

TO HIS SON



LISTEN, son: I am saying this to you as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blonde curls stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a hot stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could not resist it. Guiltily I came to your bedside. These are the things I was thinking, son: I had been cross to you. I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

"At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called, 'Good-bye, Daddy!' and I frowned and said in reply, 'Hold your shoulders back.'

"Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road I spied you, down on your knees, playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, son, from a father! It was such stupid, silly logic.

"Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the library, how you came in, softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. 'What is it you want?' I snapped.

"You said nothing, but ran across in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me again and again, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God had set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

"Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my horrible selfishness, and I felt sick at heart.

"What has habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault, or reprimanding—all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected so much of youth. It was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years.

"And here was so much that was good, and fine and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you, so. The little heart of you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me good night. Nothing else matters tonight, son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness, and I have knelt there, choking with emotion, and so ashamed!

"It is a feeble atonement; I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours, yet I must say what I am saying. I must burn sacrificial fires, alone, here in your bedroom, and make free confession. And I have prayed God to strengthen me in my new resolve. Tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying as if it were a ritual: 'He is nothing but a boy—a little boy!'

"I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I see you now, son, crumpled and weary in your cot, I see that you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much, too much.

"Dear boy! Dear little son! A penitent kneels at your infant shrine, here in the moonlight. I kiss the little fingers and the damp forehead."

The above meditation which touches the heartstrings pictures a dad as he stands at the bedside of his son. Many magazines have copied this article, and we do not know the author's name, but it is universal in its appeal to mothers and daddies and sons everywhere.

The Aroya Journal

Volume 1 Number 1

Published monthly by the American Russian Orthodox Youth Association.

Editorial Office: 1809 W. 45th St., Chicago, Illinois.

Editor-in-ChiefSerapion Kurdenok

Associate Editors

Paul Nicholaioff, Michael Barilla, Nicholas Konon

Sports EditorAnton J. Krouse

Subscription rates: \$1.00 for one year, 10c per copy.

The regular monthly business meeting of the Gary Aroya will be held in the Parish School, 1675 Fillmore Street, Wednesday evening, April 11, at 7 p. m. An outstanding debate between six lady members will be featured. The participants in this debate are Katherine Sayka, Betty Brilla, Mary Demchak, Katherine Petrick, Pauline Brilla and Helen Barancyk.

The St. Michael's Aroya is anxious to make use of the "crazy contraption" possessed by Gary's Aroya.

How is everything? Everything is RKO. St. Michael's Aroya is preparing a vodvil show to be given on April 22 at the club's auditorium. The cast consists of Myron Posypanko, Steve Uminsky, Julia Samuta, Nicholas Konon, Pauline Bregan, Hattie Kandel, Serapion Kurdenok, Martin Strok, Blanche Posypanko, Walter Prosin, Anna Stanko, Paul Nicholaioff, Michael Barilla, Walter Furtta, Michael Rozdilsky and John with his associate musicians.

Ann Bodencak, secretary of St. Peter and Paul Aroya, underwent an operation for appendicitis. She is now recuperating very nicely at her home. A Bill is awaiting her arrival at the clubhouse.

March 25 witnessed a most successful bunco party sponsored by the St. Peter and Paul Aroya. The prizes were indeed surprising.

THERMOMETER READINGS

Gary:	88
St. Peter and Paul	58
St. Michael's	37
Joliet	15
East Chicago	Bad weather
East Hammond	Unsettled
Holy Trinity	Slightly cold

PRINTING

Dance Tickets, 300.....	\$1.50
Imitation Letter Folders with envelopes (tickets) 500.....	\$4.25
Folders in plain stock, 500.....	\$3.00
Letterheads, 1000	\$2.50
Envelopes, 1000	\$2.50

Ask us for Samples

Address the Editorial Office

SPORTS

By Anton J. Krause, Baseball Coach of Lindblom High School

Any Aroya clubs who have intentions of joining the baseball and softball league will kindly communicate with me immediately. I would like to visit all clubs and give a talk on sports, as they should be in the Aroya clubs. If enough individuals show interest in baseball—a school may be organized where you may learn the big league style of ball, as well as the inside of baseball.

Next month I hope to have at least a whole page dedicated to sports. Will have interesting articles by well-known writers on "How to Play Baseball," as well as other sports. Keep in mind, "All work and no play makes Jack a rather dull boy."

Present your problems to me, pertaining to sports.

The Gary Aroya will sponsor a double Russian comedy at the Parish School. This performance will be held Sunday evening, May 27, at 7:30 p. m.

St. Michael's Aroya has set the highest mark for the number of marriages performed among their members. Since its existence there actually has been six marriages performed in the St. Michael's Club. We are pleased to announce that our president Mr. and Mrs. Posypanko are still active members.

COURTESY

Courtesy, whether merely the superficial sort that is a matter of good policy or the better kind that is prompted by true regard for others, is the lubricant that reduces the friction of human association and makes life easier and more pleasant. Acts of courtesy are never premeditated. They are as natural as breathing. They are an inherent part of every fine character. They are the basis upon which such a one performs all other acts. They rest upon a true consideration of others and recognition of an equal right to live and be happy. They promote that end. Nor is true courtesy at all out of place in business relations. It is perhaps more necessary here than elsewhere. In business association friction is greater and there is more need for a lubricant.

Know the true value of time; snatch, seize and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination; never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

JOSEPH PROKOPCHUK SHOEMAKER

1805 W. 45th Street Chicago, Illinois

Speaking of good hair cuts . . .

BRUNO JUDEIKO

is the barber you must see!

1803 W. 45th Street Chicago, Illinois

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER TO AROYA

Dear members:

With the issue of the first publication of the official Aroya Journal, it gives me an opportunity that I have ambitioned for several years, an opportunity to get acquainted better with you. Inasmuch as I might have met the majority of you young people at the Convention, it remains to be seen as all have not been present. Therefore, I want you to take this little reminder in a spirit of friendliness and cooperation.

The most important task confronting us today is to strive for a bigger and better Aroya. Although we are known as one of the best organized groups in the Middle West, we should work together to win ourselves a place among the leaders as one of the finest organized parties of young people in the country. By accomplishing this task we must work together hand in hand; in other words, cooperate with the respective clubs in our organization and by cooperating and giving your utmost support to your own club and functions given by your church or club. Do all you can to increase your membership by telling the other young people in your church who have not as yet joined the organization. Bring home the point to them pertaining to the fine qualities and objects of our organization and I am sure that they will be convinced and make their application for membership.

Give your president and other officers all support possible as you know the responsibility of your own club rests on their shoulders and they will elevate the tasks confronting them.

I sincerely think that we can realize our ambitions of becoming one of the greatest youth organizations if we will follow the policies as outlined above.

This, as your president has no doubt advised, is the first issue of our magazine—in other words a trial. Let us work together and cooperate so that we can have a publication regularly. You realize that a magazine at regular intervals will keep us in constant touch with the doings and activities of the clubs. It will also serve as the main feature in far better acquaintance.

The Fifth Annual Convention as you are aware, will be held at the St. Peter and Paul Parish, in Chicago. We are working and striving to make this the biggest convention in Aroya history. But before we can do this, we ask the help of all club members, not for ourselves but for the Aroya organization.

We must also inaugurate athletics in our clubs for the young ladies and gentlemen. There is no finer way of keeping in touch with your friends than through athletics.

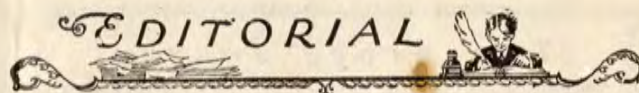
I sincerely hope that this will be taken in a sense of spirit, cooperation, and friendliness. Let us make the sayings of two of our most able young gentlemen of our organization our by-word and slogan: "Keep the Good Ship Aroya Sailing," and "Watch Us Grow."

Happy Easter to all!

Sincerely yours,
Geo. M. Motel.

Each morning opens the door upon a fresh opportunity.

EDITORIAL



The American Russian Orthodox Youth Association, through this Journal, brings joyful greetings of Easter. It brings to us memories of Easter that have painted permanent pictures upon our lives. It brings to us memories of Easter which we so happily observed during our youthful days. These memories, no doubt, are constantly being reviewed and related to the younger generation as they were to us.

As every infant must have a first birthday, so must even a promising and prococious new magazine come out for the first time in its swaddling clothes and meet all the members of the family.

This new magazine, appearing for the first time, is the official organ of the American Russian Orthodox Youth Association. This organization prevails in the middle west, particularly in the Chicago area. Membership is limited to the youth of the Russian Orthodox faith.

The objects are many and great. Our outstanding object is to uphold and defend the Holy Russian Orthodox Church under the jurisdiction of his eminence, the Most Reverend Platon, the metropolitan of all America and Canada, and his canonic successors. We attest that the members of the American Russian Orthodox Youth Association have the same aims as that of their parents—who belong to the true Orthodox Church and leave no ground to base any conclusions to the contrary. Because of said premises, the Association is an integral part of the whole church and its effectiveness is commensurate therewith.

We endeavor to further and preserve genius, language, traditions and customs of the Russian nationality; to uphold the constitution of the United States of America; to promote our national unity, peace and good will; to honor and respect our parents and preserve the memories of the deceased; to safeguard and foster the honor and chivalry of our boys and girls; to consecrate and sanctify our brotherhood and sisterhood by our devotion to mutual helpfulness; to lose no opportunity to point out to a failing or weaker member the path to success; to withhold nothing from a member that can benefit him or her and explain to him or her any danger threatening him or her or his beloved ones and bestow substantial benefits upon members and their loved ones; to comfort the sick and bereaved in time of sorrow and distress; to promote social, literary, musical, dramatic and athletic endeavors.

The good ship Aroya is majestically sailing to glory. We invite Mishawaka, Ind., Kenosha and Milwaukee, Wis., N. E. Minneapolis, Minn., Hammond, Ind., Royalton, Ill., to sail with us. Let us hear from you.

Miss Julia Woron, member of the Gary Aroya, has classes at the Russian Dancing School, in the Tyler Park Pavillion on Monday evenings.

The man who thinks he's arrived is already slipping.

New Definition—A hick town is a place where everybody knows whose check is good.

The Apple-Sauce Chronicle

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF VARIOUS THINGS

"Do you drink milk?"
"No, I can't get those wide-mouthed bottles in my mouth."

Sure Thing—Many a man is a bachelor to-day, because he never had a car when he was young.

Domestic Note—The honeymoon is over when he can carry a cigar in his vest pocket without having it broken.

Cicero the Cynic, says: "I can smile as easily and as often as anybody, but I should hate to be ordered to smile by a wall motto."

New Proverb—A girl who gets kissed on the forehead should wear higher heels.

Barber-ities.



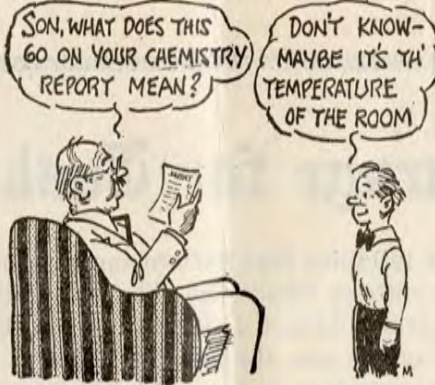
Short Story—A girl told her lover to go away and not come back until he had a thousand dollars; then she would marry him. He came back a week later with thirty dollars. She blushed and said: "Well, I guess that's near enough."

Convict No. 13271 says: "It's no good taking any notice of advertising slogans. I followed the advice of one, 'Make Money at Home,' and here I am."

"Go Up One!"



"You Tell 'Em, Kid."



Oh, No, Maudie: "A man who sleeps in marble halls is not necessarily a night watchman."

Absolutely!—The radio and the talkies are responsible for putting the harm into harmony.

Not a Real Druggist—Two druggists were talking about one of their confreres who had just died. "He was a great druggist," said one. "He was," admitted the other, "but don't you think he made his chicken salad sandwiches a little too salty?"

Force of Habit.



Statistical—It is reported that there is an automobile for every horse in the land. No excuse for a horse walking nowadays.

The Most Polite Man we've heard about is the man who takes off his radiator cap every time he passes a girl.

Financial—When you buy oil stock it's a speculation. If it makes money you start calling it an investment.

The Height of Optimism—Opening a gift shop in Scotland.

Sure Thing—If tractors could be pepped up to do seventy-five miles an hour, possibly this would solve the problem of keeping the farmers' boys on the farm.

How to Tell—A progressive town is one which always has the main street torn up for some improvements.

Philosophic Phil Says: The undertaker would have to work in eight-hour shifts, if he buried all the dead ones, as well as the ones who die.

Well, Well!



Words of Wisdom—About the time you make both ends meet, someone moves the other end.

Not So Bad!—Once upon a time a department store clerk resurrected some invisible hairnets from his old stock, put them in the shop window, and they sold readily as the newest material for evening dresses.

Automotive—"Please send me the amount of your bill," wrote the garage man to the autoist who was chronically slow with the cash.

"Certainly," answered the slow guy, "it's \$136.73."

Court News.



Courage for Tasks

You'll find it in the lullabies that patient mothers sing,
It's in the humble cottage where the shouts of children ring;
It fills the weary toiler's breast, it lights the plowboy's eye,
It's like the beauty of the sun, the glory of the sky;
It glows above the mountain top, it rides the stormy sea.
It's in the dream of every man who fights for joys to be.

You read it in the faces of the toilers homeward bound:
It spurs the sturdy pioneer who clears a patch of ground,
It stands beside a whirling lathe and delves within a mine,
It swings the ax in forest wild and fells the mighty pine;
It's stamped on every mother's face who brings a babe to birth;
It is the seed of every good which blossoms on the earth.

It's not alone in facing death, when that grim duty asks,
It's facing life from day to day, with all its dreary tasks;
It's keeping faith with those you love, it's standing firm and true
And bearing all life's bitterness for those who trust in you;
It's clinging to your glorious dreams when doubts and griefs assail.
It's trying for a splendid goal, and smiling though you fail.

The soldier shares it with his king, the toiler with his chief;
The selfsame courage all must own who feel the touch of grief.
Rich cowards will be cowards still, despite their sums of gold,
For courage is the gift of God, and can't be bought and sold;
And all who tread the path of life and scorn to stoop to sin,
Have earned the glory of the great—for courage makes them kin

—Edgar Guest.

