

Carpatho-Rus'

Karpatska Rus'



#5 CARPATHO-RUS, ALLENTOWN, N.J., MAY 25, 2006, VOL. LXXIX

Continued from issue #4, 2006

An interesting story of our people, translated from Lemko Association records.

The Old and the Young

A Tale From the Time of the First World War

And so Smoliarchuk and Krawchuk guzzled their rum and compiled lists of the best of the Lemkos, men who would not serve the Germans against the Russian people and Slavs in general. These men had broken no government laws. It was simply that they had a sense of kinship with the great Russian nation and the Slavic race. But if people were to be arrested and killed for this reason, then they would have to murder millions in Austria-Hungary. Some other grounds were needed for mass arrests, and informants were found for accusation of treason, spying, "display of vanity", etc.

In the Austro-German government of Eastern Galicia there was an entire party nurtured by them among our people, a party of enemies to the Russians, to their own Ukrainian people, and to Slavs in general. These people called themselves "Ukrainians", "Ukrainian nationalists", "Ukrainian radicals", and even "Ukrainian socialists". But these party names were just a cover, for they were all "German Ukrainians", and they wanted nothing to do with the great Ukrainian people, with their great history or their historical yearnings. From the history of Ukraine, they selected as their ideal the traitor Mazepa, who had betrayed the Ukraine and Russia to Swedish invaders.

The Germans had been preparing for a long time to grab some Russian territory, especially the rich lands of Ukraine. To this end they had trained supporters from among the Ukrainians of Galicia and set them up in churches and schools to practice treason against Slavicism. So when the Germans and their kaisers, Wilhelm and Franz Joseph, thought that they were ready for war, and that there was no doubt of complete victory over the eastern Slavs, they attacked Russia in mid-summer of 1914.

And the Germans had not made any mistake in regard to their German Ukrainians in Galicia. Among no other Slavic peoples did they find so many and such dedicated agents as among our people in Galicia. These were Galicio-Ukrainian "nationalists", false nationalists, who were trained to dupe the people. They were German "Ukrainians", German agents and spies for the event of a German-Slavic war. And when such a war did arrive, they performed most faithfully their dastardly service against their own people.

* * *

Smoliarchuk and Krawchuk worked

until late that night at compiling their list. A third bottle stood on the table. Finally, the list was complete and the third bottle was empty. Smoliarchuk gave a shout in his harsh bass voice, while Krawchuk laid his head on his arms crossed on the table and snored.

Before noon the next day, the police brought the first load of "moscophiles" under bayonet escort, and right behind them came Smoliarchuk and Krawchuk with their list of new victims.

* * *

They arrived in the city. Cries were heard.

"Spies, spies!"

When they got to the market place, there was a throng of people gathered there. It seemed that all these people wanted to show their "patriotism" as they were taught to do. They had been taught to hate Russians and to believe that Germans were their brothers because they were part of western civilization.

The most ardent "patriots" yelled, "Moscovites", mongrels! Look there, a priest, *psiakref!* Here's one for your ruble," and some Anton whopped the priest on the head.

By the time the police got these first victims inside and shut the gates, many of them were bleeding.

* * *

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From a 1950s Lemko Journal:

The Preparation of Clothing

In our way of life we think of the latest fashions being designed in Paris and thus look to these people to give us the word about the style this summer.

In this picture we see our people creating from the very raw material their own clothing. This gives us some insight into the nature and resourcefulness of these people. They first had to grow the raw material. Then, they devised a means to enable them to process this material into a finished product.

They were both farmer and manufacturer in one. This did not end their labor. They also had to discover a suitable pattern and color for their creation. The finished product passed through their hands in the many stages of its development and they took on the guise of farmer, industrialist, designer; and they were their best customers for they wore the final product.

Thus, we find the man in this picture holding a bunch of dried flax on a crushing platform. He will break down the rough core of this flax so the process may be continued by the two ladies pictured in a sitting position. Their responsibility will be to prepare the flax so it may be woven into the finished product. The lady with the huge scissor board is cleaning the flax, which at

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NOTICE

A reminder to all readers to mark your calendars for our 3rd reunion picnic, commemorating Russalya, beginning at 12:00 noon on June 11 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 means – that rain or shine – a good time is assured to all. Games such as horseshoes, 3-legged races, volley ball, water balloon tosses, basketball, etc. can be played. Food will include, hamburgers, hot dogs, kielbasa, kapusta, salads, watermelon, desserts and more. Beverages will include beer, wine, soda, coffee, tea, etc. All this for an admission charge, including food, of only \$12. per adult (16 years & over), \$5. (10-15 years), and children under 10, no charge. In addition, there is a County parking charge of \$4. per vehicle.

For information call:

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

NY: Dimitri Felenczak: 914-476-2408

NJ: Alex Herenchak: 609-758-1115

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At that very moment, Smoliarchuk and Krawchuk knocked on the door of the governor's office. The governor got up, shook hands with each of them, and asked them to sit down.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

The two of them showed him their "list of moscovites", and began explaining how dangerous these men were in time of war for a county where trainloads of troops were passing through and others were marching on foot to the eastern front, against the worst enemy of His Most Illustrious Majesty and his nation. The governor scanned the list. He knew many of those men personally. He knew them as peaceful, proper, and sober people. But he also knew them as committed Russophiles.

"Thank you. I won't forget your services for His Most Illustrious Majesty, Goodbye!"

However, this governor did not get up again, did not shake hands with them, did not look them in the eye, but just nodded.

As Smoliarchuk and Krawchuk left the governor's office, the mob that had been venting its "patriotism" against our unfortunate victims was just beginning to disperse outside the town hall.

"Look Anton! A Russian priest!"

"Let's mix up his bones a little."

In a minute Smoliarchuk and Krawchuk found themselves surrounded and were being shoved from one side to the other.

"See what he earns with his ruble! Like the count's pig!"

"Good people," Smoliarchuk started praying. "I am not Russian, not a moscovite. I am Ukrainian."

"Ho-ho-ho!" the mob burst out.

"That's just like a Jew saying he's not a Jew but an Israelite," Anton explained. Let's beat up on the swine."

So those "patriots" went after our two "patriots". A passing patrol came by in the nick of time and managed to rescue our "heroes" from the grasp of those other "heroes". Barely alive, battered all over, they were put in a wagon by the soldiers who told the driver to take them home.

* * * * *

By the time that Petro returned home from the police station, Marta had already managed to start burning all the books and newspapers that the police had not been able to take with them. Well in the fire were Petro's favorite *History of Russia* and such pamphlets from L'wow as "On Honey Bees", "About Orchards", and "How the Devil Cooked Whiskey". Hania had begged her mother not to do that, but Marta drove her out of the house with a poker.

"I'll kill you, if it weren't for these books and papers, we wouldn't have all this trouble. What am I, a poor woman, going to do now without my man? And this all due to those books and newspapers. If you ever again bring a book or newspaper into my house, I will smash your hands with this poker."

Petro cried when Hania told him what his mother had done with those books. He wasn't crying so much for the books as for his mother. She seemed to him to be an exemplar

of our poor people, so fearful of books and newspapers, and therefore oppressed and beaten down.

They teach us in church, "When someone slaps you in the face – turn the other cheek." And so we present the other cheek. And those very same individuals who tell us that keep on smiting both our cheeks, drawing blood. And we tolerate it. They tell us, "Do not kill." Yet they themselves kill us and order us to kill our natural brothers. They tell us to love our neighbor, yet they detest us, torture us, and gorge us with hatred toward our brothers.

Young Petro's mind couldn't make sense out of all this. "Either they are teaching us bad and doing good, or they are teaching us good and doing bad. It can't go on like this, because when we heed their lessons and do as they say, that is, we don't defend ourselves but turn the other cheek, then that will be the end of us. And they tell us to forgive our enemies everything. But how can I excuse that savage policeman who abused my poor father. There is more honesty and compassion in one hair of my father's head than there is in the entire body of that Austrian policeman. He is more like a wild beast than a human being. And a beast like that should not be allowed to live among people. He ought to be killed like a mad dog."

Petro's eyes brightened, as if a different spirit had come on him. Mildness gave way to determination. He wiped his eyes and cried no more. In his mind he swore to avenge his father and his people.

* * *

The village became quiet. There was scarcely a home that had not given up someone for the war. The harvest was under way, but although the yield was excellent it did not bring the joy it had in other years. Old man Nikolai Shcherba was the only one that was glad. There was hardly a day that he could not be seen walking with youthful stride from the upper end of the village to the lower – to Woytowich's.

"How far are they?" he would ask Petro.

"Who?"

"Ah, you rascal! Who else? The Cossacks!"

Occasionally Petro would get hold of a Polish newspaper and would give the old man news of the war. When the reports were not favorable to the Russians, Nikolai wouldn't believe them.

"Phooney! They're lying! It has never happened that Russians would give in to the Magyars!"

And when they read that the Russians had taken Ternopol and Buchach, he cried "Yes, yes! So tomorrow or the next day they will be here. Hah, when I was young I rode horseback to Sambor, before there was any railroad, and Buchach is just beyond Sambor."

* * *

News about Herasim came to the village, that he had been hung in Cracow. Marta went immediately to see Reverend Smoliarchuk and ask if that could be true. Smoliarchuk was not yet completely recovered from the lumps he had received at the hands of the "patriots" in the city, so he was glad to be able to add to somebody else's pain.

"It's true, Marta, true. I read in the newspaper a few days ago that they had hung Herasim Woytowich. Did you think they would

give him a medal for his moscophile propaganda?"

Poor Marta could not understand at all what the Reverend was talking about, what that "propaganda" meant. "But Reverend, I never saw Herasim with that. I saw newspapers and books, but I never saw what the Reverend is talking about."

"That's it, exactly that! Those books and newspapers, that is propaganda!"

"I knew that. I always said that nothing good would come of those newspapers and books, but Herasim said that I didn't know anything."

"Don't you let Petro and Hania have any of those books. You are their mother!"

"Oh, Reverend. I have already burned all of them!"

"That's good!"

The Reverend felt better, it seemed that even those bruises he got from the Poles didn't hurt so much.

* * *

One day Korba went to the police station, thinking about his problems.

"I'll report him! Let him rot in jail! For something like that they might even hang him. So he hankers after my land, does he? You just wait, you fink, you'll rot there! You'll get enough land."

He went into the station.

"What do you say, Korba?"

"Please, sir. That Wrona. He's a real moscovite."

"How's that? What did he say?"

"He said he hopes those Russians get here soon and take care of our lords and masters."

"Did he really say that?"

"That's the honest truth. I'm ready to swear to it right now."

Next morning a policeman came and took Wrona away.

After that, people stopped talking about the war, about Russians. They didn't trust each other. Even if someone heard something, he wouldn't tell anybody else.

One day, some traveler appeared in one of the neighboring villages. He went into the inn, and he bought drinks for everyone that came in. He said he was a Russian. Some of the best citizens of the village also came in, and they too bought drinks. And they all kept on drinking for a while. The stranger praised the Russians, the people and the country, and he complained about Austria, about Austrian administration, taxes, police, the poverty, and how they treat Rusnaks.

"But now," he said. "This situation won't last long. The Russians have already reached L'wow, and today or tomorrow they'll get to Lemkovina and they will liberate us."

"Well, may that come to pass," said Wasko, somewhat tipsy.

"God grant it," agreed Sander.

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this time could be employed for use as a rope. The lady seated next to her will use her device as a comb to divide the flax into rough and fine linen. The woman holding the linen is spinning it into a thread. The final stage finds the linen upon a rack. It has been taken from the spool. The next process is the weaving of this into wearing apparel.



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In Appreciation

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

Press Fund Contributions

In memory of:
Emil & Rosie (Humetsky) Kostelny \$200.
Mr. Dimitri Gallik 100.
Total \$300.

The Cooking Corner

Spring or Green Soup
[Zelyonii Soup]

- 6 cups chicken or beef bouillon
- ½ lb young carrots, scraped
- 1 small parsnip, scraped
- 1 small onion
- 1 tbsp butter or margarine
- Salt to taste, if bouillon is not already salted
- ½ lb young potatoes
- 1 bunch sorrel
- 3 hard-cooked eggs
- ½ cup sour cream
- Dill or parsley, chopped

Bring the bouillon to boiling point. Cut the carrots, parsnip and onion into slices, then half slices. Fry lightly in butter or margarine, add to the boiling bouillon, season if necessary and simmer for 10 minutes. Wash the sorrel thoroughly and chop fine. Add to the soup and boil for another 10 minutes.

Serve ½ hard-cooked egg and 1 teaspoon of sour cream in each plate of soup. Sprinkle with dill or parsley.

If no sorrel is available, spinach, fresh or canned (2 cups), could be used. 4-6 servings.

AUDIO & VIDEO TAPES

Item #1: Karpato-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:
Lemko Association sponsored many

festivals in the past of East European dancing and singing. This video offers highlights of the 25th Festival held in 1993. It includes excerpts of an Orthodox Catholic prayer service and concert of Karpato-Rus, Ukrainian, Russian, and Slovak folk songs.

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: 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



Rain or shine, the Picnic at Macy Park is on for June 11. You are all welcome.

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However, they had not spoken those words at the right time. At dawn next morning, five policemen entered the village, led by that same traveler who had so smoothly talked Russian at the inn the night before. They arrested the best, the brightest, and most reliable men of the village, including their respected mayor. They tied them up and stacked them in a wagon like firewood. Then they took them to the nearest Polish town. There the Polish-German patriots and police tortured them for a long time and hanged all of them crudely, police style. Then they dug a large pit, tossed all the victims' bodies in there, shoved a dead horse on top of that, and filled in the grave.

* * * * *

Herasim Woytowich sat in the county jail for a week. His lessons from the police beatings dried up and scabbed over. On the first day of the following week, the door of his cell opened and a policewoman appeared in the doorway.

"Get up. Get ready for a trip."

"To death? the thought flashed through Hersim's mind.

But it was not to death. It was worse than death. It was for more torture, to Golgotha. Our victims poured out of the prison, and police were waiting for them. They tied them up in pairs and lined them up to a column of fours.

"March," commanded the senior officer. In the van went one officer, a fat German. There were two more on each side of the column and two in the rear. They marched out onto the main street, which led to the railroad station. This street was already lined with Poles of the German school. Who had told them that "moscophiles" were being moved out?

A man Herasim knew approached him. This had once been one of his best friends, a Polish farmer named Wojciech Okon. They had gone to markets together and often talked about the lot of the peasants and how to improve their land. Wojciech had bought horses from Herasim several times. He knew that anyone who bought a horse or ox raised by Herasim would not be sorry. Now this same Wojciech came u to the chained Herasim.

"Now you, you psiakref Rusin, you moscovite, you traitor," and he hit Herasim in the face with his fist. "Take that for your treachery, until they hang you."

A little farther, a professor strode up to one of his students, a student of Russian.

"You snake in the grass! Is that what I taught you?" and he rapped him on the head with his cane. The student's hat fell off in the mud. He tried to pick it up but it already got stepped on, and one of the police officers poked him with the butt of his rifle. The hat was trampled in the mud, and the student went on, without his hat and with his head bloodied.

It was a half-hour walk to the railroad station, and in that half hour all the prisoners were given a good going over by the Polish-German patriots.

"Why are they beating on us?" they asked each other with their eyes.

"Yes, why? We aren't guilty of anything..."

Right! They were not guilty. Was it a crime that Herasim Woytowich liked to read Russian newspapers and books, just as Poles like to read Polish materials? Was

that student guilty when he tried to give cultural help to his people, just as a Polish student might do for his people? It is not they who were guilty. It is national hatred

that was guilty. It was that hatred of Russians that Polish priests and teachers fed their people with in church and school for many, many years. Who gained from this? Was it the Poles, a Slavic people? No, it was not! It was the Germans who benefitted, it was German imperialism with its "Drang nach Osten" into Slavic lands. The Germans would never have the strength to conquer the Slavic peoples if they lived in harmony and Slavic unity. For this purpose they needed disunity and hatred among the Slavs. And thus they did sow disagreement and hatred among them. And it was now easy for them to war against the Slavs, now that the Slavs were warring against each other.

* * *

Finally, our sufferers were piled into a boxcar, and it seemed to them that there would be no more attacks from bystanders. But this was not so. They heard cries and curses in Hungarian around the train. Suddenly a Hungarian officer burst into the car with a naked sword in his hand. The two victims closest to the door ceased to exist. Their suffering was over. Their hands had been tied together, their heads were now cut in two. Nobody knew what their hime village was, for they were from Eastern Galicia. They were both peasants. The guards simply pushed their bodies out onto the roadbed as the train was already moving.

This trip that in normal times the train could make in five or six hours, now during the mobilization required three whole days. At every station they had to wait for the passage of trains that were carrying troops to the front. At two stations the holdup was 12 hours at each one. The prisoners were held in a boxcar with their hands tied and with no food or water for the entire three days. They suffered severely from their uncleaned and unbandaged wounds. They envied those two that had been killed at the start of the trip.

Finally, after three days of this horrible ride, the door of the boxcar slid open, an officer stuck his head in and ordered the prisoners out. Some of them, Herasim included, had enough strength left to get out by themselves. Others had to be roused. Another officer came up with a bucket of water. They all stared eagerly at this bucket as if they could see their salvation in that water. However, the officer would not let anyone moisten his cracked lips or parched tongue, but with a single sweep flung all the water in the bucket on those who had not been able to get up. Then he helped them with the butt of his rifle. They summoned what strength they had left, and with the help of the stronger ones managed to get down on the ground. Again the police lined them up in fours and marched them off to jail. Only then did they learn that the place they had come to was the once renowned capital of the Polish nation, now an Austrian fortress – the city of Krakow.

* * *

When Herasim was led into the office of the Krakow prison, he showed the director his swollen and bloody wrists where the chain had cut to the bone. The director broke out laughing.

"Ha, ha, ha! That's good, you traitor! That will be no problem at all. We'll hang you in the morning.."

Herasim saw that there was no one to complain to, no one to strive for the truth, much less justice. There was nothing he could do but submit to the tortures of the place. They led him into an underground grotto and closed the heavy door. This was

the Abbey of St. Michael in Krakow, an old Catholic monastery converted into a prison. In a corner of his cell, Herasim spied a bucket of water. He picked it up and drank eagerly of the water, refreshing his lips, his tongue, and his entire body. In the middle of the cell stood an iron prison cot with a hard straw mat. Herasim laid his tired, completely exhausted body on this cot. At that moment it seemed to him that there was no greater gift of God on earth than that sweet water, and no softer or more comfortable bed than that hard prison straw mattress. He did not even think of the fact that on the morrow he was supposed to be hanged. "Oh, just to be able to rest here for a while, let come what may."

And so Herasim dropped off into a deep sleep.

In his sleep he had a terrible dream that made him toss and turn and groan. He was at home. Up came a policeman and grabbed Hania. Herasim could see all that and he wanted to rescue his daughter from that beast, but he couldn't move. He felt tied down, as if in chains. He thrashed and squirmed because the policeman was trying to rape his daughter, and Hania could no longer fight; she lost consciousness... Suddenly Petro dashed in, grabbed the policeman's rifle, and shot him on the spot. Herasim was terrified. "Run, Petro, run! Or they'll catch you." With that, Herasim woke up.

It was dark all over. He had a fierce headache and all his bones hurt. "Where am I?" He wracked his mind for a long time before he could recall what had happened and where he was. He could hear a "soldier" pacing the stone-floored corridor – "Hup...hup...hup". It seemed to Herasim that this was in his head – "Hup...hup...hup".

* * *9

"There is no finer girl in the whole village than Hania. She is hard working, obedient, modest, and as for beauty, well now..."

That was what they used to say in the village about Herasim's daughter Hania.

"And she is so shy! Say something to her about her beauty, and she blushes up to her ears, lowers her eyes, and you won't get a word out of her."

"If God had given any other girl such beauty and with such a farm, you wouldn't be able to get close to her! She would just thrust out her chin and wouldn't even glance at an ordinary peasant but would keep looking for some teacher or policeman. Hania on the other hand, doesn't put on any airs, just dances with every lad, talks with anyone, rich or poor. For her, everybody is equal."

That's what the old folks said about her, but in this case the oldsters' eyes didn't get it quite right. Not everyone was the same to Hania. She never talked as long with any boy, never showed as much interest in other ones as she did in Pastyrnak's Seman. And Seman also, although he did not slight other girls, still he liked best to talk and dance with Hania. And when he went off to war, his heart yearned mostly for her.

On this day, Hania was home alone. Marta had gone to the upper part of the village to visit a woman who had been sick in bed for a week, while Petro and their hired hand had gone to the woods. There was plenty of work for Hania to do at home. Marta had neglected everything since Herasim was taken away, and Hania had twice as much work to do as she had before. She had to do her mother's work as well as her own. She did the cooking and took care of everything around the house.

To be Continued
Translated by: Dimitri Gallik