

LEMIKO

youth journal



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LEMKO

Youth Journal

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The Importance of Maintaining One's Identity

One may speak of appreciation in reference to many subjects. It may take the form of a concern with an artist and his conception displayed in a painting or a fine display of color and arrangement of a design.

These works were done by a skilled hand and also took much effort and organization. It is not easy to display great effort in the face of the many other obligations of present day life. Let us look at our people's accomplishments. I at my father and mother and you at yours. I know as we stop to survey their early beginnings we are astonished at the tremendous display of courage and effort on their part. What drove them on against the many difficult and seemingly endless burdens?

For those who have children of their own the answer is obvious. Then we must realize they established a firm footing for us to proceed upon. Thus, through their many sacrifices they made the road the easier for further travel.

This brings us to the point of the importance of an identity to serve as a guide to our future achievements. I know, once we

have realized our positions were created through devoted efforts, we are therefore led to one conclusion, and that is that we owe a debt to our people, a debt that can never be paid in money, but can easily be repaid through our efforts to give our people a proper place by continuing their fine work.

We may all serve in various capacities. For it is not always the outer exteriors or published items which truly are the outstanding deeds. We can, through our efforts to continue the cultural and historical heritage passed on to us by our people, make their efforts seem so rewarding, so appreciated that this alone will bring us a reward.

What Does Lemko Mean?

It is confusing when one is informed that his parents are of Russian descent but did not come from Russia.

Let us then examine the division of this nation in order to come to a better understanding of our position. The largest portion of the Russian race consists of that section referred to as Greater Russia. Then we have the Ukrainians, the White Russians, several others, and finally the smallest of the Russian race known as the Lemko.

This area of our birth is occupied at the present time by Poland and Czechoslovakia. They are thus in control of that vast number of people in which we find our historical and cultural heritage.

Lemkos are so known because they use the conjunction "Lem" in their dialect and have the western accent which other races of Russians do not use.

We Lemkos are the smallest part of the Russian people and in a most grave situation. Our small territory is situated in the Carpathian Mountains along the Rivers San, Ugh, Poprad and Dunajec, consisting of about 650 villages. These villages are in one group surrounded on the north by the Polish and on the west and the south by the Slovakian people. On the east we are connected with East Galicia and Carpatho-Russia. This small territory of Lemkovina is divided in two by the Polish-Czechoslovakian border.

We Lemkos have the highest percentage of immigrants compared with the percentage of other European nationalities in America, but because of our present position it is not apparent to a great number of people.

Our people have accomplished great feats in their new country. They have gone on in many fields of endeavor to create and establish lasting records of their accomplishments.

Within this area one can see the fruits of their labor displayed at Monroe, New York. This beautiful park which takes its name from our people, is but one of the many displays of devoted efforts by a conscientious people.

A Message From The President Of The Lemko Association

This journal earmarks a new period of time within our association. We are creating an organ of communication to speak to our youth.

This is of paramount importance to any group if they would wish to continue their development. There have been many successful beginnings by organizations which later have discovered that their decline was due to the lack of interest by their youth. This factor in many cases was due to the lack of proper and effective communication between the founders and their successors. One must feel a part of any group or organization to contribute to its future. I therefore believe that this journal shall serve to acquaint your youth with their cultural heritage. In doing this it will bring them closer together and afford them an opportunity to assume the respon-

sibilities of leadership they are so capable of.

Since our early immigration to this country we have always strived to maintain our traditional and cultural heritage. We developed a new life and found many opportunities in this country. It is my wish that our efforts and accomplishments will be passed on to our young people. The publication of this journal is a continuing step forward to future successes. We sincerely hope our youth will understand the importance of these efforts and join together to create new and lasting projects.

I wish to extend the best wishes for success from myself and from all the members of the Lemko Association governing body.

John K. Adamiak,
President of the Lemko Ass'n.

My Trip To Europe

By PETER SIVETZ

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My trip to Europe was significant because I discovered so many of our relatives with whom I now correspond frequently, and I saw for myself the trials and tribulations our people have endured and are still enduring today. It makes me grateful and humble for everything that we enjoy here in the New World.

My desire to see Lemkovina had been with me, I think, always. Because I wanted to go there and see for myself, I was almost fanatical in absorbing bits of knowledge about customs and places and, of course, the language. I remember at one time after returning from a long voyage — I had been a radio operator on a tramp freighter — I realized that it was becoming increasingly difficult for me to speak the language, because of disuse. And when I did it would invariably be sprinkled richly with words like “pofixuwati” and “naladuwati”. Not English, not Russian. I was determined to try to become more fluent, and I did it in a surprisingly easy way. Every time I left on a voyage I took along a stack of “Karpatska Rus” newspapers which had accumulated during my previous trip, and I



*On the way from Mochnaczka
to Krynica*

would read out loud to myself pronouncing faithfully every syllable of every word. Fortunately, I had a cabin to myself which made this possible, and I disturbed no one; otherwise, I would have found myself thrashing around in mid-Atlantic with a bundle of “K. R.’s” under my arm. But it helped me tremendously. One of the greatest

compliments anyone every paid me on my fluency in speaking Carpatho-Russian was while I was in Krynica. A Lemko, who did not know me, asked if I had been in the United States for any length of time. He thought for a minute that I grew up in Krynica and had been to the U. S. for only a short time. I knew then that my ability to speak the language was satisfactory.

During my five years of sailing I was never able to visit the one place I had always wanted to so badly, although I came quite close on several occasions. One ship that I had sailed on made two voyages to Trieste, which I shall always remember as a beautiful city. The official language is Italian, but in the surrounding hills live very many Serbs and Croats, both basically Slav languages. In the heart of the city is a very old and beautiful Serbian Orthodox Church, which, more than anything else, attested to that city's Slavonic past.

After realizing that to continue to sail I would probably never get to visit the Lemko villages I had always dreamed of, I did what many of the passengers had done on the SS Batory and, in October 1949, I sailed out of New York harbor, bound for Gdynia. Really, a bus man's holiday! I would like here to say a word for ships, if I may, since so much excitement has been aroused by the jets and other air travel. To fly is wonderful, if you have only a two week vacation and every day counts; but to the

traveler to whom time is unimportant, a ship is in a class by itself. The wise man who once said, "getting there is half the fun", certainly knew what he was talking about. No amount of praise can describe the inner satisfaction to be had from ten days on a well run ship.

We arrived in Gdynia on a cold drizzling afternoon, and an overnight wait in a dingy railroad station for train connections did not help to put me in a festive mood. My plan had been as follows: In Gdynia I would take a train to Dobiegniew in the province of Ziemia Gora where most of my people were now living. A year and a half previously they had been forcefully evicted from their homes and villages in the Nowy Sącz province in southeastern Poland, and scattered in the war torn corridor between Poland and Germany. I was startled to learn that it was so close to Berlin — only about 90 miles by air. After having established contact with as many of our people as I could find, I then hoped to go by train across the breadth of Poland to Krynica, Mochnaczka and Solotwina. I also had a Czechoslovakian visa, and I hoped to cross the border and visit the Bardejov, Presov area. Unfortunately, I was later to find out I would be unable to do this. I was told by the Polish immigration authorities at the border that my visa was a one entry and one exit device, and if I left Poland I could not get back in unless I applied to Warsaw again. I did not

want to risk this possibility, so I did not cross the border.

During my train ride from Gdynia to Zielona Gora, I was quite excited. I had never been in Poland before, and I had never met any of these people. I wasn't quite sure I could find them, since the address I had was a vague sectional type of thing. And, of course, I could speak no Polish. To strangers at the station and on the train I would begin very confidently, 'Pro-she pana' and from there I would rattle off in my Mochnaczka dialect. In most instances they understood, after maybe one or two repeats, but sometimes and very infrequently, a wise alec would be slightly perturbed that I used a dialect other than Polish. To a person of that type I would recite very rapidly, in English, the first couple lines of Lincoln's Gettysburg address. Not understanding and visibly shaken up, he would always be willing to listen to my Mochnaczka style of Lemko.

I left the express at Stargard, and after twenty or thirty minutes boarded a local which was scheduled to stop in Dobiegniew. There were at that time three classes of travel: first, second and third. I didn't travel first because I felt I was much too conspicuous, and I didn't travel third because they had only wooden benches and more times than not I would end up with a squealing pig or a couple of chickens in my lap; so it was mostly second class. The countryside was pretty and very wooded, which struck me as odd since Po-

land is a very cold country. But I learned later that to chop down a tree indiscriminately was a criminal offense, for they value their wooded area as a national heritage. For every tree removed another is planted in its place. I think they are very wise in this respect. Everytime the train stopped at a small station there would be the same type of standees at the platform — in long coats, knee-high leather boots — all staring curiously at the train. The people seemed very healthy; such rosy cheeks. I have learned since that a damp, rainy climate has this effect on people. It was true also in England. With a screech and a jolt the train scraped to a stop, and there on a platform wall was boldly imprinted DOBIEGNIIEW; the end of the line for me. I grabbed my two suitcases and jumped off the train.

While in Gdynia I sent a telegram to my uncle to have someone meet me; and as I walked across the station platform I glanced from face to face, looking for some mark of recognition. I felt confident someone would approach me, since my clothes set me apart as a stranger. However, in small groups, everyone drifted away and I was left standing alone, wondering what to do next. I was to learn later that my telegram didn't arrive until two days after I had been in my uncle's house. It was beginning to grow dark, so I walked to the local constable's office, registered, and inquired about directions to my uncle's

village. Luckily, it was only three miles; and inside of forty-five minutes I was knocking on my uncle's door. What followed is extremely difficult to write down in so many words because even today it all appears like a dream. I said to myself later, how wonderful it would have been for every Lemko here in America to have been able to go back for a month or two and relive some of his younger happy days. Almost all had worked so hard here in America, yet so few had permitted themselves this luxury.

In the immediate vicinity of my uncle's house, I found approximately twenty families, almost all from Mochnaczka and all of them laboring industriously under conditions that would stagger the most robust among us. I was on the verge of tears as I listened to the tale of their forced eviction from Mochnaczka two years previously. With suddenness and such meaningless cruelty the Polish army encircled their village and under threat of imprisonment, forced everyone out of his home, permitting them to take only that which they could manage onto the creaking farm wagon. They spoke of their two weeks journey in railroad box-cars, two families per car, everyone huddled together — grandmother, the babies, cows, chickens, pigs, the featherbed — everything that was dear to their lives. And when they arrived at their war-shattered no-man's land, which was given to Poland as reparations, they were simply pushed

out of the box-cars and told to shift for themselves; to find whatever shelter they could and eke out a living. It was the same thing over and over again, of wrecked houses with no roofs and no windows and no doors. The fields were shoulder high with thorns and thistle after years of neglect. And miraculously, they survived. In two short years this was a thriving little hamlet, each person doing his utmost at such a difficult task. And the people learned to sing again. In the evenings under the glow of a small kerosene lamp they would gather and sing until the walls reverberated the melodies handed down from generation to generation. But always their hearts longed for the Carpathian Mountains, which had been their home for centuries.

My trip would not have been complete unless I visited the village they came from; and after several weeks I boarded a train and journeyed to Krynica by way of Cracow, Tarnow and Nowy Sanez. From Krynica it was a short walk over the hill which they all called Huta and down into the valley. The church in Nizhna or Lower Mochnaczka stood out very prominently, with its Byzantine architecture, a symbol of its people's faith. I walked the length and breadth of the village, but somewhat sadly, because the people who made this village a living thing were no longer here. Here and there a gate swung idly in the autumn breeze. Several houses had been dismantled and carted away.

I knew then I would never see this village as it had been. I persuaded a Gural custodian to bring the keys to the church and with a heavy heart I stepped inside and rested for several minutes. Into this church they had carried my father, as an infant, to be baptized, as they had also his father and his grandfather. I wondered how much longer still this holy place would stand. Probably not much longer despite the loving care of its fervent faithful.

From this church I started my long trek back — over the hill to Krynica, thence by bus to Cracow, by train to Zielona Gora and Gdynia and, finally, by ship back to New York. I had been scoffed at for spending my money so foolishly, but to me it was a revelation. I saw whence we had come, and I met so many good people. The memories will be with me always.

New Brunswick, N. J.

February 1960.

The World Of Art

The Artist Nikifor Drowniak



Nikifor Drowniak

In the famous Lemko resort of Krynica is an inconspicuous man

with a great talent. His name is Nikifor Drowniak. His mother was a servant in this resort city and was mute since birth. Nikifor has had a speech impediment which made contact with his environment difficult. He began painting in his early youth, always treating it very seriously, not as a trade but rather as an inner necessity. Today he is aging, over sixty. The hard life of a poor man, hunger, vagabondage, meeting with all the human cruelty of sneering at a poor man who painted instead of worked. This has left its mark. All of life's harshness finds escape in his pictures, in the strange world of Nikifor's figures and fantastic visions. Painting is everything to him. It fulfills his entire relationship to the world, to his environ-

ment, to people, landscape and to that which exists and to that which exists only in his belief.

He has received many rewards including The Diploma of Rome. He had his work displayed in Paris and received acclaim in the field of art. The Polish government has also recognized his talent as awarded him honors for his many paintings.

For Nikifor the life beyond has a fully realistic scope well known to him from our own values. The marvels of saintly things are transferred to the beauties of earthly things which bewitch him with their fantasy. Nikifor is fond of railway stations, railroad tracks, far off tunnels, winding roads and large cities with their fantastic architecture.

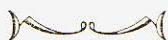
Nikifor always strives for a simple, absolutely sensible and material explanation of all questions. Such is the world of Nikifor's dreams. It is a world full of wonder and poetry, a self portrait of the artist walking alone, often alongside a church or with a landscape for a background. Nikifor never draws things as they really are even when he looks at them and draws from life. For him the process of creation is simultaneously a process of understanding and transforming visual things.

Nikifor always sees nature through the prism of a creative artist's imagination. Nature is the stuff that shapes and is shaped. Cut off from people because of

difficulties in expressing himself submered in a world of his problems and dreams. Thus he sings the praises of things huge and wonderful like the lives of saints, or railways stations, viaducts and towering buildings or churches standing like children in a circle holding hands and playing. Everything has its logic and if the saints wear caps with earmuffs in winter then of course we know why in this world of his this is so. This is the folk wisdom penetrating anew even the established conventional cannons in the name of realistic truth.

He paints in series but never really repeats himself. You will not find two pictures of his alike. Nikifore knows how to squeeze all the juice out of a subject. Often the series unfolds like a film story. Every frame is from the same film but each is different, develops ideas and changes. He is different from Henri Rousseau and Louis Vivin. He is different from all amateurs and naive and sophisticated realists. He differs by the type of his vision, differs by the scale and directness of experiences but perhaps thanks to this he is so undeniably himself, a painter and artist.

Thus we discover within the far reaches of our heritage of talent which reaches out to the world about us to send a message of accomplishment and achievement in the feild of art and human understanding.



The Beautiful Carpathian Mountains



This scene is a portrayal of the beauty and scenic wonders of the Carpathian Mountains. The livestock find the mountainside an ideal place to feed. It is also cool in the summer, but rather cold in the winter. The nature of a person is greatly influenced by the environment. The love of freedom of expression of our people can be traced to the nature of their early surroundings. The great expanse of land area gave these people the

opportunity for expression and the nature of the winters proved to be a challenge to their nature. They had to contend with these factors in the every day manner of living. They found this land to be suitable for sheep. They employed these animals for their meat as well as for the wool. Within these mountains is located a world famous resort. It is the home of Niki-for the artist. The name of this city is Krynica.

The Construction Of A Home

Today one may think of the various types of homes one wishes to construct or purchase. Our people in the development of a home did not have the choice we have today. They were limited to the materials about them. They had to construct the best type of home

other means such as groves and wooden pegs for this purpose. The foundation of these homes was often the soil itself.

The preparation of the wood was of great importance for it had to endure the hard winters found in this region. Many of these structures may still be found after three hundred years of use. The windows were of glass which was very



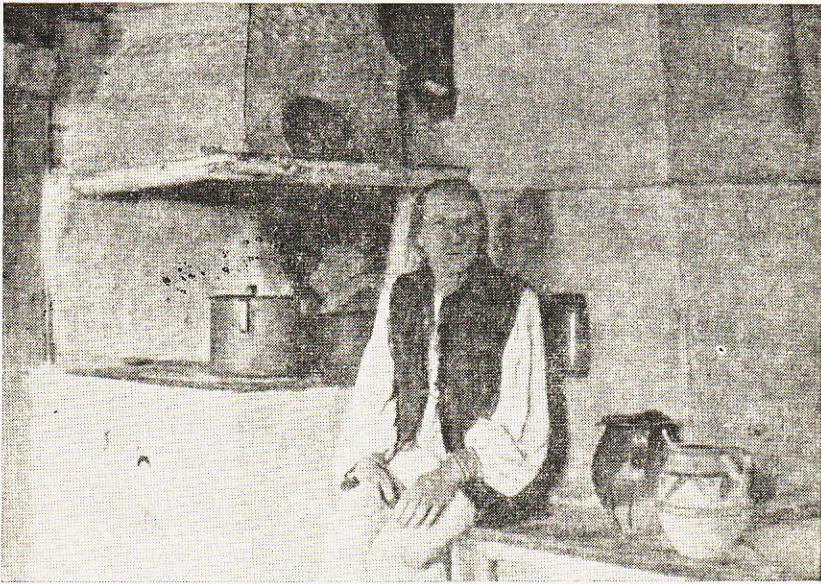
from what they could discover in the area. The region was heavily wooded so there was an abundance of material to be found in nature's supply yard. The problem was to transfer this material into some suitable building material. This construction had to be done by hand for there were no power tools. There were no nails or bolts to hold the boards together. They had to employ

expensive and could not be opened or closed. Therefore, such simple items as glass or nails were of great value because they had to be manufactured and the cost was great. These people depended upon an agrarian economy which did not lend itself to development of the necessary tools needed for the construction and development of homes and buildings.

The Heating System In The Home

The area in which our people lived was mountainous and provided many long and cold winters for the settlers. Therefore it was necessary to develop a suitable device to ward off the cold winter winds. We

log a square frame of clay. It occupied about a quarter of the living surface of the home. Later the log was burned out and provided a built-in oven. The square surface of this stove or oven was found to be very suitable for sleeping during the cold winter. The family beds were placed upon the sur-



then see the construction of the heating system come into its own.

The stove was used for general purposes as well as for heat. It was constructed from clay which could be found on the nearby river bank. It was built in such a manner as to place half a log upon a platform of clay and stone and then proceed to build upon this

face of this oven.

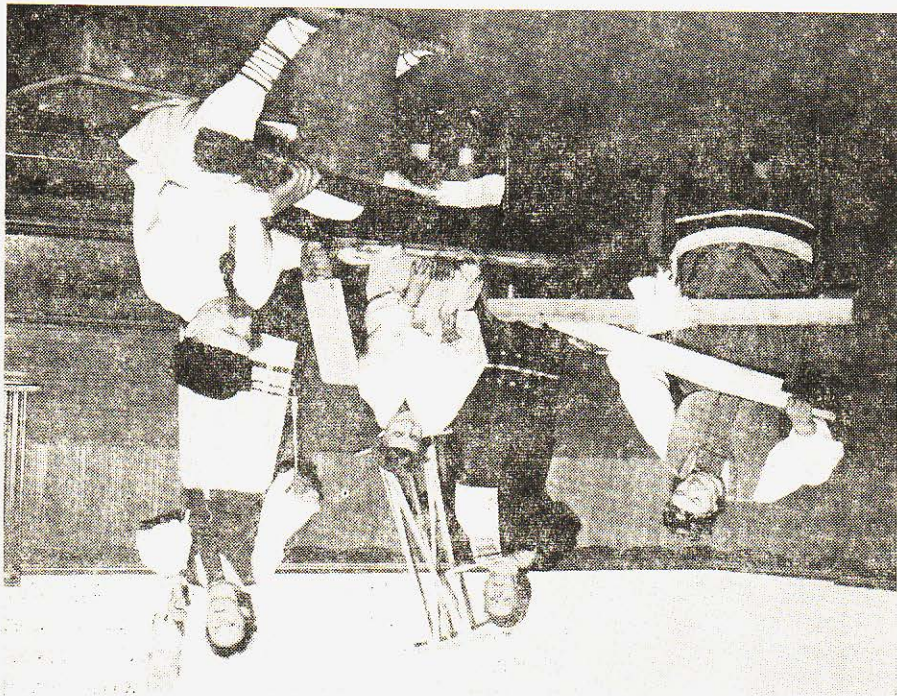
In the early development of the heating system there was no means for the smoke to escape. The smoke thus found openings in the ceiling for an exit. The escaping smoke also served as a preserving agent for the shingles of the roof. In case of fire one might still find the oven or stove still standing after the home had been destroyed.

The Preparation Of Clothing

cess this material into a finished product. They were both farmer and manufacturer in one. This did not end their labor. They also had to discover a suitable pattern and color for their creation. The finished product passed through their hands in the many stages of its development and they took on the guise of farmer, industrialist, designer; and they were their best customers for they wore the final product themselves. Thus, we find the man in this picture holding a bunch of dried flax on a crushing

In our way of life we think of the latest fashions being designed in Paris and thus look to these people to give us the word about the style this summer. In this picture we see our people creating from the very raw material their own clothing. This gives us some insight into the nature and resourcefulness of these people. They first had to grow the raw material. Then they devised a means to enable them to pro-

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Play "The Lemko Spinning Evening" in Cleveland, Ohio. From left to right: Johanna Stachuk, Maria Telech, Tekla Dziamba, Pelagia Sypliak and Sidor Spivak.

platform. He will break down the rough core of this flax so the process may be continued by the two ladies pictured in a sitting position. Their responsibility will be to prepare the flax so it may be woven into the finished product. The lady with the huge scissor board is cleaning the flax which at this time could be employed for use as a rope.

Wash Day In The Mountains

This scene is a good example of the way the women of the village washed the family clothing. They had a ready supply of water on hand from the swift moving stream. The mountain side was their outdoor washing machine. They did not have a problem in the placement of the machine, nor did they have to concern themselves with the operation of it. This machine of nature provided a never ending supply of water and the fresh mountain air dried the wash.

The rugged land and its challenge worked on these people. It developed a group which had to rely upon their own cunning and they created practical and ingenious means of accomplishing their goals. This method of washing was practical because of the source of water. If one would look back into the past history of peoples they could trace these applications of nature. Then as these people migrated to the United States they brought with them the ability to

The lady seated next to her will use her device as a comb to divide the flax into rough and fine linen. The woman holding the linen is spinning it into a thread. The final stage finds the linen upon a rack. It has been taken from the spool. The next process is the weaving of this into wearing apparel.

think for themselves and solve many of the pressing problems of everyday life.

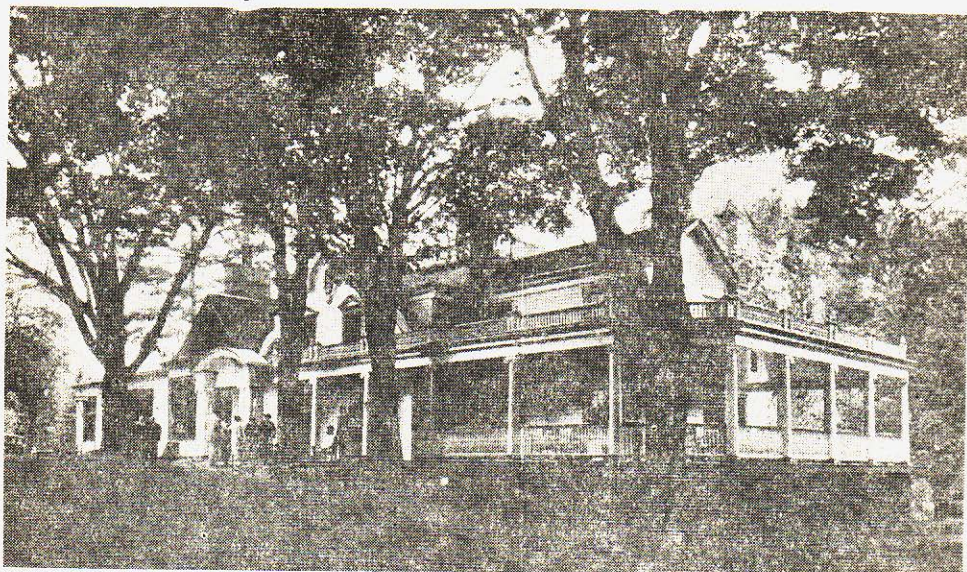
The winter did provide some problems, however. The stream or river was covered with ice and snow. The people overcame this problem by breaking through the ice, and continued the process of keeping the family fresh and clean throughout the year. This painting was done by the famous Lemko artist — Ivan Rusenko. He has also written some beautiful poems.

His most outstanding contributions are within the area of poetry which depicts the many facets of human personalities. He has done much to enlighten others in reference to these people. The world of art has been enriched by the paintings which have come from within his talented soul. The beauty and color of the Carpathian Mountains were his subjects. Through his style of portraying a person by the use of a caricature he was able to bring out the smallest detail of a human personality. In the next issue of the journal we will display his works.

Wash day in the Carpathian Mountains —
by I. Rusenko.



The Story Of American Lemko Park



American Lemko Park, Monroe, N. Y., Main Building ("Vchodni Pavilion")

The idea and the reality of what we today call American Lemko Park at Monroe, N. Y., was born in the late forties in a committee formed by the Lemko Association.

The purpose of this committee was to secure information concerning the purchase of a resort type farm.

During the next 8 years sporadic work was done accumulating information and the beginning of raising funds. A total of \$7,000 was raised then supplemented with a \$5,000 loan from the Lemko Association.

In Sept. 1955 a committee was formed to incorporate so that funds could be raised to make a purchase should the opportunity arise.

The charter for American Lemko Park, Inc. was granted on July 7, 1956.

During the next 6 mos. 410, \$100 shares were sold showing the strong interest of the people in such an idea.

In 1957 the Lemko Park, formerly Zindorest in Monroe, N. Y. was founded. The desires to purchase were however overshadowed by the high price the owner wanted for the resort.

During the next 2 years negotiations continued. A total of \$100,000 was raised.

On March 28, 1959 a deposit was placed on what we now call Lemko

Lemko Park Open House

Saturday, May 14. The opening

of the summer season was featured by an open house dinner. This served to initiate the official opening of the park for the summer and also to better acquaint the residence of Monroe with Lemko Park and its people. The entertainment was provided by Stephen Woloshinovich and Renan De Camp. Stephen had just returned from a successful tour of the United States and Canada which took in over 15,000 miles within nine and a half weeks. He is an outstanding violinist who has done concert recitals in the New York area. He is a graduate of the Julliard School of Music. This summer he will appear at the Saratoga Hall of Springs in the Gidian Putman Hotel. Renan Decamp has concertized in the Mid West and East. He has performed as a piano soloist in the Chicago Civic Orchestra. He plans to perform on an ocean liner or in a resort this summer. He looks to the concert field as a goal for the future. Renan is a graduate of the American Conservatory and Julliard School of Music. There were many guests present and the gathering was addressed by the following people:

The Honorable Peter B. Bush, Mayor Charles B. Knight, Rabbi Maslin, who also lead the group in giving thanks for this evening. Mr. H. J. Fabricant, Chamber of Commerce President, Mr. Harold

Park. Purchase price was \$180,000. It is a 122 acre resort with 7 buildings and accommodations for 150. A liquor license is included.

On July 20, 1959 the deed was taken over with a \$95,000 mortgage. \$45,000 at 3 1/2% and \$50,000 at 5%.

The place has recieved such wide acceptance that within 6 mos. over \$50,000 in additional capital was realized so that in Jan. 1960 the \$50,000 mortgage was paid off. During the past 9 mos. the place has been set up in preparation for the coming season.

Sport area for tennis, handballs, golf range, swimming pool etc. are some of the facilities available for the vacationer or weekend guest.

Walter A. Kania,
Linden, N. J.



ANTON KANIA

First President of Am. Lemko Park

Arbiter, legal counciler for the Lemko Park, Mr. Fuchila, the President of Lemko Park, Mr. Daniel Humecke, Mr. Paul Worhach, Editor of the Lemko Youth Journal. The master of ceremony was Mr. S. Herenchak and the host was Jack Gilbert. The evening was concluded by dancing. The music was provided by the Young Lemko Orchestra from Yonkers, N. Y.

The Creation Of A Museum

In Lemko Park at Monroe, New York there is adequate space for the creation of a museum. The purpose of such a venture would be to preserve the historical and cultural heritage of our people. It would be a lasting monument for all to see and admire.

To establish such a exhibit it is necessary for all interested parties to send or bring any articles relating to our culture to Lemko Park. These articles may be classified within various categories. There may be the following:

1. Printed matter such as published books or journals by our people in the past.
2. Records of music and written musical scores.
3. Musical instruments made by our talented people.
4. Miniature dolls of different countries or villages and also original size costumes.
5. Paintings or drawings.
6. Woodcraft.

7. Furniture and toys and implements used in the home or on the farm.
8. Different styles of homes and churches.
9. Recipes for food.
10. Examples of various means of transportation.

If anyone has such articles and they would wish to donate them to this museum, please write to us if you are able to bring them in person. You may write to 556 Yonkers Ave. c/e Museum Committee, Yonkers, N. Y.

"Teamwork Needed"

It was wise old John Wesley who told his preachers that it was better to set ten men to work than to do the work of ten men. The best work any man does is not that which he does by himself, but that which he does in cooperation with other men. And the man who has not learned to co-operate, to do real team work, to think chiefly of the great enterprise and not too much about the specific thing he is doing, will never fill the place in the achievements of the world he was made to fill.

It is necessary to learn to work with God, "For we are laborers together with God" and to work with each other. Every person in the world today is dependent upon every other person, and real achievement and progress depends upon how well men and women learn to co-operate and work together.

the Lemko Association of Yonkers and the Yonkers Youth Club sponsored a play, and dance concert. The play, "The Best Man" Nicholas Russian Orthodox Church, New York, N. Y.

Report On Our Youth Social News



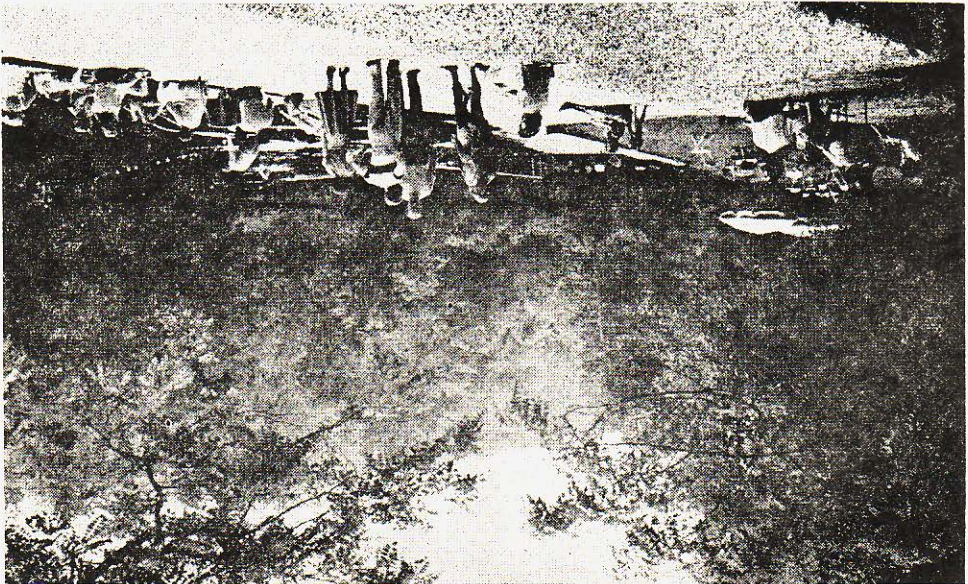
Boys: Alexander Kosik, Stephen Millian, James Woods, James Alvine, Kenneth Wilhasky, Tany Alvine, John Artemik, John Benish, Russel Zawowsky. The girls: Mary Kosik, Mary Shuffat, June Ann Bergstran, Janet Fuchila, Nadine Horoschhak, Sonya Horoschhak.

team who would wish to play them. If you are interested, contact the journal and we will arrange the match. The list of the players who took part in this game is written below.

May 15. The Glinka girls played the boys in a five inning softball game. The game was called off because the girls were winning. They thought it was best to stop while they were ahead. A very wise move on their part. The final score was 23 to 22. The boys had to walk around the bases, they pitched left handed and the girls were allowed four outs. This might have had some influence on the outcome of the ball game. The girls would welcome any other

Glinka Baseball

American Lemko Park Monroe, N. Y. — Swimming Pool.



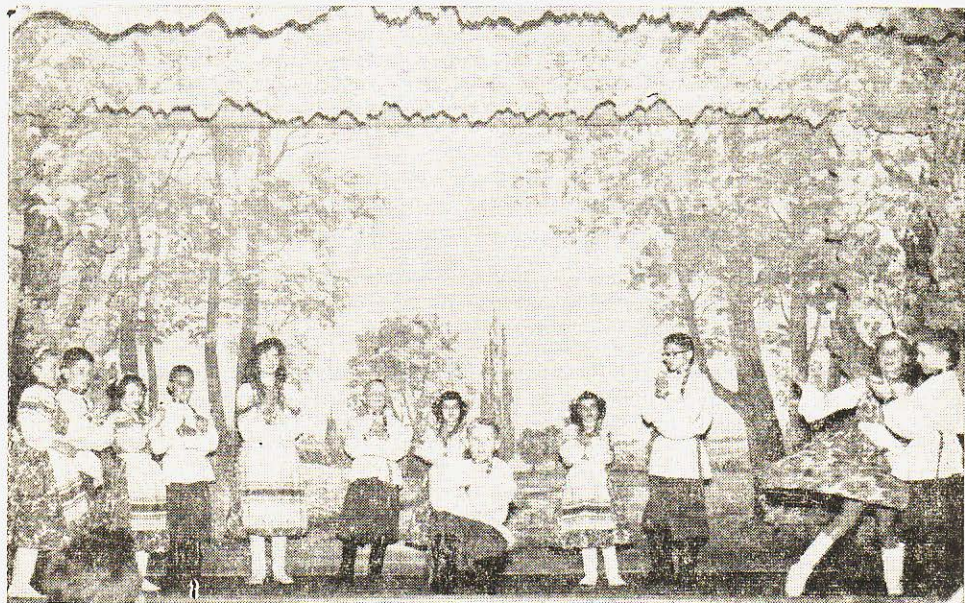
was concerned with a village manager and a former war veteran. Both were heavy drinkers and both wanted to marry a young orphan girl, who was in love with another. He had been declared missing in action. These two older men hired another to serve as their representative in this matter. It was not known by either that they had employed similiar agents. The girl stated that she would marry the one who reformed. In the meantime her missing lover returned, and they were married. The rejected men regain their dignity and all ends well.

The picture above is of the group which danced so well that evening. They are under the direction of Sophie Cislak. The music

for dancing was provided by John Kostic. It was an interesting evening and proved to be an enjoyable experience for all who attended.

Elizabeth, New Jersey

This evening, April 23, the Lemko Association Branch 35 of Elizabeth, Russian Peoples Home and the Lemko Glinka Dancers of Passaic sponsored a dance and concert. John Artemik provided the music for the dancers. There were two groups performing. The senior and junior groups. They displayed many fine exhibitions of folk dances and provided the gathering with a most enjoyable evening. Alexander Kosik was the overall director of the dancers. Ann Artemik and Steve Milian were the co-



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: Mary Dymon, Alexander Kosik, Jr., Sanda Telischak, Russel Sakawych, Irene Kuzmich, Michael Brunda, Paul Sakawych, Bruce Malashevich, Suzan Yuhas, Dennis Telischak, Doreen Parada and Gregory Telischak. INSTRUCTORS FOR THE GLINKA JR. RUSSIAN FOLK DANCE GROUP: Anne Artemik, Steve Millian; Accordionist — John Artemik.

directors of the junior group. Mary Kosik served as director.

A fine introduction of the dancers was done by Olga Malashewich.

The above picture is the junior group. In the next issue we shall feature a picture of the senior group and its members.

—o—

Yonkers, New York

On May 1, the Lemko Association sponsored a dance concert and climaxed the Press Fund Drive was done to benefit the Carpatho-Russian Press Fund. This affair culminated the Press Fund Drive and recognized those who had done so much to make this drive a success. The young dancers from Pas-

saic, under the direction of Steve Milian, displayed outstanding talent and brought with them the enthusiasm and spirit of a well-organized and directed group.

Mr. Steve Herenchak served as master of ceremonies and introduced the speakers:

Mr. John Adamiak, President of the Lemko Association.

Mr. Theodore Fuchilla, President of the American Lemko Park.

Mr. Nick Cislak, Editor of the Carpatho-Russian newspaper.

Mr. Andrew Hrabsky, Secretary of the Lemko Association and President of Branch 28.

Mr. Peter Olesnevich, an officer of Lemko Association of Philadelphia.



AMERICAN LEMKO DANCING GROUP OF YONKERS, NEW YORK
SECOND ROW — l. to r.: Peter Chacho, Paul Chacho, Anna Rusinko, Sonia Novak, Stephanie Petryshyn, Nadine Yedynak, Doris Petryshyn, Andrew Cislak and Sophie Cislak. FIRST ROW l. to r.: Michael Slivka, John Rusinko and Danny Teychka.

Mr. Simeon Fedorko, an officer of Branch 49 of Bridgeport, Conn.

Mr. Paul Worhach, Editor of the Lemko Youth Journal.

Mr. and Mrs. John Medvid were honored for their fine work in behalf of the Press Fund and the Lemko Association.

The cities which obtained the highest contribution from a total of seventy eight — are listed in

order of funds received.

1. Cleveland, Ohio
2. Yonkers, N. Y.
3. Toronto, Ont., Canada
4. Passaic, N. J.
- 5 Philadelphia, Pa.

Thus ended the Press-Fund Drive. There was an outstanding display of support from all branches, and a fine gathering was present to enjoy the music and partake in the festivities.



Lemko Dancers Of Yonkers

The American Lemko Dance Group was organized in Yonkers, N. Y., in August, 1958. This was brought about by the suggestion of Mr. Timoty Fecica, then the President of the Yonkers branches of the Lemko Association. This group had been together only one month when it was called upon to perform at the Lemko Hall in Yonkers. The costumes for the group were made by its members. This was following the Lemko tradition of making clothing by hand. The complete outfit consisted of shirts, blouses, skirts, boots and head pieces which were also made by the members. At this performance the group displayed two dances. One of them was the dance that originated in Cleveland, "The Red Rose". The accordionist for the dancers was Peter Chacho, who assisted the group in a most outstanding manner. The group continued their performances with a display of talent at the press fund

drive in New York. The group is under the direction of Sophie Cislak and welcomes all new members who would desire to perform in the true Lemko tradition handed down to us by our people from the Carpathian Region.

At the present time there is an opening in our group for an accordionist. If any of you who read this article wish to be a member of our group please contact the youth journal.

The origin of the Lemko Dancers of Yonkers began in Cleveland, Ohio. They had a Lemko Youth Club, which was comprised of many young members. The purpose of the dance group was to display to the people the manner in which the Lemko people, in their original dress, performed. The youth group called upon those persons of Lemko birth who might inform them of the nature of the dances. They choose a dance, "The Red Rose", as one of the most

popular of Lemko melodies. There were three girls and three boys who participated in these dances. The Lemko dances are usually a display of a large group. Since they did not have the number to display such dances a variation was necessary. They did not want to destroy the original spirit and cultural ties found in the dances of our people. There are many dances which are popular among our people. The dance without end,

"Kachka". The bear dance, "Pniachky". The stumps "Stupky". The blocks, "Na Potochku", and others.

Thus through the use of these and other dances the group was able to bring meaning and a message of the past to the people. Within these dances was found the feeling and expression of a distinct race of people who still are living and dancing in the villages of Lemkovina.

*Sophie Cislak,
Yonkers, N. Y.*

What Our Youth Are Doing

Sandra Dee

Sandra, born in Bayonne, New Jersey, began modeling in 1955. A year latter, U-I producer Ross Hunter signed her for the lead in "The Restless Years." From that point she was established as a star.

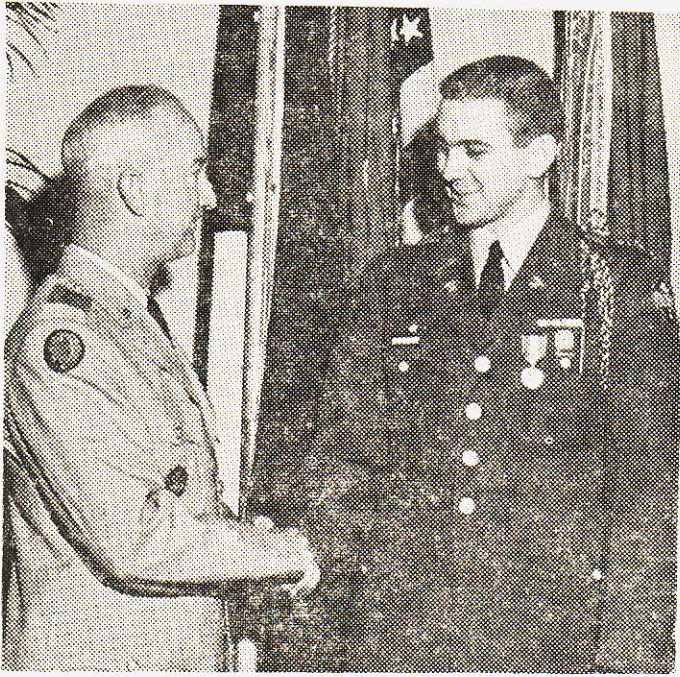
She has made about nine films and her future shows much promise. At the present time she has a fine role in the movie "A Summer Place". This is another outstanding opportunity for Sandra to portray her acting abilities. The picture of Sandra which appears on this page was autographed by her. There is a message to her beloved grandfather, Akim Vanko, social leaders of Bayonne, N. J.

We are very proud of Sandra and wish her continued success.

We are looking forward to the time when she may find an opportunity to visit as our guest at Lemko Park.



Sandra Dee



Walter Kowalchik

The picture above shows General Herbert Vander Heide, Commanding General, 23 Army Reserve Corps, congratulating Walter Kowalchik after awarding him the National Defense Transportation Award for 1959.. Walter, a Senior Cadet at this time in the ROTC program at the University of Scranton, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Theofan Kowalchik, 116 Grant St., Olyphant. The award is presented to 20 outstanding students, chosen from 14,000 Senior Cadets throughout the United States for outstanding academic and military achievement during their college career. On behalf of the Lemko Journal, we wish to extend our best wishes and sincere

congratulations to Walter; and may the future be as bright as this outstanding award you received.

This display of dedication and sincere effort on the part of Walter is well received. A nation as well as a family depends upon the actions of its youth for further existence. There are many who in the past history of our nation have done much to create this fine way of life we all enjoy. Freedom brings with it a grave responsibility and we are proud to know that this duty of maintaining it has been taken up one of our young people. This example may serve to inspire others to also contribute been taken up by one of our young fense of this great nation of ours.



Carl Gandza

The above picture shows New York Yankee scout, Ray Garland, pointing to the future for young Carl Gandza. This photo was taken at West Haven's Municipal Stadium, a Yankee tryout camp.

We are always proud to learn of the accomplishments of our people in whatever endeavor they may be occupied. This year is supposed to be a big year for the New York Yankee team. We sincerely wish Carl all the success possible for the coming year. The last reports of Carl and the team came from St. Petersburg, Florida. He was sent there to replace a catcher who

broke his hand. We shall be waiting to hear from Carl and, in the meantime, shall be rooting for him and his team.

At the present time the New York Yankees are in fourth place with fifteen games won and twelve losses. The White Sox are in first place followed by the Orioles and the Cleveland Indians. The Yankees are one and a half games out of first place. The power of the New York team lies in the hands of Bob Cerv and Roger Maris, a couple of strong country boys. They make up a one-two punch which is destructive. They've stepped in to supply the power that has failed in the bats of Mickey Mantle and Moose Skowron.

Alexander Herenchak

Alexander Herenchak is a principal partner and Vice-President of Barnett and Herenchak, a firm of consulting engineers. They have undertaken many responsible projects such as relat to the New Jersey Turnpike and Garden State Parkway. Alexander is in charge of negotiations with clients, preliminary planning, estimates, traffic studies, reports, and construction supervision of all highways and expressways.

He graduated from McGill University, and is a registered professional engineer in the states of New Jerrey and Massachusetts. He also is a member of the New Jersey Society of Professional Engineers; National Society of Professional Engineers; and American Society for Testing Materials. The most recent undertaking of the firm is a contract to design the Lincoln Bridge which is a \$1,000,000 project, considered the largest participation program in the history of Passaic County.

John Garbera

ABOUT THE COVER

This cover is more than a design of art. It is a work of dedication on the part of one of our young members, John Garbera. He has had a great deal of experience in this field. John is a graduate of the School of Visual Art in N. Y. City, and was employed within this area upon graduation. We are proud to have such a person associated with the journal. His study and experience will add much to this publication and to the future of his people. The future of any people is dependent upon the dedication and talent of its youth. We are sure that, through the efforts of John and others like him, we shall succeed. I, as editor, extend my sincere congratulations to John and welcome him to our staff.

His father is Theodore Garbera was born n Mochnaczka and his mother Theresa was born in the village of Rostayna within Lemkovina.

SUMMER FUN

The Lemko Resort affords one a fine opportunity to relax and enjoy the wonderful atmosphere of Monroe, New York. Within this area one may find outstanding accommodations at the hotel or motel. There is boating and fishing for the sport enthusiast. Then if one would wish to test their re-

flexes, tennis would be in order. There is a cool spring fed pool after such robust activities have been set aside. The mountains are ideal for hiking. After you have developed your appetite there is no finer food then that which is served at the dinner table of Lemko Resort.

See you at Lemko Resort.

The Wager

By ANTON CHEKOV

It was a dark autumn night. The old banker paced up and down his study, thinking of the party he had given in the autumn fifteen years before. Many clever men had been at that party, and the conversation had been interesting. One of the subjects they had talked of was the death penalty. The guests, among whom were many learned men and several journalists, were mostly against capital punishment. They considered this form of penalty out of date, not justifiable in a Christian State and immoral. In the opinion of many, capital punishment ought to be replaced everywhere by solitary confinement for life.

"I do not agree with you there," the host said. "I have neither tried the death penalty nor solitary confinement, but if one may judge without trying, in my opinion to condemn a man to death is more moral and more humane than solitary confinement. An executioner kills at once, solitary confinement kills gradually. Which executioner is more humane, he who kills with one stroke or he who takes away your life, little by little, during long years?"

"Both the one and the other are immoral," said one of the guests, "for both have the same object — to take away life. The State is not God. The State has no right to

take away that which is cannot give back, even if it wanted to."

One of the guests, a jurist, a young man of twenty-five years of age, who asked his opinion on the subject replied:

"Both capital punishment and solitary imprisonment for life are equally immoral, but if I were told to choose between death and solitary confinement for life, I would certainly choose the latter. To live under any conditions is better than not to live at all."

The discussion became very animated. The banker, who was younger then and more impulsive, suddenly lost control of himself, and striking the table, he turned to the young jurist and exclaimed:

"That is not true! I bet you two million roubles that you would not be able to stand solitary confinement in a cell even five years."

"If you are serious," the jurist answered, "I accept your wager. I bet that I will remain in solitary confinement not only five, but fifteen years."

"Fifteen! I accept it," the banker cried. "Gentlemen, bear witness, I stake two millions."

"Done," said the jurist; "you stake millions and I stake my liberty."

So this cruel and senseless wager was made. The banker, who at that time scarcely knew how many millions he possessed — spoiled as he

was by success in his hazardous speculations — was delighted with this wager. During supper he joked and chaffed the jurist about it.

"Think better of it, young man, while yet there is time. Two millions are as nothing to me, I can easily risk losing them, but you, remember you are risking three or four of the best years of your life. I say three or four years, because you will not stand it longer. Besides, don't forget that a voluntary imprisonment is much harder to bear than one you are forced to undergo. The knowledge that at any moment you have the right to go free will poison your whole existence in the prisoner's solitary cell... I am sorry for you!"

Now the banker, thinking of all this as he paced up and down, asked himself:

"What was the use of the bet? What profit is it to anyone, that this jurist has sacrificed fifteen of the best years of his life; and that I throw away two millions? Can it prove to mankind that capital punishment is better or worse than lifelong imprisonment? No... a thousand times no... It was senseless... madness... On my part it was the caprice of a man with superabundance, and on his the common greed for wealth."

He also remembered what had taken place after that party. It had been arranged that the jurist should serve his time of solitary confinement in a detached building that stood in the banker's grounds, and he strictly watched. It had

also been decided that during the fifteen years he should be deprived of the right to cross the threshold of the building in which he was confined; of seeing any human being; of hearing the voice of any man; or of receiving letters or newspapers. He was allowed to have musical instruments, to read books, to write letters, to drink wine and to smoke tobacco. It was settled that his only communications with the outer world were to be effected on silence through a small window made specially for the purpose. All that he required, books, notes, food, wine and anything else he might want, he was to get in any quantity he desired by passing out a note through the window. The terms of the wager were settled with regard to all possible contingencies, and they entered into the most minute details, so as make the confinement strictly solitary, and binding the jurist to remain in prison exactly fifteen years from twelve o'clock on the 14th of November, 1870, until twelve o'clock on the 14th of November, 1885. The slightest attempt on the part of the jurist to evade any of the conditions of the wager, or to leave his confinement even two minutes before the settled time, would release the banker from his obligations to pay the two millions.

Judging by his letters, the prisoner suffered greatly during the first year from solitude and ennui. At every hour of the day, and even at night, the sounds of the piano could be heard in his room. He

did not ask for wine or tobacco. "Wine," he wrote, "arouses desire, the worst enemy of a prisoner, besides there is nothing more dull than to drink good wine in solitude, and tobacco spoils the air of my room." During the first year the jurist asked for books, mostly of a light character: novels with complicated love plots, detective stories, fantastic tales, comedies and the like.

During the second year the sounds of music ceased, and the jurist asked for the works of various classical authors. In the fifth year the sounds of music were heard again, and the prisoner asked for wine. His guards reported that this year, whenever they looked through the window, they noticed that he only ate, drank, lay on his bed, often yawned and spoke angry to himself. He read no books. Sometimes at night he sat down to write, and wrote for hours, but in the morning he tore into small scraps, all that he had written. More than once he was heard weeping.

In the second half of the sixth year the prisoner began diligently to study languages and to read philosophy and history. He was so industrious in the study of these sciences that the banker had scarcely time to supply him with all the books he required. In the course of four years he demanded no less than six hundred volumes. Once during this time of mental activity the banker received from the prisoner, among other letters, the following:

"My Dear Gaoler,

I write this letter in six languages. Show it to people who know them. Let them read it, and if they do not find a single error in it, I entreat you to order a shot to be fired in your garden. This shot will tell me that my application has not been in vain. The genius of all centuries and lands speaks in different tongues, but the same flame burns in them all. Oh, if you could only know what a sublime joy fills my soul now that I can understand them!"

The request of the prisoner was gratified. The banker ordered that two shots should be fired in the garden.

After the tenth year of his confinement the prisoner constantly sat motionless at the table and read the New Testament. It seemed strange to the banker that a man who, in the course of four years, had been able to master six hundred volumes, written by the wisest of mankind, should employ more than a year in the reading of a comparatively short and easily comprehensible book. After the Bible, he began to study the history of religion and works on theology.

During the last two years of his imprisonment the captive read very much, but without confining himself to any branch of literature, sometimes he occupied himself with natural history, sometimes he asked for Byon and Shakespeare. Often on the same note he would ask for works on chemistry and medicine, novels and some books

on philosophy or a theological treatise. His reading was so varied that he seemed like a drowning man swimming in the sea surrounded by fragments of wreckage, and eagerly trying to save himself by clinging first to one fragment and then to another.

The old banker remembered all that had happened during the past years, and he thought:

"To-morrow at twelve o'clock he will be free. In fulfilment of our wager I shall have to pay him two millions. What will remain for me? If I pay this money all will be lost. I shall be a ruined man."

Fifteen years ago he could hardly count his millions, but now he was afraid to ask himself whether he had more money or debts. Hazardous gambling on 'change, risky speculations and the impetuosity, which even in his old age often mastered his prudence, had little by little undermined his business, and the fearless selfconfident proud millionaire had become a second-rate banker, who trembled at every rise or fall of the market.

"A damned wager," the old man murmured, raising his hands to his head in despair; "why didn't this man die? He is now forty years of age. He will take from me all I possess—marry, enjoy his life and speculate on 'change. While day after day I, like a beggar, envious of his prosperity, shall hear him say the same words... 'I owe you all the happiness I enjoy in life, let me help you?' No, this is more than I can bear. The only escape from bankruptcy and shame

is the death of this man."

Three o'clock struck. The banker listened. All was quiet in the rustle house; the only sound that could be heard was the rustle of the frozen leaves in the night wind. Trying to make no noise he took from his safe the key of the door that had not been opened for fifteen years, and putting on his greatcoat he went into the garden.

The night was cold and dark. It was raining. A sharp damp wind blew over the garden and moaned through the trees, giving no rest to the dry autumn leaved that had not yet fallen. The banker strained his eyes, but he could see neither the ground under his feet, nor the white statues which decorated the garden, nor the trees, nor the garden house. Carefully going toward the house he called twice to the watchman. There was no answer. The watchman had evidently taken shelter from the weather, and was sleeping soundly either in the kitchen, or the conservatory.

"If only I have the courage to execute my plan," the old man thought, "Suspicion will fall first on the watchman."

Groping his way in the darkness he at last found the steps and the door and he entered the lobby of the little house, then he made his way into the small passage, where he struck a match. Not a soul was to be seen. Somebody's bedstead without a mattress stood in the passage, and in a far corner an iron stove loomed in the darkness. The seals on the door of the room, where the prisoner was confined,

were in perfect order.

When the match went out, the old man, trembling with excitement, looked through a small peephole in the door.

In the room a candle burned dimly. The prisoner was seated at the table. All that could be seen of him was his back, his hair and his hands, that were resting on the table. On two arms-chairs and scattered on the floor were numerous open books.

Five minutes passed, and the prisoner did not move. Fifteen years of imprisonment had taught him to sit motionless. The banker tapped gently on the glass of the peephole, but prisoner did not answer that sound by the slightest movement. Then the banker carefully removed the seals from the door and inserted the key into the keyhole. The rusty lock let out a hoarse sound, and the door squeaked on its hinges. The banker expected to hear an exclamation of surprise of the sound of feet, but three minutes passed and all remained silent as before on the other side of the door... He decided to enter the room.

Sitting at the table was a man, hardly human in appearance. He resembled a skeleton covered with skin, with womanlike hair and a shaggy beard. His face yellow, with earthy tints and hollow cheeks. His back was long and narrow, and the hand, on which his unkept head was resting, was so thin that it was frightful to look at. His hair was turning white, and looking at his old and sunken

face, none would have believed that he was a man of only forty years of age. He was sleeping. Lying on the table before his sunken head was a sheet of paper, on which something was written in very small characters.

"Wretched man," thought the banker, "he is sleeping and probably dreaming of millions. I could easily take this half-dead creature, throw him on the bed and smother the last sparks of life with the pillow in such a way that even the most skilled examination would not be able to reveal the traces of violence. However, let me first see what he has written here."

The banker took up a paper from the table and read the following:

"To-morrow at twelve o'clock I shall be free, and the right to have intercourse with my fellow-men will be mine; but before leaving this room, and again looking on the sun, I find it necessary to say a few words to you. With a clear conscience, and before God, who sees me, I declare to you that I despise freedom and life and health and all that your books call the joys of this world.

"For fifteen years I have studied attentively the life of this world. It is true I neither saw the earth nor its peoples, but in your books I lived... I drank luscious wines, I sang songs, I hunted the deer and the wild bear in the forests... I loved women. Like clouds airy beauties, created by the genius of your great poets, visited men in the night and whispered

wonderful tales which intoxicated me. In your books I climbed to the summit of Elburz and Mount Blanc, and I saw from those heights the sun rise in the morning, and at night it shed its purple glow over the sky and the ocean and the mountaintops. I saw beneath me the flashing lightning cut through the clouds. I saw green fields, forests, rivers, lakes and towns. I heard the song of the sirens and the music of the shepherd's reed-pipes. I left the touch of the wings of beautiful demons, who had flown to me to talk about God. In your books I cast myself down into bottomless abysses, performing wonders, committed murder, set towns on fire, preached new religion, conquered whole kingdoms...

"Your books gave me wisdom. All that had been achieved by the untiring brains of man during long centuries is stored in my brain in a small compressed mass... I know I am wiser than you all...

"And I despise all your books, I despise all earthly blessings and wisdom. All is worthless and false, hollow and deceiving like the mirage. You may be proud, wise and beautiful, but death will wipe you away from the face of the earth, as it does the mice that live beneath your floor; and your heirs, your history, your immortal genius will freeze or burn with the destruction of your earth.

"You have gone mad and are not following the right path. You take falsehood for truth, and deformity for beauty. You would be surprised if instead of fruit there appeared on your apple and orange trees

frogs and lizards, or if your roses exhaled the smell of sweating horses; so I am surprised that you barter heaven for earth... I do not want to understand you.

"To prove to you how I despise all that you value I renounce the millions on which I looked, at one time, as the opening of paradises for me, and which I now scorn. To deprive myself of the right to receive them. I will leave my prison five hours before the appointed time, and by so doing break the terms of our contract."

The banker read these lines, replaced the paper on the table, kissed the strange man, who had written them, on the head and with tears in his eyes quietly left the house. Never before, not even after sustaining serious losses on 'change, had he despised himself as he did at that moment. When he reached his own house he went to bed, but the emotion he had just experienced, and tears that he could not repress, kept him long awake...

—e—

The next morning the trembling and pale watchman came to inform him that they had seen the man, who lived in the small house, crawl through the window into the garden, go to the gate and then disappear. On hearing this the banker followed by his servants went to make sure that his prisoner had really run away...

Not to arouse idle talk, he took from the table the paper containing the prisoner's renunciation, and on returning home he locked it up in his safe.

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