

# Carpatho-Rus'

## Karpatska Rus'



NO. 4, CARPATHO-RUS, ALLENTOWN, N.J. MARCH 26, 2004, VOL. LXXVII

Many of our readers will remember wonderful Stefany Holovach who passed away about 2 years ago. Her husband, John, lives in retirement on the Jersey shore. For our 1987 Lemko Calendar, Stefany wrote a fine story of her life which was translated by Dimitri. Ed.

### A short Account of my Life by Stefany Holovach

The small village of Andreiwka, in Nowy Sanch County, is located on the Poprad River, on the border between Czechoslovakia and Poland. Located just across the river, in Czechoslovakia, are the villages of Legnava, Starina, and Lipnik, while on the Polish side are Andreiwka, Milik, Zlotske, and Muszyna. Muszyna is a small town, where we used to go to market every Monday. East of Muszyna is Krynica, renowned as a health resort where there are many healing baths with mineral waters for drinking. From Krynica it is nine kilometers to Muszyna, and sixteen to Andreiwka.

Farther west is Zhegestow, which is also a health resort with mineral waters and bilberry bushes. In the time of Austria and Poland, rich people came here from far away for their health. The mineral water here was very good for various heart ailments and anemia, while the bilberry was used for treating rheumatism. There was some kind of black soil here that would warm the body to a certain temperature. A sick person would lie in that mud as ordered by doctor's prescription.

And so our Lemkovina was like a treasury of health, because there were such waters in almost every village or other locality. The young folks of Zhegestow always had an opportunity to earn something from the visitors. The girls could work in serving them, while the boys would carve and paint canes or other articles to sell to them. We also had flowers and berries we could sell to passerby's, because rich people would drive along the road from Krynica to Zhegestow and back. Nobody had yet seen an automobile in those days, there were only horse drawn buggies or so-called "carriages". It was easy for the children to stand at the roadside with their wares, which the travelers would perhaps buy, not that they needed the things but that they saw those children standing there barefoot and sometimes rather poorly dressed. And often they would give us more than we asked for our goods. After such a successful sale we would hurry home content and happy and give our money to mommy. That was how we spent our summer season: June, July, August, and September.

The land area of Andreiwka is sunny, and here and there they could even grow wheat, but not everywhere. In the old days nobody here planted tomatoes, cucumbers, or carrots. Our teacher's husband, A. Stanchak, was the first to plant tomatoes and

other such vegetables. People used to say that none of those things would grow here. But when they started planting them, they found that everything would grow, if it were well manured. They could grow cucumbers, tomatoes, carrots, and corn. Before that, my father planted only potatoes, beets, turnips and cabbage.

My father, Antoni Rusiniak, came from Werkhomlia Welika, and my mother, Antonina, was from the large Holovach family. I remember mother saying that her father was rich, because he had a lot of land. Now, there are three farmers working that land since grandfather's time. My grandfather was mayor of the village for a long time, as mother told me.

My mother was a young 16-year old girl when she married. Father had been to America and came back with some money. When grandfather learned that a young man had returned to Werkhomlia with money from America, he was determined to have his daughter marry him, because he had a debt with the Jew that required repayment. Everybody know that there probably was not a single village in all of Lemkovina that didn't have a Jew. The Jew would have a store and would sell whiskey and other things the village people needed.

So my mother married my father, and they were blessed with a large family – seven girls and five boys. Our father was a great reader, he always had books and newspapers, and he loved to read. I

Continued on Page 2, Column 1

### Clever Cossack

Long ago in the city of Vladimir lived an old man and his wife. They had only one son, Demetrius, who was a good and very clever boy.

When he grew to be a young man he joined the cossacks. After a number of years he came to see his parents. To his disappointment he learned that they had both died.

He left Vladimir and went to Moscow. He got a job helping a bricklayer in the building of a bank for the czar. In order that he might be able to get money from the bank after it was completed he put the bricks in without cementing them where the safe was to be.

Soon after the bank was completed in the night he took out the loose bricks, broke into the safe and took the money. He replaced the bricks and left.

In the morning when the bankers saw that the money was missing, they began quarreling among themselves and said that one of the other bankers took the money because no one else knew the combination of the safe. They all denied the theft. They decided to have a trench dug around the bank and filled with tar. Soldiers were also put on guard.

After Demetrius stole the money,

Continued on Page 4, Column 1

### READERS-REMINDER-TALERHOF DAY

\* \* \* \* \*

By August 11, 1914 the major industrial powers were embroiled in the First World War, a war that eventually killed 10 million people. With the commencement of war the Austrian military immediately imprisoned thousands of our Carpatho-Russian people, although they were Austria-Hungarian citizens, in concentration camps, the most infamous of which was TALERHOF in the Vienna area. In these camps thousands were killed, or died of starvation and disease, due to the inhumane conditions. – A tragic irony of this calamity – at the same time, many of the young men from Galicia, including relatives of those imprisoned, were drafted to serve as soldiers to fight and die on the Italian Front for the Emperor. To honor their memory:

\*\*\*\*\*

MEMORIAL SERVICES will be held at:

SS PETER & PAUL RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH  
The corner of THIRD & MONROE STREETS  
PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY

\*\*\*\*\*

DIVINE LITURGY will be offered on August 1, 2004 beginning at 8:30 AM by REV. FATHER ANDREI. We urge all those interested in our people, heritage and culture – please attend. After the services, at the adjacent Cultural Center, soup and sandwiches will be served. Donations will be appreciated and accepted.

Continued from Page 1, Column 2

remember the newspapers that came to our house: "Land and Will", "The Russian Voice", and others. We had a big house with a large hall that served as a Kachkowski reading room, and parties with music were often held there. As a rule, our house was full of people, and we children grew up in that environment, helping our parents.

My oldest sister Hanya (Anna) did not have much luck. When she was very small, she was sent out to get the wash at the brook because, as you know, in those days all the laundry was done in the brook. She fell on the ice and banged up her knees badly. She had to go to the hospital several times, and she was crippled all her life. That made it hard for her to get married, because you know, a farm needs a healthy wife so she can work like a horse as well as a housewife. She was older when she married, but she raised three children and lived to be 76 years old. After the Second World War, they moved to Kherson where one winter she again fell on the ice and couldn't get up. There was nobody around to help her. She froze her whole side and died soon after that.

Another sister, younger, was Helka (Helena). Our father wanted to get his daughters married off without much dowry, so that there would be more left for our brothers. He had close relatives in Werkhomlia, and he knew that in that village they did not require a large dowry. So he insisted that the girl go there. I was only four years old then, but I remember how Helena cried when she went off to her wedding. They made up a song for her: "The Werkhomlians came over in their long cloaks, and took away our Helena of the black eyes."

Wasil, our oldest brother, died young of fever. The next older brother Petro got half the farm, plus one "yanok" in full payment. Petro studied under Uncle Rusiniak to be a cantor. He also trained in Muszyna for tailor work. He was a good tailor and made clothes for people, and they would always help him in the farm work. That made his life easier.

Pawlo stayed on the old homestead. He married a girl from Werkhomlia, a rich girl of the Meyski family, which our people assumed were wealthy. Of course, Pawlo was a very capable and hard working man. He shod his own horses, and everything needed on the farm he made himself. He even built fireplaces for other people.

My sister Marishya was married off to the village of Milik. She was in love with a boy in our own Adnreiwka, but the boy didn't want to get married yet. Marishya didn't want to wed Hrits in Milik, but papa would have none of that.

"You have to go where I tell you to. Are you all going to stay crowded in here at home" you will go over there. I don't wish anything bad for you."

So the courtship or engagement was arranged. I remember very well when the suitor and matchmaker came into the "common room" in our house, while the rest of us young ones sat in the bakery, and Marishya with us. Papa came into the room and said to Marishya, "Come with me into the common, right now."

But she, the obedient one, did not want to go at all. I was so sorry for her, but I was afraid to say anything to papa, why he was pushing her so hard. He could see for himself that she didn't want to go. And then again, in my mind I was glad that we would be having a wedding, so I didn't say anything about it.

So, unwillingly, Marishya was forced to marry. Always afterward, she would come home on Sundays. And she would always be

crying that papa had done that to her, and that she did not love her man.

At that time, I didn't yet know what love is, for I was still just a child, but I would feel very sad when both of my sisters would come home, one from Werkhomlia and the other from Milik, always weeping and complaining to papa that he had driven them out.

Papa would always respond, "Who else would you have married then?"

Somebody who has no land? And how would you be living now? As it is, you both have land, and you are both well regarded, because you are both sholtesses."

I had never before known what the word "sholtys" means, even though we were all some kind of sholtyses. It was only recently that I learned that sholtyses are rich people because they have more and better land. But even so, this word "sholtys" made no sense to me at all.

Our youngest brother Yanko trained to be a carpenter. He made cupboards, tables, windows, and other items of furniture, so he too had it easier on the farm. He also married well. Our sister Warwara was also married by this time.

The Germans took my brother Stefan away to work. On the way, he caught dysentery, which was raging at the time, and so he died somewhere. Our sister Mil'tsa was also taken to Germany in 1941. She lived through all kinds of troubles during the war. Then she got to America and is now living in Chicago, Illinois with four children. Our youngest sister Yulia was widowed while still young. She joined the resettlement to Ukraine. She has three sons who have completed schools in the USSR, and they all have good jobs and are living well.

\* \* \*

The teacher in our village of Andreiwka was Elena Khiliak, and her sister Many was teacher in the village of Banitsia for a long time. Our Elena later married another teacher, Anron Stanchak. He was of the Russian persuasion, and he had served as an officer in the Austrian army. They didn't have any children, and they knew that there were many children in our family. So they asked my parents to allow me to go serve with them. Mother readily agreed to this, because she had children both older and younger than me so I wasn't really needed at home, but I still had to be fed and clothed. So my parents let me go in the care of the teacher.

For some reason, Mme. Stanchak the teacher liked our family very much. I think I was about nine years old then. Mother bundled up my clothing in a kerchief and said, "Go my child. You will have it good there. Just do as your masters tell you."

Our village was small, and it wasn't far from our house to the schoolhouse. I walked up there, and Mme. Stanchak took me into her room. She told me to sit down and said, "Listen, Steffie. From now on you will be living with me. We keep everything here." And she pointed out a large sideboard and other things. "We never lock up anything. And you, God forbid that you should take anything. When you need something, tell me or the master and we will give you anything you want."

I guess, probably at the time I was serving with the Stanchaks I didn't know much about the world. It was they who taught me how to keep house, how to cook, and do laundry, and press clothing. Discipline was always very firm. Teacher Stanchak probably felt like he was still in the army and I was his subordinate. Still, I had everything I needed, and I was always well dressed and looked healthy because I had

never eaten so well at home even though we never went hungry, while at the Stanchaks I always had white bread, as was usual among well-to-do people. So in that sense everything was very good. But yet, other girls my age were going to parties to dance and sing and I wasn't allowed to go anywhere. I did sneak out once in a while, but I had to hurry back or the master would be upset.

It is true, though, that at that time Mr. Stanchak was teaching us plays, and my brother Petro and I always had leading roles in them. I always was best on the stage, because Mr. Stanchak worked on me so much that I often had to sing even though my eyes were filling with tears. One time Yanko (Ivanko) said angrily, "One of these days I'll whack him with something for being so hard on you."

In our village there was a custom of holding evening parties, one for a group of older boys and girls and another for younger ones. At that time I was one of the younger group, and I always yearned to go to those parties because Yanko, whom I loved, was always there. Sometimes he would come right up to our house and wait for me to come out, but there were times I couldn't come out even for just a few words. Anyway, the parties were held not far away, in the third house from the school, so I would just leave the dishes on the shelf. I would get out the door very quietly, dump out the dishwater, and set the dishpan under the steps. Then I would run like mad to the party, if only for a minute or two. I did that more than once. But one time I must have stayed at the party too long, and when I ran back the master asked "Where have you been?" And he slapped me. I burst out crying, not because he hit me, that really didn't hurt, but because I felt sorry for myself that I wasn't allowed to go. My heart was so full of misery that I can't even describe the feeling.

After a while I said to my mother, "Mama, I will not serve these masters any more. I'm coming home."

"Oh, child, don't do that. You can see for yourself that you're dressed better than anyone else in the village. Other people envy you. You just stay there and do what you're told". So I decided I'd better listen to mama and stay and suffer a little longer.

One time they had a concert in our village. And all the girls were so excited about it, all except poor me. I was sad because I knew I wouldn't be allowed to go. All the boys would be there too, including my Ivanko whom I loved so much. My heart was breaking, and I could have flown on wings to be with him, if only for a moment. But I couldn't even let anybody know that I loved this Yanko-Ivanko. My two older sisters were still unwed and my brothers were not married, and a snotty little brat like me had no business thinking about anything like that. God forbid that anybody at home should hear even a whisper about this.

Some time in the period 1926-29, an incredible religious furor burst out in Lemkovina. People began reverting to their ancestral Orthodox faith. And many of the people in our Andreiwka converted back to Orthodoxy, but not all. That brought about discord among our people something like a domestic war over faith. I remember how the Orthodox believers were attacked by the Uniates, which is what they called those who did not convert to Orthodoxy but stayed with the Union.

Those who converted to Orthodoxy favored the Russian viewpoint, while the Uniates were inclined toward Ukrainian. Our villages of Andreiwka and Milik were one single parish, and a man named Buger was

Continued on Page 3, Column 1

Continued from Page 2, Column 3

the priest in Milik at that time. Whenever we Orthodox held any kind of performance or entertainment, he would pronounce in church that no one was allowed to attend our show. But in those days we were strong because a lot of the young people from other villages – Krynica, Shchawnik, and other places – would come to our village. So we always had great success with our performances. Even the boys of our own village would ignore their priest Buger and would come to our parties.

On following Sundays, Buger would organize a party for his faithful, but none of our people ever went to any of their parties. It very often came to serious arguments and quarrels between the Orthodox and the Greek Catholic Uniates, but the Orthodox always won out. Our Orthodox folk built a new church in Milik, in a spot where we had to go past the Uniate church to get to ours. Our Andreiwka boys always went with us girls to our church, even though Milik was farther away, because our choir sang very nicely.

For myself, the important thing was where Yanko went. And he always went to the Orthodox church, even though this caused problems at home with his mother, since his father had died when he was still a small boy. His mother did not scold Yanko so much for going to the Orthodox church, but rather because she had to keep his dinner waiting for him until the service in that church was over. He was often punished for that, and sometimes he might not get any dinner at all.

But for me it was a great joy that Yanko was going to the Orthodox church. I loved him for that, even though he was very poor. His father died and left his mother with five small sons. They had it very hard, because the mother couldn't earn enough to take care of all those little children. Yanko was barely seven years old when he went into service for other people. When he grew a little bigger, he went to Zhegestow and then he could earn some money. What he made he gave his mother, and she would buy the things they needed. It wasn't until then that there were better days in their house.

By: Steffie Holowach  
Translated by: Dimitri Gallik

Many of our readers whose ancestry can be traced back to Lemkovina and its surrounding area are indebted to the late Peter Semyanovich Hardy. A successful manufacturer of aluminum foundry products in Connecticut, Peter devoted his life to maintaining and preserving our culture and heritage. He invested in the production of several books about our people and actively pursued the Polish government to make amends for the notorious "Aksia Wisla" program in 1947 and permit and encourage our people to return to their ancestral lands in the Carpathian Mountains. Ed.

Peter Semyanovich Hardy



Peter Semënovich Hardy

Peter Semyanovich Hardy, the publisher in Russian of *A Brief Outline of Galician-Russian Literature*, was born in 1897 of a peasant family in the village of Urovtsy, Sanok District in Lemkovskaya Rus. After completing the village school, the 15-year-old young man, following the example of many of his countrymen, emigrated to the United States in search of a better life. Thanks to his native common sense, his knowledge, his practical abilities, and his desire to succeed, Peter acquired considerable means: he is presently the owner of a large aluminum factory in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Returning to the Old Country several times, he visited not only his native village of Urovtsy, but also Sanok, Gorlitsy, Ustye Russkoye, Krynica and Riashev; in sub-Carpathia he visited Priashev, Svidnik, Chertezhnoye, where he renewed memorials on the graves of the famous Carpatho-Russian cultural activists A. I. Dobriansky, Yu. I. Stavrovsky-Poprad and A. I. Pavlovich.

In 1947, after World War II, P. S. Hardy organized "Lemko Relief" in Yonkers, New York, whose task it was to give material help to the Russian population in Lemkovskaya Rus who had suffered during the war. This proved impossible, however, because the Russian population had been resettled: a part of the inhabitants of Lemkovskaya Rus was transplanted voluntarily to lands in the Soviet Union, while another part was forcibly resettled by the Polish authorities on lands acquired from Germany in the western part of Poland.

In 1957, nevertheless, Lemko Relief undertook the task of collecting funds to help the Russian people who remained on the territory of post-war Poland. Simultaneously, this organization interceded with the Polish government to permit the return to Lemkovskaya Rus of those former natives who expressed a desire to return. The personal intervention of P. S. Hardy in Warsaw met with success. Nevertheless, at the conclusion of 1958 certain emigrants began to return to their native country and settled on their own former lands or on other unoccupied lands, so that according to the statistical records of the Riashev *uezd*, 35,000 inhabitants returned to their native haunts by 1966.

In 1958, thanks to the intercession and solicitude of P. S. Hardy, the Russian Orthodox church in Sanok was reopened and then restored at his expense. To the present time 76 Orthodox churches have been reopened.

Peter Semyanovich Hardy is a committed Carpatho-Russian patriot. One of the great services he has rendered the Galician-Russian people was his publication in Russian of the *Talerhof Almanac* in four sections under a new title: *Galician Golgotha*, with the subtitle: "The War Crimes of the Hapsburg Monarchy, 1914-1917" (Trumbull, Connecticut, 1964). From the people's point of view, the value of this publication is that it propagates the information of these war atrocities among all Slav countries and vividly tells the stark tragedy of the Russian people in those years. To more precisely present this tragedy and also the idea of the cultural and ethnic oneness of all branches of Russian people, Mr. Hardy republished in Russian the remarkable investigative work of Philip I. Svistun entitled *Carpathian Rus under the Rule of Austria* (Trumbull, Connecticut, 1970). Presently Mr. Hardy is preparing to publish the invaluable three-volume documentary of Prof. F. F. Aristov *Carpatho-Russian Writers*, while the *History of Lemkovina* by I. F. Lemkin is ready to go to press in an English translation by the late Harry Dorosh.

R.B.O. "The Truth" Sept. 1977

## In Appreciation

We extend our thanks for help in producing this week's issue of Carpatho-Rus to Ludmilla Marshovska.

## Press Fund Contributions

Robert & Diane Piwinski	\$90.
John & Luba Fedash	\$40.
Ms. Sonia Patterson	25.
MMM Stephen Shufran	20.
John P. Garbera	10.
Total	\$185.

## The Cooking Corner

From Matushka Nina Stroyen, editor of the *Orthodox Herald*, comes this different and interesting recipe for sauerkraut.

My father often talked about his experience on the boat coming over from Europe. He traveled on a German ship sailing out of Hamburg, Germany. We enjoyed listening to his reminiscences, especially at his astonishment that the Germans put sugar into the sauerkraut they served the passengers. Years later, living in Germany, I was served the sauerkraut with sugar in it. And I liked it! Here is the recipe I received from a neighbor who lived in the same "haus".

## Astonishing Sauerkraut

1	can	sauerkraut
1		onion, chopped
1		apple, chopped fine
1		bay leaf
5		juniper seeds
1	tbsp	sugar
1		potato, grated
1	tbsp	oil or butter

Drain sauerkraut, saving juice. Put sauerkraut into a pot of boiling water and let return to boiling. Drain, saving water. In a saucepan, saute onion and apple in a little oil or butter for a few minutes. Do not let them change color, only wilt. Add drained sauerkraut, bay leaf, juniper seeds and sugar and 2 cups of saved water or white wine. Cover. Simmer about 1 hour, adding more saved water or wine as needed. Mix frequently. Must be quite moist. Grate potato. Add to kraut. Mix well. Simmer for 15 minutes more. Taste. Add more sugar or reserved sauerkraut juice to taste. Serve as a side dish.

Matushka Nina Stroyen

## 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.

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

Continued from Page 1, Column 3

afraid that he might be caught in the city, he went out into the country. As it began to grow dark he saw a little humble hut. He knocked and an old man and his wife welcomed him. He asked if he might stay for the night.

The old man whose name was Bohdan replied, "My boy, we would gladly let you stay but you see we ourselves sleep on the floor because we do not have beds."

Demetrius said, "I will gladly rest on the floor if you will be so kind as to allow me."

Bohdan consented. Demetrius looking around the hut saw how miserably poor they were. He asked, "Bohdan, would you like to make some money for your wife and children?"

Bohdan sighed and answered, "Yes, but I am too old and feeble to work."

Demetrius replied, "You will not have to work hard." He then told him how they could get money from the bank.

Bohdan said, "Rather than steal, I have lived in poverty all my life. I will starve before I steal. I will not go!"

After much urging and coaxing, Bohdan consented but very unwillingly. Demetrius gave money to the old woman and told her to buy food and clothes for herself and her children.

At the end of a long and weary walk they came to the bank unaware of the evil that was to befall them.

Demetrius said, "I will go first and you follow me."

He softly and stealthily walked towards the bank with Bohdan at his heels. He felt himself sink. Before he could warn Bohdan, he heard a scream and the guards came running. The best Demetrius could do was to get away himself.

He gently broke the news to Bohdan's wife that Bohdan had died of fright. She cried, "Oh, my poor husband, how can I see him?"

Demetrius answered, "They are going to hang him at the top of a pole in town and whoever comes for him will be punished." He gave her a ruble and continued, "Here take this and buy some cups and saucers. Then look up at your husband and fall. In this way you can see him and cry for him."

The poor old woman did as she was bid. An officer came up to her and exclaimed, "So you are the one who sent him to rob the bank! Are you related to him? Is he your husband?"

She answered, "No, you hang up some fool to scare people. I was going home with my cups. When I saw him, I got frightened and fell and broke them."

The officer sympathically replied, "Here, lady, take this money and buy yourself some cups."

When she arrived home she related what happened to Demetrius. She cried, "Why do they treat my poor innocent husband so badly?"

Demetrius replied, "They are treating him like that because they expect someone to come for him and then they would punish them. But do not worry; I will get him and bury him."

He went to the city and saw that Bohdan had been taken away. He inquired about him and learned that ten cossacks had

taken him to a camp in a forest and were watching him. Demetrius, dressed as an old man, bought an old horse and buggy, sausage and vodka. He rode to the camp and near the place the buggy got stuck in the mud. He shouted "Won't someone help an old man and his horse out of the mud?"

The cossacks came and helped him out. He said, "In return for your help I will give you some vodka." They each drank a glass full. Then he gave them the sausage and the rest of the vodka. From the effect of the vodka they were all soon sleeping heavily. He thought, "Now I must work quickly and quietly." He undressed the cossacks out of their uniforms and dressed them in the priests' vestments that he had bought. He then laid them side by side. He then laid Bohdan in the wagon and left.

In the dark of night he buried Bohdan in the forest not far from his hut.

In the morning he told Bohdan's wife where her husband was buried and told her that she could go to his grave whenever she wished. He gave her a roll of money and said, "Because of me your husband died, take this money. It will last you for the rest of your life." He then left for the city.

When a group of cossacks came to relieve the night watchmen they saw ten men, laid side by side, dressed as priests and the dead man was gone. They awakened the cossacks and asked for an explanation. They told how an old man's horse got stuck in the mud. After helping him out, he gave them vodka and they fell asleep. That was all they knew.

This story and the disappearance of the dead man was reported to the czar. The astonished czar said, "Whoever is so clever that he can rob the bank, steal the dead man and bury him and fool ten cossacks, I give him my permission to see my daughter, Princess Olga, tonight." He then called for Princess Olga and said, "Take this red chalk and make a mark on the one's head who comes to see you tonight."

Not caring whether he would be caught or not, he thought he would go to see the Princess. Late at night, thinking that she had fallen asleep, he also fell asleep. Princess Olga got the chalk and marked his forehead.

Early next morning he awoke and looked into the mirror. To his surprise he saw a red cross on his forehead. He tried and tried to wash it off but couldn't. He saw the chalk on the table. Picking it up, he walked out of the palace.

He walked into the cossacks' camp. To his satisfaction, they were all asleep. He went to each one and made a cross similar to the one on his forehead.

When one of the leaders of the cossacks went to see the czar, the czar looked at him and said, "So you, my highest officer, has been robbing me and now you dared to go to Princess Olga! Oh, but you will be punished!" The officer pleaded and said he wasn't the one but it was no use.

Later the czar saw that all the cossacks' heads were marked. He called for Princess Olga and asked, "Were all the cossacks in to see you last night?"

She replied, "No, only one came to see me and I marked his forehead."

The czar said, "All the cossacks' heads are marked."

She went to her room and then returned, "My red chalk is gone. He must have stolen it and marked everyone's head."

Then the czar called a meeting and announced, "Whoever one of you is so shy and artful as to rob the bank, steal the dead man, fool the cossacks and in the end steal the chalk from the Princess and mark all the cossacks' heads, come to me. I will not punish. I would like to know who could be so clever. For your cleverness I will give you my daughter in marriage and all of my czardom."

Demetrius thought, "I will give myself up, if I die, I do not care." He went up and said, "I'm the one. Do with me whatever you wish."

The czar replied, "I will not punish you. Princess Olga will have a happy and an easy life with you. Therefore, I give you her in marriage. My czardom is yours."

They were married amidst great rejoicing and as the czar said, they lived a happy life together.

By: Bessie Kunch

---

### CARPATHO--RUS

Carpatho-Russian newspaper, published semi-monthly by the Lemko Assoc. of the United States and Canada except 1 issue in November.

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

Edited By: A. Herenchak  
USPS No. 291 460

Periodicals: Postage Paid at  
Allentown, NJ 08501-9998

Postmaster: Send address changes  
to:

CARPATHO RUS  
P.O. BOX 156  
ALLENTOWN, NEW JERSEY 08501

---

### AUDIO & VIDEO TAPES

#### Item #1: Karpato-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:

Lemko Association sponsored many festivals in the past of East European dancing and singing. This video offers highlights of the 25<sup>th</sup> Festival held in 1993. It includes excerpts of an Orthodox Catholic prayer service and concert of Karpato-Rus, Ukrainian, Russian, and Slovak folk songs.

#### PRICES:

Item #1.....\$12.  
Item #2.....\$12.  
Item #3.....\$25.

All prices include shipping costs. Send check or money order made out to Lemko Association to:

Mary Barker  
521 Piermont Avenue  
River Vale, NJ 07675

---