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CENTRE CANADIEN D'ÉTUDES SUR LA
CULTURE TRADITIONNELLE
DOSSIER NO. 4

FOLK NARRATIVE AMONG UKRAINIAN-CANADIANS
IN WESTERN CANADA

ROBERT B. KLYMASZ

CANADIAN CENTRE FOR FOLK
CULTURE STUDIES

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF MAN

NATIONAL MUSEUMS OF CANADA

OTTAWA, JANUARY 1973

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ABSTRACT

This paper presents a survey of the Ukrainian-Canadian folk narrative corpus as recorded in Western Canada in the 1960's. The four introductory chapters discuss the various changes illustrated by the collected field materials. A total of seventy-four selected items appear in the appendices.

RESUME

Ce volume est le résultat d'une recherche parmi les Ukrainiens canadiens et se veut un recueil de leurs récits folkloriques tels qu'enregistrés dans l'ouest canadien pendant les années 1960. Les quatre premiers chapitres présentent les différentes étapes évolutives de ce groupe culturel et sont appuyés par des documents d'enquête. Soixante-quatorze exemples choisis parmi ces documents sont placés en appendices.

PREFACE

The following survey of folk narratives among Ukrainian-Canadians in Western Canada marks the first comprehensive work on this topic to have yet appeared in published form. Its purpose is to show what has happened to the traditional Ukrainian folktale corpus almost eighty years after its carriers first began settling the prairies in the 1890's. In general, the aims have been (1) to give an insight into the background and circumstances of folklore change as evidenced by these stories and (2) describe and account for the trends and processes which these changes reflect.

The primary source material found in the appendices were, for the most part, collected in the course of fieldwork conducted during the summers of 1963 to 1966 and in 1968. In addition to the introductory chapters, the texts have been excerpted from my unpublished doctoral dissertation of 1970, "Ukrainian Folklore in Canada: An Immigrant Complex in Transition." In keeping with established practice, however, the names of all informants have been omitted in order to avoid embarrassing those story-tellers whose narratives appear in the present publication. The stories themselves reflect in no way the feelings or beliefs neither of the author nor of the National Museum of Man but are presented in their entirety simply to give the professional scientist an insight into the culture from which these narratives derive.

The focus on the Ukrainian folk narrative departs from an entrenched predilection for works devoted to the Ukrainian folksong tradition. This will hopefully stimulate further study of other aspects of Canada's multicultural folk heritage and suggest the wealth of materials that await our investigation and study in the years ahead.

Robert B. Klymasz
(October, 1972)



Ukrainian Church near Gardenton, Manitoba (ca. 1915)

CHAPTER I: THE SETTING

Anyone in search of a Ukrainian community in Canada today needs only to keep on the lookout for the bulbous, onion-shaped domes that mark traditional Ukrainian church architecture. Cast against the prairie horizon in Western Canada, their glistening curves provide a striking contrast to the perpendicularity of clustered grain elevators soaring into the sky. Another telltale guide is provided, on occasion, by a whitewashed peasant cottage still inhabited, perhaps, by one of the early Ukrainian settlers in the area or simply maintained by the family for sentimental or 'historical' reasons. "This type of house," reports C.T. Currelly, "goes back in the Carpathian Mountains to prehistoric days." The autobiography of the first curator of the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology includes, also, the following brief description of a 'Galician' settlement in Manitoba in the 1890's:

They built their houses by driving stakes into the ground and then weaving a huge basket-like structure with the red willows. This was then mudded up. They dug deep down enough to get clay, which was mixed with wild hay and the walls heavily plastered on both sides... Inside, they built a stove of the clay, drew the smoke across near the floor with a horizontal chimney at the other end of the house. On the warm platform thus made they slept. The women wore embroidered, hand-woven shirts with two skirts, like big aprons fastened on either side at the hip, and in the wintertime both men and women wore sheepskin coats with the wool inside, very warm. The man would come and work for a Canadian for seven days, if the Canadian would take his team back and plough for them for a day. Sometimes the village would team up, and men and women alike would pull the plough, but that was not usual. The men were eager to go out and work for money, and in the winter were employed for chopping out scrub roots. (1)

Another observer noted that the coming of scores of thousands of Ukrainian settlers had been arranged for in "Napoleonic style":

They were hurled at the country by train loads. Little was known of the land they were to occupy, but it was all divided into squares. Big squares, six miles across, were called townships; each township had thirty-six square miles. Each square mile was called a section, and each quarter section was a hundred-and-sixty acre farm. (2)

With the continued influx of homesteading immigrants after World War I, Canada's population doubled between 1901 and 1931 and the prairies became alive with the hustle and bustle of frontier activity centered in mushrooming towns like Rorketon, Manitoba, with its

brightly illuminated shop windows, the electric lights which burned all night along its main street, the many buggies that thronged there, the plank sidewalks and the people moving about on them - in short, the intense life afforded by this big village with its Chinese restaurant, its Greek-rite Catholic chapel, its Orthodox church, its Roumanian tailor, its cupolas, its whitewashed cottages, its peasants in sheepskins and big rabbit hats - some, immigrants from Sweden; others, from Finland or Iceland; still others, and they were the majority come from Bukovina and Galicia. (3)

By the 1960's, Canada's assortment of "Galician," "Ruthenian," and "Bukowinian" (4) settlers along with the newly arrived Ukrainian refugees after World War II formed Canada's fourth largest ethnic group (after the British, French and Germans) numbering roughly half a million Canadians of Ukrainian origin. Over half of them are still found in Canada's Prairie Provinces where, as reported by Time Magazine, "yesterday's Simonetskys and Biley's, for better or worse, are today's Simons and Whites, and are more liable to be white-collar workers in Winnipeg than farmhands." (5) "The intense life" once afforded by Rorketon and other similar, rural communities on the Prairies has disappeared along with the "peasants in sheepskins and big rabbit hats." And aside from the cupolas or occasional whitewashed cottage, there is little else which can serve, at first glance, to distinguish the Ukrainian segment of today's prairie community except for the babushka-kerchiefs worn by the older Ukrainian women, their stooped and weather-beaten menfolk, and, perhaps, a certain lingering predilection for sunflowers in their gardens.

Everything else has changed since the "old days." Modern systems of transport and communication, for example, have introduced several undreamt-of luxuries to the Ukrainian peasant-farmer who still recalls the long hikes on foot to and from his homestead in the virgin bush:

They used to walk for a hundred miles to find a job. When I tell my children this, they say, "Why didn't you get on a train and go?" And I say, "Are you kidding? It wasn't possible then!" From Winnipeg they'd go six days on foot, - and hungry because there was no money to buy anything. Those were bad times - they gathered berries and ate them along the way. Right now it's good. My God, what we went through! If anyone at that time would have said that within sixty-four years there'd be towns, beautiful roads and aeroplanes here -- at that time people didn't know what aeroplanes meant and cars. And if someone would have spoken thus, then they'd say, "What are you talking about, man?"... They'd all laugh. (6)

Unable to cope with the physical demands of work on the farm, most of the Ukrainian 'old-timers' have sold, rented or left their lands to their sons and daughters and moved into town where the amenities of



Abandoned Ukrainian home on the prairies (ca. 1920)

everyday life include indoor plumbing, shops and stores within walking distance and, above all, hospital and medical care. (In fact, with the able-bodied either on the farms or migrating to the larger cities, some prairie towns have been saved from a ghost-town existence thanks to their medical facilities which, in turn, appear to be transforming some communities into retirement villages.) More venturesome and enterprising Ukrainian farmers did, of course, make the move from farm to town earlier in life in order to open up their own small businesses in the belief that the Ukrainian farmer would prefer to do business in town with his compatriots rather than with the local English or Jewish merchants.

In both town and country, the Ukrainian retains his traditional ties with the land. In some cases, home gardening remains the chief means of subsistence and providing extra cash. (7) This is often augmented by keeping a flock of chickens (which, in addition to meat and eggs, also supply feathers for pillows and comforters), some pigs, a cow, and by family excursions into the bush to pick wild berries and mushrooms, the latter practice providing the butt of ridicule in the following item from the current 'ethnic joke' cycle in Western Canada:

Question: How do you kill five thousand
Ukrainians at once?

Answer: Plant mushrooms on the freeway.

Hunting and fishing, although an important means of food acquisition in the early days of the Ukrainian pioneer settlement, now figure as popular sporting activities among the younger men. But in spite of increasing affluence and the growing dependence on marketed food products, some Ukrainian housewives find it difficult to abandon traditional horticultural pursuits resulting, at times, in a tendency to over-preserve and over-freeze home garden produce.

In referring to the home, the majority of Ukrainians on the prairies still use the word xata, a term which originally applied to the one-room, peasant cottage. Because "house," "home," and "room" are synonymous in Ukrainian folk speech, a host can invite his guest into the house and then into the living room using the same words in both cases. As typical of most homes in rural areas, the kitchen maintains its importance as the center of everyday activities within the Ukrainian family circle. The kitchen stove, in some instances, supplies the only source of heat in the house during the cold winter months, and the supplies of kindling wood neatly stacked in rows outside in the yard testify to the continued use of the old wood-burning stove in many a Ukrainian kitchen on the prairies. Usually large enough to accommodate all members of the family along with guests at a single sitting, it is the kitchen which often features the most number of exits and entrances of all the other remaining rooms in the home and sets the stage for daily confrontation and discussion. The parlor or "third room" (after the porch and kitchen) along with the dining room are kept spotlessly clean and are used only on special, family occasions although the recent introduction of the television set and record player has helped to disperse activities throughout the home. Signs of a Ukrainian background are limited to incidental items such as a newspaper or other printed

matter in Cyrillic script, a bowl of ornamented Easter eggs carefully stowed away in the china cabinet, or a decorative cushion embroidered in Ukrainian cross-stitch. Otherwise, the window sills are lined with potted plants and the walls hung with smiling family portraits, holy pictures, a landscape scene, and one or two plaques with the inscriptions "God Bless Our Home" and "Jesus Never Fails."

Organized social activities in the Ukrainian community revolve around the parish church and the parish hall. Larger centers usually have a resident Ukrainian priest who also assumes jurisdiction over many smaller churches which dot the surrounding countryside. The country churches invariably date back to the early years of Ukrainian settlement and predate the gradual 'Ukrainianization' of the towns which began after World War I. In some areas, the country parishes are being dissolved due to the increasing number of fully maintained, all-season roads which favor the centralization of regional church activities and eliminate the old seasonal hazards of driving into town to attend mass or to participate in some other church function. The annual test of parish solidarity continues to be provided by the parish feast in honor of its patron saint (xram / khram, or praznyk). In the Old Country, the feast was also inextricably associated with village pride, a factor underlined in the following excerpt from Illia Kiriak's novel of pioneering Ukrainian immigrants in Alberta, Sons of the Soil:

On St. Dimitri's Day Helena Workun decided to celebrate with a festival, because the village from which she came recognized St. Dimitri as its patron saint. On this holiday they put on a khram or a patron saint's feast. To this khram they would invite the people from another village. It was the custom that no one present in the village on that day was allowed to be hungry; and so the hospodari (husbandmen) would greet anyone who came out of the church and see to it that he got an invitation to the feast. And they kept watch for any stranger who might be around, the purpose being to obtain as many unknown guests as possible, so that it could not be said of the hospodar or the village that they were remiss in entertaining or welcoming anyone. Reputation entered into this custom also, and was a motivating force. Thus all the hospodari would make preparations ahead of time to feed as many as possible; and nothing could give them more pleasure than to spend the whole day, down to the early hours of the following morning, finding a place behind the table for guest after guest. It was a khram of this kind that Helena wanted to hold in her newly adopted homeland; so she conferred with Teklia Solowy about it, and they decided on a combined preparation for the forthcoming holiday. (8)

The village xram and other forms of regional differentiation which once distinguished one Ukrainian "colony" on the prairies from another (9) have been increasingly overshadowed by the forces of consolidation which, while blurring old regional loyalties, have brought into focus the larger question of nationalistic and ethnic sentiments. If, as one observer noted, the average Ukrainian peasant-farmer in Western Canada "knew little of his origin and cared perhaps less", (10) his contacts with Canada's English speaking mainstream forced him to assess and evaluate the significance of his own distinctive cultural complex and to assume some position with respect to the acculturative process which began to engulf him from every direction. The belated efforts of both the Ukrainian Catholic and Ukrainian Orthodox Churches in Canada to provide an organized Oberschicht bulwark against assimilation merely served to fossilize selected aspects of the old folklore heritage without providing channels for creative continuity. To a large extent, then, the old folklore complex has adjusted to the demands of the new secular environment outside and, at times, in spite of the Church and its tenets.

Sundays, church holidays and other days of rest are rigidly noted by the Ukrainian old-timers who disapprove of their children's growing disregard for the old Julian calendar and its various proscriptions. Such deviant behavior rarely goes unpunished, according to one lady informant, who cited as an example her neighbor's husband who died of a heart attack while shooting pool in his own home on Good Friday. Even the most conservative church-goer, however, will overlook such transgressions if the appointed day of rest conflicts with harvest operations. These constitute the most critical moment in the annual agrarian cycle and unite both townfolk and countryfolk in a feverish pitch of excited expectation. Premature frost, hail and unwanted rains can all cause severe crop damage and rupture the delicate economic structure of the entire community for months to come. In such times of frustration and disaster, the Ukrainian rural community readily turns to its religious institutions where the activities of the Almighty and His saintly cohorts often provide the sole and ultimate source of explication:

"The saints are to blame! God went on a holiday and the saints were left in charge. They asked God when they should give rain, and He answered, "Give rain when the people ask for it [= Ukrainian prosjať']. They didn't hear Him too well and gave rain when the people were harvesting [= Ukrainian kosjať']. (11)

Undoubtedly the most fitting climax to a successful harvest season is provided by the "Ukrainian wedding" which is planned weeks or sometimes months in advance and timed in such a way that possible conflict with harvest operations is avoided. Hundreds of guests, young and old, are invited and, in general, the smaller the community the more likely it is that all of its members will be in attendance. The highlight of a Ukrainian wedding on the prairies is the reception with its polka-playing dance band, its full course meal composed of a series of traditional Ukrainian dishes, the seemingly limitless quantity of beer, and the surreptitious circulation of home-brew. The Ukrainian country wedding



Haymaking near Foley, Manitoba, 1905



Ukrainian women reaping grain (ca. 1910)

also serves to attract former residents of the community, friends and relatives, the majority of whom represent newly urbanized city-dwellers; their temporary stay in the rural community provides an important, direct link with life in the 'outside world' of steady jobs and easy money — an image which they reinforce and, moreover, personify.

Throughout the summer months, special efforts are made to welcome back and pamper former residents whose total number can match or even exceed the population of a given rural community. Holidaying friends and relatives, however, place an added burden on the rural Ukrainian housewife who is always expected to feast her visitors even when they arrive unannounced and uninvited. It is in such sudden, crucial moments that she emerges amazingly victorious thanks to her well-stocked pantry, freezer, and vegetable garden outside. If, however, as one Ukrainian proverb implies, to honor a guest is to honor the Lord (Hist' u xatu - Boh u xatu), another proverb accuses the untimely guest of being but a barbaric Tatar (Hist' ne v poru hirsh tataryna) (12); and it is in her efforts to be prepared for such visitors that the lady of the house will draw on her legacy of Old Country signs which serve as clues to the number and, sometimes, sex of the guest(s) — to come. Tea leaves floating on the surface of a cup of freshly poured tea and table knives accidentally shoved off the kitchen table onto the floor are two of the many indicators that can point to the arrival of guests in the days ahead and provoke a quick mental inventory of food supplies on hand. (13)

In both town and country, the formal division of labor within the Ukrainian family circle is still recognized as that specified in the Old Country adage, "The woman looks after the house while the man works outside" (Hospodynja maje v xati robyty, a hospodar maje na dvori robyty). This neat compartmentalization of human energies according to sex and space continues to limit the scope of the Ukrainian woman's activities to those focused on the bearing and rearing of offspring and the routine maintenance of the home. Her spouse, for the most part, serves only as the input to these varied activities, a critical observer rather than an active participant whose work outside the home is meant to provide material support and evidence of his commitment to home, wife, and family. A more crucial factor reflected in this arrangement is the husband's potential as a threat to the 'little tradition' represented by his wife and her strivings for stability and uninterrupted continuity; his contacts, ties and direct involvement with the 'great tradition' outside the home thrust the husband into the position of an intermediary and introduce him to the pain and frustrations of his marginal status. The resultant tensions are, in turn, reflected in marital dissension, generation 'gaps' within the family circle, and factionalism in the community at large. For the young people within the Ukrainian community, the only solution is to align themselves with the mainstream, to abandon the old ways and leave the old-timers behind to ponder over and over again, "Why is it so?" (CHomu to tak je?) The individual's verbalization of ruts and dilemmas, their apparent causes and solutions, are generally focused on various and different aspects of the same situation: one Ukrainian lady ascribed the fragmentation of the old country cultural complex to God's vengeance "because people got to know too much"; another showed concern for the miserable life of the Ukrainian housewife which she felt was due to the attractions of sex ("The woman's like a

female cat with a male around: she always suffers on account of many kittens"). The menfolk are usually more frustrated by current economic conditions on the prairies where "the poor and welfare cases get more financial support than working people," while one physician of Ukrainian origin complained, "As long as we've got a queen, we're gonna be 'bohonks' and under English domination! I'd like to be a Canadian. I'd like to go to America and be an American... Good for the French, - they're kicking the English around!"

These and other, similar expressions of dissatisfaction within the Ukrainian rural community reflect a wide range of tensions. Some of these are shared by the entire community regardless of ethnic alignments; others are special to the Ukrainian enclave alone. And as the heir to a rich yet technically backward folk culture (14) it is the rural Ukrainian enclave which finds it doubly difficult to bridge the gap between the old and the new. In the course of the acculturative process, the Ukrainian Canadian has continued to shed much of the old cultural baggage and to alert and adjust himself to the complexities of an urbanized, English-speaking mainstream. He has failed, however, to obliterate, discard or sever his ties with his folklore heritage, often despite his occasional efforts to the contrary.

CHAPTER I: THE SETTING

NOTES

- (1) Charles Trick Currelly, I Brought the Ages Home (Toronto, 1956), pp. 27-28.
- (2) A.J. Hunter, as quoted by John Murray Gibbon in Canadian Mosaic: The Making of a Northern Nation (Toronto, 1938), p. 289.
- (3) Gabrielle Roy, Where Nests the Water Hen (Toronto, 1961), p. 20.
- (4) The problem of 'racial,' ethnic and national designation among Canada's early Ukrainian settlers is discussed by Vladimir J. Kaye in his explanatory chapter on "The Problem of the Ethnic Name," Early Ukrainian Settlements in Canada, 1895-1900 (Toronto, 1964), pp. xxiii - xxvi.
- (5) "With Pyrohy, Solyanka & Spirit," Time. Canada Edition, August 12, 1966, p. 12.
- (6) Recorded in Dauphin, Manitoba, 1963 (KLY 30, c.11-b, item 6). For a note on CCFCS archival finding numbers and the italicization of English loanwords, see the introductory note in Appendix A.
- (7) The fact that many Ukrainians on the prairies live in economically depressed rural areas has been supported in recent years by the findings of the Agricultural Rehabilitation And Development Administration (ARDA), a federal government agency which was established in 1961 to fight rural poverty in Canada. ARDA's calculations indicate that to maintain a minimum standard of living, a farmer on his own land, in 1965, had to gross twenty-five hundred dollars a year. "On this a farm family may net a thousand dollars and, if they keep a few chickens, kill a pig now and then, milk a few cows, can some vegetables, cut their own wood, make their own truck repairs, do without a pleasure car, send the children to school in threadbare clothing, run the risk of going without health insurance, give up holidays or recreation, they can, if their taxes are low, exist" (Alan Phillips, "Our Invisible Poor," Maclean's, Canada's National Magazine, February 20, 1965, p. 8). In some areas over thirty percent of the rural household fail to meet these minimum standards.
- (8) Illia Kiriak, Sons of the Soil (Toronto, 1959), p. 95.
- (9) The continued retention of traditional regional differences on Canadian soil was noted by Charles H. Young as late as 1931: "Here are not only "old world traits transplanted" but old world communities taken up wholesale and set down on the soil of our Prairie Provinces: a little spot of Canada that is almost Ukraine!.. So often has this occurred that a Ukrainian lawyer in Yorkton informed us that in making out papers for Ukrainians here he could tell the

name of the home village by that of the district in which they were settled in Canada. The people of Sokal, Saskatchewan, for instance, are from a place of the same name in the homeland; those in the Alvena district near Wakaw, Saskatchewan, come mostly from Cherniatyn and Horodenka; those in the Lemberg district from the vicinity of Tremballa and Hleschava; Keld from Kolomaya and Berezhicio... and so on" (C.H. Young, The Ukrainian Canadians, Toronto, 1931, p. 75).

- (10) Ibid., p. 174. See also Vladimir J. Kaye, Early Ukrainian Settlements in Canada, 1895-1900 (Toronto, 1964), p. 81.
- (11) Recorded in Keld, Manitoba, August 28, 1966 (field notes).
- (12) J.B. Rudnyc'kyj, Readings in Ukrainian Folklore (Winnipeg, 1951), p. 31 Cf. Volodymyr S. Plavjuk, Prypovidky abo ukrajins'ko-narodnja filosofija (Edmonton, 1946), pp. 65-66, 328.
- (13) The folkloric implications of fallen table knives are outlined by E.A. Hammel in his article on "Sexual Symbolism in Flatware," Kroeber Anthropological Society Papers, XXXVII (1967), 23-30. On at least one occasion I witnessed the 'coming true' of one of these signs indicating the arrival of unexpected guests in the near future. Cases of fulfilled expectancy would help, it appears, to reinforce the belief in the value of these and other signs. In this connection, compare the notion of "adventitious reinforcement" discussed by James M. Henslin in his article on "Craps and Magic," American Journal of Sociology LXXIII (1967), 316-30.
- (14) See Linda Dégh's comments on Octavian Buhociu, "Folklore and Ethnography in Rumania," Current Anthropology, VII (1966), 306. The 1921 Canada census figures indicated that the Ukrainians were that country's "most illiterate and backward immigrants" in view of the fact that, of the twenty-six principal minority ethnic groups in Canada at that time, the Ukrainians had the largest percentage of illiterates ten years of age and over (39.46%) and the highest percentage of those who were ten years of age and over and unable to speak either one of Canada's two official languages (32.98%). See L. Hamilton, "Foreigners in the Canadian West," Dalhousie Review, XVII (1937), 450-51.



Ukrainian settler and his wife clearing land
near Hadashville, Manitoba, 1917

CHAPTER II: THE HEROICS OF PIONEERING

Of those who actually participated in Canada's first influx of Ukrainian peasant settlers at the turn of the century, few are alive today. Having witnessed and survived the early years of toil and hardship, they invariably sense a strong feeling of accomplishment and are eager to relate their experiences to members of the younger, Canadian-born generation which, in their opinion, does not know or fails to appreciate "what we went through." Many of the Ukrainian old-timers are able to recall the old songs which depicted the immigrant's experience in his new Canadian environment. These frequently include a popular motif portraying Canada as a deceitful seductress who has lured the hapless peasant away from his beloved ones in the Old Country:

As I walk through Canada I count the miles
And bed down for the night wherever night falls.

O Canada, Canada, how deceitful you are!
Many a man have you separated from his wife,

Many a man and many children -
O how miserable it is to be in this Canada! (1)

These and other Ukrainian songs of emigration to Canada can be divided according to a chronologically arranged series of categories, each reflecting a different phase in the immigrant's experience: (a) emigration songs describing the immigrant's departure from his native village in the homeland, his journey to the New World and his arrival in Canada; (b) narrative and lyrical songs which report and comment on the new immigrant experience either from the negative or positive point of view; and (c) macaronic, comic songs which reflect the impact of culture contact in course of everyday life within the Ukrainian immigrant community in Canada. (2) The first two types of songs, outlined above, are no longer productive since the circumstances that originally stimulated their productivity and popularity have disappeared with the passage of time. Their inextricable association with specific stages in the immigrant's first efforts to adjust to his new environment has made them highly anachronistic -- a fact often verified by the singer himself when he explains, "That's the way it used to be, but it's no longer that way now."

Spoken narrative in the form of memorat, (3) however, allows the informant to circumvent the strictures imposed by song and to present a modern-day version of the pioneering experience. With no need to recall specific textual content matter, poetic form or melody, the narrator is free to develop and deliver his account with a sense of historicity that is totally absent in the songs of emigration. Although the latter, at times, provide a more intimate and genuine insight into the early immigrant experience, it is the memorat which serves as the outlet for fresh, evaluative comment by permitting past events to be viewed from the vantage point of the present. The men in this case are normally more talented raconteurs than their counterparts of the opposite sex. While female narrators are usually

quite able to provide incidental material and explanatory comments, their asides can hardly match the sweeping perspective of time or the sense of personal mission which characterize those accounts of pioneer days which are offered by the older menfolk in the Ukrainian community.

These accounts have their starting point in the Old Country where events and circumstances provide the incentives for emigrating to the New World:

I suffered in the Old Country! I had to [leave]!
I worked there on the great estates, for Jews, -
I couldn't make any kind of a livelihood there -
no one was able to earn a living on the estates!
Therefore, because of this, I came to Canada. (4)

The narrator can lend historical depth to his reasons for emigrating by referring, for example, to a feudal prince whose protection and favors for the home village were suddenly terminated in the nineteenth century:

[The village of] Bereziv had some kind of special distinction, even as far back as King Cas's time, - because at one time, long ago, a group of Ukrainians - Lord knows who they were, - but these Ukrainians helped the Polish Princes and they won the war, and therefore, that king granted freedom to those who had joined. And he said, "Go and find yourselves land wherever you wish and take as much as you want; and you shall not have to enlist in the army nor shall you pay taxes, and no matter what you will wish to build, all the same you shall not pay taxes for this."

And it remained thus for many years. I don't know for how many centuries this continued... But then, when they began to draft men into the army because of that Hungary, they lost their rights and from then on they had to serve in the army and to pay taxes.

And because of this, - my father who was there [in the army] for twelve years, he was given leave for only two weeks in eight years because his mother died, and then he returned and continued to serve in the army. Father knew how tough the routine was in the army there and he took pity on me, and because of me he decided to go to Canada. (5)

The skilled raconteur sometimes lends an epic 'feel' to his recollection by drawing on the traditional predilection for sequences of three. (6) This particular device becomes especially effective when the narrator wishes to impress his listener with the difficulties which he overcame before succeeding in his attempt to emigrate to Canada:

(1) And in that way I passed through one gate,
through a second, and I passed through a third.

And in this way I succeeded in getting to Hamburg and in such a manner I came to Canada. (7)

(2) I started out for Canada two times, - three times I started out: I was turned back the first two times, but the third time I escaped. (8)

The same focus on sequences of three can be introduced again into the memorat at a later point when emphasis is placed on the perils of pioneer life in the early days when "wolves hung around the house, and skunks would creep up to the house, and snakes would look through the window and crawl in -- that's just the way it was!" (9)

Basically a success story, the immigrant's account of pioneer days flows along with the help of various other devices and episodic moments. The use of quoted speech serves to dramatize various incidents, and, at times, the teller finds it difficult to prevent an indiscriminate shift from the third to the first person:

(1) Father says, "Wife, clean up a little because some neighbor is coming over, a guest." And so, then, my wife puts on the water for tea... (10)

(2) He came and began to talk with my father and says, "Do you wish me to find some farms for you some place?" - he ran a land agency. And I said, "That's why I came to Canada, because I heard that there are large farms here..." (11)

Hyperbolism offers an important means of vivid depiction. Some raconteurs prefer to intersperse their accounts with exaggeration on a small scale: "Even if it rained [as far away as] in Winnipeg, everything would already be floating in the house." (12) Others select specific incidents, which they inflate, concretize and turn into incredible tall tales. The following excerpt is such an instance and includes, as well, a reference to "three bullets" and the typical shift in tense from the past to the present which, in this case, serves to heighten suspense at critical moments in the story:

The agent took us through those mountains... Even had I bought a farm there, how could I possibly ship the grain out with such mountains and steep valleys in the area. There were rattlesnakes there. It would happen that as you ride along, suddenly the horses jump to the side and there she'd be [the snake], char-char [i.e. hissing]. He shoots it down, takes the tail and tears it off and puts it into his pocket, - he had a pocket full of that stuff, a whole pocket of that when we were riding there and back.

And we saw one as we were riding about eight or ten miles from town... and there among the hills was a man on a tractor ploughing up his homestead... He had a rifle... And it [the snake] was going by close to us through the

field and he [the farmer on the tractor] aimed and gave it three bullets through the head. That head pouted just like a cow's - O it had a belly of about fifteen or twenty feet, such a rattlesnake! It probably had lived for hundreds of years in those hills. After he killed it, he motioned to us; the man thought that perhaps he'll show us something new. We rode up and he says, "Look!" And when we looked it was awful to look on such a thing!... O was that ever a huge beast! Had he not had that rifle, then she would have killed them both on that tractor, — because there were two of them. (13)

Perhaps the most characteristic feature which distinguishes these accounts of early settlement days from other narrative forms is the constant juxtaposition of 'then' and 'now,' the 'old' and the 'new.' With a strange and untamed natural environment providing the backdrop, the immigrant's memorat is very likely to include several asides referring to aspects of the old material culture which have long since disappeared:

(1) And they used to get together. One man from the Old Country was able to make himself a sopilka [wooden flute]. I don't know whether you know what a sopilka is... I recall that my father had a big party and that man was playing the sopilka. Everyone would fill up on rabbit meat and drink tea... (14)

(2) So we constructed a kind of oven - I don't know if you've ever seen such an Old Country oven... (15)

(3) ...and they lit up their homshat — perhaps you heard about the stuff they call homshat. That's a kind of tobacco that used to grow on the farms, and it grew just like rhubarb and you could smell it for two miles around when someone was smoking it. Well, they began to smoke their pipes... (16)

The experienced narrator will also point to the 'good life' of those early days in contrast to the evils of today's competitive mainstream. "Our people used to get together, they loved one another and got along with one another. But now, no one likes anyone." These and other, similar observations are frequently voiced by the old-timers in the course of their recollections. One lady informant began her immigrant's song with the following complaint:

The early years were such
That the harvests were good,
Brothers respected one another
And sisters loved one another.



Ukrainian farmstead (ca. 1915)



Mr. Rodomsky's windmill, Foley, Manitoba, 1908

But now the years are such
That the harvests don't come up,
Brothers ignore one another
and sisters never meet together.

Nowadays brothers ignore one another
And sisters don't love one another;
Whenever they go out among people,
One sister slanders the other. (17)

Another example is the following account with its series of moralistic comparisons between the 'then' and 'now' triggered by recalling a simple scene in the pioneer home and terminating with a thought-provoking conclusion:

Once a neighbor was over at my father's.
He lived just across the road - the roads were
spaces cut through the forest and they used to
ride with buggies. Well, that neighbor of my
father's was talking, they lit up... And
suddenly the neighbor looks through the window
and says, "Hmph, God damn him! There he is
again!" And my father says, "Who's that?"
"It's that son of a whore," he says, "I'm in
debt to him --- I bought his buggy from him
and here he wants the money right away." My
father, bless him, says, "Why the devil did
you need that for?" "Well, I'm not going to
walk around on foot like in the Old Country.
Here they say that "Manitoba's a good country,
/ If you don't work - perish!" [a jingle in
Ukrainian: Manitoba dobryj kraj, / Jak ne
budesh robyv to zdyxa.] And that's the way
it is today. I've got one [buggy], but what
have you got?" he says to my father, like
that...

And today, fellas [narrator addresses
his audience], it's come to the point that the
younger generation hasn't gone through what
the older people did. To come in with a bunch
of children, - it was just as I tell you, -
that there were only stars, and a house...
This is the truth, this isn't a fairy tale
[bajka], you understand, not as if this was a
lie...

And it's come to the point that the
younger generation doesn't care about anything,
either about the church or about you, only
about themselves. You buy something - like I
told you earlier, - you buy something for
yourself, and he says, "Aha, God damn him!
I'll mortgage my farm and buy something better."
You understand, this is where you have conflict
today among the younger people and they become

fired against one another because they don't know how to live as they used to. Believe me that this is the truth!...

Many a time I've heard that we can not live, so to speak, in a brotherly way: [let's say that] you're walking and I drive by in a car, and you want to come along and you make a gesture — I don't even look at you! Then you stop [and say], "God damn you, man! Even if I don't have a single stitch of clothing to wear, I'll buy something better [than your car]!" And because of this, you understand, it's a shame that no one has a cent and that one assails another. And for what reason?! There is absolutely no reason in this! (18)

Most of the older folk in the Ukrainian community would tend to confirm the above observations. For the most part, however, their idealization of the pioneering past is focused almost exclusively on the intimate social aspects of traditional village life which, once transferred to Canada, became such an important instrument for group survival during the early years of Ukrainian settlement on the prairies. (19) The combination of economic prosperity, greater mobility and increased contact with the English-speaking establishment could not help but pave the way, as it were, for the onslaught of acculturation and the introduction of the Ukrainian peasant immigrant to a way of life based on 'private enterprise,' 'free institutions,' 'the spirit of competition,' and 'individual rights.' Indeed, as early as 1900, some senior immigration officers in the Government's Department of the Interior had "no difficulty in arriving to the conclusion that, given a chance in our country, amid its free institutions, he will quickly become Anglicized, and, through his natural thrift and industry, will develop in a few years into a citizen of whom the most sensitive Canadian will not be ashamed." (20)

The gradual fragmentation of the Ukrainian peasant way of life in Western Canada signaled the success of the immigration venture in its economic aspects but jeopardized the basic, horizontal structure of the Old World social order which had been transplanted to Canada. Having begun his vertical and sometimes chaotic climb up the economic ladder, (21) the ambitious Ukrainian immigrant farmer posed a threat to the old status quo with its intricate network of "brotherly" relationships. The resultant conflict between the 'old' and the 'new' was largely interpreted by the Ukrainian community as being rooted in avarice and greed, evils which prompted the productive retention of exemplary folk narratives illustrating the doom which awaits those whose wealth blinds them to the needs of friends, relatives, and loved ones. At the same time, Old Country tales that appeared to tolerate socioeconomic disparity gradually ceased to circulate, bringing to an end the make-believe world of benevolent kings, handsome princes and beautiful princesses.

CHAPTER II: THE HEROICS OF PIONEERING

NOTES

- (1) Recorded in Fork River, Manitoba, 1964 (KLY 57, c. 34-a). The original, transcribed text, in Ukrainian, reads as follows:

 Xodzhu po Kanadi taj myli raxuju,
 De j nje nich napadyt tam perenochuju.

 Kanado, Kanado, jaka ty zradlyva,
 Ne jednoho cholovika z zhinkou rozluchyla,

 Ne jednoho cholovika taj ne jedni dity,
 Oj hore zh tam hore v Kanadi sydity.
- (2) A more detailed discussion of the Ukrainian-Canadian immigrant folksong cycle was published in my article on "The Case for Slavic Folklore in Canada," Proceedings of the First Conference on Canadian Slavs at Banff, Alberta (University of Alberta, 1966), pp. 110-20. Folksong texts in both Ukrainian and English translation along with musical transcriptions appear in my Introduction to the Ukrainian-Canadian Immigrant Folksong Cycle (Ottawa, 1970).
- (3) According to Laurits Bødker, Folk Literature (Germanic), Vol. II of International Dictionary of Regional Ethnology and Folklore (Copenhagen, 1965), p. 195, the term memorat is used to denote "a narrative told by people about a purely personal experience of their own. A m. has not the nature of fiction, and it is not tradition."
- (4) Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, 1963 (KLY 25, c. 6-a, item 10).
- (5) Recorded in Dauphin, Manitoba, 1963 (KLY 39, c.20-a, items 9 and 10).
- (6) In this connection see Alan Dundes, "The Number Three in American Culture," in Every Man His Way: Readings in Cultural Anthropology, ed. Alan Dundes (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, 1968), pp. 401-24.
- (7) KLY 39, loc. cit.
- (8) KLY 25, loc. cit.
- (9) Recorded in Dauphin, Manitoba, 1963 (KLY 30, c.11-b, item 6).
- (10) Recorded in Ashville, Manitoba, 1963 (KLY 24, c.5-a, item 14).
- (11) KLY 30, loc. cit.
- (12) KLY 24, loc. cit.

- (13) Recorded in Vegreville, Alberta, 1965. (KLY 72, item 4).
- (14) KLY 24, loc. cit.
- (15) KLY 30, loc. cit.
- (16) KLY 24, loc. cit.
- (17) Recorded in Rama, Saskatchewan, 1964 (KLY 54, c.31-a, item 2).
- (18) KLY 24, loc. cit.
- (19) Descriptive accounts cited by Vladimir J. Kaye, Early Ukrainian Settlements (Toronto, 1964), pp. 322, 348, show how the beginnings of commercial grain farming in the Ukrainian "colony" were, to a large extent, dependent on such Old Country folkways.
- (20) Report of W.T.R. Preston, as quoted by Kaye, *ibid.*, 130.
- (21) C.H. Young, The Ukrainian Canadians (Toronto, 1931), pp. 85-86, reported, for instance, that "Progress... has been, if anything, a little too rapid. Yet it was inevitable, perhaps, that with each transition there should be excessive expansion and a prevailing inability of the farmers to adjust themselves to all the conditions associated with successive changes. This was first experienced in the change from oxen to horses, especially in the poorer districts where they could barely raise sufficient oats to feed the horses. But complications followed the introduction of farm machinery. With this they are now well equipped, some say too well, for many of their settlements are overrun with threshing outfits, and the threshing outfit is just the thin wedge making for more machinery and greater expenditures."



Settlers on their way to Winnipeg, 1906



Market day, Sheho, Saskatchewan (ca. 1910)

CHAPTER III: OLD WORLD NARRATIVES FOR A NEW ENVIRONMENT

It is generally assumed that the vacuum which surrounded the early Ukrainian settlement on the prairies greatly favored the transfer and retention of the Old World cultural complex in the new Canadian environment. In many instances, individual "colonies" were composed of immigrants from the same village or district in the Old Country, a situation which some observers feared would lead to the Balkanization of Western Canada. (1) The apparent "solidarity" of the large Ukrainian bloc settlements was portrayed by one sociologist in 1931 as follows:

To a stranger with a superficial knowledge of the situation, what is to all intents and purposes a Canadian village, Canadian controlled, is in reality a settlement of people of foreign extraction, with customs, attitudes, sentiments, and institutions of alien origin and sympathy, touching Canadian life only at secondary points and on rare occasions...

All of which has a very definite bearing on the character of these settlements and the question of assimilation. Mrs. Petro _____ and Mrs. Wasyl _____ are not only Ukrainians and "sisters under their skins" but they are old-time neighbours. They have a common background not only of cultural tradition but of family gossip. They are at home here, for this is their village, these are their relatives and friends. Not only is their language spoken but their customs persist; and these differ, even to their head-dress, as did those of the house-wives of the different villages in the homeland. The whole round of their existence in Canada is knit together by these homely ties and common customs and their social life is lived in association with the same institutions familiar to them in the old country.

Each settlement is a little Ukraine in which anything of a foreign nature rarely intervenes to mar the even tenor of their ways. For miles one may ride and see nothing but thatch-roof houses now used as barns; hear nothing but Ukrainian from the adult members of the settlements; feel nothing but a sense of strangeness which even time has not altered for the Anglo-Saxons long resident in the districts. "We are foreigners here," one said to us, and the remark serves to emphasize the solidarity and oneness of the rural Ukrainian colonies in the Canadian West. (2)

In spite of the wholesale cultural continuity suggested by these and other, similar observations, the transfer of the old folklore complex was far from a simple, mechanical exercise in transplantation. Overwhelmed by the ordeal of emigration and the monumental dimensions of a new and untamed natural environment, (3) the Ukrainian peasant in Canada could hardly produce an exact and 'untainted' replica of his Old World folktale corpus. The sly gypsies, landed magnates, Jewish

innkeepers and unpriestly clerics, for example, were all precariously missing in the early Ukrainian settlement on the prairies. At the same time, however, the isolated immigrant "colony" was unable to draw on or absorb the narrative traditions of the older, established segments of the surrounding population due to social, natural, and language barriers. The lack of a new and dynamic input jeopardized the vitality of the immigrant's traditional folktale corpus which to a large extent remained grounded, as it were, in a distant setting that with each successive generation became more and more alien, old fashioned, and irrelevant. The gypsies, Jews and Old Country magnates were relegated to a mythical existence, frozen in time and space, historical entities whose antics, foibles and assorted idiosyncrasies are still chuckled over by the old-timers but hardly appreciated by the Canadian-born. The older folk in the Ukrainian community continue to draw on the traditional repertoire as a source of entertainment, instruction, and guidance but are pressed to shift the focus of attention from the Old Country setting and the *dramatis personae* to the situation of conflict and humor. This process of recession is continually being countered by the intake of new, non-traditional, and often 'outside' features and materials. In this way, then, having become sufficiently bilingual and bicultural to exploit other sources of lore, the Ukrainian folk community today fills in the gaps created by a somewhat paralyzed Old Country narrative corpus.

In general terms, the contemporary Ukrainian folktale corpus in Western Canada functions in the form of three clusters of thematic material: (1) moral and didactic stories directed against greed and avarice; (2) stories of life within the family circle; and (3) anti-clerical tales and anecdotes. Occasionally, these groupings overlap with one another. In all three cases, however, layers of traditional Old Country narrative materials are not moribund relics but serve as generative foils which can either substantiate, reject or stimulate the production and incorporation of new and relatively recent features. Viewed externally, the carry-over and general stability of the thematic clusters themselves have their roots in three fundamental aspects of peasant life which still typify the Ukrainian rural community in Western Canada today: the concern with money, family, and church. These, in effect, provide the pivots around which the contemporary folktale tradition revolves.

Lessons for the Greedy. (Text nos. 1 - 10) On emigrating to Canada, the Ukrainian settler left behind his two most important sources of formal instruction: the village church and the school, which, in many cases, had been introduced only a few years prior to his departure for the New World. This lack of formal guidance and leadership during the initial stages of pioneering in the Canadian West (4) reinforced the role of the oral tradition which became the only readily available source of reference for matters concerning conduct and behavior. Moreover, the absence of those institutionalized controls which marked the authoritarian regime in the Homeland threatened to plunge the Ukrainian "colony" into chaos; for while the collective mentality of the Ukrainian community was accustomed to and able to cope with the levelling, homogenizing effects of a suppressive social order, it was hardly prepared to confront the competitive, grab-bag atmosphere of frontier life in the New World. In an effort to neutralize the

disruptive dangers of factionalism within the community and the family, the traditional tale corpus was used to help provide a protective buffer to control increasing social mobility and economic disparity as the Ukrainian peasant immigrant gradually divorced himself from the "colony" to take full advantage of the opportunities which the new Eldorado afforded.

The traditional tale corpus with its trickster cycles and stories of poor heroes and rich adversaries offered ample scope for inspiration and adaptation. In fact, on perusing the prose narratives recorded among Ukrainians in Western Canada, one is struck by the seeming indispensability of economic motives and motifs! The essential thematic component is simply the crucial and contrastive juxtaposition of a malicious, greedy antagonist with his poor but eventually victorious protagonist. Special effect is achieved by underlining the damage that greed and avarice can do to social ties (family, kinship, and ritual) by presenting the basic conflict in terms of two brothers (nos. 5-7), two godparents (no. 8), husband and wife (no. 37) parent and child (no. 10), bridegroom and his best man (no. 9). The inculcation of the evils posed by envy and greed as ever-present threats to personal survival is reflected in the retention of suitable children's tales and, perhaps even more crucially insofar as the immigrant is concerned, in the stories of conflict between fathers and their greedy sons or daughters (no. 10). The implications of the golden rule permeate throughout these narratives which emphasize that overall harmony within the family and the community is to be achieved by avoiding the desire to exploit a stroke of good luck at the expense of others and by being generous towards one's poorer brothers in time of need. In following these precepts, the peasant immigrant was guaranteed, as it were, a morally 'clean' reputation in the eyes of the Ukrainian folk community. The same precepts, however, appeared to condone the poverty which he sought to escape in the New World by their inability to acknowledge the opportunities for advancement promised by a new and different environment.

Tricksters Old and New. (Text nos. 11 - 23) The attempt of the traditional tale corpus to censure greed and avarice within the Ukrainian immigrant community was strongly reinforced by the stories of Old Country tricksters --- gypsies, Jews, and clerics --- whose assorted machinations offered much comic relief but also reflected the perennial dilemma of a peasant community (5) entrapped in a position which makes it highly vulnerable to exploitation from 'above' (landlords, Jews, clergy) while lower echelons within the society seem free to circumvent this predicament; even the poor, despicable gypsy, for instance, could match and outwit the manipulations of landed magnates, wealthy innkeepers and parsons (nos. 11-13). To a large extent, the behavior of the Old Country tricksters appeared to explain to the peasant how 'others got away with it' but hardly provided a sanctioned model for overt conduct that he himself could follow. Moreover, the folkloric demise of the Old Country trickster (nos. 14, 16, 18, 24-31) not only cancelled out such a possibility but, simultaneously, served to reactivate the peasant's traditional hostility for those outside his class and to reinstate the line of socioeconomic demarcation.



Dedication of Ukrainian Church near Foley, Manitoba, 1906

Whether serious or humorous, explicit or implicit, regardless of its approach to the problem at hand, the traditional tale corpus was unsuccessful in its efforts to cope with or adjust to the Ukrainian immigrant's appetite for material and monetary gain in the New World. Although it was a relatively simple matter for the peasant immigrant to agree with the general consensus of opinion presented by the stories that the 'filthy rich' were greedy and, therefore, must fail, it became increasingly difficult for him to identify himself with the poor protagonist who relied on magic helpers (nos. 5-6, 18, 32) or some equally distant source of luck to achieve economic security and material goals. Old Country dream worlds, wishful thinking, and tricks failed to provide a constructive program for action as the immigrant struggled to weigh and evaluate the opportunities for advancement which confronted him with every outside contact he made. Moreover, the peasant immigrant had himself become a landowner whose farm holdings, at times, surpassed those of the Old Country magnates who were so denigrated in the tales. To the ears of the younger, Canadian-born generation, the old stories appeared to confuse greed with initiative, dampened the individual's efforts to 'get ahead,' pedestaled the poverty of an Old Country peasantry, and, in general, acquiesced in the status quo of a social and economic order far removed from the Canadian mainstream.

With their direct access to the specifics of Canada's cultural patterns, the Canadian-born members of the Ukrainian folk community in Western Canada listen to the Old World of fantasy and fiction with passive interest while actively circulating stories about bank managers, the clever New World Jewish businessman, hotel owners, the covetous Scotsman and others (nos. 19 to 23) whose machinations in English-language folklore have a real and more immediate message than the Old World trickster figures. Moreover, in contrast to the Old World corpus, the English-language tricksters always appear to succeed and can even be represented by a member of one's own class: rivalry between 'brothers' is not only tolerated but joked about (no. 23; cf. nos. 5 and 8)! It is, then, the New World's roster of mainstream trickster figures which is replacing the old in the transition from the age-old horizontal, homogeneous orientation of a peasant society to a cultural system which not only endorses but also provides for a mobility which is the complete reversal of the old.

Parsons and Dogma in Eclipse. (Text nos. 24-31, 13-15, 1 13, 33) The Ukrainian peasant in both the Old and the New Worlds has always given formal recognition to the church as the centre of his religious, spiritual and social life. "They go to church even if there is no preacher or priest," remarked one early observer in Western Canada. (6) In spite of such overt allegiance to the church, the Ukrainian folk community has never fathomed the 'mysteries' propounded from the pulpit with its dedication to the written word. Considered by some to be a "relic of the Middle-Ages," (7) the 'faith' of the Ukrainian peasant immigrant in Canada was a pragmatic blend of the old and the new that included a considerable backlog of pagan features and challenged established church authorities in Canada who noted that

Unknown and occult factors are at work with the
blood of several generations, pulsating in the veins
of the new Canadian. Whilst beckoning hands stretch

out to receive him on our shores and initiate him into our national life, other hands, the hands of the dead, stretch out through several generations to lay claim on him. (8)

The early years of Ukrainian settlement in Western Canada were especially susceptible to "the hands of the dead" since the total lack of Old Country priests paved the way for a temporary, sudden resurgence of pagan customs and beliefs, (9) a phenomenon which in turn served to intensify the subsequent "struggle for the mastery of the Ruthenian soul" (10) among various Ukrainian and non-Ukrainian sects in Canada. One Catholic writer described the situation as follows in 1921:

The dearth of priests, the difference of rite, the difficulty of language, and the great number of Ruthenians, created for the Church an almost insurmountable barrier which nothing short of a miracle could overthrow. This sudden and large influx of Catholics belonging to the Greek rite, into a Country where the Latin Church alone prevailed, constitutes a fact that has never been seen before in the history of the Church. Thousands and thousands of these Greek Catholics were scattered through the prairies; roaming flock without shepherds, a prey to ravening wolves. Heresy, schism, atheism, socialism and anarchy openly joined hands to rob these poor people of the only treasure they had brought with them from the old-land, --- their Catholic Faith. Presbyterian ministers were seen to celebrate among them "bogus masses"; schismatic emissaries tried to bribe them with "Moscovite" money ; fake bishops were imposing sacrilegious hands on out-laws and perverts; traitors from among their ranks, like Judas, bartered away their faith for a few pieces of silver; a subsidized press...was ever at work, playing on their patriotism and exploiting their racial feelings, to cover with ridicule their faith and pious traditions. The public school became in the hands of the enemy the most powerful weapon. Government itself, through its various officials, often went out of its way to thwart the efforts of our missionaries. (11)

Confronted on all sides with disorganization, chaos, ambiguities and intolerance, the Ukrainian immigrant retained and extended his traditional repertoire of "anti-religious" folklore (12) to include anecdotes about Presbyterian ministers and Irish clergy (nos. 27, 30). Never a hero, the parson is portrayed as a potential trickster, whose motivations are in doubt and conduct questionable. Devoid of understanding, he can be stupid and ignorant of nature and a falsifier of truth. It is above all the parson who epitomizes everything that the Ukrainian community sees as being 'wrong' with the church, with organized religion, and religious beliefs. No longer indispensable, the



Bukovinian mother and child, Sneho, Saskatchewan (ca. 1907)

priesthood has been stripped of the respect and homage which the peasant accorded to it in the Homeland and totally divested, through folklore, of the aura which once marked this elite vocation in the Old Country.

The continued viability of folklore as a means for communication within the Ukrainian community in Western Canada today has not gone unnoticed by the clergy. In this connection, it is worthwhile to note that a collection of Sermon Plans For Oriental Catholics recently published in Saskatchewan includes the following suggestions for the benefit of preachers wishing to improve their rapport with the Ukrainian parishioner:

...after you have outlined the main ideas of your sermon and all that you know and believe [sic] to be useful on the subject, start looking for other useful ideas from other SERMON BOOKS or from books of spirituality or any useful source. For instance, I know some priests, who, after they have written their sermon in ukrainian [sic] will be looking for ukrainian expressions and proverbs in Wolodymyr Plaviuk's BOOK OF PROVERB [sic] "PRYPOVIDKY" for there they find condensed, as the author himself tells us in his preface, the national philosophy of the ukrainian people that has been accepted for centuries and has served as the basis of their life pattern and social behavior.

In like manner all the readings of the preacher should serve him in good stead to help his people on the road to heaven... (13)

Women: Sex, Denigration, Emancipation. (Text nos. 32 - 46)

Old Country stories of everyday family life have, in general, survived for their entertainment value. But because the telling of tales remains almost exclusively a male preoccupation within the Ukrainian folk community, this particular segment of the traditional narrative corpus also provides the male raconteur with an opportunity to depict and comment upon various aspects of the opposite sex as exemplified by those females which are closest to him: his wife and/or daughter(s). It is not surprising, then, that a considerable amount of bias directed against women is to be found in this portion of the narrative tradition. The ideal of marital fidelity, for example, is rarely attributed to the female sex (no. 32) which tends to be viewed in terms of a trickster figure whose chicanery, on occasion, can prove to be of help (nos. 32, 33) but usually works in treacherous fashion against her spouse (nos. 34 - 38). An additional debilitating dose of prejudice is provided by the lewd and usually humorous predicaments to which the woman is subjected (nos. 39 - 43), a source of denigration which serves as supporting evidence in favor of traditionally sanctioned male superiority and dominance over the female sex.

Barred from active participation in an 'all-male' genre, the Ukrainian peasant woman usually camouflaged her pathetic protest by verbalizing it in terms of song, poetic narrative, and lyrical melody:

A father had one daughter,
And only yesterday she was bethrothed.

She was betrothed to a man in Halych,
To a priest's son in Halych.

And when they were giving her away, they said,
"Do come and visit with us when you can, O daughter!"

One year, then two went by, --- the daughter didn't appear;
In the third year she came flying.

And she sat down in the cherry orchard,
In the cherry orchard in the last tree,

In the last tree --- the one I have in mind,
And she began to coo sorrowfully.

She began to call on her father,
And her father came out of the house.

"O you grey cuckoo bird,
If you're a cuckoo, go and coo in the woods!"

"If you are my daughter, please come into the house." (2)
"I am not a cuckoo bird, I am your daughter!" (2)

She came into the house and greeted everyone,
And her father began to ask her questions.

"Where are your rosy cheeks, O daughter?"
"My husband has them in the palms of his hands, father."

"Where is your pretty white body, daughter?"
"My husband's whip devoured it, father."

"Where are your black braids, daughter?"
"My husband braided them into reins, father."

"Where are your black sheep, daughter?"
"My husband pawned them off to a Jew, father."

"Where are your horned oxen, daughter?"
"My husband took them --- they're in the Jew's stable
now, father." (14)

On emigrating to the New World, the Ukrainian peasant woman quickly discovered that within the framework of Canadian cultural patterns the husband who took advantage of privileges accorded him in the Old Country was but a common wifebeater, and not infrequently the wife preferred court charges against her husband in such matters. (15) In place of balladic outpourings, the female folksong repertoire became more outspoken in its opposition to the woman's traditionally subordinate position in the Ukrainian family and community:

I must have been blindfolded when I married him,
For now my husband tramples over me.
He broke all the furniture in the room
And each new day brings new troubles.

I keep telling him
 That I don't like it,
 But he begins to fight —
 And once I made my feet run me out of there!

I ran out of the room barefooted
 And met missus X, a good friend
 And told her all my troubles
 And about the hell I've got in my house.

She knew the law real well
 And she gave me advice that was all right.
 Right away we called a policeman
 Who arrested my man.

And now he's sitting in jail
 While I'm out have a good time right up to my neck!
 And when he comes out he'll know
 That he should show respect for a lady! (16)

The gradual emancipation of the Ukrainian female has influenced the prose narrative tradition only minimally thus far and is reflected in item nos. 44, 45, and 46, the latter having been told by a female informant. (17) Concepts such as 'marital incompatibility,' 'marriage breakdown,' and even divorce remain largely alien to the Ukrainian folk mind which continues to think of marriage as a binding contract with no way out. One lady informant, for instance, contrasted the straightforward and unruffled manner in which she accepted her marriage with events which she has witnessed in recent years:

I'm seventy, and the old man was six years older than I. It was so funny the way they used to get married among those who came to Canada. For example, the fellow came for me on Saturday and on Sunday he married me (because there were no priests — there was a priest up by Hupalo's place, we went to get married but he had gone away) and I didn't even know his name! A girl came to see me and said, "I heard you got married?!" "I did." "Whom did you marry?" "Do you think I know whom I married? Some fellow!"...Lord God — Canada! What good are the marriages today!? Look, they get married and then they unmarry. My son-in law's brother got married four or five years ago — because they've got a little girl four years old, — well they took a divorce not long ago. He took the little girl and she [the wife] went off some place with someone, who knows where... God forbid, — the things that go on in Canada! I don't know what's going to come of it. No one here understands the significance of vows. If he drank a lot — for there are all kinds of people, — but he doesn't drink anything, he bought a farm, got married — his father didn't even give him a quarter when he left his dad's. He worked somewhere in Brandon there, made some money, bought a farm, some animals and everything for the house, — and she went and left him! It's the people themselves who look for trouble! Before, these things didn't happen ... Everyone had something to do in Canada. (18)

CHAPTER III: OLD WORLD NARRATIVES FOR A NEW ENVIRONMENT

NOTES

- (1) G.W. Simpson, "The Blending of Traditions in Western Canadian Settlement," in the Canadian Historical Association's Report of the Annual Meeting Held at Montreal, June 1-2, 1944, With Historical Papers, ed. R.M. Saunders (Toronto, 1944), p. 52. Similar concern was expressed by Robert England in his survey of The Central European Immigrant in Canada (Toronto, 1929), p. 12.
- (2) Charles H. Young, The Ukrainian Canadians (Toronto, 1931), pp. 72, 75-76.
- (3) See, for example, the various eyewitness accounts and reports quoted by Vladimir J. Kaye in his Early Ukrainian Settlements in Canada, 1895-1900 (Toronto, 1964), pp. 185, 192-93, 255-56, 367. Another important point, often overlooked by observers of the time, is that the Ukrainian "colony" in Western Canada marked an immediate and radical break with Old Country patterns since the Ukrainian homesteader lived on rather than away from his land holding and did not have to commute between his farm and the village as he once did in the Old Country where the village was composed of a cluster of peasant cottages, "the barnyards were very limited, the people were...living closely together... [and] Each community had a common well..." (Kaye, 129).
- (4) In this connection, one of the characters in Illia Kiriak's novel, Sons of the Soil (Toronto, 1959, p. 201), remarks as follows:

In the Old Country...everything was in the hands of the emperor. We paid taxes to him; and out of these taxes he allocated so much to the priests, so much to the teachers and other officials. But here we have to do everything ourselves; and that is why we find it hard to get used to this new system."
- (5) Eric R. Wolf notes, for example, how "a peasantry is always in a dynamic state, moving continuously between two poles in the search for a solution of its basic dilemma" in his anthropological survey of Peasants (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, 1966), p. 17.
- (6) Young, p. 149.
- (7) George Thomas Daly, Catholic Problems in Western Canada (Toronto, 1921), p. 85.
- (8) Ibid., p. 81.
- (9) E.L., "Pora by uzhe nam" pokynuty hde jakiy pohanskiy obychay" [It Is Time We Abandoned Some Pagan Customs], in Illjustrovannyi kalendar' "Russkoho naroda" 1819, ed. V.P. Hladyk (Winnipeg, c. 1918), pp. 153-64.

- (10) Daly, p. 78.
- (11) Ibid., pp. 76-77. See also C.H. Young's survey of religious groups in his Ukrainian Canadians, pp. 133-53.
- (12) Current folklore research in the Soviet Ukraine is, of course, quite actively engaged in the investigation of "anti-religious" folkloric materials. Recent Soviet publications devoted to this particular aspect include such diligently compiled collections as I pip i ks'ondz, i rabyn; ukrajins'ki narodni atejistychni pisni ta prykazky [The Parson, the Priest and the Rabbi; Ukrainian Atheistic Folksongs and Anecdotes] (Kiev, 1957), and M.S. Rodina and F.D. Tkachenko, compilers, Narod pro relihiju: zbirnyk fol'klornyx tvoriv [The People About Religion: A Collection of Folkloric Works] (Kiev, 1958).
- (13) E. Tremblay, Sermon Plans for Oriental Catholics (Bruno, Saskatchewan, 1967-69), III (1969), 111.
- (14) Recorded in Rorketon, Manitoba, 1964 (KLY 52, c. 29-b, item 16). The use of the lullaby as an outlet for the verbalization of female protest and varied repressed emotions was discussed in my article on "Social and Cultural Motifs in Canadian Ukrainian Lullabies," Slavic and East European Review, XII (1968), 176-83. Although the Ukrainian ballad is not limited exclusively to the female folksong repertoire, it is interesting to note here that of twenty-nine informants whose ballads are found in my manuscript collection devoted to "The Ukrainian Folk Ballad in Canada" (a compilation which was made under contract with the National Museum of Canada in 1967), seventeen are female singers and twelve are male.
- (15) Young, p. 279.
- (16) Recorded in Shortdale, Manitoba, 1963 (KLY 32, c.13-b, item 7). Cf. KLY 49, c.26-a, item 3.
- (17) Of the forty-six prose narrative texts selected for discussion in this chapter, only eight were offered by female informants.
- (18) Recorded in Dauphin, Manitoba, 1963 (KLY 30, c.11-a, item 10).



Ukrainian women picking cabbage, East Kildonan, Manitoba, 1916

CHAPTER IV: MUSHROOMS ON THE FREEWAY: THE IMMIGRANT AS DUPE

As discussed and exemplified in the preceding chapters, the immigrant experience has had a twofold influence insofar as the contemporary Ukrainian folk narrative complex in Canada is concerned. On the one hand, traditional Old Country materials have been purged, as it were, of elements which, for various reasons, the community finds dysfunctional and unaccommodative in the new Canadian environment. On the other hand, new folkloric phenomena have emerged such as the personal accounts of pioneering life discussed in Chapter Two. Offered by the old-timers as models of fortitude, perseverance and success, these same pioneering accounts generally ignore or fail to develop those moments in the immigrant's experience which proved to be embarrassing as he began to adjust to the forces of acculturation on the prairies. These potentially embarrassing moments are raised in a casual manner by the old-timers in the course of their memorats and always relegated to the serious and sober sphere of 'pioneer hardships,' as implied, for example, in the following excerpt:

And well, you know, sixty years ago the English considered us to be something like Indians; but little by little it all got ironed out and now they accept us. But look, at first they kept to themselves and we were always on the sidelines, just like Indians. But today, they come up, gather around you and talk. For a time the problem was that our people didn't know how to talk [in English] and so they [the English] didn't have anyone to talk with. But they were so cock-proud of themselves at first, against our people. They thought that our people were just plain **Indians** and that's all.

You know, when we came here --- it's almost 1967 now, --- well I was just a young boy and I learned quicker but the older people went around and just couldn't [adjust as quick]. Our people used to ride and work with horses but in a different manner. And they came here [to Canada] and they had to do it another way. You see when one [of our Ukrainian men] rode up into the yard with his horses, he would unhitch the wagon and take it away by himself because he didn't know how to manoeuvre it in a way that would allow him to drive out with it later; but here he [the Englishman] would lead his horse this way and that, backing up this way, and then ride out. A young [immigrant] when he went to work learned how to do this quickly. (1)

Embarrassing and humorous aspects of culture contact, when recalled by the old-timers, rarely appear in terms of the first person. Instead, these are almost invariably projected onto some other, impersonal screen. Rather than discredit himself, the narrator prefers to assume the position of a knowledgeable and sophisticated onlooker and present his humorous account of a contact-episode in terms of the third person:

Well let's say there was one farmer who had never seen or had an engine [i.e. tractor]. But it so happened that

he got one, a second-hand engine. He took the ponter [bunter?] off the horses, removed the thill and went off to mow... [i.e. he attached the mowing apparatus to the tractor]. But that engine had something like four gears. And although he understood writing it was all blurred up with oil, and he saw the low but didn't see that low [i.e. he didn't know what it was for]... Well everytime he wanted to stop he pulled up with that there lever and it would run still faster! And then he would put it on some other gear and it would go still faster, and finally he just couldn't stop it going. And it flew over the highway and flew up to Dalevych's farm, and he [Mr. Dalevych] came out and looks --- there's no man [on the tractor]! For he had fallen off of it and it was going around the field [by itself.]

Old man Dalevych ran out there and somehow managed to stop it. Well, and after that he began to ask that other farmer how it happened. And he said that no matter which lever he grabbed, it went still faster! But he showed him how and it still works even today. That one [Mr. Dalevych] had taught him how. (2)

Another impersonal screen is provided by the apocryphal immigrant folk hero, "Uncle Steve Tobacco" [Vujko SHtif Tabachnjuk], whose hilarious episodes in Ukrainian Canadian immigrant literature ridiculed the peasant immigrant's awkward position in his new environment and quickly entered the Ukrainian immigrant oral tradition in Western Canada. (3) The following episode recalls the time that "Steve" brought home an ice cream cone for his wife, JAVdoxa:

Here we are eating ice cream and I recall that ice cream [cone] of Steve Tabachnjuk. They used to publish an almanac, a funny one all about Steve Tabachnjuk, and I recall such an excerpt from there.

Steve's riding home from work, but in Winnipeg he had bought an ice cream [cone] for his JAVdosja. And, naturally, he tasted it and knew that it was good and sweet, so he stowed the cone away under his shirt and kept riding on. But he felt something leaking, takes a look and he discovered that the end of the cone was wet. So he cut off the end and he had to eat the cone because the ice cream had leaked out. And he comes home and says, "JAVdoxo, JAVdoxo! Quick, lick my belly! Maybe you can still have a taste! For I was bringing you an ice cream [cone] but I was unable to bring it [home in time]! (4)

As reflected in the above anecdotal accounts, the immigrant's immediate concern was to grasp, comprehend and adopt the various technological and material aspects of the new environment which confronted him from every direction. Ice cream, engines, and horsemanship, however, were relatively simple problems in acculturation. Much more difficult, embarrassing and, for the onlooker at least, comical were the Ukrainian peasant's seeming inability to fathom the finer, non-material details of adjusting to a new cultural pattern. His ignorance of the implications of literacy in an urbanized mainstream is illustrated by the following anecdote about a simpleton-immigrant who applies for a driver's license:



Husband and wife plastering their home
near Vita, Manitoba, 1916



Outdoor bake oven, 1916

One man came to take a driver licence, and so the guy takes him for a test. So they were driving through the town but he went through a stop sign. The guy says, "Stop!" He stopped but he had already passed the stop sign. The guy says, "Don't you see that sign? You were supposed to stop!"

"Well, if you want, I'll back up and stop." (5)

Often the immigrant's efforts to participate in the new cultural environment are seen by the narrator as a series of blundering faux pas as depicted, for instance, by the crude behavior of a lumbering "contractor" in the following denigrating account:

There was a fellow, very clever, one of the biggest contractors in all of Canada. I was astonished that he was such a dim-wit! He has his own truck and so forth, --- good people!... He hired a certain boy to drive his father to an eye specialist because he was as drunk as the worst blockhead. They drive into our town, Dauphin, and go to the place.

At that time the doctor was out. There was a --- I don't know whether it was a nurse or his secretary, --- in any case there was a girl. He was swaying from one side to another and he came up and said, "Datsa John Plavyki, old man --- my dad! He want eye shpetalist right away!"

My good man, that fellow who had driven him reels with laughter and almost chokes, and that girl almost choked with laughter. And that stupid fellow, tubby, a drunk, stood there and says, --- almost falling onto the wall and even on that secretary! And he says to her, "Listen! Here's what I'm telling you! He wants eye shpetalist! Got eye shpetalist! Gotta be right away! Vat you tink about eye shpetalist!? Ver he is?!"

And she tells him, "Wait a while; perhaps he'll be in later today or tomorrow. Otherwise make an appointment and he'll be in."

But he says, "Listen! He couldn't wait! He want eye shpetalist right now!!" [Laughs] (6)

Macaronic features such as those reserved by the narrator for the quoted speech of the immigrant-contractor, above, provide the springs for hilarity and, in effect, express the tension between the old and the new cultures in terms of language contact. (7) In addition to such macaronic mixing (see also nos. 1 - 2 in the appendix to this chapter), the Ukrainian audience also delights in jocular anecdotes of misunderstandings brought about by the usage of words which in English and Ukrainian are somewhat homonymous but hardly synonymous: for example, the Ukrainian word for "pail," putnja, and a woman's Christian name, Teklja, can be mistaken for English "pudding" and "thank you," respectively, while English "speak" can suggest that something has "burned" (spik) in Ukrainian (nos. 3 - 5). Besides language jokes which are based on macaronic mixing or misapplied homonyms, many so-called "dialect" jokes (8) do not require the knowledge of both languages in contact and can be actively circulated by monolingual, English-speaking carriers who belong outside the Ukrainian community as well as by members of the in-group. Their anecdotes of language

misunderstandings are based on the inability of the immigrant to distinguish in his pronunciation those sounds which in English are phonemically significant. The following Ukrainian 'ethnic joke' from Western Canada is a suitable example:

QUESTION: What's the definition of a robber?

ANSWER: A Ukrainian overshoe!

Other items in this particular category of language jokes capitalize on the tendency of the Ukrainian immigrant to mispronounce "both" as "boat," "third" as "turd," "'Is that you?' with a 'hello'" as "statue with a halo," and "pickup" as "pea cup" (nos. 6 - 9).

The ethnic language joke, as outlined above, always reflects some aspect of language breakdown and the frustration which accompanies the immigrant's attempt to communicate with or seek help and information from a source outside his own group. Individually, these language jokes appear to serve as a humorous comment on the awkward situation in which the immigrant finds himself. Collectively, however, they amount to a vicious onslaught on the mother tongue and point to its impotency in the New World. Corroded from the inside and ridiculed from the outside, the language of the Old Country is forced to retreat, as it were, to its old position as a means for the transmission of the Old World's folk culture with only negligible serviceability as an entree into the mainstream culture of the New World. The entire Old Country folk culture is further undermined by those ethnic jokes which deride various other aspects of the immigrant and his community ranging from physical appearances to established or, often, imaginary folkways (nos. 10 - 28), as shown, for example by the "mushrooms on the freeway" joke already quoted in Chapter One. Popular even among Canadian-born members of the Ukrainian community, the Ukrainian ethnic joke cycle in Canada lampoons the Old Country heritage and strips it of any aura of sanctity attached to it by the old-timers. At the same time, however, it is important to note that the ethnic joke does not seek to destroy in toto the legacy of the peasant-immigrant but rather reflects an attempt to purge the old folkways through a process of cathartic ridicule in the form of folklore. By so doing, the ethnic joke signals a transitional phase in the acculturative process and marks a rite de passage in the reformulation of the immigrant folklore heritage and its transformation into a new, ethnic complex geared to meet the challenge of a new and different cultural environment. (9)

The manner in which the ethnic joke participates in this process of revitalization is suggested by its very designation: that is, while it denigrates the immigrant's Old Country folkways, it brings to the fore the problem of ethnicity and ethnic distinctiveness which is usually couched in the form of an introductory, riddling question:

How do you drive a Ukrainian crazy?

How do you get a Ukrainian out of your backyard?

How does a Ukrainian take a shower?

How do you keep the flies away from the bride at a
Ukrainian wedding?

How do you keep a Ukrainian busy?
 Why does a Ukrainian have only two pallbearers?
 How do you get a Ukrainian out of your swimming pool?
 What do Ukrainians use as bait to catch fish?
 Did you hear about the Ukrainian who went ice-fishing?
 Do you know why the Ukrainians are pock-marked?
 How can you tell which woman on the beach is a Ukrainian?
 Why do Ukies have round shoulders and flat heads?
 How do you get twenty-five Ukrainians into a Volkswagen? (10)

Like other currently popular ethnic joke cycles on this continent, the Ukrainian ethnic joke in Canada is terse, compact, and epigrammatic in nature, a product of an urbanized society whose tight work schedules allow little time for the flexible elaboration of detail which characterizes a traditional story-telling session in a peasant culture. (11) Taken as a whole, the Ukrainian cycle in Canada can be seen as a concerted attempt to present a comprehensive definition of "a Ukrainian" in terms of specific, distinguishing features and qualities. But in raising the 'question,' the ethnic joke fails to provide a satisfactory answer; instead, it offers a formulation which is distorting, derisive and which, to a great extent, serves as an outlet for the expression of inter-ethnic tensions within the community at large, as further evidenced by the following sample of recent latrinalia found in the men's washroom of a bus depot in Manitoba: "Please flush the toilet, These honkies will eat anything." Even as a verbalized form of ethnic prejudice, however, the ethnic joke gives tacit recognition to the problem of cultural continuity in the New World by heightening the group's ethnic sensitivity --- by ignoring and discarding seemingly irrelevant dichotomies reflected in the old, unicultural folklore complex (eg. economic and sexual discrimination) and replacing them with one which focuses all attention on the multi-ethnic segmentation of Canada's population into "Frogs," "Newfies," "Bohonks," "Spicks," "Limeys," and others. (12)

CHAPTER IV: MUSHROOMS ON THE FREEWAY: THE IMMIGRANT AS DUPE

NOTE

- (1) Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, July 19, 1966 (KLY 84, item 18).
- (2) Recorded in Ashville, Manitoba, 1963 (KLY 22, c. 3-a, item 14).
- (3) In addition to "Uncle Steve Tobacco," the once illustrious roster of fictitious Ukrainian immigrant folk heroes in Canada included such personalities such as "Harry Blackbread" (Harasym CHornoxlib), "Grandpa Tim Pin" (Didus'o Tymko SHpyl'ka), and others. Most of them appeared in a variety of early Canadian Ukrainian immigrant publications shortly before World War One. Several of these are listed in Robert B. Klymasz, A Bibliography of Ukrainian Folklore in Canada, 1902-64 (Ottawa, National Museum of Canada, Anthropology Papers No. 21, January, 1969) pp. 26-27.
- (4) Recorded in Vegreville, Alberta, August 1, 1965 (KLY 78, item 23).
- (5) Recorded in Ethelbert, Manitoba, April 19, 1963 (KLY 43, c.24-a).
- (6) Recorded in Tartakiw, Gilbert Plains Rural Municipality, Manitoba, July 15, 1963 (KLY 46).
- (7) In song, the Ukrainian immigrant is able to transform such lexical borrowings into a consciously formulated comic, poetic device, as shown in Robert B. Klymasz, "The Case for Slavic Folklore in Canada," Proceedings of the First Conference on Canadian Slavs at Banff, Alberta (University of Alberta, 1966), pp. 116-17. In general, such macaronic phenomena are par excellence manifestations of immigrant folklore since they are created by and for the immigrant community which alone understands them.
- (8) The term "dialect" was first introduced in the literature on the subject by Richard M. Dorson in "Dialect Stories of the Upper Peninsula: A New Form of American Folklore," Journal of American Folklore, LXI (1948), 113-150.
- (9) A more extensive discussion of this particular phenomenon is found on pp. 122-30 in my unpublished doctoral dissertation, "Ukrainian Folklore in Canada: An Immigrant Complex in Transition" (Indiana University, 1970).
- (10) See items 10 to 28 in the appendix to this chapter. Comparative materials are found in a number of recently published popular joke-books such as The Official Polish Joke Book, It's Fun to Be a Polak! and It's Fun to Be an Italian! (all published within the last five years by Collector's Publications, A Division of Covina Publishing, Inc., Covina, California), as well as in more serious compilations and surveys including Richard M. Dorson's, "Dialect Stories of the

Upper Peninsula: A New Form of American Folklore," Journal of American Folklore, LXI (1948), 113-50, his "Jewish-American Dialect Stories on Tape," Studies in Biblical and Jewish Folklore, ed. Raphael Patai et al, Indiana University Folklore Series No. 13 (Bloomington, Indiana University Press, 1960), pp. 111-74, Donald C. Simmons, "Anti-Italian-American Riddles in New England," Journal of American Folklore, LXXIX (1966), 475-78, Roger L. Welsch, "American Numskull Tales: The Polack Joke," Western Folklore, XXVI (1967), 183-86, and Américo Paredes, "Folk Medicine and the Intercultural Jest," Spanish-Speaking People in the United States, Proceedings of the 1968 Annual Spring Meeting of the American Ethnological Society, ed. June Helm (University of Washington Press, 1968), pp. 104-19.

- (11) Insofar as the time element is concerned, it is interesting to note here that the majority of Ukrainian ethnic jokes listed in the appendix to this chapter were noted under unexpected circumstances that were sudden, completely impromptu and outside the typical, tape-recorded interview session.
- (12) The five blasons populaires, "Frogs," "Newfies," "Bohonks," "Spicks," and "Limeys" refer to French Canadians from Quebec, Newfoundlanders, Ukrainians and other immigrants of East European origin, Italians, and Englishmen respectively. For the folkloric implications of this phenomenon, see, for example, my article on "The Ethnic Joke in Canada Today," Keystone Folklore Quarterly, XV (1970), 167-73.



Ukrainian mother with children in front of
their log home, Whitemouth, Manitoba (ca. 1905)

APPENDIX A: MATERIALS FOR CHAPTER THREE

A PRELIMINARY NOTE

In keeping with the discussion of "Old World Narratives for a New Environment" found in chapter III, the forty-six folktale items included in the present appendix have been arranged according to subject matter as follows:

Lessons for the Greedy (item nos. 1 - 10)

Children's tales (1 - 4)

Rich and poor brothers (5 - 8)

Ritual and familial bonds defiled (9 - 10)

Tricksters Old and New (11 - 23)

Gypsies (11 - 14)

Jews (15 - 16)

Priests (17; cf. 15)

Other Old World Tricksters (18)

New World Tricksters (19 - 23)

Parsons and Dogma in Eclipse (24 - 31; cf. 13 - 15, 17, 18)

Christenings (24 - 25)

Death and funeral rituals (26 - 28; cf. 31)

Sex and the parson (29 - 30)

Other (31)

Women: Sex, Denigration, Emancipation (32-46)

Wives as clever helpmates (32 - 33)

Wives as deceitful adversaries (34 - 38)

Denigration of (39 - 43)

Emancipation of (44 - 46).

Except for item nos. 19 to 23, all the remaining texts have been translated into English from Ukrainian transcriptions of the original field recordings. English loanwords have been italicized throughout; also, on occasion, certain Ukrainian words, interjections and expressions have been italicized as well if it was felt that these should be left untranslated.

Item nos. 19 to 23, inclusive, were originally delivered by their respective informants in the English language, as shown by the following designation, (E), which has been added to the CCFCS archival finding number which precedes every text: for example, the finding number for item no. 19 is "KLY 84, item 5 (E)." To facilitate the reading of these verbatim English transcriptions, an asterisk, (*), has been used in place of "he says" and a cage, (#), in place of "you know."

The following is a list of abbreviations used in the notes (complete bibliographical data for these and other references is given in the "Selected Bibliography" found at the end of the present work):

AT	Aarne and Thompson
<u>KBV</u>	<u>Kazky Bukovyny, kazky Verxovyny</u>
<u>RRC</u>	<u>Ribald Russian Classics</u>
<u>UNK</u>	<u>Ukrajins'ki narodni kazky...</u>

Motifs cited are from the Thompson Motif-Index.

1: THE MAN WHO WANTED TO BE GOD

This one's about a fellow who was very poor and carried sacks of clay on his back in order to have something to eat. And one day he was carrying it and carrying it, and he was tired and he begins to beg God, "If only God gave me just one horse, so that I could put it on the horse and transport it!" And God gave him a horse. And so he drives it and drives it, but things were going very slowly for him. He says, "If only God gave me two horses and a cart!" Well, and God gave this to him, so that he could transport more clay now. But still things weren't just right for him. He says, "If only God gave me two big horses and two large carts, so that I could transport a lot of clay!" And he began to transport a lot of clay. And then he says, "If only I had all the horses in the world and all the carts, then I could transport lots more clay!" And God gave this to him. He transports the clay, transports it... In about a year's time he says, "No, still it's not good! If I were God, I'd have everything! I want to be God!" But God became angered with him and He took everything back and he again carried the clay only in sacks.

KLYMASZ: Did you learn this one too from your grandfather?

INFORMANT: Yes.

NOTE: Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, July 14, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 26, c.7-a, item 28.

Cf. AT 555 (The Fisher and his Wife). Motifs: C773.1, "Tabu: making unreasonable requests"; J514, "One should not be too greedy"; Q338, "Immoderate request punished"; and W154.26, "Man demands ever larger gifts."

2: PROVISIONS FOR THE OTHER WORLD

There was once a man who was very rich. But he never gave to the poor even a crumb of bread or a cent into the hand, --- like when a poor man puts out his hand for someone to give him something. No, he would begrudge this. And he lived in such a way that he had everything that he needed for his life. But he began to think that he will have to die. And he was thinking that here he has enough to eat, clothing and everything, but he'll have to take something to that other world. He ordered that many loaves be baked -- he's going to take them to that world and he'll have something to eat.

He told his wife and his wife told the maids to bake a whole wagon full of loaves, and he takes them to that world. And he drives and drives along with them --- he took good horses along with him and poor beggars run after that wagon, for they smell the bread, and they beg him, "Gentle master, give us one! Sir, kind lord, give us one!" But he kept turning his head --- he doesn't hear for he's driving.

And so he drove and drove and there was no end to the road and he never got to that other world. And finally the wagon tipped and one loaf fell right into the mud -- for he was driving over exactly through the mud. And when that loaf fell into the mud, he says to the poor man, "Take it!" And the poor man rejoiced and took it.

NOTE: Recorded in Gladstone, Manitoba, August 3, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 38, c.19-d, item 34.

Motifs include F11, "Journey to heaven"; J514, "One should not be too greedy"; and H1371, "Impossible quests."

3: THE GREEDY GOAT

There once lived an old man and an old woman, and they had a boy and a girl and a little goat. The old man says to the girl, "Go and take the goat out to pasture." The girl went, and she had it graze and graze right up until evening. She fed it and gave it drink, and

drives the goat home. As she comes up, the old man came out past the gates in red boots and says, "Little goat, my darling dove, did you eat, did you drink?"

"I didn't eat, grandfather, I didn't drink, grandfather! As I was running across a bridge, I managed to grab a little maple leaf; and as I ran over the dike I snatched a drop of water." The old man was angered. He took that girl and beat her and beat her and chased her out. "Na! You don't know how to pasture the little goat!"

Along comes the next day, the goat has to be led out. "The boy will do it." He went and he had it graze and graze and graze right up until nightfall, and he gave it drink again, and drives it homeward. And the old man stood at the gateway in red boots and again says, "Little goat, my darling dove, did you eat, did you drink?"

"I didn't eat, grandfather, I didn't drink, grandfather. As I ran across the bridge I grabbed a little maple leaf and as I ran over the dike I snatched a drop of water." "Well," says the old man, "you don't know how to pasture the animal." And again, he beat him and sent him away.

But again, morning arrived and the goat has to be led out. But who'll do it? The old woman has to. The old woman drove it out and had it graze and graze. And she takes such care and entreats it so. Finally she gave it drink and drives it homeward. And the old man stood by the garden in red boots and says, "Little goat, darling dove, did you eat, did you drink?"

"I neither ate nor drank, grandfather. As I ran across the bridge I grabbed a little maple leaf and as I ran over the dike I snatched a drop of water." The old man became angry at the old woman, "You don't know how to pasture the animal," and he beat her up and sent her away. Well, he had to take the little goat out himself to pasture. He drove it forth, and it grazed and grazed, he gave it food and drink and then quickly ran ahead alone. He stood at the gateway and says, "Little goat, darling dove, did you eat, did you drink?"

"I didn't eat, I didn't drink, grandfather. As I ran across the bridge I grabbed a maple leaf and as I ran over the dike I snatched a drop of water."

"Oh! Just you wait!" he says. "I'll fix you!" And he drove her into the stable, -- "I shall slaughter you!" And he was sharpening his knife and sharpening it. But the goat, when she heard this, quickly banged and banged at the door and chewed it away and ran away to the woods. The old man comes, but the goat isn't there. And thus did the poor man rid himself of the goat and children and his wife.

KLYMASZ: Where did you hear this story?

INFORMANT: My grandfather used to tell it to me, I just recalled it now.

NOTE: Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, August 9, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 42, c.23-c, item 17.

AT 212 (The Lying Goat). The main motifs are K1151, "The lying goat"; Q263, "Lying punished"; and J514, "One should not be too greedy." A variant of this popular Ukrainian animal tale is found in Javorskij, No. 62, pp. 161-162.

4: THE MAGIC FLUTE

This is just a little bajochka [story] that mother always used to tell us, about a little brother and sister and how they went to gather berries. The brother wanted her to give him that pitcher full of berries and he would give her a ring. But she didn't want to do this, and he killed her out of anger. And he went and covered her up with willow branches. He had a flute and he liked to play. But when he began to play on that flute, that flute would always sing the same thing for him:

"Play slowly, my dear brother,
Do not wound my little heart.
You slew and covered me with willow
For the pitcher of berries,
For my beloved ring,
For my dowry."

NOTE: Recorded in Vegreville, Alberta, July 20, 1965. Archival finding No: KLY 74, item 7.

AT 780 (The Singing Bone). Motifs include D1817.0.3, "Magic detection of murder"; J514, "One should not be too greedy"; and E632, "Reincarnation as musical instrument." A less truncated version of the story is found in Javorskij, No. 97, pp.235-236.

5: THE MAGIC CHEST

There were two brothers, one was a wealthy man but the other was poor. That poor one came to the wealthy man, to his brother, and says, "Brother, you have much grain to thresh. Let me do it, let me earn at least a sack of flour. Easter Sunday is coming soon and my wife has not money to buy enough flour to even bake a paska [Easter loaf] for the food blessing ceremony at church, and there's just no place that I can turn for help." So then the brother led him to the barn and gave him a flail. And so the other thrashes and thrashes, but finally he says, "Brother, give me the flour! Let me take it to my wife (for it was Easter Saturday)! Let the wife bake a paska for tomorrow 'cause it has to be blessed."

But he says, "O, so you want me to give you flour, but what makes you think that you've earned it? You have to work for a few days to earn it." And he took and sent him home without the flour, saying, "I didn't make any agreement with you about flour!" And that poor one went home weeping. And he comes to his wife and tells her this and that happened, that "I worked hard" and so forth.

And she advised him, saying, "You know what, my husband, we'll manage somehow. Go into the forest and cut down a linden (that's a kind of tree that's called a linden) and cut out a paska, the wood's smooth and yellowish; so make a paska out of that and we'll go and have it blessed. Whatever comes out, we'll have it blessed, as long as it looks like a paska."

He went to the forest, cut himself down a tree, carved it out nicely, just like the designs that there are on real paskas. She smeared it nicely, just like they used to with egg in order to have it nice and yellow. And it was as smooth as anything. On Easter Sunday they got up and took that wooden paska to have it blessed. And there everyone had placed their paskas around the church and he put his wooden paska there too. But that rich one, his brother, couldn't go himself to look at what he had, for he knew that he didn't have flour, that he didn't have a paska and won't have one. He was so envious, and he says to his boy, "Go and walk among the people, see if your uncle's there and what he has to bless. I know that I didn't give him any flour - what's he going to have blessed?"

And so the boy went around and found his uncle there standing by his paska, such a nice, smooth paska --- no one had such a paska! The boy returned and tells about it. "Father," he says, "by uncle there was such a beautiful paska that I've never seen such a paska before! And I was walking around, looking at the kinds of paskas which all the people have, and there isn't one as nice as his. So nice and so smooth, nowhere was it split, nothing, nor was it scorched (for sometimes when it's baking it will become scorched), --- and so delicate, just like an ornamented Easter Egg."

But now the priest finished consecrating everything and the paskas. Unable to endure it any longer, the wealthy brother came up to him and says, "You know what, brother," he says, "you have a fine looking paska," he says. "Come over to my place for the feast and sell me your paska. I'll pay you for it."

And that one says, "But I, this here..."

But that one asks, "Where did you get such a nice paska? Well, forget it. You sell me that paska and I'll pay you, and I'll invite you over for dinner after the mass, after it's all over." Then he gave him something, five or six gold coins for the paska. And the rich man rode off with the paska home, leaving the poor one behind --- by the time he got home on foot! And he waits, thinking that perhaps the rich one will invite him over for dinner, as he said he would. But he actually fooled him. And it happened that the poor one went among the people and the people got together on his behalf and brought him [some food] after the blessing of the food ceremony was over. And he along

with his wife and children had enough to eat. But the rich one comes and says to him, "Why aren't you coming over to my place for the feast?"

And he says, "You said that you'll send a boy to get me! You said that you'll call me over. I can't go just like that." And that poor fellow bought some things for that money and spent it all on the household and on food for the children. And what's there to a couple of gold coins — it all went. And again the poor one has nothing to eat. And so he was walking by the water — there was a kind of river passing by there, and he wept.

But a crab comes out of the water and says, "Why are you weeping my man?"

And he began to tell him about how he was threshing for his brother and how his brother didn't want to pay him and didn't give him any grain. "And Easter Sunday came and the wife didn't have anything with which to bake a paska, and I made myself a wooden paska. And that brother bought that paska from me, gave me something like a couple of gold coins and all that went. And now again there's nothing. And again I'm poor, and so I'm weeping."

And that one says, "Don't weep. I'll bring you something that will make you satisfied." The crab went into the deep and brings him out a nice little chest and says, "Take this chest, my man, go home and say, "Little chest, open!" And it will open for you and there you will have everything. And then say, "Little chest, close!" and it will close for you."

And so he brought the chest home. The children, the wife, gathered about, asking, "What is that?"

And he says, "Wait. I myself don't know what's here." And he says, "Little chest, open!" And the chest opened up and there's all kinds of good, fine clothes for the children, all kinds of things for them. And there was more and more in that chest, all kinds of things. And they all rejoiced.

And then after the children had eaten their fill, they went outside and played. But the children of that wealthy one came to play with those poor ones. "Go and see what those children are doing". And they were playing outside, so well dressed that people were asking one another, "Why are you so raucous, so joyful?"

And they say, "Our father brought home such a fine chest! When it opened up there was food, all kinds of things, clothing. They dressed us and we ate our fill. And that little chest closed and there's still much more inside!"

Those other children come home and tell their father about it, that rich man. "Such and such a thing happened...." Impatient, he himself went over.

"Glory to God!"

"Glory for ever!"

"What's new, my brother?"

"O everything's fine, thanks be to God!"

"And how are you making out?"

"Well, fine."

"I heard, — my children were off with yours and were saying that you got some kind of little chest from somewhere, that there's everything in it, food and clothes."

"So it is."

"Where did you get it from?"

"God gave it."

And then that one says to him, "You know what, I'll give you five hundred gold coins for that little chest. Give it to me, sell it to me!"

That poor one thought it over and went and sold it to him. And the other one brings it home. There was everything and the rich one took everything for himself. There was food and clothing. But it all came to an end.

Meanwhile, the poor one used those five hundred gold coins to buy something there, a cow and a piece of land, some things like clothes for the children and things like that. And it all went. And again he went to that place and again he weeps there where the crab had emerged. And the crab comes out and asks, "Why are you weeping, my man?"

And he says, "Such and such a thing happened. You brought me out a little box, and the children found out about it while my children were playing with my brother's children. And those children told that such and such a thing happened, that I have such and such a little box. My brother came over and gave me five hundred gold coins and bought it off me. I sold it and that money's gone. And again I'm poor."

The other says, "Wait, I'll bring you another little chest, but there won't be any more." And that crab went into the water and brought another little chest.

The other one says, "How should the chest be opened?"

"Just say, 'Out of the drum, boys!' And to close it, as soon as you whistle it'll close."

And he brought the chest home and says, "Out of the drum boys!" And out of that little box there jumped out cossacks, something like little devils, kinds of cossacks with whips and lashes. They beat that young poor one, the man's wife and children — they all ran out,

so thoroughly did they beat him up! But he recalled that he has to whistle. So he managed to whistle somehow and that box closed up. Now things were calm. And he began to think, "I'll sell it to my brother for he is very much tempted by such things." And somewhere his rich brother learned about this, and he came to him.

"Well, brother, how are things going with you?"

And he says, "Fine, thanks be to God. I again bought such a little chest and again I have enough of everything since I've gotten the little chest."

And he says, "Would you sell it to me?"

"And why not, I'll sell it, for I need money anyhow."

"Well, how much do you want for that little chest?"

And he says, "This one now is more expensive. If you give me a thousand gold coins, I'll sell, and if not then I'll keep it for myself. There's everything here that's necessary, even more than the other one. There are all kinds of garments, costly rings --- there are such valuable things that you'd never estimate the value it has."

And that one became very enticed, that rich man. "Well, I'll give you already those thousand gold coins, give it here to me!" He counted out a thousand gold coins and the other one took that money.

And he brought the little box home and put it on the table and says, "Out of the drum, boys!" O, Lord God! Those cossacks jumped out of that little box! and they begin to beat that rich one up, and they were beating and beating those children, they were lashing away with the whips! And that wealthy man went to the hospital, the children ran out onto the yard, and not a single one was able to stop that little box! And so those children of the rich man escaped into the yard and to the uncle, to that poor one, saying, "Come to our house, for some kind of cossacks are jumping out of that little box and they're beating up our father terribly! They've already cut him down so with the whips that I don't know if they'll probably kill him, cut him up completely! It's luck that we escaped, but they're still beating up father there!"

And that poor one was sitting barefooted in the house. "Well wait a minute, let me put my shoes on!" But he was whiling away the time so that they would give that rich brother a good thrashing.

"O for God's sake, come along, for we'll not find father there alive!"

And so he had hardly managed to put something on his feet and went. He came and looks --- and he was indeed slashed up, bloodied, barely breathing, and he whistled and that box closed up. And the brother was completely unable to talk. The rich man lay in bed for several days, and that poor one went on along home. The other one sends his wife and says, "Please go, wife, and call that brother of mine over, for

I'm thinking that I'm going to die, for I am so wounded that I even don't have any strength now." And so she called him over. The brother came with his wife and he talked to him a little. The other one began to complain about the fact that he had sold him the cossacks who had attacked him so.

And that one says, "That's right, brother, you earned that for yourself. For I worked hard for you, I threshed for a whole day and you didn't want to give me enough flour for even a paska. And I myself made a paska for myself and you paid me for it. But I didn't gain too much from that, and then I brought that little box, and you found out that I have that box with all kinds of food and clothing and you bought that from me. And that came to an end, and then, finally, I didn't have anything, the money went, and I went again to the water and began to weep by that river. And that crab came out of the water a second time and asks what I want. And I told him that again everything of mine had gone and that I was again poor as I was. And he gave me that little box, the same one that you have, that you bought. And those little cossacks beat me up for nothing, just on account of you. And I sold you the little box so that they would beat you up because you cheated me."

The whole matter came to an end and he died. That rich man died, and that's the end of the story.

KLYMASZ: You heard that one a long time ago, is that right?

INFORMANT: Yes, long ago. There's another story I remember about brothers.

NOTE: Recorded in Dauphin, Manitoba, July 29, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 38, c.19-a, item 13.

Similar stories about poor and rich brothers are found in Javorskij, No. 10, pp. 18-19 (Note pp. 279-280), No. 20, pp. 32-34 (Note pp. 291-292), and Nos. 49-52, pp. 141-149. In each instance, the wealthy, miserly brother is impoverished or otherwise doomed. The principal motifs found here include L143, "Poor man surpasses rich"; K890.1, "Poor man deceives rich man, plays trick on him, causes his death"; J514, "One should not be too greedy"; K1840, "Deception by substitution"; B505, "Magic object received from animal"; D1470.2.2, "Supplies received from magic box"; and F360, "Malevolent or destructive fairies." The motif of the magic chest with little men jumping out with sticks is also found in Javorskij, No. 20, pp. 32-34 (Note pp. 291-292).

6: THE MAGIC BIRD

One was a rich man because he had listened to his father and married the one his father had told him to. But the poor one had married for love. And he was poor. It happened that the poor one had

a little piece of land but nothing to sow on it. He comes to his brother and asks him, "Brother! Give me some kind of seed that I can sow on that little piece of land." But the brother keeps forgetting, or says that he doesn't know what kind you want, or he says that he has sold it all, or that he bought more land and can't spare any. But he just says this because he doesn't want to do good for him. But that brother keeps begging him so, "Give me something to sow. Spring is coming, I've no money to buy it with. I'll pay you back by working for you." Well and that brother was pleased that the other wanted to repay the debt by working for him — he'd have a worker for nothing.

And so he began to take counsel with his wife. What were they to give him? But his wife was just as miserly as he was for she never wanted to do anyone any good. She said to him, "Let's give him some millet."

Then the husband said, "Well we'll give him some of that millet, but you know what you do: you dry it in such a way that it won't grow in the field." And so the wife shook that millet into the oven, it became dry, and now it would not grow well.

That poor one took that seed and sowed it on the field. He would come onto the field and look, — there's nothing there, there's nothing growing out of the earth. But he managed to repay his brother by working for him, but there's nothing on the field. Until finally one seed did come up in the field. And he took such care of that seedling on the field, he watched over it so, and sits by it. He would hoe around it, bring water in his hat, water it down. And it began to grow like a tree. When he saw that it was so big, he even began to spend the night by its side, so fearful was he of someone perhaps breaking it in the field.

And it happened one day that a big bird flew down and alighted on that tree of his. And he began to wave it away; he took off his jacket and his hat and chases it away. But it won't go, it doesn't want to. And that thing stood there wanting to peck away and eat that there. And he talks to him saying, "Go off with you! For you'll break it for me! I only have the one out of that which I've sown! Look, there's nothing! I only have that single one!"

And that bird began to talk to him, "You mean that you only have this one?"

"Yes! I only have this! O! Look how empty it all is!"

"All right. I shall eat this up and you sit up on me and I'll take you some place."

Well, he stood there thinking that if he were to go flying on the bird, "I'll fall off! I'll kill myself!" He was afraid.

But that bird began to say, "Sit up there, we're riding on!" Well, and he got on that bird and that bird flies, flies and flies, going away over the water, and he came to the place where there's gold. "There now! Get yourself some gold!"

And that poor one wondered, "What can I use to carry it in if I didn't bring anything from home!? But that's no problem — put it in whatever you can!" He then took off his trousers and tied up the leg-ends. He took off his caftan or some kind of jacket or shirt or whatever he had, tied together the sleeves here and there.

And then the bird says, "Take it and let's go!"

But he says, "I can't [take it all] for I didn't have anything with which to take it and I can't tie together my trouser-legs ..." Nonetheless, he got on and went off.

They were going and going, and just when they were over the fields the bird says, "Give me something to eat, for I want to eat. If you don't give me something we shall fall down immediately!"

That poor one began to worry, "What shall I give him to eat? I don't have anything to give him to eat. But it would be a pity to lose the gold, for we shall fall down and the gold, too, shall fall." He took a knife and cut out a piece from the calf of his leg, lengthwise, and gave him the meat. He eats.

"All right. Let's fly on." For he thought that he'll tie his thigh up together and that it will grow back in. He flies, they arrived, and that bird left him back whence he had taken him. And he went away alone.

The poor one took that gold home and sold it a little at a time. And he bought himself there a little cow, and here he fixed up his house, and there he buys some land. But his brother, — "Where did he get that money from?" His brother was so very envious, — "For he doesn't work anywhere, where does he get the money from?"

"Tell me, brother, where did you get the money from?" But the brother didn't want to tell him, for he knows what he was like, that he didn't want to help him. And now he doesn't want to tell him anything. But he kept asking him so nicely that no avail. Besides, he was his own brother.

"All right, I'll tell you!" And he told him that he had sown his millet and that nothing came up except a single seed. "And a bird took me and transported me there and I took myself some gold and now I have it."

Well now, he wanted to try, and the brother began to sow. He sowed only one. And he keeps watch over it, waters it. The same bird came up to him and that one doesn't say anything, so he eats as much as he wants. For he doesn't care, he's got plenty at home. He waits. That bird finished eating and says, "Sit up on me! We're going to get gold!"

"All right!" He gets on. He brought along a bunch of sacks from home and girded himself with **this** **under** his clothing so that no one would see it. He got on that bird. They alighted. He gathers that gold into the sacks, and that bird says, "Don't take too much for I'll not be able to carry that much!"

"O if we go slowly, slowly, we'll manage to ride."

It was time to go, and he had taken all this with him, and the bird can hardly, barely glide along. It happened that they were over the water and he says again, "Give me something to eat, for I'm dying! I can't carry all this!"

And that one, "What can I give you! What can I give you! I don't have anything!"

And that one says, "Give me something to eat! If not, then you shall perish!"

And that other one continued saying he didn't have anything. Well! "I simply don't have anything right now!" And when the other one began to sway, all of that fell off! The gold was lost and he was lost and everything!

And so that brother said to his wife, that poor one, "If he hadn't been so greedy, I would have told him what I did. But as he didn't ask me, that's the way he went."

KLYMASZ: And where did you hear that bajka?

INFORMANT: O in the evenings when the girls come, they sew and tell stories [bajky].

NOTE: Recorded in Gladstone, Manitoba, August 3, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 38, c.19-d, item 28.

The motifs found here include D973, "Magic seed"; B322.1, "Hero feeds own flesh to helpful animal"; B172, "Magic bird"; and other motifs as listed in the note at the end of the preceding tale (especially L143, K890.1, J514).

7: THE BARGAIN

Two brothers. One was a wealthy man, the other poor. Well, and that poor one was just plain poor. And the rich one had four horses, and they were transporting sheaves of wheat and all of a sudden the rich one had to go. His servants or some boys brought him along some sheaves and he took his pitcher full of money and placed it below on the ground and covered it with straw. The others rode off into the field, but that wealthy man wanted to do his business. He did what he had to, looks about and there was the poor one — for they were neighbors. And that poor one was out in his yard doing something. But that rich one turns and says, "If only someone were to eat my excrement, then I would give that person this pitcher full of money!"

The poor one heard this. And the poor man came over, - there

were few sheaves left [to make?], and he took that pitcher full of money home. And he took that excrement also. And he took a little pot [full of the excrement] and placed it on the oven and held it, holding it until it got good and dry. And he took it then and ground it into [a kind of] tobacco and sprinkled it into tea, or into water and drank it. He did what he said.

But gradually that poor one began to prosper. But that rich one, his brother, began to wonder, saying, "Well, look at him prosper! He's prospered and prospered! This means that he has managed to refill that pitcher with money!"

But he [the poor one] says to his wife, "We have done so well, we should arrange for some kind of a thanksgiving ceremony and invite people and my brother and return him his money at that time."

Well, and that's what they did. And the people sat down at the table, and he placed that pitcher on a shelf — in the Old Country they have shelves over the doors. And he had his brother sit at the table. And the brother seems to eat and not eat. He looks, and he recognized that pitcher! Well then all the people had left, and he says, "Say, brother, what is it that made you prosper?"

And he says, "Why from that pitcher of yours that's up on the shelf."

He says, "Give it back to me!"

And he says to his brother, "I'll return it. I ate your excrement, but you have to eat mine and then I'll give it back." And what's there for him to do!? That wealthy one was greedy, all right. And well that poor one stuffed himself full of potatoes, went over to the straw and there he thundered out a good pile. And the brother, what's he do, he goes and lies down and laps it up! But when he also ate some straw, then it grabbed him even more and he made still more! And he says, "No, sir! I don't want your excrement and I don't want that money!"

NOTE: Recorded in Mink Creek, Manitoba, July 15, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 23, c.4-a, item 7.

Motifs found in common with the preceding two tales include J514, "One should not be too greedy"; and L143, "Poor man surpasses rich." In addition to these, motif K1044, "Dupe induced to eat filth," figures as the most distinguishing narrative element in this particular story. Two variants of this tale are found in Tarasevs'kyj under Nos. 234 and 235, pp. 141-144.

8: THE RUNAWAY CAR

Gentlemen farmers! Please take interest in this talk which I shall tell you. When the old farmers arrived from the Old Country,

there was nothing to be seen here except stars and everything else was forest. But one would live near the other just across the road. And there was another which the Indians once made when there weren't people here.

One of them had somewhat more luck and he managed to get himself a pair of oxen. This means he had already a means of riding to town. And it was very far to town, twenty-five miles from where they settled. But the other farmer, just across the road, had worse luck since for some reason good fortune just didn't come to him as it did to that other one. But the other one went and exchanged his oxen for a car, while this one had neither oxen nor a car. And they had been intimate friends [kumy] even before arriving from the Old Country!

But his wife went over to her neighbor's and tells the woman, "You know, we bought ourselves two oxen, little ones. We thought we'd rear them and have oxen too."

And that other one says, "Eh, we don't care to have oxen any more."

"Well, yes. But you know, kuma, they went and died."

"O, that's terrible for you."

Well she came home and tells her husband, saying, "One of our neighbor's two oxen died."

"O, well that's good. I hope the other one dies too and we'll buy his farm, for we've already got a car."

And soon after this that poor one began to weep, saying, "Well, wife, I'm going off to work." And somehow the Lord God granted that he should find a good job and he went away on foot very far. If we remind ourselves where Souris is now, then from here that's a pile of miles --- this is the truth!

And so he returned and he's got a couple of dollars, and he bought himself horses. He bought the horses, and she says, his wife, "Do you remember our neighbor when he still had oxen? You remember how when some kind of fly began bothering those oxen and those oxen began to run away and the kum and his wife were driving them, and those oxen jumped into a deep ditch just from those flies. Because of that, she says, he gave the oxen up for a car. And now she says, the car doesn't run off into a ditch but avoids it. But you can't ride anywhere, only along those good roads."

And soon it happened that the kum already bought himself a car. But he didn't drive home and she went home on foot. And he learns how to drive there in town --- this was in Winnipeg. And in Winnipeg they were driving, that is, they taught him, but they didn't teach him to stop that machine. And later he arrived home. Perhaps you recall that at first there weren't any fields near the house, just some little poplars and a cottage placed there. And he drove here into the gates and he yells, "Ho!" It didn't want to stop. And she was sweeping the

house. She ran out and thought that she'd stop it with a broom. She waves at it with the broom, --- it doesn't want to stop! And that was after thrashing season. They had done their threshing and they had a bit of grain, and here he was turning onto the fields! And so here it was driving. Of course he tried every button there was in that car but it would run still more furiously!

Well, but now she ran over to her neighbor's place and says, "Kume, run!" she says, "for that devil is worse than oxen!" she says. "The ox," she says, "flew into the ditch --- that thing has run into the field and look!" she says, "it's running all over the field with my husband!"

And so he ran out, of course. And there were stones, you understand, and that front wheel [flew off] in her direction and he took to his heels! Well he sees that there's no other way out and aims straight for the pile of straw. It runs wildly and bang! --- it thrust itself into the pile of straw. And, of course, when it did this it caught fire, for there were flames. And here she was wailing --- well now there are firemen, but at first there weren't any firemen. Right away she ran and brought a pail of water. Well and so he burned to death. And this kum began to quarrel with his wife, you understand, and they got into a quandary, so that now the other woman lives with him while that one went off with the Indians. They once came by here, but I didn't stop them --- and that man burned to death.

And this is what a farmer's life was like at first. Now everything is very bright and prosperous for us, except that now we're old and grey. Some of the younger ones understand [and respect] an old person, others say, "O there he goes, limping along. It's a good thing he didn't stop here because you can smell him [rotting] already," he says. "Look at all the flies flying after him!" But now there are very few of them, just I and my friend Paul --- but people are afraid of him. And this is the end.

KLYMASZ: Was that the truth what happened?

INFORMANT: Partially.

NOTE: Recorded in Ashville, Manitoba, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 24, c.5-a, item 13.

Principal motifs found here include D1523, "Magic self-moving vehicle," *F861.5, "The runaway automobile," and J514, "One should not be too greedy." In contrast to expectation, additional comparative materials are lacking in Baughman.

9: AN INVITATION TO THE WEDDING

Once there were partners and the two of them were close friends, and he fell ill. When he became ill he says, "Remember, when you're

going to get married, be sure to invite me to the wedding." The other one says, "Fine," and they were just talking like that with one another.

But then it happened that one died, and carnival time had arrived and the other one prepared to get married. He began to go through the village and invite everyone to the wedding. And then he took counsel with his best man. He took counsel with his best man, "I still have to invite my partner," and he got up and went with the best man. But the best man stayed behind, he didn't go with him and thus didn't fulfil his promise. But he went into the cemetery, invited him, bowed to him and invited his partner now after his death, I should say the deceased one, and went away.

It happened that in a couple of days - it could be three or in four days, - the wedding took place. And the young groom prepared for the presentation of gifts and they began to present gifts. And a little old man came up with a cane and he was limping, and the people made way for him and he came into the house. When he presented him with just silver, the table buckled in, so that he really had something, - that man, - to present! And then he thanked him and with that cane he turned around and went back.

As soon as he went, that best man came out from behind the presentation table and began to talk to the groom, saying, "Partner, I'm going to get married too." And those days came already and he began to make wedding preparations and to give out invitations just like that partner of his, he invited the entire whole village, --- there were many his parents wanted him to invite... But then he says, "You know what, I still have to invite my partner," and he went, he wanted to invite that same one whom his former partner had wanted to invite. And he came to the cemetery and he did the same which he had done. And his best man accompanied him as he went to him. When he bowed down to him, that one gave him such a blow, saying, "Why did you not want to fulfil your duty [as a best man] when it came time for you to invite that one, when he went to invite him and you didn't want to invite him?" And he just stood there then and didn't say anything, he only went out of that place --- but his best man still accompanied him, --- and went back. And there wasn't any wedding. There was and there wasn't, --- no money, no one, nothing, and no man came to present him with a gift. And that's the way it ended.

NOTE: Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, July 31, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 45, item 21.

The most important motifs found here include H1558, "Tests of friendship," J514, "One should not be too greedy," E373, "Ghosts bestow gifts on living," Q37, "Reward for carrying out dead man's request," and J2415, "Foolish imitation of lucky man."

A variant of the tale is found in Javorskij, No. 18, pp. 30-31 (Note pp. 289-90).

10: THE GREEDY DAUGHTERS

A father had two daughters and gave everything he had to his daughters thinking that good will come of this. Yet he was unable to live with either of them and only went from house to house. Things were very difficult for him. He went to church, there was a service. And he went to confess his sins. He confessed and he told the priest that he had given his daughters his estate and now doesn't have anywhere to stay. "At one place and the other I go around the house like a dog."

And the priest says, "You know what, you go and collect some old potsherds and small cans in the yard. Gather some old papers and throw it all into a sack," he says. He always kept that little sack by him. "Wherever you spend the night, be sure to talk in your sleep. And the one who concerns himself with you, you give that one everything that's in the little sack." And so he went around with the little sack.

And then it happened that the daughters heard about that. And one daughter says, "Why should you wander around, father. Come to my place and you'll stay with me." And so he went to live at that daughter's. At night he lay down to sleep but all the same he held on to that and in his sleep he talked to himself. And she heard that and she went to the other daughter and told her sister, "Yes, the old man has it in a little sack under his head and he holds on to it with his hand."

Then that other one came and wants to have the old man at her place. And the old man stayed there until he fell ill. But he held on to that there and so he died. She ran and went among the neighbors. "Father's died!"

That night the other sister came over, and she says at night, "Go and see what he had there. He has to be buried." So that sister looks in that little sack: there were only old potsherds there. Then she struck that old man on the head, saying, "May the sacred earth not receive you! You lied while you were alive and now you're gonna lie! May the sacred earth not receive you!" And again she struck him with the little sack on the head. And that's the end of the bajka [story].

KLYMASZ: Was that a true one?

INFORMANT: Well that story, --- in the shop once when I was still well they used to get together to see who could say the most humorous thing. So we used to talk. And because of that they say, "Myk's a liar." Thanks be to God right up until today I still haven't had any trouble, I still haven't had to pay any fine.

KLYMASZ: Did a lot of people get together in your shop?

INFORMANT: Yes, quite a few... I liked to weave such stories. But sometimes it was necessary to speak to the point...

NOTE: Recorded in Ashville, Manitoba, August 26, 1966. Archival finding No: 85, item 17.

AT 982 (Supposed Chest of Gold Induces Children to Care for Aged Father). Principal motifs are P236.2, "Supposed chest of gold induces children to care for aged father," J514, "One should not be too greedy," and K1868, "Deception by pretending sleep."

Variants of this tale are found in Berezovs'kyj, pp. 47-50, and UNK, II, No. 45, pp. 184-185.

11: THE CLEVER GYPSY

A gypsy had children and they were crying for food. And the gypsy says, "Hey, children, do not gnaw at my heart, for I shall kill myself, either I'll slash myself with a wooden pestle [sic] or kill myself to a pillow." And he took his bag... and went on into town. Two more men came up and he says, "Well, brethren, let's continue together to town. Times are tough, there's no money, one wants to eat, and I'm in the same way." As they were going along, a mouse ran up across the road and the gypsy struck it with his walking stick; the mouse expires and the gypsy thrusts her into his bag. "Ho," he says, "fellows! One [of us] is going to eat and drink and still have money." And they say, "How is this, for a mouse?!" "Yes, for a mouse."

Well, they came to town and go to a restaurant. All three come up, and there was a woman serving, and she asks, "What shall I give you?" And the gypsy begins to order, --- a bowl of rolls, a mixed plate, and a quart of whisky to boot. Well, and she brought all that to the table and they eat. But the gypsy puts the rolls aside for later. They eat, drink and eat the mixed plate, and then at the end they tackle the rolls. In the Old Country the dishes weren't so shallow as here, there the dish would be a deep bowl. And they began to eat from the top, but the gypsy says, "Ho!" He took a spoon and made a hole and took the mouse out of the bag and stuffed it in among those rolls and only the tail was left showing. And he says, "Hey, woman, just come here for a minute!"

And she, "What's the matter?"

"How do you cook those rolls? Do you want to poison people, Ha!? Look here, here's a mouse with its tail sticking out from among the rolls!"

"But I'm not not to blame for that!"

"I'll teach you! I'm going to get the policemen! Is that the way you're supposed to cook rolls?! But be calm! I want a hundred crowns, if you can, a quart of whisky and a bowl of rolls as well, then I'll be appeased." Well, what can she do? She has to [go along]. Then he got fifty gold coins and a bowl of rolls, a bottle of whisky. As he was leaving that restaurant he said, "Missis! When you set about again to cook rolls, be sure to chase out all the mice, for they'll crawl

in again for you!" She thought to herself that this was actually the truth. My but that gypsy was sly!

NOTE: Recorded in Mink Creek, Manitoba, July 15, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 23, c.4-b, item 11.

AT 1634 (Various Tricks Played by Gypsies). Motifs include C221.1.1.7, "Tabu: eating mouse," K2150, "Innocent made to appear guilty," and K344.1.4, "Trickster puts filth in food."

The gypsy has long served as a beloved trickster figure in traditional Ukrainian lore. In this connection, cf. UNK, I, pp. 194-195, Tarasevs'kyj Nos. 225-233, pp. 134-140, as well as Nos. 12-14 in the present appendix.

12: THE PRANKISH COBBLER

Once in the village of Kryvchi [in the Old Country] there lived a poor cobbler, he was the son of a gypsy. He was the son of a gypsy and all he did was make boots, just to earn something for his poor existence. He had a wife and a pile of children, as usual with the gypsies. One day a rich man came and told him to make a pair of boots for his daughter's birthday. He made a nice pair, as nice and beautiful a pair as he could make them. He overdid it, for this was a noble family, and he knew that he'd be able to ask the man to pay a tidy sum for the boots.

On the next day the rich man comes and says, "How's it going, Mykyta? I want the boots for my daughter..." --- it was still two days away from the day which the English call birthday.

He says, "Yes."

"How much do you want for those boots?"

He says, "Twenty gold coins."

He says, "In my noble family no one has ever walked in boots costing twenty gold coins and no one will, for I'm not a poor peasant!"

He says, "Then I, kind sir, shall work all night and make you another pair." He was ashamed to pay only twenty coins, even though those boots were worth only perhaps one gold coin. Well, nothing. On the next day the man came, and that son of a gypsy was cunning: he tore off the soles and merely attached other ones. That young master comes the next day, --- what do I mean comes! He comes riding on a horse! For the rich men never walked on foot, they rode on horses, or else came with a carriage. There was even a coachman to drive him. He says, "What do you want for those boots?"

He says, "One hundred and fifty gold coins."

He says, "That's the kind I like! Will my daughter be ever pleased!"

He says, "I shall not sell them nor will I give them for nothing!" What's to happen, well he sewed and he had a kind of crooked awl. He says, "You know, kind sir, here's the proposition: I shall shove this awl into your rear three times. If you are able to stand it, then the boots shall be yours for nothing."

Then he, "What of it if he pricks me three times in the rear!? Look what you get, --- boots worth one hundred and fifty gold coins!" But that thing was crooked, when he shoved it in and twisted it and then drew it out, he had jabbed him quite enough; and the second time he did it with all his strength so that he even fainted. On the third time already, he didn't want to go ahead with it.

He says, "You didn't endure it, I shall not give you the boots." That man got on his horse and rode off without paying any more attention to the matter. But that poor son of a gypsy, he took those boots and wrapped them in some rag and carried them and comes right up to [the house of] that rich man.

The mistress says, "What do you have?"

He says, "Pretty boots."

She says, "And how much do you want for them?"

He says, "I shall not sell them nor will I give them for nothing. Perhaps only if I try you out. If it pleases me, then I'll give them, but if not then not."

She says, "Fine." The rich man's wife laid down, and he went on top of her, satisfied himself and got up. She says, "Give me the boots!"

He says, "That was too big, I don't want that kind." Well, fine. He says, "Unless I try your daughter, perhaps that'll please me." And the daughter laid down. He satisfied himself with the daughter and says, "This was a little too tight, I didn't want that kind." And he didn't give the boots. Again he wrapped the boots in that rag, or simply said, he had some old kerchief. And he continues on his way through the village, he goes and goes. He looks, and there was the devil himself riding up on a horse! But there was a shepherd boy tending sheep. He saw that he was in danger and he took the little hat from him, put it on himself, dressed himself in that old rag, got the belt from that shepherd boy... And he [the rich man] ran up, "Did you not see a man with a bundle going by, he had a kind of parcel in his hands?"

"Yes, he'd gone ahead. But you, kind sir, won't catch up to him, for I see that something is bothering you. You know what, give me your horse, and I'll catch him," he says, "and you look after my little sheep."

"Well since you're going there's a revolver for you! Kill him down like a dog, for he has deceived me well!" But, of course, I've gotten ahead of myself, for he had come home and they told him that he had worked over the daughter and the old woman and that he hadn't given the boots. And that's how it came to the little boy. Well, and that's the way it happened, that boy took that revolver, he's going to shoot him. But when he rode off, only a little piece of thread was left behind. That man was waiting and waiting, but the boy didn't return. Meanwhile he's looking after the sheep. Well, nothing. He returned home, limping terribly because that one had jabbed his rear with that awl.

The next day, he takes a fresh horse. He had [several] revolvers, at home, for he was wealthy: who ever had a revolver! --- rich men, priests, lawyers, but the poor villager didn't have one because he wasn't allowed to, it was forbidden by law, like it used to be once in Europe. It wasn't like we have it in Canada, that everyone has eight revolvers and rifles in the house, for I myself have three over there in the corner. Well, nothing.

The next day he [the gypsy] was going along, he looks, and there again was some devil driving up on a horse. But there was an old granny close by raking hay into stacks. He says, "I'll give you whatever you want, but you have to let me do what I want with you."

"How much will you give?"

"Twenty gold coins."

"Fine, my son, give them to me!"

Now that son of a gypsy was a young philosopher. He says, "You know what, I'll cover you up with hay and I'm going to hold you by the rear."

"Fine, let it be so."

He was holding her there by the rear, and he had painted himself and smeared himself with some kind of mud so as not to be recognized. That man rode up, "Did you not see a fellow going by here?"

"I saw such a one going, but the devil won't find him now."

"And what are you doing?"

"I've caught a hive and I'm trying for the swarm not to run off and for the honey not to drain out, and I'm holding it thus, and I've got it exactly in the hole where the honey comes out." But he had stuck his finger in the old woman's rear.

"But do you think I'll be able to catch him?"

"Kind sir, you won't catch him, for I see that you are somewhat of a cripple. But if I had the chance, I would catch him, for I've already caught many such rascals!"

Well and the rich man gave him a revolver and gave him the horse.
 "Be sure to shoot him dead as soon as you meet up with him!"

And he says, "Gently push your hand here by mine, kind sir, like so." And the rich man shoved his finger into the old woman's rear! And he holds it there so that the honey won't run out!

The other one rode off into the wide field, and no one was ever going to see him again. He was holding that finger perhaps an hour, perhaps longer. The old granny became impatient and she shook herself. He looks — and he wasn't holding on to a hive but had shoved his finger into the old woman's rear! But he [the gypsy] had promised twenty gold coins, and the old woman hadn't seen who he was, for he had immediately thrown hay on her head and then he began talking to her. She says, "Give me twenty gold coins, for you've done with me what you wanted to!" The rich man didn't want to [give the money]. She took him to court and the judge ruled that the rich man must pay twenty gold coins. And in that way it ended, that he gave twenty gold coins for holding the granny by the rear, for having shoved his finger into her!

NOTE: Recorded in Tartakiw (Gilbert Plains), Manitoba, July 15, 1963.
 Archival finding No: KLY 46.

AT 1634 (Various Tricks Played by Gypsies). Principal motifs found in this text are K2261.1, "Treacherous gypsy," K255, "Exorbitant price demanded and received," U66.1, "Every woman has her price," and K533, "Escape by successive disguises."

The trickster's rape of the wife and daughter followed by a pursuit sequence are also found in RRC, No. 44, pp. 160-172 (two variants).

13: STEALING THE WATCH

A man went to a priest to confession. And the priest placed his xvykapushij [?] on his head and asks, — it was a gypsy. He says, "My gypsy," he says, "did you steal?"

And that gypsy says, "I steal."

He says, "No... I'm asking whether you stole!"

And that one says, "No, I steal."

"Perhaps you don't understand what I'm asking?"

He says, "What are you asking?"

"Did you steal anything or not?"

He says, "Yes, I stole something."

"What did you steal?"

He says, "I stole a watch." And he had stolen it from the priest, you know, --- while the priest was asking he stole it from the priest from here [informant shows how pocket watch was stolen].

He says, "What did you steal?"

"I stole a watch."

He says, 'My God! That's a sin! Give it back to him!'

And he says, "Here you are!"

"Don't give it to me," he says, "give it to the one you stole it from!"

He says, "I gave it to him but he doesn't want to take it."

"If he didn't want it, keep it! --- for you do not have a sin, because he doesn't want it."

Then the gypsy went and the priest waits and waits: perhaps other people will come. He comes out, there aren't any people, and he --- he realizes that he had a watch but it's gone! "Well," he says, "may he be struck down on the road! He said to me, 'I steal,' and then he stole it! He even gave it to me --- and I didn't take it! Na!" The gypsy was gone, so he had lost his watch.

NOTE: Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, July 16, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 30, c.11-b, item 12.

AT 1807A ("Owner has Refused to Accept it"), and AT 1634 ("Various Tricks Played by Gypsies"). Motifs: K373, "Owner has refused to accept it," and X434, "The parson put out of countenance."

A similar text recorded in Canada appears in Rudnyc'kyj, III, p. 168. Variants are also found in RRC, No. 50, pp. 197-199, Berezovs'kyj, p. 207, and UNK, II, No. 61, p. 216.

14: TOO LITTLE COMMUNION

Again the gypsy went to confession. He confessed his sins and then the priest was giving him the Communion but very little.

And he says, 'Father, it's very good, but you give very little!'

The next time the gypsy went and took along his son. And the priest saw that the gypsy has come to confession, and he says to the

cantor, "Go and scrape up some horse-radish and get a large spoon." So that one went and scraped up some horse-radish and brought a large spoon. And now they had kneeled down to receive Communion but the priest took the spoon full of that horse-radish and gives it to the gypsy. And the son was kneeling by him, but when he thrust it into his mouth, the gypsy says, "Ej, father, father! Give my son less, less! For he'll go out of his mind with the amount you're giving him!"

NOTE: Recorded in Mink Creek, Manitoba, July 15, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 23, c.4-b, item 14.

AT 1831A* (Inappropriate Actions in Church). Motifs: Q222.1 "Punishment for desecration of host," J514, "One should not be too greedy," and Q478, "Frightful meal as punishment." Horse-radish is also served to the gypsy in UNK, II, No. 61, p. 216, as a form of punishment for stealing the priest's watch (see the preceding story in this appendix, No. 13).

15: THE HOLY ICON

You know, it was a time of famine, and no one went to the tavern nor to church to give money in support of God's work. But Hershko went out for a walk, he came out of his tavern, and the priest came out of his room into the garden and he looks over the fence. And Hershko comes to the fence, --- "Good day, Father!"

"Well, good day! Well, what are we going to do, Hershko? The times are poor, the people don't go to the tavern and now they're not even coming to church."

And he says, "E! Father, you are learned, you can do something like ride off to a distant town to buy a nice holy portrait; and here in our village there's a certain well. You put that portrait down into the well. And the two of us will make business."

And so, the next day, the priest rode away and bought an icon. And it happened that it was summer and the time of harvest, and the people were always going early in the morning to the well to fetch water. And an old granny came, bent over --- she wanted to get water, she looked at that picture floating there and she knelt down and recited the rosary. And she flies off to the priest, but the priest was still sleeping --- he wasn't sleeping but heard that some messenger had arrived. And the maid got up, --- "And what do you want?"

"I want to see the priest."

"But the priest is still sleeping!"

But he answers out from his room, "Let her in, let her in here." They let her in, --- "And what's happened there?"

"Well, Father, I came to get water and there's a holy icon in the well!"

"Do not take the water! Go to the cantor, let the people and the brotherhood assemble, let them ring the bells --- we shall go and seal up that well."

And so she went. The people gathered, the brotherhood came, they rang the bells and sealed up the well... Well, what then. They buy boards and build a chapel. The newspapers write that a saint appeared there, --- and it was so that if I were a cripple then I'd also go to bathe my feet in order that it help me. But anyhow, the people go, those who were near would go in the morning and return in the evening. Five or ten of those Old Country miles --- that's quite a journey! And, well, one has to go to the tavern at least to drink a single glass of whisky, tea; and the fellows sit at the table. One asks, "Where are you from?" "O from there and there." "And how many times have you come?" "This is the first time now." "And this is my second time already!"

And a third one says, "This is my third time now, and it's not helping me any!"

And the Jew stands there, only fingering his beard, saying, "What's this, my dear sir? It doesn't help you any? In my opinion, it is helping you a great deal!" --- Yes, it was helping two people, the priest and the Jew, for they were going to the tavern.

NOTE: Recorded in Mink Creek, Manitoba, July 15, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 23, c.4-b, item 17.

AT 1539 (Cleverness and Gullibility). The major motif here is K1970, "Sham miracles."

16: AN EXPLOSIVE REMEDY

Once there lived a Jew, a widower, with his son. He was an eleven year-old boy. But one day, the old Jew became ill, and what was there to do? That little Jew became very worried and he went into the village, among the women, seeking advice. "What am I to do? My father is very sick."

The woman say, "Well, what is it that ails your father?"

"I don't know what, nothing hurts him. He eats and drinks and crawls at the walls!"

Well, the women thought it over. "You know what, go to the apothecary's and buy some black incense and bring it home. Take some live coals into a bowl, sprinkle that incense on those coals and

fumigate your father and perhaps this will help."

The little Jew ran to the apothecary's and forgot what it's called. And instead of black incense [ladan] he said black laban. The druggists stood there wondering, "What can that be, black laban?" And they figured out that it must be explosive powder. And they gave him a whole pound of that explosive powder.

The little Jew came home, sat his father down on a chair, covered him nicely with a comforter, took a bowl of glowing coals, placed it beneath the chair and sprinkled the whole pound of that powder on those embers. And then he stood aside and watches to see his father recuperate from this. But when that powder shot out, it cast his father right up to the ceiling! And the little Jew from the side, "O, Good for him! How quickly it's made him better!" The father fell down and doesn't move. The little Jew steps up to his father, feels his chest, but father isn't alive. "Well, how stupid my old dad is! God gave him healing powder and here he wasn't able to give it due respect. Why the devil did you jump all the way up to the ceiling! And now it's your end!"

NOTE: Recorded in Vegreville, Alberta, August 8, 1965. Archival finding No: KLY 82, item 10.

AT 1698G (Misunderstood Words Lead to Comic Results), and AT 1855 (Jokes about Jews). The motifs include X111.7, "Misunderstood words lead to comic results," N330, "Accidental remedy or death," and X610, "Jokes concerning Jews."

Similar victimization of the stupid Jew figure in the traditional Ukrainian folktale corpus is found in Javorskij, Nos. 74-80, pp. 197-204, and Tarasevs'kyj, Nos. 200-224, 342-348, pp. 119-134, 387-397.

17: STOLEN IN A DREAM

It was a time of great poverty in the Old Country. The people didn't go to church and didn't give money in support of God's work. And the priest says to the cantor, "What are we going to do? The times are poor and there's nothing to eat."

And he says, "Why are you worrying yourself? Tonight we'll go and steal a bull over at the manor and we'll have meat."

"E, how can we go and do that?"

"Well, then, you'll die."

And they went. And the cantor went to the stable and even yells out, "Hey!"

And the priest — "Don't yell!"

"Well, what! Let it get up!" They drove out that bull, led it and brought it home. They slaughtered it, divided the meat nicely between themselves and that's that.

In the morning, the lord of the manor announced that someone had stolen a bull from the stable. But no one saw it anywhere and so it was until Sunday. And on Sunday they were waiting already, --- the priest announces in church, "Gentlemen, assembly! Did anyone --- our manor-lord has lost a bull. Perhaps someone knows something, or perhaps someone met up with it."

And the cantor says from the gallery, "I know!"

And the priest almost died already when the cantor answered out. Well, the manor-lord was in the church and he heard. He comes outside, for the cantor comes out at the end, comes to the cantor and says, "And do you know where my bull is?"

"Yes."

"And who stole it?"

"The two of us, I along with the priest."

"How can this be?!"

"We just stole it, and divided it up, but we were unable to divide up the tripe. So then I said, --- for the priest liked tripe and I like tripe, --- and so I says, 'Let's take it by the teeth, Father: he who tears it away from the other, his will be the tripe.' And so the priest and I began to puff away when I suddenly tugged and tore away the tripe, and he hit me so hard on the head that I awoke!"

"O, well you dreamt all this!"

"Yes, sir, --- how could the priest and I go and steal?! It all happened in my dream!"

And so they had stolen the bull, they had meat, they had enough to eat and had absolved themselves from sin, and they weren't hungry!
[Laughter]

NOTE: Recorded in Mink Creek, Manitoba, July 15, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 23, c.4-b, item 17.

AT 1790 (The Parson and Sexton Steal a Cow). Motif: J1155, "'Then I woke up': man discredits his confession by declaring it all a dream."

A similar variant of this tale is found in UNK, II, No. 10, pp. 88-90.

18: THE TREACHEROUS HIRELING

There was once a man who had three sons. And that older one went off to work, to find a job. So he went and took a job with a priest. The priest says, "Well, do you agree to one condition?"

He says, "Yes."

"If I get angry, then you are to beat me on the back and on the head there; and if you get angry then I will do the same to you. Whether in town or — it doesn't matter." The priest says to the worker, he says to the boy, "Take the cattle and go out onto the field. The wife will make something to eat and I'll bring it to you."

The boy went — the priest didn't give him anything to eat. At nightfall he came home and the priest came out to him with a bucket of water. The boy comes and he doesn't want to drink water.

And the priest says, "Perhaps you're angry?"

"Well," he says, "who couldn't be angry? The whole day," he says, "I was running after the cattle, hungry, and in the evening, just to vex me, all you give me is water?!"

The priest grabbed the boy and beat him on the back. He hit him on the head and he went home.

The next day that other one went. The same thing happens, he gets a job with the same priest. And the priest says again, "Do you agree to one condition?"

"Yes!"

"If you become angry and then I'll beat you on the back and on the head. If I become angry, then you do the same to me."

"Let it be so!"

Again he sent him onto the field with the cattle. "And my wife," he says, "will make something to eat and I'll bring it out to you there in the field."

That one waited and waited the whole day. The priest didn't come with the food. At nightfall he goes home with the cattle and the priest comes out with water.

The priest asks the young laborer, "Are you angry?"

And he says, "Well you yourself would be angry! To run all day after the cattle and in the evening, just to vex me, you come out with water!"

"And are you angry?"

"Ja!"

And he beat that boy up also.

The third day the younger one went. And he walks about on the road there, for there's no one in the yard, he walks by in one direction and then back. He saw that the priest was out in the yard and he says, "Yj, good day, honorable father!"

And the priest says, "You! What are you looking for, my son?"

He says, "I'm looking for a job!"

He says, "Come into the yard." He says, "Yes, I need a fellow."

And he likewise hired himself out like those others. And that boy says, "Let it be so! That's the best way!"

He says, "Take the cattle and go into the field, and my wife will make something to eat and I'll bring it out to you."

And that boy took the cattle and went off into the field. He was grazing the cattle near the forest, slaughtered a small bull, made a fire, baked the bread --- I mean roasted the meat, ate his fill, and there were other boys there. And at nightfall he came home, and the priest was waiting on the road. And he says, "E! A long life to you, honorable father! How did you know that I want some water?" He stopped, took that bucket and drinks. And the priests counts the number of cattle.

"My," he says, "isn't there a small bull missing?"

He says, "Well what do you know," he says, "I ate him. What, perhaps you are angry?"

"No! There's no reason!"

The priest comes home and says to his wife, "This is a disaster! He ate one small bull!" He says, "Tomorrow we'll send him with the sheep for he'll not eat the sheep."

And he went with the sheep. And again he was grazing them near the forest, caught two rams, skinned them, roasted the meat, fed the dogs, other boys... He came home in the evening, the priest again waits on the road with water.

And again he says, "Yj! Honorable father, may you live many years! Why how did you know that I so terribly want some water?" And the boy drinks the water while the priest counts the sheep.

"You," he says, "where are the two rams?"

He says, "Well what do you know," he says, "I ate them, slaughtered and ate them. Perhaps you're angry?"

"Of course not! No!"

The priest went home, says to his wife, he says, "Well, it's a disaster! He ate up the sheep too!" She says, "All right, tomorrow," she says, "you give him the horses, for he'll not eat the horses and he'll be angry."

The priest says, "Today you take the horses, let the sheep have a rest. We," he says, "had a guest yesterday, and the wife didn't have time to make food, but today I'll bring it out to you."

And he took two horses from the homestead. He rode up on one and the other was next to it. He went into the field, left the rest of the horses with those other boys, and took two horses with him, riding on one, and went to town. He sold one, bought himself tobacco, bread, sausage, and he had a bottle of whisky! And he came back, for in the evening it happened again, he goes riding home and the priest comes out with water.

He says, "Yj! May you live a long life, honorable father!" He went and drank the water while the priest counts the horses.

"My," he says, "where's that white and red mare?"

He says, "I ate her up!"

"O," the priest says, "he eats horses too!" He didn't know that he had sold it and bought himself what he needed.

The priest comes to the house and says, "Wife, this hasn't worked out for us. Look, he even ate one mare today. But tomorrow," he says, "we'll send him to the mill, to the devil --- neither he'll be coming back nor will the horses be coming back --- there he'll have his box."

Well, and they loaded him up with some kind of chaff there in sacks. He gave him a pair of old horses, an old wagon and he gave him some food. He says, "Go there and there, and you'll make flour. Here you have rye and wheat."

He went there, he was hungry. The priest had given him a piece of bacon, he made a fire and barbeques it from one side. Then, a devil went to a mud-hole, caught a frog and he too began to roast. And while this one was turning the bacon around and that one the frog, this one kept splashing fat on him. And this one says, "Don't splash on me for I'll splash you!" And finally, when it got really hot, he splashed him in the eyes --- pl'osk! And this one screams through the mills.

And the others came, saying, "What's wrong?! What's wrong?!"

"Perhaps I'll free him from punishment, as long as you make flour for me!"

And those devils came, saying, "You don't have here wheat or rye!"

"Well, what is there?"

He says, "Some kind of chaff!"

"May you meet your doom on the road!" he says. "I came here to eat and you stole my wheat and rye," and he says, "what do you mean I don't have any!?" He says, "Make sure that my sack is completely full, for if not, all of you will be screaming just like that one!"

Well they gave him the flour already, but one says, "Just wait, I'll fix him!" I'll go ahead near that bridge and when he rides up I'll take off a wheel and say that I'm going to repair the axle and he'll not be going home tonight." And thus he did.

And he caught the devil when he was taking the wheels. He threw the wheel on the wagon and put the devil under the wagon: three wheels turn and one wheel goes on foot.

He came home in the night and yells at the gates, "Honorable father! Honorable father! --- Open the gate!"

And the priest heard and came outside, saying, "Who's yelling there!?"

And that fellow says, "Me! Open the gate, for I'm holding the horses!"

And the priest says, "Let the devil open it for you!"

And the devil says from there, "I can't, for I'm holding with my shoulders!"

And the priest says, "May the road lead him to doom! I thought that he'd not return, and here he's even brought the devil home for me!"

Well, he came out onto the yard, the priest went and opened the gate. The devil unloaded the flour and went. But this one stayed.

Later, the priest had a child, and the wife says, "We're going to church today," --- the priest says, and his wife was making soup. "You make the headcheese. Perhaps someone will come with us to our place," he says, "from church, and you put some parsnip and carrot in the soup."

He had two dogs, one was called Carrot and the other Parsnip. That fellow went and chopped up the tails of both those dogs, cut them up into small pieces and put them there in the soup.

"As for the child, I say that if it's necessary for you, you keep it clean and make sure it's dry." And he took the child and chopped it in half, put the bones out on the yard, took the rest, rinsed it well and placed it on a table outside by the house for it to be dry!

The priest came from church and he puts food on the table. And the dogs are howling outside, and the priest asks, saying, "Why are those dogs howling so?"

"Yj," he says, "and you too would howl if someone were to cut off your tail!"

"And where's the child?"

"The child!" he says. "What, are you both blind? You must have passed by the child."

Well, and the priest when he saw those tails in the soup and asked him what he had done, he said, "Can't you see what I've done? You told me to put Parsnip and Carrot in, --- and so I did! Perhaps you're angry?"

He says, "No."

The priest and his wife went outside, look, --- the child had died long ago. And he asks the priest whether the priest was angry. The priest says, "No."

Well, since it was so, the priest buried that child and on the third day he was preparing for a feast. And he ordered him, saying, "Go and harness a pair of horses to the wagon, go out on the road and among the houses; wherever you see children," he says, "bring them over to our place for it's a feast day."

And that worker took the horses and a pitchfork and wherever he saw children [took them up] like sheaves. Among the people, the houses, the yards, --- he took a few children there...

He brought it home and the priest says, "Do you have the children!"

He says, "Sure! Look in the box there! Go and take as many as you want!" Many of the children had died already. "But perhaps you're angry?"

The priest says, "No."

The people came and took the priest before the law. The priest sold his lands and his whole estate and paid the fine. And now there was no reason to remain there any longer. And that fellow who worked for him slept in a sack. At nightfall, when he went to sleep he would push his legs in front like so. And the priest talks with his wife, saying, "Tonight I'll look for two good sticks, one for you and one for me. And in the night we'll get him --- it'll be his box!" [i.e. his funeral].

The priest got up in the night and says to his wife, "But don't say anything, so that he won't hear." But that fellow got out of the sack and put some kind of stumps in there and moved over to the side and sleeps! The priest went and motioned to his wife --- one at the head, the other on the legs --- and they beat him! And the priest says already, "Ho, that's enough, ho." He had made chips out of those stumps. He went and lay down to sleep. And that other one took the sack and shook it out, climbed into the sack and sleeps. In the morning, when the priest got up, he went outside, and there he was in

the sack, "[narrator makes lazy grunts]."

And the priest asks, "And how did you sleep, my Myndelej?"

"May the devil take it!" he says, "I couldn't sleep," he says, "because the flies," he says, "were eating me up, I say!"

And he says, "Behold, wife! Here we were beating him there for two hours," he says, "and only the flies bit him up! Well! We'll have to leave him here, and we'll take up our sacks and get out of here."

The priest placed the sack in the middle of the room and goes around the room looking for books and puts them there. And that Mitrofan went and got into the sack. The priest took all the books and took the sack on his back, they jostled into place --- "Ha, let's go!"

They went and went, and then in the evening he came by a river. And one says to the other, "Well, what should we do! Sleep here and cross the water in the morning?"

And the priest says, "No, it's better now because the water," he says, "is warm but in the morning the water will be chilly."

They went, went, went, and the sack gets wet. And he says, "Up, up, honorable father, for the books are getting wet!"

And the priest says, "We shall have a favourable journey, for I have there a holy book." On the other side he went and trax! with that sack, looking for the book that talks. He looks --- it's Mitrofan in there, his worker. "You're here, my Grigorij?"

"Here. Perhaps you're angry?"

He says, "No." It's hard for him but he refuses.

Well, now he's talking to his wife, saying, "I'll sleep here and you over here in the middle by the water, and the worker-fellow next to the water. And he's going to sleep and we --- one by the feet, the other by the head and straight into the river!" They were lying down, sleeping, and the one got up and took the wife and placed her in his place, and he got in the middle. The priest got up and he thinks that it's his wife. He says, "Get up!" That fellow went to the wife, grabbed her by the head and the priest by the legs --- tarax-ur!" "There," he says, "wife," he says, "now our worker's gone already!"

And he says, "No, honorable father, our mistress has gone," he says, "she's gone."

"Is it you, my Myndylej?"

"Me."

"Perhaps you're angry?"

"No."

"If not, then I can't beat you."

Well, now it was dark. He saw a lamp far off in the distance --- they go. They went there. There was a mill, people were making flour. And there was a kind of a little store. That fellow bought himself a piece of sausage and eats. And the priest is hungry.

He says, "What are you eating?"

He says, "Sausage."

"Where did you buy it?"

"I just found a piece. I don't have any more."

He says, "Give me a piece!"

He says, "Wait a minute!" He went out and there was a dead horse. He pulled out the member [magul'] and cut it off. And inside it was dark. He gave it to the priest and the priest tugs and tugs, he tugs and tugs.

"Well what kind of sausage did you give me?"

He says, "Look! What, are you blind?"

The priest went by the lamp and recognized what kind of sausage it was.

"Perhaps you are angry?"

He says, "No. But it would have been better to have you defecate on my head than this."

And the priest had placed his hat somewhere in the mill, and that one --- galjup! and into the hat --- he defecated into the hat.

"Hey, honorable father, let's go, for this man says he wants to go to sleep and he is going to close up the mill."

The priest went, and it was dark, he took the hat --- pljunk! onto the head, and it drips. And the priest gets up and goes to the lamp. And the priest became angry. That one caught him and beat up the priest.

NOTE: Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, July 31, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 47, item 1.

AT 1000 (Bargain Not to Become Angry) + AT 1012 (Cleaning the Child) + 1115 (Attempted Murder with Hatchet). Among the many motifs found here, the following are some of the more prominent: K172, "Anger bargain," J2516.0.1, "Literal misconstruction of order," J2462.1, "The dog Parsley in the soup," K525.1, "Substituted object left in bed while intended victim escapes," K1461, "Caring for the child: child killed," G303.3.4.1, "Devil in form of wheel on wagon," H1023, "Tasks contrary to the nature

of objects," K2150, "Innocent made to appear guilty," G303.25.14.2, "Devil roasts a toad," K1892.1, "Trickster hides in bag in order to be carried," C221.3.1, "Tabu: eating animal's genitals," and X434, "The parson put out of countenance."

The "bargain not to become angry" also appears as the central narrative motif in RRC, No. 40, pp. 142-146, Javorskij, No. 81, pp. 207-207, KBV, pp. 68-69, UNK, II, No. 8, pp. 76-82, Berezovs'kyj, 207-208, and Tarasevs'kyj, No. 331, pp. 359-363.

The trickster defecating in the hat of his victimized antagonist is also shown in RRC, pp. 160, 306, 310-311, and Tarasevs'kyj, No. 318, pp. 321-323, while the victim made to think that the male member which he is eating is only a sausage appears in RRC, p. 166, and in Tarasevs'kyj, pp. 330-334.

19: "SMARTENING UP ALREADY"

As far as business is concerned, we look up to Jews for their ability of business. So anyway, this Jew was travellin' on the CN, on the passenger train. So, a Gentile, he comes up -- he was walkin' around, lookin' to see if he can make any friends or meet somebody that he knew.

So he sees this Jew sittin' down, he says, "You're Jewish!"

"Yes," he says.

"Well, Jews are known to be very good business men. Can you tell me why? Is there some point that they are better than a Gentile?"

And the Jew at the time, - he had a jar of herrings. So he says, "You know*, herrings is the solution to better thinking."

"Well*, what do you do, -- just eat herrings?!"

"No*, it's not the herrings*, but the heads of the herrings."

So he says, "U.. Well, how do I get smarter, business-wise?"

"Well*, eat heads of the herrings! That's all there's to it!"

"Well*, they don't sell heads of herrings."

"Well*, I will sell you da head of the herring that I'm eating right now, and then, if you want to -- a little improvement, - there it is!"

So he goes ahead, takes a knife and he cuts a head off the herring and he gives the head of the herring to the Gentile and the Jew eats the herring himself. But he says, "Before you eat this head of the herring*, give me a dollar."

So the guy gives him a dollar. So he eats the head of the herring. While he's eatin' this head of the herring, he thought, --- well, the whole jar cost 'im only about seventy-five cents for the whole jar, --- and he paid him a dollar for one head! "O*, there's something wrong here!" [Laughter]

So the guy says, he says, "There's somethin' wrong! Why do you charge me a dollar for only one head when you got the whole jar for seventy-five cents?"

"O*, - see?! You're smartening up already!" [Laughter]

He ate only one head of the herring - he's already smartening up!

NOTE: Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, July 1, 1966. Archival finding No: KLY 84, item 5 (E).

AT 1539 (Cleverness and Gullibility), and AT 1855 (Jokes about Jews). Principal motifs include X610, "Jokes concerning Jews," V360, "Christian and Jewish traditions about each other," B162, "Wisdom from fish," J163.4, "Good counsels bought," K130, "Sale of [pseudo-magic] animals," and K255, "Exorbitant price demanded and received."

20: THE JEW WHO LAID BETS

INFORMANT: There's another good one, you know. You wanna know how to make money, Tony?

FRIEND: Yeah.

INFORMANT: There was a Jewish fella, had a little store like we had #. But it wasn't doin' very good. But, every Thursday afternoon he was goin' to the bank and deposited a substantial sum of money.

So the bank manager, he thought, "Gee, that must be a very good business man. He's goin' very good! He's deposited anything from five hundred to fifteen -- twenty-five hundred a week!" So, he thought he'd be a good person to get acquainted with.

So anyway, one day the man come in with his deposit, so he says "O!" So the bank manager comes up to him and he says, "You are so and so."

"Yes," he says, "I am."

He says, "How is business?"

"Business? O, no damn good at all!" he says.

"O!" he says, "but it must be! --- The amount of money you deposit --- business must be prospering!"

"O, that! *That's a sideline that I've got*. It's not from business that I deposit money from * — I got a sideline!"

"What's your sideline? Maybe you could let me in on it? Maybe I can make a little bit?" So the bank manager says.

So the Jew says, "Yes... * I've got nothing to hide *. I bet!"

Well the bank manager says, "What do you bet on? Horse races, or what?"

"O, no! I bet on anything!"

"Well, give me a clue - what - how to bet! Maybe I can make some money!"

"Well *, I bet, but then it doesn't mean to say that I always win! Sometimes I win, sometimes I lose. But in the long run it works out all right!"

"O," he says, "gee*, I'd like to have some tips."

"Well," the Jew says, "you know *, I will bet you — I'll bet you five hundred dollars you've got square nuts!"

Well, the bank manager knew dam well he didn't have square nuts. So he says, [to himself] "Well, the Jew said that he — sometimes he wins, sometimes he loses." So he says, "Okay *, I'll take a chance. I'll bet you five hundred dollars my nuts are round."

"O, no!" the Jew says, "They're square!"

So the bank manager says, "How are you gonna prove it?"

"Well," he says, "next Thursday, when I come to deposit money, you have a witness with you and I'll bring a witness with me. And then we'll prove it."

Next Thursday comes, the Jew is draggin' this other ol' Jew behind him, and the bank manager is waitin' with his witness. So, the bank manager — he see the Jew come in and he says, "Well *, are you ready to prove it?"

"Ya," the Jew says, "I am. This is so and so, my witness for my side."

Well, the bank manager introduces him to his witness, he says "Let's go in the back *, and go in my room there and we'll prove it."

So he goes in the back, and the bank manager he slips his pants down, and the Jew he sticks his hand under, he feels — "Whoh! My God! * They are round!"

So the bank manager says, "So I win five hundred dollars!"

"Ya...," he says, "I guess you do."

But the bank manager looks around and here the other Jew that was behind -- he fell flat on the floor! -- Fainted! "Ya *, I win the five hundred dollars, -- but what's with him?"

"O, him *! I bet him two thousand dollars that I'd have the bank manager by the nuts by Thursday!"

NOTE: Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, July 1, 1966. Archival finding No: KLY 84, item 9 (E).

This particular text includes several narrative features found in the preceding anecdote: AT 1539, AT 1855, X610, and V360. In addition, the following motifs play a special role here: J2416, "Poor man foolishly imitates rich," K264, "Deceptive wager," K2030, "Double dealers," and F679.7, "Skillful gambler always wins."

21: THE SCOTCHMAN AND THE ELEPHANT

You hear this one about the circus? The circus come into town #. And this circus come in, gets all set up and no crowd! This boss #, he got kind of worried about it #, so he thought -- what the heck, the best thing for him to do is get one of the elephants and lead him up town # and show it to the people.

So anyway, he got this elephant and started takin' him on the road and then, by God, he thought he may as well put a sign on him #. So he put this sign on. On the sign he put -- on each side like -- "Anybody that'll make this elephant jump with his four feet up in the air gets a thousand dollars!" #

Put that on the both sides. Right away he started leadin' this elephant through the town. And, Jesus! -- kids and all the people started # followin' him and tryin' to do everything to this elephant and by golly, -- well, they could maybe make him lift one foot but not the four at a time #.

So by golly gettin' bigger crowd, bigger crowd, and finally it come to a Scotchman #. And the Scotchman looks out through the window and sees this sign of a thousand dollars on this elephant. # So, by golly, he jumps out of the house and he started lookin' around on this elephant. And he tried different stunts #, but he couldn't make him jump #. Could jump maybe with two feet or somethin' like that, but by golly he started worryin' -- "Gotta get this thousand dollars somehow anyway!" # So he was left behind, this Scotchman #, and he couldn't figure out anything and he finally come to some good # thinkin'.

And he says to this fella, "Just slow her down!"

He slowed down, and this Scotchman he backs up #, backs up, backs up and takes a hang of a good run #. And he runs up to this ele -- give him a hell of a wallop in the guts #! He jump with his four feet up in the air! By golly, here this Scotchman gets a thousand dollars #.

Well finally the crowd goes away and, well then, this fellow never made any business #. So he takes the elephant back and he thought to himself -- by golly, he's gotta get this crowd somehow! #. So he makes another sign #: "Anybody that makes this elephant shakes his head this way and this way -- crossways -- get thousand dollars!" #

So, he started leadin' this elephant again through this town #. Again the crowd gets bigger and bigger -- wants to get this thousand dollars #! Finally he comes to this Scotchman again #. The Scotchman looks out -- well be damed -- same elephant! Yes! A thousand dollars again #. What the he-- Oh! He's gotta get it, yes sir! He's a Scotchman -- gonna get it #. So he gets out and he tries this and that -- by golly, he could make him shake head one way but not the other way #. Tried everything! -- Put sand in his ears and different things - he couldn't make just shake one way but not the other way.

By golly, then finally he was gonna give up #. But he come to one good idea, by golly. So he thought to himself, "By God, I'm going to do something else!"

He says to this -- what the heck do you call him -- the leader of this elephant, and says, "Whoh! You stop!"

He stopped. And he goes himself to this elephant, he looks at him, he says, "You remember me?" -- to this elephant. And elephant goes like this # [informant nods head].

He says, "You want me to kick ya in the nuts again?" The elephant goes like this [informant shakes his head]. A thousand dollars again! [Laughter]

NOTE: Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, July 1, 1966. Archival finding No: KLY 84, item 8 (E).

Principal motifs found here include B801, "Elephants in folktales," H1161.3, "Overcoming elephant," X967, "Lie: remarkable kicker," J1661, "Clever deductions," H961, "Tasks performed through cleverness or intelligence," and Q91, "Reward for cleverness."

22: SELLING THE LITTER OF AN UNBRED SOW

A guy bought a small hotel #. Everytime the beer came he didn't never have enough money to pay for it. So, as it happened, this one time the beer came but he had no money. But a guy owed him some money; so in order to get the money he brought him a sow #, for the money that

he owed him, because he used to take vendor beer but he never paid for it, you see? So the bill run up, so he, instead of the money, he brought him a sow.

Well when the freight came, he couldn't give 'em the sow because, well, the thing is they wouldn't take it as barter. So, he figured out -- well he got some guys drunk in the beer parlor, so he started selling pigs, little ones -- piglings!

So, the next day the farmers woke up #, they give money for these pigs -- when can they come for the pigs?

"O," he says, "the sow isn't bred yet!" [Laughter]

KLYMASZ: Where was this hotel owner? Do you know what town?

INFORMANT: Westbourne.

NOTE: Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, July 1, 1966. Archival finding No: KLY 84, item 6 (E).

Motifs: K282, "Trickster sells what is not his to sell," M291, "Trickster undertakes impossible bargains and collects his part," X800, "Humor based on drunkenness."

23: THE HOODWINKED BROTHER-IN-LAW

Another story about his brother-in-law #. He moved up in to Port Alberni, bought himself a new home. Of course he had to do the landscaping, you see. So he [John] tells him [Nick, the brother-in-law], well, he says, "Buy yourself # nice sod, some nice shrubs, because * you got a new home!"

"O," he says, Nick says, "The heck with that noise! * I'm not paying no big money! * I'm goin' out in the bush to chop out some pine trees or some'n * I'm gonna plant out in the front."

So as it happened, well, this Nick never listened to John. But John, he says, "Boy *, I'm going to fix him!"

So he comes in there one night # to visit. As he's goin' out the car -- well, of course, Nick doesn't come out of the house. So he goes and pulls every pine tree wherever it was -- up! And in a couple of, a week or so, he says, "You know som'in, John, * -- those pine trees don't like it out here! * They've all gone yellow!" [Laughter] But he didn't know that he had the roots pulled out already. [Laughter]

So then his wife gets mad at him. She says, "Yeah, sure!" She says, "Now I know why my roses won't grow!" She says, "He doesn't like



Interior Ukrainian Church (ca. 1910)



Ukrainian Church, Madashville, Manitoba (ca. 1919)

roses!" -- He just pulls it up a little bit each day so the whole thing can dries up. -- What a card!

NOTE: Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, July 1, 1966. Archival finding No: KLY 84, item 7 (E).

Motifs: P263, "Brother-in-law", H1199.1, "Task: planting beautiful garden," *K1416.1, "Tearing up the garden," Q585, "Fitting destruction of property as punishment," W181, "Jealousy, " and W216, "Thrift.

24: WHAT GOOD IS A PRIEST?

And then there was one woman who was also at my place. There was a little girl, she christened that little girl from the water. She bathed it and christened it. And the priest found out. The priest found out and then he came to my house to christen the child. And he said that I should get myself some godparents. There were some neighbors and I called them over. This was a true event. I called them over, he read --- like they do to christen a child, he read some kind of other book there and all kinds of prayers. And that there woman who was sponsoring the child says, "Father! The fact that I christened from the water, is that good for anything or not?"

And he says, "In every case it is helpful. If it were to die at any time," he says, "it would still have the cross --- it won't have to beg for the cross [in the afterlife]."

And that there woman says, "Why did you read so long and it took you so long?! You took two dollars from that man!"

And he says, "I had to ride here, it costs me money."

And I remember this, it's the truth, not a fairy tale [bajka].

NOTE: Recorded in Ashville, Manitoba, 1966. Archival finding No: KLY 85, item 16.

AT 1823 (Jokes about Baptism). The principal narrative elements found here include the following motifs: V81.4, "Baptism of infants," J1263, "Repartee concerning clerical abuses," and X434, "The parson put out of countenance."

25: WHICH COMES FIRST?

In one of the neighboring parishes they went over to the [bride's] local church to take their wedding vows. The priest was supposed to

have prepared him there but that priest, in his own church, thought he should ask them about some of the commandments and some catechism. And he comes from behind the baptistry and says to the bride, "You know, my daughter, there are two main things before one takes the wedding vows. Do you know that the first one is?"

She stood there, thought it over, and says, it must be --- she's thinking to herself, -- it must be christening. She says, "The christening!"

"Yes, my daughter," he says. You must first be baptized in the Catholic Church before you can take your wedding vows." He stepped up to the groom and says, "And do you know the second thing?"

And he thought to himself, turned a little red and says, thinking, "It must be the bethrothal!"

"Yes," he says, "baptism and bethrothal are the main things before the wedding vows."

And the old matchmaker, wearing a real mustache, stands in the pew and is already swaying first in one direction and then in the other, and he says, "Excuse me, Father, for it's like this," he says, "bethrothal comes first and baptism is second!" The priest saw that it was of no use to talk with him but thinks he'll ask why it's like that. And he says, "For one has to get married first in order that there be something to baptize!"

NOTE: Recorded in Ethelbert, Manitoba, July 19, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 43, c.24-a, item 4.

AT 1810 (Jokes about Catechism). The principal narrative elements here are the following motifs: H502.1, "Test of religious learning," J1115.6, "Clever peasant," and X434, "The parson put out of countenance."

26: A FUNERAL SERVICE FOR A DOG

A man went to a Catholic priest and says, "Father," he says, "would you be willing to bury a dog?" he says. "My dog died."

"Of course not!" he says. "When do I do anything like burying a dog?"

"Well, but," he says, "I like that dog so much. I want you to bury him."

"No," he says, "no. You know what, you go over to that Presbyterian priest and he'll bury your dog for you."

"O," he says, "thank you for having advised me." And he starts to go out the door but returns back, saying, "But I don't know how much that Presbyterian priest charges to bury a dog," he says. "Do you think that two hundred and forty dollars will be enough?"

"Well, Mike, why didn't you tell me that you had a Catholic dog?"
[Laughs]

NOTE: Recorded in Dauphin, Manitoba, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 20, c.1-a, item 1.

AT 1842A* (The Avaricious Priest). Motifs include V62, "Restrictions on burial," and J1261.2.1, "The sacrament for sale." Two variants of the same story are found in RRC, under No. 48, pp. 184-190.

27: LAST RITES FOR A NON-BELIEVER

Irishmen are all Protestants. And one old Irishman fell sick and was supposed to die. And he says, "I terribly want to have a Catholic priest."

"But," he says, "you know that we Irishmen never believed in a Protestant, --- I mean, a Catholic priest! What do you want a Catholic one for?"

"I want one." And he insists and insists. The doctors examined him.

"What do you want a Catholic priest for?"

And he says, "I want a Catholic priest, for I don't want any of you to die! [Laughs] Let the Catholic die, not us!" [Laughs]

NOTE: Recorded in Dauphin, Manitoba, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 20, c.1-a, item 1.

AT 1870 (Jokes on Various Religions and Sects). The principal motifs found here are K520, "Death escaped through disguise, shamming, or substitution," V330, "Conversion from one religion to another," and D1856, "Death evaded."

28: "WHY DIDN'T YOU COME EARLIER?"

It goes that once a man came to the priest for him to bury his child for him. And the priest says, "And why didn't you come earlier?" he says. "Instead you come today to have the child buried today."

And he says, "Well it's like this: before the cock had a chance to crow, little Ivan passed away; the cock returned his spirit to God and then I came here." [Laughter]

NOTE: Recorded in Dauphin, Manitoba, June 15, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 20, c.1-a, item 1.

The principal narrative elements found here include the following motifs: E765, "Life dependant on external object or event," W155, "Hardness of heart," J1300, "Officiousness or foolish questions rebuked," and X434, "The parson put out of countenance."

The notion that the crowing of the cock can signal the arrival of death is also found in KBV under the title, "Xochesh do raju - kukurikaj" ["If You Wish to Go to Heaven - Crow!"], pp. 33-35.

29: THE STUPID PARSON

Once a man was driving a parson and he saw that a bull had jumped up onto a cow, and the parson asks that man, saying, "What's he doing?"

He says, "He was just sitting on the cow, looking to see how far it was to the water." But he was building up the cow you know.

And then they go further and there was a boar building up a sow, -- just like a boar does, you know how he pulls so...

And he says, "What's he doing?"

"Alas," he says, "his teeth are hurting."

"Well, fine, let it be so."

They go further and there were two dogs... He sure was doing his business, one was pulling this way, the other that way. And he says, "What are they doing?"

He says, "Well, one is saying, 'Come to our place --- there's a party today!'" and that other one says, "There's a party at our place --- you come over to our place!" And that's why the two of them are pulling, this one that way, and that one this way!"

NOTE: Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, July 16, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 30, c.11-b, item 12.

The principal motifs found here include X410, "Jokes on parsons," B754, "Sexual habits of animals," J1745, "Absurd ignorance of sex," and J1900, "Absurd disregard or ignorance of animal's nature or habits."

A similar passage is found in RRC, No. 36, pp. 133-135.

30: BEWARE THE PRIEST!

One time a certain man rode off into the field to plough, and he left his wife and little son at home. Here suddenly his son runs up in the field and says, "Daddy dear! Daddy dear! Return home as fast as you can, for a priest has come to visit us!"

The father says to his son, "You know what, my dear son, run home as fast as you can and tell mother to ask the priest --- if he's a Presbyterian, not to give him any wine, for no matter what he drinks, he'll take it along with him for the road! And if he's an Orthodox one, not to give him any bread, for no matter what he eats he'll take it all for his children! But if he's a Catholic --- get down on your knees, mummy! And wait till I return from the field!"

NOTE: Recorded in Tartakiw (Gilbert Plains), Manitoba, July 15, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 46.

AT 1870 (Jokes on Various Religions and Sects). The principal motifs here are K2280, "Treacherous churchmen," and V465, "Clerical vices." Other humorous anecdotes and tales concerning trios of churchmen are found in KBV, pp. 62-63, and UNK, I, 173-175.

31: THE ORIGIN OF THE CENSER

At first there was no censer, and the deceased had to lie for two days: he dies and the next day they bury him. But once there was a sad case... There was a sickness called ljater, ljatarka, and sometimes a person can lie there for three days and no one can tell whether he's dead until after three days when he returns to life... And so it happened that a man died and they buried him. And after that there was grave-digger on the cemetery; he was doing something and he heard a cry. He listened closely -- it came exactly from that grave where they had buried that man three or two days earlier. He quickly gave word to the people and the people came to dig up the ground, but he had turned over --- there wasn't enough air and he had smothered to death. The decreed, --- they assigned watchmen for two days to look and listen well; and those watchmen would go every two hours, place a dish of water on the chest to see if it would spill, and keep watch. The body had to lie for forty-eight hours then.

In the summer, when the body has to lie for forty-eight hours in the house, you can't even stand it. And the priest comes and can't --- for we peasants have to endure it, but the priest doesn't want to. Then they gave word to the consistory and they made up these censers. At that time they weren't made of gold as they are now, just ordinary censers; one would go to the forest and bring twigs from a pine tree and throw it in there. He would come and begin to fumigate and motion it around near the deceased and drive out that stench. And from that time the censer came into use... [Laughs]

This isn't from God, these are the inventions of people. The priests complained to the consistory that they were unable to approach the house. "We have to fumigate with smoke!" And that's how the censer came into being. And now the censer is in all the churches, and they think that God wants it --- by no means does God want it!

NOTE: Recorded in Vegreville, Alberta, July 12, 1965. Archival finding No: KLY 69, item 12.

The principal motifs here are A1547, "Origin of funeral customs," S123, "Burial alive," F1041.9, "Extraordinary illness," D1295, "Magic incense," E162.1, "Resuscitation even possible after three days," E752.10.1, "Corpse must be watched carefully before burial," N320, "Person unwittingly killed," F687, "Remarkable fragrance (odor) of person," V130, "Other sacred objects connected with worship," J10, "Wisdom (knowledge) acquired from experience," J1142, "Pseudo-scientific methods of detecting," and U110, "Appearances deceive."

32: THE CLEVER DAUGHTER

This was still in the Old Country during serfdom, when the overlords had a great deal of power. They were the judges, they did with the poor people whatever they wanted. But one time, one of the lords gave out three riddles: what is the most nourishing, what is the sweetest, and what is the most agile. One man had a daughter who was eighteen years old. They were poor, and she says, "Father, go and solve those riddles!"

"How can I go there, my daughter? Such personages have gone there like the magistrate and the judge, those kind have gone. And the lord asks the gentlemen, 'Why have you come?' --- those rich men."

"Why we have come, kind sir, to guess those riddles."

"All right! If you guess them, you'll have a hundred ducats. But if you don't guess them, then you'll have a hundred lashes!"

And so, the lord says, "What is the sweetest?"

One says, "I have mead which has been standing there for three years already. It seems to me that this is the sweetest."

And another says, "What is the most nourishing? --- I killed a big hog with so much bacon that I think that this is the most nourishing."

"Fine. And what's the most agile?"

And that third one speaks, saying, "I have a very quick dog. He'll catch a hare no matter where it is."

"Fine." The lord summoned his servants, "Give them each a hundred lashes!" They all got a hundred lashes each and went home.

But that girl says to her father, "Go, father!"

"How can I when they were such rich men and they each got a hundred lashes. When I get a hundred lashes I'll not even get home!"

"No, father. You know what, when he says, what's the sweetest, you say that it's sleep; and when he asks you what's the most nourishing, you say that it's the earth, for she feeds everyone. And say that the most agile things are the eyes." Well, the old man went. The old man comes, the lord comes out.

"Why have you come, old man?"

"Why I have come to guess those riddles which your lordship has made up."

"Fine. There were some here already to guess them; perhaps you'll guess them. What is the sweetest?"

He thinks and thinks and says, "It seems to me, sir, that sleep, for no matter what, when it sleeps overpowers you, you leave everything else behind."

"Hm. And what is the most nourishing?"

"I think, sir, that the earth, for she is the most nourishing. She feeds all of us."

"Fine. And what is the most agile?"

"The most agile, sir, I think are the eyes, for when you close the eyes tight and open them, then you'll see stars so far away; I think that that's the most agile."

"You've guessed them old man! But you didn't answer them from your own head! Tell me, you'll get a hundred ducats, but tell me who induced you to do this. Your head couldn't have said this [without help]."

"Why I have, sir, a girl, I've got a daughter; she's eighteen years old already."

"O, so she's the wise one. Here's dozen eggs for you. By tomorrow out of these eggs there must be chicks! Tell her to place a hen on them, so that there'll be chicks."

The poor man goes and worries, "How can this be?"

And the daughter runs out, "Father! Did you guess them?"

"O leave me in peace, daughter. I guessed them but what of it. You've gotten mixed up with such a lord and you'll not come out of it at the end. Look, he gave these eggs to be hatched into chicks for tomorrow."

"O that's nothing, father! Come! I'm so hungry!" And those eggs were cooked, he was so smart that he had cooked them yet! And the girl took the bowl with those eggs, gave some to her father and herself and the two of them ate their fill. The girl took a handful of millet still in the ears, and says, "Father, go to the lord and tell him to thrash this millet and sow it, and then cut and flay it, for tomorrow morning I'll have to give it to the chicks to eat."

The old man comes. "Well? And are the chicks out already?"

"No, no, my lady. Look, my daughter has given you this millet for you to sow; it has to grow and you have to thrash and flay it, for tomorrow the chicks have to be fed."

"O, so that's how wise she is! You tell her to come to me herself, but she must come neither naked nor dressed, not riding nor walking, neither naked nor dressed, neither with a gift nor without one."

Well, the old man goes home and again he became worried. And the daughter runs out, "Well, father, what did the lord say?"

"Aj! Leave me in peace, daughter! You've begun with this lord and you'll not come out of it at the end. He said that you should come to him tomorrow yourself, and you're not to ride nor walk, nor naked nor dressed, neither with a gift nor without."

"O I'll do it, father. Go to town, father, and buy me ten yards of netting." The old man went and bought a net. And she sewed herself a kind of dress and put it on. She caught a dog, --- she had a big dog, --- and she got on it: she neither rides nor walks, for her legs drag along, --- she stands up a little. She caught herself two sparrows and rides along.

And when the lord saw that, he says, "Hey!" to his lackeys, "Let out the dogs!" And the lord let the dogs out, and those dogs went after her, and she took a kitten and let it go, and the dogs went after the kitten and the kitten went up onto a willow, and she rode onward to his chamber. She let those two sparrows, saying, "My lord! Lord! Here's your gift! Catch it for yourself!" The gift is and isn't --- it flies and the lord can't catch it.

And he says to her, "Sit down! You know, you're a smart girl. I wonder whether I should not marry you."

"And why not. If you want to, I'll marry you."

"Well then you go home and tomorrow I'll come and talk with your father. And we'll get married."

The daughter comes home. "Father, the lord wants to marry me!" And that lord wasn't very old. He was maybe thirty-five to forty years old, not older, for the lords once used to get married at that age.

Well, the lord comes, talks with the old man, "I want to marry your daughter!"

"I'm not forbidding you! Marry her!" And so they got married. And now, no matter where the lord went or what the problem, they would come to her, and she understands those people and she judges fairly, so that it was even pleasant.

But one time, some kind [of men] were riding to the fair. One had a mare, another had the cart, and the third made jugs. And they harnessed up and were riding to the fair. Night fell and they spent the night near that manor. They get up in the morning, --- there's a colt! Now one says, "Look! My old mare had a colt!"

"You're lying! My cart did!"

And that third one says, "My jugs did!"

Well, and they came to that lord's place, but the lord wasn't home. His lady came out, "What is the problem?"

"It's like this. This one had a cart, I made jugs, and this one had a mare. And we spent the night near his lordship's and a colt was born. I say that it was my mare that gave birth to the colt, but this one says that it was his cart, and that third one says, that his jugs, and we don't know. We have come to you for a judgment."

"His lordship isn't home, he's gone to chase the fish out of the grain."

"O, we've never heard about fish being in grain!"

"And I've never heard that a cart or jugs should have a colt! The mare had the colt. The colt is yours my man. Go!"

And when the lord returned, he heard about this and he got very angry at her, for he had told her repeatedly that she was not to enter into any affairs without him. He wanted to laugh a little at those people. "From today you are no longer my wife! Get off with you so that I don't see you!"

But she says, "Wait a bit. At least let's have dinner together."

"Well, then, you shall have dinner with me."

The cooks brought the dinner, they sat down. And there was a flask of wine, as is the custom with wealthy people. And she poured him some wine into a glass and some for herself. They don't talk to one another, just eat, for she has to leave. But the lord drank his wine and finished his dinner, and so did his wife. It is the custom with the rich that after dinner one has to go to sleep. And he went and lay down to sleep and fell into a deep sleep. And the lady came out and summoned a lackey and says, "Go and call the coachman! Let him harness the horses and have him ride up before the chamber." And

the coachman did so, he rode up, and she told the lackey to put the lord into the coach. They brought the lord out --- the lord sleeps. She sat herself down by him and sits. And there the lord had a good sleep and woke up --- but here he was in the coach.

"Where am I? Where am I going?"

"Well, where are you going, --- you're going with me! You drove me out!"

"Well I drove you out alone. Why am I riding with you?"

"Well because you are my husband. You said that I should take with me that which is the most dear and the best. And you are my husband, --- you are most dear to me, and therefore I took you, and I am going with you."

"Aj, aj! Turn back you miserable one! We shall live on [together]!" And so they lived and lived until they died.

NOTE: Recorded in Yorkton, Saskatchewan, June 24, 1964. Archival finding No: KLY 48, c.25-a, item 25.

AT 875 (The Clever Peasant Girl). Among the many motifs found here, the following are the most important: J1111.4, "Clever peasant daughter," H632.2, "What is swiftest? The eye," H633.1, "What is sweetest? Sleep," H1023.1.1, "Task: hatching boiled eggs; counter-task: sowing cooked seeds and harvesting the crop," H1053.2, "Task: coming neither on horse nor on foot (Comes sitting on animal but with feet reaching ground.)," H1054.1, "Task: coming neither naked nor clad. (Comes wrapped in net or the like.)," J1191.1, "Reductio ad absurdum: the decision about the colt," J1545.4, "The exiled wife's dearest possession."

Variants of the tale are found in Javorskij, No. 68, pp. 183-186, and Berezovs'kyj, pp. 27-31.

33: THE LIVE STATUES

There was once a man, a young fellow, who got married to a girl. Well, and they were poor, but he was a kind of artisan. He knew how to make statues, crosses, --- like the saints, he was able to make things like this. But there rode up a lady, saying, "Master artisan! Would you be able to cast the three saints for me: Ivan, Paul, and Gabriel?"

And he says, "Why not? But you know, I don't have any money. You leave me some as a deposit and I'll buy some of that material." And the lady left some.

And he then rode into town, and his wife was behind him, saying, "I need a dress! I need shoes!"

And he says, "Wife! For God's sake! I don't have any money, I only have enough for that material that I must use to cast the saints!"

"O that's nothing! I'll make the saints myself!"

"Well, if that's the way it is, let it be so. Let it be your word! And I'll buy you both the shoes and the dress." And the money went.

But now they're coming home, and she says, "Husband, take a sack and stuff some rags in there and go through the village saying that you're going off to work." And he did this. He took the sack on his shoulders and goes.

But here the priest comes out, "And where are you going, Ivan?"

"Why I'm going away to work."

"But it's been only two weeks since you've gotten married, and already you're going off to work!"

"Well I have to, there's nothing to live on, and that's that."

"Well then, I wish you a good journey --- may you make a lot of money!"

And he goes further. The cantor comes up. "Do you hear, Ivan, --- where are you going?"

"Where I'm going!? I'm going to work."

"O my, my! Why it's only been two weeks since you got married! Such a nice wife! How can you leave her behind?"

"Well, it's God's will. I'm going because I need the money."

"Well then, go, go, may you earn a lot of money!"

And he goes on. At the end of the village there's a smithy, and in that smithy there's a gypsy working as the blacksmith. And the gypsy asks him, "And are you leaving, Ivan?"

"Well I'm going off to work."

"My, my, my, that's such a nice wife. It's been two weeks since you got married and you're leaving her behind?"

"Well I have to."

"Well then, I wish you a good journey! Go, go! May you earn a lot of money!" And he went.

Now, she got all dressed up and came to the well to fetch water. And the priest came up. "Listen! Just wait young woman! Why have you chased your husband off to work? Why you just got married recently!"

"Well, I ask you father, what is there to do. We are poor. Let him go and earn something."

"But won't you be afraid to sleep alone?"

"Well, I'll be a little afraid, but what can I do about it."

"Listen, how would it be if I came to you?"

"O, well I don't know, as long as no one saw. Come at eleven o'clock."

"Fine, fine, I'll come."

Well, the priest comes, brings a bottle of wine, puts it on the table, and he brought something to eat besides. And so they drink and eat. But suddenly someone thumped [at the door]. "O who's that?"

"O it's my husband's returned!"

"But listen, how, where am I to hide?"

"Here, crawl here into the cupboard!" But that's not all! He had even taken his clothes off and he stood there naked in the cupboard --- it was the kind of cupboard with two doors. "You stay there in the cupboard!" And that husband came, drank a little wine and again hid himself. But then after a while the cantor comes. He brought a bottle, brought a bottle of whisky and put it on the table, he brought some sausage.

"Well, my young woman, let's drink a little!" They drank a little, some of this, and so forth. And now she yawns. "Well now, do you want to sleep already? Well then let's lay down, let's lay down! And now I'll go and take off my clothes."

"Well then take them off."

He had just taken off this clothes when there was a thump, thump at the door. "That's my husband! That's my husband's come! What's to happen now? He'll probably beat us! I'll hide you in the cupboard. Crawl in here into the cupboard!" Well then and he got into the cupboard. He was touching that other one, there was something warm, and he just moved over a little further. And the husband drank up a little whisky and again he hid himself.

A little while later the gypsy comes. Again he brings a bottle of whisky. And the gypsies like garlic, so he brought some garlic and sausage. And again they began to make company there. And now she yawns, --- she's smart, --- she yawns.

"What, do you want to sleep?"

"Yes. But here, you take off your clothes."

"O my, my! I'm for that!" He had barely taken off his clothes when the husband was at the door, boom-boom. "And who's that!"

"O! That's my husband! He's returned from work!"

"And where'll I hide?" he says.

"Wait. I'll hide you here in that cupboard. Crawl into that cupboard!"

And now there's three of them. The husband now walks around the house, and she lay down for she hadn't slept the whole night. She sleeps. And here it was summer, the sun had come up. And the lady rides up to get the saints.

"Glory to Jesus Christ!"

"Glory forever!"

"And so, master artisan, are the saints ready?"

"Yes, the saints are ready."

"Please show them to me."

"Right away I'll show them to you." And he opened the doors just for a prank.

And as soon as she saw them, "O mother of God! But they are just as though they were alive! Just as though they are alive!" And they had crossed their arms yet! But it happened that "Only one thing doesn't please me."

"What?"

"Well why did you make them with those things there?"

"Well, what did you think, my lady, that the saints don't have them? I made them just as though they were alive. But if that displeases you somehow, then I'll right away take a knife and cut them off." When he said that he'll take a knife and cut them off, --- the priest who was at the very front jumped out of the cupboard and out through the door, and the cantor followed him, and the gypsy did likewise.

And she again, "O! mother of God! Why did I say that!? The saints would have remained standing there!"

"Well, I'm not in debt to you, my lady, for that. They got frightened over that operation and so they had to flee!"

"Well then I'll leave you some money again, but you are to make the very same kind, but now without this here."

"Well then I'll make them." And he went to town, bought some of that cement, those moulds, made the saints and placed them in the cupboard.

And then the lady came and paid him. She looked at those saints and said, "Nice saints, but not as good as those others were."

And the lady took away the saints, and the wife says, "You see! It is I who made the saints, not you!" And the bajka [story] is ended.

NOTE: Recorded in Yorkton, Saskatchewan, June 24, 1964. Archival finding No: KLY 48, c.25-b, item 1.

AT 1730 (The Entrapped Suitors) + AT 1829 (Living Person Acts as Image of Saint) + AT 1359C (Husband Prepares to Castrate the Crucifix). Motifs: J1112, "Clever wife," K1218.1, "The entrapped suitors," K1842, "Living person acts as image of saint," and K1558, "The husband prepares to castrate the crucifix."

Two variants of the story are found in RRC, under No. 65, pp. 251-54, 257-67, and still another two in UNK, II (no. 21, pp. 121-122, and No. 37, pp. 161-163).

34: THE HUSBAND WHO BEGOT A CALF

Another kum used to go over to his kuma's place. And the kuma had a husband but he was always at home and he didn't want to go anywhere. But once she says to him, "You know what, you come and let the cow out of the stable, and I'll hear her walking over the yard. I'll send him, for I myself will not go drive her back."

The kum came and let the cow out and so the cow was walking there through the yard. And the wife says, "Husband, the cow's out there walking over the yard!"

"Ah, you must have had a dream."

"You go and bring her back. Why should I go when you're here."

The husband went to bring in the cow while the kum stole up along the house, went into the house and locked the door to the entrance. The husband tied the cow up there, comes to the house and the door's locked. He knocks and that kum answers, "Who's that knocking there?"

"Open up, wife!"

"Off with you, or I'll really open it for you in a minute!"

He stood and thought, "Have I not managed to come to my own house, or what?" His house was exactly the fifth one from the end, and he goes to the end and counts, "One, two, three, four, five. Well, that's my house. But I'll go to the barn. If there's a black and white cow and a hen sitting on eggs then it's my house for sure!" So he went and counted and came to the barn --- and there's a black and white one and a hen on eggs. He comes to the house and knocks.

And again that one yells out, that kum, "Away with you! Or I'll knock it for you! What are you here for?"

"Humph! What's this about? It appears that this is not my house! What is this? Well I'm going to the stable to sleep." He went to the stable to sleep. He went to sleep and he slept next to the cow in a manger.

In the morning the kum left and the wife comes out and weeps, "My darling husband! Why I've been looking out for you all night! And where on earth were you?"

And he says from the stable, "Hush, wife, hush! I was here sleeping by the cow."

"O husband! If you were sleeping near the cow, that means you're going to have a calf! I don't want you! But what's to happen? You must go into the world for nine months until you have the calf. Then I'll take you back." She fixed him some food, he took it in a sack and went.

And he goes from village to village, from town to town. But he went through a forest and he found a man whom the wolves had eaten but had left only his legs, they were still in the boots those legs. He saw that the boots were still good, but he couldn't put them on because they had frozen. He takes those boots and throws them into his little sack and goes to the village. He came to the village and asked around to spend the night. There were some old people who took him in for the night, and they say, "Go and sleep there on the oven, old man, and you'll sleep all right." And the old man got onto the oven and took the boots with him and sleeps.

The wife of that man woke up and says, "Go and take a look, for our cow was supposed to have a calf about now and here's it's so cold. He went, and just as he was coming to the barn there was a calf. He takes that calf and carries it to the house. He brought it to the house and the wife says to him, "You know what, you put it next to that man on the oven for it's cold in the house. Let it get warm a bit and you'll take it back later." Well and that's what that man did, he placed that calf on the oven. It warmed itself up a little for it was a little frozen.

But that other man awoke. Something's shaking! He feels the calf. He lit a match --- it was black and white, just like his cow!

That fellow joyfully tore himself off that oven and went. But he left behind the boots with the feet inside on the oven. The wife woke up and says, "Husband, go and see if the calf hasn't warmed itself up already, so that the man won't get frightened." He lit the lamp, looks on the oven --- the fellow's not there, only the feet in the boots. And he cries out, "Wife, it's an abnormally strange calf! It devoured the fellow and only left the feet in the boots!"

Well then the wife says, "Take the axe and kill it for it'll eat us too!" [Laughter]

That man comes home and the wife says, "Well, what's what?"

And he says, "Yes, I had a calf, black and white exactly like our cow!" [Laughter]

KLYMASZ: Did she take him back?

INFORMANT: Well of course.

NOTE: Recorded in Mink Creek, Manitoba, July 15, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 23, c.4-b, item 22.

AT 1739 (The Parson and the Calf) + AT 1281A (Getting Rid of the Man-Eating Calf). The principal motifs found here include K1514, "Adulteress gets rid of husband while she entertains lover," J2316, "Husband made to believe that his house has moved during his absence," J2321, "Man made to believe that he is pregnant (has borne child)," and J1815, "Did the calf eat the man?"

Variants of the tale appear in RRC under No. 38, pp. 137-141, and in Tarasevs'kyj, Nos. 347, 348, 399, pp. 394-397, 452-455.

35: THE HUSBAND IN THE SACK

There was once a man, he had a wife and that wife was always very sick. Wherever she sent him, there he would go. She would send him to fetch some milk of a wild goat. The poor man walks through the forest, and somehow managed to catch the goat, milked it, and gave her some to drink. And she says, "No, nothing helps me." And in the night she sleeps and always "Oj, oj, O! I dreamt that if you were to get me the milk of a female hare it would help me." The poor man again rises early, walks through the forest, caught that female hare, and managed to squirt out a couple of drops of that milk. He brought her that milk and she drank some of it up.

"O husband, nothing seems to help me. You know what, I dreamt last night that if you were to take some dog's dung, if you fried it and gave it to me, I would eat it and I'd be well."

And the husband, "Ho, ho --- there's plenty of that!" He went out into the garden, and there were dogs walking around and he found some of that there. He brought it. "What am I to do with this?" he asks his wife.

"Go and put it in the frying pan." And he did so.

"And now what do I do?"

"Put salt on it." He went and salted it.

"And what else should I do?"

"Pepper it." That poor man peppered it.

"And now what should I do?"

"Taste some and see what it's like." He, like a fool, went and tasted it, and says, excuse the expression, "Shit and shit!"

"O see how it doesn't help you any, and it won't help me either."

Well, nothing. But at night they're sleeping and she tore out, "Oj, oj! Hear me, I dreamt that if you were to go to the sea and got me some sand from the sea, I would bathe in it and I'd be well."

"But listen, how am I to go? With a couple of such skinny horses and that there, --- how will I get to the sea?"

"If you go slowly you'll get there." The poor man harnesses those horses, takes some food for those horses and for himself, got on and rides off. He rides on, but some lad came up, -- perhaps he was eighteen years old, --- and he took him on his wagon.

He says, "Uncle, where are you going?"

"O my little son -- where I'm going?! My wife's been sick for years now, she dreamt that if she, her, if I were to bring her some sand from the sea, she'd bathe in it and become well."

"Hoi, uncle, my uncle! Your wife isn't sick! You return home! Your wife will be healthy!"

"But my son, I'm not supposed to return."

"But uncle, I beg you, I'll help you return home." The poor man goes and returns. And here it was night already and that fellow had a kind of sack. He says, "Uncle, you crawl into that sack. Here's a piece of a rolling-pin and here's a knife for you. You sit there quietly." And so he did. He rides up into the yard, comes to the house and says, "O mistress, I beg you! I've been riding on the road, the horses are hungry..." and so forth.

"Je, je, spend the night here. My husband's not home. You unharness the horses and give them to eat."

"I shall sleep in the stable." He went, unharnessed the horses and did accordingly. The horses are in the stable -- they know everything.

And then he comes, and at the table sits a priest. There are bottles of wine, there's whisky, plenty to eat, and they're amusing themselves nicely, drinking and singing.

And he comes. "I have a favor to ask you, mistress. I," he says, "will sleep in the stable, but I have some very valuable articles in a sack. I'll bring it to the house so that no one'll steal it there perhaps."

"A ja, ja, go ahead and bring it." And he brought in that sack, placed it so by the doorway and sat down because he was out of breath.

And the priest says, "Give him a glass of whisky." So she gave him a glass of whisky. He thanked her, drank it up but continued to sit there a little. They sing --- she sings:

"O my Hryhorij's gone to the sea
To fetch some sand,
To help his wife."

And the priest, "Rom-ta-dra!"

"And perhaps you, lad, can sing me some kind of song?"

"Well I can sing one."

"Well sing, anyone you know." And he sings:

Do you hear, Hryhorij,
What you're wife is saying?
You have a knife on you ---
Rip the sack that's on you.
Take the rollin-pin
And beat your wife until it hurts!
Your wife once, the priest twice ---
Let him not say, "Rom-ta-dra!"

And that's the end. Finis.

KLYMASZ: And where did you learn that story?

INFORMANT: I learned that in the Old Country yet. Sometimes it really happens like that.

NOTE: Recorded in Yorkton, Saskatchewan, June 24, 1964. Archival finding No: KLY 48, c.25-b, item 1.

AT 1409 (The Obedient Husband) + AT 1360C (Old Hildebrand) + AT 1358 (Trickster Surprises Adultrous and Lover). Principal motifs: J1702, "Stupid husband," H934.1, "Wife assigns husband tasks," K1044, "Dupe induced to eat filth (dung)," H1229.3, "Quest for marvelous thing seen in dream," H1212, "Quest assigned because of feigned illness," K1514, "Adultrous gets rid of husband while she entertains lover," N832, "Boy as helper," and K1570, "Trickster outwits adultrous and paramour."

Similar narratives are found in KBV, pp. 64-67, and in UNK, II, under No. 28, pp. 142-143.

36: THE FAITHLESS HUSBAND WHO WAS TAUGHT A LESSON

A kum [godfather] kept visiting his kuma [godmother], but the kuma didn't want to always receive him. She says, "Kume, you have your own wife! What do you want from me?"

"E, my woman smells like a dead dog!"

And she couldn't get rid of him and she says to the kum, "Come tomorrow evening." So here the kum intended to drop over already but she tells the kum's, his wife, "You come in the evening for your kum is supposed to be there --- your husband is supposed to be at my place. I just can't bring it to an end with him."

And she, that there wife, got all dressed up, and he says, "And where are you getting dressed to go?"

"O, I'm going over to my mother's for I haven't been there for a long time."

"Well go, go. I'll do everything here."

And the wife went, and the kum prepares some buckwheat, a bottle of whiskey, sausage, and steals over to the kuma's place. He comes to the door and his wife is already there at the kuma's. He enters the house, saying, "Kuma, put on the light! Why fumble around?"

"E, kum, I'm afraid that one of the neighbors will see that you've come over to my place, and I don't want this to happen."

And he put down that sausage, the bottle of whisky. And gets the kuma by his side already and they begin to drink up. But then he begins --- well, I shouldn't say it. Well that's like that and the kum became more ardent and so he gets her around the neck, but the kuma says, "Wait, kum. I'll go outside and look if anyone's out in the yard at the window. She went out to the vestibule and his wife came into the room. But that kum had become intoxicated already and fumbling he grabbed his wife and onto the bed. And there he was by her while she even kept

farting.

And he says, "Kuma, your frenums are like raspberries, but my wife dungs it out like a dead dog."

And well, then, she straightened herself out but doesn't answer anything. And his wife went home while that woman, the kuma, gave her the buckwheat and a piece of the sausage which they hadn't eaten, and she went home. But the kum sat around there a little longer and she finally says, "Go home already, kum. That's enough for you." And so he goes.

But he comes to his yard and he sees that there's a candle burning in the window. "O, she's probably returned from her mother's and getting ready for bed." But he came, opened the door, and there she was lying on the bed and, to vex him, had spread her legs wide apart and shoved a candle between the legs. And he stands near the threshold, saying, "What's with you, wife? Have you lost your mind? For what purpose did you light the candle?"

And she says, "For it's worthy: it has earned buckwheat, whisky, a piece of sausage..."

And he says, "May your paths lead you to doom, you whores!"

And thus the kuma parted company with him, she had shamed him, and now no longer did he thrust himself upon her. For at first he had said that his wife smells like a dead dog. And then when she farted he says, "Kuma, your frenums are like raspberries!" But do I know whether it was really like that? I wasn't there. But that man over there was lying and I'm just repeating his lies. I didn't suck it out of my finger.

NOTE: Recorded in Mink Creek, Manitoba, July 15, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 23, c.4-a, item 13.

AT 1419 (The Returning Husband Hoodwinked). The principal motifs here are K1223.3, "Wife substitutes for mistress," F547.5.10, "Woman with privates like dog's," and J1702, "Stupid husband."

37: THE WIFE WHO WAS EXCHANGED FOR A DOG

There once was a man, the kind that didn't have any children, and he said to his wife, "I'm going for a little walk." And they lived in the village but they went through the woods along a path. They walked and got tired. And then the two of them they sat down. And he says to her, "You put your lap like this and I'll have a little nap." And so he put his head down and fell asleep. But a bandit came by and he had half a sack of money. And he sees that the man is sleeping, so he takes out some money and shows it to her. And he had a knife at

his belt and he motions to her that he'll give her that money if she cuts his throat. And he was lying somewhat to the side and she nodded her head that she'll slay him. And he gave her that knife, and she slowly turns his head so that it would face upward so she could cut off his head. And so she had just managed to turn it and wanted to draw the knife when he grabbed her by the hand, that bandit. And immediately he woke him up and says, "My man, you see, your wife would have cut your throat if it weren't for me! Therefore," he says, "when you go to town or into the village try and exchange your wife for a dog," he says. "For you see, if you were to fall asleep and a dog were lying next to you, and I came along, then the dog would have awoken you! But a wife can cut your throat!" And then he went back to town and exchanged his wife for a dog. He lives to this day and his dog too, there around Gilbert Plains [laughs].

And the women always say, "Stop your lying! For God's sake!" [Laughs]

KLYMASZ: Do you know any other bajky [stories]? For I'm collecting that also.

INFORMANT: Yes. But these aren't true, you know.

KLYMASZ: I realize this, but that's alright. I still collect them.

INFORMANT: You know, it sometimes does happen that way. In my lifetime I've seen it. A nice fellow takes a nice woman and so forth. But they went ahead and killed one another. I think you heard about Harrison, that he killed two women here in Dauphin. I knew them very well, those people. He was a nice man, but why she latched on to him...

NOTE: Recorded in Ashville, Manitoba, June 26, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 27, c.8-b, item 33.

AT 968 (Miscellaneous Robber and Murder Stories). Principal motifs include T230, "Faithlessness in marriage," W171, "Two-facedness," J2301, "Gullible husbands," S118.2, "Murder by cutting throat," J178, "Wisdom from robbers," and B312.2, "Helpful animals obtained by exchange."

38: THE HUSBAND WHO UNDERSTOOD THE SPEECH OF ANIMALS

This here bajka [story] is long and interesting for young people, who should take interest in the fact that this is the way things are in the world. It's a bajka but it's also the truth.

There were once two old people and they didn't have any children. And so the husband of that woman went to gather mushrooms,

you know the kind of mushrooms there are, the white kind. He went into the hills to get mushrooms. And he's gathering them and hears something squealing, something like a child. And he became curious and he went to look. He comes, and this was in the hills and the ground had shifted. And there was a slab standing, and a snake was crawling along that, and that slab fell over and caught that snake. And that snake began to cry out there, and he comes to look. And somehow it was sad for him to see this, for there was the slab lying on that animal. And he went and lifted up that slab. And that snake crawled out from under there and turned to him, saying, "In return for saving my life, I grant to you that you shall know all tongues, that which the bird say, what people say, what every animal says --- you shall know that speech."

And the two of them had a pair of horses. There was a horse and a mare. And the mare was so to say pregnant. And the woman was expecting in her old age. And he comes home, and that snake had forbid him to tell his wife that he knows all tongues. And he asked why. And she says, "For when you tell your wife you'll die on the spot." And for this reason, you see, he didn't want to tell his wife for they lived well together.

And she says, "You know what, my husband, in Trembovlja there's a nice fair!" It means that they sell everything there. She says, "What do you say that we go!"

And he says, "We could go, but I don't want to, because the mare is pregnant, and there's a river that we'd have to cross. If we could go on horse, then," he says, "the horse could cross over better than if it were to pull a cart." And so the two of them agreed accordingly and she got on the mare and he got on the horse.

And they go to that fair. And they came near the river and that horse flopped into the river and crossed over, but that mare began to circle about --- she doesn't want to go in there'. But the horse says to the mare, saying, "Just take a little jump, and jump over that and you won't get stranded."

And the mare says to him, "It's fine for you to talk since you and your master are in such a condition. But as for the two of us," she says, "we're in such a condition that this is not possible." And she began to beat that mare, and her husband began to laugh there on that other side. And that mare slowly crawled down that bank, crossed over and emerged, and now they're going to that fair the two of them together.

And she says, "Why were you laughing so?" For she didn't understand what the horse had said to the mare.

And he says to her, "That wife is something," he says, "that I can't tell you, for if I tell then I'll die." Well now, she doesn't take interest in the fair but only in why he was laughing. And she keeps asking him. And he says, "Listen, wife, we're going home now," he says, "I'll tell you when we get home and I'll tell you. But as

long as you know that I'll die."

"There's no such thing," she says, "in the world, like you say!" And she keeps saying that he should go home now.

And now they had gotten on the horses, they're going home and they arrived home. He doesn't want to tell, for he'll die --- that snake had said that he'll die. Then he says, "You know what, wife, if you want me to tell everything to you, you had better," he says, "get a bier ready, and," he says, "prepare some water to wash me nicely and," he says, "place me on the bier." And he says, "Then I'll tell you but not sooner."

And then she got busy right away. She heated up some water, took some kind of washrag and quickly went and washed him nicely, dressed him up, lay him down and covered him up with a kind of cloth that they use to cover the deceased. And she stopped and said, "Well, my husband, tell me!"

And he thought and thought. But a dog came running in, for the doors were open and it was summertime. And the dog came running and it was howling loudly, howling like anything! And she says to the dog, "Get out of here! Get out! What the devil's mother are you howling here for me! Don't you see!?" And she kicked that dog with her feet.

But a rooster came running up, and he hears all this because he understands that language. The rooster ran up and says to the dog, "What the devil are you bawling about?"

"Alas," he says, "my master," he says, "is going to die!" he says. "As soon as he tells his wife, he'll die!"

"If your master is that stupid," he says, "if he wants to tell that to his wife, let him go to the devil and die! Just you think," the rooster says to the dog, "I've got fifty wives! If I find a seed," he says, "I can call them all together and eat the seed myself and they go on. And here he's got one," he says, "and he doesn't realize this but goes to meet death, because she wants him to tell him!"

And then he jumped up, saying, "May the devil take you! Mark well that I have unattached myself from you forever!" And now he spends his time baking bagels [obaranky] --- cookies, and she went off somewhere with some Indians.

NOTE: Recorded in Ashville, Manitoba, June 27, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 22, c.3-b, item 26.

AT 670 (The Animal Languages). The principal motifs found here include B165.1, "Animal languages learned from serpent (not eaten)," C425, "Tabu: revealing knowledge of animal languages," N456,

"Enigmatic smile (laugh) reveals secret knowledge," T258.2, "Wife insists upon knowing husband's secret," T253.1, "Nagging wife drives husband to prepare for suicide," and T252.2, "Cock shows browbeaten husband how to rule his wife."

Variants of the tale are found in Javorskij, No. 37, pp. 100-102 (Note pp. 335-336), and No. 96, pp. 233-234; and in UNK, III, No. 38, pp. 214-217.

39: MARKING THE TREASURE

There came a sinner to church, and round about on the walls were the saints, but at the threshold they had also painted a devil. But he, - "How many saints are there?" And he included in his count the devil and he bought the necessary number of candles. And for each one he lit and placed a candle. He came by the devil and stood there saying, "Well I don't know what to do with you, for the people keep denigrating you always talking about the devil, the devil and the devil. But here's a candle for you." And he lit him a candle.

But that fellow lay down to sleep. And he dreamed that the devil gives him a sack of money for that candle. And he says, "Well where am I to put it so that no one will steal it."

And he says, "Take a shovel and dig a hole." He dug out a hole and throws the money in. He threw in the money, but then he says to him, "I'll not be able to find the place where I buried it later!"

But he says, "Take off your trousers and defecate on that exact spot."

And he's lying on the bed near his wife and makes a pile. But the wife began to smell it and says, "Husband! What are you doing?"

"Hush, wife! This will be for us and for our children!"

And she says, "O for Christ's sake!"

NOTE: Recorded in Mink Creek, Manitoba, July 15, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 23, c.4-a, item 9.

AT 1645B (Dream of Marking the Treasure). Principal motifs include Vl.2.2., "Worship the devil," G302.9.6, "Demons fool men in their dreams," and X31, "The dream of marking the treasure."

A variant of the story is found in Tarasevs'kyj, No. 107, p. 53.

40: THE GULLIBLE DAUGHTER

Once a rich gentleman and his lady were going along the road and they had their daughter with them. And the old man keeps boasting to his daughter and wife, that there isn't a person in the world whom he would fear. He was a terribly big hero! And here a cossack came riding up on a horse, with a musket across his shoulders and a sabre at his side. He rode up in front of them and stopped; he halted, straightened up and says, he jumped off the horse and says to the old lady, "You old whore! Take the kerchief off your head!" The old woman took it off. "Lay it out on the ground!" She laid it out. And he leads his horse and places the hooves on the kerchief before them saying, "I don't want my glorious Ukrainian cossack horse to dirty his hooves in the dust!"

And he says to the old man, "You stupid, retarded Polack of a bitch! Hold the horse by the reins so he doesn't run off!" He trembles like that fish in water and holds the horse by the reins. To the daughter he says, "You daughter! Go and lie down and spread well your legs!" Well, she lay down. Then he says to the old woman, "You know, you old witch, there's my cossack honor to defend: when I close into her, you hold me by the testicles, for your daughter's a Polack and she isn't worthy to have me bouncing her on the rear with my testicles!" Well and when he lay on her, the old woman grabbed him by the testicles and holds on so that they don't bounce her against her rear. When he got good and hot and heated up he got so carried away --- she couldn't hold on at all! --- he was running at her like a mad man was he taking that young girl! So she let go and he let them bounce on that rear. Well, nothing. He finished all that and even didn't thank her. He jumped up on his horse and rode off.

They continue on, all three of them walk, walk, --- and how to begin a conversation? The old man says, "Shame on such a hero, a cossack, the most renowned Ukrainian palatine! He had a musket across his shoulders, a sabre at his side! Why that crazy horse of his kept stomping his feet more in the sand than on that kerchief! If he were a good cossack, he would have cut off my head! And he didn't even touch me!"

The old woman says, "Husband, don't even think about that!" she says. "He didn't want to bang our daughter on the rear with his testicles --- why he only moved a few times before I let go, for I couldn't hold on! she says. "When he began flopping her on the rear with those little testicles, it was even funny for me!"

The daughter says, "You know, mother, I also deceived him: he shoved at me from above once, while I would go twice from below!" she says. "Let him know the kind of cossack he is! I showed him that I could push at him more than he could at me!"

NOTE: Recorded in Tartakiw (Gilbert Plains), Manitoba, July 15, 1963.
Archival finding No: KLY 46.

Motifs: X700, "Humor concerning sex," W117, "Boastfulness," K1363, "Seduction of person ignorant of sexual intercourse," J1745, "Absurd ignorance of sex," and Q244, "Punishment for ravisher."

A similar incident concerning the holding of testicles is found in Tarasevs'kyj, No. 73, p. 35.

41: THE HIDING PLACE

There was once a man who had only one daughter. And they harnessed the horses to a buggy and rode off for a ride. And they were riding through the woods, the road was narrow and they stopped for a rest. Some kind of bandit came from somewhere up to the old man. And the old man had a purse full of money, and he took it and gave it to the daughter. But the daughter didn't have a pocket so she turned around and shoved it here [narrator points to crotch]. And she tightened her legs together and held it thus. And he searched them but he didn't find that money. So he went and took the old man and the daughter off and got on the buggy himself and rode off.

And the old man says, "Well, daughter, where's the money? You managed to hide it somehow."

And she says, "Look here where I hid it!" And she shows him.

"Aj, jaj-jaj! Well, little daughter, had we known this was to happen, we would have taken mother along! She could have saved us the horses as well!"

NOTE: Recorded in Ashville, Manitoba, June 26, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 27, c.8-a, item 23.

AT 968 (Miscellaneous Robber and Murder Stories). Principal motifs include X700, "Humor concerning sex," *N765.1, "Meeting with a robber or bandit," R154.3, "Daughter rescues father," *F1034.5.2, "Person's crotch as hiding place," J111, "Clever girl," and F547.5.2, "Enormous vagina."

42: STUCK IN THE GRAIN

He had a little engine, this here Vasyl D... --- no, Joe, Joe D... And the granary was out in the field but the soil there is sandy so that the engine is too light and when he would fill the box full of grain he wouldn't be able to drag it to the highway. So he would drag it out with horses and then his son would attach the tractor and transport it to the elevator. But at the elevator those doors are very low, so that they are even with the box.

And the old D... woman, that's to say that man's wife and Saverko's mother, and she says, "I've got to go to town." Now, she should have placed a board across the box, but it was so filled up in the box that it was even with the box, and so she went and sat down on the grain. She got on the grain and let her feet dangle over the side of the box. Well and when Saverko rides on the highway he rides! And well, she was keeping her legs thus, and here, you understand, on the highway that wagon began to shake and she kept sinking down into the grain and her legs kept going up, you understand. And here she sank in up to here, she was covered up with that there! She cries out but the engine chugs along and that son of hers doesn't hear her. And then they arrived at the elevator and that tractor doesn't have that much power: she clamped down on that park on with those horse-legs of hers and yells! I can hear it all the way here! Saverko looks around, and here under the park on it was caught by the legs, and the tractor couldn't drag it. And he pulled her out already out of the grain.

Well and that wheat, that grain --- it falls out around all over, you know [i.e. narrator implies that the woman was so big that, in pulling her out, the son also caused a large amount of grain to spill over onto the ground]. They even were coming here wanting to buy the thing that pulls out weeds in order to take out the grain. It had flown out all over!... Old man D... had a job!... [chuckles] And the old woman says, "Well, what the devil else did you see?"... [chuckles]

And right away it got around, like the plague... no matter what you say... She had a board all right... It wasn't the way I said it, but... And she says, "May you get halved by a spike! You know very well that I was sitting on a board!... I didn't catch any lever with my legs!"

NOTE: Recorded in Ashville, Manitoba, June 27, 1963. Archival finding No: KLY 22, c.3-a, item 13.

Motifs: F531.0.4, "Giant woman," X920, "Lie: the large man," X52, "Ridiculous nakedness or exposure," N387, "Feud starts over trifle," and J1211, "Putting out of countenance by telling evil stories."

43: THE CLEVER RETORT

She always liked to go through the woods to pick those small daisies. And it would always happen usually, --- for I used to have a shop on the farm, I was still living there and I used to go over to do some painting and she very much like to come and distract me. And I told her and she came and said, "Well, Mr. M..., since I'm here, just tell me where the wolf's hole is."

And I say, "It's like this young woman. I'll tell you but this will be the only time. This wolf has a hole under the tail, and so

you know already." And she never came again.

NOTE: Recorded in Ashville, Manitoba, June 27, 1963, KLY 22, c.3-b, item 34.

Motifs: J1115.6, "Clever peasant," J1252, "Quibbling answers," W127, "Petulance," Q326, "Impudence punished," and XO, "Humor of discomfiture."

For a retort that is similar in nature and intent, see Berezovs'kyj, p. 220.

44: THE GENDARME AND THE WIFE-BEATER

We used to have something like the hotels here --- and in the Old Country there were places like that, but there, let's say, they were more like restaurants. And there'd be several of them, one here, another a little further on, and so on. But here it was already almost eleven o'clock and a policeman was going and he chased the drinkers out of that place and told the man to close up. Well, that's what he did --- he went and chased them out --- the policeman chased those drinkers out of that tavern, and the innkeeper closed the doors, locked up and went to bed. But one [of the men] didn't go home but went on and dropped into another tavern --- the other one [the policeman] wasn't there yet, and he went there. But along comes the gendarme and he's there! --- that policeman [notices].

He says to him, "Why I --- I chased you out of that place and told you to go home!"

And he says to him, "O I dropped in here yet."

"Well get out!" And he struck him on the face and says, "I told you to go home."

And he went and went. But the gendarme had chased out those there and didn't go off, but followed after him --- where will he go. And that policeman follows him. But he came to the one where he had been earlier. That Jew was called Myxij. And he came and --- "Myxij!" he says, "open up!"

"I'm not opening up again," says Myxij.

But he says, "Open up, Myxij!"

"No, I won't open up."

"Missis Myxal'ova," --- he calls her, --- "Missis Myxal'ova! You open up then! Open up!"

She says, "I'm not getting up now, I've already," she says, "gotten into bed, I'm not getting up now."

But he says, "What if God grants that you get up?!"

"And what if God grants that I don't get up?" [Laughs]

And the gendarme comes and again --- there they called him a gendarme --- the gendarme comes and again he gets him on the neck! And he says, "Go home!" And he chased him off but again he follows after him --- that was his job, for during the whole night he was supposed to walk around like and watch over that there. Again he let him go ahead, --- that was at night, --- and himself he goes behind just a little off in the distance. But he comes to his place, he had gone home. But he stood by the gates, nearby like not far on the street, just like here. He listens, --- the wife's screaming in the house: he's beating his wife! And that there one comes and knocked at the door and then he says to him, "Why I told you to go home, to go to sleep, and here you," he says, "are making some comedy --- beating your wife!?"

And he says to him --- there they used to call people like mister here or something like that, there they said pane... And he says to him "Pane! I've served in the army! I know all the rules of the law!"

And then he again got him in the face and says, "How can you know all the rules of the law --- you're beating your wife!" [Laughter, chuckles]

NOTE: Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, July 21, 1966.
Archival finding No: KLY 85, item 4.

Motifs: X800, "Humor based on drunkenness," J1321, "The unrepentant drunkard," C867.1, "Tabu: abusing women or children," N360, "Man unwittingly commits crime," P522, "Laws."

45: THE MAN WHO HUNG HIS WIFE

A man got married and, well, between them there wasn't any family [i.e. they had no offspring]. So that he thought that it would be a good idea to get rid of her, for he didn't have money for a divorce. Then he took her to the cellar and hung her up in the cellar. And then he went himself to the police to declare that his wife was missing and everything, and he told them to search for his wife.

And they searched for that woman and found her hung in the cellar. Her husband had hung her himself, put a barrel there, strung her up, then he shoved it over and left his finger prints on them.

So that he too was hanged. That same man told me this, that this happened not too long ago...

KLYMASZ: How did they catch him?

INFORMANT: O yeah --- the police caught him. They began to investigate and they found him and hung him. But just think what kind of people there are in the world, --- one just can't even imagine!

NOTE: Recorded in Ashville, Manitoba, August 26, 1966. Archival finding No: KLY 85, item 14.

AT 968 (Miscellaneous Robber and Murder Stories). Motifs found here include S113.1, "Murder by hanging," *S62.3.1, "Barren wife murdered by husband," H58, "Tell-tale hand-mark," N270, "Crime inevitably comes to light," and Q413.4, "Hanging as punishment for murder."

46: THE STUPID MAN

One time an old woman was walking and a truck rode up. And the woman was walking to town. The woman walks and this man rode up with a truck, and he wasn't very familiar with this woman, but he did know her a little. And he says, "Are you going to town?"

And she, "Yes," she's going to town.

"Well then, get on. You'll ride there."

They go down the road and there were some cattle grazing by the rode -- excuse me, --- there was a bull going. And that fellow asks, "How does the bull know that the cow needs him?"

And she says, "He senses it."

And they go on further. "And don't you sense anything yet?"

And he says, "No, I don't sense anything!"

The she says, "E, then you are worse and more stupid than that bull! The bull can sense it, but you don't sense anything!" And that's the end.

KLYMASZ: And you learned that in Saskatchewan?

BYSTANDER: O she was in Saskatchewan and heard those stories there.

INFORMANT: O there are many, but I don't want to tell them for they are too unpleasant.

NOTE: Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, August 12, 1963.
Archival finding No: KLY 42, c.23-d, item 1.

Motifs: X700, "Humor based on sex," B754, "Sexual habits of animals," and J1745, "Absurd ignorance of sex."

APPENDIX B: MATERIALS FOR CHAPTER FOUR

A PRELIMINARY NOTE

The following twenty-eight items were offered by a total of ten different individual informants, --- some of them children, others adults; all were born in Western Canada and, except for three, all are of Ukrainian origin. Item no. 6 is the only item in the present appendix that was delivered in Ukrainian (rather than English) and recorded in the field with a tape-recorder; the remaining twenty-seven items were noted down by hand.

In keeping with the discussion found in Chapter IV, the materials included here form two groups of subject matter: the first nine items reflect the inability of the Ukrainian immigrant to master the English language while item nos. 10 to 28 deride and fabricate other aspects of the immigrant, his behavior, and his community and heritage in the New World.

Relevant comparative materials are found in a recent issue of the Folklore Forum (Bibliographic and Special Series No. 3) under the title, The Types of the Polack Joke (Bloomington, Ind., 1969), by William M. Clements.

1

Two men meet. The first one says, "How many miles na [= Ukrainian "to"] Grandview?"

The second answers [in Ukrainian], "Desjat' [= ten]."

"A jak vy znaly, shcho ja ne anglik?!" [Well how did you know that I wasn't an Englishman?]"

2

A man phoned up the fire department in Winnipeg and shouted, "Fire! Come quick! McGregor Street! --- Sadzha horyt! [= The soot's on fire!]"

3

A Ukrainian patient in the hospital kept calling out to the nurse, "Daj putnju! [= Give me a pail for excrement!]"

The nurse kept replying, "We don't have any pudding today."

4

A sick Ukrainian man was calling for his wife in the hospital, --- "Teklja! Teklja!" The nurses thought he was saying, "Thank ya! Thank ya!" and replied, "You're welcome!"

5

A man was driving his team of horses. It was in the winter and the snow was too deep and he got stuck. He was very cold, --- almost frozen. He saw a farmhouse, so he walked to the door, knocked, and a lady answered. "CHy ja hoden sje zahrity?" [= Can I warm myself up?] he asked.

The woman obviously didn't understand him because she was English-speaking. But she understood his plight and told him to stand by the stove. So he was standing there and standing, and the lady asked finally, "Do you speak?"

"JE, je, --- sraku spik! [= Yes, yes, --- I've burned my rear!]"

6

One brother emigrated to Canada and he prospered quite nicely, and he went to the Old Country for a holiday, --- nicely dressed, and money in his pocket... And his brother got to thinking, in view of the other one having prospered so well in Canada, and says, "Perhaps I could go! Well," he says, "I would go except for the fact that I don't know how to speak [English]! It's fine for you since you've learned how, but I can't!"

"Nu," the brother says, "what's there to know?! Here's the only think you have to know: they'll ask you at the Immigration Office your age. You say that you're --- how old are you?"

"Thirty-six."

"You say [in English], 'Thirty-six!' And then they'll ask you how you want to go --- whether you want to go by aeroplane or by boat. But your financial --- (well here's where I'm wrong), you say that you can't go by aeroplane because you don't have enough money. Tell them you'll go by boat."

Well the brother came to make arrangements for his going to Canada. He came to the Immigration Office. And they ask him, "Do you want to go to Canada?"

"Yes."

"How many children do you have?"

He says, "Thirty-six."

"Well," he says, "Thirty-six children?! Somebody's crazy --- either you or I!"

The brother says, "Boat."

NOTE: Recorded in Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, July 1, 1966. Archival finding No. KLY 84, item 1.

7

A Ukrainian wanted to buy a house. And he went into one with a real estate agent. "You like this one?"

"No, I want a statue with a halo!"

"Fine, I'll get one. Come back later."

They came back and there's a statue with a halo.

"No, I want one you pick up and put to ear and say, 'Hello! 's tat you?'"

8

QUESTION: What's a pea cup?

ANSWER: A Ukrainian half-ton truck.

9

QUESTION: A dog [or rabbit] came along and did his business under each of three trees. How is it that Ukrainian finds that this adds up to ten?

ANSWER: Tree and a 'turd' times three [= $3 \frac{1}{3} \times 3$] equals ten.

10

When the ducks fly over Thompson [Manitoba], they say, "Honk-honk."

When they fly over [name of town with large Ukrainian population], they say, "Bohonk, bohonk!"

11

"I hear they're changing the name of [name of town with large Ukrainian population] to Yukon."

"Why?"

"Because there's a Uke on every corner."

12

QUESTION: Did you hear about the Ukrainian who went ice-fishing?

ANSWER: He brought back four hundred pounds of ice.

13

QUESTION: How do you get a Ukrainian out of your backyard?

ANSWER: Move the garbage out to the front.

14

QUESTION: How does a Ukrainian take a shower?

ANSWER: He pees in the wind.

15

QUESTION: How do you keep the flies away from the bride at a Ukrainian wedding?

ANSWER: Put manure in the walls.

16

QUESTION: How do you keep a Ukrainian busy?

ANSWER: Let him squeeze farts out of a dead fish.

17

QUESTION: How do you drive a Ukrainian crazy?

ANSWER: Put him in a round house and tell him to go and pee in the corner.

18

QUESTION: How do you get a Ukrainian out of your swimming pool?

ANSWER: Throw in a bar of soap.

19

QUESTION: How can you tell which woman on the beach is a Ukrainian?

ANSWER: The one with a ring around her rear is a Ukrainian because she sits on a slop pail when she goes to the bathroom.

20

QUESTION: How do you get twenty-five Ukrainians into a Volkswagen?

ANSWER: Throw in a roll of garlic sausage.

21

QUESTION: What makes the most noise on the beach?

ANSWER: A Ukrainian and a seagull fighting over a dead fish.

22

QUESTION: What do Ukies use as bait to catch fish?

ANSWER: Garlic sausage.

23

QUESTION: What's this? [Questioner holds his fist up in the air with only the index and little fingers protruding]

ANSWER: A Ukrainian carpenter ordering four beers.

24

QUESTION: What's this? [Questioner stands by a chair and places his right leg on the seat and bends down to his left foot on the floor.]

ANSWER: A Ukrainian tying his shoelace.

25

QUESTION: There are two mountains, four men and one girl in a chalet at the top of one of the mountains. One of the men is going up the side of the mountain to see the girl, another man is with the girl, the third is coming down the mountain after seeing the girl, and the fourth man is going up the second mountain. What is the nationality of each of these men? [Questioner draws the mountains with appropriate figures on a piece of paper.]

ANSWER: Him a-rushin' [i.e. the first man listed above is a Russian], him a-layin' [Himalayan], he's a-finish [Finnish], and this one's a Ukrainian going up the wrong mountain.

26

QUESTION: Why does a Ukrainian have only two pallbearers?

ANSWER: Because a garbage can has only two handles.

27

QUESTION: Why do Ukrainians have round shoulders and flat heads?

ANSWER: Because if you ask them something they say, "Ja ne znaju [= I don't know]" and shrug their shoulders. And if you tell them the answer they bang themselves on the head and say, "O ja zabuv! [= O I forgot!]"

28

QUESTION: Do you know why the Ukrainians are pock-marked?

ANSWER: They're learning to eat with a fork.

INDEX OF TALE TYPES

A PRELIMINARY NOTE

Type numbers are from Antti Aarne and Stith Thompson, The Types of the Folktale, Helsinki, 1961. Entries with titles in parentheses indicate that the given narrative as found in the present work is similar to but not wholly identical with the tale type delineated in the Aarne-Thompson index mentioned above. Type numbers preceded by an asterisk represent suggestions for new entries in the Aarne-Thompson index.

The bulk of the entries listed under "Item No." refer to the forty-six tale items found in Appendix A. In addition, however, in order to cover those tales which appear elsewhere, a few entries also refer to individual items found, for instance, in Appendix B (eg. B.8) and by note number to narratives in individual chapters (eg. IV.4).

* * *

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