

# HERALD ВІСНИК

ТРАВЕЊЬ, 2007р. HOMEР 191 PIK XVI

MAY 2007 NO. 191 VOL. XVI Price \$2.25

## Looming (?) Health Care Crisis

Thomas Axworthy, Chair of the Centre for the Study of Democracy at Queen's University, recently had an interesting article in the Toronto Star, on the theme of "the looming acute-care crisis".

The central issue reflected in the article was another concern arising from the fact that the huge baby-boom generation is on the verge of senior citizenship.

"The health-care system is about to embrace the baby-boom generation," the writer informs us, "and a recent symposium at Queen's University forecast that, at best, the results will be problematic. At worst, our system may implode."

The article talks about current difficulties in the health-care system, about the problems of Kingston General Hospital, because of an acute shortage of beds. It could not accept victims from a major highway accident because the intensive care unit "is full and has been for months". As a regional cancer centre, it has trouble accommodating biopsies, not to speak of treating patients.

"If our hospitals are overcrowded today, what will happen when the boomers begin to show up in ever-increasing numbers?" Mr. Axworthy asks.

There are presently 10 million baby boomers between the ages of 40 and 60, the article says. Over the next 20 years, the number of people

over the age of 65 will double. By current patterns, 2 million of them will require in-home care, and Judith Shami, President of the Victorian Order of Nurses who is cited by Thomas Axworthy, says that they will "require decades of chronic care and disease management".

Even today, elderly patients too frail to go home are called bedblockers.

"We are already failing today's generation of seniors, and millions of baby boomers are on the way. What to do?" writes Thomas Axworthy.

In addition, the nurses are aging too, and 13% of registered nurses left the system last year. Only about 9,000

nurses are being graduated annually, but the need is for twice that many.

The Queen's colloquium reached a startling new consensus (well, maybe not new, and not startling): that the starting point must be home care. Home care is a lot cheaper than care in an institution.

Mr. Axworthy notes that home care is not even included in the 1984 Canada Health Act.

The conference at Queen's spoke of a looming acute-care crisis. Mr. Axworthy writes in a similar tone. However, the reality is, as shown by the information about Kingston General Hospital (which is far from unique), that the crisis is not looming: it is here.

The problem, furthermore is not the aging, pampered, demanding and numerous

baby boomer generation. The problem is the determination of successive governments, at both the federal and the provincial levels, to stint and save on health care (and other social services) in favour of tax cuts for the rich.

This is far from a new problem. One of my serious professional conflicts as an editor arose over my asking a Cabinet Minister in the NDP government of Ontario in the early '90s whether cuts to health care had contributed to the death of a patient. The Minister avoided answering that question.

It is, however, a continuing problem, with contracting out of some services, use of for-profit providers, delisting of various services, closure of hospital beds for lack of staff, declining working conditions in health-care, failure to follow

educational policies aimed at encouraging greater numbers of health-care graduates, providing inadequate resources for home care while paying lip service to such care, and on, and on, and on.

The health care crisis is actually here, and it is a crisis deliberately created to discredit the system. It is a crisis deliberately created to encourage acceptance of more for-profit operation. It is a crisis deliberately created to justify projects based on public-private partnerships and the growing intrusion of the huge corporations which provide medical services in the United States.

We get the warnings from the Americans (where health costs are a leading cause of bankruptcies), from the British (who are paying more and getting less), and from the many other places which fell to the private enterprise siren song and are now regretting it. But all those warnings are irrelevant when the main purpose is to drive government out and let private profit in.

— W. Szczesny

## Some Interesting Canadian Developments

Once upon a time, school gymnasias, swimming pools, auditoria, and so on were planned and paid for by school boards, as were playground equipment, sports equipment, and so on. For many years, much expenditure for computers, various pieces of equipment, and other "frills" has been increasingly falling on parents and school based fund-raising. Now the concept is being extended to major capital expenditures, raising fears of a two-tier system. The Peel District School Board, which is "open for business" has decided to allow private funding of major capital projects. In the Ontario community of Bracebridge, private funding provided a school theatre. Thanks to governments which back corporate greed, our public schools are increasingly becoming part of the private market.

What a storm around a seemingly minor development — the agreement between Elizabeth May and Stephane Dion that the Liberals and the Greens would not run candi-

dates against each other's leaders in the coming federal election. The Conservative Party is using the issue in the mindless way they use all issues, and even non-issues, as anti-Liberal fodder. The NDP has a more serious concern: that Green Party support in the polls is reaching traditional NDP levels, and the Green Party could siphon away some NDP support. The agreement gives the Green Party a bit of a leg up in seeking to join the big parties, while the Liberals get to buy, at a rather low price, a boost to their credibility as democrats and environmentalists.

When will we have that much anticipated federal election? When the Conservative Party thinks it can win a majority of seats. That could take a while, as the polls do not show much growth in support for the Conservatives, in spite of all the attack ads critical of Dion's leadership. While it is possible that a defeat in the Commons could lead the government to call an election, the other parties do not seem to be in much of a rush, so each piece of legislation gets support from at least one other party — enough to keep Parliament going. That leaves the Conservatives the option of just inflicting as much damage as they can (through staffing appointments, integration with the US, foreign policy com-

mitments, and similar moves, as well as legislation) before their term expires and they must go to the polls. Unfortunately, after they are turfed out, the Liberals who are their most probable successors are unlikely to reverse much of the damage, if history is any guide, in spite of what campaign promises they may make.

The Canadian armed forces spent almost \$28 million since January, 2006, on ads to recruit young people. The Conservative government has tripled the rate of spending in this area. While young people are resisting signing up, many young "risk takers" seem to find the new ads appealing. The offer of an education in return for enlistment also has an attraction, at a time when post-secondary education comes with a rather high price tag.

Gaps in consumer protection, raise concerns about food safety, especially considering that there is about one recall/day and about one third of them pose serious health threats. A recent example was a recall of olives which the Canadian Food Inspection Agency found posed a threat of botulism. Everyone was notified except shoppers who had bought the product — and there is no obligation to publicize food recalls.

### In This Issue

Commentary .....	4
Contact Us .....	12
Democracy or Anarchy? .....	10
Editorial .....	4
Edmonton Seniors	
Dedicate Meeting to	
Shevchenko .....	8
Executive of AUUC	
Edmonton Branch '07 .....	9
From Our Readers .....	4
Happy Birthday, Friends .....	16
Joke Time .....	16
More on Proportional	
Representation .....	4
Neruda and Franko .....	2
Polka Me Now: Second	
Annual Spring Fling .....	11
Praetorius Mandolin	
Ensemble at U of W .....	8
Radio Kyiv World	
Service .....	13
Myron Shatulsky .....	2, 10
Shevchenko Museum at	
Queen's Park .....	8
Strike! on YouTube, in	
Concert and on CBC .....	13
Sustaining Fund .....	16
Tango Theme for IWD	
Celebration .....	9
The Pencil .....	3
Ukrainian News Briefs .....	5
<b>Ukrainian Pages</b> .....	<b>6, 7</b>
Who, What, When,	
Where .....	16

PUBLICATIONS MAIL 40009476  
 POSTMASTER: IF UNDELIVERED PLEASE RETURN TO  
 KOBZAR PUBLISHING CO. LTD 602, 9903-104 STREET  
 EDMONTON AB T5K 0E4

Check your label at left. Is it time to renew? Why not do it now?

**Submitted  
as a  
separate  
PDF file**

# The Pencil

Ivan Franko, a leading figure in Ukrainian literary history, died on May 28, 1916. To mark this date, we print one of his short stories from *Ivan Franko Selections*, published in 1986 by Dnipro Publishers. The translation is by Helen Weir.

This is one of Ivan Franko's autobiographical stories, which describes the condition of poverty in the villages where a pencil was a great treasure — and the brutality of whatever educational system existed in Galicia in Franko's youth.

For more information about I. Franko, including a chronology, see the July-August, 2006, issue of the *Ukrainian Canadian Herald*.



IVAN FRANKO

way? Well, then! I took a great liking to that pencil. I kept my hand inside the bag and the pencil was in my hand. I turned it this way, and that, trying to guess its thickness, and to recall its shape. In brief, my imagination constantly fluttered and circled around that pencil like a butterfly does around a flower. It adamantly chased away any idea that the pencil might belong to another schoolboy and that I, therefore, would have to give it back to its owner.

The classroom was full of pupils already. Some were seated at their desks, mumbling about their homework and every second darting a frightened glance at the door, wondering whether the teacher was coming. Others, who were bolder, walked about the classroom, fought, pushed each other between the desks, drew all kinds of monstrosities on the blackboard and then quickly rubbed them off with the wet cloth that served as a sponge. Nobody asked about the pencil. This pleased me very much, and I quickly, as though stealthily, made my way to the second row and sat down at my usual place. Pulling out the book needed for the next class, I heard the scratch of the pencil against the leather in my bag and began to tremble all over — I don't know whether from joy or from some unknown alarm.

Now the teacher came and school started. All's well! Here the period was over, the teacher had gone, the noise and clamour of recess had begun as always, and still no one spoke about the pencil. I sat, looked about me and trembled like a thief over his loot, fearing that at any moment someone would come and demand the pencil from me.

But no-one asked for the pencil. The schoolboys walked about, studied, made mischief or picked fights as always.

Stepan Leskiv, my good friend, approached me.

"Oho, it's clear that you don't know your arithmetic lesson today; you sure will catch a hiding! And if teacher tells me to give you the beating, boy, you had better watch out!"

What a tease that Stepan was! He knew that I was weak in arithmetic, so he kept teasing me. But I knew for sure that he was only joking;

besides, today I was not afraid of the teacher because I had learned my arithmetic lesson (to write out the numbers up to 100). I learned it extra good! Who do you think all day yesterday was writing numerals with his fingers on the window panes covered thick with mist?

"Just don't you worry too much about my arithmetic," I replied to Stepan. "You had better watch that you don't get a hiding yourself!"

It's the strangest thing, honest, so strange! I had intended to answer Stepan also jokingly, with a smile, gently — but I replied somehow so angrily, so sharply, with such a rough voice, that it even made me feel bad! I could even feel how the blood suffused my entire face. Stepan stood over me for a moment, saying nothing more, and stared at me with puzzled eyes, and then he walked away, evidently saddened that he had hurt me with his joke. He liked me so much, that gentle, quiet, helpful, good-natured lad. Why had I answered him so sharply? Why had I saddened him? After all, he had spoken to me jokingly and I had no reason to get angry with him!

Such were the thoughts that raced through my head as Stepan went and silently sat at his desk. He was a small, tow-headed lad of eight. His father, a poor peasant, was a neighbour of my uncle's, at whose place I stayed, so that we two boys were constant companions. They say that Stepan's father had once been a wealthy man, but a big fire and other misfortunes had ruined his farm. He was a tall, strong man with a dour countenance, who bent more and more to the ground and spoke in a deep, gruff voice. Somehow, I was involuntarily afraid of him, and thought him a cruel man. Little Stepan, on the other hand, took after his mother, a quiet, gentle woman with a good-natured face that was still pretty, and bright grey eyes. That's why many a time I would stand behind the hedge fence by the pasture, waiting for old Leskiv to leave the house so that I could run in if only for a moment to play with Stepan. Of course, we often quarrelled, too, as children do, but never for long. I, who was quicker to quarrel and even to fight, was also the first to make up, while Stepan, always even tempered, would smile so warmly, as though he wanted to say:

"See, I knew all along you couldn't do without me!"

But now, why did I get angry at Stepan? But no, I knew full well that I wasn't angry with him at all! To the contrary, his hurt, sad look brought on a pain that twisted my childish breast. Somehow I was ashamed, not knowing myself why it was so, and I forgot about the pencil, it wasn't un-

til these impressions cooled off and passed away, and I saw before me the bag, in which my senses felt the touch of the pencil as though from afar, that my imagination returned to that object and in a minute I had completely forgotten about Stepan and his sad look.

The teacher came in again, the study hour began and slowly came to an end — and still no-one had uttered a word about the pencil.

In the third period we were to have arithmetic. That lofty and terrible science was taught in this way, that the teacher called one pupil up to the blackboard, told him to write numbers on it, and all the other boys had to write those same numbers down in their scribblers. The teacher continually walked about the desks, peering here and there into the scribblers to see if all were writing properly.

Before the arithmetic period I heard some kind of racket, some frightened, broken questions and answers in the last row, where Stepan sat, but I could not figure out what this was about due to the general din. Just the same, something nudged me, some sort of disquiet took hold of me. I thought to myself: "I won't take the pencil out now, I'll write with the pen as usual, though I'm fed up with it."

The teacher came in. Resting a moment at the table, he rose and called me to the blackboard. I went up, scared, shivering, because writing in general, be it letters or numbers, was a hard nut for me to crack; all symbols came out crooked, hooked and sprawling from under my hand, so that they usually looked like an old fence, in which each post sticks out in a different direction and the cross pickets stick out each its own way, unable to achieve a juncture with the fence posts. But what could I do? Once the teacher called me up, I had to go. I stood at the board and took the rag in my right hand and the chalk in my left.

"35!" cried the teacher and glanced at me. "Why, you blockhead, how are you holding the chalk? You're going to write southpaw, eh?"

I transposed the unfortunate instruments of learning in both my hands, then I lifted my right hand as high up as I could on the blackboard and barely managed to reach its middle. The task to write the number 35 on the blackboard was difficult, because one had to write "twisting" numerals.

Yesterday, practising writing numerals with my finger on window panes, I had long considered how to write that confounded three so it would come out roundish and with a little projection in the middle. I had nobody I could ask, so I figured it out, that I would write it starting from the mid-

(Continued on Page 12.)

I beg you in no way to think that I'm telling a fictional tale or that the title of this story is a metaphor of some sort. No, the business is really about a pencil, and not a whole one at that, but a stub... oh, let us say, three inches long. But then, if anyone would say that it was three and a half inches long, I wouldn't sue them, either. What I know well, however, is that it didn't reach four inches. On that, as the jurists say, I could "take my oath", or as our Yasenitsi folk say, "cross my heart and hope to die". The hero of this story was three and a half inches long, no longer. Many years have passed since we last saw each other, that is, since I saw it, for how could it see me with its sharpened point? Anyway, it lay a whole day and a half in my school bag, underneath the books, verily in pitch darkness! Not to tell a lie, that was not less than sixteen years ago — enough time to forget even the closest friend. But I never forgot it, that stub of a pencil, three and a half inches long, with its dark red wood, cut six-sided and painted yellow, with the name "Mittel" stamped on the blunt end in silver; the other end was sharpened, not too sharp, but also not too dull — just as much as a village schoolboy needed.

That's how it lay on the snow one wintry morning in the Yasenitsi school yard right by the path made by the early pupils. It was a clear, lovely morning. The frost was biting like mad; wee shreds of snow floated in the air, completely transparent, visible only in diamond-like flashes when the sun's rays broke on them. The pencil did not sink in the icy, sparkling snow, but lay entirely on top. Its yellow paint glistened to the sun and the silver letters of "Mittel" could be seen from afar. Some schoolboy, running to school, must have lost it. And so it lay there, stretching its black, sharpened point toward the school wall, a though it was trying to tell every passer-by that was where it belonged; as though it was begging with its silver eye to be picked up from its bed, which was fine, but very cold, and carried there, into the school, from which the din made by the boys as they

were waiting for the teacher to come, could be heard all over the village.

Now, say yourself, on your honour, what would you have done if you had happened to come upon such a "Mittel" in such a position, not entirely suited to its "rank". I think that 90 percent of you, not suspecting that this was the hero, let alone of a story, but even of a news item or a tiny advertisement, would have picked it up and simply put it in your pocket? The other 10 percent would doubtless not even have bent down for it.

I freely admit that I belonged to the 90 percent, that is, suspecting no evil in the pencil, I bent down for it and, since I had no pockets on me, I placed it in my leather school bag, where I kept my books. But what was not very ordinary was the fact that I was overjoyed at my find.

I was a poor village lad and in all my life till that time I had never had a pencil, but was compelled to write with that confounded goose quill which blotted so terribly, splattering and sputtering under the pressure of my hand. And what a fine pencil! It's true that I had seen it only for a fleeting moment when it was lying on the snow, for then I had picked it up in my hand and quickly shoved it into the bag, as though fearing that the sun, which was shining so brightly, would steal it from my fingers. Another curious thing about all this was that the thought never even entered my head that some other schoolboy might have lost it — hear me, not even a thought. No, no, no! Which schoolboy among us loses pencils! It must have been that some goodness knows what unknown gentleman had visited the teacher and doubtlessly he had lost his pencil. Or, maybe, it was the dealer to whom the teacher sold a cow last year; it could be that the pencil lay there from last year yet and no one noticed the poor thing. Or maybe it fell together with the snow from the sky in the night? Didn't Granny say that quite often frogs fall from the sky, so why not pencils? That's how I figured as I crossed the yard to the school. So what, isn't a six-year-old boy permitted to think that

UKRAINIAN CANADIAN

## HERALD

Editor-in-Chief  
Wilfred Szczesny

## Editorial Board

Myron Shatulsky Lucy Antoniw

## Bureaux

Ottawa — Bob Seychuk  
Regina — Al Lapchuk  
Sudbury — Vicki Gilhula  
Toronto — George Borusiewich  
Vancouver — Dianna Kleparchuk  
Winnipeg — Brent StearnsPublished monthly by Kobzar Publishing Company Ltd.  
595 Pritchard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R2W 2K4  
Phone: (800) 856-8242; Fax: (204) 589-3404  
E-mail: auuckobzar@mts.netUkrainian Canadian Herald editorial offices are located  
at 1604 Bloor Street West, Toronto, Ontario M6P 1A7  
Phone: 416-588-1639; Fax: 416-588-9180  
E-mail: kobzar1@on.aibn.comSubscription price: \$30.00 annually (including GST)  
\$40.00 Foreign subscriptions.  
Advertising rates available on request.

PUBLICATIONS MAIL REGISTRATION No. 40009476

Signed articles represent the viewpoint of the author, and do not  
necessarily reflect the views of the Editorial Board.

## On May Day 2007

An Editorial by Wilfred Szczesny

If only May Day could be a time of celebration, a joyful time when working people in Canada and around the world could look at their lives with a sense of satisfaction and pleasure. Unfortunately, on May 1, 2007, this is not the reality.

The reality on May Day, 2007, is that, as a group, working people in this country (and through most of the rest of the world) have little to celebrate. While some working people are doing just fine, most are struggling with the harsh reality that the conditions of working people continue to decline while the economy continues to expand. Yes, the rich get richer; the poor get screwed.

On May Day, 2007, the de-industrialization of Canada continues, as reflected in the auto industry. Governments brag about newly created jobs, but these are mostly part-time and/or temporary positions in the low-paying sectors of the economy. Private industry and governments both continue to contract out, and the process of replacing good jobs with worse-than-welfare jobs continues apace.

Health and safety considerations on the job have once again taken a back seat, with cost-cutting and profits rates the overriding concern. The situation has become so bad that even the Liberal government of Ontario, which does not have a great record on such issues, has had to restore some of the health-and-safety-inspector jobs which the Mike Harris Progressive Conservative government (which can reasonably be called "vicious") slashed. That, however, does little to meet the need in Ontario, and nothing for the rest of the country, where work-place health and safety continue to decline. Office workers, teachers and nurses are only a few of the people who were never thought to have dangerous jobs but, as a result of cost cutting and profit raising, today have serious health and safety concerns on the job.

The level of unionization of the work force is declining, and the ability of the unions to fight for their members and their class is also declining. This weakening of the unions is the product of a determined and deliberate assault by business and government. On the other hand, trade union leaders, for the most part, showed little determination in combating the attack launched over 20 years ago by the government of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, and they continue to collaborate, in large measure, in their own decline.

These circumstances can not continue without end, and I am confident that, at some point, people will say, "Enough!" My crystal ball does not reveal that point.

## COMMENTARY

## More on Proportional Representation

On page 3 of the April, 2007, issue of the *Ukrainian Canadian Herald*, in the ending to our story "Support for Proportional Representation", it was written that, "BC voters rejected a proposed single transferable vote system, which is not PR."

AUUC National President Bill Bilecki phoned to take issue, with the phrase "BC voters rejected". He pointed out that the proposed system was actually supported by a majority of voters in most ridings.

The government arbitrarily set a very high standard for the change to be considered won. The "yes" vote had to get majority support in at least 60% of ridings (48 ridings out of 79), and it had to have the support of 60% of the vote across the province.

In fact, 57.69% percent of voters supported the proposal province-wide, just short of the 60% required. Furthermore, the proposal got majority support in 97.47% ridings — 77 out of 79!

Mr. Bilecki is quite right — the voters did not reject the proposals.

That said, the proposal, as strongly supported as it was, did not win, because of the high requirements set by the government. However, because of the high level of public support, the province will rerun the referendum with the

next provincial election in 2009. The 60% support requirement will stay in place.

Ironically, the Liberals who are able set those high standards for change got a majority government with only 45.8% of the vote. This explains why the BC Liberals are so interested in maintaining the status quo.

The Green Party of BC got over 9% of the vote, but got not one seat. A system of proportional representation might have awarded them seven of the legislative seats.

Later this year, on October 10, voters in Ontario will also have a say on electoral reform, with an opportunity to vote for a mixed member system in which 90 members of Provincial Parliament would be elected in local ridings and an additional 39 would be "list members" elected provincially. Each voter would cast two votes: one for a local candidate and another for a party. The vote for parties would determine the total number of representatives elected by a party. To elect anyone, a party would need a minimum of 3% of the popular vote across the province.

In this Ontario vote, too, the standard for change has been set high by the government, as it was in British Columbia. To succeed, the proposal will need, as was required in BC,

60% support across the province and a majority in at least 60% of ridings.

As in British Columbia, so in Ontario, the majority government which is setting the high standards for adoption of change itself won only 46.5% of the vote. Clearly, the Liberals would just as soon not have change.

The Progressive Conservative Party of Ontario generously promises to live with the results if the public support for change is strong enough, but the key is "strong enough". Though they are relatively under-represented after the last election, that could be reversed at the next election, as they play musical chairs with the Liberals. "Change if necessary, but not necessarily change," just about sums up the Tory position.

Aside from a hiccup a few decades back, the NDP is usually under-represented, so they would welcome proportional representation. None of these super-majorities (they say); make it a simple majority to pass the changes. On the other hand, the NDP, both in Ontario and in Canada, tends to side with the Liberals and Conservatives in maintaining the privilege of the large parties on matters like election financing and access to the stage at all-candidates meetings (as they are often called, for some well-hidden reason).

The proposal in Ontario includes a 3% threshold, below which a seat is not apportioned to a party. In the last Ontario provincial election, the Green Party of Ontario came in just below the 3%. At 2.8% of the popular vote, it could expect two seats in a pure proportional representation system without a threshold. The Green Party may be able to surpass the 3% threshold under the system of mixed member proportional representation, as voters may vote Green without the "wasted vote" concern.

Only Italy and Israel, to my knowledge, have a pure proportional representation system without a threshold. On the other hand, only about a dozen countries share Canada's first past the post system.

— Wilfred Szczesny

## From Our Readers

For some time I have wanted to make some comments on the wind-up of the Workers Benevolent Association. I read the January issue covering it with avid interest.

Suffering from a very bad cold and a touch of pneumonia, I could not attend on November 11, which I regret very deeply, as I had served, at first as vice-recording secretary and then as recording secretary of Branch #1 WBA, for about 40 years.

The old timers were retiring and new people were brought in to carry on the work of the WBA.

There are many great memories of those 40 years in

the WBA, and I feel as though I have lost a dear friend, but things have changed greatly, and I appreciated reading Robert Seychuk's speech at the November 11 event.

I fully agree with what he says — it had to be done.

I enjoy reading the "UCH" and fully support it.

Best wishes

— Alice Bilecki  
Winnipeg, MB

\* \* \*

I enjoy the informative and objective editorials in the "Herald". Keep up the good work.

— Walter Fydenchuk  
Credon, ON

## SEE US ON THE WEB!

Edmonton AUUC, Trembita Ensemble  
[www.ukrainiancentre-edm.ca](http://www.ukrainiancentre-edm.ca)Regina AUUC, Poltava Ensemble  
<http://www.poltava.ca/>Taras Shevchenko Museum:  
[www.infoukes.com/shevchenkomuseum](http://www.infoukes.com/shevchenkomuseum)

## ADVERTISING RATES

1 page	\$600.00
1/2	\$350.00
Smaller Ads:	
\$5.00 per col./cm	(or \$12.50 per col./inch)
Plus G.S.T.	

We invite readers to submit their views in letters to the editor. Letters must be signed. Letters may be edited, but their sense will not be changed.

## Ukrainian News Briefs Selected by George Borusiewich

### EU Says NO (Again)

In spite of the "Orange Revolutionaries" attempts to make European integration seem like their idea, the truth is that previous president Leonid Kuchma (and his then prime minister Viktor Yanukovich) struggled fruitlessly to try and gain European Union membership. The answer then was "NO", and the answer now is still "NO".

The latest rebuff came recently in a double-barrelled rejection, first by German Chancellor Angela Merkel (who said integrating Ukraine is not on the European Union's agenda), and then a week later by France (who said "NO").

### "Patriots of Ukraine"

According to an April 16, 2007, report in the Kyiv newspaper *Segodnya*, about 100 members of a far-right group called Patriots of Ukraine held a legally-sanctioned rally in Kyiv.

Screaming "One Race! One Nation! Ukraine!" the demonstrators marched without incident through the streets of Kyiv as police looked on.

Even though Ukrainian law prohibits incitement of ethnic hatred, Evgeny Zakharov, the country's leading human rights activist, was quoted as saying that the law was hard to apply because, as the law is written, a prosecutor has to prove *intent* to incite ethnic hatred.

Members of targeted minority groups could file civil suits against the march organizers claiming moral damages, but "foreigners fear appealing to our courts," Mr. Zakharov was quoted as saying.

### Pregnant Soldiers

Defence Minister Anatoly Hrytsenko believes that women serving in the Armed Forces of Ukraine on contract should undertake an obligation to abstain from marriage and motherhood.

Says Hrytsenko, "Often commanders face a situation when ... a woman went on a maternity leave for three years, after which, without returning to service, she is waiting for another baby .... Contrary, for example, to the American army, our women do not undertake obligations to abstain from marriage and motherhood for the period of validity of the contract".

Nearly 20,000 women serve in the Ukrainian Armed Forces, about 10% of the soldiers in uniform. Of these,

1143 are officers, including 4 colonels.

In addition, during almost 15 years of Ukrainian peace-making activities in the world, 27 Ukrainian women served in national peacekeeping contingents in the "hot spots" of the globe.

### Money Talks

According to the State Department for Citizenship and Immigration of Ukraine, seven or eight foreign *investors* are granted permanent residence in Ukraine every year.

Under the new rules of the Department, a foreigner can obtain Ukrainian citizenship by investing US\$100,000 in the Ukrainian economy. The processing of the relevant documents is expedited for such immigrants, and takes only about one week.

The number of people granted the right to live in Ukraine under these rules was 8 in 2006, 8 in 2005, 7 in 2004, and 2 in 2003.

So far, most of the new citizen-investors are from Vietnam. The rest come from Egypt, Israel, India, and Iraq.

### Political Popularity Poll

According to a poll of experts conducted by the Democratic Initiatives Fund, present Prime Minister Viktor Yanukovich is the most successful politician in Ukraine. The Fund's scientific director Iryna Bekeshkina reported the results at a press conference in Kyiv.

Of 75 experts polled by the Fund, 48 said Viktor Yanukovich is a successful politician, while Verkhovna Rada (Ukrainian Parliament) Chairman Oleksandr Moroz is a successful politician in the opinion of 31 experts. Yulia Tymoshenko (Orange Revolution co-leader) holds third place with 29 votes.

Viktor Yushchenko (Orange Revolution co-leader and present Ukrainian President) is the leader among Ukraine's political *losers* in the opinion of 52 of the 75 experts.

### Muslims Protest

About a thousand Crimean Tatars demonstrated on Ukraine's Crimean Peninsula recently to demand the return of land seized in 1944 after their ethnic group was exiled.

Olexandr Dombrovsky, spokesman for the regional police, said that the demonstrators briefly blocked some main streets and highways in and around Simferopol, the Crimean capital. No violence was reported.

Lilya Muslimova, spokes-

woman for the Tatar Assembly, said the rally was organized on the activists' own initiative and that the Assembly had tried to discourage them from protesting because it could upset talks under way between Tatar leaders and the government about the return of the land.

### Shock and Awe

Ukraine and Poland have been chosen in a shock vote by European football's governing body UEFA to jointly host the Euro 2012 championships.

The decision, announced by UEFA president Michel Platini, was a huge shock as world champion Italy had been heavily-favoured to win, while the Ukrainian-Polish bid was seen as a lost cause. The 12 members of the UEFA executive committee voted 8 to 4 in favour of the east-European duo.

Said Ukrainian President Viktor Yushchenko, "It is a wonderful opportunity for Ukrainians and Poles to give soccer fans from around the world an extraordinary sporting event."

Concerns about the decision will now have to be addressed. UEFA has gambled by awarding the second-largest soccer tournament in the world to two countries who have never previously hosted anything of this magnitude.

In the meantime, the Ukrainians and Poles are overjoyed. Hryhory Surkis, president of the Ukrainian Football Association said, "This is the greatest result in the history of our football."

### Space Rockets

Ukraine and Brazil will begin building a Tsyklon-4 space rocket complex at Brazil's Alcantra cosmodrome in the fall of 2007. This information was made public at a press conference held in Dnipropetrovsk by Eduard Kuznetsov, deputy-director of the Ukrainian National Space Agency.

Ukraine designed the Tsyklon-4, which will be able to carry a 5000 kilogram load into near-earth orbits. Reportedly, the first launch may carry a Chinese-Brazilian satellite.

According to Deputy-Director Kuznetsov's announcement, Ukraine has already appointed the Chief of the project.

### "Miss Ukraine"

On April 14, Kyiv hosted the "Miss Ukraine 2007" contest, the country's most prominent beauty pageant.

Twenty-six beauties from all parts of Ukraine participated. Well-known local television celebrities were involved. Famous Ukrainian pop music singers, such as Verka Serdyuchka, Volodymyr Hryshko, Taisiya Povaliy, Natasha Korolyova, and Aviator Band performed.

At the end of all the pomp, ceremony, and excitement, Miss Lika Roman won the crown!

Lika is 21 years old, a citizen of Uzhorod, and a student at Uzhorod State University. Her father is a musician, while her mother is a fashion designer. The new Miss Ukraine adores dancing, playing piano, and skiing.

As her reward for winning the contest, she is entitled to represent Ukraine at the "Miss World 2007" contest. She also received jewellery and 250,000 UAH cash.

### Nice Kitty

A Bengal Tiger living in a Ukrainian zoo tore the ear off of an intoxicated photographer falling into the animal's enclosure by accident.

The incident took place at the city zoo of the Black Sea port of Mykolaev after Oleg (the victim) climbed to the top of the tiger enclosure's 6-metre wall in an attempt to take a close-up of the animal.

The man, described by eyewitnesses as "highly intoxicated", lost his balance and fell into the enclosure, which contained three tigers at the time.

Two of the big cats ignored the intruder, but a 15-year old female named Alfa bit Oleg in the head. The photographer fought back and called for help. Onlookers threw bottles at the tiger with no effect.

Zoo staff arrived and gave poor Alfa a tranquillizer injection. The tiger released Oleg, who was immediately transported to a city hospital. In a two-hour operation, surgeons reattached the photographer's ear and closed numerous deep wounds.

Veterinarians inspected the tiger and found that she had suffered significant stress, but was otherwise healthy and in no danger of rabies.

### No US Missiles

After waffling for months, Ukrainian President Viktor Yushchenko on April 16 rejected deployment of American anti-missiles on Ukrainian soil. In doing so, he belatedly followed the lead of Ukraine's parliament, which, a month earlier, had passed a resolution stating that "joining the American plans as regards anti-missile defence systems does not meet (Ukraine's) national interests".

In the past few months, the majority of people in Ukraine, Poland, Czech Republic, and Germany have all voiced opposition to the expansion of American missile dreams in Europe.

### Welding Skin

Surgeons at 27 Ukrainian hospitals are using a revolutionary new technology to bond and reconnect living soft biological tissue through "fusion", in contrast to previous, conventional wound-closing devices which used sutures, staples, glues, or sealant.

More than 7,000 human surgeries have already been completed using the new technology. These surgeries have included lung, intestine, stomach, skin, liver, blood vessel, bladder, ovary, and many other operations.

Cosmetic surgeries conducted with this technology include breast implants, breast reduction, and abdominoplasty.

The procedure involves little or no scarring, while restoring the normal function of the body organ or tissue.

The technology was invented and developed at the internationally renowned E. O. Paton Institute of Electric Welding in Kyiv.

### Archive Threatened

Ukraine's oldest collection of archives has finally received some of the attention it so desperately needs.

The Lviv State Archive contains documents dating back to the 12<sup>th</sup> century. Housing over a million documents (including decrees, maps, diplomas, medieval prints, and blueprints) on 10 kilometres of shelves, the current premises are not up to proper environmental standards.

"Moisture began seeping through the walls about ten years ago. Practically nothing has been done because we simply have not received any funds from either state or private sources," explained archive director Diana Peltz.

The fragile documents have therefore been exposed to humidity, mould, sunlight, and insects.

In 2005, a preservation project was launched by the US-Ukraine Foundation, an American non-governmental organization (NGO) that promotes democratic development (the American political system) and free-market reforms (capitalism).

With a grant of about US\$100,000 from the United States Agency for International Development, the renovations have proceeded, and are expected to be completed this year.

**Ukrainian  
Page  
Submitted  
Separately**

**Ukrainian  
Page  
Submitted  
Separately**

## Praetorius Mandolin Ensemble at U of W



The musicians of the Praetorius Mandolin Ensemble, an offshoot of the AUUC-sponsored Winnipeg Mandolin Orchestra, are (left to right) Ian Walker, Jeanne Romanoski, Barrie Webster, Carmen Ostermann and David Swatek.

The Praetorius Mandolin Ensemble (PME), an offshoot of the AUUC-sponsored Winnipeg Mandolin Orchestra (WMO), performed at the University of Winnipeg on Friday evening, March 30, as part of the program accompanying the International Dinner hosted by the World University Service of Canada (WUSC) in support of their Student Refugee Program.

The Ensemble played before dinner to an appreciative audience, with 45 minutes of

music from their repertoire of music from the 1600s and early 1700s. The program included works by Michael Praetorius, Anthony Holborne, Salomone Rossi, Francisque Caroubel, and Antonio Vivaldi (plus several pieces by the widely known composer Anonymous).

The Praetorius Mandolin Ensemble consists of three mandolins (Ian Walker, Jeanne Romanoski, and David Swatek), one mandola (Carmen Ostermann), and a vio-

loncello (Barrie Webster). Ian Walker also played percussion during the Praetorius "Dances from Terpsichore".

(The Winnipeg Mandolin Orchestra has several mandocellos, but the Ensemble has chosen to use the smoother qualities of the violoncello to complement the tremolo and plucked notes of the double-strung mandolin instruments.)

The sweet sounds of the classical mandolin, seldom heard outside regular Mandolin Orchestra events, were well appreciated by the audience.

The music was enhanced through the good work of the U of W's sound man, who amplified the mandolin/mandola playing in order to project the music into the darkened, cosy, but cavernous Bulman Centre, the student hub of the university.

The initiative to include the PME in the WUSC-sponsored evening was an expression of confidence by Joy Walker (who co-produced the evening) in her father's music making. Joy is an undergraduate student at the U of W in geography. Her father, Ian Walker, is a talented musician, being proficient not only as the Concert Master of the Winnipeg Mandolin Orchestra, but also being an accomplished organist (Music Direc-

tor at Our Saviour's Lutheran Church in Winnipeg), pianist, and tenor (also a member of the Festival Choir at the Ukrainian Labour Temple).

Jeanne Romanoski and David Swatek both play in the Mandolin 1 section of the Winnipeg Mandolin Orchestra, and Carmen Ostermann plays principal mandola. Jeanne and Carmen also sing in the Choir. Barrie Webster, who got the PME going in mid-2005, plays principal second mandolin in the WMO, and plays his cello in several other groups in the city. David also plays the Egyptian lute or ud (oud), and was one of the two musicians who accompanied a later item on the WUSC evening program.

The evening's program was multicultural and sensual, also including performances by several African dance groups from Winnipeg.

Following the Praetorius Mandolin Ensemble and dinner, Georgette Topangu, a tal-

ented Congolese student currently attending The Collegiate at the University of Winnipeg, performed an energetic demonstration dance.

Shifra Soria Tobiasch and the Shanti Belly Dance Troupe followed, with seven individual dancers performing to the music of the African flute and the ud (played by David Swatek).

The Oromo Dancers, an Ethiopian group, completed the program.

As a bonus, the belly dance troupe wound up the evening with an encore, to the delight of the audience, in particular, a number of female African students, who cheered and ululated (a typical high-pitched vocal form of appreciation).

By beginning the evening sponsored by World University Service of Canada, the musicians of the Winnipeg Mandolin Orchestra contributed once again to the enrichment of the cultural life of Winnipeg.

— Barrie Webster

## Shevchenko Museum at Queen's Park



The Taras Shevchenko Museum had a display at Queen's Park from September, 2006, to March, 2007. The photo was provided by the Interparliamentary and Public Relations office of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario.

From September, 2006, to March, 2007, for the fourth time, the Taras Shevchenko Museum had a display in the Ontario Parliament Community Exhibition.

The presentation this year was devoted to Ukrainian folk decorative art, which is a unique phenomenon of national culture.

The centre of the presentation was the upper part of a traditional ceremonial Ukrainian women's costume. Women's straw shoes were also included as part of the outfit.

A beautiful hand-painted decorative plate and a carved figure of a shepherd with a staff represented Ukrainian woodworking.

Traditional clay figurines were shown as samples of clay crockery.

The western-Ukrainian art

of weaving was represented by a colourful folk-style woven carrying bag. Completing this beautiful display is an embroidered *rushnyk* (towel) and a typical Easter egg.

Visitors had an opportunity to enter the beautiful world of Ukrainian folk art that shows the life of the nation, its wealth, level of culture, creativity, energy and capabilities. Hopefully, they were inspired to learn more about Ukraine's rich history and culture.

— Lyudmyla Pogoryelov

## Edmonton Seniors Dedicate Meeting to Shevchenko

The Edmonton Senior Citizens Club ushered in spring with its monthly birthday party on March 20, 2007. The event was well attended, with thirty-three participants.

Once again, Shirley Uhryn instructed us in exercises geared to accommodate seniors' abilities.

A short report was given by Bill Uhryn, representing Edmonton AUUC Branch '07, who attended the Annual General Meeting of the Taras H. Shevchenko Museum and Memorial Park Foundation in Toronto on March 10, 2007.

Questions were asked concerning the future of the park in Oakville (Palermo) and the theft of the Shevchenko monument. Bill Uhryn, the Branch representative at the meeting, Mike Uhryn, AUUC National

Committee member, and Lucy Antoniwi, AUUC National Committee alternate, ably answered all questions.

The volunteers once again served a hot meal which was enjoyed by all.

Since March is the month of Taras H. Shevchenko's birthday, Lucy Antoniwi paid tribute to the Bard with a brief history of his life, times and works. Several poems were read, depicting the tragic aspects of his countrymen's serfdom in his beloved Ukraine, and his hopes and dreams of social justice.

In concluding the day's activities, it was decided that in April we would have a guest speaker informing us on "what's happening in South America".

— Victor Horon



Lucy Antoniwi paid tribute to Taras Shevchenko with a brief history of his life, times and works.

— Story photos: Victor Horon



Bill Uhryn, Branch 07 representative to the Annual General Meeting of the Taras H. Shevchenko Museum and Memorial Park Foundation, spoke about that meeting to the senior citizens, evoking many questions.



The volunteers once again served a hot meal which was enjoyed by all.

Is it time to  
renew your  
subscription?  
Check your  
label (page 1).



## Tango Theme for IWD Celebration

— Story photos: Victor Horon



About 300 people gathered at the the AUUC Ukrainian hall in Edmonton to celebrate International Women's Day on March 10, with a tango theme, including the CanTango group.

Amigas, the Latin American Women's Society, the Edmonton AUUC Senior Citizens' Club, and Edmonton AUUC Branch '07 successfully sponsored a celebration in recognition of International Women's Day 2007 at the AUUC Ukrainian hall in Edmonton on March 10, drawing a crowd of about 300 people. This was done with the theme of the tango.

Pauline Warick brought a warm welcome from the newly formed AUUC Branch '07 of Edmonton as well as from the members of the Senior Citizens Club.

"Ninety-seven years after its inception, International Women's Day continues to have great significance for millions of women throughout the world as they struggle for peace, liberation and national independence, economic security and against continuing

political, economic and social discrimination. ...It is time for the renewal of hopes for a better tomorrow for their children and themselves," declared Pauline Warick, President of the new Edmonton AUUC Branch.

Marie Luisa Parraguez spoke a forceful tribute to *Madres de plaza de mayo*, Mothers of May Plaza. This was written by Maria-Elena Leon de Alvarado of Guatemala. Excerpts from her presentation follow:

*International Women's Day has assumed a new global dimension for women in developed and developing countries alike. The international women's movement has helped make commemoration a rallying point to build support for women's rightful participation in the political and economic arenas. Increasingly, International Women's Day is a time to reflect on progress made, to call for change and to celebrate acts of courage and determination by ordinary women who have played an extraordinary role in the history of their countries and communities. A great example of women's participation is Las Madres de la Plaza de Mayo in Argentina, the Zapatista women in Chiapas....*

*Words alone will not change policy. Numbers are needed to influence policy — and change the world.*

*Reallocation of finan-*



Marie Luisa Parraguez presented a forceful tribute to Mothers of May Plaza, written by Maria-Elena Leon de Alvarado of Guatemala.

*cial resources to critical health care needs, including disease control, maternal and child care health and family planning and development of appropriate health systems.*

*Cooperation to establish, expand and strengthen community based approaches to family planning and family life education.*

*Access to information concerning women's bodies. The right to choose the number of children born and to plan families without government interference.*

*Access to vaccines, medicines and equipment.*

*Universal access to contraceptives for both men and women.*

*Durable arrangements ... in the debt burden.*

*Favourable trading terms and better prices for*

*primary commodities like coffee, tea, sugar, and cocoa...*

*Access to credit and training: programs for awareness and confidence-building*

*Small-to-medium joint ventures to create jobs...*

*Investments in the development and dissemination of appropriate technologies to reduce women's work burdens.*

*Access to good food, safe water, clean environment and education for both girls and boys.*

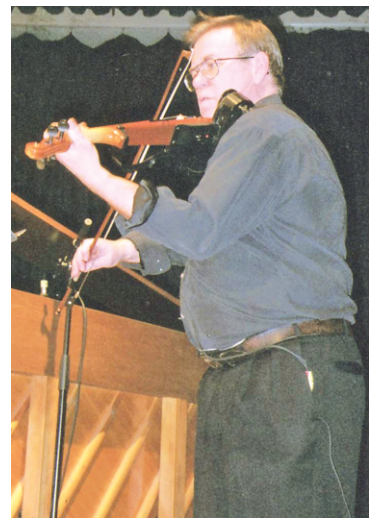
*Sustainable strategies for the use of natural resources.*

In her concluding statements Ms. Alvarado wrote the following: "Stop the violence and discrimination against women!!! Courage and solidarity are our major weapons against conformism and apathy!!!"

Following these two moving speeches, a concert program for the evening began.

Lialiana and Pablo from Calgary sang Uruguayan songs with strong, expressive voices. Prior to singing, Lialiana said it was "an honour to represent women among women".

As a number of songs were sung, poems were articulated, a PowerPoint presentation was viewed, and a stage band played, the appreciative audience was educated about the tango. By works of Canaro in Paris, we learned that the tango left Argentina, travelled



Dr. Blyth Nuttall conducts CanTango, as well as playing violin and piano with the group.

through Europe and Asia, thus beyond the borders of South America. The tango tells stories of war, love and nostalgia.

Dr. Blyth Nuttall, with the South American community, has started an orchestra called CanTango. Diana Nuttall plays the cello, Aline Brault, the accordion and piano, Charlie Neill the piano, and Jamie Calderon a guitar. In addition, Mr. Novella plays the guitar and sings, and Carolina Rajo is a soloist. While Blyth is the conductor, he plays the violin and piano as needed.

Many dancers performed on the dance floor as featured dancers or couples. These dancers brought passion and grace while the orchestra played through the evening. The large audience provided applause and approval.

— Shirley Uhryn



Branch President Pauline Warick spoke for the seniors and for Branch '07.



Edmonton AUUC Branch '07 and the Edmonton AUUC Senior Citizens' Club cooperated with Amigas on an International Women's Day celebration.

## Executive of AUUC Edmonton Branch '07.



The newly elected Executive of Edmonton AUUC Branch '07 is making preparations for the coming season of social and cultural activity. Determined to fulfil its commitment, the Executive is currently engaged in extensive discussions on how it can best meet the challenges. Indeed, the Executive believes, it will be an exciting year.

The Branch '07 Executive is shown in the photo above. Its members are (from left to right): Eugene Plawiuk (Vice-President), Blyth Nuttall (Treasurer), Victor Horon (Vice-Recording Secretary), Pauline Warick (President), Peter Zariwny (Auditor), Eva Daskoch (Auditor), Virginia Witwicki (Auditor), and Heather Elkow (Recording Secretary).



The CanTango ensemble appeared on stage, under the direction of Dr. Blyth Nuttall.

**Submitted  
separately  
as a .pdf**

— Story photos: Dan Fung

# Polka Me Now: Second Annual Spring Fling



The Second Annual Spring Fling on March 10 at the Ukrainian Hall was a great success; the young and old were all up kicking their heels to the lively music. After weeks of planning and rehearsing, the evening began with lively performances by the Barvinok Choir, the Dovbush Dancers, the School of Dancing and the Vancouver Folk Orchestra.

Once the performance was over, dinner was served. A scrumptious feast: pasta, salads and potato dishes all cooked to perfection, followed

**Top left, the Dovbush and Yalynka dancers combined in "Vitalnya", the welcoming dance.**

**The Dovbush Dancers, left, directed by Caitlynn Schell, performed (among other dances) "Skakukha".**

**At right, dancers step lively to the dance music of Reeltime.**

**The Dovbush Dancers, left, presented "Razeshaska".**

**Vasyl Pistruga conducted the AUUC Vancouver Folk Orchestra (right).**

**Beverly Dobrinsky conducted the Barvinok Choir (right).**

**"Polyssya Polka" was presented by the Yalynka Dancers (left), directed by Debbie Karras.**

**Shown at right, rockers Teen Make-up Band was one of the three groups providing music.**

**Music for the ever-popular kolomeyka was provided by pHRockets, left.**

by a tasty carrot cake for dessert. As usual, the numbered tables were called up randomly, and people emerged from the long tables of food with heaping plates. Once they had their food, everyone sat down to eat and conversation dwindled.

After the plates had been cleared and dessert eaten, the music began upstairs once the tables on the dance floor were pushed aside. As soon as the band started to play, the dance floor filled with all ages of dancers, waltzing and jiggling in time with the music. Square dances and line dances were interspersed with Ukrainian favourites like the *Kolomeyka*

— a dance that begins with a winding spiral that fans out into a wide circle where daring dancers show off their favourite solos.

The Hall emptied slowly as evening deepened and the tired revellers drifted homeward. Three bands, Reeltime, pHRockets and a teen make-up band, delighted the dancers with a variety of tunes from Ukrainian and Irish to modern rock and '50s- and '60s-inspired music. Many thanks to the volunteers and helpers who made this event run so smoothly, and to the talented organizers for arranging such a wonderful evening. Congratulations to the many talented performers, and to all those who came out for the Spring Fling.

— **Montana Hunter  
Megan Harris**



## The Pencil

(Continued from Page 3.)

dle of the projection, first drawing an arc upward, then another downward. That's how I learned to write it at home and that's how I essayed now with trembling hand to do it on the board. But now, worse luck, my hand was shaking, what little strength there was in it seemed to freeze up, so that no matter how I suffered to press the chalk to the blackboard, the confounded lines came out so thin and frail that they were hardly visible. With great travail I managed to write a three.

"Well, are you finished?" shouted the teacher and turned to me.

"Not... not yet," I answered and covered with cold sweat, I began to write 5, again according to my own method, of course, i. e., beginning with the bottom.

"What, what, what?" the teacher cried and ran up closer to me. "How are you writing, how?"

I was silent. My trembling hand finished the figure on the board. The five looked more

like an S than a round-bellied coxcombed 5.

"Oh, you sow's belly!" (That was the usual epithet applied by the teacher to the schoolchildren.) "Don't you know how 5 is written?"

And without waiting for an answer to this question, the teacher grabbed up a flat ruler from the table with one hand, with the other took hold of my hand, from which the chalk flew out, and a loud smack resounded over the classroom. My palm turned red and seemed to swell, while under the skin it was as though ants were crawling. I had been able to withstand pain from my earliest years, so I didn't cry, only made a face.

"So you don't know how to write a 5? Didn't you see how I did it? Look how 5 is written — like this!" and the teacher snatched up the chalk and with a sweeping movement first wrote a huge 5 on the blackboard and then one like it (though, maybe, not so correct and clear) on my face.

"Keep on writing," he shouted at me, "48!"

I took the chalk and began to write. The teacher looked on for another minute. The four satisfied him and he went

among the desks.

"Why aren't you writing?" he shouted threateningly at the boys, who were watching what was taking place at the board, half laughing and half afraid. At the teacher's roar all the heads bent down as grain bows its ripening, heavy ears before the wind.

"You, you marriage broker, how did you write 3?" the teacher asked one boy.

Instead of an answer, instead of an explanation, smack went the ruler on the palm of the hand.

"What's that over the 5?" he asked another.

"A blot from the quill."

Again a smack of the ruler on the palm.

"And you, godfather, why aren't you writing?" he asked a third.

"Because I... pl... please, teacher," Stepan Leskiv's voice came through his tears.

"What?" roared the teacher menacingly.

"I lost my pencil somewhere."

At that moment the chalk for some unknown reason fell from my hand. I repeat: for some unknown reason, for I was sure that the pencil which was peacefully reposing in my

bag didn't belong to Stepan. By no means! But still, when I heard his words, I became so scared and my hand began to shake so, that the chalk slipped from my hand like a fish. I was fortunate that the figure I had been ordered to write was already written, for now I couldn't have written it.

"So," shouted the teacher, "you lost it? Just wait a bit I'll teach you!"

The Lord knows what it was that the teacher wanted to teach Stepan. We, the pupils, only knew that two days back the teacher had had a terrible quarrel with Stepan's father and, it appeared, was only waiting for an excuse to take revenge on the boy for the father; aside from that, we saw that today the teacher was a little drunk and knew there would be beatings.

"March to the middle!" he shouted to Stepan.

The poor boy evidently knew what was coming and he moved slowly; the teacher grabbed him by his long yellow hair and dragged him to the middle of the room.

"Stand here! And you," he turned to me, "have you written it?"

"Yes, I have."

"Go to your seat. And you go up to the board."

With these words the teacher poked Stepan. I began to breathe a little more easily, firstly, because I myself was now seated in a safe place, and secondly, because I thought that nothing would happen to Stepan because of the pencil, since the teacher had sent him back to the blackboard — for I knew that Stepan could write. Only when I heard the angry voice in which the teacher dictated new numerals to Stepan, and saw how vicious he got when he saw that Stepan was writing them correctly, did I begin to be afraid for some reason. My heart was heavy as though something kept whispering inside me that if something had happened to Stepan because of the pencil, I would also be to blame. I don't know why such strange thoughts should come into my head, but one thing was certain, I was shivering like an aspen leaf.

Stepan kept writing figures until the blackboard was all covered and the teacher kept constantly watching to catch him making a mistake, but he couldn't.

"Enough," he cried. "Now lie down!"

"But what for, please, teacher?" asked Stepan.

"What? What for? You are asking yet? Lie down at once!"

When I heard those words I felt as though something was choking me. The teacher went to the back to pick out a stick, while poor Stepan, pale and trembling, stood by the blackboard, wringing the rag in his hands.

"Why does teacher want to beat me?" Stepan asked again through tears as he saw the teacher approaching with a rod in his hand.

"Lie down!" he shouted and without further ado he grasped Stepan by the hair, turned him over on the chair and began to beat him with the stick with all his might. Stepan cried out from pain, but the cry only seemed to infuriate the drunken teacher.

"You'll know next time how to lose pencils!" he shouted in a hoarse, panting voice and the rod whistled as it fell on poor Stepan's body.

What was taking place inside of me during that long, terrible hard time? The first idea that flashed through my head was to stand up and say that it was all my fault, that I had Stepan's pencil, that I had found it, but hadn't returned it. But fear of the whistling rod riveted me to my seat, and squeezed my throat as though with steel pincers.

...Stepan's screams tore at my breast. I was all bathed in cold sweat; I clearly felt pain, the sharp pain from the rod. I felt it in all my body and so vividly that all my muscles in-

(Continued on Page 14.)



## Contact us!

### AUUC NATIONAL OFFICE

National Executive Committee AUUC  
595 Pritchard Avenue  
Winnipeg MB R2W 2K4  
Phone: 800-856-8242 Fax: (204) 589-3404  
E-mail: auuckobzar@mts.net

### VANCOUVER BRANCH

Ukrainian Cultural Centre  
805 East Pender Street  
Vancouver BC V6A 1V9  
Phone: (604) 254-3436 Fax: (604) 254-3436  
E-mail: auucvancouver@telus.net

### CALGARY BRANCH

Ukrainian Cultural Centre  
3316-28 Avenue SW  
Calgary AB T3E 0R8  
Phone: (403) 246-1231

### EDMONTON BRANCH #2

Ukrainian Centre  
11018-97 Street  
Edmonton AB T5H 2M9  
Phone: (780) 424-2037 Fax: (780) 424-2013  
E-mail: auucedm@telus.net

### EDMONTON BRANCH '07

c/o 456 Rooney Crescent NW  
Edmonton AB T6R 1C8  
Phone: (780) 430-7078 Fax: (780) 430-7078

### INNISFREE BRANCH

c/o Mike Feschuk  
Box 216  
Innisfree AB T0B 2G0  
(780) 592-2127

### VEGREVILLE BRANCH

c/o Lil Humeniuk  
Box 481  
Vegreville AB T9C 1R6  
Phone: (780) 632-3021

### REGINA BRANCH

Ukrainian Cultural Centre  
1809 Toronto Street  
Regina SK S4P 1M7  
Phone: (306) 522-1188

### WINNIPEG BRANCH

Ukrainian Labour Temple  
591 Pritchard Avenue  
Winnipeg MB R2W 2K4  
Phone: (204) 582-9269 Fax: 589-3404

### OTTAWA BRANCH

c/o Robert Seychuk  
24 Attwood Crescent  
Ottawa ON K2E 5A9  
Phone: (613) 228-0990

### SUDBURY BRANCH

Jubilee Centre  
195 Applegrove Street  
Sudbury ON P3C 1N4  
Phone: (705) 674-5534

### TORONTO BRANCH

AUUC Cultural Centre  
1604 Bloor Street West  
Toronto ON M6P 1A7  
Phone: (416) 588-1639 Fax: 588-9180  
wilfredszczesny@netscape.net

### WELLAND BRANCH

Ukrainian Labour Temple  
342 Ontario Road  
Welland ON L3B 5C5  
Phone: (905) 732-5656

# Strike! on YouTube, in Concert, and on CBC

The Ukrainian Canadian Herald has devoted space to Strike! the award-winning stage musical by Canada's Danny Schur & Rick Chafe, a number of times, so it was no surprise when an e-mail arrived with information of yet another development in

the history of that piece. The e-mail and additional information are presented below in the belief that Strike! is of some interest to a number of "UCH" readers.

I am happy to report that Strike! has joined the YouTube age. I have uploaded

three clips from last year's Mini-Movie-Musical, in an effort to (1) help promote May 15th's CBC Radio Concert Special and (2) spread awareness of the movie adaptation to the largely US movie industry.

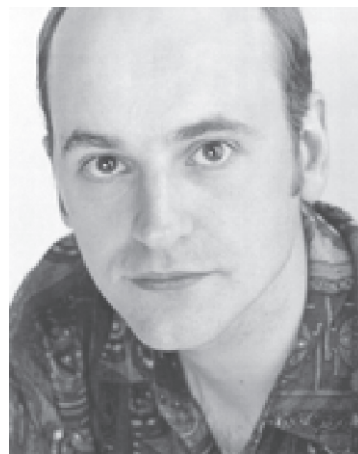
The address to watch the Strike! Channel is [www.youtube.com/dannyschur](http://www.youtube.com/dannyschur).

There are currently three videos up: "O'Reilly's Song", "Dearest Anna" and "Love in a Place Like This".

"O'Reilly's Song" is the featured video of the three (which, in practical terms means that it is the one that comes up biggest, and ready to play, when you come to the site).

I will be adding more clips as we make them.

I am seeking your assistance to not only view the site,



DANNYSCHUR

but to help sway YouTube editors to feature "O'Reilly's Song" in the editors pick area of the site.

Note that when you select a video category, the first page that comes up has about 20 vids, as selected by YouTube editors for special feature. The primary way that

editors determine which videos are notable is via e-mail. The editors pick area is the best way to ensure that a video goes from hundreds to hundreds of thousands of views.

I have begun a campaign whereby the editors are contacted and influenced to check out and select "O'Reilly's Song". If I could beg of you a minute to e-mail the editors with a plea on behalf of "O'Reilly's Song", I would be most grateful.

I suggest the e-mail subject line read: "O'Reilly's Song" & The Iraq War. (Yes, it's provocative, but I believe we need to be provocative to garner the attention of the editors.)

The addresses of the three editors are:

- [editor@youtube.com](mailto:editor@youtube.com)
- [bigjoe@youtube.com](mailto:bigjoe@youtube.com)
- [sublinx@youtube.com](mailto:sublinx@youtube.com)

I believe that the content of "O'Reilly's Song", with its strong message of the human cost of war, and its promotion of a universal human bond, is very topical in both Canada and the United States, as we struggle with our military's role in Afghanistan and the United States does the same in regards to Iraq.

It remains to be seen if "O'Reilly's Song" will speak to the zeitgeist of the times; only time will tell. But it is very empowering to know that public input can shape the YouTube editorial policy.

Please consider forwarding this e-mail to your contact list as well. If you haven't yet seen the mini-movie-musical, enjoy.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

— Danny Schur

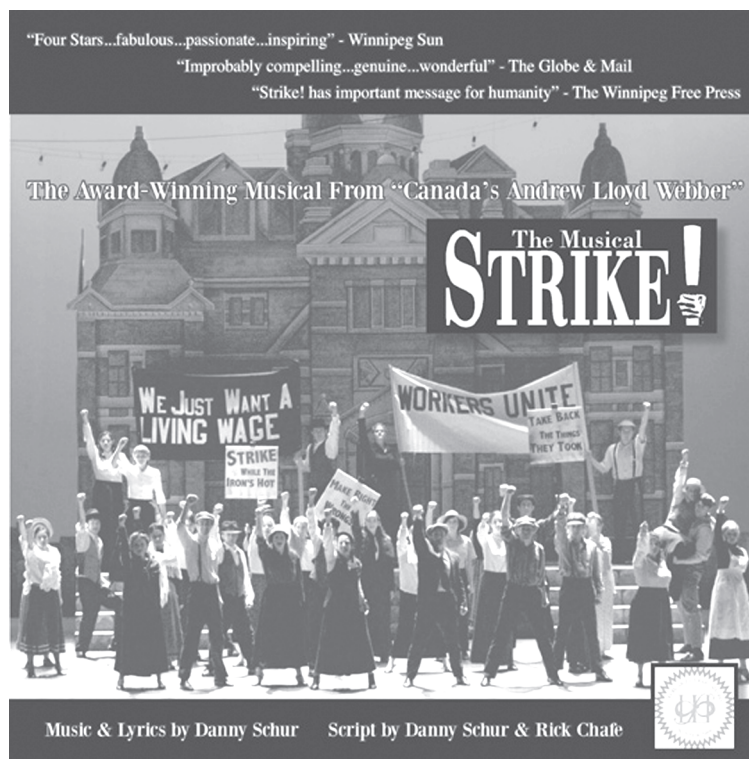
A visit to [www.youtube.com/dannyschur](http://www.youtube.com/dannyschur) revealed other interesting information. This YouTube channel is devoted to clips from the "Strike! Proof of Concept" (POC) demo trailer, from the movie musical adaptation of Strike! now in pre-production and shooting in 2008.

More detail was given on that channel about the concert mentioned by Danny Schur in his e-mail.

On May 15, 2007, at 8:00 pm., at Burton Cummings Theatre for the Performing Arts, 364 Smith Street in Winnipeg, Danny Schur presents the "Strike! CBC Radio Concert Special", a one-show-only concert adaptation of the award-winning musical featuring a nine-person alumni all-star cast performing in the 100-year-old "Palace of the Prairies". All tickets are only \$20 plus taxes and fees.

The performance will be taped for later broadcast on CBC radio.

More information is given at [www.strikemusical.com](http://www.strikemusical.com), which "UCH" readers might like to visit.



## Radio Kyiv World Service

(Effective from March 25, 2007, to October 28, 2007.)

Kyiv time	Frequency (MHz)	Wavelength (m)	Broadcast Area
00:00 — 03:00	7.510 (5.830)	41 (49)	Western Europe
02:00 — 07:00	7.440 (5.820)	41 (49)	North America
03:00 — 08:00	7.530 (5.830)	41 (49)	Russia
08:00 — 11:00	9.945 (7.420)	31 (41)	Western Europe
11:00 — 16:00	15.675 (9.950)	19 (31)	Western Europe
16:00 — 20:00	7.530 (5.830)	41 (49)	Russia
20:00 — 24:00	7.490 (5.830)	41 (49)	Western Europe

### Language Broadcast Times

Ukrainian	English	German
01:00 — 02:00 at 7.510MHz (5.830)	00:00 — 01:00 at 7.510MHz (5.830)	20:00 — 21:00 at 7.490MHz (5.830)
02:00 — 03:00 at 7.440MHz (5.820)	03:00 — 04:00 at 7.440MHz (5.820)	23:00 — 24:00 at 7.490MHz (5.830)
03:00 — 08:00 at 7.530MHz (5.830)	06:00 — 07:00 at 7.440MHz (5.820)	02:00 — 03:00 at 7.510MHz (5.830)
04:00 — 06:00 at 7.440MHz (5.820)	14:00 — 15:00 at 15.675MHz (9.950)	
08:00 — 11:00 at 9.945MHz (7.420)		
11:00 — 14:00 at 15.675MHz (9.950)		
15:00 — 16:00 at 15.675MHz (9.950)		
16:00 — 20:00 at 7.530MHz (5.830)		
21:00 — 23:00 at 7.490MHz (5.830)		
		Romanian
		20:00 — 20:30 at 0.657MHz
		22:30 — 23:00 at 0.657MHz
		00:00 — 00:30 at 0.657MHz

**Notes:**

This schedule is subject to change without notice. Current frequencies and wavelengths may change in autumn to the values in parentheses. Ukrainian, English and German language broadcasts by Radio Kyiv World Service may be heard in Real Audio at [www.nrcu.gov.ua](http://www.nrcu.gov.ua).

## The Pencil

(Continued from Page 12.) voluntarily contracted and trembled, while in my throat rose sobs which could have been heard throughout the room. But terror had stunned everybody to such a degree that notwithstanding the graveyard silence none of my classmates heard my sobs.

And the teacher continued to administer the beating! Poor Stepan had already become hoarse, his face turned blue from strain, his fingers convulsively dug into the teacher's knees, his feet kicked in the air, but the rod didn't stop whistling through the air and each swish, every whack on Stepan's coarse homespun shirt shook and squeezed thirty childish hearts in that classroom and evoked new screams of pain and despair from Stepan's breast. I no longer remember and I don't want to recall what was taking place within me during that terrible time, what sensations flashed through my body, what pain penetrated my joints, what thoughts tumbled about in my head. But no, there were no thoughts at all! I sat cold and petrified, like a stone! Even now, after sixteen years, whenever I recall that moment, it seems to me that it stunned me for a long time as though from a blow with a rock on the forehead, and if I had had many such moments in my childhood, I would have become the same sort of dolt as those which we see by the hundreds in every primary school in our country, those unhappy, physically and spiritually stunted children, whose senses from the most tender years were dulled by terrible, disgusting scenes, and their heads from six years of age stupefied by such school discipline.

At last the whistling of the rod ceased. The teacher let go of Stepan and he fell to the floor, drained of strength, exhausted and breathless. The teacher, red as a beet, threw away the rod and sat down in the chair from which Stepan had just rolled off. For a minute he panted, not saying a word. The whole classroom was silent, still as the grave and sad. Only the groans of the poor lad, who was convulsively sobbing, could be heard.

"Aren't you getting up?" hissed the teacher, kicking him in the side with his foot.

After a moment Stepan with great difficulty lifted himself to his feet and stood, holding on to a desk.

"Get to your seat! And next time know what it means to lose pencils!"

Stepan went to his seat. Silence again descended on the classroom. The teacher had evidently sobered up a bit and perceived that he had done wrong to beat the boy so hard.

He knew that it wasn't good to tangle with Leskiv. This thought irritated him more than ever and he sprang up and began to run about the room, panting heavily.

"Oh, you beggars, you bandits!" he yelled as he ran and it wasn't clear whether he meant us, the children, or the absent Yasinitsi citizens.

The teacher ran about the room some more, breathed heavily again and muttered under his nose, and then he turned to us and shouted:

"Go home!"

But even that usually magic phrase, which promised us reprieve from the burden of school learning if only for the day, now made no more impression on us than if it had been spoken to the deaf. Alarm and uncertainty had stunned all the schoolboys, and robbed them of their reflexes. A second, louder shout from the teacher was needed before all rose to prayer.

When the pupils moved from their desks and began to leave the room after the prayers, this was not accompanied by the usual noise and gadding about; all went slowly, glancing with apprehension at the teacher who stood by the table until all the boys had gone out. Everyone felt somehow depressed. Stepan went out sobbing, and when already at the door he glanced back at the teacher, the latter shook his fist at him. I went out practically at the end, barely dragging my feet. I was so terribly frightened and ashamed for some reason, that at that moment I would have been glad if I could have fallen through the earth. Maybe a murderer feels such a weight on his heart after he has committed a crime, I don't know. Especially, I wouldn't have looked Stepan in the face at that moment for all the money in the world. I imagined his

pain so vividly — no, I suffered it no less than he — and in addition that confounded inner voice constantly whispered to me that he was suffering on my account, that the pencil was his! Yes, now something told me clearly that it was his pencil I had found! And, it would seem, what could be more natural than to go to him now and give him back what he had lost. Wasn't it time already? But no! It seems natural, but for me, weighted down with fear, grief and shame as I was at the time, it was impossible. It wasn't that I still wanted to keep the pencil for myself nothing of the kind! It now lay heavy as a stone in my bag and burned my fingers from afar — I wouldn't have touched it then, or even looked at it, for anything in the world! How glad I would have been if someone had forcibly snatched the bag from me and spilled out all its contents, so the pencil could have fallen where Stepan could later pick it up! But nothing like that happened; the schoolboys had other things on their minds.

As soon as they were out of the school and the schoolyard, the schoolboys surrounded the still sobbing Stepan and began to question him, where and how he had lost his pencil, and what sort of pencil it was; some loudly denounced the teacher, others pitied Stepan and told him to be sure to complain to his father.

"H-how d-do I know w-where I lost it," Stepan sobbed. "But what will D-dad tell m-me now! H-he b-bought it for me in the c-city only d-day before y-yesterday, and I've l-lost it. Oh-oh-oh!" the poor boy wailed, for he was no less terrified of his father than of the teacher.

"Don't cry, silly, don't be scared," the boys comforted him, though I'm sure that not one of them would have liked to be in Stepan's shoes.

"Aha, d-don't c-cry!" answered Stepan sorrowfully. "He'll k-kill me for that p-pencil! He said he paid six pennies for it in the city. 'If you lose it,' he told me, 'I'll skin you alive, hear me!'... Oh-oh-oh!"

I couldn't listen any more. Stepan's every word hurt me like thorns, I ran home quickly, all a-tremble, pale and breathless.

"Oh, you've probably been fighting with the boys already!" cried my aunt when I entered. "Look how you come panting like a bloodhound! Oh, you beggar, you good-for-nothing, useless thing, you outlandish oaf!"

My aunt was twenty-odd years old and not yet married. She was "very good" — at least, you could say that about her tongue, which never liked to be idle and never lacked for words.

I hung up my bag with the books on a peg and sat down to eat without saying a word. Having eaten, I sat at the table and took a book, but not to study my homework — I was in no mood to study; I sat over the book like a stump and re-read the same words a hundred times without being conscious of what I read and what it meant. I tried not to think about Stepan, the teacher or old Leskiv, but their faces continually rose in my thoughts, chilling me to the marrow, gnawing and worrying at me like reminders of old crimes do to a sinner. I wished so hard that night would come already, but the night held off as though it was under a spell. I was afraid to look into the bag with the pencil as though it wasn't a bag, but a horrible pit, and not a pencil, but a serpent.

I won't describe the tortures I suffered before night fell. And what awful nightmares I had in the night, how I hollered, how I ran, how I hid, and how lizards ran and flew after me, each with a sharp mouth and "Mittel" written in large letters on its back, and how I was pricked by thorns with shiny yellow skin and six-sided stems, sharpened at the ends — but let all this sink in the well of forgetfulness. Suffice it to say that when I rose in the morning I felt as though I had been beaten black and blue or boiled in a cauldron, and in addition my aunt scolded me for tossing and screaming all night and not letting her sleep.

Early, before I had left for school, my uncle came from the village and, taking off his heavy cloth gloves from his hands, began to relate the various village news.

"Why did the teacher beat up Leskiv's Stepan so badly yesterday?" my uncle suddenly asked me. That question frightened me terribly, as though someone had poured boiling water on me.

"Well... well... well... he said that... that..."

"What's the matter, can't you talk, or what?" shouted my aunt, from the side. "So what happened to Stepan?" she asked my uncle.

"The teacher gave him such a beating for some kind of pencil, that the boy barely crawled home alive."

"What pencil?"

"Well, on Monday his father bought him a pencil, and yesterday he lost it. The teacher was drunk and he began to beat the boy as though he was to blame. The poor kid barely managed to get home, they say. So when he got home and told his story, the old bear went mad and began to beat the child. He took him by the hair and threw him to the floor and put the boots to him!... Lord! The old woman began to howl, the boy fainted, they were barely able to bring him to

with water, and they say that now he's in bed, can't move an inch! Why should they torture a child so!..."

Uncle hadn't finished his story when I burst into tears and interrupted him.

"What's the matter with you?" uncle asked in amazement.

"Have you gone crazy, boy, or what?" cried my aunt.

"I... I... I..." I stuttered, crying, but my sobs would not let me finish what I wanted to say.

"Well, what is it? Speak up!" said my uncle kindly.

"I... I found... Stepan's pencil!"

"You found it? Where? When?"

"Yesterday, by the school, in the snow." I said more bravely.

"Well, and why didn't you return it to Stepan?"

"I didn't know it was his and he didn't ask."

"And later, after school?"

"I... I was scared."

"Scared? What the bow-legged devil were you scared of?" asked my aunt, but I didn't answer her.

"So where is that pencil?"

"In my bag."

My uncle looked into the bag and took out that ill-fated pencil. I didn't dare to look at it.

"Well, look at it, good people, and for such a trifle they beat a boy so badly! May they both perish!"

Uncle spat and walked out, taking the pencil with him. My aunt pushed me out to go to school. I was still sobbing as I went, and the tears coursed willy-nilly down my cheeks, although my heart had become much lighter.

Stepan didn't come to school that day and all the following week, he was sick in bed. More than that, the next week our teacher also fell ill suddenly — my uncle guessed that old Leskiv must have given him "a good drubbing." I never actually found out if that's what happened — suffice it to say that I didn't see Stepan for two full weeks after that. Oh, how afraid I was to meet him now! How often, in my restless dreams, I saw his good, gentle face, still black and blue, drawn with pain and thin — and with what reproach his good-natured grey eyes looked at me! And when I did see him, when I heard his voice, all the tortures and perturbations of the past days seemed to revive at once in my soul — but only for a minute. Stepan was now well and happy as of old, he spoke to me kindly, as though there had been nothing between us; and he didn't even mention the pencil. Perhaps he didn't know that I had kept his pencil and so was responsible for his sufferings? I don't know. Anyway, at no time afterwards did we ever talk about the pencil.

## CROPO

### Funeral Chapel

1442 Main Street  
Winnipeg, Manitoba  
586-8044

www.cropo.com



Sir Thomas B. Cropo, K.C.S.G.  
Founder  
1925-1998

**Submitted  
separately  
as a .pdf**

## Who, What, When, Where

**Edmonton** — The Trembita Children's Choir of the AUUC will appear as **special guests at a concert** on Sunday, **May 6, at 3:00 p.m.** at City Hall. Admission free.

**Vancouver** — AUUC Vancouver Branch will be participating in the **Annual Walkathon and Perogy Lunch** on Sunday, **May 6.** The Walkathon starts at **11:00 a.m.**, with the **Perogy Lunch served from noon** at the Ukrainian Cultural Centre, **805 East Pender Street.**

**Vancouver** — AUUC Vancouver Branch and performing arts groups present the **End of Season Concert and Dinner** at the Ukrainian Cultural Centre, **805 East Pender Street**, on Sunday, **May 27.** The concert at starts at **2:00 p.m.**; dinner will follow.

**Winnipeg** — On Sunday, **May 6, at 2:00 p.m.**, the AUUC Winnipeg Branch will stage the **AUUC Spring Concert** at the Ukrainian Labour Temple, **591 Pritchard Avenue.** The program includes the Yunist Dancers, the Festival Choir, and the various classes of the AUUC School of Folk Dance. **Tickets at the door.**

**Winnipeg** — On Saturday, **May 12, at 8:00 p.m.**, at the Ukrainian Labour Temple, **591 Pritchard Avenue**, the AUUC Winnipeg Branch will present **Mostly Mandolins**, with the Winnipeg Mandolin Orchestra, the Praetorius Early Music Ensemble, and special guests Desert Caravan (authentic Middle Eastern music and dance). Admission: **\$10.00** at the door.

**Winnipeg** — On Saturday, **May 26, from 9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.**, at the Ukrainian Labour Temple, **591 Pritchard Avenue**, there will be a **garage sale**: collectibles, appliances, books, household items, children's toys, lamps, pictures, plants, tools, jewellery, linens, garden items, and much more. This is a fundraising event in support of our cultural forces. **A hot dog lunch will be available.**

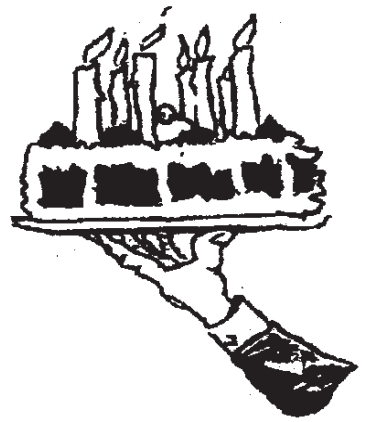
Readers of the *Ukrainian Canadian Herald* are invited to submit items of interest to the progressive Ukrainian Canadian community for free listing in this column. The deadline for material is the 10th of the month preceding the month of publication.

## Sustaining Fund Donations

Alice Bilecki, Winnipeg MB <i>In loving memory \ of my late husband Anthony and daughter Elizabeth (Betsy) Bilecki</i> .....	\$200.00
Victor & Sophie Mihay, Toronto ON .....	200.00
Steve Balon, Sudbury On .....	100.00
Walter & Lillian Gulka, Thunder Bay ON	
<i>In commemoration of</i>	
<i>Anne Krane's 90th birthday</i> .....	100.00
Mary & Victor Semanowich, Winnipeg MB .....	100.00
Myron & Elaine Semkuley, Calgary AB .....	100.00
Wilfred & Jennifer Szczesny, Mississauga ON	
<i>In memory of father Bill Szczesny</i> .....	100.00
Walter Fydenchuk, Crediton ON .....	70.00
Walter Petryschuk, Sarnia ON	
<i>In memory of father Michael Petryschuk</i> .....	70.00
Constantine Kostaniuk, Winnipeg MB	
<i>In memory of Nick Petrachenko</i> .....	50.00
Herma Pozniak Fernie BC .....	50.00
William Zadwirny, Welland ON .....	50.00
Stanley Nazarec, Toronto ON <i>In memory of orchestra partner, Stella Oijordon</i> .....	25.00
Rose Huzar, Oyen AB <i>In memory of Mike, Kathirin and Margaret Huzar</i> .....	20.00
Norma Skuro, Sudbury ON .....	20.00
Gail Lynn Bilecki, Mississauga ON .....	10.00
Adam Nedzielski, Toronto ON .....	10.00

**WE GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE THESE CONTRIBUTIONS AND THANK THE DONORS FOR THEIR GENEROSITY. IF YOUR DONATION HAS NOT APPEARED ON THE PAGES OF THE "UCH", WATCH FOR IT IN FUTURE ISSUES.**

## Happy Birthday, Friends



The **Edmonton AUUC Senior Citizens Club** wishes a happy birthday to the celebrants of May:

Maurice Warick  
Pauline Warick

May you have good health, happiness and a daily sense of accomplishment as you go through life.

The **Toronto AUUC Senior Citizens Club** extends best birthday wishes to May celebrants:

Shura Jurowski  
Mary Kuzyk  
Nita Miskevich  
Dorothy Mylko

May good health and happiness be yours in the coming year!

The **Vancouver Seniors Club** extends May birthday greetings to:

Charles Hegeous  
Sylvia Surette  
Anna Withers

We wish you the best of health and happiness in the coming year!

The **Welland Shevchenko Seniors** extend a happy birthday wish to May celebrants:

Victor Babiy  
Millie Kish  
Jackie Lauder  
Dora McIntyre  
Frank Panetta  
Betty Roberto  
Joan Sitak

May the coming year bring you all the best in health and happiness!

## JoKe TiMe

A fellow joined an order of Monks and took a vow of silence. However, he was promised by the head Monk that he was allowed to speak two words yearly.

After the first year the head Monk asked him his two words for the year. He replied, "More blankets."

After his second year, the head Monk asked him again his two words for the year. He replied, "More food."

After the third year, the head Monk asked him his two words for the year. He replied, "I'm leaving."

The Head Monk said, "Thank God. You've done nothing but moan since you got here!"

\* \* \*

One day this guy sitting at this bar in Winnipeg looked over and saw this guy that looked exactly like him.

He said to the guy, "Hey, you look just like me!"

The other man agreed and asked, "Where are you from?"

The first guy answered, "Winnipeg."

"Me too!" said the second guy. "What street do you live on?"

"Forty-Ninth Street," answered the first guy.

"Me too!" said the second guy, becoming increasingly excited. "What's your address?"

"951."

"Me too! Wow, this is incredible! What are your parents' names?"

"John and Cathy," said the first guy.

"Me too!" shouted the second guy. "I wonder if we're related!?"

Meanwhile, the bartenders were changing shifts and the guy coming on asked if anything was new.

"No," said the first bartender. "Just the Smith twins, drunk again."

\* \* \*

Working at a theatre box-office ticket window poses many challenges in dealing with people.

When a disgruntled customer at a window exclaimed, "No Tickets? What do you mean no tickets?"

The women waiting on him smiled sweetly. "I'm terribly sorry, Sir," she replied. "Which word didn't you understand?"

## SHEVCHENKO MUSICAL ENSEMBLE

Alexander Veprinsky *Artistic Director*  
Andrei Pendik *Dance Director*

*100 performers in Shevchenko Choir,  
Toronto Mandolin Orchestra and Kaniv Dancers  
Folk, World, Classical and Canadian music*

**Sunday, May 27  
2:00 pm**

**Leah Posluns Theatre  
4588 Bathurst Street  
(n of Sheppard)**

**\$25.00  
\$23.00 seniors/students  
\$12 children**

**416-533-2725  
e-mail: info-sme@bellnet.ca  
VISA Orders \$2 charge**

