

Carpatho-Rus' Karpatska Rus'



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

NO. 6 CARPATHO-RUS, YONKERS, N.Y. MARCH 14, 1997 VOL. LXX

PRESS FUND APPEAL

We are making our annual **Press Fund Appeal** to all readers to help our newspaper. This is the time for all of us to support **KARPATSKA RUS**, the oldest, continuously published newspaper in America and Canada devoted to our people who emigrated from the Carpathian Mountains. Many of you may remember a time when you attended a social function, such as a dance or picnic, or even a wedding, where you were asked to contribute to the **Press Fund**. These were dedicated Lemkos who thought to collect for the **Press Fund** at every opportunity. We have gotten away from this method and now rely mainly on this Annual Appeal for your financial support.

KARPATSKA RUS was founded in 1929 to bring the news of the world and local Lemko events to the people who hadn't mastered the English language. While the newspaper still informs us of *Lemko activities of the various branches*, it now has another need to fulfill. It now informs 2nd and 3rd generation Americans of Lemko ancestry of our history, traditions and customs of "stari kraji" [old country].

Even though the labor cost of producing the paper is nominal, since most of the work is voluntary, the cost of printing and mailing continues to climb and, together with out-of-pocket expense such as labels, translation, Fax, xeroxing, telephone, newspaper pick-up, etc., the cost averages \$29. per year vs. the subscription price of \$20. A successful Press Fund drive will enable us to improve the newspaper.

We trust that you, the Reader, will assist with your voluntary **Press Fund Contributions**.

The Editorial Board

(Inside this issue there is a coupon that can be filled out to remit your much needed help. Thank you.)

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 second installment of the story from *Moscow News*.

The Crash and Rise of an Empire

A Colloquial Chronicle, Russia, 1985-. Part 22.

"Repentance"

Like absolutely all slogans uttered by Gorbachev, "democratization" meant different things to different people and was used in a rather protean sense by Gorbachev himself. Although he mainly employed it as a means of pressuring the Party apparat, especially in the provinces, into some kind of change, it also added a new impetus and meaning to the previous slogan of glasnost: It would be too schizoid even for the Soviet system to talk of democratization while keeping up pressure on dissidents, overt and covert, the latter class

Continued on Page 3, Column 1

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 7th and final installment. Continued from Issue #5.

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

Friday, 5 June 1992

We had breakfast in the hotel dining room - the cost was included in the room rate. I ordered some black currant juice, a liter of which cost about 14,000 zl (about one dollar) extra. Wasn't sure if the guide, Marta Bohenek, would show. Finally, after 9 AM, I realized that I was supposed to call and confirm with her the previous Tuesday and, if she didn't hear from me, it would be assumed I was no longer interested. While we waited, a large group of loud, boisterous Germans milled about the front walkway, in front of the old walls of the city. I marveled at how any German could ever set foot in Poland, considering what had transpired 50 years previously.

Giving up on the guide, we proceeded to the square, where we climbed up the town hall tower for a view of Cracow. Half way up was a hideous modern art display, a one man show. The artist pressed a brochure on us, which we politely read. At the top, a less than spectacular view of rooftops and antennae. Old pictures of the square were also arranged in the top room; these I found more interesting.

Next, we went to the Czartorski Museum, which was closed, so we took a taxi to Kosciuszko's Mound, where we climbed up the circular path to the top, where we found an impressive panorama of the city and surrounding countryside, all obscured to some extent by the haze of pollution from Nowa Huta. At the foot of the mound was an old Austrian Hill fort which had been converted to a hotel. Finding no taxi on our Continued on Page 2, Column 1

With diverse nations at present (as well as in the past millenium) controlling parts of old Galicia (Lemkovina), coupled with religious differences, Lemkos have been divided with each nation or religion wanting, of course, to assimilate Lemkos. The few of us here at our newspaper often marvel at our popularity, everyone wants us!! Prof. Paul J. Best, Political Science Dep't. of Southern Connecticut State University and a member of Lemko Assoc., has written an analysis of a recent book on our people.

[Prof. Best welcomes comments. Write to either this newspaper or his university]

Beyond the Western border - "Ukrainians" from the Lemko Region in Post World War II Poland: A Review of Ewa Michna, Lemkowie Grupa Etniczna czy Narod? (the Lemkos: An Ethnic Group or a Nation?)¹

The question of Ukrainians living beyond the state frontiers is a vexing one for newly independent Ukraine. The major press sources in the West have concentrated on the Russian Federation's "Near Abroad" problem with upwards of 25 million Russians living in nearby Soviet successor states. Ukraine, too, has a problem with people living outside of Ukrainian territory who could claim to be Ukrainians. The Russian problem tends to be less territorially extensive in that there was no great ethnic Russian immigration to the New World or Australia. Ukrainians, in contradistinction to Russians, massively emigrated in the last part of the nineteenth century and the early twentieth century and after World War II many hundreds of thousands of Ukrainians found themselves unable to return to a Soviet Ukraine. The upshot of large scale movement of was large colonies of Ukrainians in the USA, Canada, Brazil, Australia and Western Europe.

Continued on Page 4, Column 2



*****Downtown Krosno*****

Continued from Page 1, Column 2

descent, we walked back to Cracow along a beautiful little pathway shaded by old trees. Workers were busy mowing a field with scythes. As we neared the city outskirts we found a taxi stand and entered the first taxi in line. The driver, however, thought us crazy when we learned we wanted to go to Wawel Hill and indicated we should walk to it. Obviously he hoped for a bigger fare. We got out and walked again, for another mile.

At the castle, which was mobbed with tourists, we tried several areas before finding out that the Orient exhibit (which contained souvenirs from the battle of Vienna), was closed. We walked to the Old Town again. There, we had tea in a fantastic old cafe, *Jama Michael*. Art Nouveau lighting and furniture were incredible. I had a torte and tea while Cathy had a glass of wine.

The next stop was Jan Matejko's house. On display were his furniture, old photos, and the props he used. I didn't put on the clumsy slippers we were required to wear and spent the whole time furtively shuffling around the many guards. Afterwards, we went up the street for lunch to the Lebanese restaurant, where we had hummous especially made for us by the owner. In return, we carried a letter for him to the USA. By now, the Czartoryski Palace was open, so I finally saw some of the interesting Turkish booty from the Battle of Vienna in 1688, as well as many other objects. I wore the slippers here. In a bookstore, I bought an art book on the works of Wojciek Kossak, a military and equestrian painter.

Collecting our bags, we headed over to the railway station around 5 PM, mingling with the rush hour of commuters. As we passed by one begging gypsy family, they suddenly got up (including one little girl who only moments before had been lying on the ground as if suffering from some debilitating disease), gathered their belongings and joined the crowd. At the station, we found our platform after



*****Outskirts of Barwinek, on border with Slovakia--Dukla Pass*****

much walking and more than a little uncertainty. I talked to two American girls on tour by themselves; they were in town for one day and were going to Warsaw and then on to Prague.

The train was very clean and uncrowded. Some old steam engines were on the sidings as we pulled out of the station. We had a whole compartment to ourselves. I got a beer from the dining car and spoke to a Brit travelling on business and to a Pole reading an art book. A very pleasant ride with nice scenery. Arriving in Warsaw about 8 PM, it was still very light out. After some confusion about our bearings, we left the railroad station and decided to check into the Polonia Hotel, and old prewar building. People out front wanted us to take their private rooms, but we had no cash and were subsisting on credit cards by this point. We booked a room for two nights, then went

across the street to get our bag from the luggage room of the Forum Hotel; John Shea had dropped it off earlier, when our tour group had returned to Warsaw ahead of us. I made a telephone call to the office - a very bad connection, necessitating much yelling to be heard above the static. I hung up and tried again, with only marginal improvement. I could barely hear Mike, though the connection cleared in time to say good bye. We had a good dinner in the cavernous dining room while a loud dance band (two electric guitars and a vocalist) wailed away.

I called Jozef Piotrowski, whom we had met on the flight over from NYC. He had invited us to look him up should we have the time when in Warsaw. He was genuinely happy to hear from us and insisted we come for dinner the next evening. We arranged to meet him at 7 PM in the lobby. That arranged, we retired to the standard lumpy, thinly matted beds.

Saturday, 6 June 1992

We had the usual Polish breakfast in the dining room of our hotel, then caught a bus for the 30 minute ride south to Wilanow, the summer palace. We took a tour on our own, though for the first 15 minutes, I lagged just within earshot of an English speaking guide until Cathy chastised me for being so obvious. Beautiful floors, ceilings and furnishings throughout, in marked contrast to the Warsaw palace. One parquet floor had an interesting design that resulted in a geometric optical illusion.

We rode the bus back to town, again looked futilely for the *Beskid Niski* map, and had a bottle of Gdansk brand beer. Very heavy, like Mackeson or Guinness stout. Saw cauliflower for the first time in the street markets. On a bus near Lazienki, going to the old town, my knapsack brushed against an old lady, who began yelling at me and angrily pummeled the pack. I didn't notice

dropped us off at the hotel about midnight.

Sunday, 6 June 1992

Jozef picked us up and drove us to the airport. He certainly went out of his way for us. After making sure we got through ticket control safely, he bade us farewell.

We had a coke in the airport restaurant. Two very small (six ounces at most) cokes cost US \$3. Compared to everything else we had done, it was an unbelievable rip off. I paid by leaving three old, worn, and torn dollar bills on the table. They would be next to impossible to change; every Polish money changer we had encountered would only accept bills in pristine condition. We rushed to the departure lounge on hearing our flight called. The lounge was a small, stuffy, seatless room where we were kept waiting for over an hour. Finally, we boarded and were off. The flight home was uneventful. The movie was very old: "Oh God" with John Denver.

JFK was the usual madhouse, and hot as hell. MRH was nowhere in sight. I walked out to the parking lot where I scored a baggage cart and returned. About an hour later Mike showed up and we returned home to 308 South Second St. Mike had been staying in the apartment, much to Tetley's distress. Tetley urinated on Mike's toilet kit and kept caterwauling all night, until Mike finally took him down to the clinic to stay so he could get some sleep.

THE END
Greg Leck

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

A Visit with John Chacho

On Sunday, February 16, 1997, Mary and John Kostyk accompanied by Terry and Larry Buranich-Garrahan visited Lemko elder, John Chacho at the Cedar Manor Nursing Home. Mr. Chacho is now 91 years old and confined to a wheel chair. He is clear and alert. His big eyes still sparkle and his broad smile is still present. He took pride in showing us his room which is appointed with a prominent cross, a religious picture, a small wooden Lemko cottage and many, many photographs of his family. Above his bed is a needlepoint picture which includes a Lemko bedtime blessing. Mr. Chacho enjoyed the visit with his old Lemko friends and sends his warm greetings to all Karpatska Rus readers.

While Mr. Chacho cannot return correspondence, I am sure he would appreciate hearing from his Lemko friends. Anyone wishing to write a letter or postcard, please send to:

Mr. John Chacho--Room 118
Cedar Manor Nursing Home
Cedar Lane
Ossining, NY 10562

Enroute home, the Kostyks and Garrahan's stopped at Cracollici's Restaurant in Newburgh, NY where they enjoyed a nice dinner to honor the Kostyk's 56th wedding anniversary (February 15).

Larry Buranich-Garrahan

any of this, Cathy told me about it after we left the bus. I tried to buy a Soviet Army officer's cap (fur, with ear flaps) but couldn't find one my size. We toured the royal palace, reconstructed like everything else, and found it rather spartan, especially in contrast to Wilanow.

We walked back to the hotel, buying flowers and a California white zinfandel for dinner. Jozef picked us up in his Polish station wagon at 7. It took some time to find the way out of the city but we arrived in his apartment in good time. His younger son spoke some English; his wife only Polish. He had been employed as a scientist by the government but started his own silicon chip company, with two other partners. They sold in the USA but were still struggling for a market share and lived rather modestly. Enjoyed talking about Poland, the USA, history and politics. Jozef

Continued from Page 1, Column 1

including practically the whole of the intelligentsia. A signal had to be given to the country that things were changing in this area as well, and Gorbachev made a fairly bold move as he gave in to pressure from his intellectual advisers to release the most famous of the dissidents, Academician Sakharov, from internal exile.

Andrei Dmitriyevich Sakharov was a prominent nuclear physicist who had done probably more than anyone else to build up the Soviet Union's nuclear capability with his work on the H-bomb. In a way, he repeated the cycle through which Albert Einstein and other great physicist had gone, first making scientific discoveries that released monstrous destructive forces on a world that was not mature enough to handle them in a rational and moral way, then bethinking themselves and trying to undo the harm that they had done through enlightenment work and good deeds. Having made all those defense-related discoveries, awarded every possible distinction the Soviet state could confer on him, including the title of Hero of Socialist Labor, Sakharov later became a prominent--the most prominent--human rights campaigner and outspoken critic of the Soviet regime. He sharply criticized the "sending of a limited contingent of Soviet troops to do their international duty by their Afghan brothers," as the December 1979 invasion was described by the Soviet authorities. For this, he was exiled to Gorky (which has by now got back its old name Nizhny Novgorod).

The story of his release has become one of the legends of early perestroika. Gorbachev actually repeated one of Stalin's more famous gestures: The dictator would call some persecuted figure, say the writer Mikhail Bulgakov, and the call itself from that semi-divine figure overnight changed the fate of the person in question. Like Stalin, Gorbachev had a telephone installed in Sakharov's flat and talked to him, making a gesture of magnanimity out of what should have been an act of apology and contrition. This does not detract, however, from the courage of Gorbachev's move, as he acted to some extent in defiance of the Politburo, which had consistently rejected pleas from the intelligentsia for Sakharov's return.

All these things, and much more, came out somewhat later. At the time, though, people simply learned of Sakharov's imminent return through the usual grapevine, and a sizable crowd gathered on December 23, on a dark, slushy day (Didn't it rain, even? Can't remember.) at the Kursky Railway Station to welcome the famous exile. The foreign press came out in strength, but there were also quite a few people whom I later learned to call "beautiful faces," lit up with intelligence and spirituality -- in marked contrast to the dull, stolid features dominating the usual Soviet crowd. At the time, it was an act of courage and defiance just to come and greet the person now regarded as the country's greatest citizen; everyone assumed the place would be crawling with KGB spies secretly snapping pictures, and still they came, and that crowd was probably the embryo of all the mammoth rallies of the late 1980s and early 1990s. They were the same beautiful faces one would see on those momentous three days and nights during the August 1991 coup, defending the White House of Russia.

To the intelligentsia, Sakharov's return was a sign of welcome, long overdue change. To the Soviet masses, though, it was yet another confusing and even disturbing event in a sequence of similar happenings: Here was someone branded as almost a foreign spy, a man hobnobbing with foreign journalists, and worse, -- and all of a sudden they heard that he had been given an unofficial hero's welcome! After a blow like that, groggy mass consciousness was ready to receive even more staggering punches -- and they were not slow in coming.

Some people still firmly believe that perestroika started in real earnest with the Georgian director Tengiz Abuladze's surrealist film "Repentance." I don't think its impact was due to

the surrealism. This was simply accepted by the public as part of the inevitable cat-and-mouse game with the censors, in which the film-makers made a show of camouflaging the film's message and theme with artistic trappings, for the theme was a red-hot one: the Soviet part, Stalin's mass reprisals, the guilt of the executioners still living among their victims (those that have survived, that is) and the victims' children.

The heroine, the daughter of such an innocent victim, rejects the Biblical dictum about the dead past burying its dead in a rather literal way: She keeps digging up the body of the former dictator, a cross between Hitler, Stalin and Stalin's henchman Beria, insisting in a court where he is tried that giving him a burial would mean forgiving him his unforgivable atrocities in the past -- which in turn would mean that he was still alive in the souls of the people defending him. Most of the film dealt with the events all those years ago, during the Big Terror, and here no amount of surrealism could blur the parallels between the events in the movie and those in the lives of many among the audiences that watched it: The fear, the bigotry, the cruelty, the evil of corrupt, unlimited power gone mad, sending masses of people to their destruction in the camps. In one particularly poignant scene the wife and daughter of a victim run to a timber yard and look among the logs for a scratched message from a labor camp -- a recognizable detail that came straight from life and simply could not have been invented.

No wonder the film, made in 1984 in Georgia with the support of Shevardnadze himself, only found its way to the audiences by January 1987, after a series of events that in themselves might form the plot of a thriller. Rumor had it that its ultimate release was due to the efforts of Alexander Yakovlev on the sayso of Gorbachev himself.

The film's effect on the public was staggering. It was like a bad boil that was finally lanced. People cried and embraced after seeing it: The Soviet past could at last be spoken about, the demons that everyone was afraid of, deep down, were finally exorcised.

In the film's final scene, an old woman asks the heroine, who is making icing-sugar churches: "Which church does this road lead to?" "There is no church at the end of this road," she replies. And the woman asks, in naive wonder, "What is the use of a road if it doesn't lead to a church?"

A great many people believed, after seeing the film, that the country was at last stepping on a road that led to a church. Many more must now be thinking that it's a strange kind of church indeed.

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, payable to Lemko Assoc.

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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

NOTICE

To all Lemko Lodges in New Jersey, Connecticut and New York:

Please elect delegates to the First District Conference which will be held on May 18, 1997, at 2:00 P.M. at the Masonic Hall, corner of Lanza Avenue & Ann Street, Garfield, New Jersey. There are many important matters on the program for discussion. We encourage delegates to bring ideas as to how our Association can raise revenues, recruit new members and spur activities in the Lodges.

First District Committee

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 #2: Russian Balalaika and Polkas, Chardashes and Gypsy Eclectic;

This audio cassette tape contains Russian polka and balalaika selections, Slavic chardashes and gypsy melodies. Several folk songs provided here were originally recorded in 1910 on 78 rpm discs.

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 #4: Canonization of Father Maksym Sandovich;

This video includes a biography of Saint Maksym, the first Orthodox Catholic saint of the Karpati-Rus;. The major sites and events of his glorification which occurred in Gorlice, Poland in September, 1994 are uniquely recorded.

Item #5: Video Recording of the Akafist Male Choir of Moscow and the Slavic Male Chorus of Washington, D.C.;

Recorded at St. Luke's Serbian Orthodox Church in McLean, Virginia on March 12, 1992, this video includes 17 classic liturgical songs and shows the interior and exterior of all Slavic Orthodox Catholic churches in the Washington, D.C. area.

Item #6: Canonization of Father Alexis Toth;

St Alexis' biography and canonization ceremony are preserved on this video which was filmed at St. Tikhon's Monastery.

Item #7: Folk Songs from the Uzhorod Region:

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

PRICES:

Item #1.....\$12.

Item #2.....\$12.

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

Item #4.....\$20.

Item #5.....\$30.

Item #6.....\$20.

Item #7.....\$12.

All prices include shipping costs. Send check or money order to:

Lemko Association
555 Provinceline Road
P.O.Box 156
Allentown, NJ 08501-0156

Continued from Page 1, Column 3

Letters to the Editor

The Cooking Corner

The Lenten Period is a reminder for housewives to start collecting their onion skins for dyeing the Easter eggs. It is also time to start using up any meat still in the freezer.

This month is usually dark and drab in the northeast. There's nothing like coming home and smelling something baking in the oven to chase the "gloomies." How about this Apple Bread Pudding with Lemon Sauce (Sladky Pudding z Yablokami e Limonnoy Podlivkoy)?

Bread Pudding with Lemon Sauce

Pudding

1/2	cup	butter
1 3/4	cups	milk
1/2	cup	light brown sugar
6	slices	day old bread, crusts removed and cubed
2		apples, peeled, cored and sliced
2		eggs
1/4	cup	yogurt or milk
1/2	tsp	vanilla
		dash of almond extract
1/4	tsp	allspice
1/2	cup	chopped dates or raisins
5	tsp	fine bread crumbs or wheat germ

Sauce

3/4	cup	sugar
2	tbls	cornstarch
1 1/4	cups	water
3	tbls	butter
3	tbls	lemon juice

Heat the butter, 1 3/4 cups of milk and brown sugar together over low heat until butter has melted and sugar dissolved. Set aside. Combine the 1 inch cubes of bread and apple slices in a baking pan that will take them in a single layer. Wisk together the eggs, yogurt, vanilla and almond, and the allspice. Stir in the milk mixture and dates. Pour the liquid over the bread and let soak for 10-15 minutes. Sprinkle the top with crumbs and place in 350 degree preheated oven. Bake for 40 minutes or until puffy and brown.

Meanwhile, make the sauce. In fairly large saucepan, stir the sugar and cornstarch in water and heat on high heat until boiling. While stirring, add the butter and lemon juice. When the butter has melted, remove from heat.

Serve the apple bread pudding warm, with the warm lemon sauce on the side.

Vanilla ice cream makes a delicious partner for this warm pudding as do sugared, mashed cranberries.

Optional: 1. You may change the spice.
2. Measurements need not be exact

The Orthodox Herald

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

However, closer to the homeland and similar to the Russian near-abroad problem, is the question of Ukrainians living in states contiguous to Ukraine. Certainly, a very large group of Ukrainians, but of unknown specific size, resides in the Russian Federation. A number of Ukrainians also live in Moldova, Romania and Slovakia. Beyond Russia, however, perhaps the largest group of nearby Ukrainians lives in Poland, with estimates of 500,000 -- 800,000 being used. The Ukrainians in Poland came from the Chelm, San, Boiko and Lemko regions (that is, within the post World War II borders of Poland) and were scattered about that country mostly in the Northern and Western territories "regained" from the Germans, in the Spring of 1947. The military and police activity "Akcja Wisla" (Vistula Action) of that Spring depopulated the Southwest border zone of Poland in a Soviet-style "Ethnic Cleansing." To be sure, the idea of establishing an ethnically pure border strip (that is, inhabited by Polish nationalists only) on the eastern side of Poland had been put forward by the National Democrats of Roman Dmowski early on in the second republic. Of course, the borders of the Polish People's Republic (PRL) were established according to Soviet, not Dmowski's wishes.

Since space does not permit an extensive discussion of either the whole of Poland's inter-war East Slavic problem (Ukrainians and Belarusians) or the PRL's attempts to resolve that problem after World War II, we will concentrate on the Lemkos of the Lemko Region (Polish: Lemkowszczyzna, Ukrainian: Lemkivshchyna, Local: Lemkovina) -- see map at end of this paper. [Ed. map to be printed in the future editions].

In the inter-war period both Polish and Ukrainian nationalists started to pay attention to a subset of East Slavs variously referred to as Rusini, Rutheni, Rusyny or, as most widely used in the twentieth century, the Lemki (Lemkos). The problem for both Ukrainians and Poles was in getting the Lemkos to self-identify with either the Polish or the Ukrainian cause. To be sure, there had been a third possibility before World War I, that of identifying with Moscow -- the Russian orientation. While many Lemkos suffered greatly for their pro-Russian feelings in World War I, many being shut-up in internment (concentration camps) by the Austro-Hungarians or worse (an unknown number having been shot outright in the early years of the war), that option dropped out when the Bolsheviks seized power. A different third orientation appeared after 1989 -- see below.

To be Continued
Prof. Paul J. Best

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 more than 30 years ago, and it should be of interest to those readers who have not had the pleasure of viewing it.

Cost including postage and handling, is \$45. To order, kindly send your check or money order to Carpatho-Rus, c/o A. Herenchak, P.O. Box 156, Allentown, New Jersey 08501.

Press Fund Contributions

Joe Hlywa, in memory of my wife, Anna	\$80.
Lillian Raynes, in memory of my father, Stefan Motyczka	\$50.
Anna Farbanec, in memory of husband, Michael	30.
Anthony Gorzik	30.
Helen Labash	5.
Total	\$195.

Dear Editor,

I did receive my newspaper, issue number 2, in which my father's obituary was published. Being on the west coast delays much of our mail.

On behalf of myself and my husband, we would like to extend our sincere thanks to you and to your staff for "cranking out" (as you say) such a fine newspaper. Although you work with a skeleton crew, it is obvious that you all have a genuine desire to continue to prolong the ties that bind us to our heritage.

We visited the villages of our parents for the first time in 1991. Although neither one of us had ever been there, we were filled with a sense of belonging and were welcomed with hospitality by many of the residents. In 1995, we returned to visit again the beautiful homeland of many of your readers.

We wish you all good health and the strength to carry on in your endeavors.

Enclosed, please find a Press Fund donation in memory of my father, Stefan Motyczka.

Sincerely,
Lillian M. Raynes

Dear Ms. Raynes,

Our entire mini staff thanks you; with such words of encouragement we shall continue and strive to improve. Ed.

NOTICE

Traditional Easter Fare

We are pleased to offer you 13 pages of Easter recipes plus a Bonus page featuring 3 red beet recipes. The recipes included are:

Stuffed marinated glazed ham; Studeninetz [jellied meat], Beets with horseradish, Salchison, Spare ribs with nachynka, Kyshka [buckwheat sausage], Easter babka, Baked Cottage cheese, Easter macaroni casserole, Cheese cake, Honey chiffon cake, Filbert and apple torte, crumb cake, Easter paska, Easter doves, Paska without eggs and Rohalki.

The bonus page includes: spring beets, garden fresh borsch, [beet soup].

This collection of favorite Easter recipes is even more expansive than our Christmas Holy Supper collection which you responded to so well. A ne photocopy machine insures better print quality and readability.

To order the Easter recipe collection for yourself, or as a gift for a loved one, please mail \$10. and a self addressed and stamped business size envelope to:

Larry Buranich Garrahan
13 Thompson Drive--KR
Washingtonville, NY 10992

All proceeds are divided and shared equally by the John K. Adamiak Lodges 1-6 & 80 of the Lemko Assoc. and this newspaper -- your newspaper: Karpatska Rus. NO expenses are deducted. All your money goes to support the Lemko Assoc. and Karpatska Rus.

Best wishes and a Happy Easter,
Larry Buranich Garrahan, Pres.
Adamiak Lodges

IN APPRECIATION

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