



SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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

No. 1

NEW YORK and JERSEY CITY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1944

VOL. XII

Christmas Greetings To Our Servicemen

Whether you are here in this country or over "on the other side," do remember that you are always in the hearts and minds of those of us who are still at home. We are all looking forward to the day when victory is won and when you will be returning home, safe and sound, to start anew the life you once knew and enjoyed—perhaps this time a better and happier one.

Last Thursday, on our Ukrainian Christmas Eve, as we sat down to the traditional "Sviata Vechera," we did our best to imagine you in those empty chairs you once occupied. True, that was a difficult thing to imagine; all the more so for father and mother. Still we sensed you were there with us—in spirit, especially when we recited the Lord's Prayer and sang "Boh Predvichny."

May that Christmas come soon when those chairs will no longer be empty.

Христос Раждається!

A Word Hunter on the Trail of "Kutya"

Of all the traditional Ukrainian Christmas dishes, first place undoubtedly goes to "kutya." Children, of course, like it better than any other of the twelve traditional dishes of the Ukrainian Christmas Eve supper. At the very thought of it, their mouths water with anticipation of the honey, melted down from its candied form over a slow fire to a liquid state so that it could be used for sweetening the grains of wheat. The grains are especially selected for their fulness, and made still fuller and plumper by long soaking in water and many hours of cooking. And if to this are added poppy-seeds, or walnuts, the children's delight has no limits.

To the older people the dish is more than a delicacy. It is the ceremonial dish of that festal evening. The master of the household himself tosses a spoonful of it against the ceiling, pronouncing ceremoniously the best wishes for the fertility of all the live creatures of the household. The family then reads the prophecies about the fertility from the number of the wheat grains that stuck to the ceiling. Indeed, so important is "kutya" for the Christmas that the entire Christmas Eve is called "kutya bahata," i.e. the rich "kutya."

"Kutya" has been considered the original Ukrainian contribution to the richness of Christmas celebration. The closest neighbors of Ukrainians seem to have nothing like it. The Ukrainian-Russian dictionary by Boris Hrinchenko gives a lengthy description of the meaning of that Ukrainian word, and Prof. Jan Bystroń, the Polish ethnographer and historian of Polish customs, says in his description of the Polish Christmas several centuries ago that at the Polish manors "kucia" was prepared "for servants," which seems to show that the dish was a foreign importation in Poland.

In my further desultory trailings of this Ukrainian cultural trait I came upon the custom of the Greeks, practiced also in America by the immigrants from Greece, to offer in the church, at memorial masses for the deceased, wheat grains, cooked and sweetened. Then I recalled a

similar custom among the Ukrainian people, which, however, has not been transplanted to America, as far as I know. In Ukraine, too, "kutya" is offered at the "pominke," only this is done not only in the church, but also at the graves in the cemetery, if that is the local practice. It is remarkable that the "kutya" in this case is called also "kolivo." To those for whom Ukrainian is the native language "kolivo" is a thoroughbred Ukrainian word. Imagine then my astonishment when some Greeks—whom I asked for the name of the whole-wheat pudding offered at the memorial masses—told me: kolyva! I immediately set out on a hunt of the kolivo"; so far, however, I have been unable to ascertain whether the Greeks took from the Ukrainian the "kolivo," or the Ukrainians took from the Greeks the "kolyva."

A British Recipe for Frumenty ("Kutya")

My interest in all this was rewarded by another discovery. In the Letters to the Editor of the London weekly "Observer," of December 26, 1937, I came across a letter which I'll take the liberty to quote in full: "Sir,—Mr. Eley asks for 'the subtle turns of method which draw unexpected perfections' from certain Christmas dishes, including frumenty. The secret of making good frumenty is to use English wheat, whose superiority is due to that softness of grain so much deplored by bakers. In frumenty's hey-day, of course, it was taken for granted that home-grown wheat would be used, for until the early nineteenth century this was the only sort commonly available.

"Since Mr. Eley asks for subtle turns of method, he may care to have the following old Somerset recipe, with which I have made excellent frumenty from local wheat grown on the Quantocks:—

"Bruise a pint of wheat with a pestle; place it in a stone or a cloamen (earthenware) jar with a pint of water, and cook in a slow oven until the grains are swollen and quite soft. Heat a pint of new

Sing These Carols and Keep Alive Our Christmas Traditions

БОГ ПРЕДВІЧНИЙ НАРОДИВСЯ

Бог Предвчний народився,
(2) Пришов днес із небес,
Щоб спасти люд свій весь, —
Тай утишився.

В Вифлеємі народився
(2) Месія, Христос наш,
Господь наш, для всіх нас,
Нам народився.

„Слава Богу" — заспіваймо,
(2) Честь Сину Божому,
Господу нашому
Поклін віддаймо!

ВО ВИФЛЕЄМІ НИНІ НОВИНА

Во Вифлеємі нині новина,
Пречиста Діва зродила Сина, —
(2) В яслах сповитий, поміж
бидляти,
Спочив на сіні Бог необнятий.

Вже херувими славу співають,
Ангельські хори Бога витають,
(2) Пастир убогий несе, що
може,

Щоб обдарити Дитятко Боже.
Глянь оком світлим, о, Божий
Сину,

На нашу землю, рідну країну, —
(2) Зішли нам з неба дар
превеликий,
Будь Тобі слава на вічні віки!

НЕБО І ЗЕМЛЯ НИНІ
ТОРЖЕСТВУЮТЬ

Небо і земля 2) нині
торжествують,
Ангели й люди 2) весело
празнують:

(2) Христос родився, Бог
воплотився,
Ангели співають і князі витають,
Поклін віддають, а пастирі
грають,
„Чудо, чудо!" повідають.

Во Вифлеємі 2) весела новина:
Чистая Діва 2) породила сина!
(2) Христос родився, Бог
воплотився, (і так далі)

І ми Христові 2) Богу поклін
даймо,
„Слава во вижних! 2) Йому
заспіваймо!

(2) Христос родився, Бог
воплотився, (і так далі)

НА НЕБІ ЗІРКА ЯСНА ЗАСЯЛА

На небі зірка ясна засяла
І ясным світлом сіяє,
Хвиля спасення к нам завітала
Там Діва Бога раждає, —
(2) Щоб землю з небом в одно
злучити

Христос родився: Славте!
Благослови нас, Дитятко Боже.

Скріпи своєю ласкою,
Та і пекельна сила не зможе
Нас розділити з Тобою.
(2) Благослови нас, між Твої
діти, —

Христос родився: Славте!
Благослови нас і збав нас Христе,

Возволь нас, Боже, з недоли,
Засій в серцях нам бажання
чисте,

Дай всім діждати дня волі!
(2) Щоб Україна могла радіти:
Христос родився: Славте!

БОГ СЯ РАЖДАЄ

Бог ся раждає, хтож Го може
Знати, —

Ісус Му імя, Марія Му Мати!
(2) Тут ангели чудяться,
Рожденного бояться,
А віл стоїть, трясеться,
Осел смутно пасеться, —

Пастиріє клячуть,
Бога в плоти бачать
Тутже, тутже, тутже, тут!

І пастирі там к Ньому
прибігають,
В Ньому Господа свого
Витають.

(2) Тут ангели чудяться... (і так
далі).

НОВА РАДІСТЬ СТАЛА

Нова-радість стала, яка не
бувала,
(2) Над вертепом зірка ясна
світу засяла.

Де Христос родився з Діви
воплотився,
(2) Як чоловік, пеленами убого
повився,

Просим Тебе, Князю, небесний
Владарю,
(2) Даруй літа щасливі тому
— господарю!

milk over the fire, and add to this the contents of the jar; add next a handful of figs (raisins); add also two eggs, previously beaten to a froth; season the whole with cinnamon and nutmeg; sweeten with barbadoes sugar; stir till cooked sufficiently; serve in deep bowls.

"Yours, etc. Isabel Wyatt. Landsdowne, Harvington, nr. Evesham."

I do not have to add here that this frumenty must have been brought to America by English immigrants, as Washington Irving wrote about in his "Christmas Eve." But where is frumenty in America today? Whoever hears of it? Who

has tasted it? I am sure that Washington Irving's readers will go at once to the dictionary to find out the meaning of the word just as this Ukrainian immigrant has done.

Gone is frumenty, gone the way of many other beautiful Christmas customs, falling prey to the process of commercialism. And if anybody would care to introduce it again, in order to make the people feel their jaw muscles when masticating slowly at the crisp husks of wheat-grain, who else should it be if not immigrants from Ukraine and their children?

Ukrainian Christmas Eve Customs

CHRISTMAS in Ukraine is one of the two most important holidays, and in certain respects the most important one. Although primarily a religious holiday, yet many of the customs connected with its observance date far back before the coming of Christianity to Ukraine, back to the observance of a pagan holiday, known as the "kolyada," when the ancient Ukrainians celebrated the passing of the coldest part of the winter and the coming of warmer weather, or as the ancient saying goes, "when the sun groweth in strength and the day in length."

We do not know, of course, how or whether Christmas Eve and Christmas Day will be celebrated this year in war-torn Ukraine. Still it is good for all of us to recall how the holiday was celebrated in olden times and in those sections where the foreign oppressors allowed it.

The 39-day fast preceding Christmas ("Pelypivka" as it is known) has barely begun when already the villagers begin to think of the preparation for the feasts of Nativity. As Christmas draws nearer, a feverish activity begins to pervade the household. Everything has to be put in order. A general housecleaning takes place, the women whitewashing the walls, scrubbing tables and benches, and hanging new embroidered towels.

Preparing For It

About a week before Christmas the master of the house harnesses his horses to the sleigh and drives to the nearest town to do his shopping. He returns with purchases of extra fine flour, of dried fish, pepper, candies, nuts and all the other articles of food that are indispensable for the proper celebration of the holiday. Some buy new articles of clothing, great coats fur lined on the inside ("kozuhk"), caps, shawls, boots, etc.

While the womenfolk busy themselves with preparing food for the three days that the Christmas holidays will last, the husbandman ("hospodar") with his sons turn to the cleaning up of the courtyard, barnyard, and put the barns and stables in order. The woodshed has to be stocked up with enough wood to last throughout the holidays.

The church, too, is being gone over. Floors are scrubbed, incense burners polished, crosses and holy pictures dusted, candlesticks provided with candles, etc.

In the meanwhile, great activity prevails among the youth. The church choir, composed mostly of younger folks, rehearses for the High Mass on Christmas Day. Those of the young people that intend to go caroling ("kolyaduvaty") gather in one of the homes, divide themselves into groups ("tabor") elect their group leaders ("bereza") and practice the Christmas "kolyady." In the mountain regions, among the so-called "Hutsuls," where musicians take part in their caroling, mostly violinists, the sound of their instruments are heard days in advance as they rehearse their pieces. Old songs are recalled.

The Fast Dishes

At last dawns the day of Christmas Eve. The house is clean, spic and span. The smallest atom of dust has been hunted out. The oven, with a hearty fire blazing in it all day long, gleams white from the coat of white-wash given to it. This is the day when the whole house hums with activity. The children, their faces alight with happiness, run about their tasks, getting in the way of their mother busy at the oven. The "hospodar" has killed a pig, and the "hospodynia," his wife, has prepared the meat and sausages. Now she is engaged in preparing the twelve-course dinner for the evening, Christmas Eve—a course in memory of

each of the Twelve Apostles, and everyone of these twelve dishes must be fast dishes, prepared without meat and without dairy products. That is indeed a feat. It takes culinary experiences of many centuries to prepare twelve such dishes. There will be, of course, "borsch," the typical Ukrainian soup made of beets, or in its place sour cabbage pea soup; fish soup in jello-like form; baked "pyrohy" with mashed potatoes inside, and another kind with plum jam inside, and still another kind with sour cabbage. There will be "holubtsi" stuffed with "kasha," buckwheat groats, or with rice. There will be dishes made of mushrooms, and griddle-cakes fried in hemp oil. Also "pampushki." And before all there will be the "kutya," the exclusive Christmas Eve delicacy, prepared from wholewheat grains cooked for many hours, and then seasoned with honey mixed with poppyseeds. This "kutya" is undoubtedly one of the most ancient Ukrainian dishes, reaching far back to those prehistoric times when our ancestors did not know as yet the art of baking bread but fed themselves with cooked wheat grains.

Even Satan Hides

Towards the evening the mother washes the young children, combs them, and dresses them in clean clothing. The "hospodar" makes the last rounds of the household. When the supper has been cooked the housewife takes a bit of each course into a pot and adding some wheat and a bit of salt to it takes it to the barns and stables and then feeds the cattle and horses, so that the animals should know too that it is Christmas Eve and that they should not complain among themselves that their masters are not taking good care of them. The "hospodar" brings a generous share of the choicest hay to the cattle, often saying prayers and asking each cow, ox, and calf if it is contented. For this is the eve of great miracles. Various happenings take place that night. Even Satan himself hides and the evil spirits disappear, ceasing their pranks upon all good folks. Imbued with the magic spirit in the air, animals become possessed of the miraculous power of speech and talk sagely amongst themselves far into the night. They speak of the past, present and future with equal ease. The future holds no secrets from them. Alas, few people would care to be caught eavesdropping at the manger, for it is said that the man who knows the future soon dies.

So the stable doors are closed and the beasts are left to their ruminations.

Twilight swiftly falls over the earth. Lights appear in the house, casting their soft glow through the window unto the gleaming white snow outside. A breathless hush descends upon the village.

The "Dyid"

Inside our home all is ready. The children, flushed and happy, impatiently await the beginning of the "Holy Supper." They all stand around, waiting for something. The door opens, and in walks their father. He is bearing in his arms a large sheaf of wheat stalks. Pausing in the doorway he greets the family, all standing around, with Christmas greetings. Then he proceeds to the "honorary" corner, just behind the table with this sheaf, which is known as the "dyid" (old man), and sets it up there, adorning it with basil. This custom is also very ancient, for the sheaf in the ancient pagan days represented the god of plenty who fed and protected the family.

The door opens again and the eldest son appears with a large bundle of straw and hay. After greeting the family appropriately he puts

the hay on the table and the straw he spreads on the ground, or at least under the table. Mother then places a 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, for in the olden times garlic was a supposed cure against diseases and a protection against evil spirits. Over this a white tablecloth is spread. The choice round loaves of white bread are placed one on top of the other, 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, while the bread, salt and honey represent the earthly sustenance of the man.

All is ready now. The Holy Supper, however, cannot begin until the appearance of the first star. For that reason we have the children at the windows craning their necks and straining their eyes for the sight of the first star. At last!... The first star appears. The children raise a joyful din. All take their places at the table.

A Family Festival

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

All lights are doused except the candlelight in the center of the table. The entire family stands around the table, their faces lit by the flickering candlelight, awaiting for the father to begin. A solemn hush comes down upon them all... Involuntarily, thoughts go back to the dear departed ones, or to the brother who is far from home, in America, or Argentine, striving to eke out a better livelihood than is possible at home. In a low tone the father leads the others in a brief prayer, usually "Our Lord's Prayer." When that is done, all remain standing. Taking up a platter bearing honeyed bits of leavened bread blessed in church, or "kutya," the father turns to his wife and wishes her the best of everything. Both partake of a bit of the "prosfora" or the "kutya." Then he repeats the process with the others, beginning with his eldest son down to the youngest child.

All sit down to supper. Dish follows dish. The father takes a spoonful of "kutya" and throws it against the ceiling, striving to have as great a number of grains as possible adhere to it. If he succeeds, it is said that his cows will bear many calves, his oxen will fatten, his apiaries yield many new swarms of bees. If he fails in making the grains stick to the ceiling, his oldest son tries his luck, and so on until someone succeeds and the family are assured that the season to come will be full of bliss and happiness for them.

The members of the family try their best to do justice to the food, not for the sake of indulgence, but that they may not be hungry all the year around. No drinking takes place. Only in very rare cases a glass of "horivka" would be emptied by each member during the entire supper.

A Happy Scene

The clean attires, the snow-white table cloth, the cleanliness of the house, the straw on the ground, the happy cheerful faces, fill the atmosphere with never-to-be-forgotten happiness. The father and mother through misty eyes gaze proudly upon their brood, some already big and grown up, others in their teens. As they sit there, eating and gazing into the flickering light of the candle, perhaps their thoughts go back through the mists of time to a similar scene, many, many years ago, when they were the brood, seated around the table with their parents.

Outside, the moon shines softly on the glittering snow, while stars twinkle merrily in the blue dome of the sky. A soft, breathless stillness pervades the village. It is too early for the carolers to be going around.

When the supper has come to an end, the children receive gifts of nuts and apples, and jump with glee into the straw on the ground. They cackle like hens so that the hens may bear many eggs. They play many games, most of which have a meaning all their own, designed to bring luck and bountiful crops to the family. The girls who are old enough to think of marriage, collect the spoons and carry them outside. Rattling them they listen from which direction the dogs will bark in response: this is the side from which they expect the match-makers ("starosti") to come. And having brought the report the girls stick the spoons behind the girdele of the "dyid"—old man.

"Kolyadi"

Meanwhile the family is singing the "kolyadas," Ukrainian carols, many of which, though Christian in their outward form, date from pre-Christian times, and incorporate more than a thousands years of the spiritual experience of the Ukrainian race.

In the lulls between the singing, voices are heard from the distance, coming closer and closer. These are the carollers, wending their way slowly from home to home and announcing their arrival with the merry tinkling of a bell.

Soon the bell tinkles under the window of our home. Faces appear in the windows. The snow squeaks under their feet. The "bereza" (leader) asks permission to sing. A candle is placed in the window as a sign of invitation, and the carollers move forward closer. Their lips open, and there is heard the strains of "Boh Predvichney Narodyvsia" (God the Eternal hath been born). And this is followed by others. Small gifts are foods to the singers, a few coins, foods, etc. Occasionally an especially well-singing group is invited into the house and feted. Carol-singing then goes on in the house. And so the celebration of Christmas Eve goes far into the night. In some villages special church services are held at midnight; in others early on Christmas day, before the sun has even risen.

When Ukraine Shall Be Free

Slowly the candies dwindle in size. One by one, despite the singing, the younger children fall asleep on benches or the straw covered floor. They are tenderly picked up and placed gently by their parents in bed. The older folks sit far into the night, and by the flickering candlelight talk in low voices of the past, of their departed ones, recalling happenings of many years ago. They speak of the future, too, of those glorious days to come when their native country Ukraine shall be free, and independent of foreign rule and oppression.

One by one they retire to bed. Finally all are asleep. All but the spirits of the dear departed ones, who, it is said, come down and feast at the table. For them the candle is left burning.

The Christmas Candle

Translated from the Ukrainian by Theodosia Borecky.

FEDOR, the proprietor of the only store in the little village of Horynitz, was doing an increased amount of business before the Christmas holidays.

Usually his cash intake at the end of the day did not amount to more than one gold piece, but now he found his cash box often held as much as an equivalent of five gold pieces and sometimes even more.

Such an increase in trade, he felt, justified even closing his blacksmith shop where he earned a few cents a day at hard labor.

Thus it was that he closed his smithy before Christmas and sat on a bench in front of the warm hearth and plied his Christmas trade. To one he would sell bobacco, to another yeast and still to another flour, after which he'd sit on the bench again, light his pipe and ponder.

"God is good," he thought, "and evidently does not forget me. Always there is something coming in!"

Here his thoughts were interrupted by the crunching of the snow beneath approaching footsteps. Some one else was coming to his store. In a moment the door opened and on the threshold appeared a peasant.

"Good day..."

"Well, what do you say, 'Grandpa'?"

"I want a candle."

"What kind? I have various priced ones," said the storekeeper. "There are penny candles, two-cent candles and five-cent candles. There are thick ones, thin ones, light-colored and dark, one for every need."

"Let me see the penny candle," said the farmer. "But be sure it's a good one."

The proprietor brought out a whole box of them, selected one and handed it to him.

'Grandpa' clasped it in his hand a moment, handed it back and said, "I need a bigger one. This one is too small. I want one for the table. You know the kind I mean."

"Oh yes, of course! You want one for Christmas Eve, do you not?" the proprietor replied. "I have special candles for Christmas Eve that came from Rohatin, from the Ukrainian Trading Center."

"Here, you see, is one. Isn't it a beauty?"

"Oh, just a candle," says 'Grandpa.' "How can a candle be called beautiful? A candle is a candle!"

"What do you ask for it?"

"Seven cents," the proprietor replied.

"Seven cents!" exclaimed 'Grandpa,' laying the candle down as if it had suddenly burned him. "For seven cents I can buy two. I swear to God I can!"

"No need to swear. I can give you two also, but not like these. But I have to charge seven cents for this one. I can't give it to you for any less. If you can get a candle like this anywhere else for five or six cents, I'll give you this one free!"

"And if I do get one, then what?" retorted 'Grandpa' displaying large, white teeth in a broad grin. "Let's look at it again!"

He looked it over carefully, measured its length to his hand and its width to his index finger, pulled at its wick and laid it on the bench again. "I'll give you six," he said shortly.

"What do you mean, you'll give me 'six,'" said the proprietor. "It cost me more than that. I swear it! Then consider the time I spent going to town, the tax I have to pay on each and where is my profit, eh? I want to live, too!"

"As if you weren't making a living! You have your blacksmith shop! If you'll give it to me for six, I'll take it."

"It's no use arguing, I won't give it away for six."

"Will you take thirteen cents for a pair?"

"That neither!"

"No?"

"No!"

"If not then, good-day to you! Maria, from the other end of the village, bought a couple the other day for fourteen cents, but such that are fit to be put on the altar! I can do the same. Storekeepers consider everyone's money of equal value, do they not?"

"Of course!"

"Good-bye, then!"

"Good-bye."

And 'Grandpa' made his way home, fixing in his mind carefully its length, thickness and whether it was yellow or white. He recalled quite clearly that it was white as snow.

The next day, he dressed in his best and made ready to go to town. It was one of those bright, brisk, frosty days. That was why he pulled the spread off the bed, folded it like a kerchief, wrapped it around his neck, then cross-wise on his chest and brought its ends under his arms, finally knotting it in back. He was sure now he wouldn't be cold.

On the way he met a neighbor of his and the time passed quickly enough walking thus together.

When they reached town, the neighbor went his way to look after his interests while 'Grandpa' went his, to look for a candle.

He stopped in front of a little store run by a Jew which displayed the unique sign: 'Schwartz, midel, powidel, i innych delikatesuf.'

Here the residents of the village of Horynitz did all their holiday shopping for the things they could not produce themselves, such as dried prunes, nuts, raisins, spices, etc.

Today the store was crowded full with people.

Our 'Grandpa' took his place back of the crowd, by the door.

There was a constant draft from the door as people came in and went out, pushing him and crowding him, but still he waited, until finally, taking courage, he raised his voice and called loudly, "Hey, listen, have you got any candles?" He knew very well that they did have candles for he saw the people buying them. But how else was he to begin?

"Say, have you got a candle?" he called loudly the second, third and fourth time, but the storekeepers, as usual, were waiting on those nearest at hand.

"Have you candles?" he finally yelled out so that the people turned around and stared at him.

The storekeeper flared angrily: "What's the matter with you? Are you trying to frighten my customers? Can't you see I'm busy?"

"If you're too busy to wait on me, then I'm too busy also," and the peasant stamped out the door.

But where should he go? "Does a rope know where the iron lies?" He knew of only this one little store where he bought such things as soap, candles, sugar, etc. all his life. There his neighbors, his father and perhaps even his grandfather had always traded. So he stopped and thought, where should he go?

"To the first one, of course!" he thought. "For my money I can buy anywhere!"

He thereupon opened the door of the first store he came to.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the proprietor.

"I want a candle," replied he.

"I don't sell candles here. This is a bookshop."

"Some store! It doesn't even sell candles!" he remarked—but not until he was out on the threshold, where he was no longer afraid of the proprietor.

"If I can't get one here, I'll find

it elsewhere," thought 'Grandpa,' and walked on.

At the corner, down a small stairway, he noticed a large store with beautiful gold lettering across its front.

Should he go in or not? Why not? There was no need to be afraid. His wasn't stolen money!

He opened the door and stepped in, regretting it at once, for it was filled with rich city folk and army officers. The gold buttons and gold embroidery on their collars dazzled him almost out of his senses. They were eating, drinking and talking.

"This is no place for a farmer like me," thought 'Grandpa,' and started on a runout again.

"Wait, mister! Wait a moment! Stop and tell us what you wanted?" one of the waiters called out after him.

"He can't fool me! It's a good thing I escaped quickly!" thought 'Grandpa,' walking along the wide city avenue.

Which way should he go now? He could not go home without a candle, that was sure. What would Fedor say! Why he'd make him a laughing stock! He must buy one! It was then that a fortune thought struck him. Why not ask someone on the street where he could buy that candle?

Soon he noticed a villager and approaching him asked him where he could buy a cheap and good candle. He was advised to go to the store of a certain Weinschloss, that the storekeeper there was a very reasonable man and his candles the best in town.

Thus he came to Weinschloss. There he was duly shown a candle. He examined it carefully, measured it, pulled at its wick and asked its price.

"Eight cents," replied the storekeeper.

"Eight cents," repeated 'Grandpa' and again examined the candle.

"Come, what do you really want for this candle?" he asked again, quietly, as if he hadn't heard the first time.

"How annoying you are," replied the man crossly. "You heard that I said 'eight cents' the first time."

"Eight cents," you say, for such a snotty candle!" answered 'Grandpa' derisively.

"If it's 'snotty,' then give it here. You might break it! It's not made for such hands as yours!" And he took the candle from his hands and put it away.

"Some nerve these peasants have! He thinks I'm going to spend half my day arguing over the price of one miserable candle!"

"That it's miserable, is only too true!" said 'Grandpa,' reaching into his bosom.

"If you'll take five for it, I'll buy it. It's not worth any more. I swear by my life, that it's not worth a cent more!"

This was too much for the grocer. "Don't buy it!" he screamed. "Leave it and get out! I won't take up any more time with you, you crazy fool!"

"As if I care, smarty!" replied 'Grandpa—but again not until he was safely out the door.

"Too bad! I would have given six cents for it. It was a good one!" He stopped. He couldn't turn back since the proprietor was an ill-tempered one. What should he do? "The devil with these candles today! Here I've got plenty of money but can't buy one!"

"Well, I guess I'll have to go back to Moshko's. No matter what happens, I have to have a candle." Thus he returned to the store with the sign on it reading 'Schwartz, midel, powidel.'

Moshko, when he saw him, grinned slyly. "How are you, pané? What is the news? It's a long time since we saw you here!" He snickered.

'Grandpa' made no reply but frowned, waited a few moments and then said, "Give me a candle."

"What kind of a candle?"

"What do you mean, 'what kind'? The kind everybody's buying!"

"Oh, yes, yes, of course! You want one for Christmas. Here is one!"

'Grandpa' picked it up, examined it, measured its length, compared its width to his index finger, pulled its wick and shook his head. It was shorter, thinner, and its wick was like a rope; nor was it as white as the one at Fedor's store. But there was no time to be choosy now, for night was approaching and there was a strong, cold wind blowing.

"What are asking for this candle?" he asked quietly.

"Give me eight cents and it's yours."

"Isn't five enough? You can't have any conscience to ask eight cents for such a little one!"

Moshko made no reply to that but lunged out from behind the counter and grabbed the candle out of his hands.

"Tchfu!" he spat, "on you! Get out of my store. I don't even want to look at you. Get out! Get out! Get out!"

"Quiet now, Moshko, quiet!" soothed the farmer. "Don't get so excited. There are other people here. Tell me quickly what you'll take for it!"

"Nothing, from the likes of you! I haven't got a candle on sale for you! You've searched the whole town and now you come here to pester me in the end!"

The peasant listened to all this patiently, unperturbed, and reached for his money. "I'll take a pair!"

The grocer didn't pay any attention.

"Do you hear me, Moshko? I'll take two of them!"

Still Moshko made no attempt to answer him.

"I'll give you twelve cents for the pair of them."

Moshko was silent.

"Do you hear? I say twelve cents, all right?"

"No!"

"How much then?"

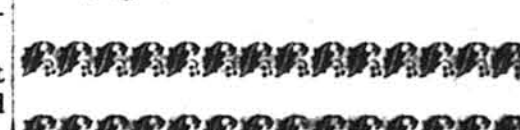
"Fourteen, just to get rid of you!"

Silently he continued out fourteen cents and took the candles. In addition he was given a bit of paper. He wrapped them up and went out of the store.

It had grown dark outside. A strong, frosty wind struck him like a whip. 'Grandpa' walked along briskly, quickly, carrying the candles, like a saint, clasped in his frozen hands.

And, strangely enough, quite proud of the fact that he had his way in the end.

Not until he passed by Fedor's little village store did he lower his head in shame. It seemed to him that Fedor stood on his threshold saying, "You see, for the same money, I offered you a better candle, but you wouldn't buy from me. You wasted your day, got chilled tramping the streets and wearing out your boots, and listened to all kinds of abuses, just so you wouldn't buy from your own kind!"



The U.N.A. 50th Anniversary

(Text of address delivered by Mr. Roman Smook, member of U. N. A. Supreme Auditing Committee, at the U.N.A. 50th anniversary program, featuring a lecture on Ukrainian literature by Prof. Clarence A. Manning, held in Chicago on December 3, 1943.)

On behalf of the twenty-two Chicago lodges, the supreme officers and members of the Ukrainian National Association, I wish to express my gratitude to the Northwestern University and to its Dr. Franklin D. Scott, our host this evening, for their splendid cooperation in arranging this evening's program in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the Ukrainian National Association.

The Association could not have chosen a more appropriate place to give an accounting of its efforts and achievements during the first half-century of its existence than this beautiful auditorium on the grounds of Northwestern University, an educational institution of great fame and distinction.

Even though records show that early comers from Ukraine fought in the American Revolutionary War and in the Civil War, they were few in number. The real Ukrainian immigration to America started in the period between 1870 and 1899.

Driven from their native land by economic, social, religious and political oppression, Ukrainian immigrants came to the free land of George Washington with nothing but an undying faith in the Almighty God, great hopes, and a strong determination to make good in their adopted country.

Despite great hardships and unforetold difficulties in a strange land, the Ukrainian immigrant, through sheer persistence, gradually forged ahead. He earned little, but saved much. He was uneducated and ignorant in the language and customs of the new land, but he was willing to learn.

Always being God-fearing and religious people, one of their first acts on this soil, after establishing their families, was the building of a place of worship. The first church of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic faith was built in 1886, in Shenandoah, Pa.; and on September 15, 1893, the first Ukrainian newspaper, Svoboda, was founded and edited by Rev. Hryhory Hrushko in Jersey City, N. J.

Arising almost concurrently with their spiritual and intellectual needs came the necessity of providing some form of protection for their families in the event of natural or accidental death. Consequently, on February 22, 1894, in the town of Shamokin,

Pa., there was founded the present-day oldest and largest Ukrainian organization in America, the Ukrainian National Association, the golden anniversary of which we are observing this evening.

U.N.A. an Aid and Inspiration

The Ukrainian National Association is a fraternal order which, besides providing for its members, various forms of insurance protection, has, at the same time, been the strongest aid and inspiration in Ukrainian American life and progress.

Reviewing the fifty years of its existence, we find that the Association has been, to its members as well as to all Ukrainian Americans, a national father—Batko Soyuz, as Ukrainians refer to the Association—offering protection, advice, help, solace, sympathy and understanding. It is a national institution providing for education, scholarships, national homes, libraries, publications, sports, dramatic and singing societies. It is a national leader guiding its people to better citizenship, high ideals, and the nobler things in life.

The result of its efforts is indeed gratifying. In the past fifty years, the Association has grown to a membership of approximately 45,000. Hard-earned pennies paid to the Association by its members in the form of monthly dues, under wise and thrifty management, grew into dollars, dollars into thousands of dollars, so that today its assets surpass seven and

one-half million dollars, not taking into consideration the millions of dollars paid in death and sick benefits, scholarships, sport activities, school funds, Red Cross, U.S.O. and other benevolent grants too numerous to mention.

Formerly, the Association was composed almost entirely of the laboring class, but those hard-working immigrants sent their children to schools and universities to learn professions and business. Today, the Association is assuming a more natural and balanced social order.

In times of national emergency such as our country experienced during the last and is experiencing during the present war, the Ukrainian National Association and its members have set a splendid record. Since Pearl Harbor, for example, it has donated thousands of dollars to the American Red Cross, the U.S.O., and other patriotic organizations. It has purchased two and one-half million dollars' worth of War Bonds, not to mention the millions of dollars worth of bonds purchased by its 450 lodges and their members throughout the United States. There is no family in the Association which has not given one, two, and in many cases three and more sons and daughters to the armed forces of the United States. The fact is that all Americans of Ukrainian descent are doing everything in defense of their country and the freedom of not only their nation,

(Concluded on page 5)

Russians and Ukrainians, Two Different Peoples

(Concluded)

(3)

The Ties Between North and South

It is only necessary to refer to Russian historians to demonstrate that from the beginning, the ties between Moscovia and Rus—that is North and South—were slender. Kluchevski says that it was "in the person of Andrei Bogoliubski, that the Great Russian first entered upon the historical stage," and he added "that entry cannot be deemed a happy one." It was Andrei Bogoliubski who, from Suzdal in the North, organized the expedition which in 1169 sacked Kiev. As a consequence of this outrage, and the growing contempt of his successors for Kiev, added Kluchevski, the estrangement between North and South became permanent.

Kluchevski declares that Moscow was the ethnographical centre of the Great Russian stock; for a long time the people who were destined to create Moscovia were hemmed in between the Volga and the Oka; their passage northward of the Volga was barred by colonists from Novgorod who were half free-booters; north-east, east and south they were cut off by alien peoples; while to the south and south-west they were denied access by the united Polish-Lithuanian Empire. Moscow arose in the midst of this population confined between the Volga and the Oka, a population which, according to Kluchevski, was effectually isolated from Rus or Ukraina.

The branch of the Rus dynasty in the North fell under the influence of Tartar customs, which already had much in common with those of the Finno-Ugrian population of this region, and it was from a mixture of certain tribes of Slav new-comers with this indigeneous population that the Moscovite (Great Russian) stock emerged. Thus we have a possible explanation of how the rulers of the North became an eastern despotism imbued with uncontrollable desire to rule over others; of how they acquired their savage bellicosity and uncompromising characters. When in 1654 history brought the Ukrainians and the Moscovites face to face to negotiate a treaty, they had no mutual ties. The conferences were conducted with interpreters; the

Ukrainians spoke of themselves as Ruski—people from Rus—and the Moscovites of themselves as Moscovites, that is people from Moscovia. Although both belonged to the Orthodox Faith, they did not feel that they shared a religion in common. To the Ukrainians the Tsar was merely an "eastern Orthodox Tsar," not a ruski tsar, for they alone were ruski and no tsar ruled over them.

Culture in the North South

The South originated and promoted culture in the North; in other words, it was the Ukrainians who first imported knowledge to the Great Russians. Ukraina was nearer to the West than Moscovia and maintained constant communication with foreign seats of learning. Moscovia, on the other hand, shut herself in and refused to allow her subjects to go abroad. Russian scholars freely admit the indebtedness of their country to Ukraina. Their writings on this subject would fill several volumes.

In all spheres of learning, art and craftsmanship, in orthography, poetry, law, costume and custom, Ukrainian influences predominated in Moscovia. As early as the XIV century, many Ukrainians were employed as teachers in Moscow. In XV and XVI centuries translations of Western books penetrated to Moscovia, but these translations were made by Ukrainians. Books printed in the Rus language were used as text-books in Moscovia.

After the Treaty of Pereyaslav, concluded between Ukraina and Moscovia in 1654, Ukraina's cultural influence in the North greatly increased.

In Theofan Prokopovich, which was written in 1881 (p. 61), Professor Morosov (a Russian) records that Peter the Great saw that the Moscovite clergy were immeasurably behind the Kiev clergy in matters of education, that in Moscovia there were no people competent to educate the clergy, and that, therefore, it was necessary to seek the advice of scientists from Kiev. In his *History of Russian Literature* the academician Puipin (also a Russian) wrote: "In the XVII new forces penetrated and finally dominated Moscovia's cultural

life; these forces were the education, literature and general culture which had developed in Southern Rus, especially in Kiev. There were no real personalities at home; Moscow had to call upon men from Kiev for scientific and pedagogical work."

Peter the Great sent men to Kiev and Chernihiv to learn the art of printing. In the first half of the XVIII century students were made professors of the Moscow Academy. In the XVII century Ukrainians occupied all high positions in the land. In 1786 public schools were created in Russia, and Ukrainians were appointed as teachers. At that time Kiev Academy was to all intents and purposes a teacher's college for all Russia.

Balkanization

It is sometimes said that the liberation of the Nationalities of the U.S.S.R. would result in what is vaguely termed the "Balkanization of Russia"; in other words, it is suggested that the consequence would be the division of Russia into a number of small nations, whose quarrels would continually menace the peace of Eu-

rope. To prove the fallacy of such an argument it is only necessary to mention that the total area of the Balkan nations (Yugo-Slavia, Greece and Bulgaria) is 185,658 square miles, while that of Ukraina alone is approximately 360,000 square miles; and that the total population of the three Balkan nations is 26,217,200, while that of Soviet Ukraina is 36,000,000, and of Ukraina, as a whole, 48,000,000. Thus the area and population of Ukraina alone are almost twice as large as those of the Balkans. Another consideration which should be borne in mind is that in the delimitation of Balkan frontiers national interests were frequently ignored and political and strategical motives dominated.

Natural Resources

The wealth of Ukraina in raw materials may be judged from the following facts: in 1934 in world production: of petroleum she held the eighth place; of hydro-electric energy fourth place; of bituminous coal fourth place; of pig iron first place; of iron ore, third place; and of sugar, fourth place.

Ukraina possesses 4 per cent. of the estimated world supply of petroleum, which is 5,766,000,000 tons.

Pre-war Ukraina's average annual cereal production is given below as a percentage of world and U.S.S.R. production:—

| | World production in tons | Ukraina's % of world output | Ukraina's % of U. S. S. R. output |
|--------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|---|
| Wheat | 138,000,000 | 7.8 | 45.0 |
| Maize | 110,000,000 | 3.2 | 80.0 |
| Potato | 197,000,000 | 9.7 | 25.0 |
| Rye | 47,000,000 | 16.6 | 35.0 |
| Barley | 41,000,000 | 11.7 | 65.0 |
| Oats | 64,000,000 | 5.6 | 25.0 |

The following table gives the numbers of livestock in pre-war Ukraina as compared with the U.S.S.R.:—

| | U.S.S.R. | Ukraina | Ukraina's % of U.S.S.R. |
|--------|------------|------------|----------------------------|
| Horses | 15,400,000 | 5,000,000 | 32.5 |
| Cattle | 45,800,000 | 12,000,000 | 26.2 |
| Pigs | 25,000,000 | 8,000,000 | 32.0 |
| Sheep | 61,100,000 | 16,000,000 | 26.2 |

The following table gives some of the leading exports from the pre-war Soviet Ukraine:—

| | 1913 | 1934 |
|--------------------|-----------|------------|
| Coal | 7,200,000 | 19,700,000 |
| Cereals | 4,500,000 | 1,000,000 |
| Ore | 1,070,000 | 980,000 |
| Steel and Pig Iron | 1,600,000 | 3,370,000 |
| Sugar | 1,000,000 | 640,000 |

TEXT OF RESOLUTION OF UKRAINIAN CONGRESS COMMITTEE OF AMERICA PROVIDING FOR UKRAINIAN-AMERICAN WAR BOND DRIVE FROM JANUARY 18, TO APRIL 15, 1944. GOAL—\$5,000,000.

Unanimously passed at meeting of Ukrainian Congress Committee on December 4, 1943 at Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City

WHEREAS, it is the supreme duty and privilege of every American citizen to support his government in the present titanic struggle of maintaining liberties and rights of a free people; and

WHEREAS, the people of the United States of America, together with the peoples of the Allied Nations engaged in the present global struggle for the survival of democracy, and the preservation of the inalienable rights of mankind—as pronounced by our president in the Atlantic Charter—must match our every resource with that of the enemy, before complete victory is won and a just and lasting peace is assured; and

WHEREAS, our government is about to launch the Fourth War Loan, the purpose of which is to provide the means to assure victory over our foes and to destroy forever all future menace of usurping and enslaving dictatorships;—and

WHEREAS, we Americans of Ukrainian origin are one in purpose and determination, one in spirit and mind with our government for complete overthrow of our enemies; therefore be it

RESOLVED: That we, Americans of Ukrainian descent, officers and members of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, assembled at a regular meeting of the Committee, held in New York City on this fourth day of December, 1943, do hereby solemnly pledge our full support in the new War Bond campaign about to be launched by the government; and be it further

RESOLVED: That to implement the above pledge we shall—with the cooperation of the Treasury Department and the support of Ukrainian American fraternal societies, churches, building and loan associations and various other organizations—conduct a special Ukrainian American War Bond Drive from January 18, 1944 to April 15, 1944; and be it further

RESOLVED: That the Ukrainian American War Bond Drive shall have as its goal the sum of \$5,000,000 in War Bond purchases, and finally be it

RESOLVED: that a true copy of this resolution, duly signed, be spread upon the Proceedings of this Meeting and furthermore that a true, signed and sealed copy of this resolution be addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, the Honorable Henry Morgenthau, Jr., to be used, if he so desires, to stimulate the sale of the Fourth War Bond Drive and for public record.

[Following the passage of the above resolution, the following committee was established to conduct the Ukrainian American War Bond Drive under the auspices of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America]:

Walter Gallan, L.L.D., Chairman
Ukrainian National Association, Inc.:
 Nicholas Muraszko, President
 Roman Slobodian, Treasurer
 Dmytro Halychyn, Secretary
 Dmytro Kapitula, Auditor

Providence Association of Ukrainian Catholics in America:
 Rev. Walter J. Bilynsky, President
 Anthony Curkowsky, Rec. Sec'y
 Eugene Rohach, Fin. Secretary
 John Borosiewicz, Treasurer

Ukrainian National Aid Association:
 Wasyl Shabatura, President
 Michael Dutkewich Sec'y & Treas.
 Rev. Leo. Wesolowsky, Auditor

Ukrainian Building and Loan Ass'n Philadelphia
 (Issuing agent):
 Michael Dubas, President
 Mrs. Helen Stogryn, Vice President

Ukrainian Savings Company, Cleveland
 (Issuing agent):
 William Wolansky, President

American Ukrainian Building & Loan Association, Newark:
 William Choma, President
 Peter Czup, Secretary

STATE CHAIRMEN:

Illinois:
 Roman J. Smook, Esq., Chairman
 Eugene Komanyshyn, Co-Chairman

Connecticut:
 Miss Anastasia Kurdyna, Chairwoman
 John Selemen, Co-Chairman

Massachusetts:
 Nicholas Dawyskyba, Chairman
Michigan:

Rev. Dr. Stephen Chehansky, Chairman
 Ambrose T. Kibsey, M. D., Co-Chairman

New York:
 Peter Zadoretzky, Chairman
 John Andrushin, Co-Chairman

New Jersey:
 Very Rev. Vladimir Lotowych

Ohio:
 John Tarnawsky, Esq., Chairman
 Miss Genevieve Zepko, Co-Chairwoman
 Dmytro Shmagala, Co-Chairman

Reporting and Issuing Agency:
 Ukrainian Building and Loan Ass'n
 847 North Franklin Street
 Philadelphia, 23, Pa.

EVERYBODY SAVING IN EVERY PAYDAY WAR BONDS!

U.N.A. 50th ANNIVERSARY (concluded from page 4)

but also that of all nations both large and small, including the Ukrainian nation.

Americans of Ukrainian descent, while offering their resources, blood and lives in defense of their country the United States of America, and in defense of the democratic ideals and liberties of all allied nations, are not forgetting their brothers and sisters in the land of their origin—Ukraine—whose people have waged a most inspiring battle in defense of their native land,—a battle which is well known to the world and, particularly, to Hitler and his satellites who, I am certain, wish there never had been a country like Ukraine and people like the Ukrainians to defend it.

Knowing human traits and the short memory of partners in arms, Ukrainian Americans are gravely perturbed over the possibility that the allied nations might, after this horrible war is won, forget the contributions made by Ukrainians toward the victory, freedom and peace of the world, and deny the Ukrainians the same freedom and right to self government.

But, knowing the history of Ukraine and its people, Americans of Ukrainian descent know full well that Ukrainians will never surrender to the enemy nor will they permit another partition of their country; and they will not cease fighting until their country, Ukraine, is a free and independent State.

1943 Ukrainian All-American Football Team Lists Many Stars

NINTH ANNUAL SELECTION DOMINATED BY PENNSYLVANIANS

By ALEXANDER YAREMKO

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 15.—Despite war-time conditions which either nullified football activity in many colleges or absorbed into the ranks of the armed forces gridders from the other schools, enough good players were found sporting collegiate football togs to enable the writer to compile for the ninth consecutive year a "Ukrainian All-American Football Team," composed exclusively of players who profess to be of Ukrainian descent and consent to being placed on this mythical squad.

Each position is occupied by one who has actually played in that post during the regular season with the exception of big Joe Andrejco, who is moved from right half to fullback. Andrejco and Dzitko are the only "repeaters" from last year's All-Ukrainian combination. All others are newcomers, making this 1943 edition a virtually new team. Here are some interesting facts worth noting:

East Monopolizes

With the exception of Olshanski and Rapko, all are from Eastern schools and all hail from the northeastern sector of America. Pennsylvania once again contributes the most players—six by birth and six by school, with the Anthracite Region furnishing four by birth and the Philadelphia Metropolitan Area four by school. For the first time in nine years no school from either Pittsburgh or New York City is represented. Villanova and Penn placed two players each as did the coal city of Hazleton. Army, Penn. F. & M., and Dartmouth are represented for the first time while Villanova for the ninth consecutive year places at least one man on this All-Ukrainian team.

Scanning the line-up, one can readily detect presence of seasoned veterans, each one a regular first-stringer of his team and a vital cog in the grid machine. Suffice it to say that each man proved his mettle by seldom being substituted and each man's name almost invariably appeared in the starting line-up. The linemen are all big, fast, strong, smart and vicious tacklers while the backfield embodies all the gridiron requisites (running, kicking, passing, tackling and attacking) of a truly all-star quartette that reflects proficient versatility which spells victory.

The Players

Honored to captain this truly great team studded with stars is Maxim Chepenuk, Villanova's 58-minute guard who also played four years and captained at McAdoo Hi, then spurned ten college offers before enrolling at Villanova. From the ranks of mighty Penn we have Ed Mikula at the other guard post and speedy Mike Sotack at left end, who is paired off with high-ranking Michigan's Olshanski. Both guards are capable of leading interference and opening gaps in the line while the ends are dependable pass receivers and good blockers. Chosen for right tackle is John Badaczewski of Great Lakes and Mike Rapko of Minnesota is at left tackle. Both are excellent defensive players, hard chargers and deadly tacklers. Rapko also played end for Minnesota. Joe Tomcho of Franklin & Marshall is given the pivot post to round out a well-balanced line.

Classy Backfield

In the backfield we have Villanova's smart signal caller at the all-important quarterback post and Dartmouth's slashing ace at fullback. Both Dzitko and Andrejco have made the All-Ukrainian team for the third straight year. Occupying the halfback spots are Army's Ed Rafalko and Bucknell's Mike Kostynick, both of whom scored many touchdowns and played leading roles in their team's victories.

The Reserves

Supplementing the first team are three worthy reserves in the persons of Vic Zodda, F. & M. quarterback, Peter Baleyko, right guard of Boston College, and Charles Ketchuck, Sampson reserve center who is also a boxer. The nationality of other players whose names sound Ukrainian could not be confirmed. Among these are Bobenko of Maryland, Smolin of Rochester, Semak of R.P.I., Shanda of Iowa State, Yaru and Gazda of Carnegie Tech, Kiska of Case, Genis of Purdue and Susick of Washington. Readers can rest assured, however, that all members of the first team and the three reserves have written to the writer confirming their Ukrainian descent. A final look at this impressive line-up of headlined names and big schools temps one to classify it on a par with the other great All-Ukrainian teams of the past. Here is how they line up:

THE 1943 UKRAINIAN ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM
 (Ninth Annual Selection by Alexander Yaremko)
FIRST LINE-UP

| Player | School | Post | CLASS | Home-Town | State |
|------------------------|-------------|------|--------|--------------|-------|
| Mike Sotack | Penn | LE | Navy | Hazleton, | Pa. |
| Michael Rapko | Minnesota | LT | Stud. | Chisholm, | Minn. |
| Maxim Chepenuk (Capt.) | Villanova | LG | Navy | McAdoo, | Pa. |
| Joseph Tomcho | F. & M. | C | Marine | Freeland, | Pa. |
| Edward Mikula | Penn | RG | Navy | Colver, | Pa. |
| John Badaczewski | Great Lakes | RT | Navy | Windber, | Pa. |
| Henry Olshanski | Michigan | RE | Marine | Vausau, | Wisc. |
| John Dzitko | Villanova | QB | Marine | Jersey City, | N. J. |
| Edmund Rafalko | Army | LH | Cadet | Stoughton, | Mass. |
| Mike Kostynick | Bucknell | RH | Marine | Hempstead, | N. Y. |
| Joe Andrejco | Dartmouth | FB | Marine | Hazleton, | Pa. |

RESERVES

| | | | | | |
|------------------|-------------|----|--------|----------------|-------|
| Victor Zodda | F. & M. | QB | Marine | Spring Valley, | N. Y. |
| Peter Baleyko | Boston Col. | RG | Stud. | Dorchester, | Mass. |
| Charles Ketchuck | Sampson Nts | C | Navy | Lindcott, | N. Y. |

HONORARY COACHES

JOHN SITARSKY (Head Coach of 1943 Bucknell Univ. football team)
 STEVE PRITKO (1942 Villanova star and End of N. Y. Giants Pro Team)
 FRANK SOUCHAR (All-American of National Champ 1937 Pitt team)
 BRONCO NAGURSKI (All-American & All-Time Pro Team Fullback)

Team Colors: Yellow and Blue (Ukrainian National Colors).
 Team Emblem: A Trident superimposed on a Star-Spangled Banner.
 Note: Publication of team in papers permitted if source credited.

AIR CADET TO AVENGE BROTHER SLAIN BY NAZIS

"I'm going to avenge my brother," Michael Tomashosky, 17, of Latrobe, Pa., told Army officers recently as he was sworn in as Aviation Cadet, as reported in the Pittsburgh Press, sent us by Mrs. Maria Malevich.

For Michael, a student of Latrobe High School, volunteered for the service especially to settle a score against the Germans, by whom his brother, Lt. Joseph Tomashosky, 22, a former secretary of U.N.A. Branch 61, was fatally wounded on October 1.

Lt. Tomashosky volunteered soon after Pearl Harbor and in the course of his service overseas won the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with five Oak Leaf Clusters and Purple Heart before being killed in a raid over Germany. He took part in the raid on the Ploesti oil fields last July. An account about him appeared in the November 6th issue of The Ukrainian Weekly.

Michael hopes to be a fighter pilot and fight over Germany to settle the score for himself and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Tomashosky of Latrobe.

"After Germany is beaten," he added, "I'd like to get a crack at the Japs, too."

PROMOTED TO TECH. SGT.

Wallace Solarz, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Solarz of Glastonbury, Conn., and a member of U.N.A. Branch 138, was recently promoted from staff sergeant to technical sergeant.

Sgt. Solarz is serving in the air forces, and is attached to the 34th Ferrying Squadron. He is a mechanic and qualified aerial engineer on B-25 planes (medium bomber). He is a graduate of Glastonbury High School, and was very active in Ukrainian American youth organizations.

PHILLY WINS FIRST AFTER LOSING SECOND

The Philadelphia U.N.A. Youth Club's basketball team bowed a second time in 1943 at the Ukrainian Hall on December 9 to the Ukrainian All-Stars, failing to retain a 5-point lead going into the final quarter. Opposing the U.N.A. team were such stars as Cpl. Joseph Pistun and Marine Pfc. John Sinkowski, leading U.N.A. scorers for the past two seasons respectively, coupled with veterans of the former Philadelphia Ukrainians quintet.

However, the Philly squad came back into its own on December 16 with a record-smashing 68-10 drubbing of the Franklin A. C. Cpl. Joe Pistun, coming down from Fort Dix in time for the second half dropped in 31 of the U.N.A. points to lead the savage offensive. Jerry Bukailo, a young newcomer, scored 14 points to take the runner-up laurels.

A change in Philly's basketball schedule will find them playing at the Ukrainian Hall Mondays and Thursdays, leaving Tuesdays open for the girls' team which is rapidly rounding into form.

News Items

Pfc. George Slobogin was recently wounded in action in Italy. The extent is still unknown, but he is on the mend. Other ball players to "go over" recently were Pvt. Walter Olesh, Cpl. Roland Slobogin, and Cpl. Joseph Pistun after his brilliant farewell game on December 16. After 16 of the boys had joined the Army, John Sinkowski, leading scorer for the 1941-42 basketball season joined the Marines. John is No. 17 to join the service from the U.N.A. Youth Club in Philadelphia.

DIETRIC SLOBOGIN.



CAROLING IN 19th CENTURY UKRAINE. From the painting by Kost Trutowsky (1826-93).

Funny Side Up

"SEASONS BLEATINGS"

Oh, boy, here it is—the New Year, and 12 more issues of "Esquire" to look forward to! But before we get into the New Year, let's look back at the Old.

The day before Xmas we had a party at the office and the boss handed out the Xmas Bonuses. The boss made out a check for \$1,000.00 and handed me the blotter! Incidentally, the office boy brought in some mistletoe and hung it from a chandelier. Later we caught a young unsuspecting Miss under the Mistletoe, and then she caught us under the eye! After the party was over, we took the mistletoe home. We hung some over the front door and the postman kissed us; we hung some over the door and the butcher boy kissed us, and when we hung some over the back door the milkman ran over to kiss us, but his horse beat him to it!

Because of the fuel shortage we burned logs in the fireplace at our house on Xmas Eve and Santa came down the chimney in a soot suit! We left a stocking hanging there that was 5 ft. long, but Santa didn't leave Ann Southern in it!

For Christmas cousin Jeb sent us a new sweater and a beautiful purple tie with yellow polka dots. The tie was the same one that Aunt Anacin had given to Uncle Aspirin two years ago when they weren't talking to each other! Then we also got a doll. The old ones used to say "Ma" if you squeezed them. This one, if you squeeze it, says, "O K, Bromo, you'll hear from my lawyers in the morning!" Didn't find any things else in my stocking; but found a relative in my new sweater! Santa Claus sent our next door neighbor's kid a trumpet and a set of trap drums, so yesterday the neighbor came over to wish us a "Happy New Ear."

We didn't have such a good time this New Year's Eve. The girl we took out spent so much time under the table, she fell in love with the face on the bar-room floor! So we spent the night making New Year's Resolutions among which we have kept three so far...

(1) Not to ask for a second helping of spinach

(2) Not to buy Nylon stockings for the girls we date.

(3) Not to take any wooden nickels.

And in case you don't know it, you can now obtain your 1943 Income Tax Return Forms at your Post Office. So-o-o-o, have a Happy New Year anyway!

BROMO SELTZER

Attend the Second Congress of Americans of Ukrainian Descent

Sponsored by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, reorganized September 18, 1943, the Second Congress of Americans of Ukrainian Descent will be held at Philadelphia, Saturday and Sunday, January 22 and 23, 1944.

The Ukrainian American contribution to America's war effort and ways of enhancing and coordinating it, will be the principal theme of the addresses and discussions at the Congress. Likewise the Congress will devote itself to an observance of the 25th anniversary of the historic January 22, 1919 when the Ukrainian republics of both Eastern and Western Ukraine united themselves on that day in one and indivisible Ukrainian National Republic. Finally the Congress will hold an election of officers and members to the Ukrainian Congress Committee.

The coming Congress at the Philadelphia will be called on the basis of Ukrainian American community representation. Since very few communities have a working central organization, the various societies and parishes comprising the community are being invited to send two delegates each; and at the Congress these delegates will collectively represent their particular community.

The registration fee will be \$5 per delegate, payable in advance or at the credential verification desk before the opening of the Congress. Guests will be permitted to observe the Congress proceedings; fee—\$1 per guest.

The Congress business and forum sessions will be held Saturday, January 22, beginning promptly at 9 a. m. at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, 9th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. On that day a Luncheon for the delegates and guests will be held at the hotel; \$1.50 per plate. In the evening Supper will be had at the Ukrainian Hall at 847 North Franklin Street; \$2 per plate.

Sunday morning the Congress participants will attend services at the Ukrainian churches. In the afternoon a Concert will be held at the

Ukrainian Hall, presented by outstanding younger generation talent. In the evening a Social will be held at the Hall.

Write immediately for an application for delegate's credentials. Application must be filed with Congress Committee not later than January 15th.

All correspondence in this connection should be addressed to Bohdan Katamay, Secretary, Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, c/o 817 North Franklin St., Philadelphia, 23, Pa.

U.N.A. BRANCH PRESIDENT INDUCTED

William Nagurney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nagurney of Jessup, Pa., and president of U.N.A. Branch 208, was inducted last December 1st into the United States Army. At present he is stationed at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, where he has been assigned to the Engineers.

Prior to his induction, William was active in Ukrainian Americans affairs in Scranton and vicinity. He is the husband of the former Mary Stadner of Scranton. Up to his induction he was employed as an Industrial Engineer.

ВОЗВЕСЕЛИМСЯ ВСІ РАЗОМ НИНІ

Возвеселимся всі разом нині,
Христос родився в бідній-яскині,
(2) Посліднім віком став
чоловіком,
Всі утішайтесь на землі!

Всі утішайтесь на землі гоїно,
І честь віддаймо Йому достойно
(2) Пожаданому, з неба даному,
Котрий увесь світ відкупив.

Пієні співаймо согласно, мило,
І торжествуємо всі разом щиро,
(2) „Слава во вижних, а мир для
нижних!"

Весело світу голосім!

INTERESTED IN

UKRAINIAN FOLK SONGS?

Then get your copy of

201 UKRAINIAN FOLK SONGS

for piano, with words.

\$2.50 hard cover, \$2.00 soft cover.

"S V O B O D A"

81-83 Grand Street (P. O. Box 346) Jersey City 3, N. J.