

Carpatho-Rus'

Karpatska Rus'



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 taught here for over thirty

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT YONKERS, NEW YORK AND OTHER MAILING ADDRESSES

NO. 11 CARPATHO-RUS, ALLENTOWN, N.J. MAY 21, 1999 VOL. LXXII

PRESS FUND APPEAL

At the conclusion of our yearly Campaign, **KARPATSKA RUS**, the oldest, continuously published newspaper in the United States and Canada, devoted to our people who emigrated from the Carpathian Mountains, appeals for your continued support with contributions to our **PRESS FUND**. About 50 years ago there were about 20 such newspapers publishing both in English and Cyrillic. At the present time we are the only newspaper left which publishes every two weeks, in tabloid form in both languages.

As anyone in today's market will confirm, the subscription price of \$20. per year for 25 issues, is very low. To attract new subscribers and assist East European readers, who are presently hard pressed financially, we shall try to maintain the current price. Therefore, we appeal to readers to respond generously and assist those few volunteers who diligently "crank" out the paper every 2 weeks.

Thank you.

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 eightieth installment of the story from Moscow News.

The Crash of an Empire

A Colloquial Chronicle, Russia, 1985-1991, Part 80.

The Bloody Specters of Year end '89

Twenty one years and three months after the crushing of the Prague Spring (which extended until August), there came the Prague Autumn, the gentlest and the most velvet of all the revolutions sweeping through Eastern Europe. True, it began far from gently,

On November 17 students staged a peaceful demonstration on Narodny (People's) Prospekt, and all that happened there was recorded on video. On the tape, there was every sign of peaceful intentions on the students' side: When they reached the ranks of security troops intent on stopping them, the youths raised their hands, showing that they were completely unarmed, and the girls ran up to the policemen and placed bunches of flowers on their shields. The flowers were violently rejected, someone gave the command, and the soldiers went to work with their truncheons. Blood, lots of blood on the young faces and hands.

The guy who gave that command, and the Party bosses who had given him his instructions, obviously believed that that would be the end of it, just as in October, when a demo on the occasion of the anniversary of the Czechoslovak Republic had been dispersed. Only it didn't happen that way—the

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

Contd from #10, 5/7/99

The Family Nest

Part II

There were two reading clubs in the village. One of them had been established long ago by the old teacher, who had served in the village for over 30 years. This one had mostly Kachkowski booklets from L'wow, which carried a slogan saying "Pray, Study, Work, Stay Sober". The second one was founded two years ago by a young priest who had just arrived in the village. The first club was considered Russian, and there they sang "Hurrah, hurrah for Holy Rus". The other was called Ukrainian, and the song was "Ukraine has not yet perished". The teacher's reading club was by far the stronger. It was frequented by established farmers and young grownups. The priest's establishment had only eight members - five teen-age boys and three girls. Six months ago, a young "student" had come from L'wow and was living with the priest and helping at the club.

Sunday in church, when Yurko came up to kiss the Cross, the priest whispered to him, "Come over to the parsonage after the service."

When Yurko arrived there, the priest invited him into his office and presented him with a

glass of wine.

"Yurko, you have served four years in the Emperor's army," the priest opened the conversation. "I have heard that you had the rank of Corporal."

"Well, because of that trouble in the Balkans, they kept us in for four years. And corporal is a very low rank."

"Ah, that's nice, that's very nice," said the priest, flatteringly. "And now your father probably wants you to marry and start farming."

"Oh, I really don't know what my father wants," replied Yurko with a shrug.

"Well, that's natural, but there's no doubt about it, because your father has a large and well kept farmstead. But,.....Yurko, there's something else I want to talk to you about. You probably know, or maybe you don't because you were in Bosnia for a long time, so let me tell you. Our Ukrainian patriots, all over Galicia, are organizing their own Sich units [after the famous Cossack "Sich Rifleman"], our own Ukrainian army. You served in the Emperor's army, and you were a noncom, so you can help us a lot. And, furthermore, you are a handsome and worthy young man, so all the lads in the village would follow you. So, I would like to have you join our reading club and take over command of our Sich."

"You're organizing an army?" asked Yurko, incredulously. "This is the first I've heard of it,

Continued on Page 3, Column 1

READERS — REMINDER — TALERHOF DAY

By August 11, 1914 the major industrial powers were embroiled in the First World War, a war that eventually killed 10 million people. With the commencement of war the Austrian military immediately imprisoned thousands of our Carpatho-Russian people, although they were Austria-Hungarian citizens, in concentration camps, the most infamous of which was TALERHOF in the Vienna area. In these camps thousands were killed or died of starvation and disease due to the inhumane conditions. To honor their memory:

MEMORIAL SERVICES will be held at:

SS PETER & PAUL RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH

The Corner of THIRD & MONROE STREETS
 PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY

DIVINE LITURGY will be offered on August 1, 1999 beginning at 8:30 AM by

REV. FATHER LAWRENCE BACIK. We urge all those interested in our people, heritage and culture -- please attend. There will be a Memorial Luncheon after the services.

Continued from Page 1, Column 1

times had changed even within this infinitesimally short period of historical time.

The students went to the manager of the Realist Theater, of all places, and told him the story. On the following day, on Saturday, some 500 of the city's financial workers gathered at the theater and decided to strike. The spectators were told that they could get their money back at the box office. Not one person went there—instead, they all sang the Czechoslovak anthem in the auditorium. On Sunday, all of Prague's theaters struck; on Monday, every theater throughout the country went on strike.

The students also went to factories, not just in Prague, but also in other cities, calling on the workers to stage a nationwide strike. Their appeal was simple; "Workers, we are your children." The response was prompt and massive. Hundreds of thousands went out into the streets and squares. On November 27, a nationwide strike was held - by the way of warning. The government was forced to talk to the Civic Forum, a new political association intent on changing the political setup in the country. Various members of the government resigned in protest—or to save their political skins, one couldn't be too sure which. The Federal Assembly voted for amendments to the country's Constitution, abolishing the leading role of the Communist Party, and thus setting a wonderful example for their parliamentary brethren further east.

Through slogans, leaflets, demonstrations, in an entirely non-violent way, power passed from the Communists to the opposition. Milos Jakes, General Secretary of the Communist Party, had to explain the events of November 17 to a commission of the Federal Assembly, and very lame explanations they proved to be. A few days later he was kicked out of the party that he had run. This was followed by the formation of a government of national accord and the resignation of the Communist President Gustav Husak, later replaced by the famous playwright and dissident Vaclav Havel. The Communist rule was over - with not a single shop-window broken or car burnt. To the folks over here it seemed a wonder of wonders.

As the revolutions of various degrees of gentleness rolled across Eastern Europe, the people in the Soviet Union saw ever clearer where perestroika was headed. Old values had to be reappraised, and the velvet revolution in Czechoslovakia brought this home as no other. The comparison between what happened in August 1968 and November 1989 could hardly have been more graphic. The same, or nearly the same people and ideas that provoked a military intervention in 1968 drew praise from the greater part of Soviet society and the dominant group in the Soviet leadership twenty-one years later.

The turnabout had to be "theoretically" explained, and with this aim in view Gorbachev wrote an article for the Pravda entitled, "The Socialist Idea and Revolutionary Perestroika" (Pravda, 26 November 1989), in it, the general secretary of the Communist Party showed himself, to use that Party's pet swear word, to be a real revisionist, reappraising some of the Communist dogmas from social-democratic and even liberal-democratic positions.

Indeed, he embraced certain liberal-democratic values by the simple expedient of elevating them to the status of universal human values: "These attainments of civilization include not only the simple norms of morality and justice but also the principles of formal right, i.e. equality of all before law, the individual's rights and freedoms, and the principles of commodity production and equivalent exchange based on the operation of the law of value."

That was rank heresy, as in orthodox Marxism there could be no universal (that is, "classless") values in a class society—the dominant classes merely passed off their own interests for those of the whole society, Marx and Engels had insisted. Usually, Gorbachev clothed his ideas, or what passed for the ideas of "new thinking" in impenetrable Communist jargon or metaphor-

riddendouble-talk, but in this case he laid himself wide open to attack from orthodox Marxist believers, who could easily rub Gorbachev's face in Marxist dogma by simply quoting the proper chapter and verse.

He was less outspoken on the vexed issue of the one-party system, which he described as a good way of concentrating the society's forces at a difficult time. The implication obviously was that at a less "difficult" time the position on the one-party system could be revised—another incredible heresy, from the orthodox standpoint. At the time, he apparently could not yet openly embrace the idea of a multi-party system, mouthing instead inanities about possibilities for the widest practice of democracy within a single party, possibilities undreamed of in the established democracies. European experience showed, however, that this sort of eyewash had very limited usefulness as a tactical ruse to keep the hard-liners in the ruling Party happy while conditions matured for a more or less painless advance along the path that East European countries had traversed.

Events in Europe and elsewhere also showed that this sort of cautious tactics was a necessity. In the summer, there had been the bloody carnage of students in Tiananmen Square. As the radical democrats in Russia listened to the chatter of automatic rifles and the desperate voice of the English-language radio announcer in Beijing describing the horrific scene in that square before he was silenced for good, there was not one such radical democrat in the Soviet Union who did not stop to think that this was what fate had in store for

him or her, too. No wonder many of them would have a weird sense of *deja vu* two years later, as they stood, arms locked, by the walls of the White House of Russia in August 1991.

In 1989 and later, the army, the KGB, the police were all intact and still well-paid, and they would certainly do the bidding of their masters, so a great deal of caution was required not to provoke a slide into a bloodbath—and caution wasn't prominent among the virtues of radical democrats, especially intellectual ones.

In December, another bloody specter crossed their path, this time nearer home, as the wave of revolutionary changes hit the last bulwark of Stalinism in Europe, Romania. Anyone who had any idea of life in Romania might well doubt if any changes were at all possible in this neo-Stalinist dictatorship of the worst possible variety. The people there seemed to have been totally beaten into submission by a ruthless system of total surveillance and pitiless exploitation.

Ceausescu, a crafty megalomaniac posing as a powerful world leader, had for decades played a game of political independence from Moscow, trading in his would-be political concessions for a couple of million tonnes of Soviet oil at a time. Simultaneously, he was not averse to borrowing money from the West, which encouraged Romania's "independent" stance by providing some, the most favored nation status in trade, etc. The interest on the loans had to be paid for through an even harsher exploitation of the working people, who had to bear the burden anyway of Ceausescu's mad projects, like building atrocities intended to replace the peasant economy, or digging a canal from the Black Sea to Bucharest to make it one of the world's greatest sea ports, or building great numbers of palatial administrative buildings in downtown Bucharest while the people subsisted on meager rations and a couple of hours of TV a day, for energy had to be saved.

People who went to Romania on tours said that it was like stepping back a few decades right into the years of Stalin's terror. Romanians were mortally afraid of contacts with foreigners, they seemed more like automatons drilled to yell "Long live Ceausescu!" at regular intervals, at a sign from some Party jerk, than ordinary human beings, walking constantly in fear of the omnipresent and omnipotent Security secret police.

The Ceausescu personality cult was somewhat on the lines of the Kim Il Sung pandemic idiocy in North Korea. The likeness extended to the role of the Ceausescu family in the ruling elite-

more than 70 relatives of his own and of his all-powerful wife Elena sat on the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Romania.

This fort of tyranny seemed as impregnable as the Stalin regime—and still it was pulled down in about two weeks of bloody turmoil. It began with a peaceful demonstration in a provincial town of Timisoara, suppressed with barbaric violence, with undisclosed numbers of people dying under APC caterpillars, from sniper shots, and bursts of automatic fire. This sparked off protest in Bucharest, also mercilessly and bloodily suppressed. After that, the Securitate went on a rampage throughout the country, and shootings in cold blood continued day and night, so that France and the United States declared even that they would not object at all if the Warsaw Pact forces intervened on the side of the people being thus massacred. This ran counter to "new thinking," however, and the Soviet Union did not intervene—not openly, at least.

Eventually, the army decided that enough was enough, and went over to the people's side. Now it was the Securitate and the Ceausescu couple who were on the run. The Ceausescus were soon hunted down and given a taste of the "revolutionary justice" of which they were such ardent champions and practitioners. They were hurriedly executed, after a brief trial by a special court, in some cellar. Those gory pictures stayed with many for quite a long time and, I'm sure, worked as a brake on the impulses of numerous politicians and ordinary people alike in the next few years.

Sergei Roy, Moscow News

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

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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 Dimjtri Gallik.

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 3

Father. Good Lord, our Emperor has his own army."

"The Emperor is with us, Yurko," continued the priest, smoothly. "They told us to prepare for war with the Moscovites, that we will win an independent Ukraine, because Austria and Germany will help us."

"Who said that?"

"The Most Glorious Emperor himself said so."

"Do you have that in writing? That the Emperor approves this?"

"Oh, in writing? What an unbeliever you are! No, I don't have it in writing, but it was definitely so stated in both Vienna and Berlin."

"Reverend, I wouldn't believe the Germans even if they put it in writing, because I served with Germans in the army, and I know that they think of our people as less than nothing. You don't even have anything in writing, and yet you believe them. They will cheat you."

"They won't cheat us. No, don't worry about that. We have smart leaders who won't let them pull off any tricks. We will have a powerful Ukrainian army, with our own officers and generals, and we won't let them cheat us. And you, Yurko, as a military man, you can soon become an officer, and then you can get a high position in our independent country."

"Excuse me, Reverend. I will tell you the truth, as if in confession. I don't like army service. I couldn't wait to finish out my term. If I had wanted to, I could have stayed in the army 'until pension', and that in a real, imperial army, not some Ukrainian outfit that doesn't even exist yet."

"It will be, Yurko. There will be a Ukrainian army, because all of us Ukrainians, 30 millions of us, insist on it."

"I don't know about that, Reverend. I know very little about Ukraine. Our old teacher always talked about Russia in school, about the Russian peoples, to which we Lemkos in our mountains also belong. Yet you say that we should stick with Ukraine and fight Russians."

The priest flushed. Sweat stood out on his brow. You could see that this talk of Yurko's tried his patience. He stood up, untied his cassock, and took off his collar. Then he sat down again at his desk and continued the conversation.

"Yurko, that's a long story, too long to explain to you now. We talk that over a lot at our club. If you come to our club, you will learn all about this sometime. But for now, believe me, as your spiritual Father, who swore before God to tell the truth, believe me that we are Ukrainians, and those others are Moscovites. They are entirely different from us. They have a different faith, a different language, a different soul. They are the greatest enemy of our people, because they have enslaved our Ukraine and are now working against us in forming our own Ukrainian nation. Even now, they refuse to admit that there is a Ukrainian people."

"From what you have said, Father, it would seem that Moscovites are not Russian," remarked Yurko.

"Right! They're not Russians, they're Moscovites," the priest responded heatedly.

"But when I was in the army, the German officers, when they talked about those people in Russia, they called them Russian."

"That's true, Yurko. In Germany they still call those people Russians. But that's wrong, because the Moscovites stole the name Russian

from Kievan Rus', that means from our Ukraine. In ancient times, our Ukrainian people were called Rus', but when those Moscovites pirated that name from us, then for the sake of clarity we adopted the name Ukraine, so that nobody would confuse us with them. That matter is now settled. All scholars, the whole world, now recognize us as a Ukrainian people, entirely different from the Moscovites. As for that village teacher of yours, he's just a stubborn old man who doesn't want to go ahead in life anymore. Actually, a few years ago, even the Academy of Sciences in Petersburg recognized us Ukrainians as being a separate people. It's only you teacher who won't admit this. And you know, Yurko, some of the greatest scholars in the world are in the Petersburg Academy of Sciences."

Yurko laughed and shook his head. "Father, I am even more confused now than I was before. Just a minute ago, you said that the Moscovites don't want to recognize Ukraine, that all they want to do is destroy it, and now you tell me that the greatest scholars in the Academy of Sciences have recognized the Ukrainian people."

"But other Moscovites don't," responded the priest hotly. The Tsar won't recognize us, the authorities won't, either, and they won't let our people have liberty. That's why we have to have our own army, to crush Russia and win an independent Ukrainian country for ourselves."

"Well, there's no use talking about this," said Yurko, getting up. "I have nothing against your Ukraine, if you want to have one, but I won't fight for Ukraine against the Moscovites, as you call them. And I don't want to join any of your armies, none of your Sich's.....Farewell."

He put on his hat and went out.

Yurko didn't go directly home from the parsonage. He turned toward the school, to see the teacher. There he found Bogdan Buchko, who had just come from L'wow to visit his parents for the summer vacation. This Bogdan was a contemporary of Yurko's. They had gone together to the village school. But then old man Buchko had sent his son to gymnasium and on to the university in L'wow.

The two of them, the teacher and the student, had just finished lunch, but they were still at the table, drinking tea. They greeted Yurko as old friends. The teacher asked Yurko to sit down and told his cook to bring another cup of tea.

Yurko opened up the conversation. "I came to see you, sir, because our young priest made me very angry."

"Really! What happened?" inquired the teacher.

"He is organizing some kind of Ukrainian army to fight against Russia, and this morning after the service he tried to talk me into joining his army, some kind of 'Sich'."

"Oh, what a mazepa is that priest! What a scoundrel! What a jackass!" cried the teacher. "We'll have to check that fool some way. He gives himself too much leeway in our village. Just imagine, that fraud comes to our Lemkovina from somewhere around Sokal and tries to spread his mazepin propaganda around here."

The old teacher got very upset, but the student stayed calm, and even yawned, as though all this was very boring to him. Then he leaned toward the teacher and spoke:

"These 'scoundrels', as you flatter them, these Ukrainian priests have their allies and assistants throughout all of Galicia, and even here in Lemkovina."

"I know that," said the teacher sharply. "Those are the Austrian police and the Polish gentry."

"No, no," countered Bogdan, smiling smugly. "The Austrian police and the Polish gentry wouldn't help them much, if the ground weren't prepared for them by our old Russian patriots, people like Fr. Durko, who served here before, and even you, who has taught here for over thirty years."

"Heh! Quit your joking."

"I'm serious."

"I know your seriousness. Since you've been going to that university, you have become a true anarchist. It's hard to talk with you. You denounce everything, criticize everything."

Bogdan stood up, reached to a bookshelf, picked up a booklet published by the Kachkowski Society in L'wow, and said:

"Look at this. This is the main point of the national program proclaimed by our Russian patriots in L'wow and throughout all of Galicia - 'Pray'."

"What's wrong with that?"

"What's wrong with it," repeated Bogdan. "What's wrong is that this program is meant for little children, not for adults. When our mothers push their small children to prayer at home, there is nothing wrong with this. But when national leaders base their entire program for enlightenment on such a point, then it's no longer enlightenment, but just gives scope for such 'scoundrels' as this Ukrainian papist in our village. You old Russian patriots, Naumovich and other priests, have always pushed our peasants to the sheepfold of the church. You used to have the keys to this sheepfold, and you were satisfied because you had a placid flock. But now the Pope in Rome and the Austrian government have the keys, and they give them to these Ukrainian 'independents' in the service of the Germans. So you raise a hue and cry. And that's proper, because the flock belongs to him who has the keys to the fold. But you still don't understand this simple truth. You just keep on pushing the people into the fold."

"It's no use talking to you. You're an awful cynic, an atheist, an eccentric."

Bogdan walked over to a sofa under the window, where a cat was lying in the sunlight.

"Look here, teacher. I want to show you something."

He grabbed the cat by the tail. The cat sprang up like a flash of lightning, turned around with a hiss and took a swipe at Bogdan's hand, simultaneously spitting at him. He snatched his hand back, but still the cat clawed a finger.

"You see," said Bogdan. "Nobody taught this cat anything, but see how it has learned to defend its feline dignity and its right to live. But our Lemko! He gets beaten, and shorn, and shaved, yet he doesn't defend himself. He seems to think that that's what he was created for. That's what he's been taught since childhood. They tell him to fast, so he fasts, like that sheep in the fold. They don't feed her, so she bleats. So with our peasant. When he doesn't have enough to eat, he weeps and cries to God. When some 'scoundrel' comes along with the keys to the fold, our Lemko doesn't protest, but just follows him."

"Well, since we oldsters are so worthless, what are you young people doing?" asked the teacher, indignantly. "You're such a wiseacre, always ridiculing everything. What are you doing for our people?"

"I am just one man, what can I do? Maybe pull a slat off the fence and let loose one or two of the sheep, the bolder ones. The rest won't come out, even if you break down the entire fence,

because they're afraid or have become accustomed to such a life. It's a tough job, and long - about ten years, to educate a whole generation, to give our Lemkos a new character so they would act like men, not cattle. But I'm afraid that by now it's too late, because now, you see, they are pressing on our poor Lemkos from all sides, dividing them and driving them out to different folds. Formerly, our Lemko sat here in the mountains, behind his ravines, together with the wolves and the wild pigs, thinking that nobody would bother him. But now, it appears that they've found him even here."

Yurko had been sitting quietly all this time, saying nothing. Now he got up and said, "This has been very interesting, but I have to go home. One thing is clear to me now, though. This priest has come here to our village to con the people, not educate them. Thanks for the tea, sir."

"Wait, Yurko. I'm going too," said Bogdan.

They both had to go to the upper end of the village, so they followed the paths behind the houses.

"What are you thinking of doing now, Yurko?" inquired Bogdan. "Will you look for a wife and settle down on the farm?"

"I don't know what to do."

"Leave the village. You're at a dead end here."

"But where can I go?"

"The world is wide. There's plenty of room. Go over to Hungary, or Czechoslovakia, or Russia, or America, or even to Africa among the Negroes. But don't stay here..... Or do you have a girl friend that you don't want to leave?"

"Dad wants me to marry Paraska Chuwak. They're offering with her a piece of land, a cow, a heifer, and so on."

"And what'd you say to that?"

"I haven't said anything yet. But I'd rather run to Africa, as you say, than marry Paraska."

"You see, Yurko, that's the problem with marriage among our people. When they marry off a guy, they usually look for a cow, a heifer, or a piece of land, not a wife."

"Now I know you're right."

"Well, do you have a girl that you want to marry, even without a cow.....just for love?"

"You probably know Marta's Krestina better than I do, 'cause I haven't been around here for four years. What would you say about her?"

"I can tell you for sure, my friend, that Krestina is a smart girl, a girl with character. You saw that cat in the teacher's study, when I grabbed its tail. Krestina is like that. She won't let anybody spit in her soup. In some other country, where people are people, she would be pure gold. But here she isn't worth anything, because she's poor."

"That's true. She is a smart girl," said Yurko, quietly.

"But you can't marry her, because your father won't let you," added Bogdan.

Yurko didn't respond, as though he hadn't heard this last statement. They walked along in silence for a while. Then Bogdan stopped.

"Yurko, I have to go see my sister. So.....Good bye. And remember what I said - it's a big world out there, and a good man can do well."

To be Continued

Press Fund Contributions

Andrew F. Kay	\$100.
Ms. Debra G. Bekish	60.
Ann Logoyda, in memory of my beloved husband, Michael who passed away on 6/23/97	50.
Paula Plaskon, in memory of husband, Joseph Plaskon	20.
Total	\$230.

The Cooking Corner

Macaroni Baked with Meat, Egg and Cheese [Zapekanka s Myasom]

1/2	lb	macaroni
6	cups	boiling water
1	tbls	salt
1/2	cup	chopped onion
1 1/2	tbls	butter
1/2	lb	ground meat
1	tsp	salt
		pepper to taste
		butter to grease roasting pan
2		eggs
1/4	cup	milk
1/2	cup	grated cheese

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Put the macaroni into boiling water and boil till tender. Drain off and keep hot. Fry the onion in butter, add the meat and fry together till cooked, stirring to avoid lumps. Add salt and pepper. Mix in with the cooked macaroni and put into a shallow buttered roasting pan or oven-proof dish. Beat the eggs and milk together, pour over the meat, smooth out the top and sprinkle with cheese. Bake until the eggs are cooked, about 20 minutes. Eat hot with ketchup served separately. 4 servings.

Notice

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

CARPATHO--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 more than 30 years ago, and it should be of interest to those readers who have not had the pleasure of viewing it.

Cost including postage and handling, is \$45. To order, kindly send your check or money order made payable to Lemko Assoc., c/o A. Herenchak, P.O. Box 156, Allentown, New Jersey 08501.

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

Business

Russian and Ukrainian officials signed a deal to create a consortium to produce Antonov AN-70 cargo aircraft, the Moscow daily *Vremya* reported. The agreement on founding the Transport Airplane consortium gives the governments of the two countries each a 13 percent interest in the new entity. Under the consortium agreement, the designer of the AN-70, Ukraine's Antonov design bureau, will merge with the two plants that will build it - Russian Aviakor and Ukrainian Aviant.

Ukrainian News