

THE DEMCHUK FAMILY

1778-1910

by

Demetrius P. Demchuk

(*ca.* 1895-1978)

*Being the first
and only completed part
of a projected trilogy*

edited & annotated by
John Blythe Dobson

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PREFACE

On 6 January 2003 I received a telephone call from Mr. Larry Hrehirchuk, of 878 Parkdale Street, Winnipeg. He had seen my Demchuk web page,¹ and wondered if I would be interested in seeing some family papers which were not mentioned there. I of course readily agreed to meet with him, and among the things he showed me at that meeting were a 37-page typescript history of the Demchuk family by our mutual kinsman, Demetrius Paul Demchuk, of whose existence I had been completely unaware.² It would be superfluous for me to recount how greatly this work has extended my own knowledge of the family; I subsequently learned that it had been discussed, for example, on the Demchuk Family board at RootsWeb,³ and was hardly unknown to the world. It is perhaps already known to many of the readers of these words. Thus it is really only necessary to explain here that as copies of this work are scarce, and as the generation of additional copies must be based on increasingly faint copies which are but distant descendants of the original, it seemed that the time had come for it to be reissued in a more legible form.

There are certain peculiarities of the typescript which suggest that either it was not produced by the author himself, or else that he typed it some time after the composition of the text, and did not collate its statements against his original notes. Because there were clearly substantive mistakes, besides many misspellings,⁴ unsatisfactory punctuation,⁵ and grammatical errors,⁶ some degree of textual amendment was certainly indicated. As this work will presumably be of interest mainly to family members, it would have seemed pointless and confusing to replicate misspellings of place-names, for example. And yet this work will perhaps be of some interest to social historians also, and some concession to scholarly principles of editing had to be made. While the rather erratic punctuation of the typescript has been radically revised, all ellipsis marks (...), unless placed within square brackets, are authorial, not editorial, and all additions other than punctuation have been placed in square brackets. I have made no cuts beyond those indicated by [...], except for the occasional excision of a false start of a sentence or phrase, and of some extraneous definite articles. I have in a rare few cases silently corrected a word which had obviously been confused with another of similar sound (for example *faith* for *fate*), or resolved a jarring disagreement in number between a verb and its subject. But I have introduced only such changes as seemed crucial to intelligibility, and have not attempted to bring the work into a condition of stylistic uniformity, fearing that the result would be awkward and without character. So,

apart from the provision of some explanatory endnotes and a chart illustrating the relationships between persons mentioned in the text, this has been the whole extent of my editorial intrusion.

Having mentioned such matters as the author's grammatical errors, I trust my comments will not be taken as a sign of disrespect, but merely the frank cataloguing of a few problems which would in any case be obvious to the reader, and especially to one acquainted with the unaltered original. In fact, it seems miraculous to me that a work such as this should have been undertaken by one in its author's circumstances. He was poor when he came to Canada as a youth, evidently acquired his knowledge of written English largely through self-instruction, and seems to have conceived the idea of creating a family history completely on his own. The investigations described in its pages were begun at a time when genealogical research was scarcely practiced in this province, except by a small and leisured elite. He has preserved data which would surely have perished otherwise. While I have not personally corroborated more than a small part of his work, it is clear that it provides many valuable clues which might be pursued (by some better-qualified person than myself) in Ukrainian sources.

It only remains for me to thank Larry Hrehirchuk for bringing D.P. Demchuk and his fascinating book to my attention.

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INTRODUCTION

It reminds me that one time during the class-hour in high-school, we the students have been discussing the question of origin of surnames, names, prefixes, and suffixes and their meanings in different nations including Ukrainian, and during the course of discussion one English student provoked an amusement and irritation. He asked me directly: "Demchuk! Is your name means a small dam? Before I had a chance to answer and explain to the class an exact meaning of "small dam," the four o'clock bell rang and caused the usual commotion, the school teacher suggested that "we shall return to this question some other time."

Now it seems to me that I should explain to my young Demchuks the proper meaning of *dem-chook* (a small dam) as I was asked. The surname Dem-chook consists of two words, or rather two names and a suffix. It originates from the name "Demyan-chook." The name Demyan is an old Slavic, Ukrainian, masculine, Christian name. In old days this name has been very popular and many Ukrainian families have been selecting this name for their infant boy, while baptizing them in the Orthodox churches.

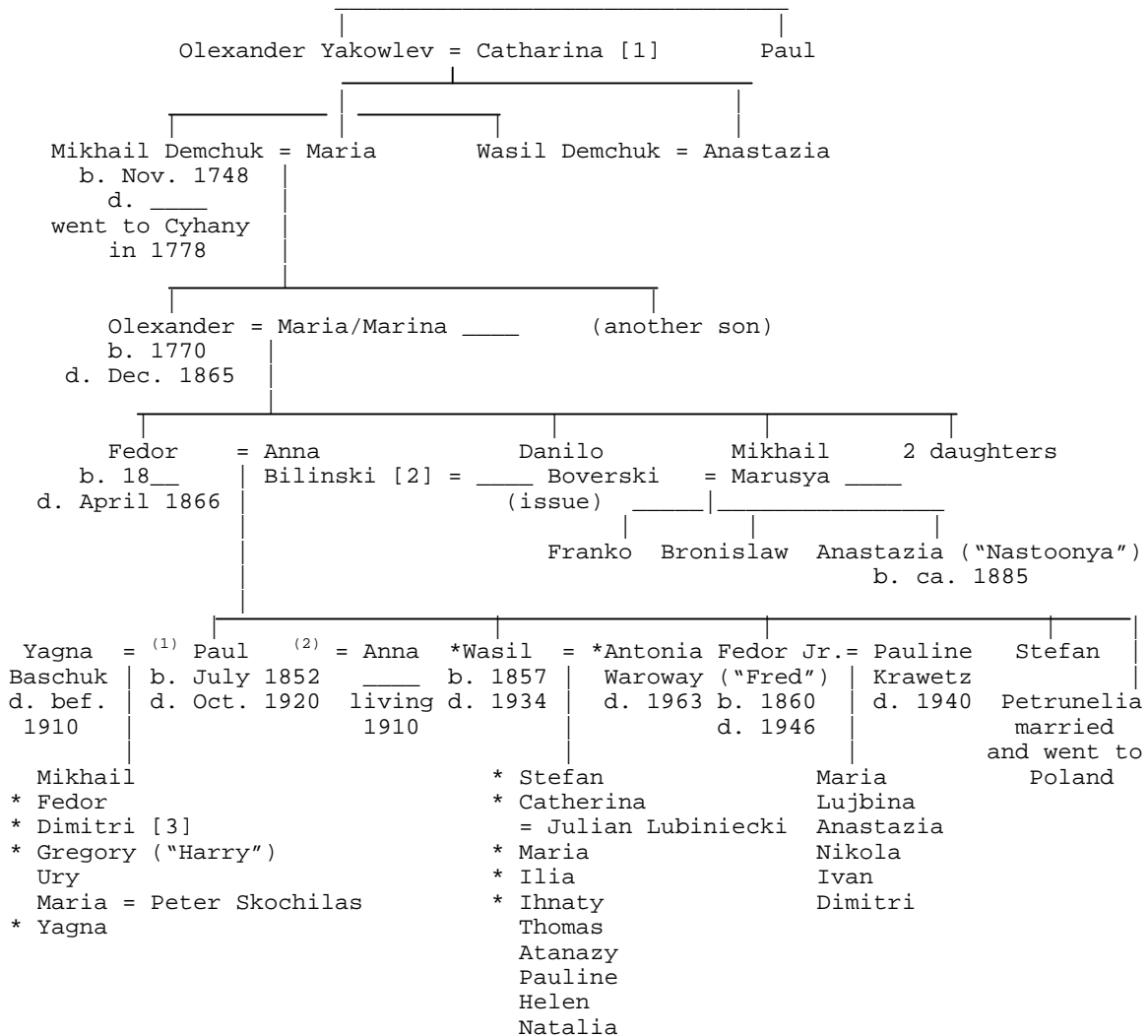
In our case, the boy's name with added suffix has become surname, Demyan-chook means small Demyan.

Now, please remember that in the year 1778 A.D. in July, both brothers Michael and Wasil Demyanchuk with their wives Maria and Anastasia, daughters of Alexander and Katherine Yakowliv, have jointly agreed to change their name as a precaution against the Russian spies in Austria and shortened [it], calling themselves Demchuk. Therefore since second half of July in 1778 A.D. the names Michael Demchuk, his wife Maria and two boys have been recorded in the Austrian citizens' records in county town Borshchiv.

Now I hope that all my Demchuks and their relatives will remember the origin of Dechuk's name and will be able to explain the "small dam" to other Canadians: the basic name and suffix.

Respectfully yours,
D.P. Demchuk

PERSONS MENTIONED IN THE TEXT
(prepared by the editor)



[1] Note: On p. 13 of the typescript, this couple is assigned three sons, but this is almost certainly an accidental repetition of the three sons of their grandson Olexander Demchuk.

[2] This seems to be incorrect. Baptismal records of two daughters of Fedor's son Wasyl call the latter a son of "Theodorus Demchuk and Maria ____."

[3] Demetrius Paul Demchuk, the author of this work.

* These persons are known to have come to Canada.

My dear Demchuks, relatives and Friends!

Will you please take a sharp pencil and on any map of Eastern Europe find the capital city of Ukraine Kiev. From there follow in the south-western direction, about 359 kilometers, and you will find historical Ukrainian city Kamenetz Podolski.⁷ From there follow north about 30 kilometers and you will find a small town Landskorun originally called Yaskorunya. From there follow North West you will find the west side of the river Zbruch, a small village with historical name called Zbrizh. On the west side of River Zbruch to the south about four kilometers there is a town Skala. From there going West is village Tzihani, which after Second World War has been renamed by the Russians and now is called Rudka⁸ but we, in our description will call [by] the old name Tzihani. From here to the south about seven kilometers there is a county town Borshchiv and farther down to the south on the river Dnister there is a town Zalischiki. This is a historical triangle; River Zbrich empties its water into the River Dnister and runs into the Black Sea.

Our object in mentioning these places is to help our Demchuks in Canada and U.S.A. to find without difficulties the places where our first ancestors were born lived, left their homes and traveled in seeking the place for new homes and political asylum in Austria, before and after the year 1778 A.D.

The *khootir* (or farmstead) by Yaskorunya is the cradle, where our first Demyanchuks-Demchuks were born and lived during their young years, the two brothers Michael and Wasil Demyanchuk, and married two sisters, Maria and Anastazia, the daughters of Alexander (Zoleksa) and Catherine Yakowliv, also from Yaskorunya.

Both Demyanchuk brothers were joint owners of large acreage of cultivated fertile land, few acres of forest, fruit orchard and hay-land with a small creek, and many horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, bees and home poultry, and naturally money. Because they were hard-working Christians, treated their hired help humanely and naturally, their help worked willingly; and most important was that that part of Ukraine is the richest and most productive country in Europe, and no wonder that neighboring nations wanted to possess the land. Naturally Demyanchuk family were respected and socially influential in this part of Ukraine. Yet [it] unexpectedly happened that they had to leave their land and wealth and to escape and seek another place to live — in Austria.

The Russian Empress Catherine the Great (1762-1796) destroyed the last Ukrainian Cossacks' *zaporzhe*, on the Dnipro River near the Black Sea, and [the] defeated Ukrainian Cossacks were forced to find their sanctuary on Turkish land; with the downfall of Ukrainian military power, the Russian ruling class suggested Catherine to

conquer the Ukraine politically and economically. Because Russia proper, without the Ukraine, granary of Europe, will never be able to grow into [a] strong political power. All the Russians white or red know that; and by all means they try to keep Ukrainians in subjection. And Russian patriots invented a delicate scheme. They suggested to Catherine to summon all the Ukrainian nobility and landlords to visit Catherine, swear their loyalty to her, and in exchange she will grant them her *bramota*, which means title to the possession of their land. And in addition they had to pay the Empress' treasury and muster young Ukrainians into Russian army, and perform other duties required and imposed by the Russian rulers, in the future. Especially the army [p. 2 begins] was needed to conquer the Siberia and other Asiatic wild tribes.

The Ukrainian landlords and nobility residing closer to Moskow had no other choice but to visit the Empress with "presents" and returned to their home with *bramotas* (or royal titles), as subjects. But the Ukrainian landlords living on the right side of the Dnipro River have been delaying their visits to Moscow, as they were looking for a war between Turkey and Russia. The Russians invented another scheme because they were [expectant?] of [a] Polish-Turkish War and in a quiet way selected a number of Russian patriotic emissaries and sent them to the Ukrainian landlords, and suggested that these landlords with their wives swear an oath of allegiance by proxy in front of the emissary and sign their names in exchange of royal *bramotas*. And one of the emissary visited Demyanchuks. During supper meal he drank more honey⁹ than he could stand, and being under the influence of eloquence, expressed his selfish desires. He wanted to be owner of such farm as Demyanchuks had. There is a proverb in Ukrainian language which says "What the sober person has in mind, the drunkard has on his tongue."

The Demyanchuks grasped the emissary's selfish desire. Even if they swear their allegiance to Empress this selfish man may suggest to the Empress that Demyanchuks are under suspicion and they may be arrested and sent into Siberia as undesirables and the land may be granted to this emissary for his gift for loyal service, as Russian patriot and as example to other loyal Russians. The Russians were afraid of Ukrainian patriots. And there was reason for suspicion: "Demyanchuks were very popular in that part of Ukraine and even suggestion that they are *mazepintzi* may provoke the destruction of their family," and who cares if a few Ukrainians are less in Ukraine? There are times that frightened mind [is] unable to reason properly. The emissary may be honest but he may be selfish. Why did he express his selfish desire for their farm? It is suspicious assumption. If he plans to destroy them.¹⁰ We Demyanchuks are on the suspicious list, both brothers were discussing in their minds *pro* and *con*. Finally they suggested that next morning they will sign the proxy in the presence of their domestic. The emissary had to be carried to his room, as he has been under the influence of

honey, freshly gathered by bees, as it was middle of July and first flowers have more strength, aroma and taste.

Now finally both brothers came to the conclusion that they have to leave their farm and everything, and save their families and their lives and as soon as possible leave for Austria. The emissary, his horse and *kolaska* buggy has been destroyed during the night. It has been done in self-defence. The tenth commandment says “Thou shalt not kill.” We don’t kill him as a human. We kill the evil which is his body. What right have the Russians to kill Ukrainians and take by force their land? Such and similar arguments were discussed by Demyanchuk brothers several times on their way into Austria.

THE FUGITIVES IN AUSTRIA

The next morning both families decided to leave their land and everything and save their lives in Austria. They selected four teams, and on two wagons packed the most needed household effects and food. It has been long-established custom in Ukrainian landlords’ families that the oldest son is the custodian of all the documents and all the valued family possessions, and that he had been considered as head of the family and adviser-manager of the family estate after father’s death. Michael, being eldest in the family, took on his wagon all the legal documents and money. [p. 3 begins] They also selected four young single men and two maids, whom they knew from their first birthdays and whom they considered as trustworthy. And after the hot July sunset [they] left toward Kiev.

Before they started on their journey, Michael summoned all the employees, appointed the manager who knew the everyday work, and asked them to carry out his instructions. With a good luck we will return. And if any curious neighbor or stranger inquire of their whereabouts tell them we have gone to Kiev, as per Her Majesty’s The Empress’ command.

After driving several kilometers to the north they have changed their traveling to the west towards river Zbrooch and towns Skala, Zbrizh. They traveled during the night for the safety precautions, and during daylight they slept and rested in the woods, or in the ravines along the small creek. They remembered proverb: “God helps those who help themselves.” They were familiar with their highway-road because it was the historical highway. This highway has been witnessing many armies, during many wars in the past several centuries.

The main reason was that by the village Zbrizh, a few kilometers north of [the] town Skala, the banks of the river Zbrooch were lowered and the water in the river

was shallow with hard bed, as the banks were widened the water current was slower than farther down.

In the fall of 1910 my father and I had the pleasure to see this shallow crossing. We were in the village Burdakivtzi to have the cloth-weaver make the homemade cloth in exchange for custom work, plowing his garden and in the orchard to be ready for spring. This cloth-weaver lived on the east side in the village Burdakivtsi, not far from the river. I remember even now at my age. We stayed overnight at the weaver's house, and in the early sunny fall morning we drove about two kilometers to the north to see for ourselves that shallow river Zbrooch, which saved the lives of Demyanchuk family. My father was familiar with their journey because the story has been known and remembered by Demchuks.

I remember the old gray-haired narrator, who as a cowman kept one cow on a long rope and the cow grazed the grass in the fossa trench along the road. If my judgment and memory serve me correct, that man's age was near ninety years, and he spoke without hesitation, what was the history of that shallow river and lowered banks. "A tall Tartar leader, long many centuries in the past, wanted to conquer whole world, marched with his army across our country. Came to this river with many slaves, young men and fine girls. And the river banks were steep, but no stones in the river banks. He ordered his slaves to make wooden spades and dig to lower the river banks. Some of the dirt was pushed into the swift current and water pushed the dirt farther down; the rest of the dirt raised the river bed and widened the river, as you see now. And his army without difficulties crossed the Zbrooch river. The word *zbrizh* is Mongolas' word used by that giant leader."

The old man crossed himself and added, "That mongol giant lead his army under the high mountains, some place in the west and has met the gods' punishment, because many slaves in this river lost their lives from overwork and hunger and slaughter of innocent Christians." The old grandfather again crossed himself and meaning as in prayer waved with his hand for us to go and leave him alone.

My father also crossed himself, knelt and prayed; when he finished his prayer and got up I noticed that he tried in his mind to get a picture of the river, or the moments when his great grand-father [p. 4 begins] with his brother and families, in a wagon crossed that shallow Zbrooch River into Austrian Ukraine.

On the way home we discussed the old man's story and I told my father that story is related to Prof. Ivan Frank's writing. It must be the Genghis Khan, the conqueror of Central Asia, who in 1223 A.D. invaded Europe and divided his army into three divisions. The central division planned to cross the Carpathian mountains through the pass called the Tuhla Pass and the Ukrainian mountainers called *hootzuls* destroyed whole central Mongol army. I just mention this historical fact: the Ukrainians have

saved Western civilization, and such facts are overlooked by historians or written in false manner. But this is another subject.

Let's go back to Demyanchuks' journey. The fact is that [the] Demyanchuks were familiar with the main roads leading to this shallow river bed near village Zbrizh. They also knew that on the Russian side there is a post or a few *saldats* who watch their side that no Russians cross the boundary into Austria, and they have order to shoot them if too far to catch them. Same regulations applied to Austrian gendarmes. Only Austrians had no desire to go to Russia. It was impossible and dangerous for Russians or from Russian side to cross the Zbrooch River. The Demyanchuks waited till after midnight and were just lucky. The heavy fog during that fateful July night and soft smooth riverbed helped our Demyanchuks to cross the river. The heavy fog covered them from observation by the Russian *saldats* and soft, smooth riverbed caused the horses to pull the wagons quietly across the river. Our traveling families were glad when they reached the top of the western riverbank. The sun's rays just began to spread light over the earth. Our fugitives looked down from the bank, noticed the fog still covering water in the river, and they felt free to inhale the fresh morning air. Michael took off his light cossack's cap and crossed himself, and the others followed, in their hearts thanked their Creator for helping them to escape the *saldats'* shells. Michael then started to [look] around for the post or buildings where Austrian *gendarmes* were stationed. He knew that it was his first duty to report and ask for temporal permission to travel in Austria. He noticed, on the south side, three buildings surrounded by oak and poplar trees. And in short time both wagons were halted by the guards.

Michael reported that he wanted to see the commanding officer, and while shaking hands with the officer, his fingers held the valuable paper money, which the officer took and placed in his side pocket. Michael now felt that he got the doors open. The officer suggested that Michael go inside, and the other members, being tired, may start to prepare breakfast, and he would like to taste the "Russian *chai*." While the report [was] being completed, ourselves we were busy [to] set a fire and prepared breakfast and a real breakfast [?], as they were under the nervous strain during their travel. Now they all relaxed and had a good appetite. The young gendarme suggested that their horses get some freshly-cut green grass. Water has been boiled and large kettle of Russian *chai* has been prepared. All the gendarmes were enjoying the *chai* and the rye bread with *shashliki* or cured meat. Michael's wife, Maria suggested to her maid to go and invite the officer to their breakfast with *chai*. [p. 5 begins]

The officer, after completing the preliminary report, asked Michael, "What are you planning to do in Austria?" — "We are the farmers from the past and will remain agriculturists in the future." We have enough money to purchase some land here, and

start farming again. From now on we will look for a larger field or a piece of land, fertile, which will give us and our domestic animals food and living.”

The officer was fully satisfied and added this statement to his report, and suggested that the nearest county judge lives in the town Borshchiv, and they should report to this judge and apply for the legal citizen's documents as soon as possible. Michael suggested and asked the officer for a duplicate report, giving reason that they are two families. Michael, his wife Maria and two small boys, with two hired men and one maid as one family. But his brother Wasil and his wife Anastazia, two hired men and a maid, that is another family. The officer thanked Michael for [the] proper and legal suggestion and wrote a duplicate report. He also suggested to Michael that in the town Borshchiv there is a land-titles office, and if the judge is the same which is known to the officer, he will be willing to ask his secretary to help Michael in purchasing the land.

“You know how to satisfy both, judge and the secretary?” said the officer with a smile and a wink. Which meant: Pay for the service. After breakfast with the tasty *shashlyk* and *chai*, the officer drew the plan on the paper showing the roads through the villages to the town Borshchiv. [He] pointed [out] the fresh spring water, meadow with grass for the horses, and suggested that they should have a good rest during hot July day, and next morning travel to see the judge. Wished them all good luck, health and happiness in Austria, and went to his duty. Next morning our Demyanchuks, after good night's rest and full with hope for the bright future, packed everything on their wagons for further journey and again in their hearts thanked their Creator for His help and guidance and prayed for His blessing.

The boys on the horseback in saddles started to lead the journey party. Michael with Maria, their two small boys who wanted to see the country, pulled down the canvass covers and with the *berest* or elm-tree branches with large leaves, decorated their wagon and made shade from the hot sun-rays later in the day. Wasil and Anastazia with both maids have covered their wagon and enjoyed their ride, especially the girls [who] were happy singing, giggling and enjoying the traveling. Our party drove through the northern part of the village Boordakivtzi and on the west end turned towards the village Gooshtin. Passed Gooshtin and after traveling over two kilometers, entered village Tzihani. Traveled through the street Khalameyivka from the north, then gristed the wheat rye barley and corn into flour. Between this mill and further west a high water dam was built and served as a highway road and a water dam and on the right side kept the water in shape of a lake, just for the use by the grist mill. The water has been flowing from the north west and through the village Losiach, and the creek has been named Tzihanka, meaning “the Gipsy woman.” On the left side of this mill and dam there was a public pasture, but there was no grass and our travel-

ing party needed hay or grass for their horses. [p. 6 begins] They were driving to the *korchma* (what we in Canada call saloon). Only the difference is that [the] *korchma* has one part of the building with rooms for passengers and another part for horses and it was the¹¹ practice that drivers had their own feed for the horses.

It just happened that while our traveling party reached [the] *korchma*, [they encountered] the local village policeman with a sign of his authority, carrying a sort of a round badge, attached to a belt tightly fit from the left shoulder across the body. Judging by the appearance Michael Demyanchuk asked this policeman for a help and suggestion. The policeman willingly suggested and directed Michael to the place suitable for their purpose.

“Drive about two kilometers west outside of the village, pass the cemetery on the left, and drive further on. You will reach the forest triangle. Send the boys on their horseback ahead so they will find the proper place before it is too dark to locate the good level spot close to the spring water. They shall pass the cemetery on their left, and further down on their right they shall notice residences and other buildings, where lives the forest manager-guard. And going down they shall find one narrow road on their left, and look for the spring water and a streamlet leading to the west. That is the place for your family and your horses. You may be able to have small fire to prepare your supper. But don't keen the fire too big and too long because it may attract the guard and he doesn't approve on making fire on a hot day. You understand? He is strict guard.”

Michael pressed the policeman's hand with one paper bill money, with word, “*Dyakuyoo!*” The policemen suggested that it is his duty to serve the traveling people in a strange place, and warned the boys when they reach the fork-roads which one leads to the right to the next village Losyach, and keep on the left road that is their proper way. The boys jumped on their horses and left the village.

By the time our wagons reached the triangle the boys have made the plans where to place the wagons and tents, and where the horses shall graze [upon] the green grass. Two large tents for both families and the small one for the girls. The fire has been ready to heat and boil the water for hot *chai*. Everything went according to plan. The fire has been sprinkled with water as suggested by the policeman. The horses were tied to the long ropes [at] one end, and to the wagon wheels another end of the ropes. Each team has been placed on each side of the wagon. Everything has been rechecked and the girls stopped giggling and were sound asleep. The boys were digesting their long day's travel and distance they have traveled. In one tent there was a light, a crude candle made of bees' wax placed on the homemade stool and illuminating the tent. Around the light both brothers and sisters were sitting and planning their future life in Austria. Michael with his wife Maria and Wasil with his wife Anastazia have been

discussing their life's problem. And finally they agreed to change their names from present name Demyanchuk to Demchuk.

After sunset in the middle of July 1778 A.D. in this triangle Losyach Forest on the north, Zhilintsi Forest on the west, and Tereziw Forest on the south close to the spring water, the name Demchuk has its origin. [p. 7 begins]

The maid was out of humor because last night she promised to have breakfast ready before the boys woke up. She failed, slept in. Mistress Demchuk noticed the embarrassment on the girl's face [and] rushed to rescue the girl.

"It is very good for you to play jokes with us. Three of you have been looking for two axes or those wide axes ... but two of us had to lead by the hands our little boys, think and select what we need and carry the parcels to wagon. It seems to me that we walked many kilometers and as we are smaller and have to make many more steps than you men, therefore no wonder we the weaker sex are tired but we did not wish to admit to our weakness...."

After breakfast our boys extinguished the fire, watered the horses, harnessed Michael's team and hitched to the wagon and jumped on their horses. Michael on Maria's suggestion cut few branches with large leaves, placed them on the wagon to keep the shade for their little boys.

Took the cap off and "In the name of Father, Son and Holy Spirit, now we are going to our new home, and start new life in Austria!"

Traveling back to the village Tzihani, the horses were walking faster. It seemed to our traveling party that the animals had the feeling that they are going to their home.

Driving through the village Tzihani, the curious peasants have been asking our traveling party: "Why going back so soon?" The boys on horses, laughingly replied, "We are your neighbors now, and shall see you in your church some Sunday."

"Our boys have smart ideas in answering questions to strangers," said Michael to his wife.

Our traveling party rode through the village and by the saloon Michael stopped off the wagon and sized the load and time of the day, and said aloud, "We have not much time today to go to the grist mill to buy the flour and we are loaded today as it is. Therefore, we shall leave flour problem till day after tomorrow. In case I shall be too busy you boys will go to buy the flour from the mill, yonder." He pointed on the building on the east side of the artificial lake and the road built over the water dam. Before the sunset, behind the Losyach forest, our Demchuks reached their new home, before the sundown over that Losyach forest on the west. It seemed strange to our boys that their horses have turned onto the single farmers' road towards their new home, and one of the horse-riders remarked, "Our horses must have the feeling their future home

is in sight, because I let the horse loose just to see his reaction, and he turned this way without hesitation. If the horses can only talk they have reasoning....”

Here! You hold the horses while I will find the clean place with a grass to cut for horses, before it is dark, to last for whole night.” He made a few steps and got into rye grass almost as tall to reach the elbows. There was no reason to go further, as Michael drove with his wagon onto the imaginary planned new yard. Everybody started to rush. One boy helped to unhitch the horses and tie them to the wagon wheels, while another boy was cutting the grass for the horses. The maid with small boys found some old last year’s dry grass and suggested to Michael to start the fire with his two small hard stones, specially kept to start the fire. On their way, the maid found pieces of dry wood and picked them for tonight’s fire. She was a smart girl and knew enough to plan ahead. [p. 8 begins]

In order to save time the three men visited different hardware stores. They were lucky because Michael found one axe in one store while one of the boys found another axe in another store. The third boy found the store with scythes and the rack attachment to cut the standing grain, such as barley, rye and buckwheat. They found the hammer-flattener, the steel square block on which to flatten and sharpen the scythes, the scythe stone to sharpen the scythes, and axes and other instruments needed to build the buildings, especially drillers to drill the holes in the timbers and drive the wooden pegs (we use nails now). Everything has been placed on both sides of the wagon. When Maria with her maid brought her supplies the maid asked Michael to buy another wagon. Michael smiled and said, “We shall pack everything and make enough room for you to sit on top.” Everything has been packed but the maid said with her sad expression on her face, to Maria, that “we have forgotten something and we can’t live without it.” While Maria has been sizing up everything, Michael smilingly said, “We did not forget, but the wagon had no more room so we shall buy the flour in our local grist mill in the village.” Thus the maid’s fear has been settled.

When everything was packed and tied on the wagon, it was close to sunset. Michael had his plan, but he always had the habit to ask for the opinion of others, what should they do now? “We should drive out of town and stay overnight near the same place where we camped last night,” said one of the boys. “Today we don’t have to worry about the grass for horses because we have scythes and we shall cut plenty of grass for the horses to feed overnight, and we shall not tie the horses’ front feet, and I will cut plenty of grass to make a real bed for all of us,” said another boy. Michael smilingly said, “Our minds are working in unison, because I had the same plan.” It was almost sunset, our traveling party reached the same spot under the young bluff-bush. The women were preparing supper, one boy cut the grass, Michael took the harness off all horses and the other boy carried the grass for horses and bedding. One tent for

the master's family. The maid suggested that she will sleep in the same tent on the green cut grass, because too much extra work with her tent. There is no sign of rain, so the boys made their bed under the wagon. All the chores done and like one family they enjoyed their meal. Following the supper Michael again kneeled and the others followed, and all prayed and thanked the Creator-God of His help today. The horses were tied to the wagon wheels, no wind. Blessed July's night on the Ukrainian warm soil, helped our traveling party to sleep.

The boys agreed to get up in the early morning before rising sun, and so it happened. They just had a short few hours' nap and quietly got up, pushed the grass from under the wagon so the horses can eat, took tie pail for water and went quietly to the creek, washed their faces in the fresh water and carrying water, thanked their Creator for His will that they slept soundly and got up healthy. Set the small fire and when the water started to boil, they began to whistle, and started to sing the Ukrainian historical cossacks' song:

“On the hill the harvesters cutting the grain with their sickles ... and
under the hill, the green hill, cossacks are marching....”

[p. 9 begins]

As it was perhaps few hours before sundown, the boys galloped on their horses to look for the place to set the tents and rest overnight. Right under the bluff-bush there was a streamlet or creek, and water flowing towards town Borshchiv, and our boys decided to rest overnight, as it would be safer here than going into strange town and strange people. The boys agreed between them to guard everything, one should sleep until midnight and another after midnight.

By the time Michael and his family arrived everything has been planned by the horseback riders to the family's satisfaction. All but one guard enjoyed their night's rest and sleep.

Next day before noon our Demyanchuks, with their small and big boys and maid, found the office of County Judge and after usual ceremonies and their signatures in the Austrian legal records, their names have been recorded legally as Demchuk, Michael, Maria, and their two sons. The hired two boys and maid did not change their names. The curious Judge asked Michael the reason in changing his name. “It is easier to pronounce,” explained Michael. Michael paid to the judge legal fees for the recordings and Austrian citizens' documents, and with “Thank you, Your Honor!” extended his hand in which there was a golden coin, with whisper said, “this is for you for good memory!” The Judge looked over the present, placed it in his vest pocket, and asked Michael if he needs any other help. Michael explained to the Judge that he is a farmer

and would like to find out who owns the land on the west side of village Tzihani, as we have already described; 40 Canadian acres sown with spring rye and a spring water.

The Judge asked his secretary to lead Michael's family to the Land Titles office and where every parcel of land in every village is recorded with its owner. Michael also handed a tip to this secretary who gladly explained all the legal problems to Michael regarding the land deals in Austria.

Before noon hour, our Demchuks were the owners of 40 acres of land with the ripening rye on the west side from the village Tzihani, and although our new Austrian citizens, Demchuks felt emptiness in their stomachs like on Good Friday's lent, having early breakfast and with the mental strain, have been forgetting about their food. Yet, they all were glad that everything went with their wishes and plan. Sitting on their wagon and tasting new Austrian luxuries with their chai tea, they all have been contemplating and figuring what they need to start on their new farm concerning the needed articles to build house, stables and granary on their vacant homeland. Maria with her maid, also have been estimating the quantity of food they shall need to last them for as long as possible. They have to save their time because they have to construct the buildings before the oncoming chilly fall season and to cut their 40 acres of that almost-ripened rye with their scythes. There may be some articles that they can buy in the village stores, but they are not familiar with anything in the village. The hardest and most worrying items they needed were axes. They are time saving and best to hew the logs — timbers for the buildings built from the squared logs. [p. 10 begins] "But who owns it?" "Where to find the owner?" said his wife Maria. Well, so far we have been fortunate, let us hope that we will be lucky in finding the owner and purchasing this rich parcel of land, said Michael. Whereas, the hot sun has been reaching the highest point in the sky. Maria with the maid prepared cold dinner and instead of drinking *chai* tea they preferred cold spring water for a change. Being pre-occupied with the problem of this parcel of land our family have forgot that their main object today was to go to the county town Borshchiv, to see the county judge and get the Austrian papers. That road has not been familiar but the horses had to be fed properly.

When everything has been packed again and ready for further travel and the girls filled the container with cold spring water. Michael again put his cap aside and kneeling bowed his head, and in a praying manner in a low voice thanked the Almighty Creator for every help. In our step we are receiving from our God. Therefore we are thankful to You, Almighty God and glorify Your Name, for ever, amen.

The first boy who noticed this road said solemnly, "This shall be our home, you will see because I feel in my heart." Finally our family reached the main road leading to the village Tzihani. They all turned their heads and looked in the direction to the

spring and place where they enjoyed their noon rest. Now with hope they passed the cemetery on their right and further down the saloon where they received directions from the village constable. The small boys pointed out the tall poplar tree to their mother. They passed the village office and right on the corner to the South there was a Greek Catholic church, built of hewn square timbers. Further there was the minister's residence and buildings. The minister has been a married man and managed his domestic economy. Further on there was an old cemetery, on their left adjacent to the tall fence, made of the strong young willows serving and covering the garden and further down the granaries, barns and residence owned by Count Biletzki because the count's main residence has been in the village Bilche. The residence has been occupied by count's manager with a number of servants. Driving down on their right they noticed great many acres covered with different kinds of grain. On their left there was a street and on both sides were houses occupied by the families, whose fathers or husbands were employed by the count of Bilche. These hired men worked for the Count Biletzki, looking after the horses, and worked with the horses during the day-time and slept in their houses during nights. Their wives had allotted gardens around the dwellings.

Going further south they have noticed on the left side of their highway towards town Borshchiv an old forest encircling village Tzihani on the southeast. It has been the property of another Polish count, Gołuchowski, who also has been the owner of many great parcels of cultivated land and forests, from the town Skala to the north as far as the town Husyatin. We shall write about him in another chapter.¹²

Our traveling party passed this forest ahead of their way, on the right side a young bluff and two meadows [of] hay, and further down about two kilometers, on the higher level, they noticed many buildings and they considered it was the town Borshchiv. [p. 11 begins] Wasil had to see the county Judge in order to obtain the Austrian citizens' papers, to be able to live and travel in Austria legally. We believe that Wasil Demyanchuk-Demchuk with his wife Anastazia, one maid and two boys (hired) after this historical event in this triangle between the Losyach-Zhilintzi-Terezia forest, on the west side of the village Tzihani, on the bright hot July day in the year 1778 A.D. have parted with his older brother Michael and his wife Maria their two small sons, one maid and two hired boys. And we know that Wasil's only road to the county town Horodenka has been stretching by the village Zhelintzi.

We only imagine that Wasil Demyanchuk-Demchuk received his Austrian citizens' papers from the county judge in Horodenka and traveled further west looking for a large portion of land, and the main reason might have been that Wasil was unable to buy the land, because further west the population has been more crowded and the land has not been for sale, especially for strangers. Therefore our party might have been traveling from place to place in hope to buy the land and in their worries over-

looked the distance they have gone from Horodenka. Another reason may be that under the Carpathian Mountains the people felt more free from the oppression of Polish lords and Wasil living on the Ukrainian steppes (prairies) has inherited the manners which Ukrainian Hootzools (mountaineers) also had in their veins. It is only our supposition.

All we know that around the town Kolomya, Stanislaw and Stry, there has been great many Demchuks. We in Canada have met several old Demchuks and discussed this question, “the origin of Demchuks,” and especially one Mikhail Demchuk who was born near Kolomya, under the Carpathian mountains and farmed near Ethelbert in Manitoba, has the same conviction about “two brothers who left wealth in Russia and fled to seek freedom in Austria...”

Whereas this question of whereabouts Wasil Demchuk originally settled is not historically proven, we would suggest to the younger Demchuks whose parents came to Canada, to try to investigate where the first Demchuks originally settled. If there are families in Kolomya and Stanislaw there may be some records in land titles office or churches, all we need is to take interest in this question.

THE MICHAEL AND MARIA DEMYANCHUK-DEMCHUK HERITAGE

After Wasil Demyanchuk-Demchuk's departure to the west, Michael Demchuk with his family and helpers, and unpleasant feelings in their hearts on the eventful hot July's day in the year 1778 A.D. the hired boys on their horses and Michael and Maria both small sons and maid on the wagon, “in the name of God!” started for the town Borshchiv, as the Austrian gendarme suggested to the Austrian citizens' papers, from the County Judge, in order to be free to travel. They have started on the same road going back to the east and drive through the village Tzihani and turn south to the county town, Borshchiv. They left that forest triangle where they stayed overnight and where they planned their future and changed their name from Demyanchuk to Demchuk. Traveling to the higher level, the horses were passing slower and our traveling party had a chance to classify [p. 12 begins] different kinds of trees growing in the Losyach forest on their left. They have noticed large oak trees, hornbeams, maples and white poplars, pinchberries, cranberries and wild plum trees were not just ripe enough to eat. When they reached the end and corner of the Losyach forest, they have noticed the residential buildings, living-quarters of the forest ranger and manager of the Losyach forest. The buildings were built with the hewn and squared oak logs. The walls about two meters high. The yard and garden were surrounded with nicely-trimmed pine trees. The yard with garden were exceptionally clean. “It is strange that I

have not noticed this beautiful garden with such lovely flowers with mixed aroma,” said Maria, turning to her husband and pointing her finger at the large peonies. “We are looking for that forest triangle, which the village policeman suggested to look for, and hence the reason we have overlooked everything else,” replied Michael, looking for the place they had their tents by the water spring, trying to get that historical place into his vision and mental memory. “Just look to your right in southeast direction! Now is the beautiful panorama, an ideal picture for an artist to paint the Ukrainian fields with the ripening grain,” remarked the maid. Indeed that was the beautiful view. About the length of one kilometer, the fields were sloping downwards and further to the south across the one way road, towards the Terezya forest the sloping of the land and fields were rising. It looked like a quilt from a distance, because the parcels of peasants’ land about two acres each parcel has been covered with a different kind of grain, such as spring wheat, barley, rye, and buckwheat. The peasant farmers have been living in the village and worked their land in this manner, and although the horses started to walk faster now because the road has been level, our traveling party have been so attracted by the natural panorama and July’s sun’s rays that they have forgotten their surroundings.

The boys on their horses left our wagon behind and about five hundred yards from the forest ranger’s buildings they have noticed a narrow, one-way farmer’s road leading to the left. The boys were curious and asked their horses to gallop. About four hundred yards they had to stop as they noticed a small streamlet and water flowing from the west. Standing on their horses and looking around, the boys noticed that across the small creek there has been a spring water. The boys in their loud voice and a sign with their hands, asked Michael to drive down, and jumped off their horses, drank the crystal-clear and ice-cold water. Michael on his wagon drove down with his wife, small boys and maid. “This place shall be our hone,” exclaimed the maid and boys. “Yes” said Michael, but tell me, who owns this land? It is a question.” Michael with the boys climbed on the wagon and looked around to examine the size of that field. On the west from the forest ranger’s buildings to the north, alongside the Losyach forest to the creek, in which the water has been flowing to the east and emptying into the artificial lake in the village, and along this single farmer’s road the field has been covered with spring rye, which means that all the parcel of land belonged to one owner and there might have been 20 or approximately 40 Canadian acres.

“This is not as much as we left in left in our Yaskorunya, but for the start it shall be enough,” said Michael. [p. 13 begins]

There and that night the both brothers and with their wives in a friendly manner and with family feelings have divided equally all their worldly possessions, money,

horses, wagons and household wares whatever they had on their wagons, because neither [of the] brothers Demyanchuk nor sisters Yakowliw had selfish and greedy desires. There has been traditional custom that the oldest brother in Demganchuk family has been known as a guardian and custodian of all the documents covering the land which they have left near the town Yaskorunya. As Michael was the oldest of the two brothers, therefore Michael took all the documents for safekeeping. Of course both families looked over all the documents and agreed unanimously. They agreed that Michael should live close to the boundary and in case of political change in Russia he would try to repossess their land near Yaskorunya. But for their families' safety both families shall live apart at some distance. It was also understood that both families shall have dependable messenger and inform the families at least once a year about their living conditions. Maria suggested and insisted that her parents, Alexander and Catherine Yakowliw, who also resided near Yaskorunya, be informed with everything. We have no idea how they were informed. But we are certain that Alexander Yakowliw with his wife and three sons Theodor, Danylo, and Mikhail have moved into Austria.¹³ Alexander's brother Paul remained in Yaskorunya.

Next morning after breakfast Michael Demyanchuk-Demchuk invited all boys and girls into his tent and suggested that they be seated and listen carefully to his plan and information as to their future. First thing he informed the boys and girls that they have had meeting last night and decided to change their names from Demyanchuk to Demchuk, and from now on both brothers' name is Demchuk, and if any spies or anybody inquires about their proper name the boys and girls know only Demchuks family. The second part is that both boys and girls are free to do with themselves whatever they wish, they are free. If they wish they may work for Demchuk and get a fixed salary, or look for another employment. The boys and girls have agreed to live and work together for both families as they have started when left Yaskorunya. The Maria's maid with her fears, said that she considers both Michael and Maria as her parents because she feels that all the servants have been treated by Demyanchuks like equal in Yaskorunya, and she believes that in the future shall be no change. "Amen!" said the boys and girls solemnly.

MICHAEL'S PRAYERS AND FAREWELL WISHES

When everything was packed on the wagons and ready to depart Michael took off the light Cossacks fur cap and crossed himself and the other men done the same thing. Women also crossed themselves. "In the name of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen!"

Michael in a solemn feeling and voice like he was talking to himself, “Oh Thou bright sun! In the beginning of universal life on this world and heaven the Creator-God, wisdom, love goodness, Justice. The almighty spirit giving the origin to all the life, appointed you oh Bright Sun to be the queen upon all the stars, moon and the earth. And the almighty Creator empowered you, sun, to create the energy and to all life in our visible and invisible universe: the human, the fish in water, animals, the birds, the trees and the plants growing in water and on dry soil.” [p. 14 begins]

“To you, oh hot sun, the Creator placed command to have your road and direct all heavenly bodies to follow your ways. Our human reasoning is unable to answer the simple question: Where is the origin or beginning of everything on this world and in the universe? Who planned and created the roads for all the heavenly bodies? There is nobody who can answer these questions, and therefore we have to agree with the fact that there was super-human creator who created the origin of everything in the universe. Now to you my dearest! I believe that when a human being is born into this world, its fate is allotted to that born baby by our Creator super-human. The same Creator who gave the origin to everything in our universe. The same Creator who planned the roads to all the Heavenly bodies which we can see. Therefore we have to agree that our present difficult situation is assigned by our super-human Creator. In a few minutes we shall depart into unknown destinations. If it is God’s will that we shall meet together and return to our father’s home near Yashorunya, then sooner or later we shall reunite. But if it is the will of our Creator to stay from our Father’s home — please remember our fate — assignment has been allotted to us by our Creator for some of His purpose.”

“I am the oldest now of Demyanchuk-Demchuk family and I consider it is my duty to direct you and suggest to you and your future descendants, my friendly order or command: Wherever you or your offspring shall live be you rich or poor, remember your family’s name and origin of your ancestors. It is true that we have changed our family name, but it is only temporary. When we return to our father’s home he shall announce to the world that we had to save our lives. Love your own and respect others. Do not try to be deceitful nor greedy. You shall not take your wealth into the grave with you. Try to live moderately and set the example from yourselves. Remember you shall not be loved but you will be respected. Because with your clear conscience you always will be able to look straight into the eyes of your worst enemies with a smile. I am closing my friendly suggestion and order and I wish you and your future descendants very best of success, Health and Happiness.”

Michael finished his speech and two pure tears came out from his heart and eyes. His human emotions, in a few seconds have been controlled. The last moments before departure of both families sad the servants were heart sobbing and crying, especially

the both sisters. Michael with raised voice said, “If it is the Creator’s will we will meet in Yaskorunya! God bless you all.”

WASIL’S FAMILY MOVES FIRST IN WESTERN DIRECTION

Thus, Wasil helped his wife Anastazia and girl maid to climb on the wagon and the boys have been on their horses, and Wasil doffed his straw hat and standing, in a loud voice said, “Good-bye, Farewell my brother, sister-in-law with your two sons, and you young girl and you boys, and may God bless you in your life!” Anastazia’s eyes were filled with tears. Maria, also crying, said: “Nastunya! Remember our family, Yakowliw in Yaskorunya! and don’t forget to let us know about your home!”

Wasil gave a sign and both boys on their horsebacks started to move to the west. We only imagine that Wasil’s plan was to go by the village Zhilintzi and towards county town Horodenka, where [p. 15 begins] Maria found her small pail with iron handles and sent the small boys to the water spring and have supper with their *chai* tea. She did not cook anything this time because Maria purchased some luxuries in town just for emergency. She considered herself as mistress of the house, had to plan in order to satisfy everyone, and when they finished eating Maria suggested that after the strenuous day, they all shall relax and tomorrow being Sunday they may sleep as long as they wish. The horses are tired and need rest and you boys are tired so your going to the church tomorrow is out of the question. If you start to walk it will take you a good one hour. Standing in the church during two hours service and walking home another hour, would be too much for you. Later on we will go together and will surprise all the congregation. Therefore tomorrow we will have late dinner and family prayer, here in the open on our new land.

Michael and boys were discussing additional details regarding the places of the exact location of the house, stable and granary and asked the boys’ suggestions from the practical standpoint. Whereas the wind has been blowing from the south-west direction, therefore it was proper to build all stables and other buildings for animals on the east side from the house in order to have fresh air in the house and water-spring shall always be clean. The water-spring shall be between the house on the west side and stables on the east side of water-well. The maid suggested that the well should be close to the house, because she will be carrying water to the house. The boy suggested that they shall install the pipes to have the water cistern. Michael said that he had the water problem in view because in a few years the maid shall get married and Maria shall be carrying water. It began to be dark, and as tomorrow is Sunday therefore our

friendly family enjoyed the evening in July's fresh air, no flies, no mosquitoes, no wind, only calm Ukrainian night.

The maid started to yawn and small boys were sound asleep on the freshly-cut, green with aroma, grass therefore Michael knelt on his knees and crossed himself and the others followed him and all started to pray. Michael began with words, "We all here present, from our hearts thank You Our Creator, for all your help which we received in our problems so far and we humbly pray Thee Our Father, grant us Your blessings in our plans, work, health and weather in the future...."

Maria, weeping, dried her eyes [and] started to lament: "I wonder where is my sister Anastazia, now. Why did we not keep together? We were very fortunate and received even better than we planned. I am fully satisfied, but I don't know what luck you have? Why our fortune divided us and what kind of home you have?..." Michael pressed her and started to comfort her: "Such are our roads, allotted to us by our Creator. I said to you all that it may be Creator's plan that we go apart. We don't know. Try to sing Ukrainian old song: '*Bo tak daw, Bo tak treba boolo.*'" (Meaning: "Such was God's order, because it was necessary to be so.") It quietened Maria's sorrow and she went to bed, but she could not go to sleep. She has been digesting Michael's way and his belief in humans' life. Finally she came to conclusion as he said in the morning on their departure that every human being's destiny is granted to him or her as soon as he or she is born. [p. 16 begins] She began to realize that she is Michael's wife, mother of two small boys, mistress of the family and household. She has to give [an] example as wife, cook, and member of the Ukrainian nation, born and raised in Ukraine. She fully realized now her husband had no choice [but] to leave the wealth in Yaskorunya and to settle from the enemies and seek another place to settle and live with her in Austria, or maybe it is Creator's will and plan to do what has been done; so far and with such¹⁴ a conception Maria went to sleep.

Next day Maria felt mentally a their future needs. They needed two milking cows, some chickens, and geese. The garden and flowers it was too late in the season, so they left it until the spring. The main worry is the house. The sheep, hogs, and bees she left to her husband's worry. Now she sees that the boys have plenty of work to do so she didn't want to mention anything to Michael. Not until the house is finished.

During next week Michael with his boys were busy with cutting and hauling the logs for the house and stable with granary. Michael went to the forestry ranger and explained the situation and asked the ranger a special favour to sell him the building material in the Losyach forest. The request has been approved and the ranger took them to an oak bluff with medium thickness and straight oaks. He directed them to cut the trees on level with the ground, and chips with branches must be cleaned away. They counted all the trees, Michael paid for them and they began to cut at once.

Michael's field has been close by, but the deep fossa between forest and field made impossible transportation. Therefore, they had to travel the distance of two kilometers and through the forester's yard. But the ranger suggested to the boys to use his wagon and they had their own extra team. Thus, the hauling problem had no difficulty. The boys were young and willing and with those axes enjoyed the squaring [of] timbers.

The two-yards-high walls for the house were constructed in a few days. Even Maria with her maid helped to get the bark off the trees. The boys were worrying about the roof, but they left this puzzling problem to chief constructor Michael. Among the oak trees in the bluff they cut one thick elm tree. It has been straight, no problem in splitting like the shingles. But it was only one tree, not enough to cover the whole roof. Michael has been prepared for this problem. He constructed portable mill. A scaffold has been attached to one wall. The man on top pulling the rip-saw up had another boy pulling the rip-saw down.

Now, let us briefly explain to our young Demchuks born in Canada how Michael with his boys covered the roof on his buildings.

The walls were six feet high; near the walls, the boys squared with their adzes or axes a great many logs, ready to rip them into the planks, approximately two inches thick. They placed a few squared logs across the buildings just like ceiling beams and underneath a sort of a beam and props to support the beam against the weight on top. Now to get the squared logs on top, they placed two smooth logs, one end in the ground end, another end on top of the wall in a slant way (upwards). This end of the log had to be fastened on top, so it can't move. Then a long rope on one end of the squared logs, thrown over the wall and same way on the other end of the log, each end has been pulled by the horse slowly and evenly on top of that scaffold. [p. 17 begins] When the horses, after a few trials, were trained to pull their end onto the top and over the wall, everything went smoothly and no hard work for the men. The boys admired Michael's skill and judgement in such problems. Michael knew from old Ukrainians who were slaves in Turkish army. The Turks have built many stone fortresses on Ukrainian land and used similar methods but not with horses, the slaves had to push the weight. The planks were ready and enough for all the planned buildings; the roof was easy to erect. The slope of the roof has been low. Enough to let the rain water run off the roof. The planks were placed downwards and two tiers in order to keep the roof dry and to fit closely to planks. The boys drilled a hole on each end of the plank and used the wooden pegs, just like we use the nails now. On top of the roof (the apex) Michael suggested to the boys to place two boards in a shape of trough to keep the rain water, in order to cover the planks' ends.

We will add Michael's invention of application how to prevent these logs from rotting in our story Part I: "Our Visit in the Year 1910."

The above information we have gathered from both Wasil and Fedor and Paul Demchuk, the three brothers and we are thankful to our Creator-God for keeping us alive and writing and describing the origin of Demyanchuk-Demchuk family. Our only regret is that we are unable to trace the original place where another brother Wasil with his wife Anastazia, the younger brother and younger sister, have found their place. We believe it was under the Carpathian Mountains but the exact location wasn't known.

[OUR VISIT IN THE YEAR 1910]

It was on fine Sunday after dinner, middle of month August 1910, my father Paul, my step-mother and myself, on ordinary peasant wagon have traveled over the same road, the same water- dam by the same grist-mill over which our Demyanchuk-Demchuk brothers with their families traveled in the middle of July in the year 1778. Only the different psychological feeling. They were traveling under the strain and suspense. We were traveling without any worries with pleasure to visit our close relative Mikhail Demchuk and his family, situated and well-settled on the land in home built by his forefather Michael Demyanchuk-Demchuk. It seems strange to me, now that we have been traveling from the highway to the yard, over one-way narrow road. At my present age I ask myself: "Why is it that some families and nations have characteristics in keeping their forefathers' traditions, customs and respect for their past. I have in view this narrow road. When we were leaving *Stry* Mikhail's place that evening I asked *Stry* Mikhail why that road is so narrow, as in case two wagons passing by, will not be able to go by and the driver would have to drive over the grain and spoil some grain, as the horses will tramp over it." *Stry* Mikhail smiled and answered seriously, "It is a good question from young boy, and I have two answers for you," he said. "[The] first answer is: we need two yards of land all the way and that two yards shall produce a few bags of grain, which can be used to feed our domestic animals, pigs or chickens. It means a few Austrian *rynski*" (read "Canadian dollars") "and take for example ten years' such a waste, amounts to a small pile of money." [p. 18 begins] "We don't have heavy traffic over this road; do not need it to be wider. That is one answer, and another answer to the same question is: our first Michael Demyanchuk, his family with boys, found this road to the spring, used it and his sons used it in the past over 130 years and it was good and satisfactory for them, therefore I consider that at this time it is good for me and my children." Now I consider that *Stry* Mikhail's philosophy has been proper, from the economical and family standpoint. My father raised his family in a manner satisfactory to the society of his nation, therefore, I did the same with my family and I

am proud with my children and grandchildren and I hope they will prove to be good citizens and example in our society.

VISIT NO. 2

We drove into the yard and first thing I have noticed, two large dogs tied on the chains beside the doghouse. The dogs were jumping and barking at us strangers.

Stry Mikhail came out from the house and greeted us with cordial smile. As I remember his face now, I have his picture resembling to the English lords: thick beard, sideburns, and long Ukrainian Cossack's moustache and long pipe which he smoked, and holding with his left hand while shaking our hands in greetings. (During all my life in Canada, when I looked on a package of tobacco, coarse-cut and called Old Chum, I always had a picture of my *Stry* Mikhail. It resembled his package.) He seemed to reach seventy years' age, well built like Ukrainian Cossack with authority. He walked erectly and spoke rather slowly, but his manners in speech carried weight in every sentence.

Following *Stry* Mikhail, came out a rather middle-aged blond man and greeted us with a smile. "This is our Franko" — "Your cousin Paul," said *Stry* Mikhail. After greetings and a few words, Franko excused himself and left. "All the cows came home for their noon portion of chop, but one has not come. Perhaps Franko will bring a small calf and the cow will follow him," explained *Stry* Mikhail.

Therefore we had no chance to speak with Franko that Sunday. A few minutes later a lady came out from the house and greeted us with friendly feelings. And indeed she was a human beauty: slim, tall, blond, with blue eyes, rose natural cheeks with very attractive smile. Her manner in speech was excellent as though she has been measuring her chosen words and sentences, out of [a] natural dictionary. "This is my only daughter Anastazia, we call her Nastoonya," introduced her to us *Stry* Mikhail. Nastoonya bowed her head and with a pleasant expression on her face said, "Vitayte hostye!" Clapped hands with Anna and my father. It is a pleasure for me to greet you in our home, my dear relatives! I thank you for visiting us on this fine holy Sunday," said Nastunya. After hand-shaking with my parents, Nastunya with sad expression came close to me and said, "Your and my mothers died and we both are grown up orphans. Therefore, we should kiss each other like motherless orphans!" She embraced me and kissed me like my mother would kiss her son. It has been a sweetest kiss I ever felt in my life, and I kissed her with brotherly feelings. [p. 19 begins] I was only fifteen years old and no girl ever kissed me before, because the church minister, during his religious hour in the school, on many occasions told us students that it was sin to kiss a girl, and

after our lips parted my mind began to wonder: Did I commit a sin? Nastunya was about ten years older than I and being my *stryna* she kissed me as an orphan. So we did not commit a sin. I felt embarrassed because my face blushed and my step-mother noticed it and started to laugh at us and our kissing.

My father has been interested in the old buildings which he knew were built by the first Demchuk in the year 1778 and the new-invented shingles made of clay, which were fireproof, insurance rate was low on such houses and modern in style. My father was planning to build a new house because step-mother being ambitious wanted something better than ordinary peasant's wife. Another thing, she was a young woman, had one child and expected to have more and naturally the girl marrying a widower expects to live longer than her husband, therefore tries to have her future well secured.

Another reason was that father also had an experience in erecting buildings, he was curious to know how the first Demchuk treated the logs of which the buildings were built, as after 130 years the logs were sound like they were placed in the walls a few years, solid like any new logs brought from the forest. *Stry* Mikhail had the practical answer to that question. The Turkish army occupied Ukraine for long many years, built many fortresses which in our times still remain as solid round *stoe*, thick-walled buildings (I have seen one in town Skala) with small windows in the walls. Naturally Turks brought their engineers, who knew how to mix cement and wood in order to preserve the life of the logs. The Turks forced the Ukrainians to help in building those fortresses and [the] first Michael Denyanchuk must have learned somehow how to prepare such mixtures to paint or apply to the logs. The[y] burnt kind of certain stones, crush them and like lime, paint them with a strong-fibred brush. When the mixture dried out on the logs first, Michael applied another coat of [the] mixture [of] water and some crushed fine burnt stones. The mixture sealed and made the logs air tight and lasted during centuries.

We must admit that Ukrainians were skilful nation and no wonder that the Russians were so eager to keep the Ukrainians and Ukraine under the bondage.

All the buildings were about two-yards-high walls and roof of medium slope. *Stry* Mikhail invented the mixture and made the shingles himself, and all the buildings were covered with green-colored clay shingles. If my memory serves me right those clay shingles were about twenty inches long and twelve inches wide. One end was bent like hooks, faced on the horizontal, about two-inches-thick boards and four inches wide. The other end of shingle was flat and a bit sharpened from the top to let water run down faster and the ice shall have no hold. No nails were needed and the clay shingles were placed like we place them here in Canada: the top grove covers one underneath and no rain water can get under, and once these clay shingles were

properly tight, the roof stayed solid for long many years. I have noticed that father was very attentive to everything *Stry Mikail* said.

After my father's study of the buildings, we went to the pasture and looked over eight horses: four black and four chestnut and one twenty year-old chestnut mare with the spring, about five-month-old colt, and both were expecting that we will treat them with pieces or cubes of white sugar, according to *Stry Mikail's* information. [p. 20 begins]

On the west side of the house I noticed in high railings pasture, several sheep. On the east side of the buildings there was a separate building a hog-pen, and under the walls against the sun several hogs were grunting and biting each other. The flock of chickens in one corner and geese with ducks in the dug-out water on the far-eastern end of the farm shed. I realized that the first Demchuk must have been a good manager and planner, because all the buildings were erected on eastern side of the house and facing with the entrance doors to the south side. With my young curiosity I asked *Stry Mikhail* for the reason why all the doors were facing to the south? Has it some particular meaning?

"The sun's rays are the best medicine for every living creatures on this planet. The sun's rays through the door, kill the germs in the barns, which are parasites to the animals; adds the fresh air into the buildings, which is hearty to the animals and dries the barn walls inside and adds the strength to the logs of the buildings," explained *Stry Mikhail*.

I looked to the south on the field and noticed that the rye grain has been harvested, shocked, or in plain English, the sheaves were bound and placed in shape like coils to be cured and dried. After we have looked over around the yard, *Stry Mikhail* suggested that we sit down and *Nastunya* will bring us lunch. "If the stomach is filled then it is a pleasure to live on this world," said *Stry Mikhail*.

Nastunya with my step-mother covered with [a] white linen table-cover a homemade table, and brought out of the house a large pitcher filled with some liquid, which looked like Canadian beer and bitter taste. I never tasted old country beer, because our church minister, during his religious hour in the school, forbid us to drink the liquor in any form. He said it was sin to be drunk. I asked *Stryna Nastunya*, if it will make me drunk, because I did not wish to be drunk and act funny like a crazy person. She laughed and assured me that it is a healthy drink and to make it sweet she gave me a large slice of honey cake and it tasted delicious, because in the village it was considered as a luxury. Not very many villagers had honey.

I praised *Stryna Nastunya* for her delicious sweet cake. She thanked me, handed me another helping, and said that she has some for my younger brother *Harry* and I must not forget to take with me, when leaving for home.

While *Stry* Mikail, my father and my step-mother were enjoying with their lunch, *Stryna* Nastunya suggested that we go into her garden to pick some late strawberries for supper and see her orchard, because she knew that I would be more interested in her work in the garden than listening to the old people's gossip. Indeed when we entered the beauty part garden among the flowers, my whole body was filled with sudden wonder. Until now I was under the impression that only our village nuns had most beautiful garden, but now in comparison, *Stryna* Nastunya's garden looked more like in paradise. It was very picturesque, because the landscape was slightly slant from the North towards the creek on the south. It looked like it was painted by a genius painter. In addition to the natural beauty, the aroma from the different flowers injects into human body a strange feeling. "This a Paradise and prettier than the picture in the school Bible," I exclaimed in amazement. [p. 21 begins]

Stryna Nastunya has been naming all the flowers but I could not remember their names, because my young mind has been overfilled with God's plan and help the human beings to decorate this world with such beautiful plants, and many times when I looked into other people's gardens, my mind and memory turned to *Stryna* Nastunya's garden and that blessed holy Sunday afternoon. I mentioned the aromas which different flowers produced and that I forgot their names. I can only add the name of large peonies, because every woman in the village had them planted under the windows of the house or else she would not be considered as a mother and a wife. Yet I cannot recollect the name of those flowers producing such attractive aroma. Here in Canada I asked many old Ukrainian garden-loving ladies and we are unable to identify the flowers and aroma.

"No wonder *Stryna*, that you are able to bake such a sweet and delicious honey cake. You have help from the bees and those flowers." My remarks to Nastunya about the cake pleased her immensely. "Now we shall go into the vegetable garden," said Nastunya. I glanced around and noticed almost every vegetable plant and without exaggeration said, pointing at the plants, "You know, *Stryna*, until today I believed that only our Sisters or Nuns had best-looking garden, now I see that yours is better-looking because yours is not scattered. Every kind of vegetable grow close like families together and it adds a positive natural beauty and harmony, and all these plants in one garden create positive and beautifully attractive appearance."

Nastunya wanted to say something to me, but noticed a few bees flying into my direction, she ordered me to stay quiet and don't move and don't touch them. They wouldn't sting if I leave them alone. From the garden, we entered the orchard and I noticed that some cherries although fully ripe still were holding to the trees, as they were under the shadow of the leaves. The small-sized pears called *petrivky* after St. Peter's Day on the 10th day in July have been ripening and gathered by *Stry* Mikhail,

and Nastunya preserved them as a jelly and stored them in farm dug cellar, close to the large blocks of ice covered with last year's chaff, Nastunya informed me. The large pears, red apples and plums were ready to be picked and awaited Nastunya's preparation for comfitures (or as we in Canada call jams and jellies) and the green apples were too green in appearance. "These late apples," said Nastunya "are my father's favorites; he picked them very carefully and packs them in the chaff or covers them with the rye or barley straw, and keeps them in the warm place on the attic near the chimney. This kind of apple is very good winter-keeper and we enjoy eating them in the evening during winter seasons. They have a wine-tasty flavour," Nastunya informed me. She asked me if I know how the bees gather honey and if I am interested in their work? I told her that we have two bee hives in our small orchard and I have been watching them many times, and we passed them. We came into the strawberry patch to pick some late fresh strawberries for supper. Nastunya warned me to be careful against the small snakes, as it was a hot day and they usually crawl among the strawberry plants, and some of them may have poison in them. It pays to be careful. We picked a pot full of nice, red and plump strawberries, and started for the house.

While walking, I asked Nastunya how can she manage so much work in the house, in the garden and milking the cows and mostly by herself? "It is very simple if you know how," answered Nastunya smiling. [p. 22 begins] "Franko helps me to milk the cows, in the morning after my daily kitchen-work I go into the garden and do what has to be done first, before dinner and after dinner. I don't work too fast, but steady. Franko works on the field and father, at his age, helps us as much as he is able. Now stop and listen how our triplets are singing about an old miller bachelor," said Nastunya sadly.

Indeed, *Stry Mikhail*, my father and step-mother have been singing harmoniously:

"Not a house, not a wife, not a child, never I had.
The wheels are turning, the years pass by,
I am an old man standing upon the grave...."

"Oh! what a sad song. I pity and feel sorry for him. The people forced him to work in the mill gristing flour for people and looking after the wheels, working for the people, but no time for himself," said Nastunya dolefully.

"Well, Paul and Anna, I never dreamt that I will enjoy and spend so happy [time] on this Holy warm Sunday!" said *Stry Mikhail*. "Visit us often; we are relatives and should see each other frequently." "Nastunya! please bring us some more of that, as Dimitri calls, bitter beer, and we shall sing another old song together." After emptying half a mug of the bitter beer, my step-mother started to sing another controversial

song. It was related to the young woman who married an old man and she wished to mix with a young people, and he being jealous would not permit her to go alone. "Come along with me, my boy, and I will show my paintings painted during cold winter and lonely evenings, and don't hesitate to express your young opinion. It reminds me that my brother, Bronislaw, once said that you are poor painter, but you are gifted in measurement and drawings. If you have a good solid instruction in draftsmanship you can be a good carpenter or designer. He, as your teacher, noticed your designs close to the end of your school, yes, but it was too late to help you."

We got into her "work-shop" and I was surprised seeing so many beautiful paintings hanging on the walls. At first I could not believe that they were Nastunya's creations. I looked into one corner and on the small table I have noticed a bunch of paint brushes and colored pencils and small cups with different colours. Then I had to agree with myself that it was really her work. Her brother Bronko, the school-teacher, supplied her with hard paper and paints, because Bronislaw understood her wishes to create fine art and he knew her to be gifted in paintings, tried to help her in her monotonous life. She lost her mother's natural and tender affections, Nastunya inherited her mother's talent in painting because she knew that her mother has been studying fine arts in Italy and having the ambition and perhaps under the influence of loneliness, tried to express her psychological feelings with her thinking, her eyes, her hands, and paint brush.

After looking over her paintings I congratulated her for her gifted work and assured her that in the future, with her natural talent she will create some world-famous pictures. She promised to paint our inspection in her garden and orchard. I don't know, as the next year I emigrated to Canada. From here I did not write to her because being too young, I was unable to get a homestead until I was eighteen years old. I could not write her a lie that I was a rich farmer or rancher with many hundred heads of cattle. I felt here as a young immigrant boy, and many times downhearted because I was unable to get a good job. [p. 23 begins] "Not strong to work on the railway...." Then First World War. My hopes went "Topsy-Turvy" just like that song our triplets sang: "The years passed by ... the wheels were turning ... I am an old man standing upon the grave...."

"Oh! the sun is getting down and it is time to prepare supper. What happened to Franko?," said Nastunya with expressed distress. "I should start to prepare supper." She asked father where he would be willing to eat their supper, in the house or outside?

"In the house is more convenient for you," answered Stry Mikhail. Anna, my step-mother, offered the help and they went into the house. Stry Mikhail got up, got hold of my hand, and suggested to my father to follow us. He lead us into his small room,

opened the low built door, and lit the small coal oil table lamp, picked up a sort of wire (like we in Canada call “poker”) with which we clean the ashes out of a stove. It was bent on one end. It was a homemade key which by turning around twice opened a door in the homemade fireproof safe. In this safe he kept all the legal documents and all valuable articles. Stry Mikhail opened the safe door and pulled [out] two small boxes, about twelve inches long and six inches wide. Unwrapped them and placed them on the small table. In the semi-dark room the gold and silver started to twinkle. I never saw the pure and silver coins and therefore my mind and eyes were filled with astonishment and surprise, but it was only for a few seconds. Stry Mikhail explained that these were old coins accumulated by his ancestors and he is only guardian of these coins and other documents. Actually it belongs to all Demyanchuk-Demchuk Family. He has no greedy desires to be only owner of this ancient money. And that was the reason he wanted me to know about everything which belongs to all Demchuks. After Stry Mikhail’s death Franko being the oldest in the family shall take possession of the farm and Stry Mikhail will ask Franko to make promise under the oath to keep in safety all the coins and documents, as a guardian. “In case of Franko’s death and no other Franko’s sons to succeed him, you, Dimitri, shall have the hereditary rights to these coins and the legal documents. I will write my testament some day and wrap it with these documents. I suggest to you to always try and remember this day, and in case of some dispute you will be able to swear my verbal request.” I have noticed that his hands were trembling when he started to wrap those coins. Stry Mikhail wrapped the golden and silver coins and pulled out a roll of documents tied with red ribbon, and solemnly untied these rolls or scrolls, and spread them over the table and began to explain to us the importance and value of every one. The first as I remember was almost like a new document. It had a red seal with a red ribbon glued or attached to the document. Stry Mikhail explained that it was the Austrian citizen’s or naturalization paper, granted to the first Michael Demyanchuk-Demchuk by the county court judge in the town Borshchiv in July 1778 A.D. This paper I remember well, as it was written in [the] Latin language. The other few documents had seals attached with wide red ribbons. Only the writing was in Old Slavic church language. One document has been larger in size; Stry Mikhail explained that the document was very important to Demchuk family because it witnessed that those in authority granted the parcel of land near the town Yaskorunya, with all the natural resources, cultivated land, forest, meadow hay, small creek with [description of] direction the water has been flowing, and the size of that parcel, so many kilometers wide and its length. [p. 24 begins] It was granted to Demyanchuk family and their successors for the heroic deeds, contributed to the Hetman and Ukraine. The signatures for me were difficult to read. (I have seen signatures of Canadian ministers on documents which it

was impossible to read.) Another document was the transfer and sale of the property which first Michael Demyanchuk-Demchuk purchased in the town Borshchiv, same day he received his naturalization papers. It has been written in Latin and had similar description: so many hectares (meaning the surface measure of land and creek), water running in eastern direction. This parcel of land was the property of Mikhail Demchuk and his heirs.

On several occasions I questioned myself and I came to the conclusion that it must have been the Creator's plan to my visit Stry Mikhail's home on that Sunday in August in 1910¹⁵ A.D. to see the documents and write as a witness to everything and to describe, with my sound memory and vision which I have before my eyes, and pass it on to my future Demchuks. I hereby ask you all Demchuks to glorify our Creator-God. Amen.

There is one more fact I should mention: Stry Mikhail several times mentioned that the documents were written on *pergament*¹⁶ paper. In English dictionary it is called *pergamenum* paper. It is very fine paper and it does not peel. It is just like paper dollar, slightly thicker than a dollar. But it keeps solid and all the documents were of that quality.

Now I should write briefly about the supper we had with Stry Mikhail and Stryna Nastunya. I have already mentioned that Stryna Nastunya and my step-mother went to prepare supper, while we were inspecting the coins and documents in the small room. I am inclined to believe that Nastunya had been trying to make an effort that we shall remember this visit with a pleasure.

Stry Mikhail invited us into the house for supper and we entered the dining room from opposite to the kitchen door. First, I have noticed the homemade table, covered with the linen table-cloth embroidered with large red roses and green leaves, and three candles made of natural bees wax were lit, and the aroma of burning wax has created a compliments of the season or a sort of sanctity like the incense in the church before the church minister starts to pray High Mass. The table has been loaded with all kinds of food.

We three stood like the school boys, awaiting the command of hostess. Stryna Nastunya set down first and suggested our places. Stry Mikhail's chair was on her left and my father sat next to Stry. My chair was on her right and my step-mother's chair was next to my right, facing my father. She asked her father to bless the food. I didn't notice any whiskey. Stry Mikhail filled the glasses with honey liquid and we all drank *Nazdorowlya* — to the health and best wishes. Then we started with pirohi in cream, and chicken in cream. Stry filled our glasses with strawberry liquid, and later we drank a liquid made from the basswood flowers, a yellowish color which was called the cough medicine, and the last drink we had a juice extracted from the prunes. Stry

Mikhail filled the glasses full for all, but Nastunya divided my glass between her and me. She said that a fifteen year's boy's system cannot absorb much of anything. Even too much water could upset young boy's stomach. [p. 25 begins] But I had to taste everything that was on the table, because it was her rule: if the guests are enjoying the food, it means that the cook knows her profession and is a good cook. The cook is able to tell from the guests' faces whether they are pleased with the food.

"Now, you see, Paul and Anna, that my Nastunya is like her mother Manya¹⁷ (Marusya) in every respect, she was always an example to everyone. Sometimes I am trying to tell her not to overwork herself. But she only smiles and overlooks my remarks. I am helpless in my command," said Stry Mikhail with resignation.

"Now, I would like to explain, especially to you my dear cousin Paul, my conception, regarding my work (or as father says, overwork). My brother, Bronko, gave me a very interesting book which I read twice in order to remember its contents. In that book I read that Creator set the law of motion, which means that everything on this world and in universe have to move and live. If we look around us we shall notice that everything, water, wind, humans, fish in the water, birds in the air, the moon and stars, are moving in their directions, which the Almighty Creator directed them to move. Therefore by moving they are creating the energy to live themselves, and helping somehow others to exist and live. I wonder what would happen if everything around us stopped moving? There will be no life for anything on this world and in the universe. I am not much educated but I believe that the First Creator set the law and command that every living creature should move and work for living. Therefore, I have the pleasure in my work. I also believe that if a person does not work he or she being idle is unable to live long and leaves this world as *nogoodnick*."

I stated that Nastunya asked me to sit between her and my step-mother, and that placed me in a sort of a shy mood. For some unknown reason I was unable to look around in a natural manner. Now, listening to Nastunya's speech, I noticed that she was not the girl I walked with in the garden, orchard, and looked over her paintings.

Now, sitting by the table as a hostess and explaining her living philosophy, she seemed to me a different lady. She has been dressed differently; the long braided hair had been set in a French style. Her neck was decorated with the pearls, like red freshly-picked and ripe cranberries. Her earrings matched in colour to the pearls. Her white blouse, with high collar, [was] embroidered with red roses and also small green leaves; both sleeves of the blouse near the shoulders were embroidered with red large roses and green leaves at the end of the sleeves; near the wrists were embroidered small red roses and green leaves. These red roses with green leaves have decorated and added to Nastunya's face, the natural beauty, a real Madonna. In addition, she wore a wine-coloured skirt and that made her a fully aristocratic lady. In her veins circulated the

Ukrainian blood, from old Demyanchuk family, and perhaps Polish or Ukrainian assimilated blood, with Italian manners, as her mother had been studying music and painting in Italy. Therefore, Nastunya's ambition in fine arts — beauty, and improving her personality.

Nastunya not only dressed herself for this eventful supper, she with her feminine inspiration considered as her duty to increase "Paul's wife's" higher spirit, during this evening both for Anna and her husband Paul. She knew that on certain eventful holidays village women have been wearing [a] particular head-dress, called [a] *rantukh*. It was a large shawl made of silk or fine white cloth. With this *rantukh* the married women wrapped their heads and neck with the face open: the style nuns were wearing. [p. 26 begins] This wrapping brings the recollection of husband and wife's marriage ceremonies in the church and wedding day. Therefore, Nastunya seeing that Anna was beautiful and in full bloom young woman, tried to make Anna more attractive and maybe had in her mind to see what reaction this dress will make on Paul's feelings. Nastunya suggested to Anna to wear another green skirt and also plain white blouse. During our supper, with a pleasant smile asked my father, "Paul! do you recognize your wife in her present attire?" "You can't make a lord out of a peasant," answered my father. We have been sitting and singing for another perhaps half an hour, and Anna having noticed that Nastunya started to be concerned about Franko's absence during whole afternoon, suggested to my father that we go home. We all got up after [a] short prayer, [and] left the table. Stry Mikhail expressed his pleasant and warm gratitude for our visit, and invited us to come again soon, before the cold winter arrives.

Nastunya open-heartedly said that she will never forget this holy and sunny Sunday. She enjoyed our presence here as relatives. She asked my father to bring my younger brother Gregory along and asked Anna to bring her first baby girl, as she wants to get acquainted with all Demchuks, her relatives. She handed to Anna a basket full of everything: honey cake for Gregory and the little girl, and other luxuries for the rest of Paul's children, from young Stryna Nastunya.

The sun was setting behind the Losyach forest on western horizon and we left Stry Mikhail and Stryna Nastunya with the friendly and family feelings, and with regret I must say that we never had a chance to see them again. Next year I left for Canada. From Canada I neglected to write and I was unable to have the ranch with wild horses and cattle, and I was too young to get a homestead.... The First World War lasted for several years with Germany-Austria-Russia. Later Ukrainians with Poles.... I missed my chance to write to Stry Mikhail and Stryna Nastunya.... "The wheels were turning, the years passed by ... and I am old man standing upon the grave." Only sweet memories of August 1910 remained in my memory.

I am thankful to my Creator for keeping me alive as a witness. On our way home my father and stepmother were sitting on the front seat and I had the back seat to myself. Driving over the narrow one way road to the main highway into our village Tzihani, my mind has been digesting and reviewing in pictures the history of my ancestors. I in my mind have been whispering to myself. My mind was centering upon Stryna Nastunya. I must have forgotten myself because I was talking loud enough and my stepmother heard me. I was puzzling over the question why Nastunya, in her age about 25 years, with her beauty, her talent as a good housekeeper, gifted painter, with her manners of cultured lady and self-educated, broad-minded girl, and yet she has not attracted any boyfriend to be her husband. I must have finished talking to myself because my father's wife started the question in a sarcastic manner: "Your son has been preparing a sermon like a preacher," she said. "He tries to solve Nastunya's life problem like a lawyer," and repeated my question to my father. My father handed the lines to drive the horses and started to fill his large pipe with home-grown and coarse-cut tobacco, and began to digest Nastunya's home-life problem. "First, Nastunya's home is located farther from the village and peasant girls are too busy to visit her in the daytime. In the evening they have to go past [the] cemetery, and [the] same thing can be applied to Nastunya. On Sundays they have to attend the morning and evening church services, and [there is] no time. [p. 27 begins] Second, Nastunya having so much work at home and all her work planned, has no spare time to visit the girls in the village. Third, her family position is complicated. The Ukrainian educated boys considered Stry Mikhail as a Ukrainian patriot, but Nastunya's mother [as] has been known, was of Polish nationality. The boys might have been thinking, "If mother was Polish, her daughter cannot be Ukrainian." Polish boys considered Stry Mikhail as Ukrainian patriot, and Nastunya after her mother's death has been under the influence of her father's national pride, has been considered the Ukrainian member of the old Demchuk self-centered family. Therefore, Nastunya's marriage problem has been left to the lucky days, and her star in the future." It was my father's rational interpretation of Nastunya's fate¹⁸ and I had to agree with it. There was no alternative.

I should add to our visit with Stry Mikhail in the year 1910 one historical event which has been told to my father and Anna by Stry Mikhail on that same afternoon while Nastunya and I have been in the garden. I remember my father was telling to his friends a few months later during Christmas gathering. The Polish landlords who owned large tracts of land along the Zbruch River which was a boundary between Austria and Russia, knew that Demyanchuks left their wealth, land, etc, near Yaskorunya and had the titles of ownership to the wealth. They knew Mikhail Demchuk's feelings and desires to repossess the property if there was a chance, and as Mikhail's house was located at a distance from the main highway, therefore the Polish landlords

with their leader Count Gołuchowski,¹⁹ owner of many tracts of land with living quarters and buildings from town Skala north to town Husyatin, during nights and without Mikhail's invitation, on several occasions visited Demchuk's home. It happened that some of them were trying to be too frequent night visitors. Nastunya one night sent them away, saying that Austrian gendarmes quite often patrol the highway and she does not wish to be questioned by gendarmes. Unwillingly they left the Demchuk home. But one of the visitors pointed out to her that her mother belonged to the Poles and Nastunya should follow her mother. Nastunya told him that she will not entertain night intruders.

About two months later Count Gołuchowski has been informed that some Russian Cossacks have crossed the river Zbruch, over the shallow Zbrizh bottom and low banks, and set their tents. Gołuchowski summoned his neighbors, Polish landlords, to meet at Demchuk's after midnight. Several of them on their swift horses gathered to this emergency meeting. Gołuchowski was the first to come, excused himself, and promised Nastunya that this shall be the last meeting. He felt that Nastunya was right and Demchuk's house, being isolated, can be destroyed by some hoodlums. [He] suggested that Nastunya go to bed and need not worry. His friends, after the meeting, will not go to the highway but shall ride scattered across the fields.

The windows were blinded and the guards were to listen to any suspicious noises. Count Gołuchowski informed his listeners, he did not know why the Russians crossed the Zbruch and set their tents on Austrian soil, without any protest from Austrian gendarmes. There is puzzling question. The Gołuchowski's ambition was to remove the rich Ukrainian steppes (prairies) on the right bank of Dnipro River and he wanted to play the political game "Now or Never." The Austrian dynasty was jealous of Russian expansion and although both countries were on friendly terms, any misunderstanding [p. 28 begins] may create war. Therefore, Count Gołuchowski's plan was to provoke misunderstanding between both powers, and in case of conflict he counted that Turkey and Rumania will take Austrian side. When he finished his proposed plan Gołuchowski asked Mikhail for his opinion.

Mikhail, being a host, was trying not to be mixed up in this useless and not-prepared plan, but they all insisted to hear his opinion. Finally Mikhail told that he has two opinions on their plan. "First opinion to play hypocrite, that is, agree with their plan and praise their bravery. An-other plan is different, and he would rather not express his opinion." But they insisted so he went on: "Gentlemen! I know that you wouldn't like it, but as this is very serious problem and has historical value, and as you are my friends and neighbors, I shall inform you with my honesty and sincerity, that your plan will fail. Please understand me. I cannot be a friend to those who robbed my family and forced the Demyanchuks to seek asylum in Austria. I shall point out to you

that you are not prepared for your daring plan. My mind dictates me to inform you that you overlooked certain and practical points. Please be patient and let me finish my argument. You must remember that Austro-Hungarian and German ruling class is not friendly to you. They will not shed their blood for your 'From North Sea to Black Sea' plan which will be very risky. I repeat risky, because you with your stewards have no sympathy among the peasants and poor class of people. You will not be able to force them to help you. During such uncertain times you will not get much help from peasants. You have not prepared your own followers. The masses are not informed about your plans, and I am inclined to believe that your Polish landlords from original Western Poland will not help you. Therefore I am unable to see your success in your difficult plan. I am wishing you good luck."

Mikhail Demchuk read their faces and noticed disagreement. He knew that because the natural fact is that rich people never accept advice from poor people. They have decided to fight Russians, and asked Mikhail to join them and get his fastest horse and left after midnight.

They left Demchuk's house in a scattered northern direction in order not to leave the sign of many horses tracks from Demchuk's yard across peoples fields, and circled around village Tzihani on the North, reached one creek, passed the artificial lake where the water has been diked to use in the grist mill, crossed the highway from the village Gushtyn into Tzihani, and one after another on their horses reached Skala forest and [the] small landlord's farmstead. As it was early before sunrise when they arrived, they placed their horses in the barn with saddles on, to be ready in case of alarm, and all the riders being tired went to sleep undressed, wherever they could find a bed.

Count Gołuchowski, pretending to be friendly with Mikhail Demchuk, kept close company, and they both slept on one bed. It was late in the afternoon; our Polish landlords just finished their noon lunch when the guards gave signal that Russian Cossacks on their horses, four [...] ²⁰ some, were approaching the Gooshtin Forest. When the front Cossacks reached the boundary between village Gooshin and village Tzihani in the open field, Count Gołuchowski gave command to attack the Cossacks and divide them into two halves and thereby create the chaos among the Cossacks, but Gołuchowski's plan failed. [p. 29 begins] The landlords' horses were heavy and tired after last night's travel and Cossack's lighter horses. The Cossacks started to surround the Poles. The Russian commander ordered Cossacks not to kill the landlords, but disarm them and tie them. Perhaps he wanted to take them alive in order to hang them as example to all the Polish rebels. Here the Cossacks had the difficulty in catching the landlords, because the landlords kept their servants who were loyal to their landlords, and being practical with sabres tried their skill with Cossacks. It developed into a real

battle. The servants helped the landlords to escape from their dangerous position, turned their horses and fled into the Skala forest, and dispersed in the forest in different directions. A few Cossacks and Polish servants were wounded by the sabres, and both parties received practical knowledge of war games. The landlords lost, and after the battle some of the servants laughed at the bravery of landlords, and someone with a poetic gift composed a short poem, when interpreted from Polish language reads like this: "Alas, brothers there is no time ... Arms into the water ... Run into the forest..."

While the Polish landlords were getting ready to attack the Cossacks, Mikhail Demchuk suggested that the Polish commander, the leader, should be ahead of the riders, and they shall follow him, and he suggested, pointing at Count Gołuchowski. All the riders agreed. Mikhail's plan was to get rid of Gołuchowski's pretending company and stay away from the actual skirmish, and while they were galloping Mikhail Demchuk outmanoeuvred with his horse and placed himself among the horse-riders (attackers) in the last line. When he noticed that the Cossacks started to surround Polish riders, he with few others, turned [and] rode back into the Skala's forest, and being familiar with that part of forest he found the forest guardian's path between the Skala's and Tzihanski's forests. There has been fossa-ditch, which divided both forests: One to Count Gołuchowski and the other to Count Bilecki.²¹ Therefore he knew that riding along that path he will reach the main highway from Skala to Tzihani. [A] few riders followed Mikhail and when they found themselves on the highway, Mikhail stopped, tied his horse in a grassy ditch, and opened his lunch kit, started to eat his lunch, and suggested the others to eat their lunch if they have anything in their saddles. While they were eating, Mikhail explained to them their exact position on the road and directed every one to his home. They had to ride eastward and then south, towards their homes. Mikhail's home was on the west end of village Tzihani. He had to ride alone.

The sun still was high and long time before dark evening. Mikhail's guess was that the Cossacks may stay overnight in the village Tzihani, and if he rode through the village, someone may recognize him, report him, and he may find himself in an embarrassing situation, explaining to Cossacks his lonely ride. He made his plan to ride around the village, circling the south side. It is long ride but safe. When he reached the end of the forest, Mikhail turned his horse to the left and quietly rode along one-way narrow road, which has been dividing forest and peasants or farmers' lands. It was almost sunset. Mikhail got off the horse and let the horse graze the grass, because the horse has been hungry, and finally the horse in Mikhail's judgement had his stomach filled, and as there was a river nearby, water of which went through the Tzihanski grist-mill, Mikhail watered his horse and started for home. [p. 30 begins] He reached

the village street called Suchivka and turned to the right. It was dark, and peasants in the village usually went to sleep after the sunset and got up at the sunrise, and everything was quiet. Mikhail rode through that street, crossed the highway leading from Tsihani to the town Borshchiv and across the fields on the south side of the village, got home without any difficulties. Unsaddled the horse, fed him oats, dried him, and let the horse into the pasture and quietly got into the house, had light lunch and into bed.

The Russian Cossacks wounded several of landlords' servants but could not catch any of landlords, and maybe they had no ambition to bother with the Polish trouble-makers. The general gossip was that Cossacks enjoyed seeing the Polish big-shots run away from the battlefield without fight, leaving only their servants for defence.

A few weeks later Gołuchowski visited Mikhail Demchuk, apologized and admitted his mistake for not listening and not considering Mikhail's suggestions. "Had we listened to your practical arguments we at least could have cherished the hopes for the future, but as it turned out we lost the prestige among our friends in Western Poland and our future ambitions are lost," said with self pity Count Gołuchowski. In the future all the neighboring polish landlords respected Mikhail's practical advice at that particular meeting.

§§§

Ukrainian poet Shevchenko wrote: "The downfall of Poland crushed Ukrainians...." The Russian oligarchy, by force imposed the national patriotism in Russian masses, conquered Ukraine, Poland, Baltic nations, and northern Asia-Siberia to the port Vladivostock.

The Demchuk family lost their hope to repossess their property near Yaskorunya. Mikhail's family's fate²² is not known to us. The other Demchuks emigrated to Canada and we will write their biographies in our book, Part II.

[CONCLUSION]

To conclude my writing of the Demyanchuk-Demchuk family, I consider it is my duty to prove to the present and future generations of Demchuks and their relatives the true facts, which are known to me. Because I consider that some Demchuks may have doubt when other Canadians start to challenge the origin of [the] Demchuks' name. "Prove!" Even now, my oldest daughter Lida (Mrs. H. Podealuk) asked me a proper question (I am grateful to her) which I am able to explain. "Dad! since the year 1778 A.D. the year our first Michael with his family entered into Austria, until August in 1910, the time you and your father visited another Mikhail Demchuk, is a period of 132 years. Counting 30 years as one generation, it will be four generations. Therefore, don't overlook this fact and try to set genealogically all Demchuks during that period of time."

I knew I had the records written down in 1920 but I forgot what has happened with it. Finally I found it pasted in the XVIIIth volume of *Great Events [of] History*. Where and what kind of records received?

In August 1920 I have started to attend the Business College in Dauphin, Manitoba and I had a room and board on 9th Avenue S.W. at Dauphin with my cousin Katherina, the oldest daughter of my stry Wasil Demchuk; she was married to Julian Lubiniecki.²³ Both my strys Wasil and Fedor Demchuk were farming on the west side of Sifton, Manitoba, and once in a while they had some business in Dauphin. Naturally they visited Lubinieckis and bringing them some of the farm products. Had dinner and supper at Lubiniecki's.

It happened that we while eating our dinner discussed our families' past, and I took the opportunity to get information about our first Demyanchuks/Demchuks. I have been gathering all the family information of the past and wanted to find out anything I did not know. Both strys had to visit and wait for the seven o'clock passenger to go to Sifton, and as they have finished their business transactions before dinner, I decided to stay with strys whole afternoon and record all the events of the past, related to Demchuk family. I considered it was my best chance to have both strys, Wasil and Fedor together, and that they may help each other to remember and remind each other the names, dates of their birth and deaths and resting places. I asked both strys to help me with the true facts, and they both should agree without doubt. I set a number of questions and they tried to discuss, digest and agree. There were a few questions which both Strys had their doubts and I left these questions with question marks, as both strys promised to discuss these questions at home with their wives and

let me know their decisions at the later date. Both Stry's could not remember the year when first Demyanchuk- Demchuk's wife Maria died and which was her grave. They could not answer the question what happened to the second youngest boy. They knew that first boy's name was Olexa. They could not agree on the correct name and pronunciation of the family of Mikhail's wife and Nastunya's mother. Stry Wasil's opinion was that it was mixed marriage. Nastunya's mother was very beautiful and Nastunya's grandfather was very wealthy. Therefore, we left a few minor questions unsettled that day. We agreed and settled the main origin, the place of birth approximately, the year of birth of the first Michael Demyanchuk-Demchuk, the place, time and manner of their change of name, the parting of both brothers and selection of the forty acres land and building home there. [p. 32 begins]

We were unable to agree on the first Michael's brother Wasil's original place of family home. It was either Kolomya or Stanislaw towns under the Carpathian mountains. Yet we could not settle, and decided to meet some old Demchuks from either of those towns.

I have discussed this question with old Mikhail Demchuk at Ethelbert in Manitoba. He fully agreed with our theory and was of the opinion that between both above-mentioned towns there was a strip of rich land and several large Demchuk families lived there. He also promised me to investigate this problem but I overlooked and neglected in our struggle for existence, times. There are many questions in our lives we overlook and in our late years we feel sorry, "too late."

As a lesson to many Ukrainian Canadians I should point out one case which happened in Canada where close cousins were married. Three brothers came to Canada with their parents and one of them changed his name and moved into Ontario and married. A few years later a son of another brother from the prairies went also to Ontario. He found himself a good position, met a girl, daughter of his uncle, unaware that she was his cousin. Married her, had one child, but she was not happy with their life and finally they found out blood reason. Result: divorce, broken family....

We have many Ukrainians with changed names; let us remember this lesson and try to remember your own original own family.

For further proofs of origin of Demchuk family which I received from both my strys Wasil and Fedor (I should call him Junior, because his father and my grandfather has been named Fedor), I believe that I should start from the foundation or the place where all Demchuks now rest, and that is cemetery.

I know myself that in the village Tzihani there are two cemeteries, or at least were two in my days. One small "Old" cemetery fenced with a deep fossa or ditch, surrounded with a large bass tree and located on the northeast side of the Count Bilecki's

dvir or farmstead. On many times I walked to visit my sister Maria, who was married to Peter Skochilas and lived in that part of the village. Being young and maybe superstitious, I was afraid to go close by that old cemetery.

Both strys, Wasil and Fedor Jr., assured me that all Demchuks buried on that cemetery had the tombstones with their names inscribed by the man who sold the tombstones, and dates of the years of birth and deaths, and all of them Stry Wasil copied the names into the prayer book like we in Canada, keep the records in the bibles. Only on first Michael Demyanchuk-Demchuk's tombstone there was no inscription. Yet both strys, Wasil and Fedor Jr., were sure of his grave and that he was born in the fall (November) and moved into Austria at the age of thirty years. It would [thus] be around 1748 A.D. first Michael Demyanchuk-Demchuk was born.

Proof Number Two: Olexa (Alexander), first Michael's son, was born on the farmstead near Yaskorunya in the year 1770 and died in 1865, which means that he lived for 95 years. His wife's name was Marina, or Maria. Both were buried on the old cemetery. (Olexa was seven years old when moved into Austria.)

Proof Number Three: Olexa and Maria had three sons and two girls. Fedor, Danil and Mikhail (whom I visited in 1910²⁴ A.D.). Both girls married boys at the village Zhilintzi; one was a church cantor and another was a village policeman, the strys informed me. [p. 33 begins]

We know that Olexander Demchuk and his wife Marina had three sons: Fedor, Daniel and Mikhail, whom we visited in 1910 A.D. It may be that someone of my readers [would] ask the question: If it was practice or rule in Demyanchuk family that the oldest son was the head of the family why, Fedor being the oldest, [he] has not been the owner of that parcel, 40 acres of land? Why was the youngest of the three sons, Mikhail, inherited the home and everything, being the property of the first Michael Demyanchuk-Demchuk?

I have been asking my strys, Wasil and Fedor, in 1920 A.D., the same question. They were not sure themselves, but they pointed out to me three reasons. First reason: the unwritten law, but family agreement which applied only to the granted land near Yaskorunya. The second possible reason, was that the Austrian land ownership law might have been different from that in Ukraine, or in our first case we had the property granted and in Austria the property has been bought for cash. Both strys were unable to answer this question. And the third reason might have been that in Austria, the law required every son in the family had to be conscripted and serve in the Austrian army for three years, either infantry or cavalry. Fedor has been conscripted and served in the army his time and so was Daniel, and Mikail was left as a manager of the farm. In Austria there was a privilege which the three brothers could choose. Mikhail might have taken that privilege considering that he was the youngest.

Mikhail enlisted as freelancer before he was conscripted and served for only one year as a cadet or student in military Academy, and that might have been the main reason that he evaded conscription and became the proprietor of the Demchuks farmstead. At any rate, both strys, Wasil and Fedor, believed that the oldest son of Alexander, Fedor, served in Austrian army longer than three years, and therefore Mikhail was entitled to the 40 acres of property. It must have been some mutual agreement among the three brothers.

Regarding the second son [of] Alexander, Daniel, both strys Wasil and Fedor said that Daniel after three years' service in Austrian army has been employed as a manager and supervised the estate of family Boverski. Boverski were a wealthy family, owners of many acres of cultivated land and forest. Daniel married Boverski's daughter, became Roman Catholic, and enjoyed his life. Later his sons became forest rangers.

Both strys Wasil and Fedor Jr. considered Daniel Demchuk as an outcast because all the Demchuks were of Orthodox faith and Daniel became Roman Catholic and considered himself a Pole. And Poland has always been a stronghold of Roman Catholicism; therefore the Poles considered Ukrainians of Orthodox Faith as an inferior nation and for this reason both lived in an unfriendly manner for centuries.

Although Daniel lived only few kilometers from our village, on the west side of village Losiach, we never exchanged the visits. I remember one time the mail carrier from Tzihani to Losiach was sick and we had to carry the mail until he recovered, and when our turn came I went to be a mail carrier on that particular day, the post master at Losiach asked me if we [were] related with Demchuks at Voborsky's farmstead. I said yes, but I never had a chance to get acquainted with them, as they [...] considered themselves as big shots. The postmaster smiled and said: "Yes, they are." [p. 34 begins]

Now my readers will understand that I am unable to write much about Danilo/Daniel's family. It may be that some of Danilo's offspring consider themselves as Polish Demchuks. I have not heard of any. Although recently I have read in Ukrainian newspaper an obituary that one Mrs. Demchuk died in Edmonton and that she with her husband immigrated into Canada from a town in Poland. Now, I am inclined to believe that after this part one book is published in both English and Ukrainian languages in Canada, many Demchuks will be taking more interest in the family's name. I have looked over the Winnipeg telephone directory and I counted fifteen Demchuk families. By looking in a hurry over the Manitoba telephone directory I counted twenty Demchuk families. I knew great number of Demchuks in Saskatchewan, a few in Alberta and British Columbia. In Ontario there are two Demchuk families. One of them is Ukrainian Orthodox minister and there are few Demchuk families in U.S.A. We must not overlook some of the young ones have changed their names in dirty

thirties, during the depression when the jobs were scarce and due to their Ukrainian or Polish names they were forced to change their names....

Then about the girls of Demchuk's families, married? Surely not all of them are being assimilated and forgotten their Ukrainian heritage. As far as I know Demchuk family have no criminals. We have contributed to Canada prosperity in every field and we have many Demchuks with university education. Let us find out about them.

In order to finish part one of Demchuk Family I would suggest to all Demchuks to remember the following Demyanchuk-Demchuk credo: The founders of Demchuks family were two brothers, Michael and Wasil Demyanchuk/Demchuk, married with two sisters Maria and Anastazia, daughters of Alexander and Catherine Yakowliv. They were born near the town Yaskorunya and married there.

To save their lives they were forced to leave their farmstead and run away into Austria. In the second half of the month July in the year 1778 A.D. while staying overnight in their tent, both families unanimously agreed to change their name from Demyanchuk to Demchuk, in the triangle between Losiach-Zhilintzi-Teresiv forest, the distance of about three kilometers, west from the village Tzihani near county town Borshchiv. The younger brother Wasil with his wife Anastazia and their two hired men and one maid moved to the west via village Zhilintzi (county town Horodenke) and presumably settled and made their home near or between the county towns Kolomya and Stanislaw, because we know that great many Demchuks from those places immigrated into Canada.

We believe that the first and oldest founder of Demyanchuks-Demchuk family was Michael with his wife Maria.

Michael Demyanchuk-Demchuk was born on his *khootir* (farmstead) near Yaskorunya in Ukraine, in November 1748 A.D., year of his death not recorded. He was buried on the small cemetery in the village Tzihani. We believe that his wife is also resting beside Michael. Michael's son Olexa/Alexander was born in the farmstead near Yaskorunya in the year 1770 A.D., died in December 1865 A.D. Buried in the old cemetery. His wife's name was Marina/Maria. Olexa and Maria had three sons and two daughters. The sons were Fedor, Danilo and Mikhail (read previous pages about D & M).

Fedor, my grandfather, was born in the village Tzihani in the year 18__ A.D.,²⁵ died in April 1866 A.D. and was buried in the new cemetery on the west side of the village Tzihani. [p. 35 begins] He was married to Anna Bilinski,²⁶ and they had four sons and one girl: Paul (my father), Wasil, Fedor J., and Stefan (died young boy) and Petrunelia. Paul, my father, was born in July 1852 A.D. and died in October 30, 1920, buried in the new cemetery.

Paul married Yagna Baschuk. They had seven children: five boys and two girls. Boys: Michael, Theodor (“Fred”), Dimitri, and Gregori [also Ury, mentioned below]. Girls Maria and Yagna. Wasil was the second son of Fedor and Anna. Wasil was born in the village Tzihani in the month ____ 1857 A.D.,²⁷ and died at Sifton in Manitoba, Canada on March 7th 1934,²⁸ buried in the Sifton cemetery. Wasil Demchuk married Antonia Warowy in Tzihani. Antonia was born in the same village on ____²⁹ and died October 5th, 1963.³⁰ Rests beside her husband.³¹ They had five sons: Stefan, Ilia, Ihnaty, Thomas, and Atanazy, and five girls: Caterina, Maria, Pauline, Helen, and Natalia.

Fedor Jr. was the third son of Fedor and Anna Silinsky. Fedor was born in the village Tzihani in the year 1860, died in May 1946 in Dauphin, Manitoba,³² buried in Dauphin cemetery. Fedor Jr. married Pauline Krawetz in native village Tzihani. Pauline was born on ____ and died in July 1940, rests beside her husband. Fedor and Pauline had three sons: Nikola, Ivan and Dimitri; also had three daughters; Maria, Lujbina and Anastazia.

All Paul’s and Yagna’s children were born in the village Tzihani, baptized by Rev. Hlibovitzki. Maria, Michael and Ury married in their native village, lived their lives there, raised their children then died there. Theodore (“Fred”), Yagna, Dimitri, and Gregory (“Harry”) came to Canada, married in Canada and raised their families. We will write about them in our *The Demchuk Family* Parts II and III.

Wasil Demchuk was the second son, and we shall list his children: Stefan, Catherina, Maria, Ilia, Ihnaty, Thomas, Tanazy, Pauline, Helen, and Natalka. We will write about their families in Demchuk Family Book, parts II & III.

Fedor Jr. was the third son in the family of Demchuks. We should list them here: Maria, Lujbina, Anastazia, Nikola, Ivan, and Dimitri.

My only wish is to live and finish writing everything possible about all Demchuks as I am planning. Part II shall cover children of the three brothers. Part III shall cover grandchildren of the Demchuks: Paul, Wasil, Theodor Jr., and their sister Petrunelia. I finally received brief news about her family in Poland.

As I am reaching my seventy-seventh birthday, I wish that all you Demchuks and relatives write your lives past in any way and mail to me, and I will prepare for the book.

Here is the example how to write and help me:

Your parents names. Their place of birth, church of your baptism, your god-father or -mother. Your schooling days, elementary, high school university, your employment. If you are married, your romance when [you] first met your boy- or girl-friend, when were you where married. If mixed marriage write all about her family. In a manner you would like to write about you. The Truth. Your children, etc.

§§§

At my age I developed tolerance and patience and respect for everybody because I consider that every human person has an intelligent reasoning power, and I consider myself as Canadian with Ukrainian blood and Ukrainian history. I have heard many times, “We Englishmen contributed very much to the Western civilization: Democracy, Magna Carta, Constitutional Monarchy.” Frenchmen’s exaggeration: “We are founders of delicate culture — fine arts and polished society...” It is true but please remember that Ukrainians with their blood saved your western civilization. I should point out to you only three historical events to prove my arguments. First: Genghis Khan. The Mongol conqueror of central Asia planned to conquer Europe and destroy western civilization. In the year 1223 A.D. his hordes overran Ukraine. Divided his army into three divisions: one towards Balkans, second through the central Carpathian mountains towards Buda-Pest, Hungary, and third division through Czechoslovakia into Vienna and all armies to meet in Rome.

The Ukrainian peasants under the command of an old man destroyed the whole central division and saved the Western civilization.

Proof Number Two: The Turkish invasion of Vienna in seventeenth century, and Polish king Jon Sobieski with his small Polish army was unable to defend Christian city Vienna. King Sobieski appealed to Ukrainian Cossacks for help. The Ukrainian Cossacks on their swift horses arrived just in time to save Polish army, Christian city Vienna and Western Civilization. King Sobieski said: “We came, we saw, we conquered.” But he overlooked or ignored the Ukrainian Cossacks’ help and blood.

Proof Number Three: The downfall of Hitler’s army under the Stalingrad. When Hitler’s army (mechanized) surrounded the Stalingrad and Germans’ supply-line, railway was the shortest line through the Ukrainian territory Volynka Marshes to supply the provisions for the Hitler’s army. The Hitler’s *gauleiter* arrested all the Ukrainian leaders. The underground Ukrainian peasants gathered, and during one rainy and

dark night destroyed the railway several miles and stopped the trains. No food, no ammunition, and no warm army clothes forced the Hitler's generals to surrender and Hitler lost the way. And again imagination. The English Intelligence Service have this event recorded and the historians overlook to write this fact from the political reasons. Because the Ukraine is under Russian control.

I wrote this pointing out that we Ukrainians have contributed to the Western Civilization and to Canadian Prosperity our share, and we consider ourselves as equal as any other founding nation in Canada.

When I came to Canada I was unable to express myself in English and on many occasions I was told: "Demchuk you either speak English or shut-up!" I had to keep my mouth shut. Now it is my time to speak English.

Thank you my readers!

D.P. Demchuk

This is the end of the Demyanchuk-Demchuk Book, Part I

[The following sheet, found at the end of the typescript, is evidently an insert, but its intended destination in the text is not clear]

The third Family of regional Demchuks are living around the towns Zlochiw and Brody, and further northeast: Volyn.

The following is the true information we have recorded from our brother Mikhailo, who visited one family in town Zlochiw on many occasions, and discussed this question.

The historical fact is that Austrian Emperors owned many acres of pasture-land in the province Bukovina, near Rumania. On that pasture-land the Austrian Emperors have been raising many thousands of fine horses, and those horses were in demand for Austro-Hungarian army (cavalry). There were no trains in the old days; therefore the horses have been distributed to the different outposts in Austro-Hungarian empire. The outpost and very important one has been situated east of capital city Lviv (Lemberg) near towns Zlochiv and Brody.

There was a time when a transport of horses has been delivered from Bukovina to the said outpost near town Zlochiv. Such transport of horses had to travel over the highway from Bukovina across the Dniester River via Zalischyki-Borshchiv-Tzihani-Husiatyn-Tarnopil-Zlochiv. And one of the Demchuk boys, being fond of horses and army, joined this transport as a helper, and when the transport reached the outpost, he enlisted as a cavalry soldier, served three years in the army, was commissioned, married the army *commandat's* daughter, raised his family there, and gave [rise to] the regional name of Demchuk in that part of Ukraine.

There may be more Demchuks in other part of Ukraine but we have no information. We know that Bronislaw Demchuk, the son of Mikhail and older brother to our Stryna Nastunya, whom we mentioned in our visit in 1910. This "Bronko" has been a professor in the Ukrainian high-school in the city of Peremiezl, on the river San, which now is political boundary between Poland and Ukraine. And his family may have roots in that region. But we have no information about Bronislaw Demchuk's home.

We know from our *stry* Wasil Demchuk of Sifton in Manitoba that Bronislaw's brother, Alexander, emigrated to United States, before 1910, and nobody knows anything about him. It is possible that his family has roots in the U.S.A. Our hope is that this our writing will interest all Demchuks on this continent.

NOTES BY THE EDITOR

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- ¹ At <http://library.uwinnipeg.ca/people/Dobson/genealogy/ff/Demchuk.cfm>.
- ² Indeed I still know little of him other than his date of death, and the fact that he married 24 July 1921 at Grandview, Mary Joss (Manitoba marriage registrations, no. 1921-034552).
- ³ At <http://boards.rootsweb.com/surnames.demchuk>.
- ⁴ For example, every reference in the typescript to Borshchiv and Cyhany is misspelled.
- ⁵ There is generally too little punctuation, different kinds of marks are not well differentiated from one another, and sets of quotation marks and parentheses are frequently incomplete.
- ⁶ To give a few examples, there is no systematic distinction between the singular and possessive plural, and plurals and possessives are also confused.
- ⁷ Kamenets-Polol'skiy.
- ⁸ The author writes *Rudky*.
- ⁹ *I.e.* mead.
- ¹⁰ The typescript here has *him*.
- ¹¹ The typescript here has *in*.
- ¹² See pp. 27-30 *passim*.
- ¹³ It does not inspire confidence that the names of these three sons, who are not mentioned anywhere else in the work, have the same names, and in the same order, as those in the family of Alexander *Demchuk* on p. 32.
- ¹⁴ Here the typescript reads *much*.
- ¹⁵ Here the typescript reads 1919.
- ¹⁶ Parchment.
- ¹⁷ Thus in the typescript; should this read Marya?
- ¹⁸ The typescript here has *faith*.
- ¹⁹ Mentioned previously on p. 10. Agenor Gołuchowski (1812-1875) was Vice-Regent of Galicia in 1849-59, 1866-67 and 1871-75, Austrian minister of Internal Affairs in 1859, and Minister of State in 1860. "He resisted the efforts of Galicia's Ukrainians to gain equal national and social rights with the Poles. He pressed for the abolition of the Chair of Ukrainian Language at Lviv University.... During his term in office he promoted home rule for Galicia's Poles, and the Galician civil service and Lviv University were Polonized...." (*Encyclopedia of Ukraine* [Toronto, 1984], 2:67).

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- ²⁰ There is clearly something missing here from the text, although there is no gap in the typescript.
- ²¹ This man is called Biletzki on pp. 10, 32.
- ²² The typescript here has *faith*.
- ²³ Here and in subsequent references, the surname is given as Lubinieski. This is certainly incorrect. Katherine Demchuk and her husband Julian Lubiniecki are treated in *Harvest of Memories: Sturgis and District ... 1900-2000*, by the Sturgis and District History Book Committee (Sturgis, Saskatchewan: the Committee, 2000), 518-21, and they were the great-grandparents of the present editor.
- ²⁴ Again, the typescript reads 1919.
- ²⁵ The typescript erroneously gives this date as 1866, which was actually the year of his death. Unfortunately, there do not seem to be any extant family papers which can supply this missing information.
- ²⁶ This is almost certainly incorrect. Baptismal records of two daughters of Fedor's son Wasyl call Wasyl a son of "Theodorus Demchuk and Maria ____."
- ²⁷ The 1901 census gives the birthdate of Wasyl Demchuk as 1 Aug. 1860. 1901 Census of Canada, Province of Manitoba, District no. 9 (Marquette), Subdistrict g-7, p. 25, RG 31 [Library and Archives of Canada microfilm no. T-6434].
- ²⁸ This date is confirmed by his obituary in the *Dauphin Herald and Press* of 15 March 1934, p. 5, col. 5.
- ²⁹ The typescript contains a blank at this point. The 1901 census, cited above, gives her birthdate as 4 July 1865.
- ³⁰ The year is given in the typescript as 1968 — a misreading of the author's handwriting? The year was certainly 1963, per Antonia's obituary in the *Dauphin Herald and Press*, 16 Oct. 1963, p. 3, col. 4.
- ³¹ Transcriptions of the tombstones will be found in Elsie Lesyk, *Sifton Then and Now* (1992), 315, 317. They are both buried in St. Josephat's churchyard, Sifton, but they are not in fact buried together.
- ³² He died 10 May 1946, per a death notice in the *Dauphin Herald and Press* of 16 May 1946, p. 8, col. 4.