusade as he called it, and play a leading role in creating with other peace-loving nations a post-war world order firmly founded on peace, justice, and security for all.

Let us well remember his last Message to Congress, March 26, 1945, wherein he said:

"The point of history, at which we stand, is full of promise and of danger. The world will either move forward toward unity and widely shared prosperity or it will move apart into necessarily competing blocs. We have a chance, we citizens of the United States, to use our influence in favor of a more united and cooperative world. Whether we do so will determine, as far as it is in our power, the kind of lives our grandchildren can live."

Our New President



HARRY S. TRUMAN

### FIVE OF FAMILY IN SERVICE

Mrs. Mary A. Mihalchyk, Ukrainian-born, Rohatyn, Western Ukraine, of 102 Clinton Place, Yonkers, New York is wearing a five star service pin today in honor of her four sons and a daughter-in-law, all of whom are commissioned officers in the United States Army.

Her sons are Major John P. Mial, a West Point graduate, and Lieutenants Michael, Wilfred M. and Alex P. Mihalchyk.

Her daughter-in-law, Lieutenant Frances Farabough Mial, Army Nurse Corps, was married to Major Mial when they were both serving in the Mediterranean theater of operations.

Ends Staff Course

Her eldest son, Major Mial, was graduated last January from the General Staff and Command School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, which he attended after completing 18 months of combat duty in Africa, Sicily, Italy and Corsica. Major Mial was graduated from West Point in 1939 with high honors.

His wife, Lieutenant Mial, is in the

Army Nurse Corps in Belgium. She was one of the first to land in Africa, Sicily, Italy and England, and was



MAJOR JOHN P. MIAL  
Attached to General Eisenhower's Staff

the first nurse to step on French soil on D-Day. Before enlisting Lieutenant Mial had made her home in Miami, Fla., with an uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Brown.

Lieutenant Michael Mihalchyk, who entered the service two and one-half years ago, is with the Army Engineers in the Pacific. His wife, the former Ethel Christopherson, with their infant daughter, lives in Seattle, Wash., where the officer makes his home.

Injured in Accident

Lieutenant Alex Mihalchyk of the Army Air Forces was injured in an accident at Wilmington, N. C., and is now hospitalized at the Veterans' Hospital in the Bronx. The pilot was assigned to the 539th Fighter Squadron.

Lieutenant Wilfred Mihalchyk has just received his wings and commission in the Air Forces at Blytheville, Arkansas. Granted a furlough afterwards, and accompanied by his wife, he visited his mother here, before returning to Blytheville for orders.

### LOCATED IN PRISON CAMP

(Picture on p. 6)

Missing in action since January 16, 1945, Sgt. George Suchorsky, is a prisoner of war in Germany, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Suchorsky, of 329 Rose Hill place, Elizabeth, N. J. have been informed, the Elizabeth Daily Journal reported April 6 (clipping sent to Weekly by Mrs. Mrs. Roman Slobodian). A card, sent by Sergeant Suchorsky from the German prison camp, relates that he is in good health and hopes to see them soon. He also wrote that "the Red Cross is great."

Sergeant Suchorsky, who was 21 years old on January 2, and a member of U.N.A. Branch 3, was graduated from Thomas Jefferson High School in 1942.

Sergeant Suchorsky left for overseas service in September, 1944, as a nose gunner on a B-24 Liberator bomber, in the lead plane.

A brother, S/Sgt. Michael Suchorsky, Jr., is stationed at the Lincoln Army Air Field, Lincoln, Neb.

Last November Sergeant Suchorsky was awarded the Air Medal



LT. MICHAEL MIHALCHYK  
Army Engineers in the Pacific



LT. ALEX P. MIHALCHYK  
Instructor, Air Corps



LT. WILFRED M. MIHALCHYK  
Pilot, Hospitalized



FIRST LT. FRANCES F. MIAL  
Nurse, First to land on D-Day



# Taras Shevchenko, Torchbearer of Ukraine

By DR. LUKE MYSHUHA

(Continued)

## Where There Is No Freedom, There Is No Commonwealth

THE above tenet was a favorite with Shevchenko and a key to knowledge of him. There was plenty of evidence of its truth all about him—the peasants blacker from the toil than the black soil on which they toiled as serfs, sold like cattle, won and lost in card games, and oppressed and downtrodden at every turn. Abject misery was their daily lot for well over a century. As a result they had sunk to the stage where the spark of resistance rarely burst into flame. It is the latter that troubled Shevchenko very much.

How is it possible, he asked in one of his poems, that such things could have come to pass in Ukraine? How is it possible that these descendants of those famed Kozaks who for centuries had fought so valiantly for freedom, could now exist and die thus and appear before the Final Judgement as slaves, without ever attempting to rise and strike a blow for truth and freedom.

Bad enough, Shevchenko thought, that Ukraine had lost her liberty, but worse was the fact that her people had become submissive. Here his feelings were akin to those of Abraham Lincoln who said that many people had lost their freedom from time to time, and that even the American people may yet lose theirs, but that he would want to be proud of the fact that he would not be even among the last to surrender but fight with others like him to the very end. Why lose heart and retreat, says Shevchenko, when freedom is bound to rise, just as sure as the sun rises and lights up the day. Fight on, he cries, fight on and in the end you will win. The Lord will help you if you rise against your oppressors.

But when you do fight, Shevchenko continues, be certain to know with whom and for what. In order that the black soil of Ukraine be bright at harvest time with the crop of freedom, it must be sowed not with mere words but with wisdom; not with foreign wisdom but native wisdom, and not with the wisdom of those who lapped it up in the service of their national enemies and foreign masters, for such wisdom tends to make them all the more subservient.

In a political sense this meant that Shevchenko would never compromise with those of his countrymen who forsook Ukraine and even her language for foreign ways because of material considerations or because of fear. For the same reason he could never agree with those who writing in Ukrainian, such as Artemovsky, Kvitka-Osnovyanenko and Hrebinka, attempted to link the Ukrainians with Russian imperialism with such catch-phrases as "Mother-Ukraine and Father Tsar," when as a matter of fact the First, Tsar Peter I, crucified Ukraine, while the Second, Tsarina Catherine II, made her an orphaned widow.

## Ukraine and Russia

Among the papers which the Tsarist police confiscated when they arrested Panko Kulish, novelist and one of the members of the Sts. Cyril and Methodius Society, was a Kozak scroll on which Kulish had drawn a head of a Kozak with an eagle perched on it, picking out his eyes. The magistrates who examined this sketch came to the inescapable conclusion that it was seditious, in that it was supposed to represent Russia picking out the eyes of Ukraine. Kulish at first attempted to defend himself against this charge, but after the court hearing remarked that if the shoe fits, well...

Like those magistrates Shevchenko similarly understood Russia's mistreatment of Ukraine. Through his study of Ukrainian history he came to realize that of the ancient glory of Kozak Ukraine naught remained but stark ruins. Behind it all, the principal reason, as Shevchenko saw it, was the unfortunate alliance of Ukraine with Muscovy, in form of the Pereyaslav Treaty (1654), whereby the great Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky placed independent Ukraine under the Muscovian protectorate. That treaty Shevchenko regarded as the destroyer of liberty, and the treaty of Pereyaslav itself as Ukraine's tomb. Though Shevchenko regarded Khmelnytsky very highly still he could not forgive him for giving the Muscovians the opportunity to undermine and destroy Ukrainian national independence. The hetman's oath of allegiance to the Tsar tainted not only the hetman himself but all of Ukraine as well, for, as the poet says,

Moscow's misrule in Ukraine gave rise to a crop of renegades who aided in that misrule. Had Bohdan's mother known what he would do, Shevchenko continues, she would have throttled him while he was still in the crib. For in that land of happiness and good fortune when national independence was in blossom, there now is only suffering and unhappiness under Muscovian rule. Even infants no longer smile.

It is not surprising that Shevchenko thus characterized Russian rule in Ukraine. Liberal Russians themselves admitted as much. One of them, Bielinski, wrote that the rule of Tsar Nicholas I was the rule of thieves and bandits. It is not surprising either why Shevchenko could fail to see of what value the tsars could possibly be to the people. For it was clear from what was transpiring in Ukraine that they were just "cursed executioners, cannibals, crucifiers, and snakes." These terms Shevchenko used advisedly, in order to impress upon the mind how brutal and despotic tsarist rule in Ukraine actually was. Those who wanted a still clearer picture of the tsarist system were counselled by Shevchenko to examine the life story of any Russian noble and landowner, and the tale would be such, he said, as to shock the devil himself.

## How could Ukraine emerge from its tragic plight?

Testifying at the St. Petersburg hearings of the Sts Cyril and Methodius members, Kostomariw said that Shevchenko was a dreamer, infused with an ardent desire to settle all national and social differences among peoples and restore freedom and brotherhood to them. Kostomariw was correct but not completely. Shevchenko was not only a dreamer but a realist as well. He realized that a change for the better for Slavic peoples could only take place after the destruction of the "tomb" wherein Ukraine was buried, which meant the liberation of Ukraine from Russian tyranny.

Meanwhile, as Shevchenko wrote in one of his poems, Ukrainian freedom is dormant. It is up to the Kozaks, he said, to rise and stir it into life, but to arise as one, united in body and spirit. Yet the liberator of Ukraine, he stressed, cannot be achieved without a great upheaval, a revolution. Only then will it be possible for bondage to disappear, truth to become triumphant, and for children to raise their voices in new found happiness.

Such was Shevchenko's way to Ukraine's freedom. And that there were others who believed likewise, can be seen from the following quotation from the memoirs of the traveler Johannes Kohl, published in 1841:

"There is no doubt that when the gigantic body of the Russian state collapses some day, Ukraine is one part of it that is bound to become independent as a result."

Perhaps this traveler had heard such sentiments expressed secretly in the course of his wanderings through Ukraine, for about twenty years after the publication of these memoirs, immediately after the death of Shevchenko, a cloud of denunciations descended upon the Ukrainian national movement. One of them, received by Prince Dolgorukov, police head, noted that, "from the ashes of Shevchenko there has risen a veritable band of separatists and abominators of Russia."

Such was really the case although not exactly as cited above. It is true that from the ashes of Shevchenko there rose true lovers of freedom and abominators of bondage, oppression and persecution, but it is not true that it was the Russians for whom Shevchenko had an abiding hate, rather it was Russian misrule and oppression; he did not hate Russia as a state and nation, but Russia as the prison-house of other nations. Conscious of his Ukrainian nationality and his kinship to the downtrodden Ukrainian people, he espoused their cause ardently. That is why he was for the separation of Ukraine from Russia. That is why he favored Ukraine again becoming a Kozak state, which meant for him an autonomous state, as it used to be. That is why, too, in painting Bohdan Khmelnytsky he chose to depict the scene wherein as hetman of independent Ukraine Bohdan is receiving ambassadors from foreign countries.

It is true that Shevchenko called Khmelnytsky a famous man, yet he likewise called him a politically inept man because of his alliance with Muscovy. In this respect Shevchenko dif-

fered completely with his predecessors and contemporaries, for the latter were always fulsome in their praise of Khmelnytsky. Shevchenko's was more the sentiment of the common man as expressed in their folk songs. While it may have been to Moscow's interest to erect a statue of Khmelnytsky it was Ukraine's interest that prompted Shevchenko to praise him yet at the same time condemn him for his short-sighted political step. In the light of all this it is only natural that Shevchenko expressed praise for another great Kozak hetman of Ukraine, Ivan Mazepa, for having turned against Muscovy in defense of Ukraine's right to national independence, for which by express Tsarist order he was anathematized in all churches, even in those which he had built himself.

## Polish-Ukrainian Relations as Seen by Shevchenko

The Polish-Ukrainian relations engaged the interest of Shevchenko also, as witness his epic poem "Haydamaki" wherein the rapacious and autocratic qualities of the ruling Polish land-owning gentry are strikingly portrayed. Shevchenko, however, not assail them any more than did, for instance, the Polish "Moloda Polska" journal, the founder of which was Simon Konarski (1808-39), a former revolutionary who while in Paris published "Pólnoc" and who later was caught and executed by Russian authorities. Konarski is well known among Ukrainians for his agitation in Right Bank Ukraine against the Polish landlords and their misrule of the Ukrainian peasantry.

It is quite typical of Shevchenko's attitude in this respect that while he hotly defended the Ukrainian insurgents he nevertheless condemned one of their leaders, Zalizniak, for his bloody revenge at Lisianski. Still he took care to point out that such bloody affrays took place among other nationalities as well, such as the Sicilian Eve (1282) or that of St. Bartholemew (1571), and while there was no excuse for it, still the unfortunate Lisianski incident was the product of mass rebellion and natural desire for revenge, and not the autocratic whim of some such person as Catherine de Medici or the massacre of the Huegenots on St. Bartholemew's Eve.

Shevchenko, it should be borne also in mind, took no pleasure in the national misfortunes of the Poles. He even considered it unwise from the political viewpoint to gloat over Poland's downfall, for actually that had made Muscovy all the more powerful and, as a result, better able to further oppress the Ukrainian people. When the Poles ruled over the Ukrainians, Shevchenko says, they took everything, "even our very lifeblood; while the Muscovians have enchained God's world itself." Though it grieves the heart, he continued, still something must be said about the Polish-Ukrainian hell, so that "the sons and nephews may see the mistakes of their parents, may they become once more the friends of their enemies, may our Slavic lands, covered with wheat and rye like with gold, remain united forever."

## Advocated Brotherhood of All

Such was Shevchenko's approach to the solution of the problem of Ukraine's relations with Muscovy and Poland. As can readily be seen, he did not favor any pan-Russianism, or, as Pushkin poetically had expressed it, that all Slav rivers flow into the Russian sea. Similarly, he was against the extension of Polish boundaries from sea to sea, from the Baltic to the Black, at the cost of territories of their Slav kinsmen. Instead Shevchenko desired to see the Slav world extend from sea to sea, with all Slav peoples free and equal, living in brotherhood with one another, and with each the master of his home and field. Not only the Slavs but all other peoples as well, Shevchenko felt, could be true brothers in spirit if only they permitted Love and Wisdom to guide their destinies. There would then be no need to forge chains or build prisons. And then there would be no need for any such autocratic rulers like the Tsar.

Like others of his kind, Shevchenko spurned the idea of the division of races into the higher and lower. No good can possibly come of such a division, Shevchenko said. Only Truth, Love, and Freedom will bring peace and happiness on this earth. And that can only transpire when the people learn to walk along the paths of righteousness, love Truth, be merciful to their fellow men, and do good to and for all. Thus along such paths Ukraine, too, should proceed, Shevchenko said.

(To be continued)





KOBZAR — Ukrainian wandering minstrel who sang of Kozak glory and exploits of Kozak heroes. "Kobzar" was the name of Taras Shevchenko's famous collection of poetry which appeared in 1845.

## BAD ROAD...

By Modest Levitsky

Translated from the Ukrainian by J. A.

A GREAT misfortune had visited Ivan Shpak. A tree fell down on his son Mikita when they were cutting poplars near the house; it did not kill him, but crushed him so badly that blood oozed out of his mouth.

Mikita was always puny and weak, especially since that time he had suffered all winter with colic. From then on the young man had no strength—they would not even take him into the army. They said his lungs were decaying.

And yet, although puny and weak, Mikita was very industrious and liked to work. He could not handle a scythe or a flail because such work made him lose his breath, but he did everything else around the house, in the garden and in the barn.

Shpak had another son, a younger one. Though physically stronger than his brother, he was not very bright. In fact, he was quite stupid.

So when this misfortune came—right before St. Nicholas Day, too—Shpak began to worry. He was sorry for the young man because he was so good and industrious, and as far as work was concerned he felt as if he had lost a hand. When Mikita was on his feet nobody seemed to have noticed his work, but when he was bedridden it became evident that it would be hard to get along without him.

So when Mikita was carried home after that unfortunate accident—he could not walk—everybody thought he was dying. He was blue in the face, he breathed in a strange manner, quickly; and pure blood came out of his mouth. But after the surgeon arrived and applied a few cupping glasses to his chest and back, and gave him something to drink, it seemed as if Mikita would improve.

But the surgeon advised to take him to the zemstvo hospital<sup>1</sup> immediately.

"At home," he said, "it'd be hard to take care of him, while in the hospital there are all kinds of medicines and a doctor will attend to him every day."

Shpak did not want to take his son to the hospital right before the holidays, and his wife cried as if her son were dead and begged that he be left at home. "If he has to die," she said, "let him die here, in his own home, among his own." But Mikita wanted to go to the hospital.

"Take me, Father. They know better what to do, they have studied those things. Maybe they will help me... Maybe they will stop the blood at least... My breathing is very difficult... You can come to see me later, and if I'm no better, then you can take me home."

Thus Shpak, following the advice

of other people and trying to satisfy his son's wish, took the lad to the hospital.

After examining the patient, the doctor shook his head.

"His case is very difficult," he said. "Won't he get better?" Shpak asked.

"Who knows?... He is very weak. ... However, if the hemorrhages stop there will be some hope."

"Then perhaps I better take him back home?"

"No, leave him here for a while. Come back in a week, then I'll tell you."

After a week Mikita was no better. The hemorrhages stopped, but he had a fever.

So when Shpak came to find out about him, the doctor again advised against taking his patient home, explaining that he might catch cold on his way and thus be still worse.

"If there is no hope, perhaps it'd be better to take him home? My woman's eyes are swollen from crying. 'Bring him home,' she cries all the time, 'let me at least look at him for the last time. Let the poor boy have some kutia<sup>2</sup> with us.'"

The doctor hesitated.

"He will only catch more cold in weather like this," said he. "Look what's going on outdoors! Let him stay here at least till the holidays. Perhaps the fever will leave him by then, and there will be some hope for improvement."

The weather was really bad. The cold winter rain formed deep pools of water which dissolved the snow, and the roads were terrible.

"Bad roads!" sighed Shpak. "I started from home before dawn and barely made those one and a half miles by noon. My horses are tired out completely. By the time I get home, it'll be night."

"You see!" said the doctor. "Then how are you going to take him, sick as he is, in such weather?"

"Let me stay here till the holidays, Father," begged Mikita. "Perhaps I'll get better... I don't want to die..."

"Won't he die here before the holidays?" asked Shpak, turning to the doctor.

"No, God willing."

"Well, let him stay then... I'll return next Thursday, before kutia, my son, and take you home. You will spend the holidays with us at least..."

Shpak turned toward the window. Two big, hot tears rolled down his weather-beaten face, passed over his gray mustache and fell on his chest. He wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his coat...

Another week passed. Mikita was no better. The fever scorched him.

<sup>2</sup> Billed whole-wheat grain with poppy seeds and honey, a typically Ukrainian delicacy served only at Christmas time.

He'd become very thin. His eyes were deeply sunken in, and his cheeks were unnaturally red. He was burning up like a wax candle. A heavy cough would not let him breathe.

Thursday his father came again. He had started from home very early, before dawn, in order to rest the horses a little and return home before dark. The road was worse than ever and the weather was just as bad as before.

"Well, doctor, will you let me take him home?" asked Shpak, standing by the bed of his sick son.

"All right," answered the doctor. "So there is no hope for him any more?"

The doctor said nothing, only made a motion with his hands. He did not want Mikita to hear that there was no more hope for him.

Shpak looked at his son sadly.

"Let's go, son."

"Let's, Father."

They clothed Mikita, the nurse helping the old man, for the boy could not sit up any more. Wrapping a heavy shawl over his son's head and sheepskin coat, Shpak, with the help of the orderly, carried Mikita outdoors and put him into the wagon.

Propping up the sick boy with straw where necessary, Shpak asked, "Are you comfortable here?"

"Yes, Father."

"Ain't you cold?"

"No."

Shpak stood by the wagon a while, as if wishing to say something but hesitated.

"Why don't we start, Dad?" asked Mikita.

"Just a minute..."

Shpak blew his nose.

"I'll tell you what, Mikita, let's go to town..."

"To buy something?"

"Yes... Perhaps my son, we better buy a few boards at the same time... You see yourself how bad the road is... Poor horses can hardly move... And in the village, where will I get them?... 'Afterward... I'd have to go to town again...'"

"All right, Father," sighed Mikita.

At Berko's they say, the aspen ones are not dear..."

"Father!" said Mikita sadly "don't I deserve pine board at least? I obeyed you, I tried to do my best..."

"Oh, my son, my son!" moaned Shpak. "Certainly, you earned them, and did your best... Would I deny you such a thing my child? But you know yourself—where is the money? There will hardly be enough even for aspen boards."

Mikita said nothing.

"Besides, there will be other expenses, too," added Shpak.

Mikita sighed in resignation.

"Now, do you know how it'll be, my son?... Next spring when I get stronger, I'll put up a nice cross for you, made of oak. I'll not be stingy. But now, let the boards be aspen ones, eh?"

"All right, Father."

## Meets Freed Ukrainian Soldiers

In a recent letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Shumeyko of Union, N. J., Pfc. Anthony Shumeyko relates how somewhere in Germany he encountered a large number of Ukrainian and Russian soldiers who had been captured by the Nazis and who now had been liberated by the advancing American forces. Pfc. Shumeyko writes that he approached one of them and started to speak to him in Ukrainian. In a few minutes he was surrounded by a crowd of them, "all of them happy to hear an American soldier speak to them in Ukrainian, and plying me with questions about everything you could think of."

They were from all parts of Ukraine, he writes. Several of them promised him that upon their return to Ukraine they would write to his Uncle John near Tarnopol and inform him that he and his brother Sgt. Theodore Shumeyko were on the western front.

In an also recent letter to his parents, Theodore wrote that at one point he encountered a group of Allied prisoners who had been impressed into the Germany forces and had been captured by the Americans. Theodore writes that they were being used in some reconstruction work, and were far better treated and more trusted by their American captors than the German prisoners. "Naturally," writes Ted, "I could not talk to them, but the sight of them was quite moving."

Ted also mentions that in a recent flying trip to Paris he met there a Wac, Anne Krupka of Hamtramck, Mich. and Eddie Lesawyer, brother of Capt. Joseph Lesawyer.

## Children's Fund Is Jr. Red Cross Overseas Relief

WASHINGTON, D. C. — American youth in the Junior Red Cross have their own way of participating in European rehabilitation—their National Children's Fund.

Children in the liberated countries whose schools and homes have been ravaged by war are gradually getting the working tools of education back, as well as medical and health supplies, through the Children's Fund, Red Cross national headquarters here said today.

Recently \$87,500 worth of medical supplies were packed in kits and shipped to schools and institutions abroad for distribution. Each kit contained approximately 30 different items such as aspirin, boric acid, scissors, soap and gauze, in quantities large enough to serve 400 children. The kits were distributed in Yugoslavia, Greece and Belgium by the Joint Relief Commission of the International Red Cross, which was able to send them to both liberated and enemy-occupied territories.

In addition to the medical kits, half a million gift boxes are going to liberated Europe this school year. Packed by boys and girls in classrooms, these gift boxes contain such educational and health supplies as paper, pencils, crayons, paints, soap and sewing materials much needed by the children who receive them. Shipping costs and the cost of the cartons are paid by the National Children's Fund.

Other international services performed by the Junior Red Cross through the National Children's Fund include maintenance of Beech Hill Nursery in England for children disabled by the war; the shipment of Christmas candy distributed through Red Cross service clubs to children in England, France, Italy and other European countries; and supplies of clothing for youngsters in Greece and the U.S.S.R.

<sup>1</sup> Tsarist regional hospital.



# Ukrainian Contribution to Canadian Culture

By W. J. SARCHUK

THE former speaker, Dr. C. Andrusyshen (see Ukrainian Weekly, March 31), has given a brief outline of the growth of Canadian culture, and has discussed the extent and the importance of the participation in its evolution by the Canadians of Ukrainian origin. In my short address, I should like to bring the attention of the Congress to some of the serious obstacles that tend to thwart the normal cultural development among the Ukrainian Canadians, and to certain difficulties that impede the functioning of those factors which would in time bring about a harmonious integration of the varied aspects of a Canadian culture. I shall also discuss briefly the plans that should be laid today in order to insure the building of a strong and vigorous Canadian nation of tomorrow.

From 1920-1935, the Ukrainians had shown a remarkable urge to acquire the highest level of education possible; in recent years, this zeal for scholastic achievement has abated, and there are definite signs of intellectual stagnation and apathy. The parents seem to be less anxious to give their children a secondary or a college education, and the youngsters are showing a definite lack of enthusiasm for the subjects that have cultural value. Consequently, history, literature, languages, music and the other subjects which are classed as "liberal arts" have been tacitly tabooed and sent down to the "bottom of the class"; subjects that form the bases for vocational and technical training have become the fad of the hour. Many children are being allowed to leave school at the earliest possible age. Others are given a brief course in some highly specialized mechanical or manual training and set adrift to earn their own livelihood. Without a cultural background and with little training in citizenship, these "self-sufficient units of the state" form a class of individuals whose statecraft is limited to selfish class interests and persistent vicious criticism of everything that does not bring them immediate personal gratification or profit.

## False Psychological Basis For Assimilation

Hand in hand with this movement, there has developed a false psychological basis for assimilation. There are many who favor lingual assimilation and change of name on the grounds that those concerned will make better citizens if they are not hindered by the knowledge of a "foreign" language or by a "foreign-sounding" nomenclature. On the one hand, this false assumption is motivated by ignorance and prejudice; on the other, it is caused by exclusive attention to one's personal interests and by an abhorrence of every form of intellectual labor which is required to master any given language.

Let us consider some of the fundamental principles which form sound cultural background that is so essential in the growth of a Canadian nation. Firstly—it is absolutely necessary for each and every individual to master the English language and to have the most extensive knowledge of English literature, history and social evolution. This knowledge will serve not only as an introduction to Canadian culture, but it will help us to appreciate it as well. Secondly—it is important for Canadians of Ukrainian descent to have a thorough knowledge of the Ukrainian language, for this knowledge will enable them to retain, in the process of evolution and transition, the worthy qualities and characteristics of cultured members of the state. Lingual assimilation which severs one's ties

with old cultural tradition and one's own parents does not necessarily bring one in closer contact with a newer culture. As a matter of fact, it does not become a means to an end... it becomes the end in itself, and it bars effective cultural assimilation.

Cultural assimilation is a slow process of adaptation of one's way-of-life to the social environment, the customs, the faith and the traditions of some given culture. Generation after generation has to pass through this cultural metamorphosis—at each stage shedding something of the old and acquiring something of the new. Nor can this be accomplished by indiscriminate lingual assimilation. To quote Professor Watson Kirkconnell: "The effort to maintain a cultural tradition is worthy of praise. A Canadian of Ukrainian extraction is a better Canadian if he realizes that the stock from which he comes has a fine past, incorporated in literature, music, handicraft and religious faith. It will give him pride of origin, helping to restrain him from conduct unworthy of his people, and it will at the same time give him confidence in his own ability to accomplish worthy things... The gravest social risk is not that the children of minor groups, such as the Ukrainian, should fail to acquire English, but rather lest the change be made so suddenly and completely that the second generation should be estranged from the first... At the same time new sanctions in the Anglo-Saxon tradition are not automatically acquired, and the second generation of Ukrainians in Canada is in danger of becoming a social orphan in a 'limbo' between two traditions."

Thus, if we take cognizance of the above facts, we shall realize that not lingual assimilation but the acquisition of new cultural traditions and the merging of these with the old is the most important factor in the development of a Canadian culture.

## Knowledge of Ukrainian Necessary

If the Canadians of Ukrainian extraction intend to be active and worthy citizens of Canada and not a dead ballast in state construction, then they must go to the trouble of learning the Ukrainian language so as to have an open pathway to their own literature, history, music and other cultural wealth.

A just and practical solution of this problem would be the inclusion of the study of the Ukrainian language as one of the optional subjects in the courses of the secondary schools and of some Western universities. There is a very practical reason why the study of Ukrainian should be on a par with the study of French, German or Icelandic. In foreign language instruction, as it is practised in our schools, much stress is placed on the grammar and the vocabulary; little heed is paid to the conversational needs of the students. The result is that most of the high school students consider French or Latin as a necessary nuisance; and after being exposed to one or the other for several years, a large majority do their best to "scrap" this technical knowledge as useless mental "impediments." On the other hand, students who are fortunate enough to have teachers that can train them in the conversational and reading aspects of a foreign language may rest assured that their time was well spent. Having mastered the language, they can use it in the study and appreciation of the literary writings, the music, and the traditional lore of the given people. If in our high schools the Ukrainian language was given the same status as the Icelandic, the French or the German,

Prof. Watson Kirkconnell: "The Ukrainian Canadians and the War."

# I LIKE SASKATOON

HONORE EWACH

I came back to Saskatoon on March 16th of the current year, after fifteen years of absence. I stayed at the P. Mohyla Ukrainian Institute in Saskatoon when I had taken my high school and university courses. So many of my memories, both pleasant and otherwise, are bound up with Saskatoon—the educational centre of the province of Saskatchewan. I do not remember well the unpleasant memories, as most of them are bound up with the fact that I was terribly hard up, with hardly any money worth mentioning, in my student days. I try my best not to remember such painful but petty memories. What is uppermost in my memory now are the pleasant memories, all those invisible and intangible memories that still bind me close to my student day friends.

I was met that morning at the C. N. station by Prof. Dr. T. Pavlychenko and Mr. Suknatsky. After a hearty welcome they took me to the station cafe—to bolster up my stomach and spirit. There we sat and talked for several hours. We talked mostly about my mission in Western Canada. I came out west from Winnipeg as spokesman of the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre. My business was to give speeches on the aims of the Ukrainian Centre at the main Ukrainian settlements in Western Canada. My business was to tell the Canadian Ukrainians that it was their duty now to donate generously to the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre.

At twelve I was taken to a hotel. I was very pleasantly surprised when the manager of the hotel proved to be an old classmate of mine. By and by we had a long talk, telling each other what adventures we passed through since our school days. For dinner I had a hearty meal of vareniki at a friend's home. There the old lady, Mrs. Romaniv, told me all about her two hero boys at the front. She had a lot to say especially about her "baby boy" who decided to be a paratrooper. She criticized his decision, nevertheless she was proud of his dare-devil adventures at the front. How well I understood the mother's heart.

## P. Mohyla Institute

Before supper I paid a visit to the P. Mohyla Ukrainian Institute where I had spent several of my youthful years as a student. It was pleasant to meet Mr. Ivan Syrnyk, a friend of my school days, now the principal of the school. At the end of the supper I was called upon by him to give a little speech to the students. I noticed that the students were of a more tender age than in my school days. I told them how I used to edit their student paper "Kameniar" which is still being published from time to time. I informed them also of my mission as a spokesman of the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre. After two more hours of friendly chat with Mr. and Mrs. Syr-

nyk I left for my hotel.

On Saturday I took it easy, walking through the streets of Saskatoon and noticing many new buildings. I was pleased with the improvements. One of such improvements is the magnificent Bessborough Hotel. I went there for a lunch in company of Dr. M.D. Boykovich, and Mr. Julian Stechishin and Mr. John Hnatyshyn—both lawyers. We talked mostly of our school days at the P. Mohyla Institute. That day I spent a lovely evening with Dr. G. Dragan's, being the guest of the doctor and his charming wife. It was already four A. M. when the hotel manager finished telling me of his experience in the hotel business. Next day I had my dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Wowk's. Who does not like to be urged to take more and yet more of borsheh, holubtsi, and such other Ukrainian delicacies by a charming hostess? Little Lesya (but three years old) entertained me with her singing till it was three. Then Mrs. Wowk took me to the Ukrainian National Home where I delivered my speech. Again I told my listeners how important it was, especially at this time, for the Ukrainian Canadians to have a cultural centre where all the gems of Ukrainian culture would be not only preserved but cherished and propagated. As a result my auditors raised among themselves a generous contribution, amounting to over six hundred dollars. I thought that I made a good start. In fact, I was proud of the Saskatoon Ukrainians.

On Monday I took it easy again. Again Mr. Suknatsky, president of the Western Brush Co., placed himself and his car at my disposal. At two Mr. Suknatsky took me to the University of Saskatchewan. There I had an appointment with Prof. G. W. Simpson, dean of the department of history who is very well known by Canadian Ukrainians for his great interest in Ukrainian culture and history. I was pleased when I met there also Prof. Lothian, under whom I had once studied and who still remembered my great interest in literature. Prof. Simpson asked me many questions, especially about the state of the Ukrainian handbooks in English for the teaching of Ukrainian at universities. He was very anxious to have the handbooks ready for use by the end of September.

From five to six I chatted with the Sister Superior Matheya—a student of our summer courses in Winnipeg—about the last days of the late Prof. A. Koshetz. Sister Matheya was very pleased that I, one of her teachers at the Ukrainian Summer Courses, paid her a visit at the convent. There I was introduced to other Sister Servants, mostly teachers.

After paying a short visit to Mr. Suknatsky's factory, where I learned in a few minutes how to make brooms, I was ready to depart. At the station I met three other friends—Mr. Bukowsky, Mr. Yuzik, and Mr. Wowk. In a few minutes more I was on my way to Edmonton, Alberta.

the diverse aspects of Canadian culture, and in asking for a sympathetic understanding of the best ways of fostering such a development, we, Ukrainian Canadians, are not motivated by a biased patriotic fanfare on behalf of a nation that has its moorings in the seething maelstrom of Europe. The ghost of the past has been laid to rest, and our patriotism to Canada has been amply demonstrated by the heroic deeds of Ukrainian Canadian soldiers at Dieppe, at Hong Kong, and on the sand dunes of Africa. Rather is this a common sense plea on behalf of the Canadians of Ukrainian extraction, who, in statecraft and in cultural transition, wish to follow the highways of co-operation and good citizenship and not the by-paths of intellectual stagnation and ignorance.

During the last thirty years the Ukrainians in Canada have made praiseworthy progress and have taken an active part in the development of the Canadian nation. But there is a grave danger of intellectual stagnation and a probable decadence of further growth. The dynamic forces of the past have spent their driving force and lingual assimilation has gathered a momentum that threatens to sweep in its wake all the phases of our life that have made us capable of taking a responsible place in the building of the Canadian state.

In making this plea for the integration into one harmonious whole of

★ BUY WAR BONDS ★



## Why Are Eggs Associated With Easter

By OZ BLACK

HOW come the egg is so closely associated with Easter?

We find no mention of eggs in the Biblical account of Christ's resurrection.

It goes back far beyond the advent of the Christian era to the pagan festivals that were held by most of the primitive peoples marking the advent of spring.

Early man was at the mercy of the elements and after a long siege of rigorous winter the return of the growing season was an occasion of great rejoicing. Spring meant new life, happiness, expectations and new hopes.

As the frozen earth grows soft and mellow under the life-giving rays of the sun and the grass and trees turn green with new life, so the egg—long cold, dormant and apparently dead—bursts forth into new life.

That is why the egg was taken as a symbol of the spring festival.

As the Christian observance of Easter became adapted to the ancient festival, the egg became even a truer symbol of the promise of eternal life through Christ's death and resurrection.

The coloring of Easter eggs, suggested by the riot of colors in the early spring blossoms and wild flowers, developed into an art among the Slavic peoples and to a degree of unrivaled perfection by the Ukrainians located in the rich farming district in the southern part of the present Soviet Union.

The Ukraine was prominent in the news of the past year as the Russians recaptured the region from the Germans in bitter fighting at Kharkov and Kiev, the capital.

I had long heard of the wonderful Ukrainian Easter eggs, so for this Easter Sunday feature, I went to see Dr. Alexander A. Granovsky at his home near University farm.

There he showed me many of the beautiful eggs from his extensive collection of well over 1,000, which is probably the largest in the United States.

He is one of the outstanding egg decorators and has exchanged eggs with other Ukrainians of the Twin City area and with those throughout North America, and many of his finest examples of the art have come from the old country.

Dr. Granovsky is a native of Berzecz in the province of Vohlyn and came to the United States when a young man to continue his study of agricultural science. He is professor of entomology at the University of Minnesota, having come here in 1930 after teaching for eight years at the University of Wisconsin.

\*

These eggs are amazing for their wide variety of design, their intricate patterns, the perfection of craftsmanship and the brilliant combination of colors. Each one is individually worked out and done entirely free-hand.

I have shown, in the drawings above, several of the basic or elementary designs used by the Ukrainians. From these, the artist may follow some familiar pattern, but more likely he allows his creative imagination to have full sway and the results are surprising, even to himself.

There seems to be no limit to the variations and the combination of designs. I saw hardly two that remotely resembled each other.

"Perhaps the oldest ornamentation of the Easter egg is characterized by geometric figures, which are still found to predominate in certain provinces," Dr. Granovsky explained.

"The eight-pointed star is very common in Ukrainian art and in the Easter eggs you will often see the cross, representing the crucifixion and even the Ukrainian orthodox cross. Many details have symbolical significance. Some artists will introduce

a floral element, or it may be an all-over flower design. Some will use the bird, deer, horse and even the fish.

"Others will work in an implement, a fork or a rake. Still others will follow an abstract theme or maybe go modern."

Dr. Granovsky, being of scientific mind finds himself tending toward the geometric type.

However, it is interesting, as Dr. Granovsky explained, that "due to the characteristic conservatism of the Ukrainian people, practically each county and certainly each of the provinces and geographical regions of the country has its own strikingly different designs and color combinations."

"Thus the designs of the Easter eggs of the highlands of the Carpathian regions are entirely different from those of the lowland valleys only a short distance away."

"The people of the steppe region have, in turn, their own characteristic designs and patterns. On the whole, however, the whole Ukraine and its people are known for their appreciation of beauty as expressed by the intricate designs of Easter eggs, colorful national costumes, sonorous songs and carefree dances."

\*

The technique of this work is very interesting. There are several processes employed in making Easter eggs, Dr. Granovsky said.

There is the freehand spattering of the designs, using various colors.

Another way is to scratch the design with a sharp knife on eggs that have been dipped in one color.

The most common process is the one employed in batik work, which consists of delineation of the skeleton design by applying melted beeswax with a special "writer" which consists of a fine, hollow tube attached to the end of a wooden stick.

When the framework of the design is finished, the egg is dipped in a light-colored dye, such as yellow. Now the entire egg is yellow except for the area under the wax, which remains white.

The part that is to be yellow in the final design is next covered with melted wax and it is dipped in the darker dye. This process is repeated until the design is completely developed.

Then, by gently heating the egg in the oven, the wax melts and is wiped off with a cloth and one beholds the freehand tracery and striking coloration.

Either fresh, hardboiled or blown eggs may be used. Fresh eggs are best, however, since the albumen in the white sticks to the shell as it dries and makes the shell stronger. A blown egg, on the other hand is too thin and fragile to last very long. Both fresh and hardboiled eggs will eventually dry out by being kept in a normally warm place.

Asked if the modern spirit of the machine age has had a tendency toward simplification of the designs, Dr. Granovsky said it has had the opposite effect, the younger generations taking pride in outdoing their elders in the intricacies of the work.

Easter festivities in the old country center about the church, which is the Ukrainian orthodox church.

After the baskets of eggs and cakes have been blessed by the pastor, they are exchanged and eaten, unless an egg is so beautifully decorated the recipient prefers to keep it for his collection.

There is the game of cracking eggs in which two persons strike their eggs together until one breaks, then the winner gets to eat his opponent's egg.

Any boy can kiss any girl on Easter by giving her one of his decorated eggs.

According to another interesting



UKRAINIAN CANADIAN YOUTH WAR EFFORT COMMITTEE OF TORONTO

## First Epistle To the Selectee

To all ye miserable sinners, entering through the Gate of Induction into the Land of Khaki, hearken unto my words; for I have dwelt in this land for many months and mine eyes have witnessed all manner of folly and woe.

1. Verily have I fested of the bitter fruit of TS and drained the dregs of the Cup of Snafu.

2. Gird up thy loins, my son, and take up the olive drab; but act slowly and with exceeding care and hearken first to the counsel of a wiser and sadder man than thou.

3. Beware thou the Sergeant who is called First; he hath a pleased and foolish look, but he concealeth a serpent in his heart.

4. Avoid him when he speaketh low and his lips smileth; he smileth not for thee; his heart rejoiceth at the sight of thy youth and thine ignorance.

5. He will smile and smile and work all manner of evil against thee. A wise man shuns the Orderly Room, but the fool shall dwell in the kitchen forever.

6. Unto all things there is a time; there is a time to speak and a time to be silent; be thou like unto stone in the presence of thy superiors, and keep thy tongue still when they shall call for volunteers.

7. The wise man searcheth out the easy details, but only a fool sticketh out his neck.

8. Look thou with disfavor upon the newly made Corporal; he prizeth much his stripes and is proud and foolish; he laugheth and joketh much with the older noncoms and looketh upon the private with a frown.

9. He would fain go to OCS, but he is not qualified.

10. Know thou that the Sergeant of the Mess is a man of many moods; when he looketh pleased and his words are like honey, the wise KP seeketh him out and praiseth his chow and laugheth much at his jests.

11. But when he moveth with great haste and the sweat standeth on his brow and he curseth under his breath, make thyself scarce; for he will fall like a whirlwind upon the idle and the goldbrick shall know his wrath.

12. The Supply Sergeant is a lazy man and worketh not; but he is the keeper of many good things; if thou wouldst wear well-fitting raiment and avoid the Statement of Charges, make him thy friend.

13. He prizeth drunkenness above all things.

custom a girl is supposed to give her very best boy friend (she'd almost have to be engaged to him, in this case, it seems to me) several of her choicest eggs, but if she doesn't do it, he may, on Monday following, duck her in the water—a stream, lake or tub. Dr. Granovsky admitted that any boy who would actually duck his girl would be considered an awful meany.

(Minneapolis Sunday Tribune, April 1, 1945)

14. He careth not for praise or flattery, but lend him thy lucre and thy liquor and he will love thee.

15. Hell hath no fury like a Shave-tail scorned; he walketh with a swagger and regardeth the enlisted man with a raised eyebrow; he looketh upon his bars with exceeding pleasure and loveth a salute mightily.

16. Act thou lowly unto him and call him Sir and he will love thee.

17. Damned be he who standeth first in the line of chow and short stoppeth the dessert and clincheth the coffee.

18. He taketh from the meat dish with a heavy hand and leaveth thee the bony part.

19. He is thrice cursed, and all people, even unto the PFCs, will revile him and spit upon him; for his name is called Chow Hound, and he is an abomination.

20. Know thou the Big Operator, but trust him not; he worketh always upon a deal and he speaketh confidentially.

21. He knoweth many women and goeth into town every night; he borroweth all thy money; yea, even unto thy ration check.

22. He promiseth to fix thee up, but doeth it not.

23. Beware thou the Old Man, for he will make thee sweat; when he approacheth, look thou on the ball; he loveth to chew upon thy posterior.

24. Keep thou out of his sight and let him not know thee by name; for he who arouseth the wrath of the Old Man shall go many times unto the Chaplain. Selah.—Written by Pvt. S. H. Thornton of Wd. 420 and 2 friends in North Africa.

## SEES YANK POST FOR HURLER

A laudatory account of the pitching qualities George Worgul of Ozone Park, Long Island, New York, and a member of the New York U.N.A. basketball team, appeared in the April 5 issue of the New York Journal American. The writer, Barney Kremenko, sees Worgul as a potential player with Joe McCarthy's clan at the Yankee Stadium. George is a member of U.N.A. Branch 200, and at present is starring in the high school tournament in the Queens area.

"Not since the days of Marius Russo and Phil Rizzuto have the Hillites had as outstanding a diamond ace as Worgul," writes the Journal-American. "Last year, 155-pound George was chosen to represent New York City in the All-America Boys game and the grapevine hints that when he's through with his high-school career, he will follow Russo and Rizzuto into the Yankee Stadium as a member of Joe McCarthy's clan."

## Tops in Control

"Control is Worgul's forte. He's fast, but not terribly so. He possesses a baffling change of pace, an amazing curve ball for so young an athlete and plenty of savvy. This is his fourth season as a Richmond Hill pitcher."



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КУПИТЕ ВОЄННІ БОНДИ!

### GENERAL SIKEVICH SPEAKS AT SYRACUSE

The picturesque Gen. Sikevich of Toronto., Can., formerly of the Ukrainian Army, honored the Syracuse Ukrainians with a never-to-be-forgotten tribute to Prof. Alexander Koshetz, the profound maestro of human voices, who passed away last fall. General Sikevich brought forth to the audience a stirring biographical sketch of the great composer-conductor. The loss of this great personage is ir-

reparable to the Ukrainian people for it shall be a long time before another conductor of his calibre will grace the podium before such a chorus. Let us rejoice, however, that before this composer-conductor left our midst, he had a chance to present to the world his arrangements of the great music of the Ukrainian masters.

His memory shall never fade from the minds of every freedom loving Ukrainian.  
ANNE DYDYK

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## Killed On Bombing Mission

Sergeant Eugene B. Cieply, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Cieply of Broodabin, N. Y., met with death while on a bombing mission over France on January 21, 1944, his parents have been informed by the War Department, reports Wasyl Trufyn, secretary of U.N.A. Branch 266, to which Sgt. Cieply belonged.

After being inducted into the U. S. Army on September 9, 1942, Sgt. Cieply took his basic training at Atlantic City, New Jersey. Soon after he graduated from Aviation Mechanics School, Seymour Johnson Field, North Carolina. Later he graduated from the Air Forces Gunnery School at Tyndall Field, Florida. He was then shipped to the Army Air Base at Pocatello, Idaho where he took up flying and received his silver wings. In November 1943 he was shipped overseas and assigned to a B-24 bomber.

Besides his parents he is survived by one brother, Joseph.

## In Prison Camp



SGT. GEORGE SUCHORSKY

(Story on p. 4)

## Killed Over Austria

Sgt. Paul Kolisnyk, 21, a turret gunner on a B-24 bomber, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Kolisnyk, 17 Miller's lane, Woonsocket, R. I., was killed in action March 21 over Austria, reports John Kokolski, secretary of U. N. A. Branch 206 to which the slain gunner belonged.

Sgt. Kolisnyk was a member of the 451st bomber squadron of the 15th air force based in Italy. At time of his death he was making his 15th mission and held the Air Medal and a Presidential unit citation. Sgt. Kolisnyk served in the air corps for two years, and overseas since last November. A letter received by the family of Sgt. Kolisnyk from Lt. Robert J. Vian, pilot of the bomber, states that Kolisnyk was killed instantaneously by the first burst over the target. "We got him back to aid as fast as possible," the letter continued, "but it was too late. He was taken to Bari, Italy and buried just south of Barletta."

Memorial services are being arranged at St. Michael's church in Woonsocket of which he was a member. He graduated from Woonsocket High School in 1941. Besides his parents, Alex and Mary (Dudar) Kolisnyk, he leaves three sisters, Anne of Boston; Stella, a nurse at a Rhode Island hospital and Patricia, all members of the U.N.A.

## Gets Appointment

M. O. Nickon, 48, a former member of the Dearborn (Mich.) City Plan Commission, has been appointed to the new Commission of Parks and Boulevards by Mayor Orville Hubbard.

An independent merchant in Wayne County for 25 years, Mr. Nickon has been in the meat and grocery business in Dearborn for the past 15 years. He is President of the Ukrainian Butchers and Grocers Association. He also has been a Ford Motor Company employee for the past 10 years.

Nickon was one of the first to volunteer and register in the Civilian Defense Corps. He is a member of the Dearborn Ukrainian-American Progressive Citizens club and the Loyal Order of Moose.

Nickon resides with his wife, Pauline, at 5120 Eugene Avenue. They have one daughter, Virginia E., 19, a June 1944 Fordson High School graduate, and a member of U.N.A. Branch 141. She is attending Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa.

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## U.N.A. Club Lists 3 More Casualties

Twenty-eighth Joins Service

The following Philly U.N.A. Youth Club ball players have recently been wounded, according to confirmed reports:

Pfc. Joseph Pistun, Branch 62, in Germany on February 19th for the second time. The first time it was shrapnel on the knee. This time it was a machine gun bullet in the leg. Joe, a sensational basketball player, is convalescing at an English hospital.

Pfc. Dmytro Olenick, Branch 324, wounded in Europe early March. Dimmy made All-Public High basketball center at Simon Graz High School and played several U.N.A. league games for Philly.

Pvt. Roland Slobogin, Branch 324, awarded the bronze medal early February, wounded seriously in the abdominal region as the result of shrapnel. Casualty occurred when 4th Armored Division made the big push on the Ruhr. Latest report is that he is at an evacuation hospital in Paris. Roland played basketball for the Philly club up until his induction in January, 1943.

Steve Matyszcak, Br. 163, became the 28th member of the Philly U. N. A. Youth Club to join the service, April 9.

DIETRIC SLOBOGIN

## Philly Scores 21st Victory in 36 Starts

Bochey Tallies 26 Points in 71-23 Win

Still riding on the momentum that swept aside new York five days previous for the U.N.A. Championship, the Philly quintet scored heavily in the second and fourth quarters to annex a 71-23 triumph over the Olney Aces at Ukrainian Hall April 5. This was the fourth straight win for the Quaker City U.N.A. combine as they pull up to within one week of the season's end.

The big offensive gun in this game was the elongated Ted Bochey who registered 13 field goals. Next in line for this field day were Johnny Goral and Al Demnainyk, each with 16 points. Steve "Shorty" Senko did a very fine job of filling Jerry Juzwak's shoes, passing accurately and making good on 7 points.

Score by quarters:

Olney	4	2	7	10—23
Philadelphia	14	23	12	22—71

Philly's Season Record to Date:

Won:	21
Lost:	15

D. SLOBOGIN