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The following excerpts of an article from MOSCOW NEWS should bring smiles to the faces of those who have had the good fortune to ride in Moscow taxis.

You can bet your life on taxis

Getting home, or 300 ways to die

Standing in the middle of the poorly-lit six-lane street, arm extended, a lone figure can be detected, silhouetted against the skyline of a city consumed by dust. The pitch black night is betrayed only by the dim glare of the second-rate street lights. Cars fly past, each anxious to make its way home, since it is just after midnight and time to end another day. Occasionally, a car will slow down and manoeuvre its way to the side of the road, stopping within two feet of the pedestrian.

This is the Moscow taxi system. It is a cross between hitchhiking and a dangerous game of chicken. Since many of the bus services end around midnight (actually, sometimes they stop as early as 11:00, if the bus driver has a more pressing engagement), taxi procurement is something of a nightly task for anyone who appreciates the mildly entertaining Moscow night life.

There are essentially two groups of drivers who can be expected to stop to offer their services. First, there are taxi drivers proper, whose cars even have a meter that works perfectly well,

with the lone exception that the final fare never corresponds to the total on the meter. Then there are normal people (or, more often than not, abnormal people) who are simply heading home but see an ideal opportunity to more than double their daily salary.....

...Overriding all other concerns is the fear for one's well-being. Thus, while the price negotiations are taking place, the primary aim is to establish the character of the driver. Often, cars with more than one occupant offer their services, but general safety rule number one dictates an immediate rejection: more than one person in the car represents a bad omen.

Once the car has stopped, several different factors must be accounted for and the debate is something akin to the fifth set of the finals of a Grand Slam tennis tournament.

Marked taxis always know the fastest route to any given point: advantage taxis. But, individual drivers are more likely to charge less: deuce.

Marked taxis will stop at red lights, even if there is no policeman around: advantage taxis. But, the fact that individual drivers avoid the hassle of waiting for a couple of minutes at a red traffic light with no cars nearby compensates for the time lost by taking a slower route: deuce.

In order to receive a license, all taxi drivers must pass a test that probably includes an

Indianapolis 500 practice run and they drive accordingly: advantage taxi drivers. But, at least the taxi drivers took the course -- individual drivers look like they are practicing to become taxi drivers but have not yet had the training: deuce.

Marked taxis are all the same size -- roughly that of mid-sized sedan, while individuals almost all drive cars that compare unfavourably to Yugos: advantage taxis. Individual drivers usually play loud music, drowning out the whish of air rushing by the window at unnecessarily fast speed: deuce.

Since drivers of marked taxis have an intimate knowledge of the roads, they can drive you to some deserted dead end road and rob you (taken from a real event): advantage individual drivers. Finally individual drivers are usually more easily coerced into conversation. This has two advantages. First, one can learn about things -- Russian and, second, drivers sometimes consider conversation with a foreigner payment enough and refuse to accept the already meagre rouble fee: game, set and match individual drivers.

Actually, the distinction, which leans in favor of non-affiliated drivers, is fairly hazy and, depending on the appearance of the driver, one generally takes the first acceptable form of transportation.

This decision can, of course, be made too hastily, leading to a mind-boggling twenty-minute ride that includes breaches of every driving rule imaginable and even a few that one would think impossible on four wheels. Recently, an Italian driver commented that he longed "for Rome, where there is at least some respect for driving laws". Rome? That's right, Rome, the home of reckless driving, becomes an icon of driving courtesy when compared with Moscow.

Perhaps the greatest danger of all may be the influx of Western cars now flooding the Russian car market. At least in the past when a Lada hit a Lada, the result was mutual annihilation with little danger of injury to passengers, since both cars more or less disintegrated on impact. Now, West European sports cars cruise the streets intently searching out any would-be victims. On a recent late-night return trip, the driver of the Lada I was travelling in became a little too intent on our conversation about the collapse of the Russian economy and drove head-on into a parked Volvo. End result: a dent on the fender of the Volvo and the complete destruction of the front end of the Lada. Fortunately no one was injured, but the results are anything but exaggerated.

As Western firms ponder potential investment in Russia, there should be one restriction: no foreign cars allowed. Russian drivers are menacing enough with their own second-rate cars; offering them a Volvo or a Mercedes is like offering a plane full of American and Israeli passengers to Abu Nidal.

Given the exponential growth of Western cars on the roads, accidents involving them are inevitable. However, one must take such accidents more seriously than the others that one sees on any given trip home. Las Vegas bookies would not offer odds on the likelihood of seeing an accident on any given ride because the chances of making the trip without some accident is something akin to the United States basketball team losing a game or to Sergei Bubka's pole will break while he is in mid-flight and maybe the Dream Team will receive an unlimited series of technical fouls for dunking over helpless players, but such

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miracles of nature are unavoidable and more than highly unlikely.

Likewise, traffic accidents are a daily chore that Russians must endure. The sight of two drivers on the side of the road haggling with one another is only less surprising than finding their cars standing abandoned in the middle of the road while they establish responsibility. The concept of "witnesses" to an accident has yet to take hold. In fact, the general rule dictates that if you see an accident, hurry to reach your destination faster in order to tell your friends about the accident of the day.

Another purely Russian feature of driving is the system of lane delineation. You see, generally speaking it is accepted that dashed lines outline each lane and solid double lines indicate the middle of the road. Not in Russia.

Dashed lines merely outline the recommended lanes while double lines separate each side of the road only when there are oncoming cars. Otherwise, one can use the other side of the road as a convenient passing lane. Even without defying the double lines, an eight-lane road can miraculously double in size by putting eight Russians with Ladas on one side of it. Granted, Ladas are not as wide as the average car, but Russian drivers have the impression that if light is visible between two vehicles, then another car can fit between them. This very assumption is often responsible for accidents, but it is also a primary reason to fear for one's safety whenever hailing a car.

On one occasion not long ago, the elderly driver of a Lada offered his services during a daytime trip that stemmed from pure laziness more than anything else. During the course of the trip across the center of town, he nicked two cars while trying to manoeuvre his way into minuscule holes that developed while waiting at a red light. He also entered into two verbal exchanges with other drivers who did not appreciate his driving skills -- not that they deserved any appreciation. Then, in his final approach to the destination, he sideswiped a parked taxi. The first two accidents required little more than a quick apology and a transfer of no more than 25 roubles. But, the parked taxi provided a bigger problem because the driver had been unceremoniously awakened from a nap and was none too pleased with the method of ending his hibernation. As the car drew to a stop to drop off the passenger, the taxi driver came flying out of his car. The mammoth looked like a bear in full heat as he gracelessly carried his 250-plus pound frame across the asphalt in the

hopes of reaching the car before it took off. As he reached the car, only one sound was audible: the crunch of his fist pounding onto the roof which easily drowned out the cars flying by just a few meters away. Meanwhile, the dent left on the roof from his paw was more than enough to convince any sane individual to offer the two men greater privacy and take off in a sprint. Then again, I also had to speed away because as a witness to this accident, rules did require me to hurry and find friends who might be interested in hearing the story of the accident of the day...

Joel H. Samuels

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Today, September 15, 1993, is still a sad day in the lives of some Lemko members and Lemko Association. It is one year since John K. Adamiak, a great Lemko, passed away. Lemko Assoc. had many fine people throughout its long history, but John is one who really stands out. He was always there when needed, this applies not only to myself, but to many past members of Branch 29.

Whenever we ran an affair, I would call John and he would come with as many as eight cars, primarily from New Jersey. Our fine Lemko fiddlers would play in Ansonia, such men as Steve Chelak, Ted Rudawsky and, of course, John

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PASSAIC LODGES 5-16 OF LEMKO

ASSOC. EVENT CALENDAR FOR 1993

Sunday, Oct. 17-FALL BANQUET-1:00 PM

Donation \$15.00

KARPATSKA RUS

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LEMKO WEDDING VIDEO

A two hour video cassette of the film LEMKO WEDDING is still available for sale to our readers. This is the original film that was made almost 30 years ago, and it should be of intense interest to those readers who have not had the pleasure of viewing it.

Cost, including postage and handling, is \$45.00. To order kindly send your check or money order to KARPATSKA RUS, 556 Yonkers Avenue, Yonkers, New York, 10704

IN APPRECIATION

We extend our thanks for help in producing this week's issue of Karpatska Rus to Svetlana Ledenieva, Julia Adamiak, Fr. Stroyen and a "LEMKO".

Ed.



Apple Tart Success Story

Our versatile and energetic Assistant Editor, Svetlana Ledenieva, tried out the recipe in the last issue of Karpatska Rus for Apple Tart and the picture above is the result. With one exception she substituted champagne for the cognac. The taste was actually much better than the picture.

REQUEST OF OUR READERS

Through our archives we have searched for old Lemko Calendars from the 1930s and 1940s. Many of those old Calendars are missing. We would like to request, from our readers, any old Calendars that they may have and do not need. This would be of help to us in researching the history of our people. Thank you.

Ed.

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The Cooking Corner

Applesauce Cake

- 1 cup Shortening (Crisco)
2 cups Sugar
2 Eggs
3 cups Flour
1 tbls. Cinnamon
1/2 Tsp. Salt
1 1/2 Tsp. Nutmeg
1 tsp. Cloves
3 tsp. Baking soda
2 1/2 cup Unsweetened Applesauce (do not use Macintosh, it is soupy)
1 cup Raisins
1 cup Chopped walnuts

In a bowl, cream together shortening, sugar and eggs. In another bowl sift together flour, cinnamon, salt, nutmeg, cloves and baking soda. Alternating, combine the two bowls with applesauce, stirring until well mixed.

Before adding raisins, moisten them by soaking in a cup of water for a minute or two and then drain onto a paper towel. Add the nuts.

Pour into a greased 9 inch by 13 inch by 2 inch deep pan. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 60 minutes or until done.

Can be served warm or can be iced when cool. It is also delicious when served at room temperature with ice cream.

Julia Adamiak

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Kostyk. Our fine Karpaty choir also performed in Ansonia, all this due to John Adamiak. When artists from Ukraine were in the U.S. he arranged performances in Ansonia to a packed house. A Lemko historian, he was always available whenever I needed background information.

Many Lemkos have performed well for the organization, but John stands above the rest. He had time for everyone having any questions about Lemko, his life was devoted to bettering our lives. He was the glue holding us together.

Julia, you were always proud of your good man as much as we were. You enjoyed him and never begrudged sharing him with us.

John K. Adamiak may you rest in heavenly peace.

Respectfully,

Peter P. Bolacker,
Past President of Branch 29 for 11 years

Reflection on the 1990 Census

I remember when I received the 1990 census form. It was the long form with many questions in it. At first I didn't want to fill it out -- it would take too much time. But then I remembered that this was to be the year, that under the heading of ethnic background, Carpatho-Russian would be a separate entry so I looked for it and did actually find the entry 'Carpath Russian'; close enough I guess. So I decided to fill out the form for myself and for my family. I filled it in as Carpatho-Russian/Rusyn/Lemko so there would be no confusion as to what I meant. A feeling of satisfaction overcame me. It felt good to finally be recognized as something unique and not just another face in the crowd. By filling out the form as I did I was doing my small part, although insignificant in number but large in substance, in attaining recognition for the existence of my people. I was in a way paying homage to those that tried in the past to promote the Lemko culture in America.

I forgot about the 1990 census until sometime in 1992 when information about ethnic minorities began to be published in the local paper. The smallest ethnic group listed were the Belgians with a total of 61. When I saw that small number and noticed that no entry existed for Carpatho-Russians, I was dismayed that the Carpatho-Russians in my town had not registered themselves as such when they had the chance. I knew there were many many more of us out there. I was so perturbed that I went down to the local library to find what the actual figure was. I researched for some time, couldn't find the information readily available, and promptly went home. I forgot about the census again, as it was easier to do, instead of wondering what is wrong with our people and their tendency to describe themselves as part of a larger neighboring ethnic group such as Ukrainian, Polish, Russian or Slovak. The reminder of what little pride we have in ourselves makes it a lot easier to forget about such matters.

Recently the 1990 census came back to my attention through a newsletter titled 'Trembita' that I receive from a Rusin group in Minnesota, The Rusin Association. In it were posted the total number of Carpatho-Russians that described themselves as such in the entire U.S.A. The total was an unflattering 7,602 with 1,038 in New York; 614 in New Jersey; and 262 in Connecticut. So I had finally gotten part of the information I had sought over one year ago. When I saw these numbers I began to ask myself why so few of us exist in America. It was a painful exercise. Part of the problem must have been the poor record we have in promoting things that we truly exist as a unique people, and not just a subgroup, in the shadows of larger slavic peoples. Perhaps if we had better advertised the fact that, for the first time in history, we would be counted as a unique slavic group then it would be easier to explain to mainstream Americans, of other backgrounds, what it means to be a Lemko. Then perhaps I would not have to go into the usual litany about, 'Well we're similar to this group yet different; we're from this area within this country but we're a unique ethnic group'.

Maybe then I wouldn't get the funny looks anymore. Now when I think back on it, I don't remember any of our publications advocating the merits of classification as Carpatho-Russian as our ethnic group. No one was really talking about it. Perhaps there would have been more of us if we had spread the word that the census of 1990 was different from all the rest. The poor results are a reflection on our blase attitudes about ourselves, and helps to define why many of our young men and women don't bother getting into detail about their ethnic background in conversation. Especially in the professional realm where it is embarrassing to do so. It is so much easier to say 'I'm Slovak, or Polish, or Ukrainian, or Russian -- isn't it?

A LEMKO
Anytown, U.S.A.

Lemko Background

- Dilemma - Tragedy

How do we unite these disparate forces?

For hundreds of years the Lemko people have suffered persecution in their native homeland: Galicia, (Poland).

Even though the country of Poland, in which they lived, was removed from the map of Europe,

as a sovereign nation in 1795, the Lemkos continued to be downtrodden because Austria-Hungary, which took over as sovereign, permitted the local Polish gentry and the Catholic Church to continue to suppress the Lemko people and the Eastern churches.

The Orthodox Church and the Eastern Catholic Church, both churches of the Carpatho-Russian people, were poorly tolerated by the Roman Catholic Polish leaders. The Orthodox Church was outlawed entirely and the properties were confiscated.

Since many people from this area emigrated to the United States in the late 19th century, the first Greek Catholic Church was established in 1885 in Shenandoah, Pennsylvania. It was an impressive building which was subsequently put on the list of historic monuments. Unfortunately, it burned to the ground over ten years ago. With this, a magnificent classical Eastern Church structure built by the "sweat and tears" of the early immigrants vanished. The first priest to come from Galicia to work with the immigrants was Fr. Ivan Volansky. He had to endure many hardships as did Fr. Alexis Toth of whom we have been writing this past year.

Why did people leave Galicia in such great numbers? Between 1870 and 1910, the population of Carpatho-Russians in Galicia increased over 50%. This population explosion created a food shortage because there was too little arable land. Famine and poverty were always camped on their door steps. They were basically in servitude and trying to survive was the foremost problem. If they were forced to borrow money, they were forced to pay excessive interest rates. They could seldom repay the debt, at best they paid the interest. Their housing consisted of a one room house with a thatched roof. In cold weather, humans and animals shared the room.

To escape this intolerable situation, over a half million Lemkos came to Canada and the United States by 1910. Unfortunately, over 85% of them were illiterate because public education had been closed to them. Most were between 14 and 24, single, unskilled, penniless and, at that time, there were no government welfare programs to help them. If they had relatives in these countries, they could not give much help as they had trouble feeding their own growing families. Their solution

to the loneliness, alienation and need they faced was to form brotherhoods which evolved into fraternal, ethnic lodges. They then built churches and looked into many sources for help to get priests from their homeland to sustain them spiritually, and to baptize, marry and bury them.

Most of unmarried young women who arrived, worked cleaning houses, the men got jobs

that were usually dangerous and physically disabling. Once married, the women went from servitude in other people's houses to servitude in their own. Over the years, they bore and cared for over 5 -- 15 children, and the boarders, who they had to keep, to help pay the bills. They often lived in company houses, shopped in company stores with script which their husbands were paid. They could not comparison shop for the script was not accepted anywhere but in the company store. A common expression at this time was: Djiti, djiti hde was podjiti. (Children, children where to put you.) Siblings slept four to a bed on sheets made of flour sacks.

Conditions were so harsh, and homesickness was so great, that many Lemkos returned to their homeland prior to World War I. As had happened in the Uzhorod and Presov areas on the southern slope of the Carpathians, they reintroduced the Orthodox faith, which prior to the Brest Treaty with Rome in 1595, was the sole religion of the Lemko people.

During World War I many Lemkos in Austria-Hungary were put into prison. Thousands of people were exterminated under the bestial prison conditions suffered under the Austrians, primarily in the Telerhof prison which was a concentration camp. Women and children were not spared. This ethnic and religious cleansing went unnoticed by the world. Extensive material is available on this period in history due to the efforts of Mr. Peter Hardy of Bridgeport, Connecticut, who was born in the Lemko area and did not forget his people. He gave great sums of money to support relief to the Lemko people. He visited the area many times between the two World Wars and sponsored humanitarian aid to try to reduce the pitiful plight of his countrymen.

There is great religious turmoil between the Orthodox and Greek Catholics especially in the area of Lvov and Ternopol, where many Lemkos were resettled from the greater

Krynica area after World War II. The problem in the area of Galicia, which is now in present Poland, is not only between the Orthodox and Greek Catholic, but between the Roman Catholic Church and both Eastern Churches. We saw a video, which was made in 1988, and were horrified to find that in the Krynica area a Roman Catholic altar was placed in front of the closed royal doors of the ikonostas. We have a book which shows hundreds of these churches taken over by the Roman Catholic Church and others that were destroyed or disassembled for supplies. This is still going on. Eastern churches continue to be confiscated while "stalling talks" go on with Roman Catholic prelates in other parts of the world.

The Lemkos have dispersed from their homeland. Besides the voluntary emigration to the United States, Canada and other countries, they were forcibly uprooted several times. Their lands and homes were confiscated by the Polish, Austro-Hungarians, Soviets and Germans. Some were resettled near Lvov and Ternopol in the present Ukraine. Others were taken to Czechoslovakia and Germany. Many of those, who were taken to Germany after World War II, came to the United States as displaced persons.

The Lemkos have a distinctive heritage, customs, tradition and language. Their church music is distinctive but, for the most part in this country, it has been supplanted by either the Russian or Ukrainian motif. Their folk music is especially plaintive reflecting the hardship the people have had to endure for so many centuries.

For those planning to go to Galicia to see the land of their forefathers, we warn you not to necessarily expect to see the village. Many of them have been so thoroughly razed that even the cemetery has been bulldozed. Those who remain here, deserve our concern, our prayers and our help.

After study of the Lemkos who came to this country and Canada we find that many now identify as Ukrainian and have generally lost their Lemko identity. Some effort is being made to revive the memory and heritage of those oppressed people who gave so much for their faith and traditions.

Continued next-page

Симеон Пыж

Горлицкий бурсак

(Продовження з ч.17 "КР")

Але наука одно, а життє друге. Много из тых моих товаришов по гимназии, котры в школі показували себе такими безвірниками и сторонниками материалистичной философии, потом пошли в духовны семинарии и стали священниками, штобы проповідувати вірующому народу то, во што сами не вірили. Они то проповідуют, бо из того можна легко жити.

В старшых классах гимназии я помагал собі много "лекциями". Коли даякий ученик мал трудности с науком в школі, то його отец, если был заможный, старался наняти йому помощника и платил йому, штобы тот сиділ с його сыном и помагал йому в науці. Часто на такы лекции нанимали больше способного ученика из того самого класса або из высшых классов. Гдєкотры ученики гимназии, котры лучше учились, могли заробити такими

лекциями по 15 и 20 корон на тыждень, што в тых часах выстарчало вполні на життє и приодіву. Почавши от 5-го класса гимназии, я сам мал много тых лекций. Переважно я помагал сынкам наших священников, но нанимался также и к польским и еврейским ученикам. И на вакациях я не ишол додому, а выїзжал заниматься с даяким учеником. Случалось, што даякому ученику давали "поправку" из одного предмета, штобы в літі на вакациях подготовился до нового экзамену, то в таких случаях родиче звычайно нанимали помощника, штобы помагал их сыну в науці.

В июні 1914 року я перешол до 8-го класса гимназии. Як школьны занятия окончились, то бурсакы розїхались в свои села на вакации. Я с пару другими товаришами остался ище в Горлицах. 28 июня вечером мы пошли до

міста встрітятся со знакомыми и там мы узнали свіжу новост, што в Сараєві сербы убили австрийского престолонаслідника Фердинанда и його жену.

— Буде европейска война, — сказал нам знакомый еврей.

— Но Австрия не переживе европейску войну, лем розвалится, — замітил другий.

Того літа первый місяц вакаций я жил близко Горлиц у одного поляка, котрый нанял мене помагати в науці його сыну, получившому поправку. Тот ученик был мой товариш из того самого класса. Я пробыл у него лем один місяц, бо зараз послі австрийского обявления войны Сербии тот ученик кинул книжку и записался охотником до польского легиона, який организовал Пилсудский, а я вернулсЯ до своего родного села.

(Конец Первой части).

НАША ЛЕМКОВЩИНА

Нашы діды прадіды
Засвоили нам Карпаты,
Вытычили полонины
Построили власны хаты.

Землю матку заорали,
Каменисту, планну рілю,
Же так гарді выглядала,
Як чорнозем на Поділю.

Але у нас задолга зима,
Весна пізна, зимный климат,
То пшениця ся не вродит,
Бо морозу не вытримат.

Зато вівса и компери,
(Ту их зовут "бараболі")
На адзимку, киселицю —
Люде мали все доволі.

Замножили вівці, козы,
Звычайно и грубистый статок,
Змайстрували плугы, возы
И створили сой достаток.

Годували и пацята,
Кролі, качкы, куры, гуси,
Тай зажили своим життьом,
На своей Лемковской Руси.

Нашы предкы тверды люде,
Руснаками ся назвали;
И звычайно русскы назвы
Своим селам надавали.

Устья Русске, Русска Воля,
Руска, реку, Яблониця,
И Дубрівка и Свіржова,
Та и Русская Ропиця.

Розмістили свои села
Меж лісами и борами,
В низу хаты окружены
Зелеными кычерами.

Який ліс выкорчували
Так и село называли,
Смерековец, Граб, Ліщины,
Берест, Дубне, Вільшня, Ялин.

Нашы діды и прадіды
Вміли собі раду дати,
Власным умом и розумом
Засвоили сой Карпаты.

Заселили Лемківщину
И культуру в ней створили —
Застали ту лем цілину,
А добробыт нам лишили.
Иван Русенко.



Зиндранова,

В Музеи Лемковской Культуры.

На фото - директор Музею Федор Гоч.

At one time the Church was instrumental in keeping the "roots" alive so that the branches could flourish, but this is not being done today even though 65% of the OCA, Moscow Patriarchate and Synod adherents had progenitors from the Lemko Galician region. About 90% of the Ukrainian Orthodox and Eastern Catholic membership trace their roots to the same ancestry.
Fr. Stoyen, Ph.D., Editor
The Orthodox Herald