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# The Ukrainian Weekly

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## UNPARALLELED NATIONAL MARTYRDOM

A fact often overlooked is that the greatest suffering and persecution is usually undergone by races or nationality groups which for a variety of reasons are the least publicized, and consequently the least known. A classic example is that of the Ukrainians. Their past and present national martyrdom is without parallel in history. And yet on the whole the world remains blissfully unaware of it.

Consider the facts. When down through the centuries their native land Ukraine was not being overrun and devastated by some warring foe, it was being oppressed and despoiled by the occupant powers. Time after time the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse rode rough-shod over its steppes and through its villages, town and cities, leaving death, ruin, famine and disease in their wake. The Huns, Polovtsians, Pechenehs, Turks, Tartars and other wild nomadic hordes, and then the Poles, the Muscovites-Russians, and finally the Germans,—all of them warred upon, devastated, occupied, despoiled and oppressed the Ukraine at the various stages of her tragic history.

Yet the Ukrainians never stopped fighting. Their spirit remain unconquered. They unceasingly struggled to throw out the invaders and attain their national freedom. Though essentially peace loving in nature, from this struggle they emerged an embattled people whose fighting qualities have always been hard to match. Their foes, from the most ancient to those of the present, have learned this fact through bitter experience.

At times the foe was vanquished, and the Ukrainians enjoyed freedom, as during the Kozak times or during the Ukrainian National Republic days at the close of the First World War. At other times the foe was vanquished but another took his place. Thus the Kozak republic of the 17th century, established after a victorious war with Poland, fell under the domination of Tsarist Russia. Thus, too, in driving the Nazis out of their native land the Ukrainians today find themselves once more under the misrule of Soviet Russia.

The toll in human life, suffering and property damage which all this has exacted of the Ukrainians is well-nigh beyond human computation. Even in times of peace this toll continued to be exacted of them. Witness the millions of lives lost in Ukraine under Soviet misrule in the twenty years between the last two wars as a result of purges, population displacements, forced labor, and worst of all the terrible famine which Moscow deliberately fostered in order to break Ukrainian resistance to its policies. Witness also the denial of basic civil rights to the Western Ukrainians by pre-war Poland, its oppression of them at every step, and its notorious "pacifications" of them.

Terrible as has been the plight of the Ukrainian people thus far, their present plight is worse. Their land has been ruined by the war far more than any other land, while they themselves have been bled almost white by the most sanguinary battles of the war. Worst of all, unlike the case of other United Nations, all their suffering and sacrifices in the war have not brought any freedom to the Ukrainians at all. They are still in national thralldom, under the rule of a power which by reason of its totalitarian character and ruthlessness is essentially hardly distinguishable from the Nazi Germany at the heyday of its power.

Bleak indeed is the future for the Ukrainian in his native village and town: suffering from the ravages of warfare, hungry, poverty-stricken, denied any of the Four Freedoms, and constantly under the threat of persecution, banishment, or execution by the brutal NKVD political police if ever he dares to utter a word of protest or veer in the slightest degree from the party line as laid out in Moscow.

Tragic, too, is the plight of hundreds of thousands and more of his kinsmen beyond the borders of Ukraine, the so-called displaced persons in Central and Western Europe. The majority

## Ukrainians in France Being Forcibly Repatriated

The United Ukrainian American Relief Committee in Philadelphia, Pa. has received the following cablegram dated October 8 from Paris.

"At the present moment the Ukrainians are being arrested here in France by the N.K.V.D. [Soviet secret political police], aided by the French police. Last week about 30,000 Ukrainians were sent back to Russia against their will. The people commit suicide in order not to go home. (Concluded on page 6)

## U.N.A. Convention Next March In Pittsburgh

The twenty first quadrennial convention of the U.N.A., delayed close to a year on account of the war, will be held during the week of March 25, 1946, at Hotel William Penn, Pittsburgh, Pa., the executive committee of the Ukrainian National Association announced this week following its meeting last Saturday.

The convention was to have been held last May in Cleveland. The war ban on conventions caused it to be (Concluded on page 6)

of them had been driven into Germany as forced labor by the Nazis while occupying Ukraine and later while retreating from it. Others had fled voluntarily westward before the Soviet advance, hoping to find sanctuary from Soviet rule among the advancing Americans and British in the west.

Today these Ukrainian DPs would prefer to remain even where they are, miserable as is their existence there, rather than to return to their homeland under Soviet rule. They well know that on account of their patriotic sentiments, their activities on behalf of a free Ukraine, they face imprisonment, banishment to Siberian wastelands, or execution at the hands of the Soviets if the latter succeed in forcibly repatriating them.

American soldiers of Ukrainian origin stationed in Germany write to their relatives and friends here in America that these Ukrainian refugees constantly approach them with pitiful pleas to help prevent their repatriation by the Reds. Likewise they write that many of these refugees threaten to kill themselves, and in a number of cases have killed themselves and their families, rather than allow themselves to be returned to Soviet rule. Naturally they love their homeland and they long to return to it, but the knowledge of what awaits them there compels them to try to remain where they are, or, better still, to find asylum in some democratic country, preferably in the New World.

All this, however, is little known and realized in this country. To be sure, the various appeals and action on behalf of the Ukrainian DPs have not been entirely fruitless. Segments of American public opinion are beginning to wake up to the situation there. Moreover, at the Foreign Ministers Council meeting in London, France, England and America opposed the Soviet demand that displaced persons, of whom the Ukrainians are the largest group, in the zones of the Western democracies be forced to return to the USSR. The democracies held that "such people should have the right to choose their citizenship." Finally General Eisenhower himself issued an order that no American soldiers lend themselves in any way, as was the case in some instances already, to Soviet demands to forcibly repatriate the DPs.

But all this appears to have been temporary, at least in the case of France, where, as reported in the adjoining column, Ukrainians are being forcibly repatriated by NKVD agents aided by the French police!

What is needed now to help the Ukrainian DPs is American action on a scale at least proportionate to the recent American intervention on behalf the Jews. Surely the Ukrainians deserve such help. The fact that their champions in this country cannot even compare in influence and power with the champions here of the Jewish DPs, should not obscure the basic humanitarian principle involved, namely, that the Ukrainians are human beings, too, and that certainly they are no less deserving of help and relief than those who have more influential friends and champions.

# Notes On the Personal Traits and Character of Ivan Franko

By Dr. Volodymyr Okhrymovych  
Translated by PERCIVAL CUNDY

DURING the summer holidays of 1876, when I was five or six years old, Ivan Franko, then a student at the University of Lviv, spent several days with my parents in the village Senechiv, Dolynsky District, where my father was parish priest. Franko did not visit us alone, but came as a member of a group of students, among whom were Volodymyr Levytsky, later known as a writer under the pen-name of Vasyl Lukych, Antin Dolynsky, who wrote articles for the periodical "Druh," and later under the pen-name of Kharko Taran published popular essays on legal matters, and Mykhaylo Vahylevych, also a collaborator of "Druh" and others. Among these students were a couple of uncles of mine, Ivan and Klym Okhrymovych, the first of whom became a priest and wrote pretty fair popular stories and novels which appeared in the "Literary and Scientific Messenger," and the second who died prematurely as judge in Halych. It was these two uncles who brought the party of students to Senechiv, where as I said, their brother and my father was the parish priest.

This group of students used to make summer trips into the villages of Dolynsky District, in the course of which they had to pass through the great steam sawmills and the immense lumbering operations around Lyudvykivka, which were later described by Franko in his story "Sam Sobi Vynen" (Only Himself to Blame) as the background for the tragic history of the forest lumbermen-villagers.

## His Love For Olha

This group of students also used to visit the neighboring village Lolya at the home of the parish priest, Fr. Roshkevych, where Franko made the acquaintance of his daughters, Olha and Mykhalyna. It was no doubt then that Franko fell in love with Olha Roshkevichivna whom he loved for many long years and could not forget even when she married Fr. Volodymyr Ozarkevych, brother of Natalie Kobrynska, the well-known novelist. Someone told me once that some of the lovely lyrics in "Withered Leaves" (Ziviale Lystya)<sup>1</sup> were inspired by this unfortunate love affair. I do not know whether this is so, however it is certain that Franko, in collaboration with Olha Roshkevych, made a full compilation of the folk songs and rites used in Lolya. This extraordinarily valuable collection was published in its "Journal" by the Cracow Academy of Sciences. It is also certain that, under the influence of Franko, both the sisters, Olha and Mykhalyna, displayed a certain amount of literary activity.

Of course, all that I have said above is not based on personal conscious observation, but on the stories told by parents and relatives and by Franko himself, for although in my childhood years I used to see Franko in my parental home, yet I do not remember these things clearly, but only as through a sieve, for I was but a child of five or six.

My first actual personal acquaintance with Franko dates from 1888 in late autumn, when after finishing high school, I registered at Lviv University, first in the philosophical faculty, later in that of law. I took an active part in the life of the Academic Brotherhood in which nationally-conscious Ukrainian students gathered and where frequently lectures were given and meetings for discussion were held. To these lec-

tures and meetings from time to time there came personalities of the older generation, for example; Volodymyr Kotsovsky, Ostap Terletsky and Mykhaylo Pavlyk. The most frequent visitor was Franko, who gave a number of lectures before the Academic Brotherhood. It was on the occasion of one such lecture that I became personally acquainted with him. During the years 1889-1893, that is, my period of university study, I met with Franko very often; not only at the lectures and meetings of the Academic Brotherhood, but also at the Arts and Sciences Society, composed of progressive Poles, Jews and Ukrainians; at the sessions of the founders and later at the members' meetings of the Ukrainian Radical Party; at various political, editorial and social gatherings. In addition, I was often a guest in Franko's home. He was already married and had several small children.

During those years and again from 1907 to 1914, I lived continuously in Lviv. During the latter period, I frequently met with Franko in committee meetings and other gatherings of the Shevchenko Society. Returning from such affairs, from time to time I walked with him and on the way held conversations with him on subjects in which at that time we were both interested.

On the basis, therefore, of my personal relations with Franko, I wish to give here some of my observations as to his character and personality.

## Ignored Social Forms

When I called on Franko for the first time at his home, he was sitting at the table and writing. Standing in the doorway, I greeted him with the words "Good day!" and stepped forward a little way into the room. However he made no response in return, merely glanced at me in silence and continued to write. I remained standing and waited for him to reply to my salutation. But he did not do so and without a break went on with his writing. This lasted perhaps, about half an hour. Finally he finished writing and folded his papers. He then immediately asked me what I wished and very willingly gave me the information I wanted. However, he neither excused himself for making me wait, nor did he ask me to sit down. It was clear that he paid no heed whatever to social forms, and what was still more plain, it appeared that the most important thing for him was work, literary work, to which he devoted all his time and all his strength, without regard to surroundings or circumstances. Visiting Franko in his home, I often found him at his literary work with children playing and crying about him, in the midst of the greatest disorder caused by the servant or charwoman. But he wrote, paying not the least attention to what was going on round about him. It was manifest that he was a man of strong nerves.

Franko did not care about being in 'company' so-called, never went to social gatherings, soirees, concerts or dances. He disliked making new acquaintances and did not willingly enter into ordinary conversation. He was very reserved and was not prone to giving confidences or talking about himself. He avoided taverns and restaurants, but he did occasionally visit a coffee house or two for a glass of coffee and to look through the papers. But there he kept to himself and avoided the other guests. Also at home, he did not care about seeing visitors, but those whom he knew he received and treated well, regaled them with tea and cookies, sometimes with mead, and would read

his latest poetical compositions to them before they went to press for publication. I myself with other young companions, was several times in his home on such occasions, at one time, when, having just been released from prison in the affair of Degen and comrades, he read to us his "Prison Sonnets."

## Fishing His Only Diversion

Franko did not care for alcoholic drinks (except sometimes a glass of wine or fermented mead), did not smoke or play cards, and did not like to be in the company of those who drank, smoked or played cards. His only diversion was fishing of which he was passionately fond. From time to time he purposely took trips into the country to fish, among other places, to Holobutiv near Stryl, where he fished in the brook Kolodnyk with his friend Fedyo Derhalo, a cultivated and amiable farmer. And during the summer vacations too, while staying in the country, he did a great deal of fishing.

Franko was not musical but he was very fond of simple folksongs and ranked them above artistic compositions, yet liked the works of the Eastern Ukrainian composers better than those of the Western Ukrainians. I remember that once in his home in my presence he had a lively dispute on this subject with the now deceased composer, Viktor Matyuk, whom Franko sought to convince that the music of the older Galician composers was a medley of ecclesiastical and German music and that in their compositions there was too little of the native Ukrainian folk element.

Once, but only once, was I present when Franko himself sang. It was either in 1889 or 1890. He was giving a lecture in the Polish Reading Society's hall before a mixed audience of Poles, Jews and Ukrainians in the Polish language on the subject of "Woman's Role in Ukrainian Folksongs." He illustrated his lecture by quoting songs and some of these he sang, among them one with particular feeling, which begins:

"Beyond the hill, in sordid strife,  
There lives a man who wrongs his wife."

Franko was not an eloquent speaker, but I was very fond of listening to him when he spoke at public meetings or when he lectured or gave readings. He spoke in short simple sentences, without superfluous additions, without rhetorical embellishments or phrases without humbug or demagoguery, without false exaggerated pathos, but clearly and intelligibly. He never deviated from the subject he was discussing and never showed off his learning and scholarship. He always spoke from deep convictions without duplicity or malice. He liked to use blunt, downright expressions and sometimes he employed witty, but not always refined, similes and proverbs drawn from popular language.

A number of times I had the opportunity of being present when Franko was editing and revising articles sent in for publication, or when he, together with other comrades, was drawing up and phrasing manifestoes and declarations put out by the Ukrainian Radical Party.

## On How to Write

On such occasions he taught me by actual practise the rules of Ukrainian composition, how to correct the incoherencies of the bureaucratic, official style, adopted by the Galician intelligentsia from the German and Polish languages. He showed me how to write in short, compact, sim-

ple, uninvolved sentences, avoiding as far as possible all irrelevant phrases, to use as many full stops as possible and the fewest commas in the text. With this in view, he broke up long complicated periods into shorter and simpler ones and turned dependent sentences into separate principal ones. Moreover he took care that every sentence should be composed in the natural order: first the subject, next the predicate, then the object and lastly all complements. As far as possible one should avoid all interjections and breaks, all superfluous embellishments, epithets, tautologies and repetitions and in general to omit all phrases and words that could be dispensed with. In particular, one should strike out any expressions and turns of speech which might confuse or obscure the clearness and intelligibility of the text.

## His Politics

As is well known, Franko and Pavlyk were the principal founders and leaders of the Ukrainian Radical Party. I also was a charter member and an active member from its organization in 1889 until 1895. During this time I had the privilege of close acquaintance with Franko as a social-political worker, with his opinions and convictions and his endeavors and actions in the sphere of practical politics.

The Party in the first years of its existence embraced two generations of people. To the 'older generation' belonged Franko, Pavlyk, Selsky, Danylovych, Harasymovych, Yarosevych and others. To the 'younger generation' belonged Trylovsky, Levytsky, Hankevych, myself and others. Among the members of both generations, the older as well as the younger, there were wide individual differences in temperaments and opinions.

In the course of time, separate groups formed in both generations which separated along different lines and led to the eventual breakup of the Ukrainian Radical Party and to the creation of new party formations.

After seven years, Yarosevych and others broke away and organized the Ukrainian Social Democratic Party. Later Levytsky, myself and others also broke away to form the Ukrainian National Democratic Party of which Franko became a member but only for a short time, as later on he withdrew entirely from political life. Pavlyk, Danylovych and others remained with the original Radical Party.

However, during the first years of the existence of the Radical Party (1889-1894), the differences of which I have spoken did not often rise to the surface, yet the difference between the older and younger generation was pretty well manifest. The social-political convictions and opinions of the older radicals were based on the stateless, feudalized society ideas of Drahomaniv, on 'rationalism in religion,' and 'realism in art,' while on the other hand, we younger radicals were enthused by the 'historical materialism' and 'collectivism' of Karl Marx and by a nationalistic centralized statism.

In addition, the older ones considered themselves as practical social-political workers and called us younger ones theoreticians and doctrinaires. In return, we younger ones accused the elders of opportunism, compromise and inconsistency. These reproaches were particularly aimed at Franko by the younger element.

To the younger men he appeared too deliberate, too circumspect, too little on the left wing, not sufficiently radical, decided and consistent. In this regard we esteemed Pavlyk more highly, although Pavlyk seemed to us to be too naive and uncritical, too one-sided and dazzled by Drahomaniv. Franko took a critical attitude to Drahomaniv and Marxism and tended to revisionism and Fabian-

<sup>1</sup> The translator of this article has just completed a translation in English of "Ziviale Lystya," which will shortly appear in book form.

## In Ukraine

By HELENE SEARCY PULSE

### FALL

This is the second day of Fall. The first  
I was too blinded by the sparkling air  
To write. It was though a star had burst  
And scattered silver fragments everywhere.  
The millet where the wind has lately sighed  
Stands up in shining packets for a god  
To carry home at sundown to his bride;  
That such a metal lifts itself from sod!  
The river goes in blue like mandarin,  
The steppe is turned into bazaar of gold;  
The next man that we meet will pause, begin  
To tell the half that Polo never told.

### WINTER

Further I see, now that the leaves are gone;  
Blue houses show where were but trees before.  
Now red tiled roofs display the green laid on  
By lichens, greener since the snow falls more.  
The steppe is but a gray surmise of space  
That ends beyond the furthest millet field  
Man ever sowed, that ends where human race  
Has never built a yurt or hung a shield.  
There is a tale that once this land was green  
As moss tufts are, that flowers lit the grass  
Thick as the stars in great Orion's belt.  
I am not credulous; I gaze between  
The iron black trees at hooded folk who pass,  
Their faces hid in fur, their feet in felt.

(From The New York Times)

ism.<sup>2</sup> For this critical attitude we highly respected Franko, for although he reproached us younger ones as doctrinaires, yet he understood us much better than Pavlyk and could more easily talk to us than Pavlyk, Danylovych and older radicals.

### Smitten With Paralysis

When in 1907 Franko was smitten with progressive paralysis, the doctors said he could not live more than a year, two years at the outside. However, he survived for about nine years and although he was crippled in both hands and his mind was affected as well, he not only lived physically but worked intellectually and did outstanding work in the fields of literature and science. Every one greatly admired him for his vigorous character, all the more because frequent attacks of aberration were symptoms of mental sickness. From time to time he would turn the conversation to religious topics, questions of the supernatural, the life beyond the grave and then—but only then—did he begin to 'wonder' and to talk in an abnormal manner. At such times he used to say that his eyes and ears had been opened to supernatural things, that he often had conversations with spirit beings, that he could that very moment see and hear things which others neither saw nor heard, that the night before he had talked to a spirit called Ivan Hlova who had emigrated from Galicia to America, that on the roof of his (Franko's) house he heard the spirit of Drahomaniv cry every night, and so on.

But when after a few moments, the

<sup>2</sup> Fabian, the name adopted by a society of Socialists organized in London, 1884, for the spread of Socialism gradually and without revolution. George Bernard Shaw was one of its founders. This passage refutes the official Soviet view that Franko was a precursor of and would have sympathized with Communism in Ukraine today.

## Roxolana—The Ukrainian Sultana

From S. KRIMSKY

The Story of a Priest's Daughter Who Subdued a Sultan to Her Will

SOMETIME during their frequent raids of the Ukrainian countryside in the first quarter of the 16th Century, the Tartars reached the Ukrainian town of Rohatyn in Eastern Galicia. Among the prisoners taken by the invaders was Alexandra Lisovska, the daughter of the local Ukrainian Orthodox priest. She was apparently taken to the slave market in Caffa, Crimea, and sold to a trader from Constantinople.

It is also possible that Alexandra was among those slaves who fell into the hands of the Khan of Crimea as part of a tax payment, for it was a custom in those days for the Khan to take every tenth female slave as a tribute from his subjects. He may have then sold or presented the girl to the Turkish Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent, during whose reign between 1520-66 the Ottoman Empire reached the height of its power. At any rate, Alexandra was already Wife No. 2 of Suleiman before he ascended to power. The Turks called her Hurrem Sultana, while European envoys named her Roxolana, which name evidently comes from Rhozolani, a Sarmatian tribe which inhabited Ukraine in the pre-Christian era.

The story of Roxolana has been pieced together from the records of foreign, chiefly Venetian, envoys in Constantinople. On the basis of these records, plus Turkish and other sources, Agatangel Krinsky, former executive secretary of the Ukrainian Academy of Science, who is an authority on Eastern European and Turkish history, has written quite extensively about the life and intrigues of the Ukrainian Sultana in the Turkish court. The following article, taken from "Ukrainian Life," is a condensed translation of a chapter from Krinsky's *Istoria Turechiny* (The History of Turkey), published in Kiev in 1924.

### Greatly Beloved by Suleiman the Magnificent

Roxolana was already in the harem of Suleiman the Magnificent before he came to power in 1520; she died in 1558, when the Sultan was over sixty years old. She did not resemble the usual type of Asiatic beauty found in the Padishah's harem. The Venetian Ambassador in 1526 was told that she wasn't particularly beautiful but that she was of a gracious, elegant and delicate built, and, it

conversation passed to scientific, literary, political or other matters of this everyday world, he talked with perfect sanity and without the slightest trace of abnormality.

The last time I saw Franko was in autumn, 1914, at the time of the Russian invasion of L'viv, when Franko had to leave his home because of his wife's nervous attacks. He was living temporarily in a building belonging to an old schoolfellow, the lawyer Reichert, who gave him the use of an empty room in his building, No. 25 Kurkova Street. As I lived on the same street and had to pass Reichert's building every day, I often dropped in to see Franko. He was interested in the current events of the war and sided with the Central powers and hoped for a Russian defeat. He presented me with two of his recently published works, one in Ukrainian: "V Naymakh u Susidiv," (Hiring out to the Neighbors) the other in Polish "Wielka Utrata," (A Great Loss). A short time afterwards I was arrested by the Russian occupation forces by order of Count Bobrinsky and sent to Siberia, so that at the time of Franko's death I was in Siberia. What I had left after his death were a number of his letters which I handed over to the Franko Collection in the archives of the Shevchenko Scientific Society.

was added, this Ukrainian non-Asiatic figure was not of the kind that wilts as readily as the Asiatic.

What was of greater importance, according to these sources, Hurrem Sultana was an intelligent woman who knew how to amuse and advise the Sultan, and, when it suited her fancy, to reveal her fears and suspicions about individual members of Suleiman's court. With the passage of time, her influence over the Turkish potentate increased to unbelievable proportions. She was fifty years old when the Venetian Ambassador wrote in 1554: "To the Sultan she is such a beloved wife that—I am told—since he first became acquainted with her, he did not want to know any other woman; and this was never practised by any of his predecessors, for the Turks are accustomed to changing wives." The Austrian envoy concurred with this thought in the same year; while another Venetian diplomat wrote a year earlier, "The Sultan loves Roxolana so much that in the Osman dynasty there never was a woman who enjoyed greater respect."

Roxolana knew the Padashah's nature well and took good advantage of this knowledge in the intrigues of the harem and the court. The Janissaries and the common people regarded her as a witch or enchantress, who had taken an upper hand over Suleiman through the use of various love talismans. Submitting to her enchantments, they said, Suleiman did not hesitate to put to death even the most favored of his aides when Roxolana requested it.

Responsibility for the death of the Sultan's Grand Vizier, Ibrahim Pasha, may also be placed on Roxolana's shoulders. Ibrahim was a brilliant statesman and very much admired by Suleiman, who regarded him as his own "heart and soul." The Sultan even gave his sister's hand to him in marriage. During his Viziership (1523-36), Ibrahim exerted a great deal of effort to bring Turkey and France closer together. But because of Roxolana, he died a disgraceful death in 1536: he was charged with entering into too cordial relations with France, and the Sultan sent him a silk twine, which was the Turkish ruler's way in ordering a subject to hang himself.

### Intrigues Against Rival

But though Roxolana exercised such great influence over the Padishah, and for such a long period of time, Suleiman had another wife who had more legal rights to Sultan than the Ukrainian girl. This other woman had an advantage over Hurrem Sultana in that she wasn't one of the harem wives but a Sultana who had begotten Suleiman a son, the heir-apparent, named Mustafa. The father loved Mustafa, and the common people had great faith in the lad, for he was indeed courageous and talented, though he was somewhat addicted to a few cruel and autocratic habits. And never did Roxolana put her talents for intrigue to better use than when she decided to dispose of Suleiman's first wife, and thus to clear the road to the Ottoman throne for her son Selim, an entirely dull sort of person.

Mustafa's mother was aware of her legal rights, and she was naturally jealous of Roxolana, for the Padishah's love was spent on the "purchased concubine." On one occasion, the legal Sultana insulted Roxolana, and the two women had a little spat, from which Roxolana emerged a little scratched up and bruised. When Suleiman learned of the event, he sent his first wife away to Magnesia in Asia Minor, where her son Mustafa ruled. (It was the custom for Ottoman princes to live in provinces removed from the seat of government.)

Thus Roxolana became the only mistress of Suleiman the Magnificent's thoughts and emotions. He made her the legal Sultana, and since he took no more women into his harem, she had little cause to fear that another woman would take her coveted place. But she wasn't quite satisfied with this, for she wanted her son Selim, and not Mustafa, to inherit the Ottoman throne. The Grand Vizier, Rustem Pasha (1544-1561), the Sultan's son-in-law, aided her in these intrigues. Both undermined Suleiman's faith in Mustafa. This was all the more simple because the latter did not conceal his dissatisfaction with Suleiman's rule, and rumors were rife, that the young heir-apparent would at any time be willing to depose his father. And thus the Emperor became ever more suspicious of his son and removed him to Amasya, a three-and-a-half weeks' journey from the capital.

In the Fall of 1553 Suleiman was encamped in Asia Minor, for there had been some misunderstandings with Persian Shah Tahmasp. Rustem Pasha and Roxolana convinced Suleiman that Prince Mustafa, depending upon the aid of the Janissaries and conducting continuous negotiations with Shah Tahmasp, was preparing a revolt against his father. So the Sultan ordered his son to appear before him.

And then one of the most horrible of domestic dramas occurred. Mustafa dutifully obeyed his father's summons. He entered the Sultan's tent and wanted to kiss his father's hand, but the old man didn't offer a hand to him. Instead he gave a signal, and a few of the Sultan's subjects grabbed the young Prince so as to hang him. A struggle ensued, but the Sultan's servants finally subdued the young man and strung him up until dead. All this transpired before Suleiman's eyes.

Having thus lost his son Mustafa, the Sultan made Selim, his son by Roxolana, the crown prince. The people mourned the death of Mustafa, but that didn't help matters any, and so thirteen years later, after the old man's death, Selim the Sot, an alcoholic and a despot, ascended to the throne of Turkey.

His rule turned out to be quite disastrous to Turkey. It was during his reign that the combined Italo-Spanish fleet destroyed the Turkish fleet at Lepanto (1571). And Turkey's political decadence began with the Battle of Lepanto. It can thus be said that Roxolana's crime against Mustafa turned out to be a real curse for the Ottoman Empire.

### NEWARK "Y" TO TEACH

#### ENGLISH TO FOREIGN-BORN

Wednesday evenings from 7-9 p.m. at the Y.W.C.A., 52 Jones Street, Newark, N. J. Miss Harriet Johnson of the Public Library teaches English to new Americans and the foreign-born. If you wish to learn to read, converse, and learn to write letters in English, register for the class.

There are day time classes in the following Public Schools: Chancellor Avenue, Charlton Street, Elliot St., First Avenue, South 17th Street, Bergen Street, 18th Avenue, From: 9:00-11:00 a.m., 11:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m., 1:00-3:00 p.m.

Anyone wishing advice or assistance for foreign-born persons who wish to file or complete their citizenship applications or persons whose parents became citizens while they were still minors, and who wish to obtain proof of their citizenship; also women who became citizens through the naturalization of their husbands and who wish to secure their own certificates may see Miss Flomena Mare, director of Nationality Communities, Y.W.C.A., 53 Washington St.

## Connecticut State News

### ANSONIA

Cpl. Michael Lechus was among the crewmen of an army bomber who were killed in a crash at Hondo Air Field, Texas on Saturday, Sept. 1st

Cpl. Lechus was married to Miss Mary Kalinowski of Waterbury in Sts. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Greek Catholic church on June 9, 1945. Born in Seymour October 21, 1916, he attended the Ansonia public schools.

Besides his parents and wife he is survived by three brothers and two sisters, William and John Lechus, S/Sgt. Peter Lechus, Mrs. Mary Wisloc and Miss Mary Lechus.

S/Sgt. Michael Tezbir, USMC, found that the Coast Guard lived up to reputation as good hosts when he was given a party in honor of his 28th birthday aboard a Coast Guard manned troop transport. He was on his way to forward areas in the Pacific.

### SHELTON

Shelton's outstanding service family in World War II is the Boyko family of 10 Mount Pleasant Street. Six members answered the call of their country. Four are in the navy and two in the army, and all are still on active duty.

Cpl. John Boyko has been in the service since Jan. 1942. He has been with the ski troops battalion in the 87th mountain infantry, 10th division. In 1944, he was stationed in the Aleutian Islands for six months. After returning to the United States, he was sent to Italy, where he was stationed at Caporetto in the foothills of the Alps. The 10th mountain division took part in spearheading the drive across the Po valley and was the first to cross that river.

George Boyko, fireman first class, has been in the navy since March 1944. He was sent to the Pacific where he was stationed for six months and because of injuries sustained in the line of duty was returned to the United States for hospitalization. While fighting the Japs, he was aboard the U.S.S. Whitney.

Cpl. Joseph Boyko has been in the army since November 1942. He is in the 11th armored division of the 41st cavalry. He saw action in France, Belgium, and Germany. He wears three battle stars with his E.T.O. ribbons, one for the major engagement of the Ardennes Bulge. The others were earned in the battles of the Rhine and a major engagement within Germany. The 11th division took part in the spearheading missions under General George Patton of the 3rd army.

Nicholas Boyko, motor machinist's mate, third class, has been in the service since January 1944. He is on the U.S.S. Todd and has been stationed in the Pacific theater.

Peter Boyko, seaman first class, has been in the service since August 1943. He was graduated from the aviation machinist mate school at Norman, Okl., and has been stationed in San Francisco, California.

Not to be outdone by her brothers, Helen enlisted in the WAVES March 1945, and holds the rank of seaman first class. She received her boot training at Hunter College, Bronx, N. Y., and is stationed in Washington, D. C.

### TERRYVILLE

Under the young and energetic guidance of Rev. N. Romanowich the renovation of the St. Michael's Ukrainian Greek Catholic church is nearing completion. A new sacristy was dedicated last fall. The beautiful paintings on the inside were restored to their original beauty. A new entrance in front of the church was built, and finally a new heating system is being installed. The church

\* As reported by Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut.

is making great strides in getting the Ukrainians of this vicinity organized spiritually.

Sophie Dudik W3/c, U.S.N.R. is now stationed in San Francisco. She was an active member of the U.C.S.C.

Miss Antoinette "Tubby" Krinitzki, manager of the U.C.S.C., has announced that the Terryville Catholic Social Club will begin their weekly bowling in October.

The Gromashak boys are back from the service. All five boys Peter, Alex, Thomas, John, and Walter served Uncle Sam, the first four are discharged. Walter is still serving with the Navy.

### NEW HAVEN

Anne Schwatz, specialist first class, U.S.N.R., reported recently for duty in Hawaiian Islands.

There will be a Halloween Dance given by the Immaculate Conception Society, Saturday November 3, 1945 at the Russian-American Center on Oak Street. All are invited. A good time is promised to all who attend.

### THOMASTON

Sgt. Geo. Kobryn has received an honorable discharge from the army. He was overseas 31 months in the European Theater of Operations with the 57th Signal Battalion. He holds the Presidential Unit Citation, Good Conduct Medal, African, Italian ETO Ribbon with five stars and an arrowhead and the Pre-Pearl Harbor Ribbon. Kobryn went by plane from Austria to Miami, Fla.

Cpl. William Perchuk is spending a furlough at home. He was eight months overseas with Gen. Patton's Third Army. He took part in the invasion of Germany. He was the first Thomaston boy selected for Army service and has been in the service nearly five years.

### NEW BRITAIN

The Ukrainian American Servicemen's Club held its regular monthly meeting October 3rd and made preparations to welcome the veterans back. The entire Servicemen's fund, which at the present time is \$5,000, will be turned over to the veterans themselves. Arrangements are being made to hold a meeting of all returned veterans in the near future for the discussion of the possibilities of forming a Ukrainian American Veterans Organization. There are some fifteen discharged veterans at present.

The Letter Writing Division of the Servicemen's Club has published its second issue of the Global Echo. On the cover is a picture of the world with the American flag covering it and all around members of the various armed forces of the U.S.A. It is a twenty-six page booklet and contains fifty letters from the servicemen received by the club. Miss Lydia Yawin stenciled the entire booklet which was put out under the supervision of Mr. John Seleman.

After three years and five months three Prestash brothers met in Germany. It was indeed a happy reunion for them. Anthony, Emerick, and Myron had their reunion in Salzburg.

Upon returning from the movies to his barracks Emerick looked into the next bed besides his and discovered his brother, Anthony, asleep. After some backslapping and handshaking, Emerick and Anthony then agreed to locate their third brother, Myron.

The next day, with a 48-hour pass in their pockets, the two brothers

## Folk Dances Put G.I.'s Back on Their Feet

By PEARL STRACHAN

Staff Correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor

CAMP EDWARDS, Mass. — "You can't hate a person you dance with!"

That statement by Pfc. Michael Herman [member of U.N.A. Branch 361], uttered in the Convalescent Hospital at Camp Edwards, might sound at first a trifle irrelevant.

He is an expert folk dancer. And he is helping his fellow soldiers at the Camp to get back onto their feet, both mentally and physically, by means of an enjoyable exercise.

But there is much more to it than that.

Whether in civilian life directing activities at his Community Folk Dance Center, n New York City, or touring, G. I. fashion, the various Army camps, Private Herman has insisted on international feet.

### World's Dance Steps Taught

One can usually get a group of lads with Swedish parentage, for example, to join blithely in the tricky steps of the Hambo. When they finish one of Private Herman's courses, however, they also have mastered Polish, French, Italian, Swiss, Ukrainian, Scottish and various other kinds of folk dances. Everybody dances what he knows and learns the steps of other nationals, too.

It was the night the war ended that we attended our first folk dancing class at Camp Edwards. Every Tuesday evening Miss Uaticia Parmelee of the International Institute in Boston — an authority herself on folk dancing — takes about 30 girls from the Institute's folk dance groups to demonstrate the steps at the hospital.

The wonderful news broke while the bus was en route to Cape Cod. Nobody thought of canceling the program. Certainly not the soldiers, who, after cheering the Washington announcement, and muttering "Thank God!" or something like it, lined up as usual for Bingo.

"A big black dog sat on the back porch and Bingo was his name," the

went to Salzburg, where Myron was stationed. After several hours in the city, they found Myron on guard duty, protecting Hungarian soldiers. Then a real celebration ensued.

Anthony has returned home after 30 months of overseas duty.

Cpl. Michael Serbin who served with the Ninth Air Force has returned recently from Europe after serving 21 months overseas. He took part in major battles from Normandy to Nuremburg. He wears six bronze battle stars, the Presidential Citation ribbon, the Oak Leaf culster and the good Conduct medal.

T/Cpl. Andrew Kopy who had served over 3 years in the Pacific Theater returned home recently, and received his discharge. Serving with the Coast Artillery, Cpl. Kopy took part in many of the holding actions in the South Pacific. By a strange coincidence he had met his younger brother Cpl. Joseph Kopy, who came home for a few hours after his transport received change of orders and he managed to get home for a few hours. This was the first time in four years the brothers met.

Among the recent arrivals are Walter Kotyk S3/c, Pfc. M. Cutler, Pfc. Michael Mowchan, Pvt. Anthony Prestash and William Oles S1/c. S/Sgt. Walter Timchiszin was recently discharged.

Pvt. Michael N. Barniak recently returned from overseas duty. He served a radio operator for 21 months with the 10 Armored (Tiger) division in the European Theater of Operations. He participated in campaigns in France, Belgium, and Germany and wears the Purple Heart.

opening words of the song-dance came from the teacher. Within a minute or two the khaki figures were in a circle, joining hands with girls in bright, peasant costumes of various countries, and following the steps through as Private Herman called them out, over the loudspeaker. There were about 25 men at the first class, said the officer in the charge of Special Services, providing the program, and now about 1,000 take part. "It's one of the most popular events of the week."

There is nothing slapdash about the teaching. Each dance in these Tuesday night classes has its distinct and authentic movements. Even the refreshments, furnished by the International Institute girls, follow the ethnic pattern. French pastries are handed out on an evening that specializes in a Bourree, or Farandole, perhaps. Pancakes filled with jelly go nicely with the Polish Krakowiak.

Men who strenuously object to setting-up exercises in their recuperative regimen are delighted to try the even more energetic exercises of some of the folk dances. Hospital authorities say it has been most beneficial. Some patients with artificial legs do the dances so well that their handicaps cannot be noticed.

In his native Cleveland, Ohio, Private Herman grew up among different racial groups—Ukrainian, Czech, Polish, and others. As a child he learned their tongues, dances, songs, and customs. He had no need of European travel, he found, to give him the feeling of folk ways and their meanings. At the New York World's Fair, in 1939 and 1940, he led the folk dancing, which proved to be an impetus to the pastime throughout the country.

### Has Wide Experience

He then organized the Community Folk Dance Center, in New York City, which not only holds regular folk dancing classes at Arlington Hall, but also serves as an information bureau for folk groups all over the United States. Private Herman's experience has included teaching at the New School for Social Research, Columbia University, New York University, Swarthmore College, International House, and various big festivals. He has written a great deal on the subject. His wife also teaches folk dancing and has held classes for the U.S.O. clubs and the Navy while her husband has been in the Army.

The basis of every American square dance is European, Private Herman pointed out to us. "If the Old World dances have survived the centuries in Europe, then they have something valuable in them, for America." His hope is to develop the dances in America, from all the varied sources, so that they will "become American dances as people of different racial origins become American people," sharing cultures and customs.

This indefatigable person also publishes "The Folk Dancer," a delightful little monthly magazine, packed with all kinds of information relating to folk ways. In addition to music and dance steps, it includes patterns for native costumes, recipes for national dishes to be eaten at folk dance parties, and news of folk dancing, from far and wide.

(Christian Science Monitor, Boston, Sept. 5, 1945)

**BOHDAN, HETMAN  
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## SOMEWHERE IN...

[This is the latest of a series of letters from the Pacific written before the war's close by a Ukrainian American G.I. from Olyphant, Pa. and published in the local "Uk-Views."—Editor]

I don't think I'll ever care to travel by boat in the future. There is only one way to travel when the whole thing is over. I hope I'm fortunate enough to go back by plane. When I start on my way back no transportation will be fast enough.

I realized near the end of my trip that I was happy to get back to the "Valley" despite the fact that it has now rained steadily for thirty hours. Meyer was so happy to see me I thought he was going to kiss me (gosh, no, not that). He always was a bit frightened at the proximity of the Japs, and when Pecevich and I left, he was left alone. To make matters worse, there were a couple of night bombings and strafings while I was away and they were too close for comfort. We have large rats in the area and they rustle the grass when they scamper around the tent. Meyer confessed to me that on several occasions he imagined he could hear and see Japs lurking outside the tent. He used to go out of his way to invite visiting soldiers to stay in his tent. Funny boy.

What makes you think I won't like the idea of your getting a new black coat? After all, I want my wife to be well dressed, at least, until I get back. However, that black cart wheel hat must be a horrible nightmare. Makes me sort of glad I'm not exposed to it. You know I prefer tiny hats.

Pecevich, incidentally, for your peace of mind, did not spend any time with me in Australia. You needn't have worried. I think I can safely say that I am practically incorruptible. That doesn't mean that I didn't meet a whole slew of assorted females in Australia. We were exposed to them everywhere especially at the Red Cross. The Red Cross seems to think that the presence of females is an important morale factor. I guess it is too.

Received your "Meditations on Easter" and was very much impressed. One of these days I expect you'll blossom out with a full length novel. Our literary efforts, Pecevich and I collaborating, are confined to innuendo songs—"Dirty Gertie from Bizerte" type). This type of stuff gives truer expression to our talents. Of course, by now you've heard of all the activity in this area. We knew all about the plans and anxiously watched the preparations. Things ran off more smoothly than expected. Maybe we will reach Tokyo in less than five years.

## The Deadly "Scrub Typhus"

I attended a medical symposium at the station hospital last night. The topic was "Scrub Typhus." As far as typhus itself is concerned, I guess ignorance is bliss. The fatalities from the disease are almost 100%. Those that recover must convalesce for a long period of months. The disease is highly toxic and affects every organ in the body. Death usually occurs from heart failure. There is no known cure for the disease. Penicillin has been tried, as have all the sulfa drugs, but to no avail. We enjoyed sandwiches and coffee after the discussion. (A regular coffee and cake social, jungle style).

We're now in the midst of the dry season and it's terrific. The place is hotter than ever without rain to cool it occasionally. All of the soil has turned to a fine powdery dust that seems to permeate everything. It's in our food, on our towels, in our hair, between the teeth, everywhere.

Meyer was sent to the station hospital yesterday with malaria. He got quite a razzing about it from us. He's absolutely the most careful individual in the world as far as precau-

tions and preventive measures are concerned. Whereas we all took one atabrine a day he took two and even three. He was always smeared with mosquito repellent which I detest heartily. I hope his attack is not very serious.

I'm getting the Tribune regularly even though its receipt is spasmodic. What I mean is that I won't get any papers for about a month and then I'll receive fifteen or twenty in one batch.

The heat is still on, literally speaking. It's been so darn oppressively hot and there is no escape. Getting under the shower provides only a mild temporary relief. I hope we move soon to some place that's cooler. The heat saps all the vitality out of a person. By dissipating a great deal of moisture from the skin tissues it makes a person look a great deal older. It's no wonder the native life expectancy here is only thirty-nine. I believe that environment and climate has a greater influence on health and life than is generally believed. Months of this and I'll be nothing but a small grease spot. When I get back I'll have to get oriented to good old Pennsylvania climate by degrees.

In this letter I'm enclosing a picture of a native belle and her beau (not me). By Melanesian standards she's pretty good looking. The pictures will show that the native boy is reflecting appreciatively at the most obvious of her charms.

I'm waiting and longing for the day when my interests will get a shot in the arm. Meaning, of course, the day I again set foot in the good old U. S. A. This business of being 14,000 miles away from the things you want and can't have doesn't have much appeal for me. It's really worse than never having had them. You don't miss the things you've never had.

## A Rough Trip

Just returned from a pretty rough trip up in the action zone. Things are really pretty tough up forward. The Japs are about three miles away from our boys and everybody is on edge. Due to Jap infiltration nobody is permitted to leave his tent after dark. Anything that moves risks gunfire. Sleeping is uncomfortable and meals come out of an emergency can. Don't expect any letters. I'm in no mood for writing. I have a beautiful ceremonial axe which I'll send home if I can pack it and have it approved by the censor. Believe it or not it came from a tribe of head-hunters—now almost civilized. When I got it, it had five strips of crinkly black hair attached. I won't attempt to conjecture their significance.

The New Guinea campaign is officially over but there are still strong pockets of resistance existant. Their situation, however, is hopeless. Our next move will probably put us within range of the enemy in greater strength but it will take us off this damnable green pesthole. We're now eligible to wear another campaign star and it wouldn't surprise me if we were awarded a presidential citation. I'd be happier to settle for a discharge.

## A Bit Queer

An American soldier who had heard of English eccentricity, found himself one day—in a remote village—riding in a pony trap with a retired colonel. Every hundred yards the colonel took a little pinch of powder from a packet and threw it on the road behind him. Finally the GI asked what the powder was.

"It's anti-lion powder," said the colonel sternly.

"But," said the American, "there are no lions in this country."

"You're right," said the colonel "and it's a good thing, too, because this anti-lion powder is no earthly good."

## Our Sport and Movie Luminaries

Since the start of Ukrainian immigration in America seventy years ago, the Ukrainian name has become with each year increasingly known to the Americans at large. The Ukrainians came to these shores handicapped by the lack of knowledge of the English language, customs and general trends of affairs. They gradually adjusted themselves, however, to their new and bewildering environment, so that today Ukrainians are prospering in various enterprises, and have become good citizens of this country. In the process they sacrificed their last means to send their children to higher institutions of learning from which many have already matriculated and which have afforded them the opportunities which were denied the parents in their native land where they were oppressed by the ruling powers. And so today we read and hear of many young Ukrainians who have made distinguished scholastic records, becoming college professors, doctors, lawyers, and progressives in the political arena. In sports, too, the Ukrainian youth has made a distinct impression and gained considerable publicity for Ukrainians.

## Wrestling

In sports the following Ukrainians have brought fame to themselves and their people: Count George Zarynoff, Ivan Zelezniak, Ivan Pidubney, Alexander Harkavenko, the great Bronko Nagurski, and Kozak Matros Kerelenko. Bill Panzen is a wrestler, weight-lifter, editor, publisher and sports promoter. Mike Mazurki, four letter man from Manhattan College, went from wrestling to acting in Hollywood. He is the fifth Ukrainian star in Hollywood. John Demitroff, Mike Tellevan and John Katan are other wrestlers. Frank Gotch whom the Encyclopedia Britannica classifies as "the heavy-weight peer of all time because of the science he imparted to the game," was the first Ukrainian to hold the world title. Most of these have been at times called either Russians or Poles, but the work of many have converted them back to what they really are—Ukrainians.

## Boxing

In boxing Ukrainians boast of Al Delaney, Johnny Jadick, Steve Halai-ko, Billy Ketchell, Johny Myhasyk, Ben Moroz, Gus Lesnivich and also Leo Rodak, the last now in the marines.

## Football

In football there are too many to mention here. Perhaps some day we will list all the Ukrainian football players in America since the inception of the game, as compiled annually by Al Yaremko and Dietric Slobogin for their annual Ukrainian All-American Teams.

## Swimming

The world's fastest swimmer and holder of 13 world's speed records is Pete Fick, a Philadelphia Ukrainian. He swam for Uncle Sam in the 1932-36 and 1940 Olympics. Dr. George Kojac of New York City represented Uncle Sam in the 1928 Olympics. Young Nicholas Nelson Wowchuk, was swimming coach at the St. Thomas Moore High in Philadelphia.

## Baseball

This is one sport which Ukrainians have not especially excelled although the minor leagues are replete with good Ukrainian players who may eventually make the big leagues. Bill Urbansky, retired from the Boston Nationals, was the first big. Bill Yarewich played in New York Giants as did Walter Ockey. Two Pennsylvania boys are now playing for Chicago teams. They are Mike Tresh, for 10 years with the Chicago White

## Philly Post in Membership Drive

No doubt many Ukrainian American veterans will be interested in the outcome of the Rally held October 7 by the Ukrainian American Veterans of Philadelphia, Pa.

Although the weather did not favor a large attendance, the final result was very satisfactory.

During discussion Major Darnoc-pray made a prophecy in these words: "When all of us veterans organize, our voice will be heard, our advice and support looked for because we will be a dominant factor in the Ukrainian community." To skeptics whose spirit is weak he said: "... our children offered themselves on the altar of sacrifice as readily as any American, hence we must prepare to enjoy the fruits of their victory. I am sure no one will concede that the Poles, Jews, or Italians or even Mayflower descendants are made of sterner stuff than you or I. So comrades let's unite for our good!"

After the meeting scores of veterans joined the Post. Numerous parents promised that their sons or daughters would join us at the next meeting (Sunday, November 4).

Like the American Legion, we urge parents to enroll their sons in our post even though they still may be in active service. We already have over a dozen members who are awaiting their discharges (including several women).

Several veterans asked the officers of the Post about the advisability of organizing sectional posts, e. g., Frankford, Nicetown, etc. This idea does not meet with our approval, and for this reason—it is far better to have one post of a thousand members than ten posts of a hundred members. Experience shows that attendance drops in a small post, and consequently interest soon lags. Logically, more can be accomplished by a large post with a larger financial backing, by a post whose overhead is met by a greater income.

A VETERAN

## PHILLY PRESS FOR EIGHTH CONSECUTIVE U.N.A. COURT SEASON

Since October first, Jerry Juzwak has been putting Philly U.N.A. boys through a two hour workout each Monday and Thursday at Ukrainian Hall to prepare them for defense of the Ukrainian National Association Basketball Championship.

The material at hand is approximately the same that climaxed the 7th season with a copping of the U.N.A. title. Service members on furloughs stop in for workouts.

Those interested in joining the club should report to Ukrainian Hall, 849 N. Franklin Street, any Monday or Thursday evening at 8 P. M.

Dietric Slobogin

Sox and Pete Elko since 1943 with the Chicago Cubs. Mike Gazella, was a former member of the New York Yanks while his brother George is a high school teacher and baseball coach on the West Coast. Any more? Possibly so!

## Hollywood

At last we can say that we have a quintet in Hollywood acting for the enjoyment of thousands and perhaps millions. "The Kid from Ukraine," as quoted from Colliers, is Anna Sten. Then came Vera Niva (Barcheena). These two were born in Ukraine as was Mike Mazurki. Also born in Ukraine was Igor Gorin, singer of great popularity, referred to as "the prince of baritones." The latest is a Michigan boy, John Hodiak. When a feature writer interviewed him and asked if he was going to change his name, he stated, "I am proud of my name of my father and mother. They too are proud of me and our Ukrainian name."

MICHAEL ELKO

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**UKRANDOMS**

By ALEXANDER YAREMKO

**Education:** In Canada there are 1,313 teachers of Ukrainian descent, of which 750 are men and 553 women. The province of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba lead with 457, 425 and 357 respectively. The city of Winnipeg where Ukrainians outnumber other nationalities) has 30 teachers of Kozak strain. An evening course with full credit toward a degree is offered in Saskatchewan University to those who study the Ukrainian language. Congratulations Ukrainian-Canadians!

**Newspapers:** From among the 1,002 foreign-language publications in America, reports Mr. Yaroslav Chyz who conducted a survey for the Common Council for American Unity, 76 are Polish, 60 Czech, 32 Slovak, 30 Russian, 12 Ukrainian, 10 Slovenian and 10 Croatia, or a total of 230 in the Slavonic languages. Of the 12 Ukrainian, four are published in Philadelphia in the 800 block on Franklin Street.

**Belief:** The "United Ukrainian-American Relief Committee" is registered in Washington as an independent relief agency on equal status with such more familiar relief agencies as Russian War Relief and those of other nationalities. The fight for recognition was tough, so orchids to Dr. Gallan who succeeded in outsmarting the interfering communist agencies which profess to represent the Ukrainians. Similarly, in Canada we have a recognized "Ukrainian-Canadian Relief Fund" to provide two North American relief agencies. It is also now announced that a "Central Ukrainian Relief Bureau" has been established in London, England to supervise the receipt, allocation and distribution of the clothing and funds so generously donated by Americans and Canadians through their respective relief agencies. What have you done to alleviate the plight of the displaced two million Ukrainians in Western Europe who refuse to go back to Stalin's paradise? For advice on how you can help write to Post Office Box 1661, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

**Politics:** The U.S.S.R., which received ten-billion dollar's worth of American lend-lease aid during the war, now wants six-billion more. Then there are followers of Moscow in this country who also advocate telling the Reds the secrets of the destructive atomic bomb. The Russians also want some African territory and a share in controlling Japan. And after 'liberating' the Balkan and middle-European nations, the Red Army is still in occupation and intends to remain until all anti-

**ON A SWING**

Swing high, swing low  
Sky above, below  
Blue for romance, pink (clouds) for dreams

The sky like a jewel gleams  
There's so much beauty revealed  
Pressed close, in my heart concealed  
Drawing the pain away  
Of difficult living every day.

Swing high, swing low  
Sky above, below  
Of some one dreaming  
Our future scheming  
Perhaps some day we'll meet  
And learn of true love sweet  
Then living joy will be ours  
That with rich contentment flowers.

Swing high, swing low  
Sky above, below  
Tree tops so mystic, still  
With poignant beauty I thrill  
Blue for romance, pink for dreams  
Shall I wish by the sun's last beams  
For someone to love so deeply deep  
And give my heart forever to keep?

Swing high, swing low  
Sky above, below  
I hope everything I wish comes true  
I'd wonder when he'll come  
To take me way to his home?

Swing high, swing low  
Sky above, path below  
My feet homeward wending  
Dreams must have an ending!  
Tomorrow there's work to be done  
To make others see living's fun  
Renewed by swinging high, swinging low  
With the sky above, below  
Blue for courage, pink to make it grow!

**THEODOSIA BORESKY**  
New Haven, Conn.

Soviet persons are liquidated and the governments completely communized.

**Personalities:** Madame Elizabeth Shoumatoff, water color artist, who was painting the portrait of President Roosevelt when he died, was born in the Ukrainian city of Kharkiv. She took her first art lessons at 13 in Kiev, capital of Ukraine. She came to America in 1917.

The Ford Chorus of Detroit, comprising 100 singers, is directed by a Ukrainian girl—Miss Stephania Andrusiewicz.

Pfc. Michael Elko writes from Tacoma, Washington that he plans to visit Hollywood and interview the Ukrainian movie stars John Hodiak, Mike Mazurki and Anna Sten. And why not Lizabeth Scott, the other Uke star, Mike?

**UNITED UKRAINIAN AMERICAN  
RELIEF COMMITTEE**  
P.O. Box 1661, PHILADELPHIA 5, PA.

**Ukrainian DPs Struggle Against Repatriation by Soviets**

From a recent dispatch to "America," tri-weekly published by Providence Association, written by Anatole Kurdydyk, journalist and author.

Frankfort-on-Main:

This forced repatriation is a tragedy. Recently, a Soviet officer, Colonel Davidov, arrived with about 60 officers and officials at Frankfort-on-Main, General Eisenhower's capital. Officially he came to aid the people to return to their "country." Actually, however, it turned out differently. Having first obtained lists of the refugees, drawn up by local American authorities, Davidov's NKVD agents swept through the American occupation zone "collecting our own" people forcibly, often with American help. People who for six years suffered in German slavery, got married and places to live in—now don't know what to do with themselves, fleeing from one place to another, confused and terror-stricken.

For example, in Bad Kreuznach, where there is a large Ukrainian camp, Soviet officers entered the camp headquarters, arrested its personnel, thrust them into an adjoining room, and taking possession of the place they seized everyone coming in and locked them up in the adjoining room. In this manner they caught about 30 persons, including Prof. Prykhodko. Then they packed them into Soviet trucks and began to drive away. Beside himself with despair, Prof. Prykhodko started to shout for help. As luck would have it, an American officer of Ukrainian extraction happened to pass by just then. He stopped the trucks and upon learning who was in then called out the guards and liberated the refugees. The Soviets were taken to the American headquarters and after being interrogated were permitted to go free.

Among those held by the Soviets is Bishop Platon from Ukraine. His illness prevents the Soviets from taking him away.

**Prefers Death to Return**

At a gathering of our refugees in Leipzig, which a Soviet official was haranguing in an attempt to persuade them to return to Soviet rule,

**Wins Bronze Star**

Pfc. Myron Prestash of New Britain, Conn. has been awarded the Bronze Star Medal for meritorious service in Germany, the bulletin of the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut reports. The citation reads: "Myron Prestash, 31410426, Private First Class, Field Artillery Battalion, for meritorious service in combat from 23 December 1944 to May 7, 1945 in Germany. On one occasion near Kappellen, Germany, on March 6, 1945, it was necessary to occupy a position where it was impossible to have all the ammunition near the howitzers. During the subsequent firing, close support became necessary with the battery firing more white phosphorous than was anticipated. During the developing counter-attack, the section in which Private Prestash was a cannoner received several near misses from heavy mortars and light artillery. To bring more white phosphorous ammunition, it was necessary to cross the field and road being shelled. Recognizing the immediate need, Private Prestash unhesitatingly made many trips, carrying shells from the ammunition pit while under fire. The resultant fire of white phosphorous shells stopped the counter-attack and barrage of mortar and artillery. The disregard of personal safety, fortitude and stamina displayed by Private Prestash while in performance of his duty under fire, are in the highest traditions of the Army of the United States."

an old man with an ax in his hand mounted the speaker's platform and extending to the Soviet officer the ax, said: "Here is my ax, and here is my head. Chop it off, but I won't go back." An American officer witnessed this scene and upon learning what the old man had said, promptly ordered the Soviet officials to leave.

It should be noted here that in many cases American officers defend those who refuse to return to their doom under the Soviets; and for this they deserve praise. After having helped to destroy the Nazi and Fascist hydra, it is difficult for them to reconcile their democratic sentiments with one of the most terrible dictatorships in world history—the Soviet dictatorship...

We realize the American situation here. It is hard for Americans here to reconcile with logic the fact that people whom they would help to return to their homeland refuse to return to it. The trouble is that America has a faulty conception of the Soviet land. Only people who lived there know from painful experience what it means to live there. So it is no wonder that at a gathering of refugees being harangued by a Soviet agitator some old man got up and cried: "You came here to persuade us to return to our homeland? Who ever heard of a country being forced to send agitators to persuade its people to return to it? Do you think that we do not love our native land? When it becomes as it should be, we shall be glad even to crawl on our knees to it and with our last bit of strength!... Do you understand?"

With these words this simple peasant made clear why "Russian" Ukrainians, Poles, Estonians, Latvians, Lithuanians, hundreds of thousands, millions of them, refuse to return to their homelands. We feel sorry here that this matter is not clear, however, in America, to which we are very grateful for having destroyed Hitler and which waged this war for the rights of man, for freedom, peace and happiness on this world.

**FORCED REPATRIATION**

(Concluded from page 1)

We did everything we could but all in vain. Therefore we beg you to protest at the French Embassy against this inhuman attitude. Worst of all is the fear in which our people live all the time.

"Help us as soon as possible and now it is still possible, but perhaps in a few days it will be too late."

**U. N. A. CONVENTION**

(Concluded from page 1)

postponed. When the ban was lifted on the first of this month, it was discovered that suitable accommodations for the convention could not be had in Cleveland for a long time on account of previous convention bookings. It was therefore decided to hold the convention in Pittsburgh, where such accommodations could still be had.

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