

Carpatho-Rus'

Karpatska Rus'



NO. 3, CARPATHO-RUS, ALLENTOWN, N.J. MARCH 12, 2004, VOL. LXXVII

From Zahoroda, 1997 issue, Dimitri has translated another village story.

The Village of Zhidowske

On the old trade highway between Zmigorod and Bardejov stood the village of Zhidowske, in the County of Jaslo, Province of Cracow, Poland. This village lay in the narrow valley of the Reya River (not far from Krempna). The first memory of this village goes back to the year 1541. The name of the village probably comes from the fact that it once belonged to a Jewish family [in Lemko, the word for a Jewish person is Zhid"].

In 1959 [sic, this probably should be 1859], the village had a community school, where the teacher was Fedor Frantsko. Out of 45 children of school age, only 15 attended school.

In 1880, there were 430 Lemkos living in this village, and 12 Jews. The Greek Catholic Church of the Resurrection of Christ was in operation under the supervision of the church in the village of Tikhana.

In 1914, the Austrians burned down both Tikhana and Zhidowske almost completely, leaving only the church and a few houses intact.

In 1928, some of the residents of Zhidowske (about 100 people) converted to Orthodoxy.

According to the 1935 census, 380 people were living in the village, and they had a primary school, in which the teaching was in Polish. In 1939, this school was directed by a teacher named Pristash, who taught in Lemko.

Some time in the fall of 1944, Soviet cavalry burst into the village and stayed there for two weeks. Then they went somewhere around Tylawa. In October, a squad of German police drove everybody out of the village to the west. A few old people who wouldn't move out were shot to death in their homes. Our family and a few others somehow managed to cajole the Germans and were left in the village of Wolowets, where there also were a lot of Germans. The rest were all taken out beyond Gorlice.

The Germans left our area sometime in January, and Zhidowske people began coming back to the village. But there wasn't anything to come back to, because all the houses except for two old ones and the church had been destroyed by the Germans, some burned down. So those people who did return settled in Swiatkowa, Kotan, Krempna, and other nearby villages. And there they were met by agitators who

promised them mountains of gold in Ukraine. People had no place to go to, so they believed and went.

In May, we were loaded into freight cars in Jaslo and taken all the way to Stalinsk Oblast in Ukraine. They took us to Husariwa station, where we waited two days to see who would accept us. Then several wagons drawn by cows came for us and hauled us off to different villages.

Our family was taken to the village of Nekremeno in the Aleksandriwsky district. There was great consternation when we arrived there, for there was only one house in that village. All the rest of the people were living in dugouts, and we were distributed by twos and threes among those cellars. A year later we started back, but we stopped in the village of Ostape in the Tarnopol region. With us went 16 other Zhidowske families. Most of them are still there today. The rest are scattered over Poland and Ukraine.

And that's the very short story of my village. Now I would like to present what I have collected about my countrymen, and I would very much like to have any of you readers to send me anything else you might know, to the following address: L'wiw-40, ul. Patona 9 m.20.

Listed below are the names of those people who lived in our village and where they are living now. The number in front of each name tells where that family resided [in the village].

1. Village of Ostape, Pieolochisky district, Ternopol Oblast, Ukraine.
 26. Solenko, Ivan Teodorowich
 7. Solenko, Teodor Ivanowich
 9. Korba, Mikolai

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Peter Kohuto from Lwow, a very close friend of Lemko Association, wrote a recent story of his trip to the Lemko area of his birth, which was translated by Dimitri.

At My Mother's Grave

It had long been my desire to take a bow at my mother's grave, but I hadn't been able to do that for several decades. I celebrated the Rusalia holiday in Zyndranowa grandly and joyfully, said my farewells to my countrymen, and it was time to realize my dream. Together with my friends Tedor Goch, Dimitro Solinko, and Zdislaw Gil of the District Museum in Krosno, we took to the road. We went by Pribiwka, Woyashiwka, and Lonchky, then turned right across the Wilkhiwka Brook, and we were in Petrusha Wola. My heart beat faster, because that was where I was born, went to school, and lived for twenty years. I knew every little rivulet and hillock there. That's where I had spent my youth.

At one time Petrusha Wola had two hundred houses, now it doesn't have even forty, and the unproductive fields are all grown over with brush. Some of our neighbors there were descendants of Cossacks who had come there after their defeat at Berestechko, as attested to by such names as Hardo, Zhminka, Khurniak, Diuhno, and the Cossack nature of their descendants. There are no Lemkos left here today, most of them went to Ukraine in 1945-46 and the rest were driven out to the West.

I try to remember whose house stood where, but that's hard to do because the masonry houses are all in different places. The old wooden schoolhouse is still there,

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NOTICE

A reminder to all readers to mark your calendars for our reunion picnic beginning at noon on June 27 at Macy Park, Ardsley, Westchester County, New York, (off Route 9A, just north of Yonkers). The Park is beautiful, and with a large pavilion and tables available to us, this means--rain or shine--a good time is assured. Games such as horseshoes, 3-legged races, water balloon tosses, basketball, etc can be played. Food will include, hamburgers, hot dogs, kielbasa, kapusta, salads, watermelon, cantaloup, and more. Beverages will include beer, wine, soda, coffee, tea, etc. All this and more for an admission charge of \$10. per adult, children free. In addition, there is a County parking charge of \$4. per vehicle. For reservations and information call:

NY: Bill Prusak: 914-968-2603, work, 914-231-1512

NY: Dimitri Felenczak: 914-476-2408

NJ: Alex Herenchak: 609-758-1115

CT: Peter Symochko: 203-445-1965

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and it looks nice. I walk into the classroom where I learned to read and write with chalk on a tablet. The young teacher greets me pleasantly, and she tells me that now there are 39 children going to school there. We take a picture of them and go on.

Over on the right is Mount Magura, where traces of trenches dug during both World Wars can still be seen; the front had held there for a long time. A Soviet Army man named Wasil, who had by some miracle managed to escape from the military prison camp in Szebnie near Jaslo, found refuge in one of those trenches there. He barely made it to our village. He was sheltered and fed in Teklia Klebiash's house. But he was very sick and very weak. He couldn't go any farther, and in a few days he died. It was too dangerous to bury him at the cemetery. If the fascists should hear about that they would put a lot of people to the firing squad. The people made a casket for him, covered his body with a white sheet, sprinkled holy water over him, and in the dead of night they took him up on Magura. There they buried him in that same trench and planted a fir tree on his grave. No doubt, for a long time a mother had looked for her son, a wife for her husband, children for their father, and many tears were shed. But their Wasil sleeps the eternal sleep in Lemko land on Mount Magura.

We go past Kichera, and on the left we can see Mount Diwa. There beyond a birch grove was a clearing with three houses owned by Banas, Mudrak, and Kobiawka. Although these houses were only a few paces apart, they each belonged to a different village. The boundary lines of Petrusha Wola, Ripnik, and the Polish village of Wisoka went through there. All three of those families were Lemko-Polish. The children went to school in Petrusha Wola, and they all went to church in Ripnik. Now there's not a trace left of those houses or the people who lived there. The houses were all burned down, and the people were killed by the fascists. I'll write about that some other time. But still standing there is a two-story building that once housed the Hospodarska Spilka Cooperative where I was the salesman and a Kachkowski reading room where I was librarian.

My home is gone now. A dilapidated well is the only evidence that people lived there at one time. My heart is heavy, because this is where I was born, where I made my first step and spoke that first word—Mama. I remember how solemnly we observed the holidays of Christmas, Easter, Rusalina, and Kermesh. Before Christmas Eve supper we would go to the brook to wash our faces with that pure water, and then we would sit down in the scented hallway to eat supper by candle light. We would make our wishes, and at daybreak we would go to church.

On Easter Sunday, we would sit down after church for the blessing of our paskha. Then I would take a piece of that paskha and walk around our field, praying to the Almighty for a good harvest. And what a joy it was on Rusalina, with wreaths of wild flowers and young folks singing by the brook. For Kermesh on Saint Paraska's Day, several priests would conduct services, and even the Bishop appeared on one occasion. After service, everyone would try to have guests from neighboring villages come to his home it was hard to make a living on that piece of rocky soil, because often it was not just bread that was gone by the time the new crop was ready, but even potatoes ran out. Still, we were happy, because we were together in our ancestral land.

We finally got to the Ste. Paraska Church, a large, five-domed structure built

back in the time of Austria. We walked all around it, as we used to do in procession. We looked through a window and saw the iconostasis and the altar. This meant that nothing had been changed, although it was now being used as a Catholic church. This is the church where I was christened, from which my mother, my grandfather, and my great grandfather were carried out to their eternal rest. This church is our great pride, our spiritual joy.

Just before the war, the tin roof on the largest dome had started rusting, and a tinsmith — a Jew with his son — was hired to repair it. They did a good job, and they became acquainted with our parish priest Yaroslav Mirowich. When the war broke out and Jews were being taken to ghettos and then executed, this tinsmith fled from Krosno with his family and came to the reverend at night to beg for help. The fascist penalty for harboring Jews or giving them assistance was death on the spot. The reverend knew this, but he did not turn them down. It was decided to let the Jews live in the central dome and only one should come down at night for water and food. And so this Jewish family found refuge and lived through the occupation. Where are they now? Are they still living, and do their children know where their lives were saved and who did it? It's hard to say.

Beside this church stands a huge oak tree that scientists say is 1,200 years old. It has seen a great deal in its lifetime, but it can't tell us anything. It is now failing, yearning for its Lemkos. We take a picture of it for a souvenir, make our obeisance to this great temple, and head out to my shrine, the cemetery where lie the graves of my forebears, my relatives, and my mother.

We went first to the old cemetery. No one had been buried there in the time of my memory. There was tall grass, wild flowers, and in the center stood a triune cross marking the grave of Dr. Modest Humetski — a patriot, writer, and Lemko activist of the last century. He had been a physician in Krosno for 25 years, and as a good man and good manager he had earned respect among the Poles so that they elected him burgomaster of Krosno for three terms.

We take a picture there, make our bows at the grave of this renowned son of our people, and go to the new cemetery, which by this time is also old. Around the perimeter there are sturdy oaks and maples, and green grass and pretty wildflowers embellish the graves. In the center stands a large cross with a crucifix, and behind it is a memorial to "The Victims of Talerhof".

Toward the front is another triune cross, this one at the grave of Fr. Teodor Merena, who was parish priest here for over 50 years. He was the founder of the cooperative, the reading room, and the Saint Michael's Society. Several stone triune crosses are in good condition, which is evidence that here they respect our Rite.

But I have to hurry to my mother's grave. I know it's in the fourth row, the twenty first grave, but how can I find it since the grass and the flowers are tall and the little mounds are hard to differentiate. I measure it out by eye and whisper a prayer as the tears flow.

"Forgive me, mother, that I did not attend your funeral. I was in the war and was gone a long time. Bitter fate has not favored me, but you have always been the nearest to my heart. Also long gone from the living are my father Wasil, and Pawel and Maria. I am the only one left, and God knows for how long."

I pick up a handful of dirt, to drop some on the grave of my father and the graves of my brothers Pawel and Wasil, and my sister Maria. I say a prayer and a few words in farewell.

"Sleep the eternal sleep, my dears, true sons and daughters of the Lemko land. You are descendants of those Cossack warriors who have shared our fate, both good and bad. You will live forever in the memories of our people, of those who are scattered all over the world, as well as those who have overcome the pain of exile and have returned to our ancestral land to regenerate our faith, our traditions, and our culture, and to build, along with other fraternal peoples, a new and happy life for our descendants in their native land."

It is now late afternoon. The sun has appeared briefly, and a light breeze sways the trees on Magura, Kichera, and Diwa and whispers softly, "Come back, come back."

We return the same way we came. In Lonchky, we stop at the parish house to see the priest. This robust, middle aged man greets us kindly and asks us to come in. When he learned that I had come to thank him for showing respect for our faith, for keeping our decorations in the church, and for maintaining the cemetery in good condition, he was delighted and gave us a cordial welcome. We take a look around the church, which I remembered from long ago, sign the guest book, and take some pictures for souvenirs. If only it were so in all our villages, that the Poles who live there would respect our faith and our churches and take care of the cemeteries like this, it would be easier to bear the wrongs done to us.

We reach Sanok by evening. We are warmly greeted there by our dear Archbishop Adam. I go right into the church to thank God for the chance to visit my native village and say a prayer at my mother's grave.

Petro Kohut, 6/18/97
Translated By: Dimitri Gallik

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In Appreciation

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

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28. Mishkowski, Ivan
19. Fritski, Stepan
64. Pukhir, Ivan
30. Wasko, Ivan
29. Pawalchak, Stepan
22. Kets, Stepan
6. Kets, Fedor
31. Fritski, Dmitro
33. Swirshko, Wasil
38. Swirshko, Fedor (Riniak)
15. Mishkowska, Anna (Marina)
49. Khomik, Ivan
- II. Kalusha, Ivan Frankiwska Oblast, [Ukraine]
57. Mishkowski, Dmitro
12. Dawit, Ivan
18. Fritska, Anna (Mikhaw)
63. Yarosh, Konstantin
44. Kets, Konstantin
50. Wirhawa, Wasil
21. Welhosh, Mikola
23. Korba, Fedor (Dankiw)
24. Korba, Ivan
41. Fedak, Wasil (Ivan)
17. Kets, Wasil (Hritsik)
45. Swirshko, Wasil
25. Turchik, Ivan
39. Shtekh, Wasil
- III. Halich, Ivan, Frankiwska Oblast, [Ukraine]
74. Murchik, Ivan
73. Konstantinowich, Mikhailo
1. Fritski, Fedor (at the holy field)
70. Mishkowski, Leyko
- IV. Village of Semiduba, Dsubniwsky district, Rowen Oblast [Ukraine]
14. Demianowich, Ivan
16. Demianowich, Ivan
20. Hroziak, Seman
- V. Dolina, Ivan Frankiwska Oblast
35. Buhel, Wasil
46. Swirshko, Mikhailo (below the road)
- VI. Donetsk Oblast [Ukraine]
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72. Demianowich, Antonyo (Huwa)
27. Khomik, Ivan
55. Swirshko, Ivan (Kotsur)
58. Korba, Wasil
37. Pekera, Mikhailo
71. Mishkowska, Maria
52. Pristash, Dmitro (teacher)
- VII. Village of Rikhtichi, Drohobitsky district, L'wow Oblast [Ukraine]
36. Konstantinowich, Mikhailo
2. Khomik, Mikhailo
- VIII. L'wow, L'wow Oblast
36. Korba Shtefan
61. Ardan
53. Kantor, village of Solonka
64. Pukhir, Ivan, village of Zimna Woda
5. Semanonko, Wasil, village of Rudno
40. Semanonko, Ivan, village of Rudno
51. Korba, Mikhailo, village of Rudno
42. Kulik, Ivan, village of Rudno
- IX. Village of Osipiwka, Mikulinetsky district, Ternopol region.
10. Krawets, Ivan
32. Kondratik, Danko
23. Korba, Fedor-Wasil
- X. In Poland.
4. Kets, Mikhailo
68. Mishkowski, Wasil
8. Swirshko, Mikhailo
43. Swirshko, Ivan (Bezak)
62. Turchik, Seman (beside Mamrosh)
13. Fesh, Wasil
34. Lenich

- XI. Residence unknown
54. Hatalowich
60. Yakimiw
66. Turchik, Danko
67. Turchik (Krokhta)

By.: Dmitro Solinko
Translated by: Dimitri Gallik

The Cooking Corner

Coffee Parfait Parfe Koffeinoe

2 1/2	cups	fresh cream
1/2	cup	freshly ground coffee
6		egg yolks
1	cup	sugar
1	tbsp	gelatin
1/2	cup	warm water

Bring the cream to a boil. Add coffee, cover and put aside for 30-45 minutes. Blend egg yolks and sugar together. Add strained coffee-cream. Dissolve the gelatin in warm water and pour it into the coffee mixture. Mix it in well. Rinse out a 5-cup mold with cold water, put in the coffee-cream and stand in the refrigerator or freezer until it is set. It could be frozen like ice cream or eaten just set firm. Remove from mold before serving. 8 servings.

A Melon on an Acorn Tree

Being very tired, a critic lay down in the shade of a mighty tree, and began to philosophize in this manner; "How strange this world is!! It is not arranged properly: Here this gigantic oak for instance. What immense branches it has, and still it bears nothing but little acorns. And here beside me is this melon tendril, as thin as a string, and yet it has to nourish such big fruit. This world is not arranged properly." However, when he reached this point in his reflections a slight breeze arose and an acorn fell, hitting our fault-finder on the tip of his nose. He was startled. "Or perhaps," he continued, "it is arranged properly after all. What would have happened now if melons had been growing on this tree?"

* * *

Court Scene

JUDGE: "What is your name?"
SWEDE: "Yon Yonson."
JUDGE: "Are you married?"
SWEDE: "Yah."
JUDGE: "Whom did you marry?"
SWEDE: "Ay married a woman."
JUDGE: (with indignation): "Did you ever hear of anybody marrying anybody else but a woman?"
SWEDE: "Yah: My sister, she married a man".

CARPATHO-RUS

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One of our Lemko Association Board members, Ted Rudawsky, received this fine letter from Fetsyo Goch of Zydranowa, Poland greeting him for the Christmas holidays. Ed.
Translated by Dimitri Gallik.

December 9, 2003
Poland, Lemkovina
Village of Zydranowa in the Dukla Region

Greetings, Dear Countrymen, Relatives, Friends, and Those Dear and Near to You,

It was just day before yesterday, I mailed you a letter, a card with Holiday and New Years wishes. And yesterday, here comes a letter from you with holiday wishes and a gift of \$25. Many, many sincere thanks for remembering us, for your Holiday greetings, and for the unexpected gift. The Museum Board will also send you their thanks, for that gift is helpful, not just for us, but also for Museum activities. We are glad that you are interested in our Museum and in our holidays, and so I am sending you a small New Year's gift of the last two issues of Zahoroda. You can get some reading out of it. We are aware of the situation with the Lemko Association. The older activists are gone, and the young ones prefer a new life without labors such as those donated by the Rudawskys, Poradas, Stefuras, Lehotskis, Adamiaks, and others. History will appraise this both favorably and critically, but one must keep in mind the living conditions and activity of the emigrants in the long ago. You have fought for everything that is our heritage. We here in our devastated Native Land are also steadfastly guarding the remnants of our culture.

But you are still helping us, and praise be to you for that. We have accomplished much in the Museum this year with the help you have given us. We have done much repair and conservation work. We have purchased quite a number of artifacts: a sculpture, old costumes, two wagons, a sled, and more. We have given assistance in the filming of the Lemko exile action called "Aksia Visla 1947". Some of this has been written up in Zahoroda, and we are also preparing an essay for Karpatska Rus. Alex Herenchak phoned us that a Delegation of yours is planning to visit us in the spring of 2004. We will be waiting for it gladly. Perhaps you can come too? Even though the years are many, and the health is not what it used to be. I can tell that from myself. Still, as long as we live we cannot let go of our affairs and activities. Wolodya Maksimowich is doing good work. The cemetery in Hyrowa has been nicely fenced off through his efforts.

We have had a little snow, and so far the weather has been warm. We are preparing the No. 4 issue of Zahoroda for the end of the year. There will be no "Rusalia-Jana" celebration in 2004, because there is no one to take over and I am all tired out. But there will be a meeting of Lemko cultural activists at the Museum on July 24-25.

Give our best regards to all our Near Ones and Countrymen, as well as our Zydranowans: Nancy Khomiak-Porada, Eva Stefura, Maria Woycio and Chomko.

We wish you good health and the best of everything.

Fetsyo Goch and family

Press Fund Contributions

Ms. Vera Lasko, in memory of my Mom
& Dad, Mary & John Gluz . \$30.
Mr. William Smyj 30..

Total \$ 60.

Clever Cossack

Long ago in the city of Vladimir lived an old man and his wife. They had only one son, Demetrius, who was a good and very clever boy.

When he grew to be a young man he joined the cossacks. After a number of years he came to see his parents. To his disappointment he learned that they had both died.

He left Vladimir and went to Moscow. He got a job helping a bricklayer in the building of a bank for the czar. In order that he might be able to get money from the bank after it was completed he put the bricks in without cementing them where the safe was to be.

Soon after the bank was completed in the night he took out the loose bricks, broke into the safe and took the money. He replaced the bricks and left.

In the morning when the bankers saw that the money was missing, they began quarreling among themselves and said that one of the other bankers took the money because no one else knew the combination of the safe. They all denied the theft. They decided to have a trench dug around the bank and filled with tar. Soldiers were also put on guard.

After Demetrius stole the money, afraid that he might be caught in the city, he went out into the country. As it began to grow dark he saw a little humble hut. He knocked and an old man and his wife welcomed him. He asked if he might stay for the night.

The old man whose name was Bohdan replied, "My boy, we would gladly let you stay but you see we ourselves sleep on the floor because we do not have beds."

Demetrius said, "I will gladly rest on the floor if you will be so kind as to allow me."

Bohdan consented. Demetrius looking around the hut saw how miserably poor they were. He asked, "Bohdan, would you like to make some money for your wife and children?"

Bohdan sighed and answered, "Yes, but I am too old and feeble to work."

Demetrius replied, "You will not have to work hard." He then told him how they could get money from the bank.

Bohdan said, "Rather than steal, I have lived in poverty all my life. I will starve before I steal. I will not go!"

After much urging and coaxing, Bohdan consented but very unwillingly. Demetrius gave money to the old woman and told her to buy food and clothes for herself and her children.

At the end of a long and weary walk they came to the bank unaware of the evil that was to befall them.

Demetrius said, "I will go first and you follow me."

He softly and stealthily walked towards the bank with Bohdan at his heels. He felt himself sink. Before he could warn Bohdan, he heard a scream and the guards came running. The best Demetrius could do was to get away himself.

He gently broke the news to Bohdan's wife that Bohdan had died of fright. She cried, "Oh, my poor husband, how can I see him?"

Demetrius answered, "They are going to hang him at the top of a pole in town and

whoever comes for him will be punished." He gave her a ruble and continued, "Here take this and buy some cups and saucers. Then look up at your husband and fall. In this way you can see him and cry for him."

The poor old woman did as she was bid. An officer came up to her and exclaimed, "So you are the one who sent him to rob the bank! Are you related to him? Is he your husband?"

She answered, "No, you hang up some fool to scare people. I was going home with my cups. When I saw him, I got frightened and fell and broke them."

The officer sympathically replied, "Here, lady, take this money and buy yourself some cups."

When she arrived home she related what happened to Demetrius. She cried, "Why do they treat my poor innocent husband so badly?"

Demetrius replied, "They are treating him like that because they expect someone to come for him and then they would punish them. But do not worry; I will get him and bury him."

He went to the city and saw that Bohdan had been taken away. He inquired about him and learned that ten cossacks had taken him to a camp in a forest and were watching him. Demetrius, dressed as an old man, bought an old horse and buggy, sausage and vodka. He rode to the camp and near the place the buggy got stuck in the mud. He shouted "Won't someone help an old man and his horse out of the mud?"

The cossacks came and helped him out. He said, "In return for your help I will give you some vodka." They each drank a glass full. Then he gave them the sausage and the rest of the vodka. From the effect of the vodka they were all soon sleeping heavily. He thought, "Now I must work quickly and quietly." He undressed the cossacks out of their uniforms and dressed them in the priests' vestments that he had bought. He then laid them side by side. He then laid Bohdan in the wagon and left.

In the dark of night he buried Bohdan in the forest not far from his hut.

In the morning he told Bohdan's wife where her husband was buried and told her that she could go to his grave whenever she wished. He gave her a roll of money and said, "Because of me your husband died, take this money. It will last you for the rest of your life." He then left for the city.

When a group of cossacks came to relieve the night watchmen they saw ten men, laid side by side, dressed as priests and the dead man was gone. They awakened the cossacks and asked for an explanation. They told how an old man's horse got stuck in the mud. After helping him out, he gave them vodka and they fell asleep. That was all they knew.

This story and the disappearance of the dead man was reported to the czar. The astonished czar said, "Whoever is so clever that he can rob the bank, steal the dead man and bury him and fool ten cossacks, I give him my permission to see my daughter, Princess Olga, tonight." He then called for Princess Olga and said, "Take this red chalk and make a mark on the one's head who comes to see you tonight."

Not caring whether he would be caught or not, he thought he would go to see the Princess. Late at night, thinking that she had fallen asleep, he also fell asleep. Princess Olga got the chalk and marked his forehead.

Early next morning he awoke and looked into the mirror. To his surprise he saw a red cross on his forehead. He tried and tried to wash it off but couldn't. He saw the chalk on the table. Picking it up, he walked out of the palace.

He walked into the cossacks' camp. To his satisfaction, they were all asleep. He went to each one and made a cross similar to the one on his forehead.

When one of the leaders of the cossacks went to see the czar, the czar looked at him and said, "So you, my highest officer, has been robbing me and now you dared to go to Princess Olga! Oh, but you will be punished!" The officer pleaded and said he wasn't the one but it was no use.

Later the czar saw that all the cossacks' heads were marked. He called for Princess Olga and asked, "Were all the cossacks in to see you last night?"

She replied, "No, only one came to see me and I marked his forehead."

The czar said, "All the cossacks' heads are marked."

She went to her room and then returned, "My red chalk is gone. He must have stolen it and marked everyone's head."

Then the czar called a meeting and announced, "Whichever one of you is so shy and artful as to rob the bank, steal the dead man, fool the cossacks and in the end steal the chalk from the Princess and mark all the cossacks' heads, come to me. I will not punish. I would like to know who could be so clever. For your cleverness I will give you my daughter in marriage and all of my czardom."

Demetrius thought, "I will give myself up, if I die, I do not care." He went up and said, "I'm the one. Do with me whatever you wish."

The czar replied, "I will not punish you. Princess Olga will have a happy and an easy life with you. Therefore, I give you her in marriage. My czardom is yours."

They were married amidst great rejoicing and as the czar said, they lived a happy life together.

By: Bessie Kunch

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