

Carpatho-Rus'

Karpatska Rus'



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

NO. 3 CARPATHO-RUS, YONKERS, N.Y. JANUARY 31, 1997 VOL. LXX

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

Adamiak Lodges 1-6 & 80 of Lemko Assoc. will hold their annual meeting on Sunday March 2, 1997 beginning at 1 PM sharp. Place: Lemko Resort, Monroe, NY. Drinks at 1 PM; dinner at 1:15 PM; followed by the business meeting. In the event of snow or ice the meeting will be held on March 9.

A donation will be accepted for the dinner; proceeds to be shared 50-50 between our Adamiak Branch and Lemko Resort. If you will attend, please RSVP (914-496-7450). If unable to attend, please mail your dues; \$6. per person, \$20. subscription to KR + voluntary Press Fund contribution to: Larry Buranich Garrahan, 13 Thompson Drive - KR, Washingtonville, NY 10992.

NOTICE

The annual meeting of Lemko Assoc. Elizabeth Branches 35-7-38 will be held on Sunday, February 23, 1997 beginning at 1 PM at:

P.A.L. Youth Center
400 Maple Avenue
Linden, NJ

We request that all members attend this meeting since important matters will be up for discussion.

Branch Committee

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 Nineteenth installment of the story from Moscow News.

The Crash and Rise of an Empire

A Colloquial Chronicle, Russia, 1985-. Part 19

"Turning Green"

"We must all turn green," Prime Minister Ryzhkov said on one occasion, playing up to the nascent ecological movement. The glib phrase was strictly for public consumption, for nearly in the same breath Ryzhkov advocated the construction of chemical combines all over the place—in the lower reaches of the Volga, whose delta is extremely sensitive to any kind of pollution, in Siberia, everywhere. There were the strictest guarantees of

environmental safety attached to each such project, of course; only the people did not believe them, and rightly so: Environmental protection systems were only built "on the residual principle" -- the bureaucrats' cherished phrase which meant that something would be done if there was some money left over from the main project. Hardly ever was anything left over, and if protection systems were built, they malfunctioned or, as often as not, stood idle, or were switched off whenever "production necessity" (another cherished phrase) required. That "production necessity" included fulfilling some idiotic plan, or overfulfilling it in order to get bonuses, or simply the need to go on producing something when all the filters were chock full of filth and there were no replacements, and if any harried sanitary inspector objected, there was always the nearest Party committee to tell him to shut up, or else.

With the advent of perestroika all these things began to be talked and written about more and more freely, and people suddenly discovered that they were living in cities made unfit for habitation by pollution that exceeded permissible levels tens and hundreds, sometimes thousands of times. Viewers now saw as if with new eyes old films and documentaries stressing the country's industrial might motif by showing rows of smokestacks vomiting voluminous clouds of obviously poisonous stuff. Not that the people had been unconscious of these things: You could hardly be, with smoke pouring into your windows whenever you opened them, children growing up sickly, and the hospitals full of patients with obviously pollution-induced diseases.

Before perestroika, though, there was hardly anything that the people could do about it, except tell each other unfunny, fatalistic jokes, like the one about the city of Magnitogorsk, the merriest city in the Union: It is situated on the banks of the River Ural, and when the wind blows from the right bank, the inhabitants of that area are laughing their heads off about the misfortunes of the left-bankers; when the wind veers, it's the turn of the left bank to giggle maliciously. The source of this boisterous laughter was inexhaustible, for at the time I lived there, some 20 years ago, there were about 500 smokestacks at the vast metallurgical combine there, all belching sulphur and other hellish substances.

I was told that, at the time the metallurgical plant, about the first "construction site of socialism," was built back in the 1930s, American engineers who helped in the planning, proposed building a city in a beautiful, scenic location at the foothills of the Ural Mountains some fifty kilometers away, with a railway to link up city and plant. The plan was said to have been vetoed by Stalin himself, who found it slow and uneconomical, and the city was built right on top of the plant—at the time when environmental protection wasn't even an abstraction vaguely heard of, as under "developed socialism" in later years.

The same economical approach was practiced in every industrial city that grew all over the Soviet Union in the 70 years under the

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 4th installment. Continued from Issue #2.

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

Sunday, 31 May 1992

Arose about 8 AM and decided to walk around a bit on the roads. The rain had stopped but the forests were dripping wet. Cathy decided to stay and reorganize the luggage, which had mostly dried out.

I walked west to Majdan, then turned south toward the Czechoslovak border. I had gone about 2 km. when a jeep carrying two border police appeared and screeched to a halt. After examining my passport (the Australian visa pasted in it was particularly impressive to them), they spent some time asking me what I was up to, where I was going, whether I had a map, (I had forgotten it back in the motel room), etc. When I mentioned Czechoslovakia, they became quite agitated, but after making it clear in no uncertain terms that I was not to cross the border, they went on their way. The remainder of the hike was uneventful, save for sighting two very large European deer with tremendous racks who crashed through the brush as I neared the border. The latter turned out to be an unmanned gate across the forest path. On the trek back home to the motel, I stopped for a *piwo* at a small place where it was supplied on tap from a barrel. After ascertaining exactly where the railroad station in Majdan was, I returned to the motel. Just as I was within 1 km., it began to rain.

Cathy had met *Pan* Jozef, a local, at the monument to the 1944--1947 uprising across from the motel, where she went with Arthur, the innkeepers' seven year old son. *Pan* Jozef, about 60 years old, was a retired policeman from Rzeszow. The innkeepers, Barbara and Alfonse, also had a daughter who worked behind the *kawarnia* counter and two other sons, who also worked at the motel. Jozef played several tunes on his balalaika, and engaged me in a few games of chess (one win each and one stalemate). We also tried checkers, where I was surprised when he moved a king the entire length of the board. With his version of the rules, kings could move or jump the entire board length, and any piece could jump forward or backward. He was an accomplished player, winning every game but one, which was a draw. Arthur played connect the dots and tic-tac-toe with Cathy. She had given him an American dollar earlier which he carried around everywhere. Barbara, Alfonse, Jozef, all seemed genuinely interested in us. The entire day was passed with sign language and pantomime. We had had an excellent lunch earlier of tomato soup and roast beef earlier at the restaurant next door, so we didn't feel hungry enough to eat dinner. As the night drew to a close, Jozef went home to produce a bottle of Russian cognac to share with Alfonse, Cathy and I. After several toasts, we retired at a very late hour.

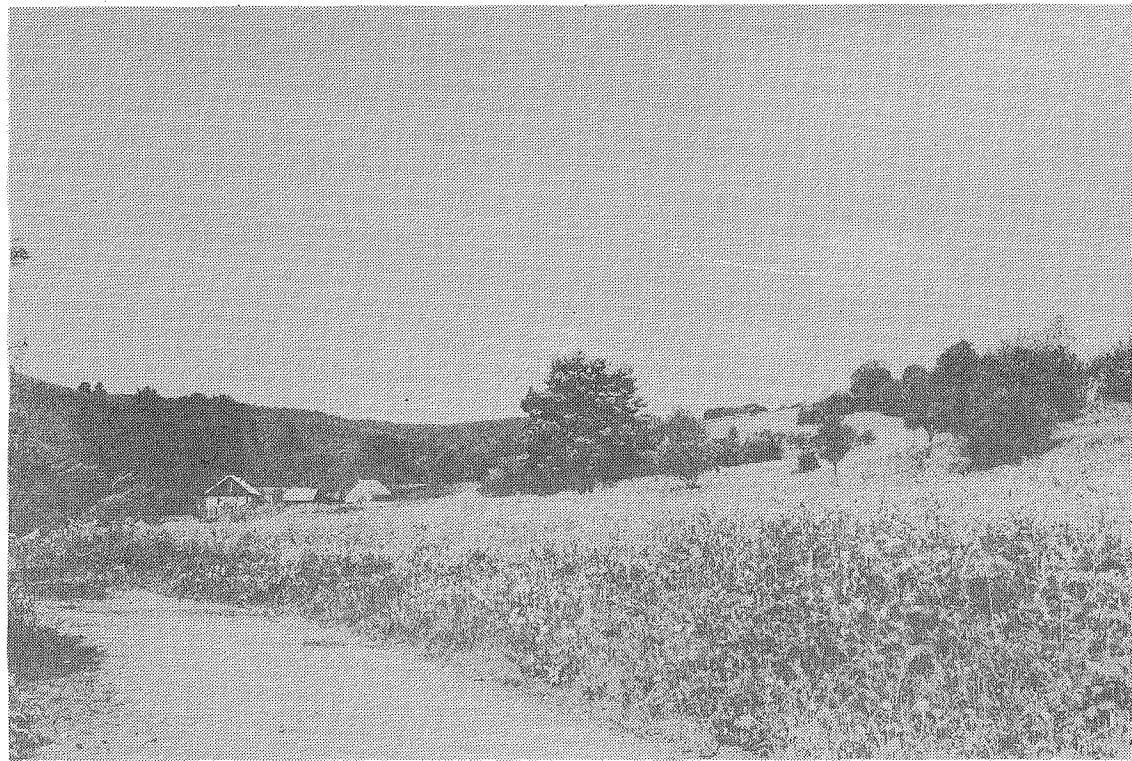
Continued on Page 3, Column 1

Continued on Page 2, Column 1

Continued from Page 1, Column 3

Monday, 1 June 1992

We arose at 5:20 AM to a warm, cloudy day. After gathering up the bags and saying good-bye to Alfonse, we started out for the station, about 3 km. away. We had left a calculator for Arthur and had given one to Jozef the night before. When we arrived at the station, several passenger cars were



*****view of the road from Rzepedz to the Beskid Niski*****

on the siding, as well as several loads of felled timber which was loaded onto bogies. As this was the first day of the operation since the previous fall, there was much greeting and shaking of hands among the train crew. We waited while the train was made up. A steam locomotive (made in Romania), two passenger cars (each seating 27 passengers, but empty, save for us, today) and several loads of lumber behind. Just before our scheduled departure, Alfonse came aboard to present us with a carved wooden icon. He had hurriedly cycled after us and caught up just before we left. Promptly at 6:30 AM, the train pulled out, following the narrow gauge tracks over the Carpathian ridge line. One of the crew asked where we were headed--Rzededz, end of the line. He gave us our tickets: 80,000 zl. for two.

For two and a half hours, we traveled through forests and very small villages, seeing some old timber houses and hayracks, cattle, and horses; shepherds in the fields and old women driving cattle out to pasture completed the idyllic agrarian scene.

As we neared Rzepedz, the locomotive was disconnected (while we were still moving), and continued on. The lumber portion behind us was also disconnected and stopped. The two passenger cars were allowed to coast on the rails before being shunted into the station and a siding before being stopped by a crew member using a hand brake in one of the cars. "Rzepedz!" he announced dramatically, and we set off for town. I had hoped to walk from Rzepedz, to Wisloczek, to Rymanow Zdroje, where we would pick up a bus from Krosno. On reaching Rzepedz, we learned the next bus to Karlikow, where we could start on the path through the Beskid Niski, was not due for another two hours. A fellow who spoke some German was helpful in showing us the bus stop and schedule. We decided to walk on rather than remain idle for two hours. Stopping to buy some provisions for lunch -- farmer's cheese, kielbasa, soda (lemonade or *citryny*), rolls, and chips -- we exhausted our supply of *zloty*. This would have consequences later on, but secure in the belief we could easily change money later on, we blissfully set off on our trek. We passed (as we did everywhere else in Poland) many houses under construction. After turning off the main road, the way became more of a path. Chickens were numerous and dogs barked at our passing. It was now a bright, sunny day, but large puddles and

mud were everywhere. Frogs abounded in all of them, and in one we observed a small water snake capture a tadpole. We passed a wooden *cerkiew* nestled into a hillside, surrounded by trees. Finally, the way became only a footpath in a meadow, and the last house, number 1, was on the left. Stopping to ask directions (or at ascertain our location) we met an old fellow who looked at our map and, when learning we were headed for Wisloczek,

poorly marked and maintained, of marked at all. Using the compass as a guide, we climbed out of the woods into a mountain meadow and upward toward the summit, at 770 meters. Near the top, we stopped for lunch and admired the view. Reaching the top after a rather tiring effort (the packs seemed to gain weight with each passing minute), we spotted a red deer and a low flying raptor. A ski lift nearby gave us our bearings, and we could see towns in the valley. We decided to leave the trail where it crossed the road, change money and catch the bus in order to save some walking. We had been trekking for four hours by this point.

Unfortunately for us, the village consisted of just a few houses. A stork walked along the road in front of us. With no *zlotys*, we walked another 5 km. to Bukowicz, which proved to be slightly larger, but had no *kantor* or bank. After reviewing our options, we asked a truck driver, in a lime green Zuk truck, if he was going to Rymanow, the next big town. After suggesting the *autobus*, we explained our dilemma: dollars but no *zloty*. (We all laughed when I showed him my last remaining 50 zl. note.) He indicated that we should put our packs in the back and we all crowded into the cab. He joked that this was no Mercedes! Ironic, considering our previous transport mode for most of our journey through Poland.

After a ten minute ride he stopped to show us his house, and we all went inside. Augustine, we learned, lived with his sister, Maria, and was married with two children, Isabella and Camille. The kids ran around while we had tea, pastries, cake, soda and eggs in jellied consomme, finished



*****a large wooden Orthodox Catholic Church. Most of these churches were destroyed after the Second World War or *Akcja Wisla*. Others were given to the local Roman Catholics. A large Orthodox congregation exists in the Komancza area, and some Greek Catholics are still in the area*****

asked if I was Ukrainian. I showed him my grandfather's army record book, which contained the regulations in Ukrainian, and he studied that for a while. On the map, he pointed out the site of a World War II battle and indicated that he had been there. In broken German, he also told us that all the houses which had been present on the path ahead were now gone. I suspect they were victims of *Akcja Wisla*.

As we walked through the meadow, we did see several memorials, in Cyrillic lettering, dated from the 1890s to the 1920s. All were in disrepair or had been knocked down. Once, they were on the side of the road, but now they were in the middle of a desolate field. We saw a red fox out hunting, heard cuckoos, and saw several hawks. The path crossed a stream and disappeared into a thicket of woods; near a cluster of beehives it ended abruptly in a giant clump of stinging nettles. We backtracked and now realized that the path was

with Cinzano. Augustine's mother lived with them as well. The house was three stories, rather large, and obviously great pride was taken in it. A stuffed peacock, owl, and weasel, as well as a boar skin and deer antlers, were taken out to show us. After about an hour, we set off again for Rymanow, where we said goodbye. Shouldering our packs, we walked 1 km. to the *Rynek*, where we inquired as to the nearest bank. The shopgirl informed us we were too late: it closed at 4 PM. However, she agreed to change US \$4. for us at one third less than the official rate. We were in no position to argue so we agreed. We now had enough to ride the bus 30 minutes later to Krosno, as well as buy a coke. After arriving and checking in, we walked downtown and bought two more cokes and had a dinner of tomato soup at a restaurant, the *Fiesta*. We were now left with 4,500 zl. (about 50 cents). We retired soon after.

Greg Leck
To be continued

Continued from Page 1, Column 2

Communists. Humans were the cheapest commodity there was, they were expendable and expended by the million in far cruder and more heinous ways than strangulation by pollution, which remained probably the least of the population's worries for decades.

Curiously, this is a point that is passed over in magnificent silence in the latest collection of verbiage by Mr. Gorbachev (*Zhishn i reformy* "Life and Reform" in 2 vols., Moscow 1995. Wholesale destruction of the natural environment and criminal neglect for ecological safety is put down in that tome to "our (the Russians?) extravagant psychology: we thought that [natural wealth] would last a whole eternity" (op. cit., vol. 1, p. 32). Just a mild psychological quirk, you know; nothing to do with the Communist doctrine of world revolution, with military might required to bring it about or industrialization in the shortest time possible, and at any cost whatsoever, to provide that might. Not a word either on the wastefulness built into the socialist economy, in which economic success was equated with money and resources expended. When ecological complaints spread from kitchen debates to rallies and the media, the green movement began to grow apace. Luckily, there were prominent figures to spearhead that movement. Concern about the future of Russian nature had always been a powerful element in the work of Russian writers, starting probably with Chekhov. The theme never died out even in Soviet times. Leonid Leonov, generally referred to as the patriarch of Soviet literature, wrote a long novel on the subject, called "The Forest." Later, Valentin Rasputin produced a moving masterpiece, "Farewell to Matyora," on the despoliation of nature, along with human nature, by the damming of Siberian rivers when vast territories, where people had lived and loved and died for centuries, became the bottom of manmade seas. He also waged a losing battle against the ravages inflicted on Lake Baikal, the depository of one fifth of the world's fresh water, the purest water this planet has, by a huge pulp-and-paper mill built near it. Another Siberian writer, Victor Astafyev, stood up, rather hopelessly, against the barbarous destruction of the Siberian taiga and the tundra. Ivan Vasilyev wrote a series of striking articles about the idiocy of the Party's policy for liquidating thousands upon thousands of neperspektivnye ("unpromising," "futureless") villages and dragging the uprooted people to large settlements. Finally, Sergei Pavlovich Zalygin, another literary patriarch and editor-in-chief of *Novy Mir* (New World), the most influential "fat" literary monthly, trained as a hydrogeologist, became the best-known opponent of the monster called Minvodkhoz, the ministry for water resource management, which probably did more damage to the environment on a global scale than any other institution in the world.

Minvodkhoz is perhaps the best illustration there is of the imbecility inherent in the socialist economy. Here's how it worked, roughly. A structure was set up for performing a certain function, like management of water resources, building canals, etc. The organization was given some money which it had to spend at all cost, for if it did not, its budget would be cut by the amount of unspent money in next year's plan. So it fulfilled and overfulfilled the plan and asked for more money to fulfill more plans. Since the plans were drawn up, fulfilled and overfulfilled by one and the same ministry, which also evaluated the results of its own work and the validity of the plans (it was supposed to have the best specialists in the field, wasn't it?), the whole thing turned into a cancerous growth, a machine for implementing, at the greatest possible cost, of the most weird projects totally beyond the control of either the scientific community or the general public which, as often as not, was ignorant of the nature of those projects until they were completed.

Undoubtedly the most monstrous crime committed by Minvodkhoz was the destruction of the Aral Sea through the construction of numerous canals which syphon off the water of the two rivers feeding the sea, the Amu Darya and the Syr Darya, and are now doing their best to salinate the soil of the Central Asian republics (see my article in MN,

Sept. 1995). It also had grandiose plans for diverting part of the Volga's waters to irrigate the lands of Kalmykia and Stavropol Territory (which would undoubtedly have killed off the Volga and destroyed the Caspian sturgeon yielding 90 percent of the world's caviar), and even more grandiose projects for turning south some north-flowing rivers of Russia's European North and of Siberia (which were fraught with even graver global, climatological dangers than the Aral Sea disaster and, incidentally, would have flooded the area from which Russia is now getting most of its oil revenue). On August 14, 1986, these plans came to a long-overdue end, as the Politburo decided, one wants to believe under public pressure, to suspend the project "pending further study of the ecological and economic aspects of the problem."

This was a very emotional moment for the green movement and the general public, sick and tired of the Party's way of planning things first and not asking for approval afterward. It is not clear even now, though, what dealt Minvodkhoz's pet project the death blow -- glasnost or lack of funds due to falling vodka and oil revenues and the vast sums spent in the aftermath of the Chernobyl disaster and on war in Afghanistan.

Sergei ROY--Moscow News

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Please start/renew my subscription to **CARPATHO-RUS**. Enclosed please find my check or money order for \$20./year.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City, State,
Zip Code: _____

Press Fund
Donation: _____

Send To:

CARPATHO--RUS
c/o Alexander Herenchak
P.O. Box 156
Allentown, NJ 08501
Tel: 609-758-1115
Fax: 609-758-7301

CARPATHO--RUS

Carpatho-Russian newspaper, published bi-weekly by the Lemko Assoc. of the United States and Canada.

Subscription Rate: One Year...\$20.

Edited By: Editor, pro-tem., A. Herenchak
USPS No. 291 460

Postmaster: Send address changes to:

CARPATHO RUS
556 YONKERS AVENUE
YONKERS, NEW YORK 10704

Press Fund Contributions

Julian Antisz, in memory of father-in-law, Andrew Szmaida	\$30.
Mary Rozdilski	25.
Joyce C. Barr	20.
Walter Ilchuk	20.
Eva Skuba Kiehl, in memory of mother, Johanna Skuba Stachuk, ne:Sokolich	20.
Alice Yarrish	20.
Nancy Krynicki	15.
John D. Bober	10.
Eva Chupinsky	10.
Alex Hermos	10.
Konrad Kril	10.

Pauline Macek	10.
Roland Anderson	5.
Melanie Holyk	5.
John Madzik	5.

Total \$195.

The Cooking Corner**Walnut Cake or Nut Cake**

3	cups	all purpose flour
1/2	lb.	margarine--cut above with a pastry knife
Then add the following:		
2	cups	sugar
4		eggs
2	tsp	baking powder
2	tsp	baking soda
1	tsp	vanilla
1	pint	sour cream
1	cup	chopped nuts

Combine ingredients in a large bowl and mix with a wooden spoon. Pour into a greased bundt or angel food pan. Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Bake 1 hour or until tester comes out clean. Cool in pan for 10 - 15 minutes before removing from the pan.

Vicky Windish

Winter 1/2 Price Sale

Karpatska Rus and John K. Adamiak Memorial Lodges 1, 6 & 80 are continuing our recipe Fund Raiser Program. In appreciation of the wonderful support we received from you during 1996, we are celebrating the beginning of the New Year with a 1/2 price sale!

We offer the following 3 recipes which compliment each other and together make for a robust winter dinner:

1. Deedo's pot roast of beef
2. Larry's Lacy potato pancakes
3. Sweet & sour red cabbage 'ala Yaskova

Each of these recipes contains some ingredient which makes them special and different from what you are used to.

All 3 recipes for only \$3. and please enclose your self-addressed and stamped envelope. Plus, Bonus!! act/order before the end of the month and receive the recipe for Lemony Calico Bean soup at no extra charge.

All proceeds benefit the Karpatska Rus Press Fund and Adamiak Lodges of Lemko Assoc.

Please send your order, \$3. and self addressed, stamped envelope to:

Larry Buranich-Garrahan
13 Thompson Drive - K.R.
Washingtonville, NY 10992

IN APPRECIATION

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

The Marvels of Science

A scientist spent many months training fleas to fly. And when he said "fly flea," the flea flew. Then one day, after receiving a research grant from the government, he removed the wings from the flea. Then he said "fly flea," but the flea just stood there. Then again he said "fly flea," and again the flea just stood there.

The scientist then went over to his notebook and wrote down a brilliant observation: "If you remove the wings from a flea, he becomes deaf."