

Carpatho-Rus'

Karpatska Rus'



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About two years ago, we printed a short summary of one of our reader's, Greg Leck, trip to Lemkovina. He has now submitted the full story of his experience and it is very interesting. This is the 6th installment. Continued from Issue #4.

In the Wake of Action Vistula: A Search for Lemko Heritage

Tuesday, 3 June 1992 (cont'd)

In the mid 1950's to 60's, PGR, a state owned farm, was started in the area. It failed in the 1960's. Buildings were empty, save for two sheep flocks kept by *gorales* from Zakopane. Each flock had 300 sheep. In 1976, a farming co-op was established by the Silesian settlers. Before this time, settlers who wished to enlarge their holdings by purchase could not, so the co-op allowed those who wished to expand to do so. When they had first arrived, 70 to 80% of Wisloczek was forest and had to be cleared.

In 1983 or '84, the *milicja* brought a man to the village who claimed to have witnessed the burial of the village church's bell. (The church building is no longer extant.) This occurred during the Second World War. The man's wife worked in the bank which had financed the co-op. Metal detectors were brought in to help locate the bell but the high metallic levels of the soil thwarted the attempt. When the purported site was excavated, no bell was found. Experts stated this was due to the bell continuing to sink deeper into the earth. It was not the bell which was the object of all this intense searching, but the icons rumored to have been buried in it. The official version is that the bell was not found.

House foundations were built of stone and clay, without lime. These have all been pulled down, with a sole exception. A root cellar in town is still used and is considered the best cellar in town. Cherries and plum trees are still present from the days when they were the village orchard.

After leaving Mr. Zalisz's office, we stopped at the cemetery. The ruins of a chapel were present, along with part of the metal onion shaped cupola, a few toppled grave markers, and rusted metal plates and crossed. The majority of graves were now only unmarked, overgrown mounds. Nearby, the newer graves of the Pentecostal settlers were arranged in neat rows. We checked at several houses, looking for clues to previous inhabitants who may have returned in later years to visit, but our efforts were fruitless. It was also impossible to ascertain where house number 64, where my grandfather had been born, used to stand.

Lemko Resort Update

Disaster struck Lemko Resort with two blows delivered in bankruptcy court in Poughkeepsie, NY on February 18 and 27. On the 18th, Federal Judge Berk ruled that the two mortgages signed by then president of Lemko Resort, Mary Kosik, in 1992, on behalf of two law firms, Michael Duban and Jacobowitz & Gubits, were valid. He disregarded the testimony of four members who, while on the Board in 1992, stated they did not recall any meeting approving the mortgages. The importance of this setback; the high interest on these mortgages continues to add to secured debt, where as unsecured debt, there would be no interest.

On February 27--the second blow--Judge Berk ruled and converted existing Chapter 11 bankruptcy to Chapter 7, stating the inability of the Resort to pay the current debt by indebtedness of \$38,000.

Several Board members have devoted substantial time and considerable expense in trying to save the Resort, but inheriting a large overdue tax bill coupled with, at that time, two unknown mortgages, made salvation almost impossible. The Board also tried to sell the Resort and/or bring the Orthodox Church in as a 51% partner, but also in vain. We note, with irony, that since last week's Chapter 7 declaration, there are reports of at least 3 interested parties now researching the possibility of bidding for the property.

We proceeded south to Barwinek, stopping for gasoline first, and arrived at 2 PM. We passed through the village of 15 or 20 houses and up to the border, where the road followed the Dukla Pass to Slovakia. Exiting the car, I took a snapshot of the border crossing, then turned and walked back toward Barwinek in order to take a few pictures of it from a distance. A minute later, a jeep with two border police stopped, the officers quickly jumping out and talking away in rapid fire Polish. I handed over my passport and motioned to Jacek, who was now approaching in the car. Jacek explained it was forbidden to take photographs of the border

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An interesting in-depth analysis of the climatic events that began in 1985 in the former Soviet Union up to the present day. This is the Twenty first installment of the story from Moscow News.

The Crash and Rise of an Empire

A Colloquial Chronicle, Russia, 1985-. Part 21

"Democratization"

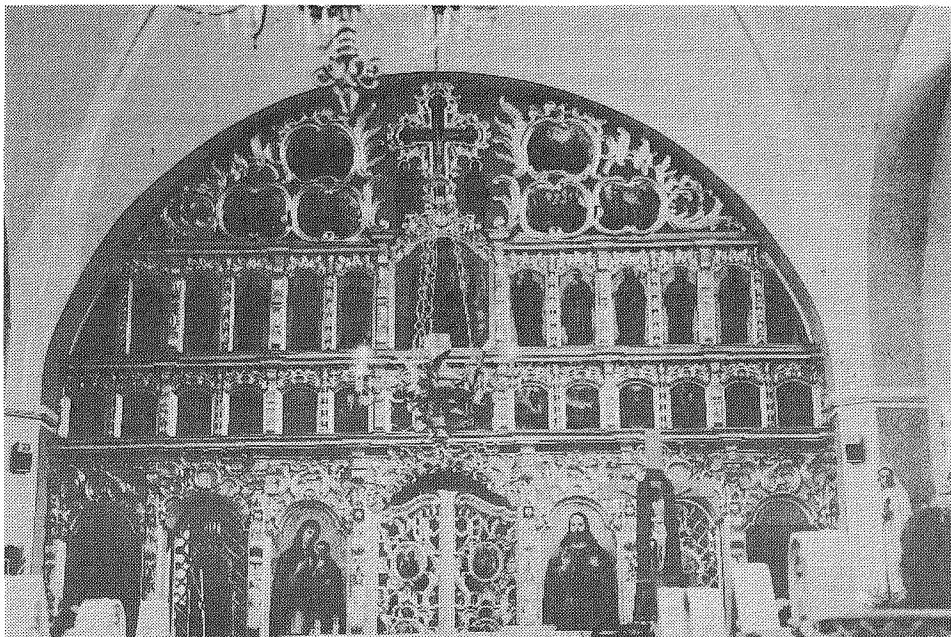
The word "democracy" was abused by Soviet propaganda artists for decades. The phrase "socialist democracy" was used by them to describe one of the most repressive totalitarian regimes in the world. The concept of democracy was embodied in Stalin's, later Brezhnev's, constitution which, if anyone bothered to think of it at all, was perceived merely as a fig leaf covering something much uglier than what fig leaves are usually supposed to cover.

This explains why, when Gorbachev started talking about "democratization" in the autumn of 1986, the word fell on pretty deaf ears: In the people's minds, the word was automatically translated into the "development of socialist democracy," something that they had heard of times out of mind and that had no relation at all to life as they knew it. The more educated elements just grinned maliciously. What we have here is democracy, right? How can we democratize democracy?

Gorbachev wasn't bothered by these semantic niceties, though. He knew what he was talking about. Glasnost and perestroika were mostly limited to the two capitals, Moscow and Leningrad, and a few other major cities. Even here they were no more than a few erratic moves and a lot of talk by the people at the top and vague hopes and expectations among the generally passive masses, but at least there was *something*. In the hinterland -- which began a mere 100 to 200 kilometers from Moscow -- things were very much the same as before. Glasnost and perestroika were something people watched on TV. How could it be otherwise? The people in power were the same as before, with the Party directing every aspect of life - political, social, economic, ideological, even personal and moral--to the tiniest detail. This role of the Party, that of the "guiding and directing force of society," was enshrined in the 6th Article of the country's constitution. The "guiding and directing" were mostly limited to meddling in everything without accepting responsibility for anything, while looking out all the time for the meddler's own well-being. And, as ever, the KGB, the Party's watchdog, saw to it that every minute threat to the system was nipped in the bud.

The all-powerful bureaucracy, variously known as the apparat or nomenklatura, was making all the proper perestroika noises without lifting a finger to implement even the mongrel reform on which the top echelon insisted. The most this apparat was capable of was to write yet another lying memo proving that glasnost and perestroika were in full swing, and that everything was for the best in this best of all possible socialist worlds, except for a few blemishes that were being firmly dealt with. There was no overt opposition,

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****Interior of the Tylawa church. Formerly Orthodox and now Roman Catholic****

Continued from Page 1, Column 2

crossing and for a moment feared my film, which had 35 shots exposed, would be confiscated. However, after showing them my grandmother Paraska Sudia's 1886 birth certificate they seemed convinced I was only a family historian and not a terrorist or spy, and allowed us to go. The officers suggested we talk to Maria Fesz, who at age 83, was the oldest inhabitant of Barwinek, and to check the next village north, Tylawa, for Sudias still living there.

At house number 21, the door was opened by Maria's granddaughter, who told us Maria was sleeping and difficult to wake up. Nevertheless, she soon appeared to tell us that Barwinek, like Wisloczek, was all new houses and most of the old buildings, and the old house numbers, were gone. During the Second World War, she had been a forced laborer in Germany and when she returned to Barwinek after the war, all the Lemkos were gone, having been deported to Ukraine. She, herself, was then resettled in Szczecin (the former German Baltic port of Stettin), before returning 15 years later. She is the last Lemko in Barwinek. When she learned that my grandmother was a Sudia, she cried tears of joy. Her own grandmother, Anna, was on my list of Sudia's gleaned from the Greek Catholic birth, marriage, and death entries in the archives at Przemysl. She told us she never would have dreamed someone would one day have made note of it. She became so emotional she was unable to speak any longer. We took some pictures, promising to send copies, and waved good-bye.

In Tylawa, we stopped in the parish church, which had been a Greek Catholic church in my grandparent's time, converted, in the late 1920s, to an Orthodox church, but, since WW II, was now Roman Catholic. The priest showed us around, explaining how much had been restored. The outside grounds and graveyard were overgrown and in a shambles, with gravestones missing or illegible. Inside, all had been restored or redone. Only the altar was original. The building had been used as a smithy during the Nazi occupation, and tremendous work was done to restore it. The priest had to deal with parishioners reluctant to bear the cost of restoring the elaborate and ornate altar, and with Communist authorities who did not want it restored at all. Happily, he triumphed, and the beautiful iconostasis is the highlight of the interior. Of the three original bells, only one remains.

Our last stop was to see 90 year old Wasil Sudia, who claimed to have remembered the First World War and Emperor Franz Joseph, whom he said was good, and then went on to denounce Stalin, Lenin and Hitler. Wasil rambled on about the old days, and told of mistakenly receiving \$50. in the mail from the USA from the brother of a Wasil Sudia who lived in nearby Zyndranowa. He returned the money, but later, when his own brother in South America ("nothing but lemons and oranges there," he remarked) sent him \$200., it was mistakenly given to a gypsy, who kept it. Obviously a lonely old man, he talked on and on, and we left with great difficulty.

We returned to Krosno at 4:00 PM. We checked at the bank for information on a cash advance against our credit card, but the bank was closed. We returned to our hotel where we paid our driver Wyeczek \$50. and Jacek \$70.

We walked across the street to the railway station only to find out the train to Cracow left only from the main station. Back in the room, I tried without success to call the VISA 800 number. (Not possible, the front desk said from this post office.) My request to reach an AT&T operator only drew shrugs from the desk staff. I finally called the AT&T Universal card number (supposed to be collect but this term also unknown) and ended up paying dearly for a call which yielded no useful information. I was told to "just go to any bank and present your card for a cash advance." When asked about how to obtain an AT&T operator, instructions were given for direct dial. When I informed the representative that direct dial did not exist, she said the hotel desk would know how to get the operator. Big help. It aggravated me that they touted their "world wide service" yet were

absolutely useless to me when I needed them. I began composing a nasty letter in my mind to send upon our return.

Thursday, 4 June 1992

We awoke and checked out, after a quiet night, thankfully. Waited for Jacek in the lobby, a bit nervous he wouldn't show up, but he finally did. We piled into his tiny Polski Fiat and headed to the bank. There, we learned that the only bank which would accept foreign credit cards was in Rzeszow. So much for that. We also decided to take the bus to Cracow. We went to the district museum offices, where, of course, Jacek was on a first name basis with the director. The latter was as befuddled as everyone else as to where the records I sought were. While he looked through various catalogs, Jacek helped himself to the phone and made a few inquiries as well. No success. Jacek had sent his secretary out in search of the *Beskid Niski* map but she returned without it. She did bring several ethnographic books back, though.

We toured the museum, also very interesting. Krosno had been a big manufacturing center, especially of clocks. It was also a center of gas production and the gas streetlamp had been invented there. We next went to the glass factory where we bought 6 glasses for John Kingham and an art object for Jon Shea. Jacek then deposited us at the bus station and bought our tickets before saying good-bye. He told us how he often road this bus when he was a student at Jagiellon University, sometimes having to stand the whole way. Now, prices were higher, and less travellers meant more seats.

I was happy to have met Jacek. He was very knowledgeable and helpful as well as an excellent translator.

The ride to Cracow was pleasant and scenic; it took about 4 to 5 hours. After lugging our packs from the terminal we took the only available room in the Hotel Polski (a suite) near the Florianska gate. No problems with credit cards here. We wandered through the art gallery above the Sukiennice, seeing epic paintings by Matejko, and two wonderful ones by Chelmonski. (One was the original from which a print in the Motel Cisna was copied.) Later we wandered about the square while several military bands from different European countries played. The United States Air Force Band played as well, and was clearly the crowd's favorite. Dinner was at a Lebanese restaurant by the Florianska gate. We talked quite a bit with the owner, a Lebanese who spoke English, having learned it while in Detroit. He promised to make us hummus if we would return the next day to pick up a letter to mail for him in the USA.

That evening, I ventured into the mass confusion of the railway station and somehow came away with two tickets to Warsaw. Gypsies were everywhere and I was genuinely nervous about having my pocket picked in the chaotic crowds. Returning to the hotel room, I bought some flowers from an old woman sitting in the pedestrian underpass to bring back to Cathy.

Greg Leck
To be continued

NOTICE

Cleveland Branches 6 - 1 of Lemko Assoc.

will hold their annual meeting on Sunday, March 16, 1997 beginning at 2 PM at:

Denise Romanowich, Rec'y. Sec'y.
3718 Germaine Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio 44109

Important discussions will be held, including the election of officers. We request that all members attend.

Michael Haszyc, Pres.

NOTICE

Passaic Branch 5--16; Lemko Assoc.

1997 Schedule of Events

April 13	Spring Banquet, 2 PM	\$15.
July 20	Annual Picnic, 1 PM	\$15.
October 19	Fall Banquet, 2 PM	\$15.

Birthday Meetings

June 8	2 PM
September 14	2 PM
December 7	2 PM

All functions are held at the Masonic Hall, corner of Ann Street and Lanza Avenue, Garfield NJ

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I would like to thank you for all the work you and your staff do in producing the Carpatho-Rus. My grandmother really enjoyed the stories featured in each issue. Unfortunately, she is now unable to comprehend them any more. Age has finally caught up to her--she just turned 99!

I am enclosing a check that you should apply to the Press Fund, but I will not renew my subscription.

I wish you and yours the best of luck in the future and keep up the good work.

Most sincerely,
Jon Belkin

Press Fund Contributions

Patricia Filiak, in memory for Theodor Dokla	\$50.
Olga Hubiak	50.
Jon Belkin	40.
Olga Shast, in memory of Andrew Shast	30.
Adamiak Lodge 1-6&80, dinner proceeds	35.
John P. Garbera	25.
Theodor Felenchak	20.
Maria Kowalchuk	20.
John Fecica	10.
Timko Fecica	10.
Michael Hanczar	10.
Hostina Korba	10.
Stephen Kyrillo	10.
Varvara Kyrillo	10.
Seman Wan.	10.
John Wislocki	10.

Total \$350.

AUDIO and VIDEO Tapes

Item #1 Karpati-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 #3: East European Folk Festival;

Each year, the Lemko Association of the U.S. and Canada sponsors a festival of East European dancing and singing. This video offers highlights of the 25th festival which was held in 1993. It includes excerpts of an Orthodox Catholic prayer service and concert of Karpati-Rus;, Ukrainian, Russian and Slovak folk songs and dancing.

Item #7: Folk Songs from the Uzhorod Region;

"Muse Zakarpatskaia through 12 folk songs that were recorded in Soviet days in 1955.

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Item #3.....\$25.

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Continued from Page 1, Column 3

everyone in the apparat publicly welcomed reform, and all things remained as they had been. The bureaucracy was biding its time, convinced that the young General Secretary's new fad would blow over in a couple of years.

Gorbachev was well aware of all that, for he was nothing if not an apparatchik himself: He had spent his entire conscious life in the womb of the same bureaucracy. He read the press, he read the reports of the secret police, he talked to the top Party bosses. The general impression was that perestroika *probuksovyvayet* "perestroika is wheel spinning." To check this impression, Gorbachev cut short his holiday in Lower Oreanda, Crimea, and went to the area he knew best, Krasnodar and his native Stavropol region in the south. If he needed any confirmation, he got it. Despite the KGB-organized bread-and-salt welcome and walkabouts among carefully selected citizens, the facts came through quite clearly: There was support for and expectation of change among the more educated workers, peasants and employees, and a hard core of resistance among the ruling class, the apparat.

On return to Moscow, he dug into the mountains of letters addressed to him personally or the Central Committee. The burden of many of these sounded a bit Maoist: Let's open party at headquarters! The peaceable General Secretary could not allow anything of the sort, of course. That would be undermining the basis of his own power, for he was in no way a god-like figure like Mao who could always rely on unthinking, fanatic enthusiasm of countless millions.

But he decided that something would have to be done to avert this drastic development. So he gave orders to start preparations for a Central Committee plenary session on the cadre question. For another thing, he decided to get rid of one of the worst hard-liners on the Politburo, Kazakhstan's First Secretary Dinmukhamed Kunayev.

The way he removed Kunayev is a fine indication of how much of a democrat Gorbachev was. The whole operation was carried out in the best traditions of "democratic centralism." A commission was sent to Kazakhstan to investigate the condition of cattle-breeding in the republic. This "cattle-breeding" slant caused a few wry smiles, for it was clear to anyone with an ounce of political sense that Gorbachev was getting rid of the Old Guard and simply going through the motions of the Party games. The situation was found totally unsatisfactory. Kunayev was criticized for all sorts of sins, including and "erroneous cadre policy" --which meant, in effect, that the whole republic was ridden with corruption, with practically all positions of power filled by Kunayev's relations or close friends. On the strength of this, Kunayev was dealt with summarily: Comrade Razumovsky, the Party's cadre boss, flew over to Alma-Ata and announced to the local central committee that Kunayev was out and Kolbin, an ethnic Russian, was in. The whole thing took less than 20 minutes, according to informed sources. That was the extent of "intra-Party democracy" or "democratic centralism" at work. Even the choice of Kazakhstan's next Party boss was characteristic. Kolbin was the tough guy who as Georgia's second secretary had cleaned up the worst excesses of corruption in that republic and was clearly expected to repeat the performance in Kazakhstan.

Only it didn't quite work that way this time. For one thing, talk of glasnost and perestroika had begun to bear fruit and the masses naively thought that they could express their feelings openly now. And those were fairly ruffled feelings. Kazakhs made up only 38% of Kazakhstan's population at that time, but were in positions of authority everywhere, so now they felt their supremacy threatened -- apart from the natural nationalist resentment at seeing one of their tribe kicked out so unceremoniously. This could have ended in mere muted discontent, had it not been for a lot of combustible material concentrated in Alma-Ata: The students of the capital's higher educational establishments were mostly the sons and daughters of the power-wielding Kazakhs now threatened by an imminent purge.

So on the day following Kunayev's dismissal, December 17, about 5,000 of those students gathered in Alma-Ata's central square to stage what, according to foreign correspondents, was a peaceful demonstration, although the Soviet media later reported that there had been some rampaging through the streets and car-burnings (having witnessed routine knifings and shootings in other Kazakh towns before, I'd be inclined to accept the second version of events, but that's just a personal opinion). The KGB and the new Party boss automatically overreacted to the situation, and the rally was dispersed with some brutality, although no casualties were reported. Kunayev vengefully refused to do anything to calm the passions, and the new regime started under a cloud.

This ethnic unrest was the first in many years, and also the first of many to come. It illustrated quite graphically Gorbachev's insensitivity and helplessness in the face of what was probably the greatest challenge to his authority -- the nationalities issue. The blunder seems all the more glaring in retrospect, as he had no choice at the time. Nursultan Nazarbayev, Kazakhstan's present leader was quite a viable option and still Gorbachev preferred to move along the beaten path, using the man who proved his worth in one situation to deal with a completely different one.

True, Gorbachev criticized rather trenchantly the Party's previous nationalities polity "abounding in slogans which resembled after-dinner speeches", but what he wanted instead of that was another set of nicer slogans, not actual changes in government, as was later proved time and again in crisis after crisis.

Sergei ROY--Moscow News

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IN APPRECIATION

We extend our thanks for help in producing this week's issue of Carpatho-Rus to Svetlana Ledenieva Larissa Ivanova and Greg Leck.

Continued from Issue #20, 9/27/96

THE HISTORY of LEMKOVINA

Part 30

The Consequences of the Introduction of the Union in Zakarpatya (Sub-Carpathia)

The victory of the Union in Zakarpatya had serious consequences. The native Russian language, which was a spoken language of Zakarpatya, was now reduced to the language of the lower class people. In the first year of Hungarianization-Germanization, the development of their native language was out of the question. The oppressive government protected the priests' interests, which required that villagers give part of their harvest to them. This was called "coblina" and "rokovina" (religious tax, tithe?). In addition, every villager had to work one appointed day on a priest's field without any payment. The Union clergy used the power granted to them by the Germans to the greatest extent.

The Union's clergy played its role in the national life of Zakarpatya. They sided with the people's enemies, who were always afraid of their relationship with their Northern brothers.

In spite of oppression, the political and cultural interaction between Zakarpatya and the North persisted for a long time. They continued to receive documents and literature from Kievskia and Halitska Rus. During the Tatar-Mongolian occupation, Moscow was the cultural center for the people of Zakarpatya. Grateful people will always remember the help that the Tzar, Peter the Great, gave to the rebellions of Rakotzia. When the revolt of Bogdan Chmelnytski began, the people waited for a signal to join the rebellion. The Habsburgs were aware of the sympathetic relationship between Zakarpatians and their Northern brothers. The Austrian Empress, Maria Teresa, banned the import of books from Russia, and, meanwhile, she tried to use Union priests as gendarmes who would throttle the people's desire to reunite with their northern brothers and revert them to dark masses without name or origin. Pursuing these intentions, she founded the Seminary in Vidnja named after St. Varvara and known as "Barbareum". To cement the Union priests control and maintain the Habsburg dynasty, she donated several houses, including Uzhgorod castle and Collegia, to the Uzhgorod Union eparchy. It was a smart move on her behalf. Very soon the Union clergy forgot their native language and for many decades people had to look and listen to a priest, who preached in Hungarian.

Fortunately, in the 19th century there were a group of Union priests, who did not take that path, but faithfully served their people, encouraging them with the spoken word and in writing. They were Dychnovich, Pavlovski, Stavrovski (Propadov), Dulishinovich, Silvay-Meteor, and others. With their good will, they still were not powerful enough to break the bonds of the environment where they originated.

Translated by Larissa Ivanova
To be Continued

The Cooking Corner
Veal Paprikash

1/4	cup	onion flakes
3	tbls	water
2	lbs	boneless veal stew meat
1	cup	canned tomatoes
1/2	cup	sour cream
2	tbls	shortening
1 1/4	tsp	salt
1/16	tsp	red pepper
1/2	cup	water or stock

Soften onion flakes in the 3 tablespoons of water. Set aside to use later. Cut veal into one inch cubes and brown in shortening. Add softened onion. Stir and cook 2 to 3 minutes. Add paprika, salt, red pepper, tomatoes and water or stock. Cover and cook 1 hour or until veal is tender. Add sour cream just before serving. Heat but do not boil.