

Once Upon a Time: Anne Lozyk Schmoller

Abridged Version



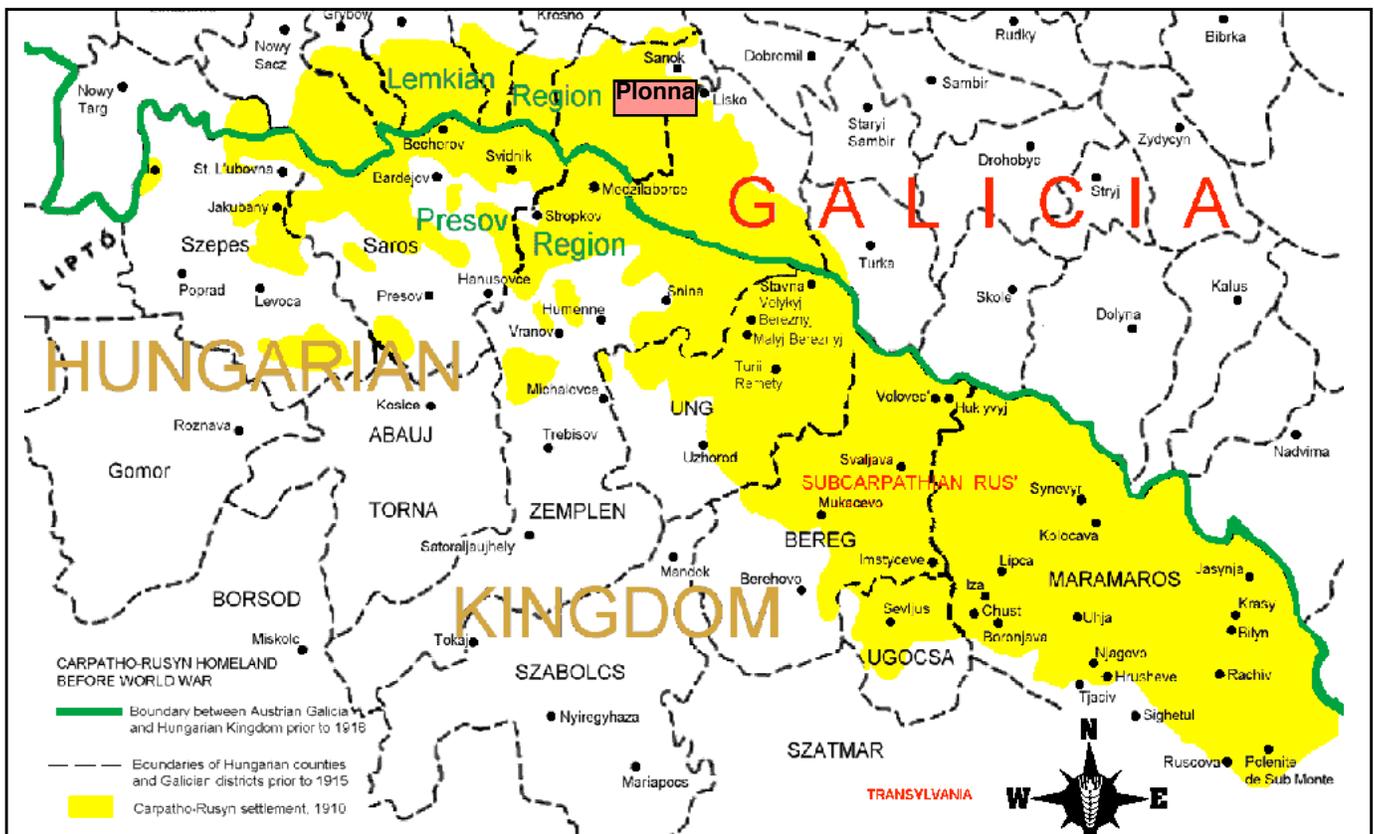
I was very fond of fairy tales and read them often. Of course, we learned a lot of the fairy tales while in school as well as the nursery rhymes in grade one and two. I used to start all my compositions with "Once upon a time...". No teacher told me there were other ways to start a story. They all accepted my work. It wasn't until about the sixth grade that it dawned on me that one shouldn't start all their stories that way.

Chapter 1: Poland

Where shall I begin??? Only my grandfather on my father's side, John Lozyk, was still alive until I was five when I was growing up. No doubt we could have received a lot of information from my parents and my brother Alex when I was growing up in Canada, but at that time, neither my sister, Katherine, brother Metro nor I were interested in the past. We were living in the present and thinking of the future. What we did know of the past (which wasn't much) was sufficient at the time. The information we did receive was mainly from my mother's reminiscing. She, unlike I, conversed quite a lot.

Alex was 12 years older than I was. I didn't communicate serious matters or discuss the past with him unless he offered some information he had received from our cousins who were now near Lvov in Eastern Ukraine under Communism. This was when I was already married, and he was living in Lachine on 12th Avenue. We didn't delve into the past. He would have been very willing to share his knowledge but the interest at the time wasn't there. It was only about a year or two before he died, after my mother and father were gone, that Katherine and I realized we didn't have much information about our grandparents and great grandparents and that perhaps it was time to do something about it. He knew so much and was well-informed as he read a lot both in English and Ukrainian, but he died before I was able to have a conversation with him and get as much information as I could from him.

The birth records of my father and brother Peter gives names of the grandparents on both sides. I think on my father's record there is information about our great grandparents on the Lozyk side. I don't have Alex's record. If there is one for my mother, I wouldn't know what happened to it. I think Gayle Lozyk has the original record of all our births, but I only have copies. I asked her once to send it to me, but I never received it. That was when she had already retired from nursing because of multiple sclerosis, and I'm certain it was hard for her to do anything but the necessities, or she could have forgotten. In any case, I don't have the original.



Map of Southeast Poland before WWI. Plonna lies in a region at the base of the Carpathian Mountains where residents of Ukrainian descent are known as Lemkos.

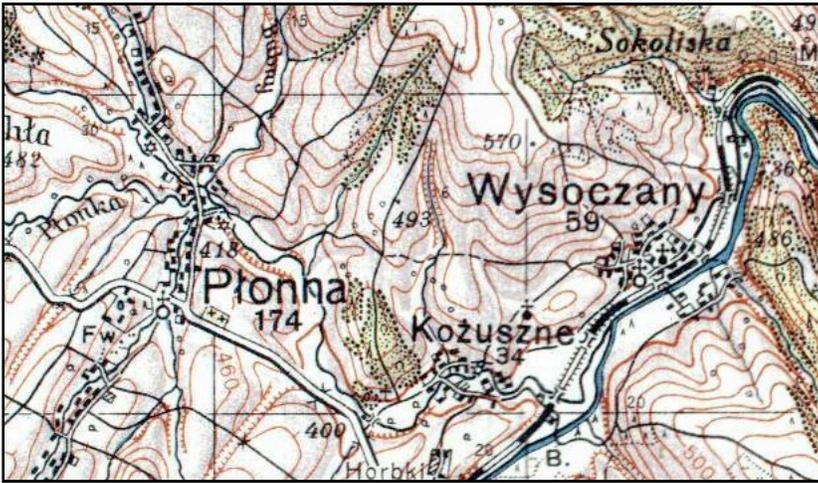
LEMKOS

Among the ethnographic groupings of Ukrainians, the Lemkos remained the least studied up until WW-II. Since the middle of the 14th century, Lemkos have lived outside the borders of Ukraine. Despite being surrounded by foreign powers and the age-old desires of Poland, Austria, Hungary, and Slovakia to assimilate the Carpathian Ruthenians, economic and nationalistic oppression did not break the spirit of the handful of Ruthenians lost in the faraway mountains. The Lemkos saved themselves from denationalization and created new examples of material and spiritual culture. These riches, which nature itself has preserved are treasures, which belong not only to Ukrainian culture but to all of the Eastern Slavic cultures. It is clear that the basis of Lemko culture is general Ukrainian culture. In language, thanks to its geographic isolation, the population of the western Carpathians preserved many ancient Rus' archaisms. A mass of historical, linguistic-literary and cultural factors help to characterize the Lemkos as a part of the Ukrainian people. (Interesting footnote: by the early 1990's, the number of Lemkos in the world was estimated to be at about one million with 200,000 living in the Transcarpathian Oblast of Ukraine, with 250,000 who were moved from Poland to the L'viv, Ternopil', and Ivano-Frankivsk oblasts of Ukraine after WW-II, 100,000 remaining in Poland (after Akcja "Wisla"), 120,000 in Slovakia, 60,000 in Yugoslavia, and 200,000 in the U.S. and Canada.)

Lemko Surnames in Polonna (birthplace of Andrew Lozyk and Anne's family) from 1787 Austrian Cadastral Records

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Bazar (2 families) | 35. Michalcio / Mykhal'ts'o (3 families) |
| 2. Basik / Basyk / Basyk | 36. Misio / Mis'o (3 families) |
| 3. Warawasz / Varavash | 37. Ostasz / Ostash (2 families) |
| 4. Warchol / Warhol / Warchil / Varkhol (4 families) | 38. Pawliszyn / Pavlyshyn |
| 5. Wasienko / Wasenko / Vasenko | 39. Popowicz / Popowyc / Popowych (2 families) |
| 6. Wojciak / Woyciak / Vojtsjak | 40. Proc / Prots' |
| 7. Worotylo / Vorotylo | 41. Pryialko / Prjalko |
| 8. Halas / Chalas / Galas / Halas | 42. Rydosz / Rydozh / Rydosh (2 families) |
| 9. Haluszczak / Haluszczak / Haluszak / Halushchak | 43. Ryzhko / Ryszko / Ryzhko |
| 10. Harbusz / Charbusz / Harbus / Harbush (2 families) | 44. Sawka / Sauka / Savka |
| 11. Holik / Golik / Holyk (3 families) | 45. Siwy / Syvyj |
| 12. Hrywa / Hryva | 46. Slubko / Slupko / Slubko |
| 13. Hryc / Hryts (2 families) | 47. Starenki / Staren'kyj (2 families) |
| 14. Dzubik / Dzubyk (2 families) | 48. Staroszyn / Staroshyn (2 families) |
| 15. Dziama / Dzama / Dzijama | 49. Stec / Stets' |
| 16. Dydzyk / Dydzyk | 50. Suchyna / Sukhyna (2 families) |
| 17. Dobosz / Dobosh | 51. Taborowski / Taborovs'kyj |
| 18. Duda | 52. Turko |
| 19. Klim / Klym | 53. Fal / Fal' |
| 20. Kluczka / Kluchka (2 families) | 54. Fedorko / Fedurko / Fedorko |
| 21. Kogut / Kochut / Kogut (3 families) | 55. Chyr / Chir / Hyr / Khyr (2 families) |
| 22. Koruc / Koruts | 56. Chlibik / Khlibyk |
| 23. Kocur / Kotsur | 57. Choma / Homa / Khoma |
| 24. Krot | 58. Chudy / Khudyj |
| 25. Krupa (2 families) | 59. Cap / Tsap |
| 26. Kriak / Krak / Krzak / Krjak | 60. Czerepkanik / Cherepkanyk |
| 27. Kuziemko / Kuzemko | 61. Czerniecki / Chernets'kyj |
| 28. Kulik / Kulig / Kulyk (2 families) | 62. Czarny / Chornyj |
| 29. Kurenko / Korenko / Kurenko | 63. Szeremeta / Sheremeta (4 families) |
| 30. Kuten / Kuten' | 64. Szyika / Shyjka |
| 31. Lawriw / Lavriv (2 families) | 65. Szczerba / Shcherba |
| 32. Lozyk | 66. Juryanko (2 families) |
| 33. Mielnik / Mel'nyk | 67. Janko |
| 34. Mitrdak (2 families) | |

Parish Data: Church was "Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary" [1790] [destroyed]. The masonry church was renovated in 1927. The village was burned by the Poles on March 28, 1946 and all villagers were deported. Their plots were joined to form a collective farm and the church was turned into a barn. The earliest mention of the village is in the year 1400. During the Tartar invasion the people hid in the church, but were burned alive inside along with the priest by the Tartars. A chapel was built at the burned out site in which services were held until 1790. In 1785 the village lands comprised 18.93 sq km. There were 700 Greek Catholics 10 Roman Catholics and 0 Jews.



My mother, Pelagia, and her family, the Bodnyks, came from Kozuszne, a village known as a suburb of Wysoczany that was a few miles away from Płonna. There were about five villages in the vicinity, and people married within these villages. My father's family came from Płonna (known as Polonna in Polish). I do remember how beautiful the countryside was and the many hills. What a great variety of wild flowers there were! I have never seen such an abundance of wild flowers nor such a variety in Canada or the United States.

I called (by mistake) a very distant cousin in Toronto (Aurora) whose last name is Lozyk a couple of years ago. Her grandmother was about my age and probably lived close by when we were in Płonna. She was spending her usual six months in northern Poland when I called, so I didn't communicate with her. I spoke to her granddaughter. Their family was deported to northern Poland after World War II. The granddaughter said she visited the old home village every other year on her vacation, because it was so beautiful. I never did call her back or the grandmother.

My mother's parents, Anna (Haduk) and John Bodnyk, had a small farm. My grandfather was also a tailor. My mother had several brothers. I remember visiting one once, but all I recall is the yard with many wild plants. (I don't remember the inside of the house at all.) This brother was killed by the Poles after World War II when the Poles wanted to get rid of all the Ukrainians and send them to the Ukrainian part of the country that was under Russia for a very long time (in the Eastern part or elsewhere). The people resisted including my uncle. They would hide in the forest to get away from the Polish soldiers. When caught, they were beaten to death or killed. The villages were burned. In some villages, the people were killed before the villages were burned. The same thing happened to the women and children. They, too, tried to hide in the forest but to no avail.

One other brother was sent to Siberia. He eventually was sent home sick and died. Not much information is available about his life. I found this out from our cousin Kit in Bethesda, Md. My mother also had two sisters, Mary and Katherine Bodnyk. Mary was older and in another village. I only saw her once. Katherine and her family still lived in Kozhuszne and so my mother

saw her more often. They were very close. We had three cousins – Metro, the middle one, a girl, whose name I don't remember. They were the same age as our Metro, Katherine and me. We played a lot with them.

Operation Wisla was the codename for the 1947 deportation of southeastern Poland's Ukrainian, Boyko and Lemko populations, carried out by the Polish Army. Over 140,000 people, mostly of Ukrainian ethnicity, residing in southeastern Poland were, often forcibly, resettled to the "Recovered Territories" in the north and west of the country. (The operation was named after Poland's Wisla River.) The stated purpose of the operation was to suppress the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, which had been terrorizing Poles in those south-eastern territories since 1944.

SHIP MANIFEST OF ANDREAS' 1904 TRIP TO U.S.

Last Name: Lozyk
 First Name: Andreas
 Ethnicity: Austria, Ruth
 Last Place of Residence: Ptomia (misspelled)
 Date of Arrival: Dec 29, 1904
 Age at Arrival: 17y Gender: M Marital Status: S
 Ship of Travel: Pannonia
 Port of Departure: Fiume (seaport of Croatia)
 Manifest Line Number: 0013
 Source: Ellis Island Foundation

My mother married my father when she was 17. My father, Andreas or Andrew, had already been in the United States near Allentown, Penn., at age 17. He didn't stay there long but returned home. For what reason? I don't know. Perhaps he was homesick.

When a marriage took place, it was the parents on both sides who arranged it. My father was six years older than my mother. She brought a \$50 dowry to the marriage. All brides had to have a dowry. My mother wasn't keen on the choice of husbands for her, and her father also had misgivings. However, her mother thought my father would be a good catch because he was an only child. On some occasions, my mother considered getting out of the agreement, but she would have lost her dowry of \$50. I guess that was a lot to lose. I doubt that it was \$50 in American money, but in Polish or Austrian money.

When the girls were teenagers and until they got married, they wore their hair with one pigtail in the back. They wore their hair this way until they got married. Then they let the hair down which was a big part of the wedding ceremony and the attendants or whomever put it up in a bun. And that is how all married women wore their hair.

My mother regretted marrying my father many times, because he physically abused her. He had a bad temper, and it didn't take much to provoke him. She said she lost consciousness a couple of times. She must have had Anastazia and Alex during those times. Her father tried to intervene, but the husband had total rights over the wife. My grandfather threatened to take his daughter away from my father. I don't know if that did any good or not. All I know is that she was relieved when he had to serve in the Austrian army in World War I when she could get some relief from the physical abuse. (The Austrian Empire was on the German side so my father fought for that side.)

I am certain all the other men that were forced to serve didn't serve happily. The Russians (White Russians as they were called) fought on the English and French side. Russia was in the midst of a possible Communistic revolution, so the country withdrew from WWI before it ended in 1918. I think it was during its 1917 revolution. When my father fought for the Austrian Empire, Russia was still under the Tzar. My father didn't want to fight, so he shot the tip of his middle finger with his own gun, so that he was captured and became a prisoner of the Russians. He said he was very well treated by them and never had anything bad to say about them. He felt, I believe, that he lived better as a prisoner than he did as a farmer in Plonna. He often referred to himself as a Russian after that and not a Ukrainian. Of course, once Communism took over, a lot changed and there appeared to be a lot less personal freedom and more suffering than before the Revolution. I don't know if my father was interested in that fact when he was in Canada. He still seemed to want to be a socialist.

White Russians comprised some of the Russian forces, both political and military, which opposed the Bolsheviks after the October Revolution and fought against the Red Army during the Russian Civil War from 1918 to 1921 (as did the Ukrainian nationalist Green Army and the anarchist Black Army).



When the war was over, my father came home in 1918. My mother had been alone with her two children, Anastazia and Alexander since about 1915. She saw him coming down the road, and I guess she was less than thrilled to see him. I suppose she wondered if there still would be any physical abuse. She never seemed to mention it during that part of life that I can remember.

The house we lived in was really a hut with a thatched roof and dirt floors. It was a one-room hut with another room attached that was used for sleeping during the summers for my mother, sister and me. Next to that, the barn was attached, and next to that, a chicken coop. In front of it in the yard was a well that supplied all our water needs.

On the other side of the house, again attached, was a store room for vegetables. There was a hole in the ground where the vegetables were placed during the winter so as not to freeze. Our vegetables consisted of

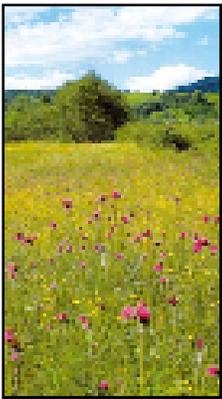
beets, onions, carrots, cabbage, and potatoes, which were the mainstay of our diet. We didn't have an apple tree in the yard, but some people did. There was also a hand-grinding wheel for grinding wheat into flour. The bread was always black bread. (Actually, it must have been tasty or else the black bread that I used to buy in Park Forest was. It's called pumpernickel here. I've never been able to duplicate the bread I bought in Park Forest anywhere since.)

When the Germans and later the Poles were hunting for Ukrainians, the people often tried to hide in the so-called cellars in these storage rooms. My sister-in-law, Julie (Alex's wife), hid in that area during that time. Eventually, it didn't work, because she was deported with her two-year-old son to another area. Her son died during the trip due to a high fever. No medication was given to anyone ill, including children. Her husband was killed during WWII.

The interior of our main room in the hut had long benches along two walls on which to sit. Next to the benches was a long table and then another long bench on the other side of the table. There was some room in between the table and the wall for a bed that was big enough to accommodate my mother, sister and myself. Across that bed with some space was what seemed to me at my small height to be a primitive oven with a wide opening. It was square with a huge square opening. It didn't quite reach the ceiling but it did afford us to sit on top of it during the cold winters to keep warm. Along the side of it was a bench. The bread baked in the oven was placed there with a flat wooden paddle. There was also a smaller square stove attached to it that may have been used during the summers or for making cabbage soup, etc. I remember that stove well, because when I was three, I tripped and placed my right hand on it to brace myself. I had a third-degree burn on the palm. The scar is still with me and had been used for identification at times such as when I got my naturalization papers.

We had a bed big enough to accommodate my three brothers on the other side of the room across the table. The beds were made of board over which were straw-filled mattresses. Our covers and pillows were made of soft goose down. My mother was always careful to do a good job to separate the soft part of the feather, pulling out the center of it that was the quill. She never used chicken feathers, as they weren't soft enough. These were the very few precious things we brought with us when we went to Canada. The covers served us all while in Canada as covers and so did the pillows.

My mother even made two pillows from the goose down for me when I got married to take with me. She withdrew some of the goose down from the three large covers we had. When Craig was born, she also made a soft down cover for him by using some of the down from the other large ones. This cover served all three of you during your crib days. By the time Gail completed using it, it had quite a urine odor, but I managed to save some down from the pillows that were used by Gene and me. I saved them and they were in the attic until recently when we rummaged through the attic. That was all I still had from my old country and the down was probably over 100 years old. No doubt some of it was given to my mother by her mother when my mother got married, so it really has been passed on and traveled quite a distance.



The front yard of the house had a slight bank next to the road. We had flowers there. Don't ask me what they were, as I am very poor at identifying flowers. Some were long, with large flowers all the way up the stem. (Gene would know, I'm certain. I have seen them here.) In the back of the house, we had the outhouse. The back of the yard sloped down to a river where clothes were washed on a rock beaten with a paddle. There wasn't any soap, so my mother sometimes used boiled potatoes as soap. I'm sure she didn't wash often and we probably wore the same thing all the time.

My friend and I used to play in that river without supervision. We did this especially after a heavy rain when the river was swollen and rushing by. We hoped we'd find something useful or a toy that might have

been carried down the river after the storm. To my knowledge we never found anything except debris from trees etc.

My mother complained of the poor soil in the area. The small plots of land were divided into about three different sections in three different areas. Most likely that was so that everyone had to share the same type of soil. Some fields were probably more suitable for planting than others.

My mother and I would go to the woods after a rain to pick mushrooms. The mushrooms would spring up after a rain, and there was always an ample amount to pick. We could easily tell the good mushrooms from the poisonous ones. That was fun. The woods would be dark and wet.

After my father left for Canada in 1928, my grandfather, John Lozyk, was still with us for five years. I was three months old, Alex 12, Peter 9, Metro about 5 or 6, and Katherine was 2 1/2. Most of the responsibility was my mother's and Alex's. According to my mother, Alex started tending the cow or cows when he was four. Once while tending the cows, he fell asleep. My father found him sleeping and woke him up by switching him with a stick. How it must have scared a little boy of four to be awakened in such a manner. He was only four, and it would be easy for a child to fall asleep. I don't know what time he had to wake up at home to take the cows to the field, but it must have been very early.

Alex and possibly Peter plowed the fields, planted the vegetables and wheat and whatever else was needed to be done. They cut the tall grass with a scythe for hay for the winter for the animals. They cut the wheat and then separated the kernels from the chaff by beating the wheat with two long sticks tied together to bend. The kernels were stored in the storage room to grind into flour by the handgrinding wheel.

We had a cow or two, some chickens and probably a pig, because I recall hearing a pig squeal when my brothers butchered it. We rarely had meat to my knowledge -- eggs, chickens and possibly a pig were used for bartering for other necessities. There was at least one goose that followed me around all the time. It was white. It was my pet. Then suddenly I didn't see it anymore. I asked my mother while we were eating what happened to it. She told me she had sold it for necessities. I was crushed to say the least, but I don't recall making a fuss, because that was part of life during our time.

I had a friend who lived next to our house and another boy on the other side of our house. The friend and I always played together. No doubt we were even in the same class, but I don't recall too much about her except I do remember having a friend. I met her in Lachine during Alex's funeral. (He never told me she lived there. She had emigrated to Canada sometime after WWII, but I have no idea when.) She didn't speak English very well, and I, by this time, couldn't converse well in Ukrainian. Since my mother died, I didn't speak Ukrainian with anyone, and one loses the ability to speak a language rapidly when not used. She related many things that we did together that I didn't remember and I couldn't understand her very well. She told me how she cried when we left for Canada. She was so happy to see me. She seemed half my size in Lachine. I couldn't believe how short she was.

Did you know?

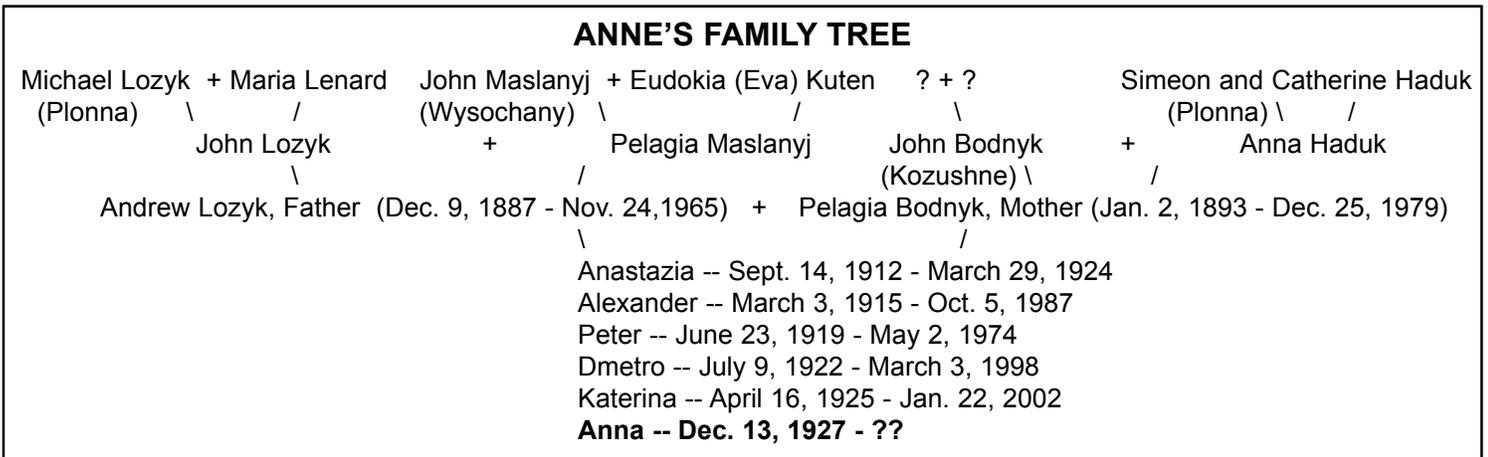
Saint Pelagia is a Greek saint, a virgin of 15 years, who chose death by a leap from the housetop rather than dishonour. Her festival was celebrated on Oct. 8.

Agia Pelagia is a Greek island.

Pelagia noctiluca is a jellyfish.

My mother seemed to have a happy childhood. She didn't go to school as there wasn't a school in her village. She never attended school and never learned how to read and write. I tried to teach her when we reached Canada, but it was impossible. She did finally learn how to write her signature, which was better than putting an X on documents. It was written and the letters formed in her own way and took quite an effort on her part to do it, but it was always accepted on formal documents, so I guess it was good enough.

My mother said most of her days were carefree and occupied with playing. She often asked me when I was in high school and spent three hours on homework how I could stand it. She would tell me how carefree she was when she was growing up. Of course, that ended when she she got married at age 17 in 1910.



My grandmother on my mother's side, Anna (Haduk) Bodnyk, died at 56 or 57. She had some kind of an infection with fever. People couldn't give their illnesses names because they didn't go to doctors. The common remedy was placing leeches on the back of the ill person to draw the bad blood out. The leeches that were placed on my grandmother's back were already infected because they were probably used on another patient before her. Gypsies probably sold them the leeches, because they roamed from village to village selling their magic and fortune telling, but I'm not sure of this. Whether the person who sold the leeches knew they were already used on another patient isn't known. Nevertheless, my grandmother didn't recover.

How my grandfather on my mother's side, John Bodnyk, died, I don't know. I know that the peasants often conferred with gypsies. My father was a big customer of theirs, according to my mother. He often would go to them to tell him how things would turn out. The peasants were quite superstitious.

In fact, my oldest sister, Anastazia, was born on Nov. 9, 1912 and died March 3, 1924. She would have been 12. We don't know what her illness was. My mother begged my father to take her to a doctor, which meant going to a town, not a village, probably Sanok, but he wouldn't do it. Instead, he kept in contact with the gypsies, who kept telling him she would get well. Well, she didn't get well and died. My mother was heartbroken and said she went to the cemetery daily for two years and cried for two years. In a year's time or so, she had Katherine and then me two and a half years later, so her grief lessened as time went by.

My mother developed TB in Poland. It's not something that one usually survived in those days, especially in such poor countries. Fortunately she met a Jewish man who advised her to boil a chicken each day and eat the meat and drink the fat stock made from the chicken. She did this, and she finally got well, which was fortunate for the children she already had. I wasn't born yet. I can't imagine what would have happened to my older siblings. Our grandparents were gone, and everyone was poor. There wouldn't have been anyone to take them in. My father wasn't good with children. I don't know how he would have managed. Our aunt Katherine had two of her own by that time and, no doubt, couldn't take any more in. I was told that her husband wasn't the most hardworking man either.

Our house (#70) burned down at least once. The last time was when Anastazia and Alex were already born. According to my mother, she was in one of the closer fields when she saw the flames from our house. She ran home, but there was nothing she could do. The roof was thatched and burned so easily. My father was home at the time, according to her. Maybe he fell asleep. How the fire started, I don't know. Along with their home, many other homes in Plonna also burned.

The only way to rebuild was by going from village to village and begging, which my parents did. My father also weaved baskets to sell. There were times when they slept in other people's attics. Other times they slept in ditches. How long it took to rebuild, I don't know. (The new house was #71.) The begging must have been done in other villages, because most of the homes in Plonna, to my understanding, were also burned.

My grandmother on my father's side, Pelagia Lozyk, had either a stroke or heart attack, because after the fire, she also died at age 56 or 57. The stress was too much for her.

My grandfather on my father's side, John Lozyk, lived with us until I was five. He was very fond of me and wanted me with him when he did chores. I loved my grandfather. At one time, my mother seemed angry with him. He asked me to join him in whatever he was doing but my mother whispered in my ear not to go. That was difficult for me, because I loved him and didn't want to hurt his feelings. Yet, I couldn't disobey my mother and be disloyal to her. So, I did what she asked me and didn't go with him. I'm certain he understood that it wasn't because I didn't want to be with him, but because his daughter-in-law was angry with him (although my mother always spoke highly of my grandfather).

My grandfather got ill with some kind of an infection when I was five. I recall that he lay in bed where my brothers used to sleep. He had boils on his back, because that is where the warm glasses were placed. The flesh would rise up into the glass. What that was supposed to do, I don't know. I read not too long ago that this method is still used in China, though not leeches.

He seemed to recover and was able to eat, but it didn't last long, and he never got out of bed. I remember him being fed by my brother. It was evening. He seemed better. He was even able to talk, but in a short while after he was fed, he motioned with his arm as if to say something, laid back, and he was gone.

The preparation of the body was done by the family. My brothers sat him up on the bench or in a chair (although I don't remember any chairs in the house) with his feet in some kind of a pan with water. They shaved him, then laid him on the bench next to the wall near the table. He lay there for the proper time. Neighbors came day and night. I remember sitting on top of the oven when some of them were there in the evening or night because the light was on.

LEMKO FUNERAL PRACTICES

Upon the death of a Lemko, the entire village would participate in the funeral. From the time of death until the burial, the village church bells would ring three times a day. The deceased would be laid out on straw, in the home, dressed in his finest clothes with a candle placed in his hands. Lighted candles were placed around him with a wooden crucifix in the center. As a sign of mourning, girls unbraided their hair and women wear black dresses.

The evening before the burial, the Psalter (book of Psalms) would be read continuously during and after the evening vigil, at which the priest would celebrate a wake service (parastas). The next morning, the funeral services were held in the church, with the deceased in an open casket in the middle of the church. The body was then carried to the cemetery by the pallbearers or in a wagon (summertime) or by sleigh (wintertime).

After the burial, a meatless meal, usually of bread, cheese, cabbage and barley was served at the home of the deceased. One week later, another meal, this time of veal and lamb, was held; the priest would have a memorial service (panachyda) at which all present would sing "vichnaya pamjat" (eternal memory) for the soul of the deceased.

My brothers made a coffin for him and lay him in it the day of the funeral. I saw the coffin being placed in the wagon and I had my arm over my eyes because I didn't want anyone to see me cry. I didn't go to the church or the cemetery. I do recall going there once with my mother. My two grandparents were buried there as well as my sister Anastazia. We have been told the cemetery is gone now and a road goes through it.

Physically, I had some mishaps when growing up in Plonna. I broke my elbow. I don't recall how old I was. My sister asked me to ask Alex to let us ride on top of wagon full of hay. The hay was piled high on the wagon and was loose. We both sat on top of the hay. When the horse pulled the wagon, the hay under us slipped and we both fell to the ground. She was on one side of the wagon, and I on the other side right next to the well. Fortunately, I didn't fall in the well, which was deep. My sister escaped without a scratch, but my elbow ballooned immediately.

My mother and Alex took me to the local Mr. Fix-Everything. I remember standing on a bench, with my mother holding me, and shaking as Mr. Fix-it tried to maneuver the elbow back in place. I was screaming but didn't faint. There wasn't any anesthesia to be had. I remember being given some water when the ordeal was over. Mr. Fix-It put my arm in a sling. I wore it bent that way for I don't know how long. We never went back to him, but when the sling was finally taken off, the elbow wouldn't straighten out but remained in the bent position.

Again, we went to see someone, but this time it was in Sanok. This man had much more skill. I don't know if he was some kind of doctor or not, but he maneuvered the elbow, and this time it didn't hurt as much. This "doctor" had me keep my arm straight. Eventually it healed, and it was as good as ever, except for the crunching I would hear when I bent my elbow.

My other accident was playing "Blind Man's Bluff" with my cousin. My mother and my aunt were sitting on the bench conversing while I played the blind man with a cloth on my eyes. I fell against some large hook on the wall. My cheek and eye were swollen. Things didn't improve, so by the third day, my mother again took me to another town. Maybe Sanok again. The man that examined my eye was very gentle. He put some salve in it. I remember how soft his fingers were. My mother was to continue putting the salve in my eye at home. There was a big difference between the doctor's soft fingers and my mother's rough farmer fingers when the salve was put in the eye. The medication worked and in several days, I was able to see as well as ever.

I don't recall bathing and we didn't have soap, of course. I suppose if I did bathe, it may have been in the river, although I don't recall it. We must have washed our hands and faces.

I had impetigo (a contagious bacterial skin infection forming pustules and yellow, crusty sores) twice that I recall. Once my mother had to shave my head because it was all over my face and head. The only thing she used on it was melted butter. Eventually it went away. I also recall having a large boil between my shoulder blades. When it was ripe, my sister slapped me for some reason right on that spot. It burst, which was a good thing. I still have a scar in the area.

Food was served in one bowl in the center of the table. We had cabbage soup probably every meal. It seems to me we ate four times a day. I'm sure we also had vegetables in it that were grown by us. We must have had borscht, because we raised beets. We ate with wooden spoons from the same bowl. I don't know how often milk was available, but we didn't get such things like eggs except on Easter and maybe Christmas. They were sold and bartered or whatever. We didn't have forks, as we really didn't need them for the type of food we ate. We did have black bread. We didn't have tomatoes or corn, only what was grown in the area. I didn't see a banana or an orange until we came to Canada.

The clothes we wore were a rough material like burlap. Women wore skirts and shirts and men wore pants of the same material as the shirts that went over their pants and were tied with a cord. Our shoes were like mocassins, I believe, although I see in the picture that we have when I was three that we did have some kind of high-top shoe.

We didn't have socks as I recall, only rags wrapped around the feet as socks. My father, even in Canada when he worked outdoors all winter, would still wrap his feet with rags over his woolen socks. Then, in the evening, he would take them off. They would be soaked from the outdoor work. He would hang them around the stove to dry until the next day when he again would wrap them over his socks before putting on his boots.

Everyone went to bed when the sun went down. Some of the early-to-bed was due to the fact that we wanted to use as little kerosene as possible in the lamps. I remember my mother spinning flax by hand into thread. The thread was wound around a long wooden pole. We didn't have spinning wheels. I guess the thread was sent out to make into cloth to be used to make clothes, again by hand.

I was always fond of school, even at an early age. One didn't go to school until seven years of age. There were four grades; after that the education was completed. Even before I entered school, I would lie on my tummy in the yard in the warm sun and write. I was left-handed, and so was my brother Metro. We weren't allowed to use our left hand to write, so I tried hard to write with my right hand, but it was difficult. I kept wanting to use my left hand.

Katherine was already in grade one. I guess her teacher learned how much I wanted to go to school, so one day she allowed me to go to Katherine's class. That was a thrill. When we were ready to go to Canada, I had one year of school, and Katherine probably had two or three, and Metro had four. Peter must have com-



Metro Lozyk (far upper left) and Peter Lozyk (fourth from top left)
at a school or church assembly in Plonna.

pleted his four years. So did Alex. I doubt we went the whole day to school. The older kids must have been needed at home. Also, the only subjects in the first grade were reading and arithmetic. Reading was easy to learn, because it was all phonetic, without any extra letters in words such as in English and French. Arithmetic was also quite elementary.

Before WWI when that part of the country was under the Austrian Empire, my father learned the Polish alphabet and always used it rather than the Ukrainian alphabet. Whenever he wrote letters, it was using the Polish alphabet to spell Ukrainian words.

Peter was considered extra smart by his teacher. His teacher wanted him to go on with his education. That would mean going to a larger town that would offer higher education. My father was already in Canada. My mother wrote to him about the subject. His reply was that Peter didn't need more education to be a farmer. So that ended that.

The school was probably one mile down the road from us. I only remember one room, but maybe it did have another room. The teacher was always a male. We sat on long benches with a long desk to accommodate several students. We had a portable blackboard. At one time, my teacher embarrassed me by saying, "Now the prettiest girl in the class will come and erase the blackboard." The main reason for my embarrassment was that day I wore a shoe where the sole was almost completely off. It flapped as I walked. He wasn't aware of this. So, I went up to the board trying very hard not to have the sole flap.

I remember one time outside the window while we were in class, another teacher or some man was pulling Metro by the ear for some reason and scolding him. I don't know if it was when he was in class and doing something wrong, but I do remember that occasion.

The church was a field away behind the school. I believe the Mass was three hours long. Most of the people had to stand during the whole thing. Maybe it wasn't quite three hours, but that's what comes to my memory from what my mother told me. There were a few pews in front of the church. I sat in one once and remember how fidgety I was. I didn't go to church often because of the long service, no doubt.



Remains of the church in Plonna today. It was burned down in 1946.

The first priest that was in Plonna at the time I believe my mother was married was very mean to the people and extracted many things from them. He would put the fear of Hell in them if they did not do what he told them to do. The people hated him. He finally met his death when riding a wagon over a bridge during a bad rainstorm. The wagon tipped over the bridge and into the river and he drowned. It was the same river that also ran past the back of our house. My mother often spoke of him and how happy the people were when he was gone.

The priest that was there during the time I was there was a great Ukrainian Nationalist. He is in two

small pictures I have with Ukrainian children. Peter and Metro are in one of the pictures, and Alex is also in the other. The people loved him. He was also young and handsome, although that isn't the reason they liked him. He was very kind. I often wonder what happened to him during World War II. He was possibly killed by the Germans or sent to a concentration camp. If he did survive WWII, no doubt the Poles took care of him after the war, especially since he was so nationalistic. The priests lived in a grand home across the road from the church. It had a big porch all the way around it. I was never inside, but it seemed grand from the outside.

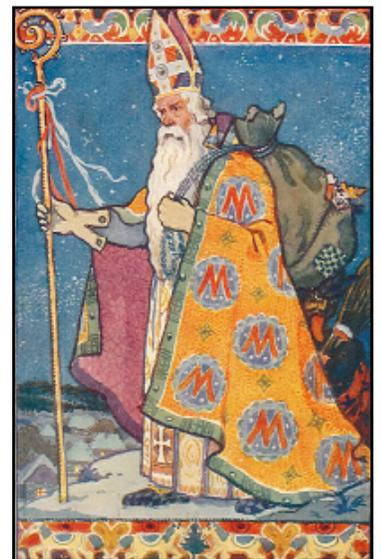
At Easter time, my mother colored Easter eggs. The pen (or whatever the part that was used to dip in melted wax) was the pointed part of a shoelace tied to a small stick. It looked like a tiny hammer. It was dipped into hot wax and designs were made on boiled eggs. Only one dye for coloring the eggs was available -- the skins of onions were boiled to make the dye. That was the only material we had to make colors. (Other more prosperous communities and towns had more material to work with.)



The eggs were dipped into the warm dye and remained there until the desired color would appear on the egg. The wax part would melt mostly while the egg was in the dye. Then, whatever wax was left came off easily when rubbed off and that part remained the color of the egg. Making those eggs was a special treat at the time. My mother continued the practice for several years in Canada. She also baked a paska, which was an Easter bread. I don't recall eating it, and I would think it was made out of less dark flour than usual, but I don't know. I don't remember what other foods were available on this special holiday.

I remember more about Christmas. We didn't have a tree, although my friend and her family next door had one. It had something to do with the fact that we were not Polish but Ukrainian. I never understood that. All Ukrainians in Canada had Christmas trees. Instead, we brought hay into the house and covered the floor. I guess it was supposed to represent Christ being born in a barn. Having straw on the floor was a lot of fun. We would roll in it and do summersaults. I don't know if our cousins were with us, because it was winter, and they lived in another village. People didn't have warm clothes to be going outdoors. I don't recall playing outdoors in the winter. I don't know if we went to school during the cold weather. Maybe we didn't.

I believed in St. Nicholas. He had a long white beard and a long white robe. He didn't look like Santa Claus in Canada. In fact, I didn't like Santa Claus. I thought he was a fake. On Christmas Eve, St. Nicholas would place a white bun under my pillow, which I found on Christmas morning. When we got to Canada, the first Christmas, I woke up in the morning and didn't find a bun under my pillow. I asked my mother why not, and then she told me there wasn't any St. Nicholas. I was really, really disappointed. I guess the disappointment lasted a long time, because I didn't let you kids believe in Santa Claus, because I didn't want you to have the same disappointment. However, you probably would have reacted differently, since you received presents anyway -- Santa or no Santa.



My mother, Katherine, Peter, Metro and me had our pictures taken in 1930 when I was three by a photographer who came to the village. Alex often lamented he wasn't in the picture and that there weren't any pictures of him when he was young. He wondered why not? My mother's reply to that was that Alex was in the field at the time the photographer came. The man didn't give any prior notice as there was no way to do it. The people whose pictures he was going to take didn't have much time to get ready. There wasn't enough time to go and get Alex in

the field. It could have been one of our farther fields. I don't know if he ever was convinced that someone couldn't have called him from the field.

Canadian Immigration Records

Surname: Lozyk
Given name: Andrzej
Age: 41 Sex: M
Nationality: Pol
Date of arrival: 1928/03/17
Port of arrival: Halifax , Nova Scotia
Ship: AURANIA , Cunard

After World War I, the doors to Canada (and probably to the U.S.) were open for immigration. My mother prodded my father to go to Canada. Reluctantly, he did go in the beginning of 1928. I think it was late February or March. We should have been forever grateful to my father for going to Canada and to my mother, who had the foresight to have him go. If he hadn't gone, we would have suffered the same fate as the villagers who were there during the war and after the war when the Ukrainians were forced to leave their homes or be killed.

When he was in Canada, my father kept wanting to return home, but my mother insisted he remain with the idea that when he earned enough money, he could bring his whole family to Canada. Life in Plonna was difficult, so why come back? When he finally sent for us in 1935, it was most courageous of him. I don't think we thought too much at the time how difficult a decision it must have been for him. (Every so often, my brothers would mention it, but my father never brought it up.) It was during the Depression and almost all Canadian Ukrainians were unemployed and on "relief." My father was fortunate to have a job that paid \$20/week -- a great sum for the time. He worked outdoors in a wealthy community called Westmount cleaning streets winter and summer, and he walked to work 4-5 miles one way no matter the weather. I often smile when Chicago weathermen predict cold weather and warn not to go out because your face can freeze. My father was in worse weather all day and it never happened. They didn't have street plows then, so all snow was shoveled on to trucks and hauled away.

March 28, 1946

*Polish soldiers burn down the villages of Kozhushne, Wysochany,
Prydyshiw, Polonna and Cerednie Welyke.*

Seven villagers die in this action.

*During April 1946, Polish soldiers and police lay siege to the villages
of Pavlokoma and Obarym.*

These villages are viciously attacked with machine gun fire.

More than 100 individuals are killed during this action.



