

Carpatho-Rus'

Karpatska Rus'



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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 fourth installment of the story from Moscow News.

The Crash of an Empire

A Colloquial Chronicle, Russia, 1985-1991, Part 84.

February Revolution

The beginning of 1990 is most vividly remembered as the time when socks disappeared from shops. That was the greatest part of the fun of living under the Soviets: All things of any quality were permanently in short supply, but from time to time, as if to show what the system was really capable of, some items—soap, toothpaste, detergent, bed-clothes, whatever—would disappear entirely, singly or collectively, as if they never had been.

Everybody agonized over the unanswerable question, Why? Why socks? What was so special about socks that some invisible hand was tempted to pluck them out of circulation? Wags talked of *proiski imperializma* "underhand plotting of imperialism," the standard Party propaganda's response to any untoward developments. Other wags offered advice on TV on how to wrap feet in lengths of footcloth - a method universally used by the high-boots-wearing Soviet Army and rural population. The majority of the people darned ancient socks - and swore at *sovetskaya vlas!* "The Soviet power" and the Communist Party which had taken them all the way to this undignified sockless state.

The socks issue was a demonstration lesson in how centrally planned economy functioned or rather malfunctioned. A clerk in some unidentifiable cubbyhole in the huge bureaucratic machine made an error, failing to take some factor into account or simply hitting the wrong key on his calculator, and the whole country went barefoot.

There was a difference, though, in the people's attitude to these things. Previously, the shortages and total disappearances of consumer items were taken as acts of God, something to be stoically endured, with a swearword or two but without any real hope of changing anything through individual or collective action. But at the beginning of 1990 the mood of the country definitely broke, due to a variety of factors.

For one thing, there were people about now—like the famous economists Gavriil Popov, Nikolai Shmelyov, and a host of others - who could, and did, explain to them, in the fresh atmosphere of glasnost, that an economic system with built-in shortages was not inevitable at all, and that it could be replaced with a normal, universally accepted and smoothly functioning market economy.

Furthermore, quite a few people - more than four million of them in 1989 alone, in fact - experienced the working of that system at first hand, as they went abroad on holiday or on

The continuation of the story which was printed in Cyrillic in issues KR #5 - 8, 1999.

Part V contd from issue #14

The Family Nest

"That's right. He was a very clever man," agreed uncle Maksim. "When the police came to take us to Talerhof, he hid himself. And even though they searched for him later, they never could find him. They threatened to shoot anyone that ran away from them, but they didn't scare him."

And so went the pleasant talk throughout that long first evening after Yurko's arrival at his family home. Yurko and Krestina inquired about Talerhof, about the late teacher, and they wanted to know how the village lived through the war and when the Russian troops came to our mountains. Then Ul'ka related how our refugees lived in Russia, before and during the revolution. She praised the Russian people, saying that they welcomed the people as brothers. And she told how large and rich is Russia.

"I have never seen America," she said, "but from what others say America is very rich. But some day, Russia will be even richer than America."

"It's only our Poles and Ukrainians who don't like Russia," said uncle Maksim. "They always found fault with Russia under the Tsar, and now they do it even worse. And the priests - you can hardly stand their lying.....You know, Yurko, we now have two churches in the village, because many people converted back to Orthodoxy. And there are two priests - one Ukrainian Uniate and one Russian Orthodox. And they both are very critical about the bolsheviks in Russia. What do you think, Yurko? You read a lot of papers over there in America. Is it true that those bolsheviks in Russia are such nasty people, such atheists, such savages as our priests and Polish lords tell us?"

"I have never been in Russia," replied Yurko, "so I can't say much about it. But if a man as bright as was our Bogdan accepted the bolsheviks and fought to death on their side, they must have a good program for ordinary people."

Yurko spent more time in his old village than he had planned. He had intended to stay a month, but stretched it to two months. Krestina loved to wander around those fields where she had spent her girlhood years. She knew every little meadow around there, every grove of trees, every glade in the forest, every path. At one time or another, she had worked for more than one of the farmers around there, so she knew which plot belonged to whom. She had explored the hills and the forest glades looking for mushrooms, for leaves, for berries. And all this had stuck in her mind as though she had just left there yesterday. Those fields, and hills, and glades belonged to

Translated from the cyrillic in issue #8 of KR is this old story.

A Fairy Tale from my Youth

I can't forget my youthful years in the old country, over there in our beloved Lemkovina, now devastated. Everything comes back to my mind and flashes before my eyes, everything even from childhood.

As soon as children grow up a little, say 7 or 8 years old, they start helping their parents, either at home or out in the fields.

I remember when I was about 13 and herded cows or oxen. This happened in early fall, and in our village it was the custom to drive the cattle way out beyond the village at that time of year. They called this the "overnight". The herders would fill sacks with something to eat so they wouldn't go hungry. There were about 6 - 8 of us boys, all going together so we wouldn't get lonesome. When we got the cattle to a glade where there was plenty of grass, we picked up some wood and built a fire. Under a large pine tree, we set up some rocks for seats and sat down to keep watch over the grazing cattle. We had potatoes in our sack which we baked in our fire. Some of the boys had bread and some had bacon that they fried. And so we ate and kept adding wood to the fire. Then we sat around and told stories, anything we could think of.

As we watched, we saw some stranger approaching. We weren't scared, because we knew we hadn't done anything wrong. The cattle were all where they were supposed to be. So we watched to see if this man would come up to our fire. He greeted us in a friendly manner, and we responded the same. He warmed himself at the fire and sat down on a nearby stump. We gave him what little food we had left

He just sat for a while and then started to tell us who he was and why he was wandering through our Lemko villages. It turned out that he was a bricklayer and built chimneys. And he was from Bukovina. After he explained all that, he said, "Say boys, let me tell you a fable from my country, from Bukovina."

We replied eagerly that we would be glad to listen, because to tell you the truth, in those times in the old country everybody liked to hear fables. There was no other learning. People didn't read books, but they knew how to pass on wisdom through such stories. When people wanted to present some truth, they found a fable or parable to demonstrate it. And from that they spun out a whole philosophy of life. Apparently, this tradition was widespread, for even in the Good Book wisdom was taught through fables and parables.

So, this Bukovina bricklayer started in telling us his fable.

Continued from Page 1, Column 1

business. On most, the effect of Western plenty was nothing short of shattering. In an uproariously funny scene in a Seattle supermarket shown on Soviet TV a Russian tourist said fervently that if future Communism was one-tenth as good as what he was seeing in the States, he was all for Communism.

Coming home, these visitors to the West fanned hopes, inevitably exaggerated, that the masses need only take drastic action at the ballot box or in the streets for the Soviet system to be immediately replaced by a Western one, with all its concomitant wealth. The same message was hammered home by what was now only jokingly referred to as *vrazhyi golosa* "enemy voices," the no longer jammed Western radio stations avidly listened to by practically the whole adult population of the Soviet Union.

One more factor that incited the people toward greater political involvement was the relative success of mass action in 1989. The masses had scored important victories over the Party bureaucracy by defeating quite a few of the most hated Party bosses at the polls; they now had a voice in parliament - a capable and vociferous opposition. There was also the defeat of the government at the hands of the coal miners: However slight the gains for the workers after their 1989 strikes, they had definitely trounced the ruling class in an open clash.

So now the masses knew who stood in their way on the road to a good life for all - the partocracy. They also knew what they had to do to achieve victory - organize and beat the Party stooges at the polls and through mass action.

Elections to local organs of power and the Russian Congress of People's Deputies were scheduled for March. In preparation for the elections, the democratic opposition evolved a plan of action: Seeing that no radical reforms could be implemented through the conservative-dominated All-Union Congress, the plan was to win a workable majority in the Russian Congress, declare Russia's sovereignty, and implement radical political and economic reform.

To implement that plan, the Democratic Russia electoral bloc was set up on January 20-21 by representatives of candidates from 22 regions of Russia and a great number of Moscow-based political organizations.

The blocs electoral platform comprised all the widely discussed democratic slogans; the state for the people, not the people for the state; abolition of Article 6 of the Constitution enshrining the leading role of the Communist Party in the country's political system; elimination of the two-tier structure of the country's highest legislative organ and transformation of the Supreme Soviet into a real parliament working on a permanent basis; transition from glasnost to real freedom of speech restricted only by law; freedom of conscience in deed, not in word; restricting the role of the KGB to defense against external threat and terrorism, scrapping its secret-police function; effective control of elected organs of power over the KGB, the Ministry of Defense and the Interior Ministry.

On the economic side, the platform called for an immediate development of an effective market sector while simultaneously freezing prices and continuing subsidies to industries producing foodstuffs and staple consumer goods "until the market mechanism ensures an acceptable level of prices."

This part of the program demonstrated an obvious Lewis-Carrollian acquaintanceship with the clouds on more than one count. Freezing prices meant nothing more nor less than the well-known socialist recipe for *defitsit*, black marketeering and profits for the trading mafia, not any easing of the situation for the poor who, in addition, would be made jobless on a massive scale by any attempt at economic restructuring.

The section on the land issue was as full of wishful thinking as it was brief: land for those who want to, and can, till it: private ownership or unrestricted possession of land; state credits to tillers of land rather than the bureaucracy feeding off those credits. While correct in the abstract, the platform completely ignored the actual situation in

the rural areas where state and collective farm managers lorded it over the hired labor while the latter were quite content to pretend to work for the collective farm and steal from it whatever they needed, and very few people wanted the responsibility of land ownership.

Finally, on the national issue the platform insisted on proclaiming Russia's sovereignty and enshrining it in law. Following the Baltic example, Democratic Russia demanded that the laws of the Union should "only come in effect after ratification by the highest organs of state power of the [constituent] republics." That was an obvious formula for the transformation of the unitary state into a loose confederation - a good enough instrument for knocking the bottom out of the Union government but not so good for the fate of millions of "Russian speakers" all over the Soviet space.

Simultaneously with the setting up of the Democratic Russia electoral bloc, on January 20-21, another radical political organization was founded, the Democratic Platform with the CPSU-The first formalized faction in the Communist Party since Lenin's times, perhaps.

Why two parallel structures, Democratic Russia and the Democratic Platform? Knowledgeable people explained that the Democratic Platform was needed to subvert the Communist Party from within by winning the key posts in it or, failing that, leaving the Party in an organized body, claiming part of the vast Party property.

The Democratic Platform within the CPSU saw itself as opposed both to the conservative neo-Stalin wing in the Party and to Gorbachev's pseudo-reformist center. It wanted, or said it wanted, to transform the Communist Party into a "party of the parliamentary type," which would give up its position of a state within a state and obey, along with other parties, the will of the people expressed through the ballot box.

It was with the Democratic Platform supporters' column that I went to the February 4 demo in Moscow, said to be the biggest rally since the Russian Revolution of February 1917, attended by about 200,000 people. Time has obliterated many of the details of that gathering, but the emotions it excited are as clear as ever, - and the principal of those emotions was elation. Elation at your own courage to take your fate in your hands, and damn the consequences. It seems a bit incredible now, but the danger of bloody reprisals was then still very real in the people's minds; even the miners during the summer 1989 strike did not take that danger lightly. It was pure elation that one felt at seeing so many people breathing the air of freedom at last, all those "beautiful faces" that I would see so many times in the two or three years to come-where are they all now?

The crowd gathered at the gates of Gorky Park. There were speeches, smiles, flowers, funny placards (*Spasibo, Nikolai Ryzhkov, chto ya bez khleba i noskov* "Thank you, [Premier] Nikolai Ryzhkov, that I have neither bread nor socks", it rhymes in Russian). There was an agent-provocateur with some obnoxious chauvinist placard who kept trying to infiltrate our column, on instructions from an obvious district Party committee-type lady. There was an idiot clown in our own ranks-in short, everything that a self-respecting rally needs. No drunks, that's definite.

After a few speeches, the mass of people moved along the Garden Ring and down Gorky Street to Manege Square to listen to more speeches. At the highest point of the Crimean Bridge arc I leaped into the air several times, trying to see how far the human sea stretched, and could see no end as far as the eye could reach, either way, so that the figure of 200,000 must have been a figment of some official imagination. Anyway, when one of the speakers in Manege Square suggested that the numbers were enough to storm the Winter Palace or the KGB headquarters in Lubyanka, there were roars of appreciation. "Down with the CPSU!" and "Politburo and Government, resign!" were among the tamer calls.

The wave of mass rallies swelled all through February. The biggest was held on February 25, almost on the eve of the elections, and it was intended as part of an All-Russia action. The Party and the KGB did their best to frustrate the action, spreading, through their stooges, the

rumor of impending bloody suppression of the rally. I remember scared ladies at Progress Publishers driving me into a corner, talking in frightened whispers of tanks and soldiers with Kalashnikovs just waiting for a chance to empty their magazines into the helpless crowd. Stay home, was their pressing advice. I solemnly promised to stick an extra heavy dumb-bell in my belt.

If anything, the rally proved to be an occasion of even greater elation than before. No tanks, no assault-rifles in sight, just some dim figures on roof tops. Could be gapers, for all I know. Just to stifle any lurking fear, the crowd yelled in deafening tones as it marched in step, *Do-LOY kah-geh-BEH!* "Down with the KGB!" An iambic plus an anapest, perfect for bawling at the top of your lungs.

Some people wrote later that the name "Second February Revolution" didn't apply, that it wasn't actually a revolution, that it didn't achieve anything in the way of changing the political system. I don't know. All I can say is, it felt like a revolution, the good clean type.

Sergei Roy, Moscow News

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IN APPRECIATION

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

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

Continued from Page 1, Column 2

other people, but now they were as dear to her as if the entire village belonged to her. She would go through a field with her daughter and say, "Sashka, this is where I reaped rye one time." Going out into a little grove, she would lead her daughter along pathways where "mushrooms grew thick."

At dinner one Sunday, Krestina said to Leshko:

"Dad, let's go cut some hay in that glade on Zawalisky. Remember that day when you were mowing there with Yurko, and Ul'ka and I brought you lunch?"

"I remember, yes, yes," replied Leshko. "That was when Yurko had just come home from the army. But I don't mow Zawalisky anymore, I just rent it out to others - for their work. I would have a hard time getting up there, never mind mowing.....I haven't been up there in five years."

"Oh, dad, you're still doing fine."

"Yeah, I can still mangle pretty well nearby. But I don't even try to go out farther. My legs can't stand it."

Krestina knew that Leshko wouldn't go up there, but she started this talk to get Yurko thinking about it. Ever since he had returned to his old village, Yurko hadn't gone far from the house. He would go visit his uncle or some other relative or friend, and he loved to talk over old times. But he didn't care much about walking around the meadows and hills, so most of the time Krestina took her daughter, who liked these walks. But the day after Krestina's talk with his father, Yurko readily agreed to go up on Zawalisky.

The three of them started out early in the morning, prepared for the whole day, as for a picnic. When they came to the glade, Krestina laid out a blanket, under the very same pine tree where twenty five years ago they had had lunch with Leshko and Ul'ka. After they had eaten and rested, Krestina winked at Yurko and said:

"I'll bring you some water from that spring in the birch grove."

Yurko laughed and said, "Wait a minute, Krestie. We'll all three go."

The ground around the spring was pretty well trampled. Evidently, the herders brought their animals to drink here quite often. Aleksandra filled a glass with water and drank it, then handed the glass to her father and mother. But Krestina wouldn't take the glass.

"Sashka, people here in the old country don't drink from a glass. Watch! I'll show you how I used to drink when I was a young girl like you."

She got down on her knees and, leaning on her hands, drank directly from the spring. Yurko winked at his daughter and, bending down, pushed Krestina's face into the water. Aleksandra laughed merrily. Yurko laughed, too. Krestina, still on her knees, splashed water on both of them. Aleksandra shrieked and began wiping her face. Krestina got up, put her arms around Yurko and kissed him. Then she pulled her daughter to them and said:

"Yurko, do you remember that today is exactly twenty five years to the day that I splashed you with water from this very same spring?"

"Is that right?" Asked Yurko.

"That's right. I remember it very well, and that's why I dragged you up here today."

Yurko was a little ashamed that he had been prone to forget such important moments in family life. He embraced and hugged his wife, saying somewhat sheepishly:

"But then it was a little different, Krestie, than today. You splashed me and then ran away from me."

"Yeah, but I was just a young girl then. How would it look now for a wife to run from her husband?"

Aleksandra began asking questions, so her mother and father had to tell not only the whole story, but even repeat the incident by the spring and the juniper tree. All three of them were having a good time. Aleksandra embraced and kissed her mother and said, in English: "Mama, I have never in my life been so happy as today."

As they were returning home, Yurko guided Krestina gently by the arm. Aleksandra glanced at them and said: "Daddy, you look as if you and mama were just leaving your wedding."

"That, Sashka, is because I have just relived in my mind the most wonderful day of my life, and I'm very happy."

Yurko spent a couple more weeks in his family home. Then there was an urgent letter from his brother Stefan, that Yurko should come back as soon as possible because some "small problems" had come up. So he had to make his farewells with his parents.

"Dad," said Yurko to his father. "It would be better for you and mama in your old age to live with us in America, than to stay here on the farm. We can manage it so they'll let you go to America."

"I'm not leaving my property to go anywhere," Leshko replied positively.

"We'll buy you a farm in America, and you'll have a better place than you have here."

"That would be a just bought place and not my own.....I inherited this property from my ancestors, and I added to it, so how can I leave this? That is a foreign land: this is our home land. This is the root of our family."

"But, dad, here you are under the thumb of foreign lords and don't have any liberty. Over there in the foreign land you will be a free man."

"That's no good, Yurko. I was born here and I want to die here. Why don't you, or Stefan, come back here and take this over, as is proper by family custom?"

"Dad, you know that Stefan had to run from the Polish police, or they would have shot him. So how can he come back into their hands? I don't want to live under Polish lords, either."

"Polish lords aren't forever, either. There'll be an end to them some day.....We have outlasted all kinds of lords. We can survive these, too."

"God grant," remarked Yurko....."If it should happen that our mountains become part of Russia, both I and Stefan would come back right away."

"Well, then, I'll wait a while yet. Maybe that will come to pass."

Next day, Yurko, Krestina and Aleksandra left the village. His brother-in-law and Ul'ka came with a wagon and drove them to the railroad. And old dad and mama were left alone again, to protect the family nest.

PART VI

Soon after that, World War II broke out. The Polish lords were gone, but their place was taken by Germans.

There was no news at all from his sons in America. And the German authorities threatened Leshko that they would take away his land if he did

not come up with the required quota. Leshko hired some workers, and Ul'ka came with her children, so that he could somehow take care of this problem.

And Leshko did outlast these German masters, too. Soviet troops came from the east and drove out the German occupiers. Leshko revived. He became a little livelier and told Ul'ka to write to his sons in America and tell them both to come back home.

However, the Russians came and went on to the west to finish off the German. Back came the same Polish policeman who had lorded over the village before the war. The villagers lost heart. Then there began a registration to transfer to the Soviet Union. Most of the people signed up and went to the east.

Leshko stayed on, however. One night, a group of armed bandits came out of the woods and broke into his house. They ransacked the cabinets and the pantry and took whatever they wanted. They even took a cow out of the stable.

Letters with dollars and packages came from America, but neither of his sons offered to come back. Leshko himself had a letter written that they absolutely had to return right now, because there was no order at all in the old country, and it was almost impossible to keep on farming.

Leshko had aged greatly, and seldom went out even close by the house to look around. In one of the letters to America, he had it stated that, "I don't get very far from the stove anymore."

Polish families began moving into the village and taking over the farmsteads of those people who had gone to the Soviet Union. The old residents grew sullen and moody. "Now we are in real trouble," they would say. Then there were rumors that all the Rusins who were still in the village would be evacuated far to the west, to the former German lands, because around Sanok they were already being driven out. People wandered around as if in a daze. A few ran to the village office to convert to the "Polish faith", but others said that that wouldn't do any good anymore.

Leshko didn't go anywhere, because he couldn't go far from his house. He just sat at home and waited. One day an entire platoon of Polish soldiers came to the village. They ordered all the Rusins to pack up and get ready to travel. And then the soldiers went from house to house and threw out anybody that wasn't ready. Leshko didn't do any packing, nor did he get ready to travel. When the soldiers came to his house, both of the old folks were sitting on a bench near the stove. The soldiers yelled at them in Polish and cursed them, but Leshko replied firmly:

"I am not going to leave my hearth, even if you shoot me here on the spot."

"Why should we bother to shoot such old geezers," guffawed one of the soldiers, "when you both will soon turn up your heels."

A light wagon came up to the house. The soldiers carried out Leshko and his wife and tossed them into the wagon box like sticks of wood. In a short time, a whole caravan began moving out of the village, accompanied by the crying of terrified children and the lamentations of unhappy women and old men.

Kum Maksim had prepared better for the evacuation. He began packing as soon as he heard the first rumor, and now he was traveling with two wagons, one pulled by an old horse and the other by two cows. Outside the village he caught up with the wagon carrying Leshko and his wife. Leshko was lying on his side in the box, and his wife held his head in her lap. Maksim poked Leshko and asked:

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Continued from Page 3, Column 3

"How are you doing, Kum?"

"I'm still breathing a little."

"Boy, these Poles sure fixed us," remarked Maksim.

Leshko lifted his head slowly and proclaimed, "May God punish them for this crime.....May lightning strike them dead."

"Maybe it will some day, but you and I, Kum, probably won't get to see it," commented old Maksim philosophically.

One of the Polish soldiers approached the wagon. "You're still agitating even here, you damned 'banderite'!" he yelled and swatted Maksim on the back with his heavy cane.

In the village, the new settlers, both those in the village itself and others from neighboring villages, scurried from house to house, scrounging whatever they could find.

From the west came dark leaden thunder clouds, slashed by almost constant lightning flashes. In a few minutes, lightning appeared directly over the caravan, and the whole sky was rent by a monstrous thunder clap, followed almost immediately by heavy rain. Large drops of rain, intermingled with the tears of terrified children and grief stricken women, watered the way of the Lemko exiles trudging toward an unknown alien land.

And that was the end of the "family nest"!

The End

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.

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Alex,

Please accept my donation to the KARPATSKA RUS Press Fund.

I would sincerely appreciate if you would please list the following Lemkos in memoriam, who I have remembered throughout the years. Some were relatives (Anthony Durkot, my father), others, close friends, and still others, *krayans* and *krayanki* of my parents. The memories that they evoke for me are wonderful and happy ones. Some passed briefly through my life, others not so briefly, but all left a lasting impression.

Perhaps I feel close attachment to my Lemko forebears because those days have passed by so quickly and we are in an obviously different time, not quite as endearing and memorable as those old precious years. We had so little materially, but possessed a richness of life.

I would like to acknowledge these deceased Lemkos for the many happy memories I have derived from those years. These memories would include my own wonderful personal times with my family, the hot summer Sunday afternoons dancing on the pavilion at Lemko Center to the happy sounds of the Chacho Brothers Band, and the happy times of our Lemko social club at Lemko Center, including dancing school, Russian school, and the typical fun we had as youngsters at that time. And let us not forget the happy times at the Lemko Russalia, starting at Geriak's farm in Stamford and moving on to Lemko Resort in Monroe.

These people listed were all a part of that history.

God bless our *Lemko Heritage*, may it continue to live on.

Helen Lesko

IN MEMORIAM

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| <i>Anthony Durkot (my Dad)</i> | <i>M/M Petryshyn</i> |
| <i>Stephan & Christine Astrab</i> | <i>M/M N. Cislak</i> |
| <i>Andrew Brenia</i> | <i>M/M Hnatovich (Stamford)</i> |
| <i>Eva & John Turko</i> | <i>Mr Hardy (Bridgeport)</i> |
| <i>Mary & Harry Yacewich</i> | <i>Mr. A. Hudincia (Stamford)</i> |
| <i>John & P Durniak</i> | <i>Mike Durniak</i> |
| <i>M/M I. Durniak</i> | <i>Mrs B. Churik</i> |
| <i>Mrs. Kurilla</i> | <i>M/M D. Durniak</i> |
| <i>M/M J. Mamrosh (Jersey City)</i> | <i>M/M A. Hrabsky</i> |
| <i>M/M J. Chacho</i> | <i>M/M Doshna</i> |
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| <i>M.M P. Yedinak</i> | <i>Mr. Kalakuka</i> |
| <i>M/M M. Novak</i> | <i>M/M Harrilchak</i> |
| <i>M/M F. Pyrtej</i> | <i>Mrs T. Fecica</i> |
| <i>Mr. P. Korba</i> | <i>Mr John Slivka</i> |
| <i>M/M Sam Malutich</i> | <i>Sam Malutich Jr</i> |
| <i>Mrs A. Filak</i> | <i>Nicholas Homialk</i> |
| <i>M/M N. Symochko</i> | <i>M/M Honcharik (Yonkers)</i> |
| <i>M/M Honcharik (Stamford)</i> | <i>Mrs Skirpan (Stamford)</i> |
| <i>Mr. M. Lagoyda</i> | <i>M/M Geriak (Stamford)</i> |
| <i>Mr. A Hudincia (Stamford)</i> | |

Vechnaya Pamyat

Press Fund

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------|
| Lemko Assoc. Br. 35-7-28 | \$200. |
| StevenChepa, in memory of Vasil Cepa, | |
| Mala Berezna, 1902 & Marya Rypez, | |
| Ustie Ruskie, 1905 | 100. |
| Helen Lesko | 100. |

- | | |
|---|------|
| Olga Koda, in memory of my mother, Anna Hnatowich; and my brother & sister-in-law, Walter & Mary Hnatowich; | 100. |
| Mary Kindiak | 80. |
| M/M Michael Zarechnak | 60. |
| Timothy E. Cuprisin | 50. |
| Mary Mackanych, in memory of husband, John Mackanych | 50. |
| Olga & Alex Kuvish, in memory of our parents, Alexander & Justina Kuvish & Nicholas & Michaelina Demidow | 30. |
| George & Mary Fyrchiak, in memory of parents, Metro & Helen Shirak | 20. |
| Bachal Hnat | 20. |
| Mary Shershen, in lieu of flowers, in memory of John Machanych | 20. |
| M/M Vincent W. Tichy | 20. |
| Larry Buranich Garrahan | 15. |
| M/M Peter Dutkanicz | 10. |
| Frank Adamchak | 10. |
| M/M Alexander Hnatkow | 10. |
| John Kostyk | 10. |
| Diane Piwinski | 10. |
| John Porada | 10. |
| Pauline Ziaya, in memory of husband, Theodor Ziaya | 10. |
| M/M Theodore Adamchak | 5. |
| Julia Van Ess | 5. |
| Stephen Staronka | 5. |

Total \$950.

The Cooking Corner

Buttermilk Prune Cake

- | | | |
|-------|-----|------------------------|
| 1/2 | cup | butter |
| 1 1/2 | cup | packed brown sugar |
| 1/2 | cup | cooked, chopped prunes |
| 1/2 | cup | chopped walnuts |
| 1 1/2 | cup | flour |
| 1 | tsp | soda |
| 1/4 | tsp | salt |
| 1/2 | tsp | nutmeg |
| 1/2 | tsp | cinnamon |
| 1/2 | tsp | allspice |
| 1/4 | tsp | cloves |
| 2/3 | cup | buttermilk |
| 2 | | eggs |

Cream the butter and brown sugar. Add the eggs, one at a time, and beat after each. Stir in the prunes and chopped nuts. Combine the flour, soda, salt, nutmeg, cinnamon, allspice and cloves. Add the flour mixture alternately with the buttermilk to the creamed mixture. Bake in a greased and floured 9 inch pan at 350 degrees for about 40 minutes or until done.

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Thank You

From all of us at Lemko Assoc. and Karpatska Rus, we sincerely thank Rev. Father Lawrence Bacik and his volunteers at St. Peter & Paul Russian Orthodox Church in Passaic, NJ for the fine memorial service and after service lunch provided on August 1 in memory of the victims of the Talerhof tragedy.