

Lemko

youth journal

Иван Гарбера.

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Lemko Youth Journal



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EDITORIAL STAFF

Andrew Cislak, Editor
Andrew Yurkowsky, Editorial Advisor
Nadine Yedynak
John Porada
Ted Rudawsky, Editorial Assistants
Russ Zawoysky, Circulation Manager
John Garbera, Art Director

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LEMKO YOUTH CLUBS

Often the question has come up in conversation. Just as many times it has been left unanswered. The question I am talking about is "Why should we form Lemko Youth Clubs?"

The answer usually given is that we, the Lemko people, want to keep our identity and that our organization needs more youth. This is, in fact, part of the answer. It is a small part of the whole concept of the Lemko Association.

I think the best way to answer this question would be to go through the aims and goals of the Lemko Association and then go through the ways these goals are to be achieved. In this way we will get a look at the whole picture of what the Lemko Association stands for.

The aims of the Lemko Association are:

(1) To work as one body for enlightenment, political education and the general uplift of the culture of the carpatho-Russian people in the United States and Canada.

(2) To preserve cultural ties with our relatives and friends in the old country—in the Soviet Union and other Slav countries.

(3) To give material assistance to our people in the old country.

(4) Every member of the Lemko Association shall understand

that the Lemko people, because of very unfavorable conditions of their historical development, remain until the present day the most oppressed among all branches of the Russian peoples, and that their national and social equality can be obtained only through development of their national culture in their own native language and by liberation of the people from illiteracy, superstitions, and other results of their unhappy past.

The means by which the above mentioned goals are to be reached are:

(1) To publish newspapers, magazines, schoolbooks and other books in the Lemko dialect and in other languages which might be familiar to one group or another group of our people.

(2) Organize branches of the Lemko Association in all localities where immigrants from Lemkovina and Sub-Carpatho-Russia are to be found, and also national homes, libraries, schools, choral societies, athletic clubs etc.

(3) Extend material support to our young students in the United States.

(4) Make appeals to the governments in behalf of Lemkovina and Sub-Carpathian Russia.

Now you have the general outline of the goals of the Lemko Association and how they are to be achieved. But once again that question comes up "Why form Lemko Youth Clubs"?

The answer lies in the fact that we are the most oppressed of the Russian people. We have a history we can be proud of because there are people who have been trying to wipe the Lemko people completely out of sight and mind for hundreds of years but have not been able to. It is true that we have never had a national government of our own but it is also true that the bigger powers surrounding Lemkovina have always suppressed our people.

The enemies of the Lemko Association and what it stands for can be found in Russia and the Slav countries as well as in the United States and Canada. The Lemko Association also has many supporters in all of these countries. It is my belief that we are starting to gain ground and survive as a people. The road to being recognized as a standing minority group is a long one. The only way we can be recognized as a minority

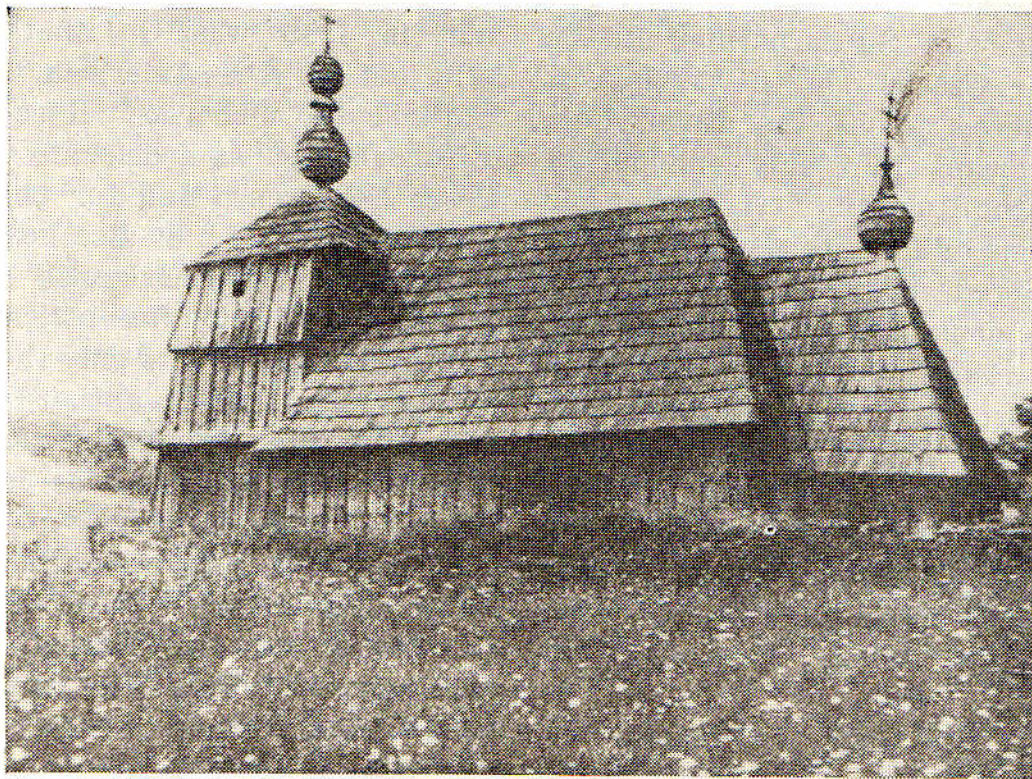
group is to form Lemko Youth Clubs so that the children of the Lemko people will know their history and language as well as their traditions and customs so that they can stand among people of all nationalities and proudly proclaim that they are Lemkos.

The History of Carpatho-Russia

SUBCARPATHIAN RUS

In Uzhgord, on May 8, 1919, the representatives of all the Carpatho-Russian Radas, of former Ugorskaya Rus as well as of the Galician part of Lemkovschina, gathered together and created one Central Russian National or People's Rada (Assembly). The Chairman selected for this Central Council was Anton Beskid.... The Secretaries were Andrey Gagatko, Representative of Galician Lemkovschina, and Dmitry Vislotsky, Secretary of the Pryashev Carpatho-Russian Rada,

which included in its program a united Carpatho-Russia. At this great assembly of representatives of all the Radas or Councils, and representatives of the American Carpatho-Russian emigration, it was decided unanimously to join the united Carpatho-Russia to the Czechoslovak Republic as an autonomous, territorially and nationally, land with its own Sejm or Parliament, Governor, and autonomous officials and clerks, except for such matters as international affairs, defense of the country,



An Old Lemko church of XV Century.



The batcha (Old Lemko Shepperd)

finances, communications and the post office.

Many years have since passed. First of all, we see that, as regards the boundaries of Carpatho-Russia, the people's will was ignored. The boundary of Subcarpathian Russia by the Czechs (in the 1930's) is considered to be the River Uzh. This means that only one-half of Carpatho-Russian territory and only one-half of its population was considered or set aside as the autonomous Subcarpathian Russia. But even worse: **up to now even this part did not receive autonomy.** All of the affairs of Subcarpathian Russia, even educational matters, are administered and controlled by the central authorities in Prague by means of the officials of Czech nationality whom they sent out there....

It is true that the central au-

thorities at Prague appoint for Subcarpathian Rus a governor of Carpatho-Russian nationality, but this Carpatho-Russian governor has not the slightest voice in governing the country. The first such governor in 1919 was G. Zhatkovich sent out by the American Greek-Catholic "Union of Russian Brotherhoods" as a delegate to the Peace Conference and for negotiations with the Czechoslovak government. But Zhatkovich quickly renounced such an office and position that gave him only the title of governor but no authority. All the power that belongs by right to the governor actually was in the hands of his assistant, a Czech sent by the Prague authorities. After Zhatkovich, Anton Beskid was appointed the Carpatho-Russian governor. This old man had been first, Chairman of the Pryshev

Carpatho-Russian Rada, then Chairman of the Central Russian National Rada. Old Anton Beskid became content with the title of governor and its trappings and remained such a titled, figurehead governor until his death. Then the Prague authorities appointed another figurehead governor, the Greek-Catholic Priest Grabar, and

he held the office until the advent of World War II. We repeat that such a Carpatho-Russian governor had no voice in the administration of Subcarpathian Rus. All power resided in the hands of officials of Czech nationality sent out to Subcarpathian Rus by the authorities in Prague.

(to be continued)

By Wanda Wasilewska

FELLOW- PASSENGERS

I like to observe strangers and make a guess at their occupation from their outward appearance, dress and mannerisms. At times this is not easy; a girl who looks like a student turns out to be a dairymaid, the "engineer" is a bricklayer and the "shop manager" proves to be an eminent scientist.

The woman who entered my coach at some wayside station when I was returning to Moscow on a main-line train, took a lot of placing. It happened a long time ago, a year or two after the war. My fellow-traveller was short, thin and vivacious. At first glance it was impossible even to hazard a guess at her age. Old, rather than young, though her thin, narrow face bore no wrinkles and was either well-tanned from sunburn or swarthy by nature; she wore her hair comb-

ed smoothly and pinned tightly in a bun at the back—somewhat old-fashioned at that time—and it was colorless enough to hide any grey there might be in it. She wore a coat of a sporty cut and flat-heeled shoes. By the way in which she put her suitcase, a cloth bag and a small dressing case on the luggage rack, and in general, by her whole behaviour it was obvious that she was used to travelling. I weighed up one point after another and at last came to the conclusion that she was a school-teacher, most likely head mistress of some school. She made herself comfortable in a corner, tried the window to see whether it would open and then closed it immediately because it was cold and windy. She looked out of the window for a little while, but there was nothing much to look

at in that countryside—a snow-covered plain with an odd bush here and there or a lone tree weighed down with snow.

"It's warm in the coach," she said, and I at once began to doubt whether I was right about her age. Her voice was cheerful, resonant and more youthful than I had expected. When she removed her coat she displayed a slim, youthful figure. She was not thin, after all, she was slim. Her movements were as young and vivacious as her voice.

"Are you going to Moscow?" she asked, and when I answered in the affirmative she sighed. Even that sigh of hers was more like a good-natured snuffle, with no trace of melancholy in it.

"So am I," she said.

"Quite a bit to go yet."

"D'you think so?" she asked in surprise. "To me it seems there's only a little bit left. I've been eight days on the road already."

"Eight days!" It was my turn to be surprised.

"Yes, count them: first on a sleigh, then on a jeep, then on the narrow-gauge—the narrow-gauge hauls timber to the station and you can always catch a ride—and after that I changed trains twice. I'm from X." She named a place I'd never heard of before and have now completely forgotten. "And I'll bet you've not the faintest idea where that is. It's in Yakutia. And it's not even a town, just a few houses. It may be on a large-scale local map, but that's all."

Well, she certainly wasn't a school-teacher. Geologist, perhaps?

A member of some scientific expedition, some group prospecting for oil, gold or iron ore, returning to Moscow on leave? I did not ask her; I wanted to continue my guessing game, but she seemed to read my thoughts.

"I worked there.... I mean I'm working there... as a doctor," she explained.

"Been there long?"

"A long time. Actually I've only been two years where I am now, but altogether I've been twenty years in Yakutia. For two years I lived in Khabarovk Territory—during the war, that was—and now I'm back in Yakutia."

"Is this place of yours far from Yakutsk?"

"You'd probably think it's quite close. But to me it's a long way."

"Why so?"

"Well, from Yakutsk to our place is about five hundred kilometers, less than the distance from Moscow to Kiev, say. But you should try travelling that five hundred kilometers! On horseback and in a row boat. In summer you can go part of the way in the boat, but in winter you have to go by sleigh and the narrow-gauge railway and that takes several days."

"Where do you go by boat, down the Lena?"

"What Lena? The Lena's in the opposite direction! You talk as though the Lena were the only river in Yakutia. We've got more rivers than you can count. But once I did work on the Lena, too. Then sometimes I would go to Yakutsk by steamer but it was a long way

round so I usually went overland which was much quicker, travelling in a straight line. And how often do I get a chance to see Yakutia? Once a year, at the outside, when it is absolutely necessary. I'm always too busy. I'm stuck at home the whole year round—well not exactly at home because I'm always on the move. My district's terribly big."

"You use a car?"

"Sometimes. After the war we got a jeep. But in winter I still go everywhere in a sleigh. It's so much more convenient. I had it specially fitted so that I could keep everything I need handy; the nurse and I get around together, I do the driving. When we make a very long trip around the district we take a senior nurse as well. And we can get a plane from town to take urgent cases to the hospital, that's our latest achievement. There are settlements completely cut off from the outside world and difficult to reach when they need a doctor urgently."

"What sort of cases do you mostly get?"

"All sorts. In the forest someone might get hurt by a falling tree, or get mauled by a bear or wildcat, or a trapper's gun might go off by accident, although such things rarely happen. Then there are the maternity cases, some of them rather difficult...."

"How big is your hospital?"

"Well, we haven't got a real hospital, we're not even a district center, you see. But I've got a ward that I organized at the out-patient's clinic, there are six beds there. We

send cases to the town for hospitalization and that's two hundred or more kilometres from our place. The settlements are small and very far apart; what they need most of all is out-patient's clinics and a visiting doctor like me. We have very few doctors and the clinics are staffed mainly with nurses, some of them almost as highly qualified as doctors, and I travel round from clinic to clinic and check up on the work. I have special surgery days at each clinic and on my way round I visit the herdsmen's and trappers' camps. Then back to my base again."

"It's a pretty hard life, isn't it?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"There's no comparing our work today with what it used to be, it's so much easier. But still, all sorts of things do happen. Sometimes we get short of drugs, the supplies don't arrive in time When our town got a plane after the war—just a little thing, you know, that can land on a pocket handkerchief—we thought we were in heaven. But before long we discovered that one plane wasn't enough, we needed a second, it's so easy to get used to good things. If only we could always get people to hospitals in time! I often have to perform operations that I ought not attempt. I've had plenty of practice, of course, but I sometimes get very difficult cases with complications and I'm really no surgeon. I try to keep up with the times, but it isn't easy. Not long ago I attended a refresher course, but if you don't keep track of all

new developments something may appear and you'll miss it. To be quite honest, I must admit that I often use old local folk remedies, those that are well known, of course, and have been tested by long practice. I get along as best I can. The new drugs often take a long time to reach us, and when I read the medical journals—I subscribe to several of them—my hands itch to get hold of the things described there. I keep writing and asking for things, and there aren't any! They're still undergoing tests, still being verified, or there aren't enough, the supplies were all taken before the news reached us. And it's not only the new drugs—sometimes we haven't got enough of even the simplest medicines, to say nothing of surgical instruments, apparatus.... And despite that there's always the chance that somebody will raise a howl because I use herbs and roots and things. I'm very careful with them, I've arranged something like a laboratory to test them; it's a bit primitive, of course, but I've had some fairly good results. Local doctoring has hundreds of years' experience behind it so that it can't all be rejected indiscriminately. I try to combine the latest scientific achievements, whenever they are available, with the local medicines that are available, thanks to nature."

"What's your speciality?"

"Speciality? What speciality could I possibly follow when I have to be everything at once in the places where I work? I'm gyne-

cologist, surgeon, pediatrician and even dentist—I've pulled so many teeth that I've lost count of them! How can I explain it to you? My work is similar to that of the general practitioner in the old days. Of course, we need specialists, but there aren't enough, even in the cities. During the war doctors were mobilized to work at the front and in the military hospitals—I applied about a dozen times myself, but they wouldn't let me go. Even today we haven't got enough specialists to go round. It's a good thing there are doctors ready for anything, like I have to be. D'you know that before the Revolution there were twelve doctors in the whole of Yakutia? The shamans—they're the local witch doctors—used to treat the people and we had to carry a long war—and what a war!—against them. I was still young and green in those days, in 1925 it was, when I'd just graduated from college, had no experience and was given a room in a good solid house—built of logs a meter thick, it was—and the room was big and clean, it smelt of resin, and with the fire crackling in the stove it was warm and cosy. But I was afraid, I cringed in a corner and cried my heart out like the inexperienced little fool I was. The joke of it all was that I had actually volunteered for the job. In those days the Komsomol organization was appealing for young people to go to Yakutia where there were no doctors and the Yakut people were dying out. I applied. How was I to know what Yakutia was

like? Well, as I sat there in my corner the housewife came in.

"What are you crying for, girlie? Thinking of home and mother, eh?"

"She was a kindly old soul, the daughter of a former exile and very proud that theirs was one of the old exile families. She was like a mother to me—my own mother had died of typhus during the Civil War and my father had been killed before that. I was brought up by an aunt, a school-teacher.

"I'm terribly afraid," I told her. "How am I going to treat people when I don't know anything myself? I don't know the language and I'm all alone here in the middle of a big forest. The noise the trees make just gives me the willies..."

"She sat down besides me and stroked my hair."

"Why d'you think you're all alone here? There are a lot of people in the settlement, about thirty families. And you'll see how beautiful our forests are, especially in summer. And as for doctoring.... Have you got a diploma?"

"Yes."

"Well, they must have taught you something if they gave you a diploma! You'll learn the rest as you go along. Don't let that worry you, your hardest job is to get yourself some patients."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just listen to me. The Russians and the Ukrainians—and there are even some Poles here—all work in the goldfields. They'll come to you right away. But the Yakuts will

be afraid. They get their medicine from the shamans. For them the shaman is headman, doctor, priest, what you will. You'll have to think about how you're going to win the confidence of the Yakuts; they fall sick and die, and the things that go on in their tents are horrible just to watch. God forbid that an epidemic should break out—none of them have been vaccinated and so many of them go blind from trachoma!"

"Then it all began. My neighbors started visiting me the very next day, just to get acquainted with the new arrival. They seemed to be taking stock of me, what sort of doctor was I likely to be, would it be worth while coming to me for advice. They didn't seem inclined to trust me at first, I suppose I was too young, and it's my bad luck that I'm short and slim and always look younger than my years. Before I'd been there long a senior male nurse was sent out from the center; he was an elderly and experienced man who had had years of practice. He knew the local conditions and I managed to learn a lot from him. And my first nurse was a fine woman—as a worker she was a treasure. Our out-patients' clinic began to function, at first not too smoothly, but gradually we got settled down. The Yakuts began coming more often, some of them even travelled long distances.

"After I'd been working a few months, who d'you think turned up? None other than the shaman

had not known me before would not believe that I was not a native Yakut, although my face is nothing like theirs. I can talk with them, sing their songs the way they do, and there was a time, when I was younger, that I danced the Yakut dances. And how I danced!" she laughed. "I got interested in folklore and, although my conscience troubled me a bit for wasting time on something that did not concern me and for which I had no training, I began to make notes and record their old songs. These old songs are very interesting, they are full of wise lore, tales and legends. And what a multitude of legends they have. Those times are past now, but some fifteen or so years ago, almost anybody, from the oldest man to the youngest child, could recite wonderfully interesting legends with their own cosmogony and their own hierarchy of gods. Needless to say that all has changed now, changed so much that it seems as though it were a hundred years and not twenty since I, a young girl, first went to visit a sick woman in a Yakut *urasa*, that's a sort of summer hut they have on the pastures. Electricity, schools, hospitals.... Old Yakutia is fast disappearing. A shaman is a rare thing nowadays, and even the shaman has changed. Superstitions, witchcraft and incantations are all dying out; all their rites are falling into disuse and are only preserved in out-of-the-way places far from the towns, and even there

change is going on. But then.... I've collected a whole suitcase of notebooks full of records that I've shown to specialists once or twice. At first I was shy of doing so because I made notes without any system, recorded everything I came across without knowing what was valuable and what was just rubbish or already well known. The people who saw my notes were very interested and persuaded me to continue recording what I heard. Of course, I've had more opportunities than most people—a folklore student comes to us, stays for a sort time and goes away never to return. I've already handed over twenty notebooks and I've got two more with me that I'm taking to Moscow. It amuses me and I expect they'll be useful to somebody. And as for the 'local'—I told you about the herbs, didn't I?—I record them as well. I've got quite a collection, a little herbarium. I might come across something really valuable, you know. Quite a lot of herbs, old folk remedies, have been included in the official pharmacopoeia!"

She took down her bag, got out some food carefully wrapped in greaseproof paper, the conductor brought us tea and we began offering each other titbits. It seemed to me that I was sitting opposite an old acquaintance and not a chance fellow-passenger. I took the risk of asking her an immodest question.

"Didn't you ever get married in that Yakutia of yours?"

"I did. Why not?" she answered simply. "Don't judge me by what I look like today. I could never lay claim to beauty, but people used to like me and think me attractive. I was working in the goldfields at the time, where there was a small hospital and a school. He taught in the school and we got acquainted. I'm restless by nature, I don't like to stay put in one place for long. I arrange things, organize and then feel an itch to move on. Fima was the same type. At that time the campaign to wipe out illiteracy was just beginning and teachers had to go to villages and teach the people to read and write—the old people as well as the young became interested. When you finished in one place you moved on to the next. For some time we went from tent to tent, from one winter or summer camp to another—he taught the people and I gave them medical attention. We were a good partnership, we worked well together. And the My son was five years old when his father was drowned. He went to the rescue of a boy, one of his pupils. The boy was saved but Fima was drowned. My boy grew up and this year he entered the University of Irkutsk where my brother-in-law lectures. He's a fine boy, very capable—I don't say it because he's my son, everybody praises him."

"Didn't you ever marry again?"

"No. Somehow I didn't get round to it. Not because I didn't have any offers, I can't complain on that score. In the first place, I was

afraid Grisha, that's my boy, you know, might not take to his stepfather, and then it always turned out that if I married I'd have to move to Yakutsk or some other town, and I didn't want to. I was always attracted to the taiga, to the little settlements, where everything was just beginning and where I felt I was needed. In general, I don't really know myself why I didn't marry again. It seems funny to say it, but I never had the time. I was always busy, for I have to admit to another weakness. I began to study local diseases, to keep them under observation and find remedies for them. There are several of these diseases and I made a sort of scientific study of them, on a very small scale, of course, for I'm no scientist, it's ridiculous to claim that I am. So, you see, there was that, too, and what with one thing and another the years passed without my noticing them. I lived a full life from morning to night and didn't bother about anything else. Besides..... She stopped and looked out of the window; then she turned to stare straight at me with her vivacious, hazel eyes. "You know," she began, without a trace of sadness, "I was very much in love with my Fima. If he had died under other circumstances it might have been different. But as it was.... For a long time it seemed to me that another marriage would be like being unfaithful to him. Later on, things went their own way. I'm not sorry, my life has been interesting, I've

always had plenty of good friends and never felt lonely; the years passed, my hair turned grey and now I shall wait for a grandson. Grisha will finish with the university and get married...."

She wrapped up her food in neat little packages and put them away carefully in her bag. It was a pleasure to watch her agile, sun-burnt hands. She talked a lot and talked quickly but one could feel that she was no chatterbox—she could just as easily listen to others or simply keep quiet. She kept talking only because she found me an eager listener.

"You asked me what is the most interesting thing that ever happened to me? It's hard to say right off. There seem to have been so many interesting events. I'd like to choose something and tell you all about it, but I just don't know how to start. You're hardly likely to be interested in some difficult medical case. Adventures, you say? My life's been one long adventure. When I was at college I never even dreamed that I would wander alone about the taiga, get to know a huge territory and see wild places where scarcely anybody had ever been before. I was always such a little thing, sickly and timid. Nevertheless there have been adventures everywhere, everything I did could easily have been an adventure. I remember how I went to my first appointment—I told you, didn't I? I had to go to a case in a neighboring village the very next day. When I

went out of the house there was a horse standing there with a beautifully embroidered saddlecloth—the Yakuts embroider them wonderfully. The horse was sort of grey, mouse-colored, and terribly hairy.

"Take hold of it, it's yours."

"My landlady, who was over sixty, climbed on to another horse.

"Get mounted," she said, hurrying me.

"In those days mounting a horse seemed to me to be just about the same as mounting a tiger. I'd never even held a horse by the bridle in all my life. I was afraid to go near it, afraid it might bite or kick. The people could not understand why I stood there rooted to the ground. Believe it or not, they didn't even suspect that there could be a woman of my age who couldn't ride a horse! To them it was the same as a healthy, grown-up person saying he couldn't walk. I've remembered that incident ever since and yet it wasn't really an adventure. After that I used to visit my patients on horseback and the nearest way to the district center was by forest paths. I still like horseback riding."

"What are you going to do in Moscow? Some courses or a congress?"

Her face fell.

"No, I'm going there about a job."

"A job?"

"Yes, a job in the ministry. While I was still in Yakutia I gave the authorities no rest. They wanted to help me, but they couldn't.

I sent a letter, then another and then a telegram, but it was no use. I had to pack my things and leave. It'll be easier to talk to people at the ministry there on the spot."

"I think you certainly deserve a spell in Moscow after all those years' work under such conditions."

"What?" she flashed up. "I'm going there to make them leave me alone, to make them let me continue working as I've been doing...."

"In that X of yours?"

"Why there? Not necessarily. The place is gradually becoming a town, anyway. Plans have been approved and building has begun—there'll be a power station and a big hospital, a hundred per cent civilization. Perhaps they'll agree to transfer me further north where there are some wild places left."

"So Moscow doesn't attract you?"

"What is Moscow to me. How many millions? Four, they say, or even five; they can manage without me. I'm still of some use where I am. They probably think I'm getting old, but I can compete with the youngsters when necessary. I've been hardened. I may look thin, but I'm strong. Feel my muscles! Don't be shy, feel them!"

She placed my hand on her arm. Under the sleeve of her blouse I could feel smooth, hard biceps that indicated a strength unexpected in so frail a woman.

"You see? As long as I'm healthy why should I hang about Moscow? What is there for me to do at the ministry? I'm just an ordinary

practitioner. And they want to take me away from my patients, away from people, and bury me in papers that I know nothing about. I'm used to fresh air and open spaces, I'd be stifled working in an office, hemmed in by four walls! How many people, highly skilled, talented, deserving people dream of a job in Moscow! But I'm not used to a big city, I don't believe, even, that I could behave properly at the ministry. I've grown uncouth, I've become wild in the taiga. But they're stubborn, you see, so all right—I'll tell them a thing or two when I get there. And when they see me they'll realize that they can't make a ministerial official out of such raw material! There's another thing, too; when I was on my way here I got another idea. 'You've had enough of Yakutia, Zinaida,' I said to myself. In those twenty years I've covered thousands and thousands of miles and I've been there long enough. When I get over this business of a transfer to Moscow, when I've shown them there are plenty of better people for the job, I'll go to Kamchatka! I've been wanting to try Kamchatka for a long time. They say it's a lovely place, and doctors are needed there."

She smiled at me like a naughty child.

"The only thing....I'll probably stay in Kamchatka a little while and then—back to Yakutia. I've got fond of the place and I'll be lonesome for it. And when I'm old I'll settle down wherever Grisha is working, even if it's in Moscow.

PEOPLE WINTERIZE ALL BUT THEMSELVES



Too many people, say health authorities, forget that the human machine is the most delicate of all. They pamper the roofs of their houses but they ignore the tops of their heads.

They check their furnaces carefully but ignore their heart. The family car gets a through overhaul but the family bodies are forgotten.

Build up resistance to illness now while there's still time. Winter is rough on everything, particularly human beings.

No wonder so many middle aged people have so little to say any more. They are numb with doubt. They don't know what to think let alone say.

Then you were taught that a wise man never bought any thing until he could pay for it in cash.

Then a father was a symbol of family authority and the recognized head of the house. Now he's the mousy fellow who comes home once a week with his paycheck in his mouth but isn't supposed to open his yap about how the place is run.

THE \$92 SCHOOLTEACHER

In New York City a public school teacher gets a minimum annual salary of \$4,800, which on the basis of a fifty two week year comes out to \$92 a week. To qualify for this starting salary, a bachelors' degree representing four years of college is required. After thirteen years the salary can rise to \$9,450, or \$182 a week, but regardless of how many Ph.D's are earned or how long the teacher stays on the classroom job, that's as high as the salary can go. Why would anyone want to be a teacher, with all the grief that goes with it, when he could be an electrician, who receives \$161 for a 30 hour week and is almost sure to get an extra hour daily of premium overtime to make it \$198 a week and maybe if he works a full 8 hour day like most other people he gets \$236 a week.

But think of the prestige and community admiration the teachers enjoy. They'd better not write any checks on that part of the salary however. Take some constructive steps to encourage young people with high ideals and the needed ability to dedicate themselves to a teaching career.

It can be truly called a divine profession because one good teacher benefits countless other people

Such a one certainly leaves the world better than he or she found it.



Talerhoff – the Russian Golgota

The Shooting of Rev. M. Sandowich

At that moment his thoughts were interrupted by a loud bang upon the black gate. It was six o'clock in the morning. Into the prison grounds came a whiskered, red-as-a-beet Captain of Cavalry—a german, by name Dietrich, from Lintz, with two soldiers and four

gendarmes. Behind them came the prison administrators, some officials and officers, followed by a small group of curious natives. At the head of this honorable group... was the bailiff of Gorlitsky district, Mitshka, who gave the order.... that Father Sandowich was to be escorted. Two soldiers grabbed him



Talerhoff tragedy dramatized by Lemko Play Circle in Passaic, N.J.
 under the direction of Mr. Y. Koban.

under the arms; Revend Maxim immediately understood where they were taking him.

"Please, do not trouble yourselves about me! I thank you sincerely for your help. I shall by myself go there, where necessary," he said quietly, respectfully, and went forth with dignity to the place of execution for the last death-agonies. His long, black cassok fell from his wide shoulders to his feet. His pear-tree cross of the crucifixion shielded his manly chest.

The whispering of the crowd reached him. The word "traitor" was bandied about. But Father Maxim calmly, step by step, made his way to the wall.

The crowd immediately became silent.

The time of the execution in the name of the "apostle"—the Caesar—had arrived. The execution of a Russian priest on Russian land. Captain Dietrich, the hero of the day, snatched the crucifix from the chest of Father Maxim and with a kerchief blindfolded his eyes; then he quickly began tying his hands. However, Father Maxim quietly murmured: "Don't be afraid. I have no intention of escaping."

Captain Dietrich roared in devilish fashion, then with crayon traced a mark on the cassock opposite the chest, as the target for those who were to shoot. After this, he placed two gendarmes at the sides, and opposite Father Maxim, two soldiers.

The crowd became quieter still.

The bailiff Mithshka read the sentence of death. There was a brief command and right after it the zing of the carbines. The noise of the shots moved along the grounds, reverberating in every corner of the prison.

And again quiet reigned, as if in a cemetery. And in this stillness came the clear voice of Father Maxim:

"Long live the Russian people!" Upon uttering these words he leaned his tempestuous, bushy-haired head upon the wall.

"Long live the holy, Orthodox faith!," he continued, with lowered voice.

"Long live the Slavonic idea!," he ended, in a barely audible whisper.

The strong organism of Rev. Maxim was not submitting to the violator, death. He fell to the ground and in convulsions writhed upon the bloody flagstones. Then one of the gendarmes came up to him and with a burst from his revolver finished him off. And he did a Christian deed, for he ended the agony of the victim of execution.

Thus died Father Maxim. His heroic death was witnessed by his grey-haired father, Timothy, and his brother, and both remained silent from the beginning to the end of the execution. Only his faithful helpmate, Pelagia, sobbed inconsolably in her prison cell. And when she heard the final shot, she fell down on the planking as if dead.

(to be continued)

Men of Russian Science

ALEXANDER POPOV, INVENTOR OF RADIO

From Childhood to University

THE TORPEDO SCHOOL

The best years of Popov's short life were spent in a school which was destined to become the cradle of radio. Here he worked for eighteen years, from 1883 to 1901. He came a youth without a stable place in life, and left the Torpedo School a recognized scientist who had glorified Russian science with an epoch-making contribution.

This period of Popov's life is of extraordinary interest not only as concerns the biography of the inventor of radio, but also as regards the history of the theory of electricity and its practical application.

Since 1885 when James Clerk Maxwell published his first work **On Faraday's Lines of Force**, the science of electricity had experienced a period of intense development, a period which was characterized both by profound theoretical thinking (Maxwell's two-volume **Treatise of Electricity and Magnetism**, 1873, in which he formulated the electromagnetic theory of light) and by a wealth of new experimental data. Especially brilliant results were obtained by H. Hertz, who proved experimentally the existence of electromagnetic waves and who had followers in many countries, including Russia.

Popov differed from the majority of his predecessors who had worked on problems of electric waves and oscillations in that as a scientist he grew up in an environment which, to a great extent, favored attempts to apply practically the achievements of science. Even as a student he was close to scientific and technical circles, the aim of which was the development of this new field of technology by utilizing every advancement in the science of electricity. After the University he again found himself in similar conditions.

It wasn't by chance that the Torpedo School became the cradle of wireless telegraphy. Documents and materials dealing with the history of this educational institution show that the ground here was favorable for bold scientific and technical ventures.

The Torpedo School was founded in 1874 and was to train both torpedo-men and electricians. The School was located at Kronstadt to insure constant and close contact with the Navy. This had its difficulties, especially at first, when it didn't have (nor could it have) teachers on the staff working for the Naval Department only. Nevertheless, the best specialists of the capital were invited to teach. They

not only taught the cadets but also trained assistants (provided for in the personnel plan) to take their place.

At the head of the school was an officer appointed by the Naval Department from among the commanders of the Torpedo Detachment. At first the school had an annual enrollment of twenty students from among the officers of the Navy, who were exempt from examinations. They were so-called "obligatory cadets." Besides them, extern students from among the naval officers were allowed to enter. The very first year there were several times more such students (as many as 70 persons) than there were "obligatory cadets."

The course of class instruction lasted only six and a half months, from October 1 to April 15 (later it was considerably extended when the so-called supplementary course was introduced). After examinations and a sea voyage, those who had successfully completed the course received commissions as torpedo officers on the ships of the Navy.

At first, the school had only three subjects, with the course of electricity (it was called "An Experimental and Practical Course in Electricity, Galvanism, and Magnetism") occupying first place. This was followed by a course in explosives, and a special course on submarine mines.

The school also had a torpedo division with 40 cadets "selected from among well-trained gunners recently graduated and who knew

arithmetic." This was a detachment that trained privates, torpedo-men and non-commissioned officers of this arm of the service.

During the very first years of its existence, the Torpedo School had shown itself capable of training specialists that could tackle extremely complex technical problems. Thus, for example, in 1883, during the coronation of Alexander III, the electrical illumination of the Kremlin, which was a grand undertaking for that period, was handled by the graduates of the school.

The contribution of the Torpedo School was not only in the training of electricians. Of exceptional significance is the fact that the teachers were given favorable conditions for scientific research work. Even a university could envy such conditions. The physics laboratory and the rich scientific library that was constantly being supplied with the latest Russian and foreign literature, could satisfy the very highest demands. Popov's closest associate, Georgiyevsky,* who later headed this laboratory, wrote:

"This concern for raising the teaching level in the school resulted in the establishment of what was probably the best (both in variety and selection of instruments) physics laboratory in Russia at that time. It was well financed and it improved from year to year. The school had its own library that received the most important foreign magazines in physics and electricity." Rybkin (1864-1948), who was head of the physics laboratory after Georgiyevsky, said the

same about this birthplace of wireless telegraphy.

(*Nikolay Georgiyevsky (1864-1940) was professor at the Leningrad Technological Institute. A pupil of Yegorov, Georgiyevsky was his assistant in the Military Medical Academy. Together with his teacher he conducted valuable research in the verification of the Zeeman effect.

Although the most important works of Georgiyevsky have to do with heat, he was among the prominent members of the Sixth Department (Electrotechnical) of the Russian Technical Society and the chief organizer of congresses in electricity.

Georgiyevsky was connected with Popov from the very beginning of his independent scientific career, while working as assistant in the Torpedo School during the years before the invention of radio (1890-1894). Their close and friendly relations continued to Popov's last days. Georgiyevsky's memoirs **The Works of Popov That Preceded the Invention of Wireless Telegraphy** (Electricity, 1925, No. 4, pp. 211-215) are one of the main sources for the study of Popov's work during the period just before the invention of radio).

Even before Popov, the Torpedo School had conducted intensive research. Within 10 years of the founding of the school, the authorities began to make demands on it as if it were a research institution. This is made special note of in **The Materials on the History of the Torpedo School**, where each chapter

contains a special section devoted to scientific investigations conducted in the school. Reports of these activities began in the eighth year of the existence of the institution.

It should be added that the Torpedo School had its own organ, **The Torpedo School News**. Although the **News** was not a strictly periodic publication it was coming out at least twice a year by the time Popov came there to teach (the issue was its fifteenth in 1885, when it was renamed **Torpedo News** and was put out by the Naval Technical Committee). Popov also participated in this organ which published his articles, "On the Hughes Induction Scales" and "The Syllabus of Revision Instruction on Differential and Integral Calculus."

It has already been pointed out that the Torpedo School was not only an educational institution but also a scientific establishment. And not only the teachers were engaged in scientific investigations. The youth also were drawn into this creative work, an additional course being established for the purpose. Thus, the teachers had to do with people who would later develop the field of knowledge to which they had dedicated themselves.

Popov entered the school in its tenth school year (1883-84) and at once began teaching the basic and supplementary courses. A year had hardly passed when, because of the illness of one of the teachers (Stevanov), Popov was asked to deliver an independent course of lectures on electricity. Popov's first biographer, Smirnov, who was well

acquainted with the inventor, wrote that "in 1884-1885 the young assistant had to replace one of the teachers, Stepanov, who was taken ill; this responsible course quickly developed Popov, it extended his knowledge and helped him to master his shyness."

The lecture course on electricity did not, however, free Popov from his other duties. He continued the "revision course on differential and integral calculus," remained head of the physics laboratory, and conducted laboratory work in electricity and magnetism. And in 1885-86 he conducted a short course in electricity, and also laboratory work in electricity in the Class of Torpedo Mechanics.

Already during Popov's second year in the Torpedo School, his official position enabled him to take up the study of his favorite subject and stimulated his interest in independent creative work. Very few of Popov's personal notes still exist, especially such as might contain original pedagogical or research ideas. Popov differed from some scientists who collected their notes and letters with the utmost care producing in this way extremely rich scientific archives (the daily notes) of Faraday, for example, form seven huge volumes, and Yakobi's notes and papers number tens of thousands and reflect various stages of his activities from the very beginning of his independent work), in that he did not leave after him any such material. Petrov-

sky,* the teacher who succeeded Popov in the Torpedo School and who knew him well, related the following in a speech dedicated to the memory of the inventor of the wireless telegraph: "Although Popov taught in several educational institutions he left behind very few personal written notes. His numerous public lectures and reports on wireless telegraphy were not published, and the whole history of the discovery that made Popov world famous, remained only in the recollection of persons who were witnesses of the event."

(*Alexey Petrovsky (1878-1942) was an honored scientist and the first professor of radio engineering in Russia. He began independent scientific and pedagogical work first in the Technological Institute, where he remained for only a short time, and then extended it in the Torpedo School after Popov who selected him as his successor had left.

Petrovsky considered himself Popov's pupil, and also continued the work of his teacher. He was head of the first scientific research radio laboratory established in the Naval Department and attached to the Radio Telegraph House. The name of Petrovsky is connected with the first steps in the elaboration of the problem of utilizing electromagnetic waves for geological prospecting and as a means of communication in mines.)

(to be continued)

LETTER TO TEEN-AGERS

Always we hear the plaintive cry of the teen-agers — "Where can we go? What can we do?" The answer is.... Go home.

Hang the storm widows, paint the woodwork, rake the lawn, mow the grass, shovel the walk, wash the family car, learn to cook and sew, scrub the floors, iron the clothes, repair the sink and other appliances... get a job.

Help the ministers and priests and Rabbis, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, visit the sick, assist the poor, study your lessons and then when you are through and not too tired, read a book.

Your parents do not owe you entertainment. Your community does not owe you recreation facilities. The world does not owe you a living. You owe it your time and energy and talents, so that no one will be at war or in poverty, or sick or lonely again.

In plain words, GROW UP, Be That Which You Pretend You Are. Quit being a cry-baby. Get out of your dream world. Develop a backbone, not a wishbone. Start acting like a man and a lady. Parents get tired of nursing, protecting, helping, appeasing, appealing, begging, excusing, tolerating, denying themselves needed comforts for every whim and fancy, just because your selfish ego, instead of common sense, dominates your personality, thinking and requests.

— Courtesy Denver, Colo., Juvenile Court).

TRIBUTE TO GRANDMOTHER

By Barbara Velsko

"If only people would realize how important grandparents are, not only to the children but to all the family! It makes me sad to hear a grandmother say that life is empty because life should be good after children are raised. Grandmas, in my opinion, should have nothing but a picnic and the fullest time of their lives."

"As for using grandmother as a built-in-baby-sitter, this I don't approve of, but sincerely believe its good once in a while for all concerned. We always had and have good times with our grandmother. She brushes away the tears of both sorrow and laughter so gently and always has a smile, a hug and a kiss."

"She always has a good word of praise when a job was well done, and an understanding, consoling but firm word when we are out of line. I would remind mothers: What we sow, we also reap. Its a thought worth remembering since they will probably be grandmothers themselves one day.

A Grandchild



THE MASTER TEACHER

He handles all routine matters with dispatch. Homework is distributed and assigned as the roll is taken. The class begins... He motivates, prods, and stirs imaginations. His purpose is firmly in mind, and slowly starts to form. Students are questioned; and students question. He outlines his lesson on the chalkboard making the presentation a step-by-step approach to the goal. He is the master salesman; his product is the subject matter. There are no disciplinary problems — how can there be any? — the class is spellbound — the class is actively learning.

... He has a knowledge and love of his subject matter. This is evident from the start. His students recognized it and respect him for it. He has more than a book knowledge of students. His knowledge of youth is founded on respect and trust... so he has fewer discipline problems. The students know what he expects at all times. In every respect he is consistent. He has a love and understanding of youth. He really understands the learning process. He is justly angry when they belabour a point for he knows, and his students know, that he has planned the material and presented it in the finest way. His plans are reflected in his presentation. They are not one or two line

plans. They are real plans. He has taken pains to outline the lesson from all angles. He knows where he is going and how he is going to get there.

The master teacher is not going to cover pages 31-37, Lit. Book" as we see in some plan books. **He is covering these pages; but his plans show how and why.** There can be no doubt as to the insights that he is trying to develop: no doubts as to the analysis to be done. This is a careful, well laid plan to trap and ensnare an audience into learning — and he succeeds. His assignments have meaning. **They are related to the material previously taught or to the material to be taught.** They are planned assignments which challenge the students. **The students are aware of the fact that he checks the assignments.** They rarely try to fake an assignment — they rarely want to do this. The man is a scholar and he has made them want to learn. **He uses every device to better his presentation** — the chalkboard, maps, pictures, records, etc., and a few homemade devices which he deems necessary to make understanding more complete. **The master teacher is an expert actor.** He knows how to use his voice and how to **dramatize** and **enliven** a usually "dull" part of the work. **His timing is ex**

cellent. He progress at an even rate and covers the material in the planned time. He has allowed time for questioning and explanation; he is not caught by the bell.

Just as a jig saw puzzle was once a whole that has been segmented by plan so is his lesson a whole. By the end of the period the pieces

fit together — by plan. He carries his class afar. **He makes them think** and probe. He has confiecindence in their ability (no matter what the level of ability) and the students recognize this, and work beyond their ability. This man is truly a teacher. He is real and we all have seen many like him — and want to see more!



Rev. Maxim Sandovich as a material witness in Lvovs court.

Lemko Recipes

By Mrs. Eva Yurkowsky

FIVE MINUTE GOULASH

2 pounds of steak cut $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick and then cut into pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide and 1 inch long. In 2 tablespoons lard or cooking fat, brown until pale golden and slightly soft, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onions.

Push to the side in the same pan and brown the meat which has been seasoned with salt and pepper.

Then add 1 can beef gravy, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon marjoram, 1 tablespoon sweet paprika and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sherry wine if you desire.

Bring to a boil and cook 2 minutes. The goulash is ready to serve.

BAKED BROCCOLI AND MACARONI SALAD

2 cups cooked macaroni
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
1 medium sized onion, chopped
1 carrot chopped fine
1 large stalk celery, chopped fine
1 large stalk broccoli chopped
1 green pepper chopped
2 tablespoons mayonnaise

Bread crumbs. Oven temperature

350 degrees. Bake 20 minutes. Serves four.

In a bowl combine the cooked macaroni, salt, pepper, onion, carrots, celery, broccoli, green pepper and mayonnaise. Place in a greased casserole (2 qts.). Sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven until browned on top.

POTATO PANCAKES

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
1 egg, slightly beaten
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons grated onions
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups grated potatoes
Shortening

In a bowl sift flour, baking powder, salt, pepper. Add the combined egg, milk, butter and grated onion, stirring until dry ingredients are just moistened. Add the grated potatoes (grated at the last minute because the potatoes darken upon standing). Heat a lightly greased griddle. When hot, drop spoonfuls of mixture on griddle. Brown, turn and brown other side. Repeat procedure until all batter is used. Serve immediately.

CHILDHOOD

The following material deals with childhood frustration.

Whatever the condition, it must be taken for granted. One wants to know why, but one must not ask. If it is so, that is sufficient reason. One must never ask why. And whatever you do, you must not ask Mama. If Mama says it is so, it is so. A nice little boy or girl wouldn't **think** of asking why, Mama declares. And if you are naughty and persist, you will just have to wait and ask Papa when he comes home. At last Papa comes home but he is too tired now. I wonder if Mama knew he would be too tired when he came home. If she—but this is asking why again. Besides Papa says "Children should be seen and not heard." He means, I suppose, they mustn't be heard asking "why."

After a while one gets very much a sense of being cut off by this "naughty" way he has of asking questions. Has he not been told how naughty it is? He begins to feel very much alone, but he feels that loneliness is the only recourse of naughtiness. Soon naughtiness and loneliness come to be one and the same thing in the mind of a child. This sense deepens, and since one must not ask why—must not even think why—gradually one begins to have fancies all one's own. Of course fancies all one's own are the unavoidable result of not

being permitted to share the thoughts of other people. But childhood does not know these things. It must not know them, for that too would be asking questions. After a while the fancies of childhood begin to burrow in. They get further and further below the surface. These secret fancies of a child come slowly to form the very fabric of his being. For since question, thought and the-reason-why belong to older people, older people know. Mama and Papa have said so. And Mama and Papa are all of childhood's world.

In his naughtiness, in his loneliness, the child becomes more and more isolated in the world of his own fancies. Gradually, in his growing need for self-comforting he falls into the way of doing things that are equally naughty. He feels that what he does is naughty, that it is sick and unfit. Something tells him so. He wishes he didn't do it. He wonders why he does. But, of course, he mustn't ask why. That would be naughtier than—than—and besides if he asked why Mama and Papa would know how naughty he was to ask why, since they had told him not to—and Mama and Papa are all of a child's world. Do Mama and Papa ask each other why, he wonders. But again it is naughty to wonder

whether Mama and Papa ask each other why.

It is clear that all of a child's world is a closed world. He doesn't know, he doesn't suspect the truth—that the world of his parents is a closed world too, that the world of older people is full of loneliness, naughtiness, of fancies and secret deeds of which they dare not inquire what is the meaning—about which they dare not ask why. Childhood does not know that both Mama and Papa left the homes of their parents and came to live together in their own home precisely because together they had agreed that they would not ask why, that together they would accept what their parents had together taught them—that one must not ask why.

I once knew a child who asked his parents why God had made him and why he had been told in church that he must be grateful to God that He had made him. His mother said he should be grateful to God for having given him his life because God had prepared a home of everlasting happiness for him if only he would be good. "If only"—The child shuddered, remembering his secret fancies and his secret deeds. But, daring once more to venture upon the way of reason, he asked had not God also prepared hell for him if he were not good? And the mother replied: "You must not talk like that, that is naughty." But that was just why the child did talk like that. He knew already that he was naughty, that he was alone, that his world was a closed world and that by

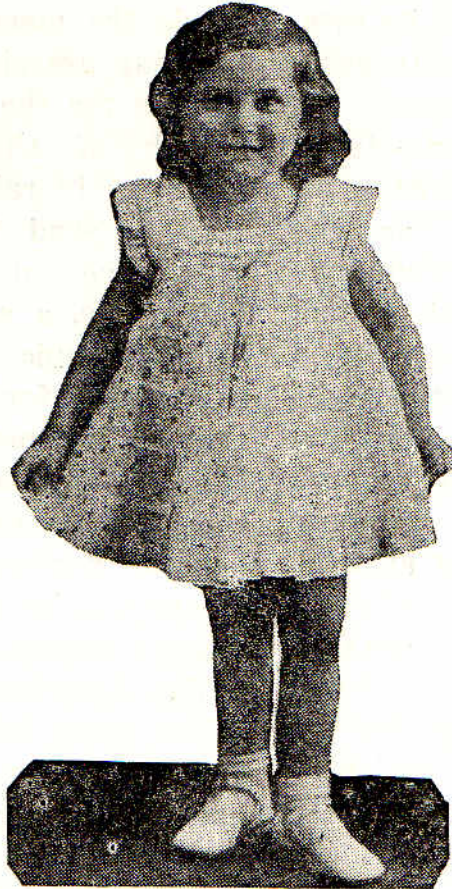
its logic of loneliness and sin it was leading him inevitably into this place they called "hell".

He was naughty then, and now he is insane. The hell that was the logic of his closed world has closed in upon him, because he asked questions, because he ventured into the closed world of his parents' parents. He did not know that all the world is a closed world. He did not know that the closed world of his mother could not anywhere make contact with the closed world of her child. He was naughty but then (and this must never be told) his mother was naughty too. For was she, too, confined within the secret world of fancies in which the naughtiness of her childhood had from her earliest years confined her? Had not she, too, been bound by the same social covenant to the same secret fetish that one must never ask why? And so the hell that is the logic of the child's closed world has its counterpart in his mother too. If his is a closed world, the world of his parents is equally shut in.

Must man ever remain under the thrall of this secret childishness and repression? May he not take reckoning of his slow, age-long descent and come to recognize, from patient examining, how his life everywhere abounds with superstitious fancies and impressious that shut him out from his rightful estate of thought? May not man, alone, supported solely by the strength of his own mind, face about and, uniting his strength with the united strength combined of

his own and other men's thought, confront this closed world of their common childhood with its loneliness and its secret fancies? May he not replace the social medium composed of their common fancies and their fears with the saner medium of their common thought? Only in

this way— only in the strength of his social unanimity and fearlessness of mind will man at last throw open the closed world of his repressions and concealments to the clear light of reality and so dispel the hobgoblin of secrecy that marks still the childhood of our race.



U. S. PREPARES FOR THE 1964 OLYMPIC GAMES

Before outlining the preparations the United States is making for the forthcoming Olympic Games to be held in Tokyo, it may be well to make clear that our Government has nothing to do with these pre-

parations. Sports in the United States are not government sponsored or subsidized.

All preparations for the 1964 Olympics are being handled by the U.S. Olympic Committee, which is

composed of Americans who serve on this committee without pay. They are the representatives of all the amateur athletic associations in the United States which have to do with the sports that comprise the program of the 1964 Olympics.

As the U.S. Olympic Committee has no athletic facilities of its own, it asks the various amateur associations to conduct the tryouts for the athletes who will compete in Tokyo in 1964. The committee insists on these tryouts as the method to select our country's team. Its policy is: No athlete shall be selected for membership on a team unless he had won the right in a tryout or a series of tryouts.

The Olympic Committee regards these trials as the best and only method to select a team of athletes free of any charge of favoritism.. even though at times an outstanding athlete is left off the team because he had a "bad day" for the final trials. The schedule for these tryouts is already made out. They will be in June and July, 1964. As many as possible will be held in the New York City area as one feature of the New York World's Fair, which is to open in 1964.

Details of these preparations are illustrated by the use of metric measurements in American sport events as the time for the Olympic draws near. Ordinarily, distances here are measured in the foot and mile. In 1964 the major tryout events will use the metric system in order to get the athletes accustomed to it.

Another major item of preparations for the Tokyo Olympics is the raising of funds for the U.S. team. The U.S. Olympic Committee has no financial support from the U.S. Government and does not want it. The Committee believes that sports should be free of politics. So do the members of the several amateur associations that run the tryouts for the athletes.

Each of the amateur groups must try to raise the funds necessary to send the team in which they have an interest to Tokyo. Meanwhile, a subcommittee of the U.S. Olympic Committee tries to raise funds for uniforms and other overall expenses. It figures that about \$2 million will be needed for the 1964 games. Private donations, benefit performances, and other means will be used to raise the necessary money.

The American public has always taken great interest in the Olympics. Naturally, this interest is greatest among those who hope to make the team or who are relatives or friends of those who serve in one way or another on the various committees. However, the broad general interest in the Olympics is evident from the fact that American television stations are supporting an effort to have several communications satellites circling the earth next year, so that the American people may see the Tokyo Olympic Games in full as the events occur.



Talerhoff Memorial Committee

At these troubled times when the peoples of the world are erecting monuments and memorials for persons and events so they may not be lost to the memory of youth, we the Carpathian—Russian people in this country, want also to erect a memorial, way past due, so as not to let the memory of the Martyrs of Talerhoff prison go unrecognized or they may have died in vain.

The year of 1964 is the FIFTIETH Anniversary of this tragic event which took place at the prison of Talerhoff, Austria-Hungary where many of our ancestors and relatives suffered and gave up their lives. It is for this purpose that a committee was formed at Lemko Resort to formulate plans for the memorial of this tragedy.

It has been agreed that the memorial will be in the form of a Chapel which will also house a museum in the lower structure. The grounds will be provided in the suitable and lovely spacious surroundings of the Lemko Resort, in Monroe, New York.

During the last three years on "Talerhoff Memorial Day" in Lemko Resort, the amount of \$4,000. has been donated by our people. A generous donation of \$500. has been also received from the Carpatho-Russian Center of Yonkers, New York. As of this time, we have a sum of \$4,500 on hand. The goal for the completion of the shell of the Chapel will exceed \$10,000. In order to start and complete this wonderful memorial, more funds are needed NOW.

We, the Talerhoff Memorial Committee hereby appeal to our people in this country, to aid by donation of funds to this one and only **TALERHOFF MEMORIAL** in the **UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**.

All donations should be made out to **TALERHOFF MEMORIAL FUND**. We wish to thank you in advance for your contribution knowing you will not ignore our appeal.

Michael Laychak, President
Nicholas Cislak, Secretary
Nicholas Hawrylak, Treasurer

Talerhoff Monument Fund
556 Yonkers Avenue
Yonkers, N. Y.

БАЙКИ ДЛЯ ДІТЕЙ

БАЙКА О ШИЛІ, КОГУТІ, КАЧУРІ И ГУСАКУ

Ишло раз шило до ліса на губы.
Стрітилося шило с когутом. Когут
каже: —Шило, где идеш?

“Иду до ліса на губы. Ход зо
мною. Буде нас веце, не будеме бо-
ятися волка”.

Когут послушал и пішли дале.
Встрітили качура: А качур звідую-
ся: “Где зас, где, шило и когуди-
ку?”

“Идеме до ліса на губы. Ход и
ты з нами. Буде нас веце, не бу-
деме боятися волка.”

Качур дался нагварити и ишли
дальше. Встрітилися з гусаком.

“Де машеруете?” — звідуюся
гусак.

“Идеме до ліса на губы. Ход з
нами. Буде нас веце, не будеме
боятися волка”.

Гусак послушал и пристал до
них. Але як лем пришли до ліса,
настрашилися волка вшитки. На
счастье зауважили маленьку хиж-
ку и скрилися до ней. Когут вы-
летіл на полицю, качур вліз під
лавку, гусак вискочил на лавку, а
шило запялося на порозі.

Отразу влітує волк до хижы и
кричит: “Вшитких вас пожру!”

Але когут, котрый был найвыс-
ше, мал и найвеце отвагы, тай за-
кричал: “Вшитки бийте го!” Гусак
зас крикнул: “Кыйом го, кыйом
го!”

Качур: “Сяк так, сяк так, сяк
так!”

Наконец выскочило с порога
шило, а пых го до бока, пых, пых!

Волк ся барз настрашил и втюк.

Потом вышли вшитки з ххиж-
кы, назберили губ и вернули весе-
ло домів.

ВЫВІРКА

(Для наймолодших)

В лісі в старом буку
Вывірка сой жила.
Мала там свой домик,
Котрый барз любила.
Был він выгідницький
И теплый на зиму,
Хоц и невеличкий,
Дост выстарчал про ню

Носила там вшитко,
Мох, сіно и листкы,
Абы мягко было
Про ей малы діткы.
А коли орішкы
И буков присталя,
То з великом втіхом
Она працювала.

Обізрила каждый
Орішок здоровый,
И го укладала
В буку до коморы.
Зносила их в ночы,
Зносила во днину,
Жебы было надост
Про вшитку родину.

Потом покликкала
Свои милы діти,
Бо так о них дбала,
Як никто на світі
Навчила их істи
Орішкы и буков,
Ходити, скакати —
З якнайліпшом штуком.

Як діти підросли,
На прогульку брала,
Жебы, як дороснут,
Знали свои права.

Вшитко вказувала,
Вчила и робила,
И так свои діти
В життя впровадила.

Юрко Тернавка.



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