

# Carpatho-Rus'

## Karpatska Rus'



SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT LINDEN, NJ AND OTHER MAILING ADDRESSES

NO. 18 CARPATHO-RUS, ALLENTOWN, N.J. AUGUST 27, 1999 VOL. LXXII

An interesting in-depth analysis of the climatic events that began in 1985 in the former Soviet Union up to the present day. This is the eighty seventh installment of the story from Moscow News.

### The Crash of an Empire

A Colloquial Chronicle, Russia, 1985-1991, Part 87.

### Russia Goes Sovereign

On March 4 and 18, 1990, two rounds of elections to the Congress of People's Deputies of Russia, of Russia's autonomous republics, and local Soviets took place. They were preceded by a fairly dirty campaign - my impression was that it was dirtier, or at any rate fiercer, than the previous year's elections to the federal Congress. Division were sharper now between the democrats of various hues, united in the Democratic Russia electoral bloc, and the Communist nomenklatura.

It was the latter that was responsible for most of the election shenanigans. The partocrats did their best to eliminate their opponents from the running even before the voting, to have their own candidates run unopposed. In Kuybyshev oblast this tactic was so blatant that voters picketed the regional Party committee's headquarters - an act that called for great courage in those times, especially in the provinces.

There was a veritable "war of leaflets"

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### Carpatho-Russian American Center

#### Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the CRA Center, Inc. was held on August 8, 1999 at St. Mary's Russian Orthodox Church in Yonkers, New York beginning at 1:00 PM. Over 20 members were present, and with signed proxies, a total of 60 votes were eligible to be cast.

Motions were made and approved to observe the following:

- The annual Talerhof Day.
- The annual Lemko Festival
- The annual New Year's Eve Party, conforming to the Julian calendar
- Monetary support for the Karpatska Rus newspaper.

A motion was also approved to convert the corporation back to a non-profit status, which did exist at the time of its founding about 65 years ago. It was changed to profit status sometime in the past, probably about 40 years ago.

The following officers were elected to serve for the coming year:

- Alex Herenchak, Pres.
- Paul J. Best, V.P.
- Mark Medwid, Treas.
- William Prusak, Fin. Sec'y.
- Victoria Windish, Rec. Sec'y.

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Another story of a Lemko village translated from a 1959 KR calendar.

### The Village of Lipowets and its History

The village of Lipowets was established west of the county seat of Sanok in Lemkovina. No one can say precisely when it was founded, because nobody wrote down the date. But oral accounts, which have been preserved to the present day, state that it was established in 1640, for that is when the church was built. Even before that, however, 12 families from the Priashev region were supposed to have settled here. It was they who gave it the name Lipowets, from the groves of linden trees in the area ["lipa" means a linden or basswood tree]. So my native village of Lipowets passed its 400<sup>th</sup> anniversary long ago. An odd fact is that as I write this today, in 1958, my old village again has only 12 families. They feel more like strangers today than did those 12 families that settled her 400 years ago.

One of the features that distinguishes Lipowets today is the old wooden church that is still standing. The date of this church is in dispute. Some say that it was built on such-and-such a date, while others maintain that it dates to the year it was rebuilt, when it was 255 years old. This would imply that the church was originally built as far back as 1448. Nobody has made any repairs on it since 1703, because it hasn't needed any. The wood is hard as flint; it actually sparkles in the sun. The church sits on solid rock, so

Continued on Page 3, Column 1

## FOLK CONCERT & DANCE

Featuring the Well Known Folk Singer and TV Personality From Kiev

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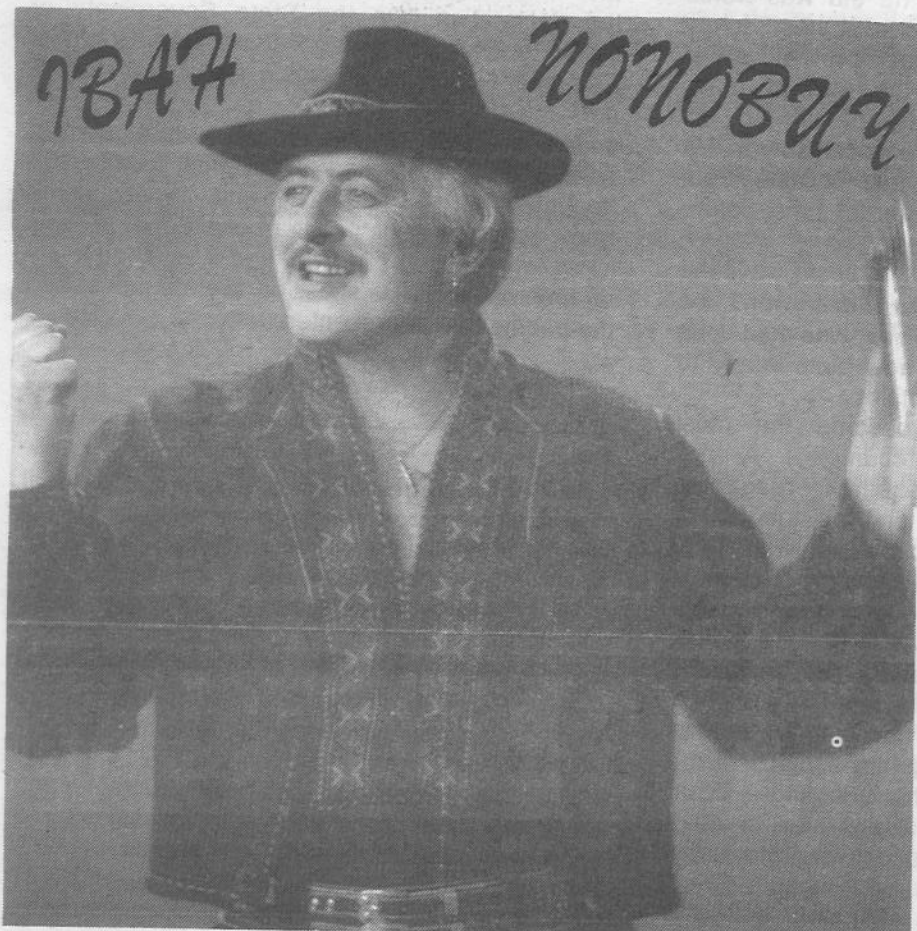
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Directions to ROVA RESORT: From North & South; Take NJ Turnpike to Exit 7A, Allentown. Then take I-195 East to Exit 16B, (Route 537). At 537, turn right, go over the I-195 bridge, about 1/2 mile, (3 traffic lights) and turn right on Route 571, South. ROVA is about 4 miles on the right hand side, about 1/2 mile past St. Mary's Orthodox Church.



Continued from Page 1, Column 1

on, with plenty of mud-slinging at opponents and embellishment of the authors' own biography, a war that did not stop even on the voting days, in clear violation of the rules. Lists of candidates recommended (by the Party bosses) for election found their way right into the voting booths. There was ruthless blackmail, intimidation, and other kinds of pressure; there were planted agents in the election commissions; there was suborning of all kinds and forms - the whole bag of dirty electoral tricks.

The nomenklatura was thus obviously learning to fight in a democratic election. One thing it never learned was how to fight fairly.

Democratic Russia had another opponent with even lousier electoral manners - the Social-Patriotic Movement of Russia, comprising a medley of nationalist, mostly anti-Semitic, at times openly fascist groups. Like other such hate-ridden packs the world over, they quickly slid from political polemics to insults, yelling, and swearing, and from these to fisticuffs, and even here they preferred methods that Marquis Queensberry would definitely frown on. Almost every meeting in which these individuals took part ended in unseemly brawls or scuffles in various dark corners, where boxing and unarmed combat skills learned in one's youth came in quite handy. What disgusted me most about these catch-as-catch-can artists was their readiness to haul off and kick at ladies and elderly men. Those bloodshot eyes without a gleam of reason in them still haunt me whenever the note of "patriotism" is sounded by even the most well-intentioned individuals.

Anyway, those ladies and elderly gentlemen, together with the more robust sections of the population, trounced the hooligans where it counted. The "patriots" defeat at the polls, especially in such major cities as Moscow, Leningrad, Yeltsin's hometown Sverdlovsk, and others, was so overwhelming that for a while they virtually disappeared from the political scene.

The Communists, on the other hand, claimed in their press that they had won a clear victory, with 86 percent of the people's deputies in the Russian Congress belonging to the Communist Party. I don't know whom they were trying to fool. Everybody knew that the Party was a sham, that holding a Party card did not mean anything anymore, and that people who called themselves "Communist reformers" were solidly in with the Democratic Russia bloc.

This bloc's victories were especially graphic in the country's two capitals, Moscow and Leningrad, where two of the most radical democrats, Gavriil Popov and Anatoly Sobchak, who won great fame as people's tribunes in the federal Congress of People's Deputies, were elected heads of the city Soviets by huge majorities. Both mayors had plans to "decommunize" their cities, that is, take them from nomenklatura-run socialism to an open society with a market economy, but it was a bit like measuring the temperature in a single finger without bothering about the rest of the body. Changes would have to be made at a higher level of government first.

Still, they did a lot on the political side. Moscow's Mayor Gavriil Popov was said to be responsible for a political show that demonstrated with absolute clarity the split in Soviet society and the depth of the gap dividing it.

The occasion was May Day, always a time of grandiose celebrations, with military parades followed by civilian demonstrations - festive column after festive column flowing past reviewing stands on which dour Soviet leaders tried on unaccustomed facial expressions intended to convey their ineffable goodwill toward and union with the people.

By a quirky historical coincidence, 1990 marked the centenary of the Day of International Solidarity of Working People. The Gorbachev leadership decided that year to humanize the celebrations, which by that time had degenerated into a sort of

*prinudilovka*, or forced hard labor, for the selected demonstrators, with strict schedules, lists of who will carry which placard, who will yell which slogans or just hurrahs, and severe punishment for failure to turn up.

According to official propaganda, there was none of that this time in Moscow - everybody who turned up on Red Square was simply responding to the call of the Moscow trade unions. It would be hard to notice the difference, though. Just like in the old days, there were huge portraits of Marx, Engels, and Lenin adorning the square, the Kremlin's Senate Tower was embellished with the USSR's national emblem of impressive proportions, and standing on the Mausoleum platform were the leaders of the Communist Party and state, headed by President Mikhail Gorbachev.

As they stood there, they could read placards carried past them, and it was stuff that couldn't fail to please: "Democracy, yes, demagoguery, no!" (It was Gorbachev's endearing habit to call anyone whom he didn't like a demagogue or an extremist), "Enough experimenting, let's work!" "Prices to be controlled by trade unions!" (Which automatically prompted the question, Who controlled the trade unions?) "Market economy, yes, unemployment, no!" (No sooner said than done, of course).

This sort of thing went on until about 2 o'clock, at which time the second wave of demonstrators reached the square. It was organized by the radical Moscow Association of Voters, still seething after the electoral battles, and the recently elected Moscow Soviet. This sight had to be seen to be believed - a veritable mishmash of nascent political parties and movements: Monarchists, Anarchists, Liberal Democrats, Christian Democrats, plain democrats within and outside the Communist Party, literally dozens of exotic groups all united by their fierce rejection of the ruling Party and the System. There were no red flags here, mostly the Russian tricolor, portraits of Sakharov and Yeltsin next to those of Stalin and Nicholas II - and a huge crucifix. The placards they carried could hardly fill the Party bosses' hearts with glee: "Down with the CPSU!", "Down with the empire of red fascism!", "Down with the KGB!", "The West will support us!" or this weirdo - "President, hands of Soviet power!"

Instead of filing in an orderly fashion past the Mausoleum, crowds milled right in front of the platform, yelling "Down with Gorbachev!" and worse. At this point Mikhail Sergeyevich did what seemed to him the dignified thing - he left the reviewing stand. From the sidelines, though, it didn't seem like a dignified act at all, more one of humiliation. Like the classic has it, what he did was worse than a crime - it was an error, Gorbachev thought he was turning his back on a bunch of rowdies and extremists in the grip of mass psychosis, but in actual fact he turned his back on the country's new political scene. It was a symbolic gesture on that occasion, but it would now be only a matter of time before the metaphor turned into reality.

*Svyato mesto ne byvayet pusto*, says the Russian proverb. "A holy place won't be empty." There was a politician who had long been raring to go and was now quite ready to take center stage in Soviet politics.

Boris Yeltsin had become the most popular politician in the country. A poll conducted by the *Sobesednik* magazine showed that Yeltsin came first on the list of politicians whom the public trusted, with 1420 votes, while the runner-up, Anatoly Sobchak, had only 350 votes - a huge gap indeed. Mikhail Gorbachev came last with 115 votes, but first on quite a different list-of politicians who had disappointed the public.

What Boris Yeltsin now had to do was obvious: turn that popularity into a place in the political system to match his standing. What is more important, Yeltsin knew how to do it and had the moral fiber to do what he knew would have to be done.

His scheme was simple: pull the country from under Gorbachev's feet. Yeltsin

decided to go with the tide of aspirations for sovereignty and place himself at the head of that tide in Russia. After all, Russia accounted for more than half of the Soviet Union's population and three-quarters of its territory. With Yeltsin becoming president of Russia, there wouldn't be much of a country left for Gorbachev to be president of.

At the start, the goal must have seemed like a mirage. The Democratic Russia bloc, whose unchallenged leader Yeltsin was, had 189 seats out of 1068 in the Russian Congress of People's Deputies. With deputies who had not openly pledged their allegiance to the bloc but were nevertheless democratically minded, Yeltsin could count on some 20 to 30 percent of the vote in the Congress.

The opposition he faced was tremendous. It included the 216-strong Communists of Russia group, to which gravitated the agrarian group, the workers-and-peasants union, and others who saw Yeltsin as the grave-digger of the Soviet Union and of Russia, with his pro-Western leanings and expressed support for private property.

Apart from the opposition inside the Russian parliament, there was the fierce anti-Yeltsin campaign mounted by Gorbachev in the Soviet press and through every other available means. Gorbachev personally intervened in the process of electing the Chairman of the Supreme Soviet of the Russian Federation (as the presidential post was then called), coming to the Russian Congress (where he had no business to be, constitutionally) and launching a gloves-off attack on Yeltsin. More than that, he summoned 250 Communist deputies of the Russian Congress and demanded that they vote against Yeltsin. It was this brazen pressure that may have eventually given Yeltsin the four extra votes that secured the coveted post for him in the third round.

Other factors may also have played a role, like one massive demo after another in support of Yeltsin in Moscow and throughout the land. There was a feeling at those rallies that, should Yeltsin fail to be elected, things might go somewhat further than slogan chanting. As the crowd was dispersing after a particularly gigantic meeting in Manege Square, a complete stranger turned to me and asked, with a sort of longing: "When are they going to hand out weapons?" Mindful of KGB provocateurs, I responded with: "Ought to bring your own" (*S soboy nado prinosit*, a phrase firmly associated in the Russian mind with vodka, not weapons). But the mood of the crowd was such that he may well have been genuine, not KGB.

Fortunately, things didn't go that far, that time. Yeltsin was elected Chairman, and the first thing he did, he pressed for adopting the declaration "On the State Sovereignty of the Russian Soviet Federative Socialist Republic." In fact, it took a lot of debate but not too much pressure, as the Congress endorsed the declaration almost unanimously, amid scenes of near jubilation, with 907 deputies for, 13 against, and 9 abstaining from voting. Which just showed that Yeltsin knew what he was doing, and was completely in tune with the wishes of the deputies and the people they represented.

Sergei Roy, Moscow News

Continued from Page 1, Column 2

Helen Leshko, Trustee  
Sophie Turko, Trustee  
Steve Yednak, Trustee  
Julia Brockla, Fin. Committee  
Walter Fecica, Fin. Committee  
Peter Symochko, Fin. Committee  
George Wyslocky, Alternate

The meeting was constructive and positive. After concluding all discussions, a light meal with refreshments was served.

Victoria Windish,

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nothing can harm it.

When our forefathers were repairing the church, they found under the foundation a letter, in which was written "We cut timber in the forest and built the Lord God's church". The letter was signed by 14 men. Of course, probably only one of these men could write and he wrote down the names of the rest.

This church was constructed by a skilled builder. It is designed in the style of our beautiful Lemko architecture. Nikolai Nikolaevich himself liked it, when he stayed here. His adjutant painted a picture of it, and I wondered about that. This was in 1915, during the first World War. I had a good look at Governor Nikolai Nikolaevich. He was a man of average height, quite stocky, white as snow, and probably about 70 years old. My father asked the adjutant why he was painting the church. He replied that the painting would be hung in a Moscow museum, "so that our grandchildren and great grandchildren can see your church."

The timbers in this church were all hewn. Nowhere was there any sign of a saw being used. Wherever an end should have been sawed off, it was chopped off with an axe. The church had three nicely shaped towers covered with small shingles. Each tower carried a three-armed cross. Inside, the walls were covered with cloth, and painted on the cloth were various saints. The church could hold about 100 people. All around the church was an ancient fence that wasn't replaced until some time in 1908. It is there that our forefathers were buried, maybe even those who built the church originally.

This church served as a place of rest and comfort for our hard working people on Sunday, and gave them strength to keep on working. *For life in our mountains was not easy even in our time.* How difficult it must have been for those who came before us can only be guessed.

Lipowets, my native village, was poor, hilly, rocky, infertile. This was the case in all of Lemkovina, not just my village. I have often heard my parents and neighbors wondering about what kind of monster forced people to live here, when it is fit only for wolves, not people.

There was no school in Lipowets until 1905. Before that there were only three men in the village who could read and write, besides the priest. They were Watralik, who came to Lipowets from Tylawa, Teodor Yawornitski, and my father Teodor Kirpan. My father learned to read and write in the Austrian army, where he reached the rank of squad leader. People in the village who wanted to write to America had to come to one of these three men, or else go to a Jew in Yaslo, who charged six cents to write a letter or six cents to read one. Some time long ago, there was a school in our village, but there was no teacher, or nobody that would bother to get one.

In addition to farming, our villagers engaged in business. After the ground was tilled and the crops planted in the spring, they would leave their wives and families to tend the crops while they themselves went to Dukla to buy grease. This was the last dregs of the oil at the refinery, and it was used to grease wagon wheels. They would buy two barrels of this grease, at a price of 5 Austrian florins, or 10 kroner, per barrel. When it was black and thin, it was called "ropa". After the addition of two parts water and thorough mixing, it would become thick, like dough. Our men would take this mixture to Slovakia or Hungary and sell it for 10kreuzer per liter. However, they didn't like to sell it for money. They preferred grain, because that was worth three times the 10 kreuzer. People bought this stuff readily, because they needed it.

When, sometimes, a man ran out of the thickened stuff, he had to sell it thin without water. But people didn't like to buy this, claiming it was diluted with water and they were being cheated. Then the peddler would apologize, saying that he had run out of the good stuff but he had some more in the next village and he would go get it right away. He would then go outside the village, add some water to the barrel, mix it well, and return with the grease thickened. This stuff sold like hotcakes. After about two weeks of such peddling, a man would come home with a wagon full of wheat, rye, corn or beans. This would keep both him and his horses until spring.

The same procedure was followed in the fall after the harvest. I often went with my father on those trips. One time, we arrived to stay overnight with a rich farmer beyond Perebyshow. This man was one of the Bacha people. We could see his large yard, so we knew he would have plenty of room for us and would also have something for the horses. For a night's lodging like that we would pay 5 liters of grease. That was enough to grease a wagon for whole year.

We came to the man's house and asked if we could stay overnight.

"In my view," said this Bacha, "a traveler should be made welcome. I will take you in and serve you as best I can. You go into the house, and my sons will unharness your horses and water and feed them. An you can rest easy, your things will be safe. I have good dogs that will guard your property and mine."

He told his wife to prepare a good supper for us and went out somewhere, but not for long. When he returned, we knew right away where he had been, because he took a bottle of whiskey out of his sack. And he gave us a good drink before supper, and had one himself. After supper, he started a conversation with my father.

"Listen," said this farmer, "you are a well traveled man. You've seen everything and know a lot. I, too, know a few things, and I help people in various ways, but I can't help myself. I have a large flock of sheep, and something has happened that they keep dying on me, 3 or 4 every day. I've tried everything, but nothing does any good. So I'm asking you to help me with my problem, for you are a worldly man."

My father didn't say anything for a minute. Then he started to refuse, saying that he didn't know anything about such matters. But the farmer wouldn't believe that Dad didn't know, saying that he just didn't want to help.

Dad had to do something, although he had no idea what, so we could leave the place in peace. He got up early next morning, went out behind the barn, and gathered up some weeds and flowers and other plants. He told the farmer to dry these plants and then smoke the sheep with them every midnight for three days. He should also whisper at the same time, "May this disease disappear, like this smoke."

The farmer fed us a good breakfast, with a few more drinks, and we went on. Dad thanked the Lord that he had managed to get out of this scrape.

Next year, Dad and I went back to that same village, but not to the same farmer. We were worried that there might be trouble. But the people we did stay with told us that the farmer's sheep had stopped dying, that some grease peddler had given him good advice. In a short time, he came over with his sons to where we were staying and took us to his place, thanking us and asking how he could reward us for the good advice.

"I don't want anything," said Dad. "I'm

just glad that I could help."

He was quite offended that we didn't come to his place first. So he wouldn't let us go for three days. We wanted to leave and go on, but he wouldn't let us.

"For whatever you lose here," said this farmer, "you will be well paid."

We didn't even see when they unloaded our wagon and filled it full of grain.

"Take this grain home," he said, "and then come back for your goods and go on farther."

We did that. This was in April 1914, and we were going to return in the fall, but the war broke out, and our goods are still there today. Later on, after I deserted from the Polish army, I was in the area of that village, but I didn't know the name of it, and I couldn't find it.

I still wonder about what it was that stopped those sheep from dying. Did that farmer really believe so strongly in Dad's magic? Or did Dad just happen to pick up some herb that helped? Or was it just that the disease had run its course at just that time? Dad didn't know anything about things like that, but he was compelled to try some humbug.

To be continued

Andrei Kirpan

#### SUBSCRIPTION FORM

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#### CARPATHO--RUS

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#### Notice

Anybody have old 78 RPM records with Lemko, Boiko and Hutsul music? Please contact Alex Herenchak, Editor.

#### Notice

Passaic Branch 5-16; Lemko Assoc.

1999 Schedule of Events

Oct. 17, " Fall Banquet, 2 PM 15.

Birthday Meetings

Sept. 19 " "

Dec. 12, " "

All events are held at Masonic Hall, corner of Ann Street & Lanza Ave., Garfield, NJ

*Translated from the cyrillic, a report written by our long time loyalist from Lvov, Petro Kohutov, about the Lemko "Vatra" held last June 5 & 6, 1999.*

#### A "Vatra" in Hutisky

In an enchanting corner of the Carpathian Mountains, in the Ternopol region of Ukraine, lies the picturesque village of Hutisky. This village, situated among forest-covered hills, perfumed with the aroma of field flowers, and boasting a spring of crystal pure water, is reminiscent of Lemkovina.

On the initiative of the Lemkivshchina Society in Ternopol, and with the support of local and regional authorities, it was decided to hold a "Regional Festival of Lemko Culture", that is, a Lemko Vatra, on June 4-5, 1999. Not surprisingly, Hutisky was selected as the site for this gathering, since the majority of the residents in this village are Lemko emigres, and most of the deported Lemkos in Ternopol Oblast, and perhaps in all of Ukraine, live there.

A stage was constructed on the field of the Vatra, and around it were put up tents and other accommodations required for a large number of people.

More than a thousand people of all ages attended the Lemko Vatra in Hutisky. They came on buses, cars, bicycles, and on foot from Lvov, Ternopol, Ivano-Frankivsk, Chernowets, Transcarpathia, and other localities.

This Regional Festival of Lemko Culture was solemnly opened by Igor Duda, head of the organizing committee. The guests were also welcomed by the heads of the oblast region and village councils. The national flag was raised, and the bonfire was lit, to the strains of the National Anthem. The benediction was given jointly by Orthodox and Greek Catholic priest.

Very moving were the performances by Lemko artistic groups from Ternopol, Ivano-Frankivsk, Borislav, and Drogoibych. These were interspersed with musical performances by soloists, duets, trios, and examples of zany Lemko humor. It was gratifying to see groups of young people dressed in genuine Lemko costume.

In addition to the concert program, there were lecture sessions on"

- The Lemko lady
- The Lemko dialect
- Lemko history and culture
- Lemko humor

There were also exhibits of old books, sculptures, photos, and designs of a monument to the deported Lemkos.

For two days, Hutisky was the center of Lemko culture in Ukraine, which confirmed the fact that Lemko culture is the pearl of Ukrainian culture in general. All the people that live in Ukraine accept Lemko culture unreservedly.

The Rusalina in Zydranow, and the Festivals of Lemko Culture in Hutisky, Mikhailow, Svidnik, Medzhelabirski, Bardiov, and the USA give hope and faith that our culture, our traditions, our speech, and our music will not vanish, and the religious and cultural life in our Lemkovschina will be revived.

Petro Kohutov

#### In Appreciation

We extend our thanks for help in producing this week's issue of Carpatho-Rus to Svetlana Ledenieva and Dimitri Gallik.

#### The Cooking Corner

##### Apple Bars

1	cup	sugar
½	cup	shortening
½	tsp	nutmeg
½	tsp	salt
¼	tsp	cloves
½	cup	nuts
1	cup	flour
2		eggs
1	tsp	cinnamon
1	tsp	baking powder
1	cup	rolled oats
1 ½	cups	diced apples

In a bowl, mix well the following ingredients; sugar, shortening, eggs, flour, cinnamon, baking powder, salt, nutmeg, cloves and rolled oats. Then stir in the diced

apples and nuts, the mixture should be thick, Bake in a 9 inch greased pan at 375 degrees for about 25 minutes.

#### Press Fund

Greg & Victoria Windish	\$100.
Donia Reiss	10.
Total	\$110.

#### CARPATHO--RUS

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#### Reminder-40th Lemko Convention

September 11, 1999 at ROVA RESORT  
Route 571  
Cassville, Jackson Twp. NJ

This year the Convention will convene at Rova Resort where the two previous Lemko Festivals were held. Registration of delegates will begin at 9:30 AM with the Convention to begin at 10:00 AM. Dependent on progress during the day's proceedings, the delegates may be able to conclude all activities, including the election of officers in one day. A dinner will then be served by ROVA upon completion of all deliberations.

The full program of the Convention will be printed and sent to the delegates. If the Branches have any special items that they wish placed on the Agenda for discussion and deliberation by the Convention, kindly submit these items in writing to any one of the Executive Board members noted below.

Alexander Herenchak, Pres.  
P.O.Box 156  
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Tel: 609-758-1115

Paul Best, V.P.  
Southern Connecticut Univ.  
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Tel: 860-345-7997

Mary Barker, Sec'y  
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Rivervale, NJ 07675  
Tel: 201-664-8693

Victoria Windish, Treas.  
136 Rose Avenue  
Woodcliff Lake, NJ 07675  
Tel: 201-930-0220

#### AUDIO & VIDEO TAPES

##### Item #1 Karpati-Rus' Folk Songs:

Eighteen folk songs from the Carpathian Mountains! Transcribed from 78 RPM discs recorded in 1910, this audio cassette tape presents wedding, christening and Christmas songs...the way our ancestors did them.

##### Item #2: Russian Balalaika and Polkas, Chardashes and Gypsy Eclectic:

This audio cassette tape contains Russian polka and balalaika selections, Slavic chardashes and gypsy melodies. Several folk songs provided here were originally recorded in 1910 on 78 RPM discs.

##### Item #3: East European Folk Festival;

Each year, the Lemko Association of the U.S. and Canada sponsors a festival of East European dancing and singing. This video offers highlights of the 25th festival which was held in 1993. It includes excerpts of an Orthodox Catholic prayer service and concert of Karpati-Rus., Ukrainian, Russian and Slovak folk songs and dancing.

##### Item #4: Canonization of Father Maksym Sandovich;

This video includes a biography of Saint Maksym, the first Orthodox Catholic saint of the Karpati-Rus;. The major sites and events of his glorification which occurred in Gorlice, Poland in September, 1994 are uniquely recorded.

##### Item #5: Video Recording of the Akafist Male Chamber Choir of Moscow and the Slavic Male Chorus of Washington, D.C.;

Recorded at St. Luke's Serbian Orthodox Church in McLean, Virginia on March 12, 1992, this video includes 17 classic liturgical songs and shows the interior and exterior of all Slavic Orthodox Catholic churches in the Washington, D.C. area.

##### Item #6: Canonization of Father Alexis Toth;

St Alexis' biography and canonization ceremony are preserved on this video which was filmed at St. Tikhon's Monastery.

##### Item #7: Folk Songs from the Uzhorod Region:

"Muse Zakarpatskaia through 12 folk songs that were recorded in Soviet days in 1955.

##### ITEM #8: NEW RELEASE, LEMKO WEDDING MUSIC by STEPHEN SKIMBA in cassette; and ITEM #9 same as #8 in CD form.

We were fortunate in finding one of Steve Skimba's original 78 RPM records and this has been duplicated.

#### PRICES:

- Item #1.....\$12.
- Item #2.....\$12.
- Item #3.....\$25.
- Item #4.....\$20.
- Item #5.....\$30.
- Item #6.....\$20.
- Item #7.....\$12.
- Item #8.....\$12.
- Item #9.....\$20.

All prices include shipping costs. Send check or money order made out to Lemko Association to:

Mary Barker  
521 Piermont Avenue  
River Vale, NJ 07675