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Cover by Roman Stoyko
Photos courtesy Regina MYH

*the Sept-Oct Issue was in-
correctly numbered as No. 2

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

answers to the mystery picture.....

Edmonton Alta.
Nov. 23

...believe the mystery picture in your last issue
was taken in Toronto on Sun. July 24th, 1938 on
the occasion of the 5th UNF Convention....are
we right?

Sylvia Lytwyn & Anne Balke

Oshawa Ontario
Nov. 29

...UNF Dominion Convention held in Toronto in
1938, the year of the death of Evhen Konovaletz,
leader of O.U.N.....the picture shows a group of
girls from different branches, in MYH uniforms,
who took part in a parade and are standing in front
of a cenotaph in front of Toronto City Hall, during
a ceremony in laying a wreath.

Olga Shestowsky

comments on MYH Beams.....

Port Arthur Ontario
Dec. 3

...Every issue in my estimation is a spectacular
improvement over the last... I may not belong
to MYH, but receiving this publication is the
next best thing....

Don Prodanyk

EDITORIAL

Once when mankind was old, three wise men pursued a lonely star. And it led them to a stable in Bethlehem. It was there that a babe was born. This child was to bring a message of love and peace on earth. But that was worlds ago.

The world has witnessed much since that ancient time. Other prophets have swayed the world; conquering princes have ravaged the earth; covetous nations have intruded upon their hapless neighbours.

And today, as we prepare to celebrate the birth of this Prince of Peace, we pause from the urgency of Christmas card deadlines, from thoughts of presents for the almost forgotten aunt who sent a pair of socks the Christmas before last, from the depressing feeling of how our sagging bank account is to meet the highly pressurized encroachments of Santa Claus, and our minds, but for a moment, wander to the land of our fathers.

And as we recall that land's tragic history, we think of that babe born in a stable so many ages ago. Surely the day must come when that spirit of love and peace will prevail; that in a land that is free, they too will sing praises to Him and will shout, "Peace on Earth and Goodwill towards Men!"

UKRAINIAN CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

Many of today's Ukrainian Christmas customs are relics of ancient times. Their meaning, however, is not generally known. One wonders how they originated and what formed their basis. This is one question to which no uniform answer is given by scholars, though all agree that they date from ancient pre-Christian days.

The early Ukrainians engaged in agriculture and cattle raising as their main occupation. Numerous relics in the excavations of ancient burial grounds show agricultural implements such as sickles, spades and even grains of various kinds. Thus people lived with nature and depended on nature for their livelihood. It is no wonder that the cult of lightning that brought rains and bounteous crops, became so deeply rooted in their religion. Winter was dreaded by all, as it symbolized death. The spring and reawakening of nature was a source of great joy which was expressed in festivals with colourful rituals. The first celebration of the return of the summer sun came around Christmas time. Along with general merry-making, masked parades, and singing the glory of the sun, agricultural products were given a place of importance in meals and in offerings to Dazd Boh so that the coming year would bring general prosperity in agriculture. It might be interesting to note here that "Dazd Boh" - "the giver of all good" - was the name given to the sun, being generally worshipped. The word 'boh' meant 'good,' and also denoted the bestower of every kind of welfare. (From the word 'boh' came 'bohaty' - wealthy, and 'ubohy' - poor). The second celebration of the sun's return came in the spring with the traditional spring festival 'hayilka.'

The connection of nature with the belief in God as the Supreme Being is characteristic of the old Iranian religion. There are many terms generally used by the people today in connection with Christmas that have been derived from Eastern sources.

Bereza - a leader of koliadnyky comes from a word berezhja, meaning a singer of the glory of God.

Kootya - a traditional Christmas dish consisting of wheat, the main agricultural product of the people, is thought to have evolved from the Arab word 'koot,' meaning food.

Deedooch - a sheaf of grain which is brought into the house on Christmas Eve, is derived from the Iranian word.

Schedrey Vecheer - means "bright and important evening," due to the brightness of the sun and the moon during the winter solstice.

Koliada - was a name given to the celebration of the winter solstice, and can be traced to the Iranian word 'hvarillada,' meaning the "sun is ready," or "the sun is here."

Many Christmas carols and especially schedrivky glorify the sun, the moon and the stars. Following each stanza is a refrain "Oye Dazd Bozhe," meaning the Almighty (continued on next page)

power of Sun as the Giver of all Good. The action in these songs is carried out by the sun, the moon and the stars. This old element is beautifully combined with the nativity of Christ in many compositions.

When Christianity was introduced into Ukraine, the old pagan customs and religious rituals were too deeply imbedded to be uprooted completely. These customs formed an important part of general culture. People were accustomed to their way of living and treasured all their customs and rituals. It was far easier to accept Christianity in its bare outline and fit it into existing customs and ways of life. For that reason Christian elements were given such interpretation as fitted best into the customs which then prevailed.

The nativity of Christ was connected with the ancient celebration of the sun's return to its summer course. Although Christian characters predominate in the Christmas festival, the pagan elements remain. Even the chief Christmas characters such as Christ, the Virgin Mary, and the apostles were given a unique interpretation. They became part of the people. The old Christmas carols portray them as farmers engaged in agriculture. In these carols, the Virgin Mary is not a heavenly queen, but a figure nearer to the understanding of the people. She is a peasant woman, a typical mother and a homemaker. Like every peasant homemaker, she watches tenderly over her son, Jesus; does her chores in the house, washes clothes in the river Jordan, prepares lunch, and takes it out into the field where Jesus plows deep and even furrows with the help of his devoted apostles Peter and Paul. Thus it was the simple pastoral and agricultural modes of living of the Ukrainians which formed an important basis for the newly introduced Christian characters. They understood them best in such roles, and idolized them in their impressive Christian melodies.

The day preceding Christmas is specially important. When the first star appears in the sky, the father, or the head of the family brings into the house a 'deed' or 'deedook' (a sheaf of grain), and greets his family with a traditional greeting expressing joy that God has favored them with good health and bounteous crops, hoping to have equal prosperity in the coming year. The sheaf is placed in the corner of the dining room.

The table is set beforehand with bits of hay underneath an embroidered linen tablecloth. Wisps of hay are placed under the table also. Our legends say that hay corresponds to manger where Jesus lay. Candles are lit. If a member of the family had died during the year, an additional place is set, for it is an old belief that the spirit of the deceased unites with the family on Christmas Eve. The family gathers around the table. The father says grace, asking blessings of God for his family, that they may be together again on the following Christmas in equal health and happiness, finishing with a traditional Christmas greeting, "Christ is Born." The mother together with the rest of the family, replies to his greeting "Let us Glorify Him!" And then the evening meal begins.

(continued on page 13)

ON CHRISTMAS EVE

four 'portraits',
translated from
the Ukrainian of

Lesya Ukrainka*

I

....the family, gathered all around the table, has just finished eating the Christmas supper....how bright everything seems tonight; somehow even the candles seem unusually gay, yet at the same time, their quiet flickering adds an air of reverence to the festive occasion.....everybody's talking at the same time, each wanting to say something good, something heart-warming...their happiness is tinged with suspense - although no one apparently knows what exactly it is that they expect will happen, nor do they seem to care.....their joy leaps from one to the other, flashes like miniature lightening storms in everyone's eyes, clinks with the upraised glasses, echoes in the ringing laughter of children and resounds in the eager chattering.....but 'tis not that uproarious kind of joy which appears whenever loud speech and laughter are but an attempt to suppress worries and tears; it's an unusual union of tranquility and merriment which prevails here - just listen as they greet each other with a warm "Good health unto you, on this Christmas Eve!".....

II

....the delicately laced tablecloth is decked with an array of sumptuous delicacies, and one can but marvel at the lavish furnishings and magnificent decorations...here too, the scene is both gay and solemn - except that perhaps the merriment isn't as genuine; those happy expressions seem a bit forced... the smiles lack that touch of sincerity.....next to the table, on a soft, velvet-cushioned armchair, sits a young man...his handsome features are as pale as wax, his dark brows thickly knitted together... although his lips smile, his laughter is weak and betrays his sadness, in spite of his struggles to hide his melancholy..... from time to time, the boy stops halfway through his speech, his dark eyes glance over to one side, and he suddenly becomes lost in thought.... 'how different it was last year!... he was full of life and hope - but now... now he sits in his chair day in and day out, like a sickly, old man..... who knows whether he'll even see another Christmas Eve...'
.....but what's this? - the same sadness and bitterness? --away with all such thoughts!... look how good-naturedly (perhaps too sympathetically) his friends wish him good health!..... for after all, isn't this Christmas Eve?
(continued on next page)

*pseudonym of Larisa Kvitka-Kosachuk
born 1871 - died 1913.

III

....shimmering, snow-clad fields... the tinkling sleigh hastens swiftly along the obscure roadway, which twists and fades away into the night's frosty mist.... it's a young schoolboy on his way home for the Christmas holidays.... if he hadn't been delayed a while back, the lad wouldn't now be in such a hurry.... anxiously he gazes through the drizzle.... 'Is that a light flickering off in the distance?... will he reach home in time to spend Christmas Eve with his brothers and sisters?.... if only he could go faster...'.... as if deaf to his pleas, the freezing sleet continues to hinder his headway... vigorously he rubs his hands and stomps his feet - no time now even to bundle himself up against the biting cold.... Wait!... Look!... there's the village - yes -- that's it!.... and one by one the lights dart out of the darkness, as if the eager eyes of some child were there, welcoming to the young boy.... "Merry Christmas... ..Merry Christmas".....

IV

....a dingy, narrow room... at the table beside a dimly-lit lamp, sits a young girl, bent over her sewing - a magnificent, white silken gown.... the needle flashes in her quick hands, for the gown is still far from being completed, and here it's Christmas Eve already..... the silence is broken only by the sharp rustling of the silk and an occasional sigh from the young seamstress.. 'It's so terribly lonely in her home!... but perhaps someday ---' the work stops, the needle rolls from her hand, and the sewing slides onto the floor.... 'should she let herself daydream?... No - she'll finish the job tonight -- here now, back to work!'

....at last, it's all done..
..... the seamstress gets up, stretches her cramped arms, and walks up to the window.... Pressing close to the frosty pane, her weary eyes look out onto the road.... through a window across the road she sees the tree all lit up, the family seated around the supper table, the children dressed up in their best clothes.... she looked longingly at that window, and a singly tear rolled hesitatingly down her cheek.... 'these people really knew what Christmas is.... but as for her?... perhaps she too would have a merry Christmas.....'

(first published in 1889)

...the next two pages...

Pages eight and nine of this month's issue of MYH BEAMS contain several of the most popular Ukrainian carols in the Ukrainian language. For your convenience, these two pages may be detached simply by removing the staples,

БОГ ПРЕДВІЧНИЙ

Бог предвічний народився.
Прийшов днесь із небес,
Щоб спасти люд свій весь
І утішився.

В Вифлєсмі народився
Месія Христос наш
І Бог наш, для всіх нас,
Нам народився.

Діва сина породила,
Звізда ста, де Христа,
Невіста Пречиста,
Сина зродила.

А три царі ідуть з дарами
До Вифлєсму-міста,
Де Діва Пречиста
Сина повила.

Слава Богу! — заспіваймо,
Честь Сину Божому
І Панові нашому
Поклін віддаймо!

НОВА РАДІСТЬ СТАЛА

Нова радість стала
Яка не бувала,
Над вертепом зізда ясна
Світу засіяла.

Де Христос родився,
З Діви воплотився,
Як чоловік пеленами
Убого повився.

Ангели співають,
Славу-честь звіщають,
Як на небі, так на землі
Мир проповідують.

І ми теж співаймо,
Христа прославляймо,
Із Марії родженого
Смиренно благаймо.

Просимо тя Царю,
Небесний володарю,
Даруй літа щасливі
Цьому господарю.

Просимо тя Царю,
Просимо всі нині:
Даруй волю, верти славу
Нашій Україні.

Дай нам мирно жити,
Тобі угодити,
І з Тобою в Твоєму Царстві
По вік віки жити.

ДИВНАЯ НОВИНА

Дивная новина:
Нині Діва Сина
2. Породила в Вифлєсмі
Марія єдина!

Не в царській палаті,
Но межди бидляти
2. Во пустині, во ясині
А треба всім знати.

Що то Бога іста,
Марія Пречиста
2. І рождає і питає
Его як невіста.

На руках тримає
І єму співає,
2. Всемогучим створителем
Своїм називає.

Мовить: "Люляй Сину,
Будь со мною вину;
2. Коли ти мя собі взяв єсь
За Матір єдину.

НЕБО І ЗЕМЛЯ

Небо і земля,
Небо і земля,
Нині торжествують,
Янголи й люди,
Янголи й люди,
Весело празнують.

Христос родився,
Бог воплотився,
Янголи співають,
Поклін оддають,
Пастирі грають,
Чудо, чудо возвіщають.

Во Вифлєсмі,
Во Вифлєсмі,
Весела новина:
Чистая Діва,
Чистая Діва,
Породила сина.

Христос родився,
Бог воплотився,
Янголи співають,
Поклін оддають,
Пастирі грають,
Чудо, чудо возвіщають.

ДОБРИЙ ВЕЧІР ТОБІ, ПАНЕ ГОСПОДАРЮ!

Добрий вечір тобі, пане господарю!
Радуйся! Ой, радуйся земле,
Син Божий народився!

Добрий вечір тобі, пані господине!
Радуйся! Ой, радуйся . . .

Добрий вечір всім вам, що живуть в цім домі!
Радуйся! Ой, радуйся . . .

Застеляйте столи, та все килимами.
Радуйся! Ой, радуйся . . .

Та кладіть колачі з ярої пшениці.
Радуйся! Ой, радуйся . . .

Бо прийдуть до тебе три празники в гості.
Радуйся! Ой, радуйся . . .

А перший же празник — Рождество Христове.
Радуйся! Ой, радуйся . . .

А другий же празник — Василя Святого.
Радуйся! Ой, радуйся . . .

А третій же празник — Святе Водохреща.
Радуйся! Ой, радуйся . . .

РІЗДВАНЕ ВІНШУВАННЯ (CHRISTMAS GREETINGS)

Віншую вам з тим великим святом. Відновлення світу, жичу вам щиро. Щоб ви многі літа на тім Божім світі у щасті ще прожили і зо своєю челядиною здорові були. Хай ваша худібка здорова брикає, хай вам що рік приплідку достачає. Нехай ваші ниви і ваші городи родять много паші, а всі ті плоди хай Господь боронить від тучі, від граду, морозу, посухи, від всякого паду.

Вкінєць, хай Господь зішле кріпку волю, щоб ви власність чужу шанували, як святу, бо, хоч ту нас Бог не карає, а по смерті певно в пекло Бог відсилає.

То жийте ж докладно по Божому закону, а певно будете при небесному троні, зійшовши зо світа.

Жичу вам щиро МНОГАЯ ЛІТА! Христос Раджається!
З архіву ОУКО у Вінніперу.

increased
efforts to
check.

UKRAINIAN UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT

EVEN the communists are obliged to admit the existence and the activity of the Ukrainian underground movement. The influence which the latter has had on the population is so considerable that the Soviets are forced to conduct a propaganda campaign against it. In the course of this campaign several books have recently appeared which endeavour to paint the Ukrainian underground movement as black as possible, in the hopes of thus compromising it in the eyes of the population. One of the books which has appeared is a compilation entitled "Condemned by the People", and published in Lviv (West Ukraine). In this pamphlet the Communists not only attack the Ukrainian "Bourgeois nationalists" that is to say those who are fighting for freedom, but also various Ukrainian historiographic works, in particular those of the famous Ukrainian historian, Hrushevskyj, and of the Ukrainian Greek Orthodox Church.

A novel by V.W. Sym'akovytsch, published in Kyiv, and entitled "Lighthouses," attacks the Ukrainian liberation traditions of the years 1917 to 1922. Another novel, "Against Fate," by J. Ciupa, has the same aim, save that in this case the author attacks the present underground movement.

Undoubtedly, all these political machinations against Ukrainian nationalism are closely connected with the general campaign to fight the Ukrainian underground movement, a campaign which, incidentally was announced by the First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party in Ukraine, Kyrytschenko, during the "jubilee session" of the Supreme Council of Ukraine recently. He stressed the fact that they are a considerable danger since they manage to "sneak into various institutions, into the kocheses and the schools," and he exhorted the party to fight this danger with all the means at its disposal. Accordingly, a large-scale propaganda campaign was started, which did not confine itself to the above mentioned methods, but also extended to the press, cinemas, and the theatres etc.

This hysterical campaign reveals only too clearly that the Ukrainian underground movement is continuing in its fight for an independent Ukraine.

There are two men, one of whom is very happy and one of whom is very miserable. The essential difference between them is that one loves the beauty of the world, and the other hates its ugliness.

-Thomas Dreier



. T
. H
. R
. O
. U
. G
. H

. THE KEYHOLE

.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY...

"Bring me a plate of hash," said the diner.

The waiter walked over to the kitchen elevator. "Gent wants to take a chance," he called down the speaking tube.

"I'll have some hash too," said a second customer.

The waiter picked up the tube again. "Another sport," he yelled.

IN QUEST OF LIGHT...

After the blackout the girl said: "Egbert, you really shouldn't have kissed me like that, with all those people so close around us, even if it was in the dark."

"I didn't kiss you," said the boy, looking angrily around in the crowd. "I only wish I knew who it was - I'd teach him!"

"Egbert," sighed the girl, "you couldn't teach 'im nothing!"

YOU KNOW THOSE BACKYARDS...

He: "You live in the house right across the rear, don't you?"

She: "I certainly do."

He: "Funny, I've seen so little of you."

She: "Is it. Well, that's because I never leave the blind up over a foot."

POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING...

A person had asked her age. "Well, let me figure it out," was the reply. "I was 18 when I married and my husband was 30. He is now 60, or twice as old as he was then, so I am now 36."

CONFERENCE...

A group of men who individually can do nothing, but who as a group, can meet and decide that nothing can be done about it.

DANGEROUS...

She (adoringly): "Darling, all the time you're kissing me I'll be holding my breath. Is that dignified?"

HE: "Gosh, no! That's suicide."

ON WINGS OF SONG...

by Alma Reaper

Winnipeg MYH got ambitious again and set out for Saskatoon and Regina over the Remembrance Day long weekend; they started off Ukrainian Standard Time, a couple of hours late, excited expectant, and full of high spirits - hic!

Yes, the bus trip proved that Winnipeg MYH is just one big, happy family. They sing and joke, and when half the bus wants to sleep, a couple of insomniacs keep right on singing. Not mentioning names of course, but one of them is married to Mike Kmetyk. And then, our 'soloveyko' Sosnovy gets inspired and bursts into rapturous melody, just when your neck has stopped aching and you're just about ready to doze off. Doxy, (that's our president), politely informs the 'soloveyko' that if he doesn't keep quiet he's going to get punched in the nose! Whereupon, the 'soloveyko' thinks a few nasty thoughts and becomes silent... Peace reigns, and you snuggle up against the frozen window-pane - or a warm shoulder if you're more fortunate, and once more you just begin to sink into depths of slumber... Suddenly---- "Lights on!" - "Wake up!" - "Hey you guys! It's midnight! It's Russell's birthday! We gotta sing Russell HAPPY BIRTHDAY!" Yeh! We just gotta.... Our noses are running, our heads are swimming, our feet are cold and we can hardly see straight.... but "happy birthday deer Russell.... happy birthday to you...." And so, morning dawns and at 3 a.m. Benny decided he wants a sardine sandwich. Our dear Benny. The whole bus smells like a sardine sandwich; and now you're sure you're going to be seasick and start praying like mad for Saskatoon to hurry up and come.

At 9 a.m. Sat. Nov. 12th, forty-five reeling Winnipeggers loaded off at the U.N.F. Hall in Saskatoon. They were met by a cheery welcoming committee, consisting of the president of the club, the janitor of the hall, and a pooch wagging its tail. Speeches were courteous but brief: "Ladies' rest room that-a way...." In the evening, a happier-looking group gathered together for a supper prepared by the Saskatoon gals. Everybody sang "Mnohaya Lita" all over the place, and soon the concert was under way. It was a success. And why not? Ukrainian religious and historical folk-songs seldom fail to thrill one, and 'Klymkiw' had indigestion all for nothing. Local talent also scored a hit that evening, in the persons of Lou-lou-belle Paylechenko and members of her dancing group. There was a social after the concert, a party after the social, in fact, several parties after the social, and several headaches after the parties. The next morning, Sunday, all gathered together once more - this time for breakfast and goodbyes. Constantine Zelenko, president of the Alpha Omega Society at the University of Saskatchewan, stressed one or two points worth mentioning. 'We must realize the importance today, of individual participation and creative activity as (continued on next page)

opposed to the general trend of mass assimilation through media such as radio, T.V., newspapers and magazines. This is important to the dignity and integrity of the individual.' At This point, the Honourable Manager of Winnipeg MYH Choir, Little Zeke Semchyshyn, rose grandly amid the hushed gathering, and, displaying all his usual brilliant eloquence, asked if he could please have some more bacon and eggs.

Regina had a royal welcome prepared for Winnipeg. Many thanks are especially due to those members who surprised us with a colossal cake, bearing an inscription welcoming us to Regina. During the concert, Regina's dancers performed, under the direction of Bob Klymash of WEST Toronto, (deported to Winnipeg), and were enthusiastically applauded.

Saskatoon had witnessed the launching of three brilliant (we hope) careers - namely those of T.V. Stoyko, Caruso Schur and Figaro Semchyshyn. Regina however, saw the end of a fourth career. A page-turner was fired for services rendered, which not only included forgetting to turn pages but also ripping them out when she did remember. Not mentioning names of course, but she's married to Mike Krnetyk...

And so, it's over, the trip and all the fun that came with it.... One thing remains... thanks to Saskatoon, and Regina for giving us such a swell reception!

UKRAINIAN CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS continued:

There were many beliefs and superstitions connected with Christmas Eve, none of which is any longer in observance. It was generally believed that all livestock and all domestic birds and animals gain power of speech on Christmas Eve. For that reason it was considered necessary to treat animals with kindness that night. The host usually mixed in their feed a spoonful of each dish served at Christmas Eve supper, thus showing them his special consideration and hospitality. An additional offering consisting of a spoonful of each of the twelve meatless dishes was made after supper to all evil spirits and forces of nature to avert any possible harm to livestock, beehives or crops. For young unmarried men and women there were ways of foretelling their marriages and the character of their future spouses. All this added to the merriment of the evening.

The Christmas season has a strong moral and cultural binding force that unites all Ukrainians with its many rituals and traditional customs - for no matter where Ukrainians live, Christmas customs are the same. Having come to us from days immemorial, these customs became closely interwoven in the general pattern of Ukrainian life and have formed an unbreakable part of it, adding richness and beauty to the Christmas festivity. It is no wonder that Ukrainian Christmas customs have been preserved throughout the ages and are still cherished to this very day.

SAVELLA STECHISHIN
(reprinted from the Dec.
1947 issue of "Opinion")

HERE AND THERE.....

CALGARY...

Well, what do you know?! The Edmontonians dit it again! And I don't mean the Eskimos football team, but rather our good ol' MYH friends. In spite of most unco-operative weather, which turned November 11th into one of the coldest days yet experienced in this chinook country of ours, they invaded Calgary with some thirty-seven people and put on a magnificent concert for the benefit of our lazy Calgarians. With our hats of..... Thanks again, sperts! (Nick Topolnyski)

EDMONTON...

Our program at our recent cavalcade to Calgary featured 18 numbers. Among them were the Senior and Junior dancing groups, numbering 25 in all. The seniors are directed by Mrs. Gloria Hladun and the Juniors by Anne Balke. In addition we had our girls' choral group under the direction of Chester Kuc.

Plans are underway for further expeditions into many of the Ukrainian centres around Edmonton - the Grey Cup City!

MONTREAL...

Our football fans are sssloowwly rehabilitating themselves after the recent Grey Cup game. Next year for SURE! UNYF and Senior UNYF are jointly planning the New Year's Eve Dance. Tickets are now on sale at two dollars per head; the social committee takes this opportunity to extend a cordial welcome to everyone.

Our branch has planned a concert in honour of Bilas and Danylyshyn which will take place this month at the UNF. Those taking part in this concert are: Jeanne Hlibchuk, Orest Orychiwsky, Walter Maceluch, Jerry Hrynowych, Jerry Orychiwsky, and Marie Trofimiak. John Wosny is the very efficient chairman of the Decorations Committee, and following the concert, Olga Diachun has arranged a reception for all the guests present.

The name of our branch paper has been changed to the official "Protocol." The second issue is due by the middle of December. (Marie Trofimiak)

PORT ARTHUR...

Our folk dancers, inactive since last summer, will be limbering up for three engagements before local audiences in the near future. Many persons have seen our group and have requested to get the group on the stage more and more, and they can't get over the "superb quality of dancing, fine showmanship and exquisite and colourful Ukrainian costumes!" (Don Prodanyk)

REGINA...

The Winnipeg Cavalcade to Regina was a huge success. Winnipeg's delegation arrived about 4:30 PM, Sunday, (continued on next page)

November 13th, in time for supper held and served by the girls of the Regina Branch. The concert, according to untalented folks here, was terrific. Our appreciation is extended to the Winnipeg group for sacrificing some of their time to come to Regina and give us such a wonderful performance. We certainly hope to see them again sometime soon.

Wednesday nights are reserved for bowling, and few of our members ever thought it could be so much fun. On December 23rd, we'll all be getting bundled up for a real old-fashioned sleigh party! (Olga Hretzay)

SUDBURY...

This season's activities at Sudbury branch include sports, folk-dancing and drama. Recently our branch participated in the celebration of the 65th birthday of Col. A. Melnyk, head of the main executive of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists.

Every two weeks we hold a general meeting, followed by refreshments served by our gals, and then a dance.
(Nadia Yankiwska)

WEST TORONTO...

Recently our dancing group had the rare privilege of dancing to the accompaniment of the Bandurists from Rochester New York, at the 20th Anniversary of Hamilton UNF. Westown's "Stardust Ball" is planned for New Year's Eve at \$3.50 per couple or \$2.00 stag.

Our Dorist MYH group headed by Bob Soja are planning a reception on Jan. 15th, for its members and their parents. This gathering will mark the entrance of our former Junior UNYFers into the ranks of MYH itself.
(Natalia Bundza)

WINNIPEG...

The next few weeks will be busy ones for us here in Winnipeg. Rehearsals are underway for our traditional Carol Concert in the second week of January. Then, off we go cavalcading again to Kenora Ontario and Oak Burn Manitoba! Our annual Christmas party was held this year at the home of our president. The club's movie projector was recently unearthed in time to be served with the boar's head at the Christmas party. (The boar was every head present!)
(Marie Savlak)

EDITOR'S AD LIB...

As anyone with half a brain can plainly see, MYH BEAMS is slowly maturing into one of the most significant publications of this super-atomic age.

On the other hand, contributions from all branches have been rather insignificant. With the coming New Year, a resolution to aid the creators of MYH BEAMS, to reach still more ethereal heights, would be most appropriate.

We wish you a Merry Christmas, precluding that that resolution will certainly be resolved.

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WINNIPEG CAVALCADES AGAIN



Not to be mistaken for the "Last Supper", this picture shows the Winnipeg gang, eagerly absorbing the words of its permanent conductor, Walter Klymldw.



Excitement runs high before curtain call.



That part where the girls in "Zhentsi" depict reapers in the field. (No, they're not throwing dice!)



Those smiles reflect a successful performance.