

KARPATSKA RUS

NO.17 KARPATSKA RUS, YONKERS,N.Y., SEPTEMBER 3, 1993, VOL LXVI

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



Some of the Delegates to the 37th Convention of Lemko Association standing in front of the restored main building at Lemko Resort.

A warm and sincere human interest story of a reporter's eight month visit to Russia taken from the Anchorage Daily News.

Home From Russia

After eight months in Khabarovsk, Journalist has new appreciation for both Russians and Americans.

I'm at Denny's Restaurant on DeBarr Road, eating a \$4.55 Grand Slam Breakfast: two pancakes, two eggs, two sausage links, two strips of bacon.

Through the window I see a new Costco warehouse. And next to it, where there once stood a franchise of trees, there's a Kentucky Fried Chicken and a rippling American flag.

Eight months ago, before I moved to Russia, I would have been irritated to see such consumerism. Now I'm awed by it.

Anchorage is a different city than the one I left. The city looks cleaner, more prosperous. The people are more relaxed. Life here seems so easy.

When I was in Russia, I needed new shoes, but I never could find a pair my size. Today, I bought some shoes at the Sears mall. I keep looking at them like I'm a boy admiring a Christmas gift.

Still, I wonder if I made the right decision to leave Russia. There's something about Russians -- maybe because their lives are more difficult and tenuous -- that makes friendship with them especially meaningful.

During my goodbyes, I tried to keep my emotions contained.

At the home of my Russian host family, the 80-year-old grandmother -- who had been afraid of me when I first moved into her flat -- allowed me to kiss her. "Give your mother my regards," she said.

On the night I said farewell to my doctor friend, Andre Bezenko, I took him and his wife, Irina, to a restaurant. It was the first time the couple had eaten out in five years. Andre came dressed in a black suit. "Irina made me wear this," he whispered.

Even though the dinner was my treat, Irina was so nervous about the high prices she refused to eat anything.

Before our parting, Andre asked me to find an American kidney specialist who would send him medical information. I assured him I would try.

With my Russian teacher, Evgeny, and his wife, Raissa, I exchanged presents. They gave me an address book, and I hired someone to tune their creaky piano. Evgeny gave a recital. Frankly, he played better when the piano was out of tune.

The most difficult parting was in Krasny Yarr, a Native village in the mountains southeast of Khabarovsk. I traveled there last week to see my friend Svetlana, who I've been dating for almost five months.

37th Lemko Convention, September 4 & 5, 1993

The two day Lemko Association Convention was concluded successfully, electing the following officers to manage the affairs of the Assoc. for the 1993-95 period.

Central Committee

- Daria Dostanko
- Larry Garrahan-Buranich
- Ann Dostanko-Katz
- John Kostik
- Alexander Maluga
- Theodore Rudawsky

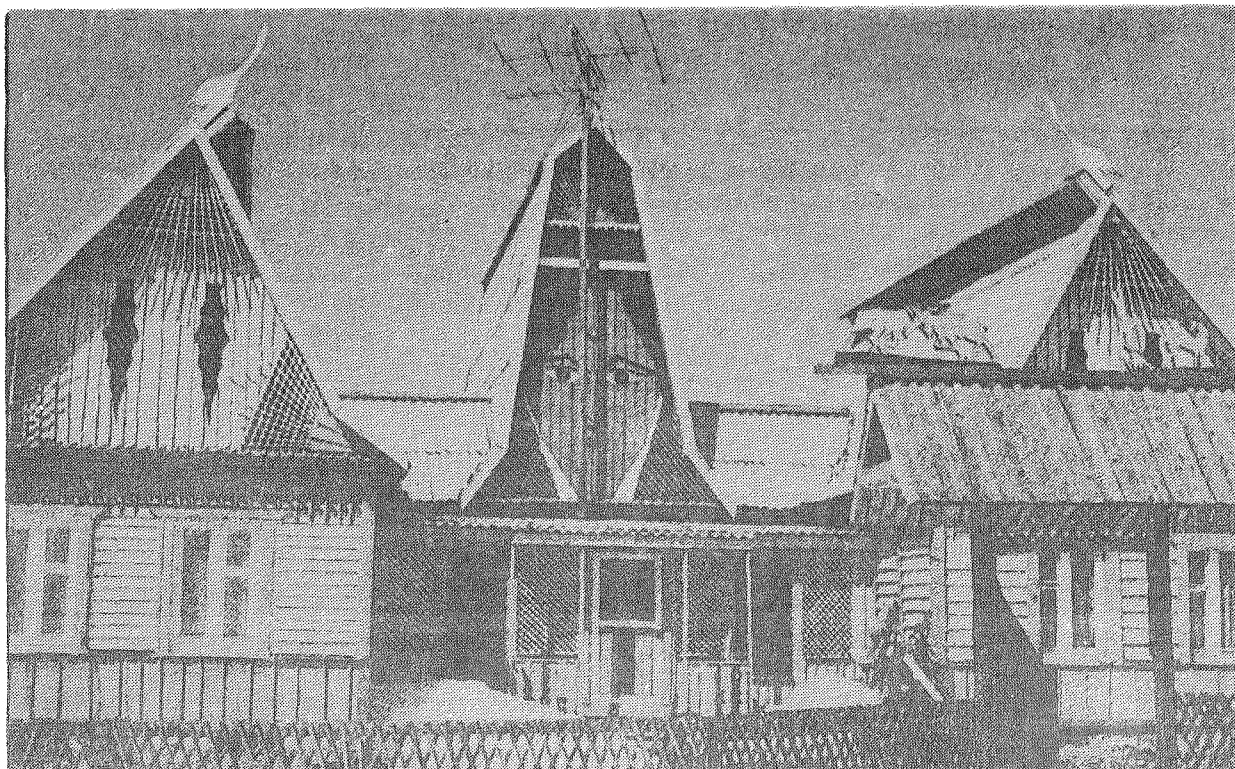
Executive Board

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Alexander Herenchak | President |
| Mary Barker | Vice-President |
| Victoria Windish | General Secretary |
| Geri Ledford | Recording Secretary |
| John Porada | Treasurer |

Controllers

- Paul Dubitsky
- Stephan Marciniak

A summary of the proceedings and decisions will follow in subsequent issues of Karpatska Rus.



Photos by TOM BELL

This house in Krasny Yarr is decorated with a queen from Udegeh folklore.

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Letters to the Editor



In Loving Memory of John K. Adamiak

Who Passed Away 9-15-93

God saw you getting tired
And a cure was not to be
God put his arms around you
And whispered "Come with me".
A golden heart stopped beating
Hard working hands at rest
Our hearts still broken
"He can't be gone"
You're in our thoughts
Such good memories
We have in our hearts
We think of you in silence
But what it meant to lose you
No-one will ever know
You wished no-one farewell
Nor even said good-bye
To some you may be forgotten
To others a part of the past
But to those who loved you dearly
Your memories will always last.

Julia Adamiak

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 intense 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 to KARPATSKA RUS, 556 Yonkers Avenue, Yonkers, New York, 10704

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556 Yonkers Avenue
Yonkers, New York, 10704

Dear Lemkos,

Enclosed is a check for \$30., \$20. for the newspaper and \$10. for the Press Fund. I'm 85 years old, born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and I am proud of my heritage. My parents were both Lemkos. I am glad that they sent me to Russian school so I could learn to read and write, and this I have not forgotten. I read the newspaper thoroughly.

Thank you and God Bless you.

Mrs. Alice Yarrish
Woodbine, NJ

With a desk full of unfiled letters, papers, articles, etc. this fine letter was inadvertently misplaced. Our sincere apologies.
Ed.

Dear Editor,

Warmest greetings to you and your family - and may 1993 be a blessed one for all of you. Enclosed find check #108 - in the amount of \$30. to cover the Karpatska Rus subscription renewal and \$10. toward the Press Fund from me and my cousin, Evelyn Olshanovsky.

I have heard from Maryann Sivak of Carpatho Rusyn American and she knew about the book that I was searching for. I've ordered this from her along with a subscription to Carpatho Rusyn. They seem to have a wide range of books and literature dealing with the Lemko heritage. Thank you so much for your help. I am hoping this information will answer questions my cousin and I have, and we hope to learn to read and write Lemko -- in time.

Karpatska Rus and Carpatho Rusyn American will enable my cousin and I to enrich our heritage. Thank you again.

Cordially
Anna Bellino
Scottsdale, Arizona

We thought that our readers would be interested in another article from our LEMKO JOURNAL dated July 15, 1993, Cleveland, Ohio. At that time most of our people were first generation Lemko Americans with a fresh recollection of their ancestral lands.
Ed.

American Press About Lemkos

25,000 Clevelanders Aid Fight for Recognition.

Lost in the midst of Cleveland's cosmopolitan population about 25,000 people are struggling today for national recognition -- for recognition of their own ethnographical identity and racial heredity, and for the world's recognition of their 1,000-year old homestead.

The Lemkos, also known as the West Carpathian Russians, are the oldest Slavic race in Europe. The country of their origin, Lemkovina, a land of villages, is equally divided between Poland and Czechoslovakia. The Lemko tongue is a compendium of all Slavic languages, and in their ancient folklore lies the source of nearly all present-day Slavic customs, touching the national habits of the Russian, Ukrainian, Pole, Czech, Slavic, Serbian, Croatian and Slovene.

Amazingly enough, though Cleveland's population is one-third Slav few Clevelanders know of the Lemkos, or are aware that Cleveland is the home of the largest Lemko colony in America. It is located in the vicinity of Starkweather and Professor Avenues and W. 14th Street, traditional Russian, Polish and Ukrainian neighborhoods of the city.

"Today we find ourselves both Polish and Czechoslovak," points out Demetrius Vislitsky, editor of the "Lemko" Weekly, a national newspaper published at 2490 Professor Avenue. "We seek national unity and a unified government built into a complete autonomous state, preferably with Russia."

The first move toward unification in America was taken four years ago with the founding of the Lemko Association of the United States and Canada, with headquarters here. The organization today has more than 50 chapters.

Vislitsky, who was sentenced to death in Austria during the war (WW I, Ed.) and saved by the armistice, founded the "Lemko" Weekly in Lemkovina before the war. In 1928 he came to America, publishing his newspaper first in Philadelphia and then in Cleveland.

Lemkos throughout the state are expected to attend a first annual Lemko day here, which is being planned for the middle of July.
Cleveland News, June 21, 1933

PASSAIC LODGES 5-16 OF LEMKO

ASSOC. EVENT CALENDAR FOR 1993

Sunday, Oct. 17-FALL BANQUET-1:00 PM
Donation \$15.00

continued from page 1

I tried to tell her why I was leaving Russia. Winter is over, and so is my column, I told her. I no longer have an income. Moreover, my aging parents in Boston haven't seen me in more than a year, and they're worried about their only son in Russia. Call it family obligation or call it guilt. But I've got to go home and see them, I said.

But if anybody could entice me to stay in Russia, it would be Svetlana.

I had met her during the New Year's holiday in Krasny Yarr. At the high school party, she played the Snow Maiden and helped Father Frost hand out gifts to the children.

In real life, she's 36, divorced with two children and lives in an abandoned dress shop. She belongs to an indigenous Asian tribe called Udegeh. And she's wonderful.

How could I ever do what she wants, which is marry her and live in Krasny Yarr? But how could I say goodbye to her?

I didn't know what to do. So I gave her several hundred dollars -- enough to make her the wealthiest woman in Krasny Yarr, and enough for round-trip airfare for her and her youngest daughter, 8-year-old Nina, to visit me in Alaska this summer.

We discussed this in her kitchen over breakfast. Using a pancake as a map of Alaska, I pointed out the location of Anchorage and different Native communities. Then we could drive to Boston together, I said.

But Svetlana said she would visit me only if I promised to return to Russia with her. I couldn't make such a promise, I told her. But I left her the money anyway. "You can use it toward buying a new house in Krasny Yarr," I said. "Or you can come to Alaska."

I think she'll come.

"Are you all right here? More coffee?"

I look up. It's my smiling Denny's waitress.

"No, just the check, please."

I take the check to the cashier. My wallet is filled with rubles, but I manage to find \$5. to give her.

"Have a nice day," she says.

TOM BELL

Russia revives family communities

Family communities of indigenous peoples have been mushrooming in the North of Russia, including the Amur region. The Budur family community now unites 60 families of fishermen and

hunters from the village of Sinda. They are all representatives of the Nanai, one of the smallest peoples in the North.

The village is surrounded by the northern forest and sits isolated on the steep bank of a channel four miles from the Amur. The nearest highway connecting Khabarovsk with the city of Komsomolsk is five miles away. The area teems with wild animals and fish, mushrooms, berries and ramson.

Unfortunately, many local people have forgotten age-old skills of taiga trappers, and even their native tongue, owing to the forced introduction of collective farms and industry and the way of life imposed on the indigenous population in the 1930s and 1940s.

Society is now starting to consider the needs of the indigenous Northern peoples, stimulating the revival of communities. It is now

accepted fact that family communities created on the principles of self-government can best meet the requirements of indigenous peoples, guarantee the best conditions for the upbringing of children and preserve ethnic traditions. Many small peoples including the Nanai, Ulchi, Udegei, Orochi and Nivkhi are now setting up communities. The Russian state committee for social and economic development of the North has allocated funds to buy vehicles, tractors and all other necessary equipment.

"We bought a saw mill and will saw and process timber for local housing construction," said Yuri Donkan, board chairman of the Budur community.

The community also plans to set up a hand-craft shop to make souvenirs, traditional costumes and bijoux. Yori Donkan added, however, that they will focus on fishing, a year-round industry there. The community plans to sell fish in Khabarovsk and Komsomolsk-on-Amur.

Ethnic communities similar to the Budur have already been created in Dada, Nergen, Dayerga and other local villages.

The Head of the Nanai regional administration, Alexander Kurochkin, says that the government is offering full support.

Time will only tell whether this will ensure the revival of the small peoples of the North and Far East.

Yevgeni Bugayenko, RIA-Novosti agency

The Cooking Corner

Mushrooms

- 4 cups Fresh mushrooms
- 1 Large cooking onion
- 3 tbs. Oil
- 1 clove Garlic
- 2 tbs. lightly browned flour
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 tsp. Lemon juice
- 2 cups Hot water

Pick over fresh mushrooms using only those that are firm. Wash several times in fresh water adding salt each time. Drain well in a wire strainer. Place mushrooms in a pot and add enough cold water to cover them. Add one tablespoon salt. Bring to a boil and cook for 15 minutes. Drain the mushrooms in a wire strainer. Rinse with lukewarm water. Let drain well and place aside.

Fry one large sliced cooking onion in three tablespoons of oil. Let fry until golden brown. Sprinkle lightly with browned flour and add two cups of hot water. Stir well to form a smooth sauce; add the strained mushrooms, lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste, and boil hard for 10 minutes, stirring constantly to prevent scorching. Serve hot.

IN APPRECIATION

We extend our thanks for help in producing this week's issue of Karpatska Rus to Svetlana Ledenieva and Julia Adamiak

Ed.

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