

# Carpatho-Rus'

## Karpatska Rus'



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

NO. 7 CARPATHO-RUS, ALLENTOWN, N.J. MARCH 31, 2000 VOL. LXXIII

### CHRIST IS RISEN



*O Lord and King, as a mortal man, You lay in the tomb with Your body, as God, You rose on the third day, raising Adam from corruption and destroying death. You are the Paschover of Incorruption and the Salvation of the World.*

#### The Holy Synod of the Orthodox Church in America

#### PASCHA

To the Venerable Hierarchs, Clergy and Faithful of the Orthodox Church in America

Dearly Beloved in Christ:

We are struck by the exuberant words of the paschal homily of St. John Chrysostom -- by the all-embracing generosity with which he, on behalf of Christ, invites all to partake of the Paschal Joy. For surely, even as all have failed -- some more, others less -- St. John echoes the glorious gift we have been given in the feast of Pascha: "And of His fullness we have all received, and grace for grace" (JN 1:16).

Each of us is invited to partake of the fullness of this joy and enter into the feast of the Resurrection. Let us therefore receive the words of **grace shining forth**: from the lips of the Golden-Mouthed like a "beacon enlightening the universe" and "with rejoicing enter into the joy of our Lord, -- for Christ is Risen!"

This entrance begins with the baptism with which we have been baptized and the cup from which we drink -- proclaiming Christ's death and confessing Christ's resurrection. As we entered into the holy passion of Christ, we sang on Palm Sunday, "When we were buried with you in baptism, O Christ God, we were made worthy

of eternal life by your Resurrection." And through the darkness of this world we each came forward with our candles to take light from the paschal light of the risen Christ. Making our procession together into Church again and again, we joyously discover that: "As giving life, as more splendid than paradise, and more radiant than any royal chamber, your tomb O Christ, is the fountain of our Resurrection!"

Then tasting of the fountain of immortality, we sing our festal shout to the God who has given us light: "O Christ! Great and most Holy Pascha! O Wisdom, Word, and Power of God! Grant that we may more perfectly partake of you in the never-ending day of your Kingdom!"

What we have received in this sacred pascha is not ritual, but life! Then let us, as followers of the risen Christ, walk always, not as children of darkness, but as children of the light and children of the day. Let us witness to this light which overcomes the darkness of sin and death. Even as we share the joys and blessings of the paschal night that fills all things with light, let us be a joy and blessing to one another, bearing lights, lighting the way for others. Having taken light from the Light that is never overtaken by darkness, "let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father Who is in Heaven" (MT 5:16)

**CHRIST IS RISEN! INDEED HE IS RISEN!**

With love in Christ,

Metropolitan THEODOSIUS  
and members of the Holy Synod

*Translated from one of our old 1930s calendars.*

#### In Our Native Land

This happened last year, in one of our Galician villages. With bright sunshine and bright happiness, spring appeared in Peter Zarechny's home. I don't want to write about this happiness, because as a rule it is not possible to describe happiness exactly, and also I would have to get inside Peter's soul to understand this happiness as he understood it.

Orphaned from childhood, he had wandered around in foreign lands. He had spent some time in Prussia and in America, searching for his fortune. But nowhere could he find this fortune. He was never destitute, never hungry, and yet something was always lacking. He was hard working, so he never knew any great want. Nevertheless, he always had this overwhelming dream of familial happiness, not out there somewhere among foreigners but right here in his native land, among his own people, on the banks of a mountain brook, in a cherry orchard, under a thatched roof.

That is what he thought of as his fortune. That is how he saw himself in the days of his childhood, living with his good parents. How well they lived or if they were happy, he did not know nor did he dwell on it much. He knew only that he himself lived very well then. He went to school and studied, and after school he herded geese outside the village. He gazed on this simple peasant life with his child's eyes, and he liked it very much. Then, suddenly, Heaven willed that he lose both his father and his mother in the same year.

His older brother took over the homestead, and he himself went to work as a shepherd for the local pastor. He continued going to the village school, and his life with the priest was not bad at all. He moved up from shepherd to wagon master, and since he was a well behaved lad he stayed with his pastor for ten whole years! When the old reverend closed his eyes in eternal sleep, Peter went to Prussia and then to America. Since he was a hard worker, he managed to save some money, always with the notion of returning to his native village, claiming his share from his brother, buying some more land, building a new house, getting married, and raising a family.

And he had managed to do all that the previous spring. He had married the prettiest girl in the village, and she might even have been the richest! He had completed his military service, had fulfilled his obligations, and could now live peacefully and happily.

And now this spring gave promise of a good year. His crops were all planted and in good shape, his orchards were blooming, and his dear

Continued on Page 4, Column 1



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 one hundred first installment of the story from Moscow News.

### The Crash of an Empire

A Colloquial Chronicle, Russia, 1985-1991, Part 101.

#### Election of Peasant Czar

On a gray, slushy, miserable day I was standing at a bus stop waiting for a bus that might never come, when I heard some of the other sufferers in the small crowd mumble words that made a big cold toad stir in the pit of my stomach: "Yeltsin...accident...accident my foot..." I moved closer to the mumblers and soon got the full story: Yeltsin's car had been involved in an accident downtown, right on Tverskaya. Yeltsin himself was in hospital badly smashed up, not expected to live, but here someone objected-no, that was not true, he only had concussion and a thigh injured, to which another rejoined gloomily, *Vsyo ravno ne uspokoyatsya, poka ne udelayut* ("All the same they won't rest until they get him").

This peculiarly Russian impersonal construction does not name the hypothetical doer of the action even by a pronoun, concealing a reference to him (or rather them) in the verbal ending, but there was no doubt in anyone's mind as to the identity of those evil forces that were planning the destruction of the people's hero. Who else would want to eliminate the most likely winner in the Russian presidential elections but a bunch of Party apparatchiks and their murderous tool, the KGB?

What actually happened on Tverskaya was rather more mundane, as later admitted in Yeltsin's memoirs: He himself was to blame for the accident, telling the driver to cross the thoroughfare as if all traffic on it had to stop in its tracks at the mere sight of his Chaika-a typical Party boss's attitude to the Rules of the Road. I doubt, however, that either Yeltsin's enemies or supporters could then accept so simple an explanation.

Yeltsin was a symbol of the resistance to the *ancien regime*, and everything that happened to him immediately assumed symbolic significance. To any rank-and-file member of the democratic camp, especially of the intelligentsia, so easily scared after a lifetime of watching out for KGB

tricks, it was obvious that the dark forces were not stopping at anything, that assassination in broad daylight was now the order of the day - a signal that worse things could come any moment now. Hence the ominous stirrings of that big, black, cold toad in my stomach.

The country was heading for a really momentous (*sudbonosny* "destiny carrying," in the cant of the times) event scheduled for June 12, 1991-election of the first president of Russia. At the end of May, the fourth Congress of People's Deputies of Russia passed a law "On the President of the RSFSR," which introduced, for the first time in Russian history, the post of a nationally elected head of state and of the executive branch of government.

Despite the forebodings described above, things were going rather well for Yeltsin, although the Party fielded five candidates against him in a bid to split the pro-Yeltsin vote, to give a chance to the main Party candidate, ex-premier Nikolai Ryzhkov.

There were some doubts about Ryzhkov's health after his recent heart attack, but he produced medical evidence giving him a clean bill of health. Unfortunately for Ryzhkov, he could not produce much else, not in the way of a promising election platform, at any rate. He had discarded the pro-market verbiage with which he played the previous summer, at the time of Gorbachev's flirtation with Yavlinsky's "500 Days Program," and reverted to the ideological shibboleths that came more naturally to him: a regulated market, state control over prices, ban on sale and purchase of land, enterprises to be owned and controlled by the "labor collectives," all that sort of tired rubbish.

On the political side, he advocated the Soviets as an instrument of the "people's power" (Ryzhkov apparently could not bring himself to use the word "democracy") and preservation of the

Soviet Union as a federation of "equal, sovereign Soviet republics."

To most, this program looked like a sure formula for another edition of *zastoy*, or Brezhnev-type stagnation, its mothball odor was too strong: Ryzhkov was actually proposing socialist recipes which, in the people's experience, had failed dismally and continued to fail all around them.

In simple terms, the people had had enough of Ryzhkov's socialism, with its empty shop counters, and were prepared to gamble on an uncertain future into which Yeltsin was luring them. But then I may be exaggerating the importance of these rational considerations: It may simply be that the people just didn't like Ryzhkov, who was too closely associated with Gorbachev and the Party-their hearts went out to the man who so dramatically-one might say histrionically, was fighting against those evil forces of the past.

The fielding of Vadim Bakatin, a former provincial first secretary and KGB head who, on very slim evidence, enjoyed the reputation of a liberal, was obviously a Gorbachev ruse to split the democratic vote. Bakatin was much slicker than Yeltsin the bull in a china shop and might appeal to the less impulsive sections of the electorate. In the event, these more cautious citizens proved to be in a decided minority. Well, that's Russia.

It was also a typically Russian phenomenon that three out of six presidential candidates represented not just the protest vote but a protest vote with a clearly lunatic tinge. They were Vladimir Zhirinovskiy, head of the dwarfish KGB-spawned "Liberal Democratic" Party; Colonel General Albert Makashov; and Aman Tuleyev, chairman of the mining Kernerovo Oblast Soviet. Despite all the differences between them, they all played on the voters' zoological instincts rather than reason or even emotions.

The most successful of these demagogues, Vladimir Zhirinovskiy, was clowning so brazenly and feverishly, calling for cheap vodka for men and a husband or lover for every woman, that the Congress of People's Deputies awarded him more than the 20 percent of the vote required for endorsing a candidacy-in sheer appreciation of the entertainment that he provided, one assumes.

Zhirinovskiy expressed, through cheap, crazy theatricals, the urges and phobias of the dimmer sections of society, simply repeating, in a hysterical, spluttering manner, for the benefit of TV cameras, opinions that could be overheard at any beer joint. He was against everything-Communism, democracy, ethnic separatism-rooting, in the final analysis, for just one thing-himself.

Obviously stealing a page from Hitler, he banked on a rise in rabid Russian nationalism. The stunned intelligentsia watched in helpless amazement and disgust the spectacle of a half-Jew spouting anti-Semitic garbage-and could do little about it except make feeble jokes about the "lawyer's son" (When asked who his father was, Zhirinovskiy replied, "A lawyer," although the question clearly referred to the father's nationality.)

Colonel General Albert Makashov was a slightly more bona fide article in the anti-Semitic and rabidly patriotic line, although his first name and looks also inspired doubt in certain race-obsessed circles. On the whole, though, he was still is-a genuine *sapog* or "high boot," as regular Army officers with a very special, one might say ruggedized, mental equipment are fondly referred to. Give him half a chance, and he will happily mobilize the other half, with plenty of German shepherds, to guard the former. The trouble was, there were millions of people in the country who still had fond memories of Stalin's times *kogda byl porjadok* "when there was order," and, as long as that is the case, there will always be lunatics eager to exploit that sentiment.

Aman Tuleyev, an ethnic Kazakh, could not very well sound the nationalist note, so he concentrated on things that people could understand-prices and wages and how these things had gone from bad to worse ever since perestroika set in. Another proponent of the bureaucratic Iron Hand, but one mostly active in the economic sphere.

Just as during Gorbachev's election to the post of USSR president, there was little doubt as to who would win this time-barring sinister developments like a convenient car accident. As in all previous Yeltsin campaigns, all efforts to

discredit him by the Party apparat and other contenders for the post merely served to strengthen his image as the hounded sufferer for the truth and for people's happiness. But the Party was not giving up.

Not long before the voting day, on June 10, Pravda published an article by three (more or less) distinguished scholars based on an analysis of more than 70 of Yeltsin's speeches and his autobiography *Confessions on a Given Theme*. The description of Yeltsin's character that emerged from this analysis was far from flattering-and uncomfortably close to the truth.

His mental processes were said to be marked by the dominant stereotype of looking out for enemies responsible for his personal failures; a tough style of decision making; and the prevalence of the emotional sphere over the rational one, of emotions over logic (a "feminine" type of character), and of tactical vision over strategic.

Yeltsin's communication skills came in for even harsher criticism: The scholars commented on his poor lexicon, long-winded, jumbled sentences that led nowhere, tongue-tied ramblings with frequent "parasite" words like his trademark, country clod's *ponimash* "understand," and a liking for jargon.

Democratic Russia, the most powerful organized force on which Yeltsin could rely, was fully aware of all these defects-and a great many others. It was clearly understood that Yeltsin was a confirmed alcoholic-together with Mikhail Poltoranin, one of the leaders of Democratic Russia, they enjoyed the doubtful privilege of being known as "Russia's two biggest glasses," although Poltoranin later vigorously denied drinking with Yeltsin in those days. Democratic Russia's intellectuals realized, however, that in a hard-drinking country this character trait was an asset rather than a liability: Yeltsin was just a regular Russian guy like any other.

In general, democratic intellectuals had no illusions about Yeltsin simply because they knew their country's history only too well: Yeltsin was just the last in a long line of peasant *samozvantsy* "imposters" or "pretenders" with spurious claims to the Russian throne, their only qualifications for the role being an overpowering desire to get a foothold at the top by any means whatsoever and a mad bull's energy in pursuing that goal.

He could be a fine battering ram (none finer) in bringing down what was left of the totalitarian regime, but his usefulness in building a new Russia was more doubtful. Luckily, Yeltsin showed a considerable ability to learn all the right phrases from his democratic mentors like Andrei Sakharov, Anatoly Sobchak, Gavriil Popov, Yuri Afanasyev, Galina Starovoitova, and others of the brilliant "first-wave" democrats. Not so luckily, Yeltsin gave those phrases a populist twist that they could not with a clear conscience endorse. And Yeltsin's election platform was full of these populist, muddleheaded lies.

In a major, an hour-and-a-half speech before the activists of Democratic Russia at the Oktyabr concert hall, Yeltsin outlined his election program that was ecstatically received by those activists, especially the female element, but was intelligently criticized in the very next issue of MN.

For instance, Yeltsin promised that "by the end of the next year an improvement in the people's life must begin"-one only wonders whether he believed what he was saying there or was just making noises. The way he saw it, a radical market reform would be accompanied by greater social guarantees, a rise in minimal wages, pensions, and student grants, longer leaves and shorter working week. Paradise round the corner, in fact.

Where would the money come from to provide for all these highly desirable things? No answer. How would privatization be made to produce immediate economic effect? No answer. There was also dead silence on issues which would inevitably surface, problems that could only be overcome given the public's credit of trust in the government, like inevitable growth in the gap between the rich and the poor, rising inflation, unemployment, and so on and so forth. Yeltsin skirted round all these. Tactically quite right, strategically a disaster.



Continued from Page 2, Column 3

Another tactical move that brought immediate positive results but untold trouble later was Yeltsin's choice of a running mate-Colonel Rutskey, an Afghan War veteran with a luxuriant mustache, boundless energy and ambition but very modest equipment in the brains department. Another, *sapog*, in fact. Yeltsin's design in this was to win the votes of Communists for Democracy, Rutskey's faction in the Russian parliament. Whether or not he succeeded in that is not clear-I'm sure he would have been elected by a landslide in any case, with or without Rutskey - but he certainly got himself a companion with a jungle mentality, ever ready to pounce on him, given the slightest chance.

Whatever Yeltsin's blunders and well-meant lies, Democratic Russia had no other option but to support him, and 150,000 activists went to work, setting up campaign headquarters, moving from house to house, from apartment to apartment, and covering the whole country with Yeltsin's portraits and pro-Yeltsin posters and leaflets. In gratitude, Yeltsin distanced himself from that organization, posing as the candidate of the whole people, not one party or movement.

In the event, Yeltsin did uncommonly well in the elections, getting 57.3 percent of the vote-more than his four Communist opponents taken together, with their 30 percent.

In his inaugural address, Yeltsin again promised to take Russia along the path of democracy, reform, and revival of human dignity for all. The presidential system of government would mark the end of alienation of the people from power, Yeltsin said - and that was his biggest lie.

Sergei Roy - Moscow News

### THE COOKING CORNER

*The Carpatho-Russian people observe Easter differently from that observed by most Western Christians.*

*The Orthodox Church follows the decree laid down by the First Ecumenical Council of Nicea in 325 A.D. which states that the Christian Easter shall never either precede or coincide with the Jewish Passover, but must always follow it, -- (First Sunday after the full moon, after the Jewish Passover).*

*Easter Lent is a time of self-denial and abstinence from food. As the Great Lent comes to a close, the faithful observe a colorful tradition which has been preserved by every generation of the Carpatho-Russian people; the cherished custom of the blessing of the special paschal food eaten on Easter Sunday.*

*With baskets of food including the Easter Paska, a special golden-colored bread, decorated eggs called 'Pisanky,' ham (shinka), egg cheese ball (hrutka), horseradish (hrin), sour cream (smetanka), beets (tzvikla), sausage (kolbasa), butter (maslo), veal and smoked bacon are brought to the church to be blessed. These foods bear a special symbolism of Christ and Resurrection, so they are blessed for this association. Each basket contains also a decorated candle. During the eating of the Paschal food on Easter, this candle is placed in the middle of the table. Jesus is the true light who brightens the whole world through the radiance of His Holy Resurrection.*

*The traditional greeting at Easter is -- "Christos Voskrese!" "Christ is Risen" and the reply is "Voistinu Voskrese!" -- "Indeed He Is Risen!"*

### PASKA

2	cups	scalded milk
2	cakes	yeast
4		eggs, beaten
1	cup	sugar
1	tsp.	salt
1/2	cup	melted butter
1	cup	raisins
8	cups	flour

Dissolve yeast in milk which has been scalded, but cooled to lukewarm. Add 3 cups flour and 1/2 cup sugar. Mix and let rise until double in bulk and bubbly (about 2 hours). After first rising, add eggs, sugar, butter, raisins and enough flour to make a light dough. Knead well. Allow to rise, covered, in warm place until double in bulk. Turn out on floured board and knead again using more flour if necessary to make a medium dough. Shape into two round breads and put into two greased pans and let rise again until double in bulk. Decorate as desired and brush top with beaten egg. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes.

### Easter Cheese Paska

2	lbs.	dry cottage cheese
3/4	lb.	soft butter
1 1/2	cups	sugar
4		egg yolks
1		egg
3/4	cup	thick cream
1/2	tsp.	salt
1/2	cup	blanched almonds
1/2	cup	assorted fruits, raisins, cherries
1	tsp.	vanilla

Chop the blanched almonds fine. Press cheese through a sieve. Cream the butter with sugar and them combine with cheese. Beat the egg yolks and the whole egg together, blend with cheese mixture. Stir remaining ingredients except vanilla. Put mixture into top of double boiler and heat it over barely simmering water until bubbles form around edge of pan. Stir constantly while heating it. Remove from heat and continue stirring until mixture cools. This is very important as the long stirring gives paska smooth and velvety texture. Lastly, add the vanilla. Pour into plastic flower pot with a hole at bottom lined with dampened cheesecloth of double thickness. Cover with damp cloth, place a small plate on top of paska and weigh it down with a suitable weight. The hole on the bottom of the pot allows the excess moisture to drain off. Let it stand in a cold place for 24 hours. Unmold on a plate and chill thoroughly in the refrigerator. Decorate at the base with fresh berries or a sliced orange. Serve in slices at the table.

### Hrin -- Red Horseradish

6		large red beets
1	tbls	sugar
1/4	cup	vinegar
		salt to taste

Cook the beets until tender. Drain and let cool. Skin the beets and grate them or put in electric blender. Add sugar, vinegar, and salt to taste to beets. Mix well and fill mason jars, cover tightly and store in refrigerator.

### Halushki

3	cups	flour
2	lbs.	potatoes, grated
1		egg, beaten
1	tbls.	salt
3	tbls.	shortening
2		small onions, chopped
1/2	tbls.	salt
1		medium size head of cabbage, chopped fine

Add flour, salt, and egg to potatoes. Add enough flour to the mixture so that it will not be too thin, mix well. Boil water in a large pot. Break off a small piece of the dough into the water. If it does not hold its consistency, add more flour to the rest of the dough. Try again and adjust if necessary, the flour. When it holds its shape well in water, add the rest of the halushki dough by dropping small portions from the end of a tablespoon by cutting one spoon on the other.

Cook for 12 minutes--stirring to prevent sticking. Try for doneness, drain and rinse with water. Serve with cabbage which has been prepared as below.

Cabbage for Halushki

Brown the onion in the shortening, add chopped cabbage and fry until browned. Add salt, then halushki and mix well. Can be served with sour cream if desired.

### Press Fund Contributions

Lemko Assoc, Br 6-1, Cleveland	\$3,000.
M/M John Madzik, in memory of Melania Pihur	25.
Total	\$3,025.

### CARPATHO--RUS

Carpatho-Russian newspaper, published bi-weekly by the Lemko Assoc. of the United States and Canada..

Subscription Rate: One Year...\$20.

Edited By: Editor, A. Herenchak  
USPS No. 291 460

Postmaster: Send address changes to:

CARPATHO RUS  
P.O. BOX 156  
ALLENTOWN, NEW JERSEY 08501

### SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Please start/renew my subscription to **CARPATHO-RUS**. Enclosed please find my check or money order for \$20./year payable to Lemko Assoc.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

Press Fund Donation: \_\_\_\_\_

Send To: \_\_\_\_\_

### CARPATHO--RUS

c/o Alexander Herenchak  
P.O. Box 156  
Allentown, NJ 08501  
Tel: 609-758-1115  
Fax: 609-758-7301

### NOTICE

Passaic Branch 5-16; Lemko Assoc.

2000 Schedule of Events

Spring Banquet: May 7 @ 2:00PM, Donation \$15.  
Fall Banquet: Oct. 15 @ 2:00PM, Donation \$15.

### Birthday Meetings

June 4	@	"
Sept. 17	@	"
Dec. 3	@	"

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



Continued from Page 1, Column 3

little wife was happy and gay. She was also smart; she had arranged her household into a thing of beauty. This spring was the first one in Peter's life that had graced him with real happiness. And he was boundlessly happy. His head was full of golden dreams, and justifiably so. He was young and healthy, and to top it off, he was not even poor. Why should he not savor his good fortune?

Ah, yes, if only Fate were not just a chimera. Today it smiles on you, tomorrow it mocks you and showers you with misery.

I don't know if Fate treats all peoples of the world equally, but be that as it may with other peoples, in the case of our Galician-Russians it is merciless with its pranks. You struggle, you earn a living by the sweat of your brow, and you still can't make ends meet! Or perhaps Fate smiles on you for a time, then suddenly it seems to envy you, and next day you are wringing your hands and cursing your luck. Or somehow you manage to scrape along and put something aside, and then there comes a time when it all disappears and you're back at day one.

And that's the way it was with our Peter. Maybe it's because his name was Peter. That too is possible, especially in our Godforsaken Galilee.

In the very first year of his farm operation, the things that happened are terrible even to think about. He had scarcely finished his spring work when some disease befell his cattle. One of his cows died and another had to be butchered. Later that summer some envious hand set fire to his stable, and it is only because the night was calm that his entire place didn't go up in smoke. And then it was harvest time - what a harvest! Who among us does not recollect some of those harvests of past years! Right up through September the cut grain would lie in the open field, rotting, sprouting. Rain, rain, day and night, all summer and all fall. And even after that you couldn't get it all picked up, because it was covered with snow. It seemed that the end of the earth was upon us.

Peter lost much that summer, but he did not lose hope. God is good, he would say, it won't always be like this. Poor Peter! You haven't yet experienced our Galician Eden fully. Wait a while, there is more to come.

It was a dark, chilly, fall night! Peter had been working hard bringing up firewood from the woods, so he fell exhausted on his bed and slept soundly. Late that night somebody pounded on the door. Peter's hired boy opened it.

"Is Peter Zarechny here?"

"Yes, he is."

"Tell him to get dressed and come with us."

Peter woke up and inquired, "Where? What for?"

"To the army!"

"How can that be? I have just come back from there. Actually, I still have some leave time," explained a shocked Peter.

"Hah! I can't help that," said the policeman. "We got a telegram ordering you to appear, and that's it. Get dressed and come on!"

"Right now, in the middle of the night?"

"Right now!"

"Can't it wait 'til morning?"

"No, that's the order."

Peter's young wife wailed and wept, wrung her hands and tore her hair, but Peter disappeared into the dark night, yanked out of his house by force, because the "fatherland" was calling its sons to do battle.

Our politicians wanted to show the world Austria's "great-power" might, so they had to arm our young men. "Maybe it won't be so bad," thought Peter to himself. "They'll call us up, keep us about a month, and let us go." He grieved for Ksenya, his young wife, and he worried about his homestead, because it had not yet been readied for winter. But there was nothing he could do. He wouldn't stay in the army forever, and back home there were kinfolk to help his poor wife.

But again, things didn't work out as expected. A month went by, then another, and Peter was still in the army and there was no thought of letting him go. There were problems at home. The man of the house was gone, and there was no telling when he would return. Peter asked for leave, at least for the holidays, but he was refused. Shortly after the holidays, his wife wrote she had a son. Peter requested leave to see his wife and son, if only for two days. They laughed at him and even threatened punishment. All he could do was suffer silently and complain to God!

Spring came around once more. It was time to till the fields again, to sow new crops. "Maybe things will turn out better this year than they did last year," thought Ksenya. But who was there to handle the plow? It was now six months since her man had gone off to the army, and there was still no word on when he would be coming back.

Gregory G...K

To be continued

#### REQUEST OF OUR READERS

Through our archives we have searched for old Lemko Calendars from the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s. Many of those old Calendars are missing. We would like to request, from our readers, any old Calendars that they may have and do not need. This would be of help to us in researching the history of our people. Contact A. Herenchak, P.O. Box 156, Allentown, NJ 08501. Thank you.  
Ed.

#### LEMKO WEDDING VIDEO

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

Cost, including postage and handling, is \$45.00. To order kindly send your check or money order, payable to Lemko Association, to CARPATHO-RUS, A. Herenchak, P.O. Box 156, Allentown, New Jersey, 08501.

#### In Appreciation

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

#### Notice

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



Subcarpathian-Rus  
Russian Church in the village, Veshny  
Beestra