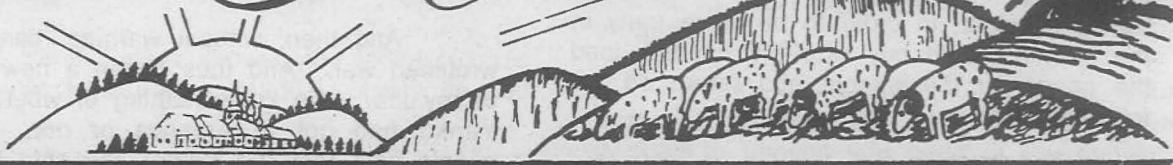


Carpatho-Rus'

Karpatska Rus'



NO. 5, CARPATHO-RUS, ALLENTOWN, N.J. April 16, 2004, VOL. LXXVII

Continued from Issue #4, March 26, 2004.

A Short Account of my Life by Stefany Holovach

I didn't want to serve with the teacher any longer, so I went home. But I didn't stay home very long. I soon went to a lady in Zhegestow to take care of her child, and she took me to Cracow. This lady was Polish, and I had to go with her to the Catholic church, which I didn't like at all.

In a short time I became acquainted with a Ukrainian girl who lived not far from us, and she took me to her church. And although I could go to church only in the evening, because I didn't get out of work until the afternoon, still going to that church became a great pleasure for me. I was very happy to hear my own people and my own rituals. *Although this was a Greek Catholic church, it still was more pleasing to me than the Catholic church, where I couldn't understand anything that was going on.*

I stayed in Cracow for a year and a half, and then went back to my native Carpathian Mountains. Oh, those mountains, those green Carpathians. No pen can describe that spiritual joy. Wonderful mountain peaks all around, widespread green forests in which all kinds of birds sing their delightful melodies, with crystalline pure water gurgling in the brooks or surging over rocks.

I went to Zhegestow by train, arriving at 6 o'clock in the morning. It is only 4 kilometers from the railroad station there to Andreiwka, so I picked up my bundle of clothes and started for home. As if by some miracle, on the road I unexpectedly met my beloved Yanko on his way to work.

"Oh! My darling Steffie! I'm so glad you're coming back home", he exclaimed.

So I came home, greeted my family, and rested a while. Then I thought, "I can't just loaf around here any more. There still are two older sisters and two younger ones at home." So I went to the "Health" resort in Zhegestow and asked the director for a job serving guests with mineral water. It was always girls who did that work. It just so happened that a girl from my village was getting married. The director knew my father well, so he told me to come to work on May 1st, the start of the summer season.

The place needed cleaning up, and we had to work for nothing for almost a month. But when the guests started coming, we made good money. On Sundays we would usually dress in Lemko costumes. The guests seemed to like that, and they left good tips. I worked there five years. But then

people envied me, and also other girls wanted to work there, so we worked in pairs – one girl one day and the other the next day.

I managed to save a little money there, but I had to give up most of that at home. One of my sisters had a chance to get married, so they needed money to buy a horse or cow for dowry. I always helped all of them. When papa spoke, that's the way it had to be.

My Yanko – Ivan Holovach – was born here in America, and his parents took him back to the old country when he was still very small. This is where he grew up and spent his youth. On his twentieth birthday, his family gave him a ship card [ticket] for the trip to America. The day before he left he came to our house and said, "Keep well, Steffie, I'm going to America".

No one could tell what was going on in my heart. I locked myself in the house and wept, and wept. Nobody knew how much I loved Yanko. Of course, some of the boys and girls must have guessed something, because at our parties Yanko never sat anywhere else but at my side, and he turned the spindle for me so the yarn would be longer. And when we went home after the party, he always escorted me right up to my doorstep, where sometimes we would stand for quite a while. But Yanko was a very poor boy, maybe the poorest in the village, and the other boys would often wonder among themselves, "Why does Steffie love him so much? They can't marry, he doesn't have a bit of land."

And Yanko Yanko loved me not a bit less. Always, when he looked me directly in the eyes, he would whisper, "Oh, Steffie, Steffie! I love you so much." But, in reality our love seemed to be futile and hopeless. For one thing, Yanko had no land, and for another, papa would never let me marry him because we would have no way to live. And now, Yanko was leaving for America.

I will remember that day for the rest of my life. All the boys and girls escorted Yanko out to the highway, but I couldn't go. My heart was breaking from sorrow, and I could only weep. But the weeping seemed to ease it a little.

As was common in all the villages, there was a Jew in ours, he kept a tavern with alcoholic drinks, and also a store with goods. In a few villages, our own people would have a store. And so it was that Wanyo already had a store in Milik, and then he established another in Andreiwka, right in our house. Wanyo would have to go to the city for the goods, and my younger sister would do the selling.

A story of a different man from Transcarpathia. Ed.

King of Steel

Ivan Firtsak came from the distant Transcarpathian village of Bilky. Once upon a time Ivan, who hailed from a peasant family, traveled more than 60 countries in search of daily bread and a better lot. For his extraordinary physical strength Ivan was called the 20th-century Hercules.

Ivan left his native village in 1920 for neighboring Prague to look for a job. There, a cargo elevator which delivered heavy loads to the third floor had broken down at an enterprise owned by Prokhazka. The latter didn't think twice and hired ten strong young men at the local labor exchange. The newly-hired laborers were paid at a rate of several crowns a day each.

One afternoon Prokhazka came to see how his new workers were handling the job. He was astonished by what he saw: one of the workers was operating the shafts and gears of the elevator manually – something which ten strong men would find difficult to do.

"Where are you from, boy!" said Prokhazka to the worker.

"Transcarpathia," replied Ivan.

"You don't seem to mind the job. Stay here, I'll pay you well." The young man agreed, for he had to support his large family waiting for him back at home. When, however, he learned that Prokhazka had fired his nine comrades, Ivan left him.

Ivan began making money by demonstrating his strength at fairs and on town squares. He would unbend horseshoes, break heavy chains, and outweigh 10-15 men in a tug-of-war contest.

Bitter was the bread Ivan earned. Once, after a performance on a Warsaw street, an elderly woman came up to Ivan. "My young friend," she said. "Why don't you come and work at my circus the Hertzphield-circus. That's my name, too. You'll see the world working in my show."

In 1923 the residents of Medrid saw multicolored billboards saying that for the first time ever a man was going to fight a bull without picadors and banderilleros.

Spain hadn't seen anything like that before.

Continued on Page 3, Column 1

Continued on Page 2, Column 1

Continued from Page 1, Column 2

The Jewish storekeeper was very angry, and he tried selling at prices lower than ours. But most people stayed with us. He later closed his store.

I was no longer working at the health resort, just staying home. Then Wanyo sold his store to us, and I started to work there. This was not so easy. It was necessary to go all the way to Nowy Sanch for the goods. When our horses were not busy, we would use our own wagon. We had to travel to Sanch all night, in order to be there early in the morning, then buy what we needed, load the goods on the wagon, and return on the following night.

We didn't keep the store long, a little less than two years. Although I took care of it myself and my brothers Petro and Pawel also helped, it wasn't enough. We all worked and saved together and none of us insisted that this is mine and that's yours. Still, Pawel had a brick works, and he worked hard in firing the bricks, that is not easy work.

There were some people who envied us and called us rich. But we all worked hard, and on the farm we had two horses and some cattle. So there was always plenty to do.

All this time I was getting letters from Yanko in America, not very often, but we kept up a steady correspondence. I had opportunities to wed, but I didn't want to do it. Some time later, I somehow mustered up enough courage and wrote Yanko how it was. I said, "Maybe it isn't nice for a girl to propose, but do you intend to come back to me in the old country?"

The answer was "No". He had met a girl over there and was thinking of marrying her. I never wrote to Yanko again, because I thought he was probably married and I wasn't going to let that bother me any more. So a couple of years went by with no correspondence between us.

Then one day in the spring of 1939, right during the Green holidays, a bunch of us girls and boys, along with some older people, were sitting around in our yard, as was usual in the vicinity of a general store. Suddenly there was Yanko walking past the crowd, and he shouted at me, "How are you, Steffie?". I didn't even recognize him.

Right away, the crowd followed him through the village to the upper end where Yanko lived. We lived at the lower end. I didn't go with the crowd. I thought to myself, he knows where I live, he can just come to me if he feels like it.

The very next morning he came to our house and immediately asked me if I had a boyfriend. I said I didn't.

"That's good," he said. "I came to get you."

Right then he told my brothers and papa that he wanted to marry me. Papa, of course, was very glad, because he knew that Yanko would marry without dowry. But he still wanted to make it clear. So he said, "That's good, but what will you want with it?"

Yanko then said, "I want nothing but your Steffie."

"Well then! We can reach agreement right quick."

They didn't even ask me whether I wanted to marry him or not. But papa clinched it by saying, "Now people will really envy you."

Papa and Yanko started preparations. Marriage banns were proclaimed by the time of Saint Peter's fast. Our wedding was held on Saint Peter & Paul Day.

Soon after our wedding we went to the American embassy in Warsaw. We thought we could travel to America together, but there we were told that Yanko would first have to return alone to America and then send all the necessary documents for me to go there. Barely two weeks into our wedded life, Yanko left me, his elderly mother, and his brothers, and went back to America.

And then, without warning, came that wretched war. And thus began a new phase of my life. We knew nothing of whether my Yanko had got to America or not. Some people said that the Batory, the ship he had sailed on, had been sunk at sea, and others had different stories. The postal service was halted, because the Germans had occupied all of Poland. Panic broke out, and people were fleeing, mostly Poles, to the east. After a while, things settled down when a Czechoslovak army came to our village.

Stores in Muszyna were broken into, and people snatched whatever they felt like taking it was total anarchy.

In a few weeks, the Germans came back again. Oh, how dreadful they looked,

and how frightened we were. The first thing they did was arrest my brother Pawel. They came right into our store, ordered it closed up, and asked for him. We didn't know where he was. He was out in the horse barn, and when he came in the house they tied his hands and took him to Zhegestow. They held him there for four days, and then let him go.

When the Germans took over our villages, the Lemkos called together an assembly in Krynica, and a great mass of people gathered there. They were supposed to decide on a petition to the government asking that our teachers who had been transferred to Polish villages be returned to their former positions. The Polish teachers we had didn't know Russian and could not teach our children in that.

That very day, my brother Pawel had gone to Krynica for goods, and he looked in on that assembly to see what was going on. Somebody tattled on him that he had attended that meeting, and he was arrested again. But they couldn't get any evidence against him, so they let him go home.

The Germans lorded over us from 1939 until 1945. That was a fearful and oppressive time, when the residents of our mountains became truly enslaved.

First, they changed all our identity papers. We had to put down our first names and surnames, and our nationality - Polish, Russian, Jewish, or other. We were not allowed to call ourselves Russian, only Ukrainian.

They took all the young people to forced labor in Germany. They laid on new taxes and all kinds of conscriptions and confiscated state property and goods. For a time, we couldn't get any goods for our store because there were so-called allotments handled by appointed "trusted men". So we had nothing to sell.

Then I got permission to sell whiskey, beer, and wine. So I opened an inn. But this didn't last long either, because there were shortages of that also, and they stopped delivering whiskey to the villages. Then I went to Krynica to work in a milk plant. I worked there in the office. There were three of us young folks there from Andreiwka. I recorded and then calculated who delivered the milk and how much, what kind of milk, and so on.

The Germans took my younger sister to work in Germany. In 1942, Ukrainian nationalists dressed in German uniforms came to our village and arrested Petro Holowach (Mamkow's), Stefan Holowach, Petro Holowach (Kowalow's), Petro Holowach-Skasor, Isidor Kopach, Ivan Kulina, Nik. Semchishak, and Ivan Teodor Krynitski. It seems they caught them with church books and a Bible, and that was their crime. Only Kowalow's Petro Holowach and Ivan Kulina did not return to the village, they are both now in Ukraine.

I continued working at the milk plant in Krynica right up until the coming of the Red Army, which arrived in Krynica early in the morning on New Year's Day 1945. And that liberated us from our Hitlerite bondage, the worst in the history of our poor people.

Transfer of Lemkos to the Soviet Union

some of our Lemkos emigrated to the Soviet Union in 1940, shortly after Hitler's attack on Poland. But that transfer was soon stopped for some reason. And now again, as soon as Russian troops came to our land they began talk of transferring people. They registered people all through March and April, and not just individuals but entire villages signed up to go to the USSR. So a delegation from our village was sent to Gorlice to have us transferred.

When spring came, nobody wanted to plow or plant anything. We were all waiting for that transfer. But it was not until June that we began moving. My village of Andreiwka was designated to go to Kirovograd Oblast.

We took with us everything we could: horses, cows, sheep, pigs, and other stock. In the meantime, we cooked up barrels full of potatoes for the pigs and cows and prepared hay for the cattle. We kept feeding and milking the cows. For ourselves, we baked sacks full of biscuits. When everything was loaded on wagons we drove to the railroad station in Nowy Sanch. There we had to wait a few more weeks, because there were no freight cars available.

We complained that they kept us there so long. They said that there was a shortage of freight cars because there were a great many more people going than they had expected. We finally got some cars and loaded what we had on them. So we went on to the border. We were held up near Przemysl where they checked everything.

My father acted like a conductor that has to know everything. Although he was then 72 years old, he had to see everything that was going on. I had to keep watching him and telling him to get on the train so he wouldn't get lost somewhere. And sure enough, somewhere not far from Kirovograd, I looked and papa was gone. What should I do? I cried and lamented that I would have to go back to our last stop to get him. I went to the station master and told him that my father was stranded at the last station and I had to go get him. He said, "don't worry, girlie, he'll get here by himself."

To be continued

By: Steffie Holovach

Translated by: Dimitri Gallik

In Appreciation

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

Continued from Page 1, Column 3

Clad in a purple robe, the young Hercules entered the ring. Minutes later an irritated bull tried to gore the fighter but missed the purple figure.



Firtsak in his Native Village of Bilky, 1974

The combat was long and dangerous. Finally, the audience started to cheer "Ivan!", a strange-sounding name for them.

Ivan finally caught hold of the bull's horns and tore them off the beast's head.

Is it true that you once unbent a horseshoe on a bull's head?" I asked Ivan one day when I had dropped in at his house in Bilky. We were neighbors, for Ivan had long since returned home, and his stories fascinated me.

"Yes, things like that happened too," was the reply.

Ivan pulled out an album with numerous photographs, foreign passports and medals. Looking through Firtsak's passports I saw many visa stamps" Paris, Milano, Prague, Rome, Buenos Aires, New York, Bombay, Genoa...and each stamp had a story behind it.

The scene is Paris, 1927. A young man of powerful build was lying flat in the arena. Five huge men put a granite slab on his chest, and two of them began smashing it with sledge hammers. The granite slab soon fell to pieces. Ivan Firtsak shook off the splinters and stood up to the accompaniment of thunderous applause.

Suddenly a voice came from the stands: "Mister Firtsak, can you support the weight of my car on your neck?" Later it transpired that the voice belonged to a rich American named Hume.

Ivan replied almost immediately: "Yes, I can. What about tomorrow?"

It was arranged that the car would carry passengers: Hume, his chauffeur, Hume's two daughters and his two sons-in-law. It was the first item on the bill.

The show began. Hume's car slowly started toward Firtsak. One front wheel climbed over Ivan's neck, and then followed the rear wheel. The audience rose to its feet to cheer the young Ukrainian athlete.

After the show, Mrs. Hertzphield entered Ivan's dressing room. "I would like

you to repeat that performance. We have our own Ford. I'll pay you 450 dollars a day."

Several times a day Firtsak performed the car trick. He also bent steel rails over his nose, hammered nails into a board with bare palms, and danced a Transcarpathian dance barefoot on broken glass. Yet his pay remained the same — 100 crowns a month. Mrs. Hertzphield did not keep her word. Ivan broke his contract. He and his fellow countryman Geize Ostash spent time in many European countries, but nowhere, neither in Europe nor in America, did they find happiness.

Ivan Firtsak showed me faded pictures taken in New York in 1936. Slowly he told me:

"The Prague circus was performing in New York that year. Geize and I went to see the opening show. The evening culminated in performances by strongmen: weightlifters, wrestlers and boxers. Suddenly they caught sight of me and called me to the arena. At that time in New York they called me King of Steel, Crotona, after a fortress in the Apennines. I was always given the name of Crotona."

Firtsak pulled out a crumpled picture and asked whether I recognized the lady.

"Your wife, Ruzhina," I said, having scrutinized the picture. "That's right. The picture was taken in the United States. She was a tightrope-walker with the Prague circus then. We met during that gala performance night. After the show, we went out for a walk in a park. Suddenly, somebody's hand grabbed Ruzhina by the shoulder. I didn't hesitate, or even look round: I just pushed back and the assailant found himself up in a chestnut tree. The next morning the story was all over the newspapers."

In Detroit Crotona-Firtsak fought his powerful Polish rival Braibart. The bout was held on a rather awkwardly manufactured wooden platform with iron screws protruding from it: somebody had forgotten to cut them down to the floor. In a grip which, it seemed, would bring him victory, Ivan hit his head against a screw....

His strength helped him to survive, and in 1938, with a thin platinum shield in his skull, Ivan returned home, to Ukraine.

* * *

The autumn of 1944 was a special one in Transcarpathia: The Soviet Army had just liberated the region.

Firtsak, like many of his countrymen, no longer had to travel to distant lands in search for a better life.

On one occasion the chairman of the People's Committee in Bilky called Ivan to his office.

"How are you, Comrade Firtsak?" asked the chairman. In response, Ivan walked up to a huge safe and lifted it above his head.

"You obviously haven't lost your strength," grinned the chairman. "We've decided to appoint you head of the people's militia in the village. We hope that there'll be excellent order here."

Ivan Firtsak spared no effort to introduce and maintain peace and order in Bilky and neighboring villages.

Ivan also organized a weightlifting section in the village, where his elder sons were the best athletes. They were also very serious contenders at many regional, Republic and USSR sports competitions.

Ivan, the strongman from Bilky, not far from the regional center of Irshava, lived to be 72. He died five years ago, but the memory of him still lives on in his mountainous homeland.

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Preparing for Sack Races at the Macy Park Picnic

With about 150 adults and children present, members of the Carpatho-Russian Center, readers of KR, and their friends enjoyed a pleasant picnic on June 27 at Macy Park in Ardsley, New York.

Another village story translated by Dimitri from our 1971 Lemko Calendar. Ed.

A Bandit Hideout in the village of Bilichna

I would like to explain something to Dan'ko Chuwaia, because he had written to our newspaper in regard to an article that appeared in our "Lemko page N.S.", which is published in Warsaw. That article was written by Mikhail Yadlosh of Poland.

Mikhail Yadlosh must have heard this story from his father Shtefan, who was raised in Bilichna in the Leshchesak family. Shtefan's parents had started a farm near Kosariwka in the village of Izby. Their house was at the edge of the riverbank on the other side of the road. The road to that house was called Chelia Way. This Lukach Chelia didn't have any children so he took Shtefan's father to raise as his own, and he also raised a daughter of the Leshchesaks of Bilichna. He deeded his land and house to them. They had a son Shtefan, whom they raised for a year and then had to leave when they both went to America. They left little Shtefan with her mother, or as we say, with Baba [grandma]. Baba took care of him, and he and I herded sheep together.

Baba soon got news that both of Shtefan's parents had died in America, and Shtefan stayed with her. When he grew up and Chelia died, Chelia's house and land went to Shtefan. So, Shtefan went to live in Chelia's empty house in Izby. Mikhail Yadlosh wrote that he heard all this from his father, and I believe him.

Bilichna and Izby are like one single village. When a masonry church was being built in Izby, Bilichans donated three, four, five hundred crowns, whatever had been pledged. In addition to money, they would give several dozens of eggs. The eggs were needed because there wasn't any cement yet, so they mixed eggs with the sand and lime, because we had lime by that time.

Izby is a historic village. I knew every corner of the village, all the area above the bridges, all that around Rostok and the Petrowski property, and Frichka on the Czechoslovak side. There are Russians living there yet today, and above the bridges traces left by confederates can still be seen. We called them "bastis".

On the other side, toward Tylich is Dilets, and toward Mokhnachka is Misarne. Below Misarne is a smaller peak with no trees. This is called "Shybenicha [gallows] Hill", because that's where the confederates set up their hangman's scaffold for us Lemkos. That's where they hung our forefathers. Every Sunday after service, as people walked out of church, directly in front of them was that hill and on top of the hill that gallows stood out starkly, with somebody hanging on it every time. As they stepped out of the church, people would shield their eyes with their arms so as to avoid seeing who was hanging there.

Those confederates would be hanging somebody there every Sunday while the people were in church. They did that so everyone would see the gallows and the bodies hanging on it and would be too frightened to rise up against the Polish aristocrats who were keeping our Lemko people in heavy economic and social bondage. People suffered, while the nobility lived in luxury. They robbed us of our hard earned livelihood, raped our girls, and so on. They expected the people to endure such crimes humbly, and anyone who protested could not avoid that gallows.

That's why a teacher from Krynica named Smetana was hanged. One time the army even used cannon when some Lemkos

tried to get hold of the commandant and punish him for this atrocity. They wanted to hang him on that same gallows where he had hung Smetana and other Lemkos. This commandant fled from them for they told him, "You have been hanging us, now we will hang you right where you hanged Smetana." He got away from them and ran into the Izby church where he hid behind the altar. He thought the parish priest would protect him, but the men kept after him. Forced into a corner, he tried to defend himself with a double barreled pistol, but that didn't stop them. He was overcome with fear, chiefly because he would be dishonored by dying at peasant hands on the same gallows where he had hung Smetana (a teacher from Krynica who had openly accused him of raping his daughter). Somehow, he got away from those men in the church and ran right up Shybenicha Hill. There he turned the gun on himself and fell dead right beside that hangman's scaffold.

To be continued

Translated by Dimitri Gallik

Press Fund Contributions

John & Luba Fedash	\$20.
Alison Woytowich	20.
Total	\$40.

The Cooking Corner

The Dormition Fast is observed this month from August 1/14 through August 14/27. This fast is easy to keep, as there is such a variety of fresh vegetables in gardens and in the markets. Corn is especially flavorful this time of year. When cooking, there always seems to be a few cobs left over. Following babas' example, we won't throw them away, we will remove the kernels and make corn fritters with them. Just think, if we freeze these fritters, we sure will enjoy them at a later day and while eating them they will bring back pleasant memories of the time when we made them. This also adds a little variety of foods to those who are fasting.

Puffy Corn Fritters

1	tbsp	butter
2	cups	cooked corn kernels
1/4	cup	chopped green pepper
1/4	cup	chopped onion
1/4	cup	flour
1/2	tsp	baking powder
1/2	tsp	salt
1/4	tsp	pepper
2		eggs, beaten
2	tbsp	milk
2	dashes	bottled hot pepper sauce
2-3	tbsp	cooking oil

Melt butter in a medium sized saucepan. Add pepper and onion. Cook, covered, for 8 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool slightly. Add cooked corn. In mixing bowl, combine flour, baking powder, salt and pepper. Add eggs, milk and hot pepper sauce. Mix well. Stir in slightly cooled vegetables. In a large skillet, heat oil over medium heat. Drop heaping tablespoons of mixture into oil. Four or five fritters can be made at a time. Flatten slightly with back of a spoon. Cook about 4 minutes or until brown, turning once. (If they are browning too fast, reduce heat). Remove from pan. Drain on paper towels or brown paper sack. Makes about 12-31/2 inch fritters.

Note: Fresh, uncooked corn kernels can be used and are better. Add them together with the pepper and onion to the saucepan and cook, covered, for 8 minutes. Then proceed to follow rest of the recipe.

Matushka Nina Stroyen

Metropolitan Herman calls for Prayers in Response to Attacks on Kosovo's Orthodox Serbs

SYOSSET, NY [OCA Communications] – On March 19, 2004, His Beatitude, Metropolitan Herman, Primate of the Orthodox Church in America, sent an urgent message of prayerful support to His Holiness, Patriarch Pavle of Serbia in the wake of the mid-March intensification of attacks against Serbian Orthodox faithful in Kosovo and Metohija.

On March 17, 2004, as widely reported in the media, terrorists began what was described by Patriarch Pavle and members of the Holy Assembly of Bishops of the Serbian Orthodox Church as an "unthinkable pogrom" against the region's Orthodox Serbian population characterized by the burning and destruction of religious sites, private residences, and at least one village inhabited by Serbs. The conflict has been described as the worst in five years.

Especially disconcerting is that, since 1999, over 130 historic churches and monasteries, some dating back to the 14th century and considered important historical and cultural sites, have been destroyed.

In an appeal issued by the extraordinary session of the Holy Assembly of Bishops of the Serbian Orthodox Church dated March 18, 2004, Patriarch Pavle and the hierarchs decry "the continuation of organized Albanian terrorism against the Orthodox Serbian population, now in existence for several decades, against that which is considered both Serbian and world cultural heritage, as well as against other non-Albanian inhabitants in this area."

"We call upon our faithful to remember in prayer our suffering brothers and sisters in Kosovo and Metohija, that a just and lasting peace will descend on the region, and that the terror which the Orthodox Serbian population has endured for years will end," said Metropolitan Herman. "During this lenten season, in which we are reminded to take up our crosses as we follow Our Lord to Golgotha, let us especially remember those who are enduring the Golgotha of terror, ethnic strife, and gross injustice."

As this issue of TOC goes to press, it was learned that at least 20 churches and monasteries had been destroyed during the pogrom's first three days.

The Orthodox Church

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