



UKRAINIAN WEEKLY



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Vol. II.

WHY DO THE UKRAINIANS CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS NOW

We should give our most fervent thanks to our Lord on Christmas Day that we are permitted here in America to observe our Christmas holiday unhindered by anyone, in peace and quiet, unlike our brothers across the seas in their native Ukraine under the cruel and denationalizing rule of the Pole or the Russian Communist.

It may seem strange to some people that we American-Ukrainians do not celebrate our Christmas or Easter, or for that matter any universal religious holiday, together with the American people. And at first blush there seems no apparent good reason why we do not.

Of course, we all know that the Ukrainian people, in common with most Slavic people and the Greeks, follow the old Julian Calendar; while most of the Christian world follows the Gregorian Calendar: the latter which derives its name from Pope Gregory XIII who, as we know, in 1582 modified the then prevailing Julian Calendar by calling October 5th of that year October 15th, and continuing the count ten days in advance. But this factor is not in itself insurmountable, for our Ukrainian calendar can be easily readjusted to the more modern one, and we American-Ukrainians will be able to enjoy and celebrate our Christmas, Easter, and other holidays together with the American people. Why not change it then?—is the natural query.

The answer is—because of a very good reason: such a change will prove to be of inestimable harm to those of the Ukrainian people who are under Poland. We must remember that Poland has a good sizeable slice of the Ukrainian territories, and that in pursuit of its imperialistic and chauvinistic designs it is doing its utmost to denationalize its Ukrainian subject, and make Poles out of them. To achieve this end Poland does not hesitate to stoop to any means whatsoever. Besides forcibly depriving the Ukrainian people of their natural national and cultural rights, Poland also spreads false propaganda among the other nations, including America, that the Ukrainians are but a part of the Polish race. Of course, its efforts, in this enlightened age, meet with hardly any success; but nevertheless, this propaganda persists.

And it is because of this reason that the Ukrainian people cling to their calendar, for the Poles follow the Gregorian one. The Ukrainians desire that even in the religious field the vast insurmountable difference between the Ukrainian people and the Polish people should be clearly apparent to all. Were they to abandon their calendar and adopt the Gregorian one, they would merely give Poland an excuse to say that both Ukraine and Poland are the same. Poland would, of course, ignore the fact that France and Germany follow the same calendar; and yet no one claims that these two na-

(Concluded in the last column)



The Ukrainian National Association, "Svoboda," and the "Ukrainian Weekly" join in wishing all their friends:
A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE U. N. A.

A few days ago old Father Time ushered in one of the most significant years in the entire history of the Ukrainian life in America. The year 1934 marks the **40th ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION**. It will be a year of celebration among our parents, as well as ourselves, of the 40th anniversary of that memorable day back in February 22, 1894, when a small gathering of visionary Ukrainian immigrants met in Shamokin, Pa., and laid the cornerstone of the present day largest and most progressive Ukrainian organization in America—the Ukrainian National Association: the organization which publishes the largest Ukrainian daily in America—"Svoboda," as well as our "Ukrainian Weekly"; and the organization which is rightfully entitled to the honor of being the starting point of the organized life of the American-Ukrainians.

To write in detail concerning what the U. N. A. has accomplished during its span of life would be tantamount to writing the history of the Ukrainian life in America, for the lives of both elements are inextricably interwoven. It will be sufficient to merely emphasize the fact that the U. N. A. is not an ordinary insurance company; but a living breathing Ukrainian organism. It is that mirror which reflects on its clear-unblemished surface all of the joys and sorrows, the strivings and ideals of the Ukrainian people in America, and of the Ukrainian nation as a whole. Its principal strength lies not in its millions of dollars reserves, nor in its sound business standing; but in its moral strength and idealism: the idealism which has inspired it to rise above the level of an ordinary business concern to become the foundation of the cultural, moral, and financial progress of the Ukrainian immigration in America.

The time has now arrived however, when the Ukrainian National Association is ready to bestow all of this Gibraltar like solidity, its financial wealth, and its moral strength and idealism to the younger generation of American-Ukrainians, born and raised here in America. And therefore, to put this intention into effect, the General Executive Board of the Ukrainian National Association has decreed that this anniversary year of 1934 shall be henceforth known as the **JUBILEE YEAR OF THE UKRAINIAN YOUTH IN AMERICA**—a year dedicated to our youth. It shall be a year of an unprecedented campaign to get as many as possible of the American-Ukrainian youth into the ranks of the U. N. A. Special rights and privileges have been decreed for the benefit of such youth: all designed to make it as easy as possible for it to enlist in the ranks of the U. N. A.

Our youth cannot afford to pass up this opportunity. The personal and collective benefits it will derive as members of the U. N. A. have been too often mentioned to bear repetition here.

We, the younger generation, should hesitate not even a moment in taking advantage of the splendid opportunity offered us by our parents, through the medium of the U. N. A. Let us not thrust aside the hand which is willing to help us. On the contrary, let us show our parents that we are good sports and that we appreciate their efforts, by putting our shoulders to the wheel and making this year's U. N. A. membership drive a big success. The campaign has already begun—from the very first day of this year, and it will continue with unabated force until the end of the year. Its ultimate goal is 5,000 new members. With the aid of our American-Ukrainian youth that goal will not only be reached, but even passed! So let go—young Ukraine!

THE CHRISTMAS DAY

(To K. M. Lazarewsky)
By TARAS SHEVCHENKO

When you're not going home at night
From one place or another,
And sleep has gone from you in flight—
Remember me, dear brother!
And when your loneliness and grief
Won't leave you for a price,
Why, then, just think of me my friend
And call me for advice.
It's then that you should think of how
Beside a distant sea,
Your friend of friends, so happy once,
Fights with his destiny:
How he, with just his hidden thoughts
And with his humble heart,
Walks aimlessly and prays to God
To lighten, some, his lot;
Whose thoughts drift often to Ukraine,
Who thinks of you, my friend,
And sometimes worries for a while—
Not much—you understand.
You see, it's but a day away
When Christmas will be held—
How hard it is to meet this day
When you're alone and jailed
In the desert.

Bright and early
Tomorrow, in Ukraine,
The bells will ring and people'll sing
To God a sweet refrain.
And tomorrow, bright and early,
Somewhere along the plain,
A hungry beast will introduce
A chilling hurricane:
To bring and blow the sand and snow
Around my hut of clay.
That is the way that I shall meet
The Holy Christmas Day!

So, what is there to do? Life's here
In which we all must grope
And struggle to the end. My friend,
If you should ever moan,
Just know what's written on this sheet:
That on this earthly isle
The only life that's hard to meet
Is desert-bound exile...
And man, though poorly, lives there,
... too.

What else is there to do?
Unless to die—but hope, good man,
Refuses to comply!
(Written in exile at Kos-Aral near
the Aral Sea, Asia, in 1848.)

Translated by
WALDMIR SEMENYNA

STUDENTS' CONVENTION IN SLOVAKIA

The Ukrainian students of the sub-Carpathian Western Ukraine, which is under Czechoslovakia by virtue of the treaty of St. Germain, recently held a convention in Bratislava, Slovakia, where their organization was further strengthened, and a new set of officers elected: W. Hudyak, pres., and O. Ruschak, sect., among others.

The students made quite a favorable impression upon the local townsmen by their public appearances on parades, Ukrainian folk dance exhibitions, and concerts of Ukrainian songs. Their chorus is under the direction of A. Bachynsky, a law student. Resolutions were unanimously passed by the students to continue further their work dedicated to the Ukrainian nation.

tionalities are one and the same.

Christmas for us Ukrainians, like for all peoples, is primarily a sacred religious holiday; but in addition it is also a great national holiday: one which unites the Ukrainians of all lands into one great inseparable family of common ideals and aspirations. And to this great Ukrainian family we extend our most sincere Christmas and New Year holiday wishes for a better future and for the attainment of our national ideal: a free and independent Ukraine.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IN UKRAINE.

Christmas in Ukraine, one of the two most important holidays, is in many respects the most important one. The people do not rejoice at any other holiday as much as they do at Christmas. Old and young are glad to have lived till so joyful a festivity and to take part in such a variety of solemn observances.

No sooner has the fast of Christmas, which lasts 39 days, begun, than the people begin to think of preparations for the feasts of the Nativity. The closer the great holiday comes, the more feverish become the preparations. The whole household has to be put in proper order. The women whitewash the walls. Tables and benches are scrubbed. New embroidered towels are hung around the ikons. New "doves" made of painted Easter eggs are suspended before the pictures.

About a week before Christmas, the master of the house drives to the nearest town to do his shopping. He makes purchases of extra fine flour, of dried fish, pepper, candles, and other articles which are indispensable for a proper celebration. Some buy new articles of clothing such as furcoats, caps, shawls. While the women busy themselves with preparing food, the husbandman turns to cleaning up the courtyard, barnyard, to putting his barns and stables in order. The fuel bin has to be stocked with enough cut wood to last through the holidays.

Church functionaries prepare the church. Incense burners are polished, crosses and pictures are dusted, candlesticks provided with new candles.

Great activity begins among the young. Those who intend to go caroling, gather to practice, to shape themselves into groups, "taboras," to select their conductor, the "Bereza." In the mountain region, where musicians take part in carol-singing, violinists and "trymbitashes" practice day and night. The oldest songs are recalled.

At last dawns the day of Christmas eve. The house is clean, spick and span. The smallest atom dust has been hunted out. The oven has been given a new coat of whitewash. A hearty fire is going all day long in the oven. The husbandman has killed a pig, and the housewife has to prepare meat and sausages. Before all she has to prepare a sumptuous supper for Christmas eve. She feels herself obliged to prepare a twelve-course dinner, a course in the memory of each of the Apostles, and all of them must be fast-dishes, prepared without meat and without dairy products. It takes culinary experience of many centuries to prepare twelve such dishes. There will be, of course, soups: "borshch", the typical Ukrainian soup of beets, this time with "ukha", that is, "varenyky" with their ends pasted together; sour cabbage pea soup; and the fishsoup; and cooked dried fruit. There will be "varenyky" with potatoes, and another kind made with plum-jam, and still another kind with sour cabbage. There will be "holubtsi", stuffed with "kasha", the buckwheat groats, or with rice. There will be dishes made of mushrooms, and giddle-cakes fried in hemp oil. And before all there will be "kutya," the exclusive Christmas eve delicacy, prepared from wholewheat grains cooked for many hours and then seasoned with honey mixed with crushed poppyseeds.

While the supper is cooking, the housewife washes the young children, combs them, and dresses them in clean shirts. The husbandman makes the last round of his household. Following the direction of the sun, often with an incense smoking from a pot-herd, in his hands, he goes about the household, about the house, the barns, the stables. He brings a goodly load of the choicest grass to the cattle, often saying prayers, and asking each cow, ox, and calf, if it is contented. This is the great day for miracles: as you feel on this day, so you will feel all year around, be you a man, a woman, a child, or a beast. In fact, the belief is current that cattle acquire the gift of speech on Christmas eve and converse with each other in the language of Christians. They speak of the past, present and future with equal ease. The future holds no secret for them. Alas, few people would care to be caught eavesdropping at the manger: a man who knows the future, soon dies.

So the stable doors are closed and the beasts are left alone with their own ruminations, while the master goes to the barn, selects a large, stout sheaf of wheat, and carries it into the hut, greeting the household with special wishes of a bountiful harvest in the coming season.

He places this sheaf, now called the "did," Old Man, into the honorary corner behind the table and adorns it with dried basil. The oldest son follows his father with hay and straw, which he spreads on the table and under the table. Mother places the wreath of oats, made of the last sheaf of oats cut in the last harvest, adorned with basil, and dried flowers, in the center of the table, and a clove of garlic at each corner, to protect the table against evil spirits. A clean tablecloth is spread on it, two choice round loaves of white bread are placed one on the top of another, and a candle is stuck into the upper loaf, a "topka" of salt and a bottle of honey, are placed at its side; the wreath symbolizes the sun, the bread, salt, and honey, the earthly substance of the man.

The grown-ups have washed, combed and donned clean shirts, and prayed; they are ready for the supper. The young children wait for the signal: he appearance of the first star in the sky. When they yell, "The Star! Mother, I see the star!" the time has come to begin the "holy supper."

The Christmas eve supper is a family festival. On that day all the members of the family, who were away from the village, come to the family circle. The sons, who had been "in schools," those who serve their term in army, as well as those who were away to eke out the family's livelihood, are back to partake with the family in the common "holy supper." Those members of the family who died since last Christmas, have a place at the table and a dish on the table reserved for them so that their souls may come to be with the family. The servants sit down to the supper with their masters: there is no social division before the Master who was born on this night.

The supper may be started with honeyed waffles or honeyed slices of bread, or with "kutya", but no matter what else it starts with felicitations. In fact, whatever you

do at the Christ eve supper, may have an far-fetching effect upon the future of the family. When starting "kutya," the husbandman takes a great care to throw a spoonful of it against the ceiling so that as great amount of grains should adhere to it as possible. If he succeeds, his cows will bear many calves, his oxen will fatten, his apiary will yield many new swarms. If he fails in making many grains stick to the ceiling, his oldest son tries his luck, and so on until some one succeeds and the family are assured that the season to come would be full of bliss for them.

Dish follows dish. The members do their best to do justice to the food, not for the sake of indulgence, but that they may not be hungry all the year round. No drinking is going on. Only in rare houses a glass of whisky would be emptied by each member during the entire supper. The clean attires, the silver-white tablecloth, the cleanliness of the house, the flickering candle illuminating the room,—in short, every detail of the supper fills the atmosphere with the sense of festivity. The people speak for the most part in low tones. If there will be peace and order, love and affection on this eve, so there will then be in this household till the Christmas to come.

The talk is left for the most part to the old people. They can remember several dozens of such festivities and recollect strange incidents. As those are told and retold, as mother puts off a table-spoon of each course for the souls of those departed into a special dish, the air becomes filled with an awesome feeling of close connection between the generation gathered here and those generations which have preceded them at this table.

And yet this is also a children's holiday. They have been given many errands during the day. While mother was kneading dough for the Christmas baking, she recalled that their poor neighbor might be without flour. So she sent her daughter to the pantry, to bring a handful of flour to take to the old Paraska so that she, too, may have "pyrohy" for Christmas. When the daughter fetched the flour, mother looked it over and upbraided the daughter, "Go again and bring some more. Or, you better let me bring it." And when mother brought the flour, wrapped in a sack, the girl could hardly carry it. "Mother," the daughter protested, "you told me to bring a handful." "Yes," mother said, "but won't Paraska need 'pyrohy' at Epiphany? hasn't she helped us to gather God's gift from the fields?"

And the son had driven with father into the forest to bring firewood. While chopping fuel, father had just accidentally recalled that a neighboring widow had nobody to bring her fuel for Christmas. So he told his son to load upon the wagon a "stick of two" and to drive it to the widow. When father had loaded the "stick" upon the cart, he had to go himself to help his son to unload it. When they dropped the "stick" of birch tree or beech before the widow's hut, she ran out, aroused by the jingle of the windows, scared to death that her hut was about to cave in. If she forgot herself and asked father who would cut that stump for her, father left the son to help the widow chop the lumber. For

Christmas among these folks is a holiday of joyful giving. No gifts are bought, but gifts are given. They are gifts of the fruit of their own labor, and the gifts are given as freely as the sun gives freely his warmth and as generously as Father in Heaven gave to the man His own Son.

At the supper, some one may remind himself of an acquaintance in need of help, and a dish of ready course may be sent by the parents to a woman whose husband or oldest son is imprisoned by the enemies of the race.

When the supper is at an end, the children receive gifts of nuts and apples, and go down to the floor and, nestling in the straw spread under the table, cackle hen-like so that the hens may bear many eggs. They play games, most of which have a magic meaning intended to increase the fruits of their work. The girls who are old enough to think of marriage, collect the spoons and carry them outdoors. Rattling them, they listen from which side the dogs bark: this is the side from which they can expect matchmakers to come. Thus everybody has his wish fulfilled on this great magic night.

Having brought the report, the girl sticks the spoons behind the girdle of the Old Man, the sheaf in the corner of honor, behind the table. The family go on singing "koladas," those peculiarly Ukrainian carols, many of which, though Christian in their outward garb, date from the pre-Christian era, and incorporate more than a thousand years of the spiritual experience of the Ukrainian race. Hardly has the family started caroling, when the groups of "koladnyky," carol-singers, announce themselves with the jingling of bells, creaking footsteps, and songs. A group of faces appear at the window, and the "bereza" asks for the permission to sing. A candle is placed on the sill as a sign of invitation, the "bereza" moves forward with his booklet, and the mouths open.

"God the Eternal has been born," is usually the beginning of the first carol sung by them. "And come down to us to save us all!" Small gifts are passed to the carol singers: a few pennies, some food. Occasionally, an especially well singing group is invited in and feted. Carol-singing then goes on in the house. In some villages a dramatic interlude is given by such carolers. The proceeds of such singing once had gone to the church. Later greater and greater portion of the contributions was squandered by singers in carousing.

A reaction set in against such profiteering, and a reform was effected when carolers began to turn over all their receipts to the support of the church or some secular worthy cause, such as the support of private schools, or bursaries for poor pupils, or the purchase of books for a reading circle, or the support of war veterans from the war for Ukrainian independence. Thus the great Christian holiday links the pre-historic era, when the ancient Ukrainian farmer worshipped the Sun as his supreme deity, with that future era, which is the dearest dream of every conscious Ukrainian, the era of complete independence of the hardworking Ukrainian farmer on the fertile Ukrainian land.

em. re.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

(What my mother told me, a long, long time ago)

One bitterly cold winter's night, when Mother Earth stood arrayed in icy jewels and wrapped in a huge mantle of snow, a man ventured boldly out to borrow some fire. He went untiringly, from hut to hut, knocking at each door and calling: "Aid me, good people, and lend me some fire. Just a bit of its warmth will bring comfort to a Mother and her newborn Child." But the night was no longer young. Everyone slept and answered him not.

The fire-seeker walked on and on. Finally in the far distance, on a hillside, he saw a blazing fire. He eagerly righted his steps and hastened toward it. The fire's terrific blaze sent a warmth around for miles, and as the Seeker came nearer he saw hundreds of white lambs in sleep lying around the fire, while an aged shepherd, with three sleeping dogs stretched at his feet, kept solitary watch. Sensing a stranger's nearness, the dogs waked, opening their brutal jaws in bark but uttered no sound. Maddened the animals flung themselves at the Seeker; two buried fangs into each of his legs while the third pulled mercilessly at his gown. But he felt not the fangs nor did his gown tear!

The Seeker, as if unmolested, made his way through the throng of motionless sheep, to the Shepherd. And as the aged shepherd's hard eyes rested on the intruder, his hand found a staff at his side and aimed it at the Seeker. The staff did not leave his hand!

As if unseeing, the Seeker reached the fire and in a low voice bade the shepherd: "Aid me, my friend, and let me have some fire. A Babe is born and I must have fire to warm the Mother and Child."

The selfish shepherd longed to

decline, but thinking of the dogs that did not bark nor bite, and the unfrightened sheep, it was somehow impossible for him to utter the harsh words. Instead he answered: "Take as much as you desire."

The Seeker bent his gaunt body and scooping a handful of the hot coals into his bare hands he wrapped them in his gown. The coals did not burn him nor his gown. He held them as he would hold apples or nuts.

When the old shepherd saw this he said to himself: "What sort of a night is this; the dogs do not bark nor bite, the sheep do not frighten, the staff does not strike, the fire does not burn?" And turning to the Seeker he asked: "What night is this? When you leave here what awaits you?"

Readily the Seeker answered: "I'll not tell you, if you yourself cannot see." And thanking the shepherd for the fire he went his way.

Hearing the Seeker's strange words, curiosity played havoc with the shepherd's mind; and getting up from his place beside the now dying fire, he followed the Seeker to his destination.

And what a sight met him there! A tumbled down and barren stable served as the birthplace for a beautiful smiling Babe, lying in a manger on a handful of sweet smelling straw, while in ecstasy a Mother hovered by His side.

Seemingly the Child minded not the cold winter wind as it blew in series of great gusts into the vast barn-like space, through the thin crumbling walls of the stable. But to the shepherd, gazing in awe at all this, came the distressful thought that the innocent Child would soon freeze to death in this beastly cold, and though of a

habitual bitter and selfish nature, his heart of stone melted, and he reverently resolved to aid the Child. Immediately suiting action to thought, he tore the heavy shawl of lamb's wool from his shoulders, and giving it to the Seeker he requested that the Child be wrapped in it as a preventive against the cold.

And in that moment, when he showed that even he had speck of kindness still, his eyes opened and he saw what he did not see before; heard what he had been deaf to before!

Wherever he cast his wonder-stricken gaze, he saw hosts of silver winged angels hovering over the manger-born Child. Some

were playing silver-toned harps, others simply knelt in Holy reverence, while still others flew beneath the Heavens, and all were singing: "Glory to God in the Highest! Peace on Earth to men of Goodwill!"

At last the old shepherd understood why all things this night were so peaceful! Why joy and solitude erased selfishness and hate—for the time being! And thanking God for opening his sightless eyes, he dropped to his knees before the Glory brought down to a sinful earth by the birth of our blessed Redeemer and King.

ROSALIE N. HATALA.

AN ESCAPE FROM DEATH

I knew him personally. His name was Onofry Dyrk. He lived in my home-village of Nahirjanka, Buczacz. He was a good man. His attractive appearance, as well as his heroism made him well known to everybody. During the war for the Ukrainian Independence he joined the Ukrainian Army as a volunteer and took an active part in numerous battles against the Poles. But since the end of the unfortunate war no one ever had heard a word of him. Everybody thought that he had been killed at the front, or had died from typhus as had thousands of his comrades.

In 1926 he secretly appeared at my Grandfather's home for Christmas.

After supper, when everybody was resting around the table, he was asked by my grandfather to tell us about his experience in the war. Mr. Dyrk uttered several deep sighs, moved his chair to a more comfortable position, and then began:

"After our army crossed the Zbruch River, my battalion, which

was composed of 500 men, moved rapidly toward the Dniester River in order to defend the retreating army from the approaching Poles. One night we were surrounded by an overwhelming Polish army and completely shattered. Only 259 of us survived. Most of us were severely wounded and taken by Poles into the old Austrian barracks, where after three weeks' time 39 more of our wounded soldiers died from the lack of medical aid. The remaining 220 prisoners were removed by the Polish commanders from the filthy barracks and placed in a concentration camp situated on an open field and surrounded with a barbed wire fence—under the close watch of the Polish soldiers. Later we were each given a spade and told to dig graves. Of course, it was soon found out by all of us that these were to be our own graves.

Though knowing this we could do nothing because we were sur-

(Concluded on page 4)

SAHAYDACHNY

Retold from an old Ukrainian story by S. S.

(5)

5. Saved from a watery grave

Having satisfied themselves by a cursory examination that the young printer Khvedko had died from drowning, and believing that the other fugitives—the old Cossack Karpo and the two boys, Hrytsko and Ukhym—had met a similar fate in the quietly moving waters of the stream, the Duke of Ostrog's dragoons left the sprawling inert figure of Khvedko lying on the grassy bank, and mounting their horses quickly galloped off in search of the other of the Duke's thoroughbreds used by the fugitives in their flight to the Zaporogian Sitch.

Hardly had the thudding of their horses' hoofs died away, when a slight commotion arose on the surface of the stream. A single reed, which hitherto had been swaying quietly in the river's current, suddenly gyrated wildly for a moment, then quietly floated downstream on its side. In its place there appeared the red top of a Cossack hat, to be followed immediately by the swarthy be-mustached face of Karpo. Glancing cautiously around and seeing no sign of the Poles, his face cleared with relief; only to become clouded again when he espied the still form of Khvedko lying on the bank. Quickly wading ashore, and reaching the prostrate body of Khvedko, he leaned over him—the water running in rivulets from his clothes and forming a pool at his feet—and felt

Khvedko's heart for signs of life... Just the faintest of heart throbs was felt! Good!... While there's life there is hope!... Karpo seized Khvedko by the middle and raising his body off the ground began to shake him vigorously.

Meanwhile the two boys had also waded ashore. Climbing up on the bank they stood there shivering, blue with cold.

"Is he dead?"—they managed to ask through chattering teeth, frightened.

"No, I don't think so... Here give me a hand," the Cossack grunted as he labored over Khvedko.

The boys threw themselves to help resuscitate their comrade. For while their combined efforts were of no avail; but a sudden wracking choking cough gave them renewed hope and redoubled their efforts... Khvedko stirred slightly... his eyelids fluttered gently open. His lips moved.

"I'm so cold..." he said, half conscious, in a barely audible voice.

"There, there, my lad, you'll be all right. Here take a drink of this," replied the Cossack, and raising the now trembling Khvedko to a sitting position made him swallow some brandy.

The young printer drank a little, and gradually his trembling grew less violent, and the loud chattering of his teeth less audible. He began to brighten up a bit.

The others took a swig out of the bottle also, and soon a deli-

scious sense of warmth began to steal over them. Seeing the Cossack taking off his dripping wet garments, the boys followed suit. After having laid them out on the ground to dry, they stretched themselves out on the grass in the warm rays of the afternoon sun.

"How in the world did this happen to you?"—queried the Cossack, seeing that Khvedko had recovered some of his senses.

"I can't remember a thing... All is black," replied the latter, shaking his head, his mind still in a daze from that horrible experience.

"He probably swallowed too much water," exclaimed Hrytsko. "I myself drank enough to drown a beaver. But what saved me was my thirst—caused by eating too much salt herring," he added humorously.

"And as for me, take a look at my ear!"—jocularly exclaimed Ukhym, "that is where some crab mistook it for some choice morsel!"

All laughed at these sallies; their merriment however, being inspired more by their relief at having escaped from both the pursuing Poles and a watery grave, than by anything else.

For awhile they lay there very quietly, recovering their strength, and pondering upon what their future had in store for them. For they still had far to go before they would reach their destination. Meanwhile, their clothes quickly dried. The old Cossack glancing up at the position of the sun, stretched, yawned, and arose.

"Come, boys—let's get going," he called, adding ruefully—"It's

too bad that we no longer have our horses with us."

While the boys donned their clothes Karpo climbed to the top of a nearby mohela to take his observations and see if there were any signs of the enemy. Seeing none, he clambered down, and gave the signal to start. The little group started to trudge across the steppe, their shadows in the setting rays of the sun casting huge fantastic and ever-changing designs before them.

Nightfall quickly overtook them. They stopped in a little glade with a gushing spring in its center, ate the remains of their by now dried lunch, and at the bidding of the Cossack the boys threw themselves into the high grass, where it would be extremely difficult for anyone to find them, and were soon sound asleep.

They were awakened a few hours later by the Cossack, who had remained on guard, and picking up their few belongings, proceeded onward through the night. All was very quiet. Not a breath of air stirred. The moon riding high up above them in the deep blue star studded sky cast its soft silvery rays over the boundless rolling steppe, bathing it in an eerie light, and lending an air of a most peculiar enchantment and beauty to the entire scene. The grass rustling softly beneath their marching feet seemed to whisper gently to them "why do you tread upon me?"... It seemed to the boys that they were invading some forbidden virgin land where no defiling human footsteps had ever trod before.

(To be continued)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WANTS TO CELEBRATE
CHRISTMAS DAY TOGETHER
WITH THE AMERICANS

Dear Editor:

With my first letter to our "Ukrainian Weekly," I would like to make an appeal to the entire younger generation in America to start a drive among ourselves first, and then among our parents, whom, I am sure, we can convince with a few sensible reasons.

My appeal is based on: "Why don't we Ukrainians in America celebrate both Christmas and Easter on the same dates as does practically the whole world?" Everyone of us knows that our holidays are always about two weeks later than the American ones. Christmas is always exactly two weeks later, while Easter during one year is on the same date; but during another year—five weeks later, or less!

Here we are living in America, the most advanced country in the world, and while we consider ourselves Ukrainians we are also Americans, because we were born and raised here and will probably die here. Practically all of us are aware of a feeling of being lost twice a year before the holidays. Everybody is on a hustle and a bustle before the holidays, buying gifts for their loved ones and friends and wishing each other, no matter what color or creed, the holiday greetings. We Ukrainians on the other hand, while acknowledging these greetings and returning them—still do so in a half spirited manner. Always we remember that our holiday is still far away.

"But why should it be far away? Was Christ born twice?" is the question often asked of us by our American friends. Our common sense tells us—no; while our knowledge tells us it is due to the fact that we Ukrainians follow the out of date Julian calendar.

How can we Ukrainians advance ourselves here when we don't even celebrate the holidays with the rest of the people. When an American hears that our Christmas is two weeks later he probably says to himself "Hm!—what queer people." Do we enjoy being classed as a queer people?

Therefore, "Young Ukraine," put on your fighting togs, as your forefathers did in the old country. Organize yourselves and agitate strongly, so that our next Christmas in America may be celebrated by us together with the rest of the world and not a couple weeks later.

A. S.
Newark, N. J.

CHRISTMAS

Did you ever stop to realize, that if there was no such occasion as Christmas, that it would be necessary to have one invented. Even before the birth of Christ, pagan people had some sort of a festival at this time of year. It is perhaps rather doubtful whether the human race could pull through the vicissitudes of life on this planet, unless once a year the people stopped fretting, scrambling, and gouging their fellow-men, and for a while indulged in an orgy of generosity, friendliness, and good cheer.

The majority spend eleven months losing their sense of proportion, and one rousing month getting it back again. Others often in January come out of the daze somewhat. Surely with each recurring Christmas time, there is a net gain. We should make it a net gain! After the holly has faded, and the candles guttered, there should remain in most of us a spark of uplifted spirit; a few more young and old should have been added to the recruits of good will. You young and old Ukrainians, when thinking of the past year, can you pick out events and generousities on your part which have helped those Ukrainians who are being tortured

and destroyed by those hypocritical Poles and Reds! It depends on us how soon 'Ukraine is set free.

Look about you, and don't be like Scrooge, in Dickens' book, with his stingy ways of life. It is high time that that spirit should be surging in you to help your race or people, and it is not too late to start. Fight, and fight hard—we shall be repaid in the end.

When you make that list of resolutions, why not tuck in the one pertaining to doing your utmost to help Ukrainian aspirations. With your assistance Ukraine will soon be proclaimed free from those uncivilized Poles and Reds, who I think have long enough thrived on our parents' soil. Lend a helping hand to those starving Ukrainians abroad, and prove to them that we have not forgotten their existence, and that we are going to assist them as much as possible during this critical period.

STELLA ANN STOYKO,
East Taunton, Mass.AN APPEAL TO JOIN THE
UKRAINIAN SCOUTS
OF AMERICA

Every young Ukrainian in the United States of America should belong to the Ukrainian Scouts of America. This is a chance for every youngster to become a real patriot of the Ukraine and also to become a good citizen of America. There is absolutely no reason why the Ukrainian boys should not cooperate with the Ukrainian Scouts of America. Ukrainian scout troops should be organized all over the United States of America. These new organizations will be subject to the Constitution of the Ukrainian Scouts of America and will receive a charter and troop number. We must not watch the activities of other people from a distance, but should organize in every state and do our share towards the building of a strong military organization of the Ukrainian Scouts of America. In this organization, the boys learn more about the geography and history of the Ukraine than they would from any other source in the United States.

People who are ambitious enough, and who have had a high school education and some military training, should organize Ukrainian Scouts in their localities.

I am asking you, the Young Ukraine, to cooperate with me in this great undertaking. When we have reached our goal, the Ukrainians in other lands will do likewise, if it is possible. We must accomplish what no other nation in a foreign land has ever done.

The Ukrainian Scouts of America are not in any way affiliated with any organization as a whole, but in a small measure we are recognized by the Boy Scouts of America. Also, we are affiliated with the Chornomorska Sich of New York, because we are junior members of the "Sich."

We, the Ukrainian Scouts of Brooklyn, have started the flame, and it is up to you, the Ukrainian Youths, to keep it burning. I will be highly honored to receive letters from those of you who are interested in this great enterprise.

Yours for Cooperation,

CONSTANTIN ARNOLD,
Commander of the Ukrainian
Scouts of America.
340 Roebling Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SPORTS DOPE

I wonder if there are many who are aware of the fact that Nick Lukatz, the hero of the Notre-Dame and Army game, is a Ukrainian.

MICHAEL ZBOROWSKY,
1369 Washington Ave.,
Bronx, N. Y.UKRAINIAN AFFAIRS
IN AMERICAN PRESSANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION
IN PROVIDENCE

On December 17, 1933, the 13th anniversary of the St. John's Ukrainian Orthodox Church was celebrated in Unity Hall on Potters Avenue, Providence, R. I.

After the church ceremonies all our guests were asked to go to the Unity Hall where our Sisters of St. Ann had prepared a dinner. After all, people do get hungry, and believe me, those who missed this dinner sure missed something good. We had more to eat at this dinner than they usually have at a good wedding. We had every Ukrainian dish you could possible think of.

Among our younger set, speakers at this dinner were: Marion Szelest, Crompton; Anna Nadorozna, Crompton; Stephen Romanovich, Woonsocket; Julian Korolyshyn, Providence; Paul Kryn, Providence; Stanley Luchka, Providence; and Stephen Rekrut of Providence.

We certainly had a wonderful time. The younger set sure showed up their good points at this dinner. We used our Ukrainian language as fluently as we could, and we sure can talk.

We thank you all for attending our first dinner, and hope that at the next one a great many more will be present.

Come on all you Ukrainians, show what you've got. Let's show what we can do in Providence.

Thank you,
MARY SASKA,
Providence, R. I.WOONSOCKET GIRLS' CLUB
ELECTIONS

The St. Michael's Ukrainian Girls' Club at 374 Blackstone St., Woonsocket, R. I. held its election meeting Sunday night, December 24, in their clubrooms. The following were elected as officers for the coming year of 1934: Mary Laba, Pres.; Mary Romynik, Vice Pres.; Catherine Stoyko, Sect.; Olga Lipka, Treas.; and Mary Poznansky, general Chairman of the Committees.

Right after the meeting a Christmas party was held and all members of the club exchanged gifts. Christmas Carols were also sung by the members.

At the close of the party refreshments were served by Cornelia Hucal, Barbara Saviska, Elizabeth Dobrywoda and Stasia Koliynik.

ANDREW DOBRYWODA.

THE SPORT WHIRL

ROCHESTER UKES REGISTER
SEVENTH VICTORY

The strong undefeated Rochester St. Josaphat Reserve team kept their winning streak and added their 7th consecutive victory, winning over the Ironduquet Uke A. C. to the tune of 53-19.

The Rochester team showed a strong offense and was led by Michael Hryzok, John Melnyk and Capt. Peter Tomson, scoring 12, 11 and 9 points respectively. The losers led by Steve Holowka, who scored 18 pts. of the 19, never threatened the St. Josaphat Res. after the first quarter. The score at half time was 27 to 7 in favor of the Rochester quint.

ST. JOSAPHAT'S A. C.
303 Hudson Avenue,
Rochester, N. Y.GARY, IND. BASKET BALL
TEAM

Editor:

The boys of the Ukrainian Youth Club of Gary, Indiana, have organized a basket ball team under the name of the "Gary Ukes," and it is composed of the following members: Mike Czuczko, Bill Andruniak, John Lawrosky, Steve Zawicki, John Zuk, Frank Grenovich, John Doperiak, Nick Sad-

AN ESCAPE FROM DEATH

(Continued from page 3)

rounded by machine guns manned by our guards.

After we had finished digging the graves we were herded together, surrounded by executioners, and it was but a matter of a few minutes before we would be shot down in cold blood. Despair and a sense of helplessness seized some of us. Suddenly we heard the commanding voice of our chief, Mr. Kossak:—"Soldiers, remember our national hymn!"—which says that we are descendants of our famous Ukrainian Cossacks, who were never afraid to die for Ukrainian liberty! Remember that we are not the first nor the last who bravely fought and died for our country. Let us sing our National hymn." And we all sang "Ukraine still lives" while we were about to die. When we finished, again the same commanding voice proclaimed: "Long live Ukraine," which was repeated three times with great spirit and enthusiasm by everybody.

Just before the command was given to shoot, I quickly took my knife and slightly cut my chest in order to deceive the bloodthirsty Polish executioners who would search among the dead bodies to see if anyone was still alive. Then our utterer his last words: "Shoot, you bloodthirsty, dirty Poles!"—and with these words the machine guns began to rattle. I fell down quickly; not touched by even one bullet. Lying there I gazed into the dark sky while the atrocious Poles came around and killed those who were still alive and who with their last breath wished the Polish nation the same fate. I heard some voices cry "Mamo help... Oh, it was real hell!... But I did not move when I heard the steps and the finishing shots of the Poles. My heart stopped for a time, while in my mind was the most terrible thought—"will they kill me or not?"

"After such a fiendish atrocity on the part of the Polish tyrants, everything was silent... All my friends, young boys, were lying dead... They no longer called 'Mamo'. Their mothers did not know about their tragedy. The only Mother that knew was Mother Ukraine. After the Poles had gone and had left all of my friends lying on the bloody ground—I fled safely into the forest. There I remained for a while healing my wounded chest!"

While saying this Mr. Dyryk opened his shirt and showed us the scars of his wound. When he finished his tragic story a dead silence reigned in the room. Tears were in the eyes of my grandmother and aunts. Grandfather's and uncle's faces were serious—and I thought of revenge!

I shall never forget the Christmas of 1926!

THEODORE LUCIW,
University of Dubuque,
Dubuque, Iowa.

lowsky and Mike Horbovetz, the coach. The team has entered the high school division of the Catholic Youth's Basketball League of Gary.

In their first game against St. Monica, a colored team, the Ukes lost a hard fought game by a score of 19 to 11.

The boys will very gladly welcome any boys who are in High School and desire to play. If there are any such boys, please report to the K. of C. at 5th and Madison any Thursday at 6:15 P. M., when the boys hold their weekly practice.

NICK SADOWSKY,
1321 Grant Street,
Gary, Ind.