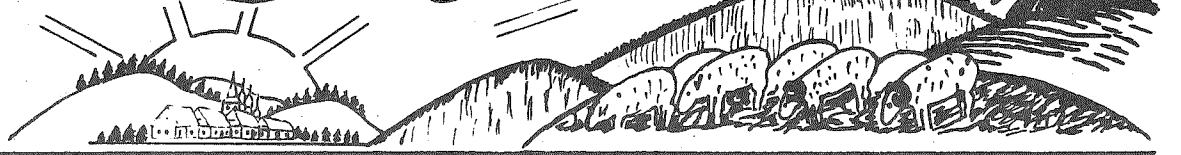


# Carpatho-Rus' Karpatska Rus'



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

NO. 2 CARPATHO-RUS, YONKERS, N.Y. JANUARY 17, 1997 VOL. LXX

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 3rd installment. Continued from Issue #1.

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

Saturday, 30 May 1992

We rose early, checked out and plodded down to the bus terminal, stopping to grab some tarts and a bottle of lemon drink for breakfast. It was raining slightly, and we noticed the Russian market was already open.

At 7:05 precisely, the Sanok-Ustrzyki Gorne bus pulled up. As we expected, you had to buy tickets from the driver, who pulled out several (different colors for different destinations) and punched them. A dozen soccer pendants hung from above the windshield. The bus smelled of stale sweat, Russian tobacco, diesel exhaust, and alcohol (an empty vodka bottle rolled up and down the aisle. Apart from this, it was just like the Mercedes we had travelled in earlier. In fact, the suspension was better—it bounced and jolted less on this trip. After 2 1/2 hours and innumerable stops, we arrived at Ustrzyki Gorne. It wasn't the end of the world, but you could see it from where we got off the bus.

By now it was raining in sheets. The nearby mountain peak loomed, foreboding, out of the rain and fog. Torrents of water ran by. We changed into raingear under the porch roof of the campground office, where a German Shorthair Pointer waited patiently for his morning meal. My original plan was to hike through the mountain trails the first day to some mountain huts (A frame bunkhouses) and then continue on the next day to Cisna, where there was a motel. The following morning we would walk to Majdan, and take the narrow gauge railway along the Czech border to Rzepedz, where we would start our hike through the Beskid Niski, to Wisloczek and on to Krosno.

We were discouraged, in no uncertain terms, from making the hike by several men who shook their heads when I pointed our route out on the map. All the rain had made the trail impassable. We decided to set out for Brzegi Gorne, four miles away, by walking along the road. From there, we would see what the weather did before deciding where to strike out for next.

We had good goretex raingear, but Cathy was wearing only sneakers and they were saturated within 100 meters. Even my boots, which had goretex linings, were getting damp inside. We stopped at a *sklep* where I got a piece of plastic off a beer case to cover the rucksack. The large backpack I was carrying was getting soaked through but there was nothing to be done about it so we trudged on. The rain had brought out many snails, dozens of which had crawled onto the road. Some were rather large. Cathy insisted on stopping to remove each one to the safety of the

Continued on Page 2, Column 1

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I just finished reading a book published in Poland in 1994, entitled "Rapsodia dla Lemkow". It was written by Yaroslav Zwolinski [YZ], a well known Lemko activist among our people in western Poland, where they were deported by force in 1947. He was born in 1929 in the village of Florynka, and currently resides in Koszalin. He was one of the founders of "Stovarishenya Lemkiv", and worked within it, when for years it was not recognized by the Polish authorities as a distinct Lemko entity, functioning outside of the "Ukrainian Social-Cultural Society", which was created in 1956. He is a witness to the events that are covered in the above book. There are two events described by him, that I'd like to bring to your attention, and hope that the Lemko Association would appropriately respond to it:

1. This book includes five letters to YZ from father Jan Polanski, aka our loan Lemkin (?), however YZ has additional ones in his possession. Besides dealing with activities of father Polanski, the book states: [literal translation is mine from the original in Polish] "...This was a serious warning, that we are an irritant to the authorities. Once again we were warned by father Jan Polanski in his letters of 3/10/58 and 4/01/58. At this same time in America - Lemko activists for "Lemko Soyuz" concluded that organized assistance needs to be planned for those Lemkos who are returning home, to Lemkivshchyna. It was decided to create an Assistance Committee ("Relief Committee"), which would have its equivalent in Poland, and also a Lemko organization. News that Lemkos from America wished to help all those who were returning home, spread like lightning throughout the west [western Poland]. Return of Lemkos accelerated. Those who couldn't wait, and were not concerned about repercussions and hunger, packed their meager belongings, and headed back to their native villages, even if that meant ending up under an open sky. It was at this time that most Lemkos returned to the county of Gorlice. To a large degree, father Jan Polanski was involved with the work within the Assistance Committee. Taking into consideration the political realities of those times, this assistance was aimed against the Ukrainian Socio-Cultural Society (USKT). What was even worse, this assistance was to come from an imperialist country, and this could be considered a criminal act (being in touch with entities hostile to Poland). At this time, with such a large number of people returning, authorities were a little bit at a loss, but let's not kid ourselves, we were under intensive surveillance, subject to all sort of traps both at work and at home. We received official news that "Lemko Soyuz" wished to send a delegation to meet with the Polish government, to discuss assistance to Lemkos in rebuilding their homesteads and to research the legal issues connected with activation of the Assistance Committee. A letter was received from father Polanski, dated 8/26/58, in which he informed us about the forthcoming arrival of the American delegation, names of the delegates, and requested that a two or three person delegation be organized to meet with them. This delegation had an

Continued on Page 2, Column 2

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 Eighteenth installment of the story from Moscow News.

## The Crash and Rise of an Empire

A Colloquial Chronicle, Russia, 1985-. Part 18

### "Hammers and Sickles"

In July, 1986, the Soviet people, and notably the Muscovites, experienced one of the more obvious Cold War hiccups. In 1980, the United States and quite a few other countries boycotted the Moscow Olympics, on account of Afghanistan. Moscow retaliated by boycotting the Los Angeles Olympics, making a big noise about some idiot hate groups in the United States wearing badges with the legend, "Kill a Russky." Now, as a clear propaganda exercise, and perhaps to solace the thwarted ambitions of Soviet athletes, it was decided to hold Goodwill Games in Moscow to make up for the Olympic disappointment.

Employees of countless Moscow offices were given a day off, to attend the opening of the Games under the Party and trade-union organizers' supervision—to create the impression of a mass celebration. My heart goes out to all these worthies. Thanks to them, I saw 800 meters (my distance) run as never before or since: The winner was the balding Cuban Juantorena, whose style, which had all the smoothness and fluency of a dream, simply made me feel ecstatic for a few moments.

I may be mistaken but I sometimes felt there was a sort of pent-up fury about the sportsmen's actions: The athletes were competing not only among themselves but mostly against the organizers in Los Angeles. The organizers announced, with much fanfare, that more world records were set at the Goodwill Games than at the Olympics.

Indeed, I clearly remember hammer-throwing records falling like kingpins. Front-bench spectators were told by anxious stadium officials to move back, in case one of those misguided missiles should drop on the crowd. A joke much bandied about at those Games ran something like this: "How do you manage to throw the hammer so far?" a hammer-thrower is asked by an eager-beaver reporter. "You give me the sickle," replies the sportsman glumly, "and see how far I can throw that!"

## Teleports and Sex

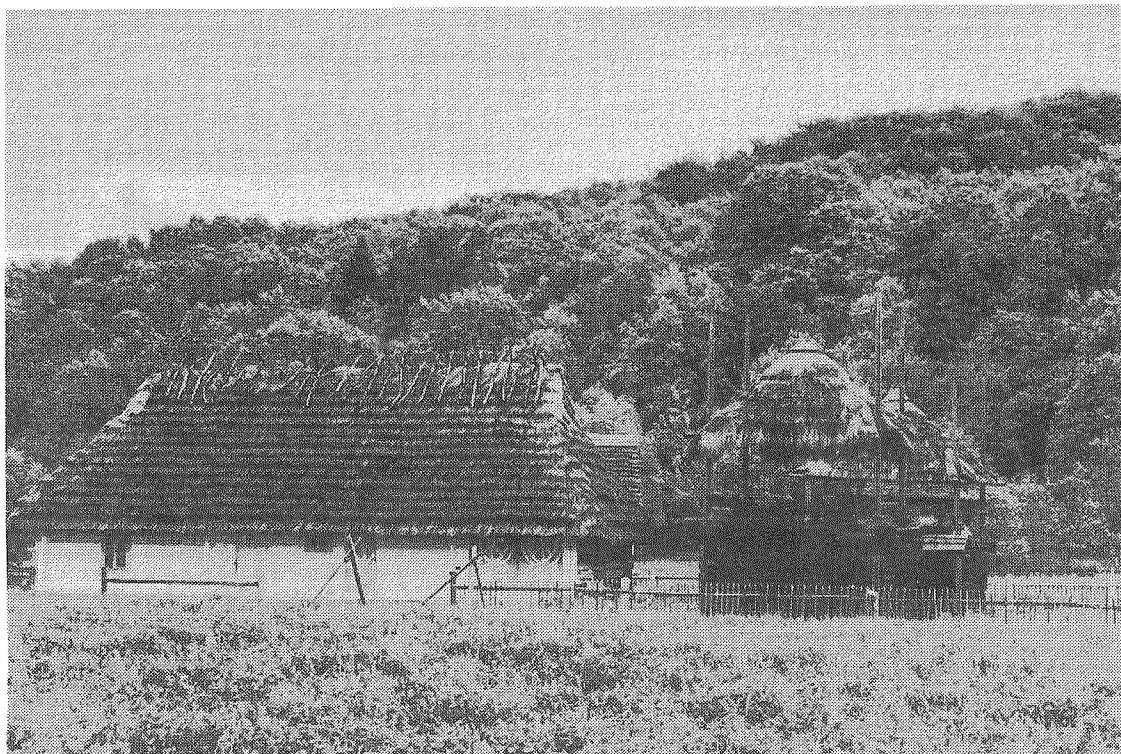
Despite such Cold War echoes, the peoples of the two superpowers were learning a great deal about each other, and learning fast. TV was one of the mightiest instruments or rather teaching aids here, especially through teleports. True, every attempt was made to stage these as all-out propaganda affairs as well, and not just on the Soviet side, either, but the mutual ignorance was so great that even the basic facts about each other came as a revelation, helping to see the other side

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shoulder. The streams we passed over were rushing torrents.

After forty five minutes, a Mercedes van (the first I have ever seen) pulled up. Obviously the driver was stopping for the two idiots walking in the rain. The driver, Adam, was travelling with his wife, Maria, out on a Saturday pleasure drive from Tarnow to see the Bieszczady. Adam spoke English, having spent four years in the States (California and the West, Chicago, and New York City). He appeared to know a lot about the USA but was very evasive about what he did in the States or in Poland, but was obviously rather affluent. Perhaps he was involved in some black market or other questionable activity. He dropped us off at Cisna, after asking me in detail about my work, salary, and what my education cost! We were now 36 hours ahead of schedule.



\*\*\*\*\*Traditional Lemko farmhouse. Note the adjustable roofs for the haystacks\*\*\*\*\*

Continued from Page 1, Column 2

There was only one motel in Cisna, a daunting ugly block building. We were told to wait (I presume our room was hurriedly made up) and then shown our room: two beds, two shelves and a sink. No toilet, closet, shower, and, it appeared, no heat. In fact, the entire building was cold. I paid for two nights (200,000 zl. total).

In the room we unpacked everything; both backpacks were soaked. Miraculously, the roll of toilet paper from the states was almost dry. The map of the Beskid Niski I had painstakingly made, was soaked and ripped, but still readable. Socks, equipment, shoes, and clothes were all damp. We strung a clothesline across the room (I had fortunately remembered to bring some number 3 ethilon suture for this purpose) and hung things out to dry. It was so cold we could see our breath in the room. Cathy had bought a curling iron in Warsaw which worked by blowing hot air. I had denounced the purchase as foolish at the time since it wasn't worth a tinker's damn but now, it was worth every zloty (180,000) as we used it to dry out our shoes and socks. Gathering up all the blankets, we got into one of the beds. I had spoken to a lady at the front desk to explain we had no heat but she thought I was saying it was too cold and indicated she would turn up the furnace. I thought this might be the case since none of the radiators in the building were warm. After three hours had passed, Cathy got someone to come to the room. The radiator was stone cold. An electric heater was produced and this heated up the room fairly quickly. In the meantime, I sauntered up the hill to where a monument commemorated the Polish army's battle against the UPA, or Ukrainian Insurgent Army partisans in 1944-1947. The town was in a valley surrounded by beautiful mountains. It was still raining, though, and fog obscured the view.

We walked to a restaurant next door. Apart from five or six houses, a clutch of takeout stands, and the motel, that was Cisna. In the restaurant, I had *gulasz*, while Cathy had roast pork. The *gulasz* tasted different, and Cathy's meal turned out to be beef. The beer, *Lezajsk*, turned out to be quite good. I lost my appetite after realizing the meat in my dish was probably kidney. We had almost ordered tripe by mistake. Since no milk or lemon was available, we returned to the motel *bar/kawarnia* for tea. A group of a dozen or so people, including a guitar player, were there, singing folk songs. It was a very pleasant atmosphere and we enjoyed the singing. Meanwhile, the rain continued, but the electric heater was blasting away and our room was warm and dry.

Greg Leck  
To be continued

circumstances, P. Hardy behaved during his visit to Poland in a serious manner, and put up a good facade.... Right after returning, he must have told American Lemkos the whole truth. The delegation had, however, signed in Warsaw several agreements. Several unexplained aspects of this visit remain to this day. Hardy promised that the "Relief Committee" will forward funds for construction of a hospital and reconstruction of two Lemko villages. To this day certain details have not been explained to the Lemkos.

I wish to place a question to the Committee of "Lemko Soyuz" - Was any money sent to Poland? If yes, then how much? To whose account? For what purpose? Maybe one should remind [the authorities] about these funds, especially since this can now be done in present day Poland. The visit of Peter Hardy was told to our group, and accepted, without emotion, but skeptically. As is generally known, his movements within Poland were controlled by certain unfit individuals, calling themselves Lemkos."

2. In a brief biography of Father Jan Polanski, JZ writes: "/...../ In 1958, upon our request, JP wrote the history of Lemkos. The narrative consisted of 500 typewritten pages with 100 photographs. All of these materials he turned over to "Karpatska Rus" for publication in the US. Father Jan Polanski was one of the very few within Lemko ranks, who remembered events that took place before W.W. I, and who, while wearing priest's vestments, was within the mainstream of what was called the "religious war in the hills". He was an accomplished politician, very active in defense of Lemkos. The life and activities of this true Lemko is like a great historical novel, rich in various events, which were known to him and those close to him. In this short description I omitted intentionally several important facts. I refer readers to his detailed biography which contains information about our past in a book written by Jan Polanski entitled "Ostatnia spowiedz kaplana" [Priest's last confession]. I have several letters written by father Jan Polanski to us - activists from Zielona Gora, but I also retain fond memories from our extensive conversations. Highly respected father Jan Polanski, you will remain forever in our memory as the faithful son of our soil, a Slav with a burning Lemko soul, and in literature, as the Great Lemko from Banica. "Vichnaya Tobi Pamyat!"

[On pg. 113, JZ writes].... "In his second letter (dated 3/08/58, JP informs Yaroslav Merena) that a portion of his manuscript (along with 80 photos) was sent to the editor of "Karpatska Rus", Mr. Cislak. Unfortunately, to this day, it is not known what happened to those materials. Here, I, [YZ] must again appeal to the editors of "Karpatska Rus" and "Lemko Soyuz". Dear editors, if these materials are in your possession, and this history was not published, then I beg you, locate the material and return it to us, to "Stovarishinya Lemkiv in Poland", (main office in Legnica). We function legally now - return them for the benefit of Lemkos, in order to preserve our history. Father Jan Polanski has earned it, his masterpiece should find itself in hands of others as well as Lemkos. Our organization continues to function very actively, and has proven itself with a good track record among Lemkos - brethren in the West. Our coworkers are also functioning in the Carpathian Mountains." [YZ]

Walter Maksimovich

Dear Walter,

*Poliansky's book, History of Lemkovina was printed and published by Hardy and Lemko Assoc about 33 years ago. Although we have carried on correspondence with Mr. Zwolinski over many years, we were not aware that he did not have any copy of the book. Two copies have now been sent to him. Thank you for your fine report. Ed.*

#### IN APPRECIATION

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

**Continued from Page 1, Column 3**

as practically human, not a bunch of bestial maniacs bent on destruction and self-destruction.

Soon enough the teleports became a competition in proving which side hates nuclear weapons and wants peace more--a huge step forward compared to, say, Star Wars programs and hopes for security connected with them. The idiocy of nuclear overkill was becoming obvious to everybody, and people took apparent pleasure in telling each other that it was senseless to insist that one side was stronger than the other because it could destroy the world 20 times over, not 15, as the weaker side.

The teleports were also good at showing the abysmal depth of the two sides' complacency about the superiority of their respective ways of life and ignorance about the other side. One gigantic blooper particularly stands out in memory. During the Leningrad-Boston teleport in the same month of July, some cretin on the Soviet side let fall the prim phrase destined to go down in history: "There is no sex in the Soviet Union." "Sex" is a foreign word in Russian (some patriotic purists have only recently denied its right to exist in the Russian language), and the speaker must have xenophobically associated it with something ugly or unpleasant, like sex for sale, perhaps, or perversions - who knows? That one silly phrase revealed a great deal more about the hypocrisy surrounding sexual matters in the Soviet Union than a hefty volume of in-depth studies: The country led the world in abortions while officially preaching Communist-Puritanical rigidity in sexual matters, with Party committees and bureaus routinely meddling in matrimonial affairs.

I wonder what that prim lady feels now, amid all the porn, hard, soft and otherwise, now flooding Russian news-stands and book stalls, video shops, TV and cinema, and sex for sale long come into its own with a vengeance. My guess would be, though, that that Komsomol militant was more hypocritical than stupid: She couldn't have been all that ignorant about the activities of her colleagues, the Komsomol functionaries, procuring fresh-faced Komsomol cadres for the senior comrades. These things were unspeakable at the time, though, and it took a few more months, not years even, for glasnost to wash away the ramparts of hypocrisy and lay bare the sordid, visceral facts about Soviet morality.

**Alcohol Saga Continued**

On August 1, 1986 alcohol prices were raised, but plumbers, reputed to be among the country's worst drunkards, were not worried: Since they preferred to be paid in liquid currency, it was the general public that would be hit by the rise. Like one of those gentlemen of fortune said, "Replacing that whatchamacallit there costs half a liter of vodka. Period." In the countryside, it was the ancient babushkas who suffered, for they also paid tractor drivers in vodka bottles for plowing their kitchen-gardens.

Those were the most immediate consequences of the Party's well-meaning blunders. Barter of this sort was inevitable in an economy that used money as a mere auxiliary to state planning of the production and distribution of every conceivable commodity. In a system like that, shortages of all consumer goods were inevitable, hence rationing, queues, and unwillingness to accept money that was no good unless you had a rationing coupon and endless leisure for queuing up.

Another immediate consequence was the disappearance from shops of sugar and anything remotely likely to be used in the production of murderous homebrewn hooch called *samogon*. This led to the rationing of sugar, more coupons, longer lines and greater illicit profits for the tradespeople from back door deals, or sales *nalevo* "left-side."

As all these things were by now pretty freely discussed in the papers, the government's popularity, what there was of it, plummeted. True, the partocrats, accustomed after decades of

unchallenged rule to observe these public moods with indifference or amusement, still believed in the immutability of the social order under which their stupidity and incompetence were never punished as long as they were collectively in power.

But the discontent among the people grew, as did the knowledge that it was not the mythical "enemies of the people" or distant imperialists that were to blame for their hardships but their own ruling class. They were given now the concrete individuals responsible for such idiocies as the anti-alcohol campaign. As the curtain of secrecy was drawn aside, sufferings in the name of the people's state's highest good were shown for what they were -- the price the people paid for the complacent incompetence of the loquacious General Secretary or moss-brained nonentities like Ligachev, Solomentsev & Co.

Sadly, as the Communists' strong showing in various recent election shows, these historical lessons are all too quickly forgotten by the masses -- luckily, not enough of them to bring those world's worst bunglers back to power.

Sergei ROY; Moscow News

**SLAVIC COOKBOOK**

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**The Cooking Corner**

The day before Theophany (Yordan) is a strict fasting day. Traditionally, a supper, like that on Christmas Eve, is served but with less attention to the colorful customs. In fact, years ago, we called this the Little Holy Supper. The menu is not as strict with more variety in recipes that have no milk, eggs or meat products.

Older people usually complain, saying: "Not another fast day." But I have found that many young people are vegetarians by choice. I'm sharing a recipe with them that will give them some protein. Slastony z fasoli or Bean Fritters or Pancakes are different and ethnic.

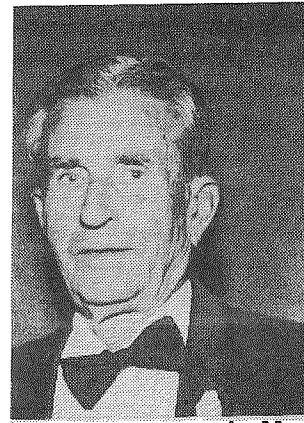
**Slastony z fasoli or Bean Fritters or Pancakes**

1/2	envelope dry yeast
1/4 cup	warm water
1/4 cup	warm milk
4	tbls sugar
1 1/2 cups	cooked navy beans
1	cup flour
5	tbls oil
1	large egg
1	tsp salt
1	cup cottage cheese or sour cream
3	green onions
	syrup or preserves

Heat water and milk until lukewarm. Add sugar and sprinkle yeast over. Mix and allow to foam. Drain beans well. Puree or put through blender. Add flour, 2 tbls. oil and beaten egg. Add

yeast mixture. Let rise for 30 minutes. Heat the remaining 3 tbls. oil in a large skillet. Drop 2 tbls. batter in skillet and fry until set. Turn to cook other side. Serve with cottage cheese and onions, syrup, sour cream or preserves.

The Orthodox Herald



In Memoriam

**Stefan Motyczka, 1906-1996**

Stefan Motyczka, 90 years old, fell asleep in the Lord on the eighteenth of November 1996. Born on January 1, 1906 in Jersey City, NJ to Helen Yavelak and Timothy Motyczka, he was the second of four children. In 1910, Stefan went to Barwenik, [that time part of the Austria-Hungarian empire] with his mother and siblings. There, he spent his childhood, and, as an American citizen, he returned to the United States in 1927. Following his return, he worked as a repairman for the Jersey Central Railroad until retirement 43 years later.

Beloved husband of Anna Warchol, they were married on May 21, 1932 at St. Peter and Paul Russian Orthodox Church in Jersey City and remained parishioners until they moved to Edison, NJ in 1988.

Beloved father of three daughters, Helen Galayda, Mary Gaydas and Lillian Raynes. Beloved grandfather of eight grandchildren: Craig, Gregory and Mark Galayda; Darlene and Cheryl Gaydas and Robyn Raynes Myers. Deceased; Daryl and Gary Raynes. Beloved great-grandfather of five great-grandchildren: Nicholas, Vincent, Ariel and Stephen Galayda and Christian Myers.

As a faithful communicant, a Divine Liturgy was celebrated in his memory at St. Peter and Paul Russian Orthodox Church in Elizabeth with Very Rev. Father Emil Minkovich officiating and attended by many faithful friends and devoted family.

MEMORY ETERNAL, DAD! VECHNYA PAMYATI!

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