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Humorous Vistas about and by the Ukrainians

THE UKRAINIAN JOKE

By Frank A. Fingarsen  
Brandon, Manitoba

for Dr. R.B. Klymacz  
University of Manitoba

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The Ukrainian Joke

The invitations went out to many countries. Come to Canada and get free, 160 acres(130 Morgs) of land. It was open to any and all who wished to come to the new land and set up farming. Free for the asking, they advertised, in a land of plenty. The rewards of heaven were available for the taking.

They came from all over; over 11,000 from Britain in 1901, almost 5,000 "Galicians", more than a 1,000 Russians and even 18,000 from the United States. In 1905, over 65,000 British, 6,926 Galicians, 6,206 Russians, and 43,543 Americans. They didn't stop. The numbers kept increasing. By the end of 1913, there were a total of 280,603 recorded British immigrants, 260,371 Americans and the total of the "Galician", Russian Jew, and Russian had reached 57,824. These figures are actual at arrival figures as recorded in the Canada Year Book of 1913. These were from the years between 1901 and 1913.

Why did they come? They came for land; they came for work; they came to settle and make a permanent life for themselves. They brought with them their total wealth, which sometimes amounted to almost nothing but they brought with them different cultures, different ways of life, different heritages which would forever affect the cultural mosaic of Canada.

160 акрів : 130 моргів абстр.  
Більшої землі  
КАНАДІ *only me!*

ДЛЯ  
КОЖДОГО  
ОСЕЛЕНЦЯ

V.J.Lysenko, in Men In Sheepskin Coats(p.17) says that they could envision "....wheat-seas of it! And land! Did they know they could get 69<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> hectares, 113 morgs, free! Who among the peasants ever had 113 morgs?" In 1859 the 788 234 landowners in Galicia averaged 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> hectares(13 acres) each. By 1898, there were only 30,000 small landowners there who held 2 hectares (5 acres) or less and by 1912, 80% of all Galician landowners held less than 1.6 hectares(4 acres.). In this year 1912, 1,200,000 people were there who the land could not support at all. Is it ~~no~~ wonder that the migration to the new country became so large?

*any*

The Ukrainian Joke---(continued)

They came to "Kanada", these Ukrainians and created communities like "Seefton", Atulbort", "Dowfin", Vegreville, Yorkton, which had a distinct Ukrainian identity. They came to "Veenipeg", "Admontonne", "Reh-china" and found a place and a job and a life to make. They became Slaw Rebchuk, Paul Yuzuk, Archbishop Hermaniuk, Joe Borowski, and Steve Juba. They became priests and prophets, singers and sowers, teachers and truckers; there were tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, doctors, lawyers, Indian chief; richmen, poormen, beggarmen, theif. They produced a history and a society that has come to be known as the Ukrainian-Canadian. Their music, their art, their stories and their architecture is a very special kind.

In dealing with the one aspect of humour, I found myself reliving and reviewing so much of my ancestry. As long as I have lived, I've known the Ukrainian joke. It was as much by the Ukrainian as about him. It deals with his special use of the language and his special way of living. It sometimes comes close to the truth but most times is an exaggerated story to bring out the humour of the incident. There was never a case that I've encountered with the joke that was seriously meant to hurt. It was always used in good fun and was always enjoyed by me and those around me. One underlying fact that I've noticed about the "Ukrainian Joke" is that when one is told, usually when narrated by a Ukrainian was when it was the best. The Ukrainian could use the language and the incidences to such a fine degree they became the champions of this artform.

Who else could say, "We were standing side-by-each" and elicit such a hilarious response from his listeners? Let an Englishman try that! Just as the Irishman is king of the Irish joke, the best "Newfie" jokes are told by Newfoundlanders, and the best Jewish jokes, by far, are those told by the Jewish people themselves (can anyone match a Myron Cohen?).

By the same token, Nestor Pastor and Metro can be imitated but can't be equalled by anyone who doesn't have that, oh, *я не знаю* ...that special Ukrainian way about him. It is something that passes from generation to generation. It contains all customs, beliefs, and traditions that have been handed down from father to son. These are stories that include subtle inuendos that can only be imparted in that special way. The stories may change and become modernized, -for example, the Ukrainian farmer who confesses to the priest for stealing a rope might change to the theft of a lasso. But it's still the same story. Some elements may have changed, the telling is still the important aspect.

① Steve McKay from Fisher River is married a UKRAINIAN GIRL -  
Her family name is Batenchuk.

The Ukrainian Joke-(continued)

Let's see now, how does that go?.....

John Michalyk goes to the priest early on Sunday before Mass. He is quite distressed as he relates his "sin".

"Please forgive me, father, I must confess my sin to you. I stole this rope."

"That's not too bad", says Father Melnyk, "Will you be willing to return it to the owner?"

"I would", says John, "I really would.---But it's gone and I can't find it anywhere. *Я згубив* (I lost it.)". *Я згубив*

"Well, you seem to have a good heart and I do think that you would really return it if you could. I'll give you absolution this time if you'll say three *Отче Наш* (Our Father)." *Отче Наш*

"Thank you, Father, I will! Thank you! Thank you!"

On his way out to say his penance, John passes Fred who is waiting in line.

"I didn't do too bad, you know. I wonder what Father would have given me if I'd if I'd have told him there was a *Корова* (cow) at the end of that rope."

And keeping on the same theme.....

Stan "Father, I am heartily sorry and I must confess to having sex with one of the ladies in the village."

Father Myrone- "Shame on you! Was it Mrs. Tsuboolah?"

Stan- "Oh no, not her. My goodness..."

Father- "Hmm, well, then was it Mrs. Babooshka?"

Stan- "Gee no, -not her. I didn't know she.... "

Father- "Never mind that. Was it Mrs. Perena?"

Stan "No, it was that English lady from the library...but thanks for the three new names..."

A new young priest was assigned to St. Vlads(Sts.Vladimir and Olga) parish and is holding confessions for the first time in his young innocent life. A middle-aged businessman enters the confessional and admits to having sex with a young teenage girl, 16 years old.

The young priest just didn't expect this kind of thing, even though it was north Winnipeg, and he is really taken aback for he doesn't really know what kind of penance would be proper in such a case.

"Meditate for a while and think about your other sins.", the young priest says to the man and he quietly slips out of the box and hurries over to the

The UkrainianJoke--(continued)

other confessional to speak with old experienced Father Andrew.

"Quickly, Father. I've got a problem. What do you usually give for sex with a teenage girl?", the young priest whispers.

"Eh, what did you say?"

"I said, what do you usually give for sex with a teenager?"

"Oh, I usually just give a dollar-- but give her what you want." came the learned reply.

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Alec Derevyanko, the collector, daily led his horse up and down the backlanes of Winnipeg's north end. Alec collected anything he could, from old bottles to broken toys he could fix and sell, to old kitchen utensils that could still be used by someone willing to buy it. He had been doing this for years and now his horse was as old as he was. It happened early one morning in the back of St. Nicholas school:

Alec's horse, Konyah, got *so very* excited when he passed Abe Yanofsky's mare in the lane, that his poor old horse-heart gave out from over-exertion thoughts of passion capable only of much younger colts. The horse dropped dead on the spot, erection and all. Konyah had gone to meet his maker in that great pastureland in the sky.

"OY? What 's this? Oh no! Konyah, my *Konyah*." grieved old Alec. But in spite of his grief, a large problem came to the fore. The carcass would have to be removed and buried quickly. He'd get in trouble, otherwise. He thought of his friend, Myrone Bulawka, who lived on Stella avenue just around the corner. Alec quickly ran over to Myrone's place, got Myrone to agree to help, and the two of them rode over in the Bulawka wagon to dispose of the remains.

When they got back to Alec's wagon, Myrone noticed the erection on the horse and said,

"Geez, Alec, we can't carry the body down the street with that sticking out like that. You have to do something."

"Oh, no problem. The horse ...dead. I cut it off and sew her up. Nobody see nothing."

And so he proceeded to do just that. After sewing up the horse to stop the bleed, he *pick* up the amputated horse penis and simply *throws* it into the nearest garbage can.

"Let the garbagemen take care of that." Alec says as they hook up the wagons together and lift the dead horse into one..The two friends leave, satisfied that everything will be okay, now.

After they had left, one of the young nuns from the school, who was on

The Ukrainian Joke - (continued)

garbage patrol that weekend had come to dispose of the latest batch of disposables. She opened the bin, saw what was in there and screamed.

She picked it up, and carrying it in her outstretched arms ran, yelling, towards the main building,

"Look what they've done!" she cried. "Look what they've done to Father Klymacz!"

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Now, let us move on to Stash, who seemed to know absolute everybody:

Stash was bragging, as usual, to Harold, how he knew everybody in the world and that everybody knew him, also.

"Honest to God. Yah neh brashoo! I'm not lying. I can prove it. I know everybody and everybody knows from me too."

"Sure, sure, Stash", says Harold, "I'm sure you know a lot of people but... everybody?....don't give me that crap!"

Seeing as both of these men were quite well-to-do, after a little haggling, they had decided on a wager. The bet was to be \$10,000 plus all expenses for meals and travelling during this adventure.

"That's good. But how can I prove it to you? Everyone in Dauphin knows me-you know that-and everyone na Sifton, also. Winnipeg is too easy-even Sterling Lyon is my son's godfather. I want to be fair," says Stash.

"Never mind. I pick them out. I'll pick only three and we'll go see them. If they know you, I'll pay up...if they don't, I win. O.K?"

"Sure, that sounds good to me," agrees famous Stash.

In the meantime, Harold is thinking about winning this easy wager and picks as the first person for the test, the Queen of England.

Away they went to London. On the way to Buckingham Palace, they got separated but Harold finally arrived and saw Stash at the gate- Stash had simply just gotten delayed saying hello to everyone on the way.

"This is going to be easy money for me", thinks Harold as he rang the bell on the Palace gate.

The guard arrives, greets Stash and as they prepare to enter the grounds, a voice is heard to cry out;

"Stanly! Stanley, my dear! Where have you been? I've missed you so. Phil has been itching hear you play your mandolin. Charles and Diana will be so pleased. Shall I call Mrs. Thatcher, and let her know you're here?"

"Nah," says Stash, "I really got no time this time. Maybe some tea for my friend Harold, O.K?"



The Ukrainian Joke--(continued)

"Yes, yes. I'll make it for you myself. So good to see you again."

Harold was dumbfounded as Queen Elizabeth hugged Stash, showed them to her private rooms, and ran off to tell the rest of the family.

After a brief but close reunion and after their tea and crumpets, they get up and proceed to leave. On the way out, dejected Harold gets another bright idea.

"O.K., Stash, I'll admit you got me on that one but I think I've got you now. I'd like us to go to Cuba--Castro to be specific.", chortles Harold.

What can I say? Different country, different circumstances, same result.

"Stanley, comrade, have a cigar. I haven't seen you since our skirmish with the Sandinista. Did you ever get back to Eva Peron?"

"No, Cas, I was too busy with Mao at the time."

On it went, for hours and hours. Poor Harold. What was he to do? How can he possibly get the better of his friend. Never mind the 'hroshee, it was now the principle of the thing. He had to think of someone..... Like a flash of lightning, it came to him....The Pope. The Polish Pope! That would certainly do it!

"Alright, Stash, alright! I think I got you. Let's go to Italy this time!"

"You sly bugger. Pretty smart....O.K....a bet's a bet. Let's go."

This is going to be it. An atheist like Stash is not going to have any connection with the Leader of the Church,--and a Polish leader, at that! This is going to be easy. He wondered why he didn't think of it first. It would have saved a lot of time. Harold certainly was pleased with himself.

They bought their tickets,-- or I should say,--Harold bought the tickets. Stash was just too busy talking to everyone at the Cuban Airport, waving to the pilots and the hijackers and the stewardesses. The immigration officers even gave him a box of Havana Cigars for the road and the plane even waited while Stash went to the bathroom before boarding the plane.

Upon arrival in Rome, Harold hailed a taxi and they went to Vatican City. The crowds were there. They were milling everywhere. Thousands upon thousands of the faithful had turned up today for the Blessing from the balcony.

Suddenly Harold noticed that Stash was missing and he had no idea where the man could be.

"Pretty sneaky. He realized that I was going to name the Pope as the next person, and he got lost on purpose. Later, he'll try and tell me he spent the afternoon with his Holiness and try to collect his b....."

It was at that moment that a great cheer rose up from the crowd as the balcony doors opened and....oh no!...there was Stash coming out on the balcony, his arm around the Pope, waving to the people.

The Ukrainian Joke-(continued)

"That's it! I give up!" screams Harold to nobody in particular. "He really does know everybody. I can't beat him. That's it, for sure."

Suddenly, Harold feels a poke from the fellow next to him.

"Scusa me, meester. I see up in the balcony two guys waving to us. Please tella me....

Who is a that guy in the long white robe, standing next to Stash?"

((((((((I guess Stash really did know EVERYBODY in the world, after all!))))))

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When I was a young man, growing up and around the north end of Winnipeg, my most memorable times were when I lived on Selkirk Avenue(688). These memories can't be relived when I visit because the street has changed so much. The lot in front of our old home now has a business built on it, our neighbours, the Dychans, no longer run the barber shop down the street, and Zawidoski's Funeral Home doesn't have that fearfulness about it anymore.

What I can relive is memories of what there once was--and the jokes and expressions there once was and that still live within me. I didn't know that they were called macaronic, it all seemed just normal language to me and it was fun,--so much fun.

We used to greet each other in funny ways and start the day off right:

"Hi, I'm Jon Dreet, from the Wire Factory."

"And I'm Pete Doshka, from the Lumber Yard."

"I'm Harry Tserkvah, from St. Nick's."

"I'm George Klowzet, the plumber."

"Is that Mary Myasoh from the butcher shop?"

....And we'd laugh and laugh. The more outrageous the name and the occupation, the greater the laughter. This could go on for hours,--in between backyard "tin can" cricket or during a game of Machka ball.

If you've ever wondered why those altar boys are snickering and can't seem to stop--maybe they're doing the "Name Game".

"I'm Bohdan Borscht, from the restaurant."

"And you must be Volodymyr Vehnoh from the Wine Factory."

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The Ukrainian Joke-(continued)

Another pasttime was making up our own words to different songs. We'd get them as dirty as we thought we could get away with.

Мала я мурка, тіяка  
 Мала я мурка, тіяка  
 Мала я мурка, мурка я мала  
 Мала я мурка, тіяка

would then become

Тіюб го TOILET, і він уєт  
 Тіюб го TOILET, і він уєт  
 Тіюб го TOILET, го TOILET тіюб  
 Тіюб го TOILET, і він уєт

And we'd kick up our heels in a poor imitation of a kolomayka dancer and maybe we'd sing twenty new verses,-each one dirtier than the next,-until we ran out of ideas and until the next time.

Як я була молоденка  
 Як я була красна  
 Я продала моя сраку  
 За пів фунта масла

The gender didn't matter, the mixture of Ukrainian and English didn't matter,-it was our language. There were no "Honkies", there were no "Ukes", just Nahsh.

And you could be a Nahsh even if your parents weren 't Ukrainian, sometimes. Just be one of the boys, learn a little of the language, use it, and you're all set.

(Clifford MacGowan was a Scot who transferred from St. Edwards to St. Nicholas and was a great football player. He was a "Nahsh".)

There were many short type jokes that permeated our lives. I'd like to end this reminiscence section with some of these:

Question: Who says, "Green side up, Dummy, green side up!"

Answer: A foreman instructing his Ukrainian labourer who is laying sod.

Question: What's the difference between a Ukrainian lady in church and a Ukrainian lady taking a bath?

Answer: The lady in church has hope in her soul

The lady taking a bath has.....

Famous Fictitious People

Ali Baba - Ali's grandmother  
Paul Anka's sister- Malanka  
Ali Kahn's brother- Grabage Can

Gosh-and if Ukrainian names can all be translated and would be translated what would we actually call the following people:

(some of these are Ukrainians, most are not..it would be interesting in some cases to use the Ukrainian translation. All names are of actual people that I've met or know of personally).

David Yama	Joseph Kapusta	Sophie Lishka
Louie Potz	Mr. Twerdochlib	Harvey Konettes
Tony Chorney	Nellie Babushka	Maurice Kohut
William Dumas	L.J. Kamin	M. Mead
J.G. Smetana		

(the names Kamin, Mead, and Smetana are noted psychologists included in most general child psychology books. I've included them here merely to show more of the diversity available to our practise of name-change.)

We used them to our advantage and enjoyment. Whenever we came across a connection like this, we emphasized it. Of course, the humour was not apparent to anyone else- and that made it all the better.

For example:

Twerdochlib lived(and still does on Garwood Drive) in Brandon. No-one but us would realize the connection with "hard bread". Even Twerdochlib didn't speak Ukrainian so he was unaware of the transposition.

That is what made it so good. We could laugh with our own private thoughts. We'd enjoy checking the drugstores until we found the stomach remedy called, Seraka.(It's still sold in most drugstores). Tony Chorney lived on Manitoba Avenue near McKenzie Street and when his son was born it became known to us as the "Chorny Baby".

Today, if we were still doing this kind of thing we'd incorporate things like Bohden -means God's day  
Peter's toilet-Petro Can

The following are some of the classic short styles we used:

Knock! Knock!

Who's there?

Pony

Pony Who?

Pony Shtaneh(Full Pants)

---

Knock! Knock!

Who's there?

Zap.

Zap who?

Zapreh Mordoo (Shut your mouth)

---

Knock! Knock!

Who's there?

Bog

Bog Who?

Bogger off!

---

And .....

---

What's the difference between a baboon and a Ukrainian?

I don't know.

Neither does anyone else!

---

or.....

---

What do you get when you cross a Ukrainian with a chimpanzee?

I don't know.

A dumb chimpanzee.

---

How can you tell a bride at a Ukrainian wedding?

She's the only one with the braided armpits.

or

She's the only one with the clean T-shirt.

---

Question: If you saw a Ukrainian falling off a cliff, what would you do?

Reply: I don't know.

Answer: Good!

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The Ukrainian Joke-(continued)

Lament of the Ukrainian Taxi Driver:

My biggest problem is the bosses. They get in my way, they cause me all kinds of problems. They never let me do my job right.

Bah!

Those bosses! Those Greyhound bosses!

---

A real oldie!

Father Darevych was being criticized for using the Tatsa(collection) for things other than church needs. He was determined to catch this in the bud and one Sunday, during his sermon, he mentioned his concerns to the people.

He told them that he was distressed that they thought this of him but he promised:

"That which is God's will be used only for God. Only that which is mine will I spend for my personal use.

I promise this to you in front of this entire congregation in this church and in front of the blessed sacrament and upon the statue of the Virgin."

Wow, did that ever have an effect on the people! They were impressed with this priest, ashamed for thinking such bad things of him and so proud to have someone as honest and forthright as their own Father Darevych. Never before had a priest publicly proclaimed himself thusly and they, of course, would never complain again. After all-a promise in church, before God, would not, nor could not, ever be broken.

Never ever did this problem arise again. The parish was a peace.

The priest's solution:

After every Sunday collection, Father Darevych would go to the back, take the collection with him into the closed room and throw the entire contents up in the air:

Whatever stayed up, was God's!

Whatever returned to earth, was his.

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The Ukrainian Joke-(continued)

The remainder of the paper deals with fairly recent jokes that were given me by different people. Some of these I cannot remember a donor's name but those of which I do remember, I'll mention this information along with the narrative.

Koo Stark's employer-----Is that Koo Bassah?

Ukrainian Hallowe'en game---Robbing for French Fries.

Ukrainian Brain Tumor-----Pimple on the ass.

Ukrainian Hit Man---burned his lips on the exhaust pipe when hired to  
blow up a bus.

Did you hear that Joe Borowski went out this morning after the storm with only one galosh? I know that sounds crazy but he heard the weather report and it said there was only one foot of snow out there.

from Pine Falls

Mother and daughter go to a restaurant for a meal and the mother isn't sure of what to do. She's a simple countrywoman with a fear of the city.  
Ver we sit?

Tam! We can sit in the booth.

Wat you say? Wer we go?

Tam.(pointing) Tam yeh booth.

ХТО ПІАМ ЧЕБЕП?

(Really? Who's screwing over there?)

from Winnipeg

Reginald Murdock from Fisher River gave me this one about a Ukrainian who got homesick for the old country.

He was standing in line at the airline counter and seemed quite distressed.

He almost had enough for his fair-he was just a quarter short.

He turned to the fellow behind him and said:

"Scuse me, please. I'm trying to get back to the Ukraine, could you let me have a quarter?"

"A quarter? Hell, man, is that all?" said the Englishman behind him, "Here's a dollar. Take three more of those buggers with you."



The Ukrainian Joke--(continued)

And Terry Marcyniuk showed me how the Ukrainians could turn these jokes around and use them for other nationalities---especially Newfies.

A Newfie bought a car from Fereko's garage. It was at a good price and John Federko was glad to get rid of it. He couldn't understand how come the Newfie bought it. The reverse gear was completely broken and John had told him so.

"It's O.K.", said the Newfie, "I'm not coming back anyway!"

---

A problem most Ukrainian men like to complain about is the excessive length of their penis. This may be an invalid statement but nobody would check it out anyhow.

Metro had this problem, ~~to~~ excess. He decided to go and see his doctor, Dr. Ruben Goldberg.

"It--it--it's s-s-so long, it d-d-drags on the g-g-ground and m-m-makes me st-st-st-stutter. C-C--Can y-y-you h-h-help m-m-me?" complained Metro.

The doctor consulted with his medical journal for a while and then confidently stated,

"Yes, I'm certain that I can. It's actually relatively easy to perform. What is required is to merely surgically remove a middle section of any desired length and reconnect the endpiece. A very short operation considering what I'm doing. Four hours should do nicely but I must warn you that it's quite expensive and not at all covered by Medicare."

"That's O.K.", says Metro, "As l-l-long a-as y-y-you c-c-can d-d-do it. J-J-Just t-t-tell me h-h-how m-m-much and wh-wh-when you c-c-can d-d-do it."

"Well today, if you'd like," replies the doctor, "as soon as I get the special equipment. What about this afternoon at approximately 4 o'clock?"

"T-T-Today? G-G-Great." says Metro, "I'll b-b-bring the m-m-money w-with me." Are y-y-you s-s-sure it will st-st-stop m-m-my st-st-stuttering?"

"Oh, the effect will be immediate, my good man. You see, the ~~ex~~cessive length is putting pressure on your speech controls and as soon as that pressure is removed, the stuttering problem will be rectified," says Dr. Goldberg, confidently.

So the necessary equipment was set up and the operation performed. There were no complications. It was a complete success.

Metro was happy. His stuttering had indeed completely vanished and when the healing process was completed, he was a new man. He was virile and happy and wasn't afraid of his macho image anymore. He was so grateful to the good doctor that after a few weeks, he decided to drop in on him

The Ukrainian Joke-(continued)

and personally thank him again for all that had been done by that miraculous doctor.

As Metro entered the doctor's office, he extended his hand to a somewhat distraught and surprised doctor.

"I can't thank you enough," says Metro, "You performed a miracle for me.

You changed my life. I can't believe the change in myself. It's wonderful." Silence.....

"Really, doc, it's marvellous. Thank you so much."

Silence.

Metro doesn't know how to react to this unexpected turn of events so he simply decides to leave and maybe come back another time.

"By the way," says Metro as he opens the door to leave, "whatever did you do with the section that you cut off?"

"N-N-None o-o-of y-y-your b-b-business." replies the doctor, smirking.

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The last two stories were collected from two University students at Brandon. Both of these friends are in their fifth year of their Education program. Bill Gamblin, who gave me the story about the hitchhiker is from Norway House and the other story about the firing squad comes from Bill Ballantyne who originally comes from Saskatchewan.

Three Indians were riding in a truck when they stopped for a hitchhiker on the road. It was winter and they could not leave a poor fellow on the road--even if he was Ukrainian. Of course they recognized him as an old drinking pal, Frank Palchisehn(Fingarsen).

"There ain't much room in the cab but you can ride in the back, anyway, boy." "Dobrah,dobrah! That's good. It very cold out here and it's awfully white of you to stop for me," says Frank as he walks around to the rear of the truck.

Frank meticulously opens the back flap, climbs in, and closes it up again after he jumps in. He huddles under old tarps in between empty beerbottle cases and does indeed get warm and cosy.

Al this while, the three boys are watching him and snickering,

"What a dummy. Bugger couldn't even climb over. How stupid can you get?"

To himself, Frank says,

"Boy, these 'chornays' think I'm stupid but this is sure better than freezing out there on the road. Who cares where I sit- I've got my 5-Star to warm me up!"

The Ukrainian Joke-(continued)

It happened that they had to cross a small, but deep, lake and as they drove over the centre portion, the ice gave way and the truck went through. Everyone started to scramble for their lives but the truck sank so quickly that before they knew it, they were completely under water. Precious minutes went by and finally, the three Cree came to the surface and crawled onto the ice.

"Christ--good ting it's sunny out, boy. You better make a fire fast or we're gonna bein trouble.....Hey, wait a minute...Where's Frank?"

"The bugger's had it for sure."

Geez, poor guy. You know, he was all right for a honkie. Maybe we wuz too rough on im. Geez!"

Suddenly Frank pops up from out of the icy water, crawls onto the ice and makes his way towards the other three.

"Hey, man. Where you been?" says the driver, "We thought you had it for sure."

"Nah," replies Frank, "Almost ran out of air 'though. It sure was tough opening that tailgate under water, though."

---

and to reverse the situation regarding intellectual ability:

A Ukrainian, a Jew, and an Indian were sentenced to die. There was to be no appeal. Each day, for the next three days, one of them would be executed at dawn.

None of the three wanted to die. They racked their brains for some sort of solution and figure a way out of this mess. The lots were cast and the order of their deaths was determined:

The Ukrainian would be first, then the young Jewish boy and finally, the Cree Indian lad.

They thought and thought and just before dawn of the first day, the Ukrainian had an idea that just might work. He would try it out and the others would have to figure another way out for themselves. If the first version worked, then maybe the others could work something out also.

When brought before the still sleepy firing-squad, he refused the blindfold and the bindings for his hands and legs. He'd take it like a man...

He was at the wall, given a last cigarette and allowed to take his place.

The firing squad was ready. The officer-in-charge began,

"Ready..... Aim....."

"Earthquake! Earthquake!" yelled the Ukrainian.

The squad panicked, ran in every direction, forgetting about their prisoner. The Ukrainian leaped over the wall and escaped to freedom.

The other two prisoners who watched all this, were dumbfounded. "What a great idea! That was a very smart trick!" said the young Jewish boy. "Boy, was it ever!" responded the Cree lad.

The next morning, the Jewish boy was led out into the courtyard. According to plan, he refused the blindfold and the bindings. He had his last cigarette and then took his place before the drowsy-eyed soldiers. The officer-in-charge brought them to attention and hollered: "Ready.....Aim....."

"Flood! Flood!", screamed the boy.

Again, general panic ensued, the guards dropped their guns and ran for protection, forgetting about their prisoner.

"Hah, was that ever smart!" thought the Cree lad. "Was that ever cool."

All through that night, he tried to figure out a way to use that ploy for himself. By dawn, he knew he had it. He had the perfect solution. The young Native boy became totally unafraid and confident.

"They're going to watch themselves. I can't repeat what the other two did but I have the answer." thought the boy.

The officer came for him and took him to the wall. According to plan the boy refused the bindings and the blindfold. He even refused the offer of a last cigarette. He was anxious to get out of there. The officer lined up the squad and began,

"Ready..... Aim....."

"Fire! Fire! " called the boy, with his dying breathe.

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