

Иван Тардєра.

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MAINTAINING ONE'S IDENTITY

One may speak of appreciation in reference to many subjects. It may take the form of 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? What made them build an organization to maintain their identity as a nationality group — a nationality group which was the very core of their hardships at the hands of larger more powerful national groups.

In July of this year I found the answer to this question. I found the reason why our parents are fighting so hard, against tremendous odds, to maintain their identity and also, your identity.

It was my good fortune to find myself aboard an SAS jet airliner on July 16, 1963 bound for Lemkovina, the homeland of our parents and grandparents. Our group, around forty seven in all, were going to witness the unvaling of the Martyrs Memorial which was erected in the village of Uscie Ruskie, in Lemkovina.

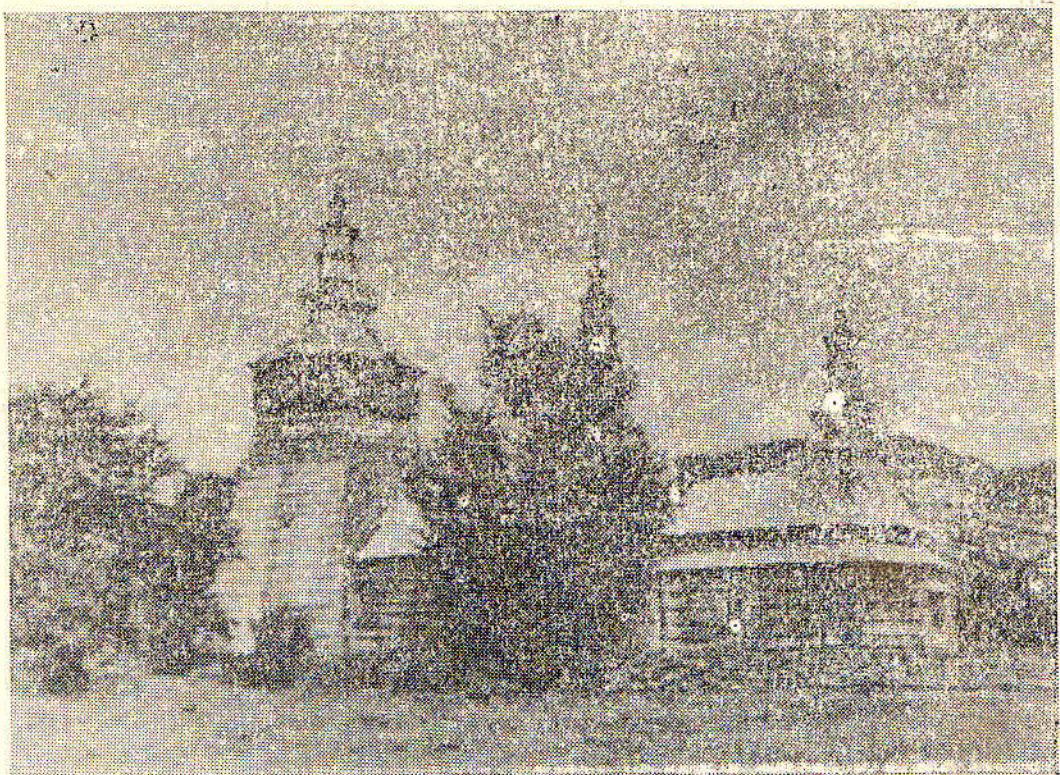
The details of the trip I will not go into now. I will say, however that I visited many of the villages of Lemkovina and that I became more and more proud that I am a Lemko as I traveled toward the heart of our people's homeland.

I could see instantly why our parent's are so proud of their homeland and why they would fight for it. The Carpathian Mountains are the most beautiful site of land you would ever want to see. The first sight of them almost takes your breath away as you gasp at and take in the beauty of the scenic mountain sides. Without there being a word spoken you realize why our parents have fought so hard to keep this land as their own.

As you walk through the villages you realize how hard it must have been for our parents to live in their homeland and why, here in the United States and Canada, our parents built an organization to help our brothers, sisters and cousins still living in Lemkovina to maintain their identity.

We have a people to be proud of and a history to be proud of. We have a land to be proud of and a land to love and call our own. Every Lemko boy and girl who has the opportunity to visit the homeland of their fathers should go and see for themselves what I am talking about so that he too may stand up proudly and say "I am a Lemko" — so that he also can maintain his identity.

The History of Carpatho-Russia



An Old Lemko Church of XV Century

PRYASHEVSKAYA RUS (UGORSKAYA LEMKOVSHCHINA)

Lemkovshchina (the western part of Carpatho-Russia, about 10,000 quadratic kilometers), is a land inhabited by the Carpatho-Russian people (over 400,000), known as Lemkos, to the west of the Uzh and San, beyond Poprad and Dunaets. On this territory are to be found upwards of 70 Carpatho-Russian Lemko villages, in a mountainous section, continuous, not mixed with any other nationality. This Carpatho-Russian land and its people has remained up to now completely forgotten as if condemned to death.

Once upon a time he was free, when Polish and Hungarian Pans did not venture into the hills. Afterwards the Polish and Hungarian states ran their boundary along that Carpatho-Russian land. But when Hungary and Galicia came under the rule of the Hapsburgs, we found ourselves under one power and, during their rule, although one-half belonged to Austria, and the other to Hungary, between us was a tie of trade and culture. Lurbovnia, Bardiov, Mez hilaboretz were, so to speak, our trading centers, to which came Lemkos from

the Galician side, whereas to Galician trading centers came Ugrian Lemkos. Besides the times of trading fairs, we saw each other en masse during holidayc. Also wealthy villagers from the Galician side sent their children to the schools in Pryashev, where they taught in German.

The people were conscious of their identity. But this was not in the interests of the Hungarian authorities, and just prior to the imperialistic war (1914), on the Ugorsky side there began a forced Magyarization. But it was difficult to Magyarize the villagers. Only those became Magyars who finished Hungarian schools in the cities, priests, teachers, and others.

As was already mentioned the imperialists, after World War I, left that boundary among us as the boundary between Poland and Czechoslovakia, and the Ugorska part of Lemkovshchina was united with eastern Slovakia, as Slovak territory; whereas the Galician part was joined to "Western Little-Poland", as Polish territory, against the will of the Carpatho-Russian people.

How did the new Slavonic authorities treat us? They treated us in simple fashion, just like imperialists treat a culturally weaker minority. The Slovaks, themselves not long ago under the Hungarian yoke, denied to Pryashevskaya Rus the national rights of a minority; they do not even recognize the Carpatho-Russian nationality in

eastern Slovakia. In Russian villages in Pryashevshchina, where there existed Russian Parochial Schools under the Magyar regime, now such schools are being shut down and in their places are being established Slovak schools. Where there were Magyar state schools, there the Slovaks have transformed them into Slovak state schools. In Pryashevskaya Rus, with a population of 200,000 Russians, there is not even one Russian high school.

Slovak chauvinists, organized in a "Slovak League", took as their goal forcibly to Slovakize a population of 200,000 Russians and in such a manner increase the size of their own nation.

The Slovaks thought that our people in Pryashevskaya Rus would not be capable of defending themselves. But it turned out differently. Our people in Pryashchina are already awakening not only nationally, but are also class conscious. And this was awakened by the newspaper "Lemko", to Pryashevskaya Rus. The Slovak chauvinists grasped the fact that the newspapers "Lemko" and the literature of the Lemko-Souz in the native Carpatho-Russian language awakens Pryashevshchina, and they saw to it that the authorities at the end of 1937 put a stop to the entry of the newspaper "Lemko" into Carpatho-Russia. The newspaper "Lemko" was refused entry only for this reason, that from it our people could educate themselves in their own language.

We should know that all foreign Czech and Slovak newspapers, be they fascist or communist, may freely enter Czechoslovakia; only for Carpatho-Russian newspapers are obstacles created, whether local or overseas, which are published by the emigration; especially persecuted is the newspaper "Lemko", as a truthful Carpatho-Russian newspaper of the people. However, among our people, among the workers in the emigration and the Carpatho-Russian villagers there are no enemies of the Czechoslovak

Republic. When Czechoslovakia was threatened by German fascism, the entire Carpatho-Russian people, with the exception of a couple of Magyarophile priests, stood in defense of its Slavonic republic, for its unity and independence. Unanimously stood in defense of the Republic and Democracy our brothers in the old country and the entire Carpatho-Russian emigration in the United States and Canada, under the leadership of its only peoples Carpatho-Russian organization, Lemko-Souz.

(to be continued)



One of many road Chapels of Lemkovina

Talerhoff - the Russian Golgota

With a dark cloud of grief was our fatherland covered when forcibly were our own people evicted from their own cottages, farms, homes. They grieved unconsolably, because evicting them from paternal and maternal blessings were foreigners-transients, Germans and Hungarians, who never had the slightest right to Russian land.

Roundabout raged fires, floated black smoke, creaked the hastily constructed gallows, while thousands and thousands of people tied by ropes and encircled by a crowd of raging dog-gendarmes, dissolute soldiers and other thirsting people's blood, made their way farther from their near and loved ones, fields and hills. The Carpathians faded away and in front of them wound like a serpent an unknown road.

And the kind of road it really was is convincingly revealed by notes taken by Father Maschak: from Sambor, September 6, 1914, a transport of arrested people was making its way to Ugorshchina. At Lavochny, into the wagon jumped officer Fenrich and, without uttering a word, began beating the Reverend Sever Yasenitsky over the head with a whip. When the priest remarked, that God would judge him, Fenrich beat him about the face and then, with bestial fury, threw himself upon the other arrested people. In Marosh Lyabor, the soldiers held up the train and with clubs and stones beat the people, after having chased them into a corner.

Without bread or water, in hot weather or in cold, in the rain, beaten with bayonets into one mass, were banished these unfortunate people to German and Hungarian camps. Today it is difficult to determine exactly where they suffered and died. They were in Graz, Feldbass, Obergolyarbruni, Gellersdorf, Vienna, Miskolich, Shatmar-Hemety, Estergomy, Budapest, and one all-seeing God knows where else they rotted in cells and prisons, with bent heads under the yoke of heavy labor.

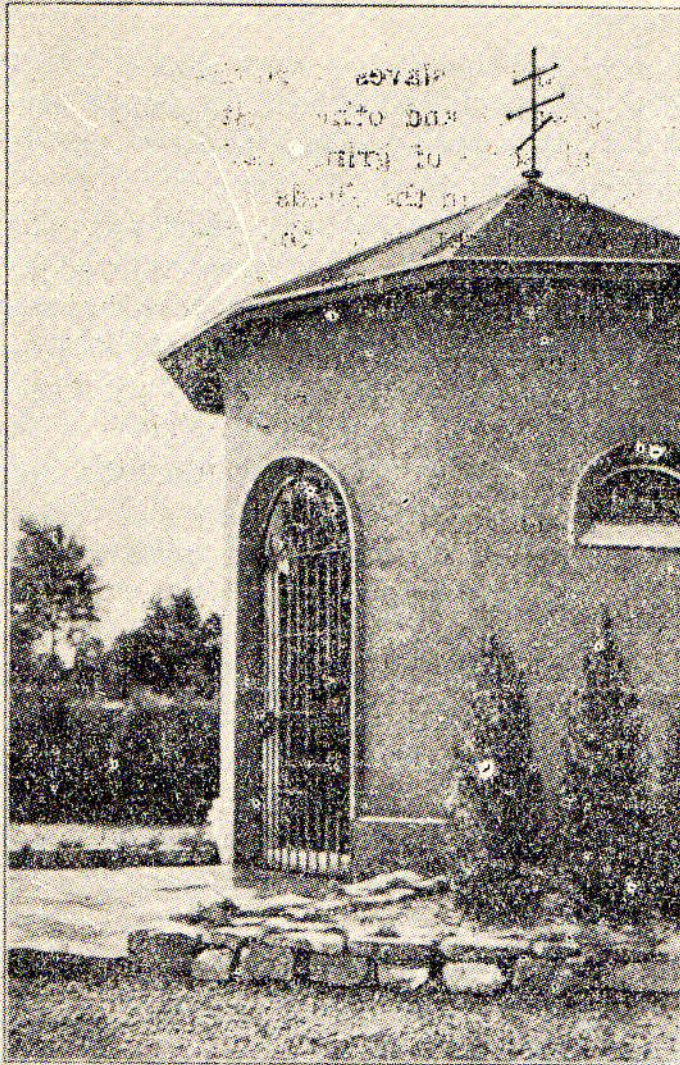
II

Terezin.

However, most of the Galician-Russian people were chased to Terezin and Talerhoff.

TALERHOFSKI KOMITET
LWÓW, BLACHARSKA 11/II

Inst. Sanjohigijauwki



Grabstätte in Geldkirchen
für die im Flüchtlingslager Talerhof Gestorbenen.

The Monument Chapel on the mass grave
in Talerhoff.

The little town of Terezin (in German, Theresienstadt) — lies in Czechoslovakia on the river Ogry, opposite the Czech Rudy Mountains, near Letomeshitz. Beyond the little town was hidden, as if grown into the ground, the fortress since the times of Maria Theresa, surrounded by water, encircled by a moat, ditches, and cemented walls. All of the better dwellings were used as barracks for the soldiers, the poorer ones were transformed into prisons for the worst evil-doers in Austria...

In September, 1914, all of the stables and other unsuitable places became filled with the exiles from Galician Rus. The better of such places were filled with Czechs.

About a thousand Galician slaves were chased into the cold walls... surrounded by brutal stewards and others. Students had to store coal, the villagers had to do all sorts of grimy tasks in the fortress without pay, in the town, on the canals, in the fields.

There were but two entrances to the fortress. There were many soldiers in the place, for the older ones were relieved by recruits constantly. The armed guards vigilantly guarded the prison. Escape was impossible. (In Terezin, the Serbian student, Gabriel Princip, was serving time for assassinating Francis Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria. He died there in chains).

The most bothersome of all was the warden Zallman, a mean, fat, pock marked, and red as a carrot, German. Day and night one could hear his inundating shouts, especially when the Austrians were suffering reverses on the front. All the same, the group of a thousand captives, almost half of whom were of the intelligentsia, with the active help of the Chechs, chiefly two of them, Anna Lauby and Julia Kugler, soon brought order and cleanliness into their prison, took care of the insects, destroyed the parasites, established regular hours for the washing of clothes and of their own bodies, prepared from stone and boards plank-beds for sleeping, and kept up a strict cleanness. For all these reasons, after a year's incarceration the group left Terezin without significant losses...

Sincerely grateful to the Czech for their hospitality, this group in 1915 left the fortress and headed for Talerhoff.

III

The Talerhoff Hell

The worst prison of all was undoubtedly Talerhoff, located not far from the city of Graz in Stryria, Austria, in a sandy valley at the foot of the Alps.

What did this terrible Talerhoff look like?

In the notes and diaries of various prisoners we have a detailed description of it. It was a piece of empty field, about 5 kilometers from the railroad. There was no water. Under the pine trees were located huge tin hangars for airplanes; beyond could be seen the tops of the Alps.

At the beginning this area was separated from the rest of the expanse of the valley by little wooden sticks and encircled by barbed wire. At suitable intervals along the barbed wire fence stood armed guards, with instructions to shoot down any captive who approached the barbed wire. In the course of time the area of Talerhoff increased considerably, because of the huge daily influx of captives from every part of Carpatho-Russia.

The first group of Russian Galicians was driven here by soldiers of the Graz regiment on September 4, 1914, and with bayonets and rifle butts was made to settle down on a bit of land tilled often in the past. A few days afterwards, the bare, clean field began to resemble a huge ant heap, and because of the great number of people of various ages and statures, one could not see the coarse ground.

At first, in this mass of people there raged some sort of ominous anxiety; on it lay like a black cloud some kind of uneasy quiet, as on a battle field after a bloody fight. Afterwards, when the guards who had escorted the first group of captives had left, from the crowd of people arose a noise as from a roaring torrent in the spring. And the din and the clamor continued for a long time not from gladness and gaiety, but from untold tortures and sufferings. Many still suffered from fresh, unhealed wounds acquired from the fanatic mobs and soldiers during their transport to Talerhoff. Many still suffered aches and pains from the plank beds in prison and from the crude wagons. Many cried unceasingly. However, all these bodily pains could not be compared to the spiritual grief of the captives for their native land, from where, like the meanest of beasts, they were thrown out of the paternal corner, the children torn from the parents, the husbands from their wives.

(tr. by A. Y. — to be continued)



THE 36th PRESIDENT

Lyndon Baines Johnson is the 36th President of the United States, yet he has been referred to in many quarters here and abroad as the 35th President. To students of American history this uncertainty has a familiar ring, because for more than 60 years, every time a new president has taken office, many people have been unsure what number should be assigned to him in the presidential succession.

In 1885, Grover Cleveland, the candidate of the Democratic Party, became President of the United States, the 22nd man to hold that office. He served the usual four-year term, but was defeated in his bid for reelection by Benjamin Harrison, the Republican candidate. Harrison thus became the 23rd President.

Then an event unprecedented in American history took place. Cleveland tried for the presidency again in the campaign of 1892 — eight years after leaving office — defeated Harrison, and was inaugurated in 1893.

And this is where the trouble began. Since Harrison had been the 23rd President, Cleveland's second tenure in office had to be consistent to the presidency — and — even though only 22 other men

had preceded him. And now, Lyndon Johnson is the 36th President of the United States — though only 34 other men have held that office.

Incidentally, while on the subject of Cleveland, one might mention that he did something no other American President has ever done — he was the only President who was ever married in the White House itself. He married Frances Folsom, the daughter of his law partner in Buffalo, on June 2, 1886.

President Johnson, by the way, is the second man of that name — who has risen from the vice presidency to the presidency — and under equally tragic circumstances. Vice President Andrew Johnson became President of the United States on April 15, 1864, following the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

There was still another Johnson who was vice president — Richard Mentor Johnson, who served under President Martin Van Buren from 1837 to 1841. And two other men of that name were unsuccessful candidates: Herschel Johnson, vice presidential candidate in 1860, and Hiram Johnson, who was the running mate of Theodore Roosevelt in 1912.

Men of Russian Science

ALEXANDER POPOV, INVENTOR OF RADIO From Childhood to University

In the Russian Physical and Chemical Society Popov's papers were devoted to the results of his own experiments and observations. The minutes of the Physical Department of the Society, beginning with 1892, report these papers year after year. All of them had to do with the latest achievements of science and were distinguished by expert demonstration of experiments, which are now acknowledged as classical. Among these papers were: **An Experiment Illustrating the Gradual Increase in a Circuit (Helmholtz's Law) with a Small Resistance and Considerable Inductance**, and **An Experiment with the Hopkinson Iron-Nickel Alloy**.

Prior to his famous address **On the Relation of Metal Powders to Electric Oscillations**, which was the starting point in the history of radio, Popov reported twice to the Physical and Chemical Society. In his first paper (December, 1893) he demonstrated Young's magnetic model composed of a large number of small and highly mobile magnets placed between two parallel plates of mica. A year later, in November 1894, Popov read a paper **Heat Energy into Mechanical Energy**. Unlike the previous papers that

entitled **A Case of the Conversion of** were reported in the minutes of the Physics Department, this paper was printed in full. (It was printed in the **Journal of the Russian Physical and Chemical Society**, 1894, Vol. XXVI, Physics Department, Section one Vol. 9, pp. 331-334).

An outstanding feature of Popov's published works is his thorough knowledge of the literature on the given problem. All Popov's works show that the author attempted to build up a historical background for the topic under consideration. And this is also true of the above — mentioned report. After an acquaintance with the literature, the author found that as early as the first half of the 19th century scientists, and among them Faraday and Seebeck (the inventor of the thermoelement), had investigated the sounds of heated metal. Popov, however, pointed out that the physicists had interpreted this phenomenon in terms of acoustics. However, with the development of electricity, for example, of telephony, these phenomena are viewed, of course, in another light, as a case of the transformation of heat energy into the mechanical energy of sound oscillations and even (given favorable conditions) into the energy of visible motion. This

conclusion Popov confirmed by experiment.

Popov's work dealing with the transformation of heat energy into mechanical energy completes the period of his activities that preceded the invention of radio. It was received as an outstanding phenomenon in the scientific life of Kronstadt. Popov also spoke on the transformation of heat energy into mechanical energy in the Physics Society in St. Petersburg.

Popov's successes in the fields of teaching and science arrested the attention of the higher naval officers and he very soon became a prominent figure in the Naval Department. Georgiyevsky pointed out that "not a single important problem connected in one way or another with the fields of physics, especially electricity, was handled in the Naval Department without the participation of Popov. This rapid rise as an authority in the Navy was to be explained not only by his extensive training and considerable theoretical knowledge, but also by Popov's engaging personality and the careful attention he gave to the problems that he dealt with, as well as his solution of these problems." (From "Electricity," 1925, No. 4, p. 212).

Popov's participation in solving practical problems greatly influenced his research work, stimulating new ideas. Rybkin relates the following in his book "Ten Years with the Inventor of Radio": "At one

time it was found that the wiring along the continuous metal side of the ship was not reliable. The naval electricians began to notice sparks in places where they were least expected. These sparks often spoiled the insulation and on board the ship produced a so-called side tilt. Popov began an investigation of this interesting and urgent problem of the Navy. While investigating the causes of these electric sparks, Popov came in contact with the little-investigated phenomenon of the oscillations of high-frequency currents. He found that the reason for the insulation spoiling was over-voltage, which apparently originated in the given section due to resonance phenomena in the circuit. Popov became so engrossed in the study of high-frequency oscillations that the case with the "side tilt" soon became only the beginning of a remarkable series of works, which later led to the invention of the wireless telegraph.

Popov lectured not only in Kronstadt but also in St. Petersburg. Interest in his lectures was so great that the Chairman of the Technical Committee of the Navy and the Chief Torpedo Inspector asked the Manager of the Ministry of the Navy to organize a series of lectures to be delivered by Popov at the Naval Museum in St. Petersburg. As we have seen, the ground was already well prepared in this respect. The Navy, and especially its technical branch, had a large

number of intellectuals with a good technical education who were interested not only in highly specialized problems, but were eager to hear of every new development in the world of science.

(to be continued)

THE ORTHODOX CHURCH IN SOVIET RUSSIA

By Paul B. Anderson

In 1943 Stalin agreed to welcome an official delegation under the Archbishop of York to bring greetings from the Church of England to Metropolitan Sergius and the Orthodox Church in Moscow. This visit thrust the Russian Church again into the diplomatic arena after 25 years of isolation. During the war years, Church dignitaries were sent on various visits abroad — to Sofia, Tehran, Jerusalem, Antioch and Alexandria. Ostensibly, and probably authentically from the Church's standpoint, these visits were intended to renew and strengthen the ties which bind the Orthodox Churches together. In this they were successful. Yet no one can doubt that Stalin had well in mind the fact that Russia under the tsars had considered herself the Protector of Christians living under the yoke of the Sultan, and that it was advantageous for the Soviet Union at least to intimate a continuance of this policy. Events in Iraq, Syria, Egypt and Lebanon

during the past five years tend to confirm this hypothesis.

Relations with the Phanar, where the former American Greek Archbishop Athenagoras is now enthroned as "Patriarch of Constantinople, New Rome and Ecumenical Patriarch," deserve special comment because of the historical claims on the part of the Russian state, whether tsarist or Soviet, as well as of the Russian Orthodox Church itself. The right of the Russian fleet to free exit to the Mediterranean from the Black Sea was a claim put forward frequently in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Perhaps the age of airplanes and missiles has modified the Soviet interest in this matter. The Russian Church, however, has made no radical change in its policy regarding Constantinople. There is still an ambiguity in relationships. On the one hand, the Moscow Patriarchate publicly acknowledges the Ecumenical Patriarch not only as "brother in Christ," but as

primus inter pares among the patriarchs of the Orthodox Church. At the same time, ever since the coming of the new deal for the Moscow Patriarchate, hints or rumors or even articles in its monthly journal point up the relative merits of each, to the advantage of Moscow.

After the Patriarch of Constantinople became a vassal of the Moslem Sultan in 1453, his movements and influence were restricted and his flock was more and more reduced as one Balkan nation after another gained independence. At the close of World War II he had less than 100,000 followers in Turkey, plus disputed authority over certain dioceses in northern Greece. To these should be added the Greeks of the Diaspora, no small number; in the United States alone the Greek Church claims about 2,300,000 in some 300 parishes, besides scores of thousands in South America, Europe, Africa and Australia, perhaps a total of 3,000,000. By comparison, the Russian Orthodox Patriarchate now can claim 25,000,000 to 50 millions faithful in the Soviet Union. In terms of numbers, therefore, Moscow is well ahead. Yet the Ecumenical has the advantage of antiquity, recognized primacy among all Orthodox Churches and, in the last decade, the vigorous leadership of a truly great churchman who is pressing forward along the whole front of ecclesiastical policy re-

presented by the word "ecumenic".

In 1948 a test of strength came when the Moscow Patriarch issued a call for a conference of the heads or representatives of Orthodox Churches. The occasion was the 500th anniversary of the autocephality of the Russian Church, that is to say, its declaration of independence from Constantinople and therefore of parity with it. The Moscow Patriarchate's intention to assert a right to leadership equal to that of Constantinople in the Orthodox world was scarcely veiled. Constantinople reacted vigorously, making clear its stand that only the Patriarch on the Bosphorus had the right to summon an all-Orthodox meeting. This position was confirmed when the Patriarchs' delegates announced in Moscow that they had come only for the celebration and refused to participate in the conference.

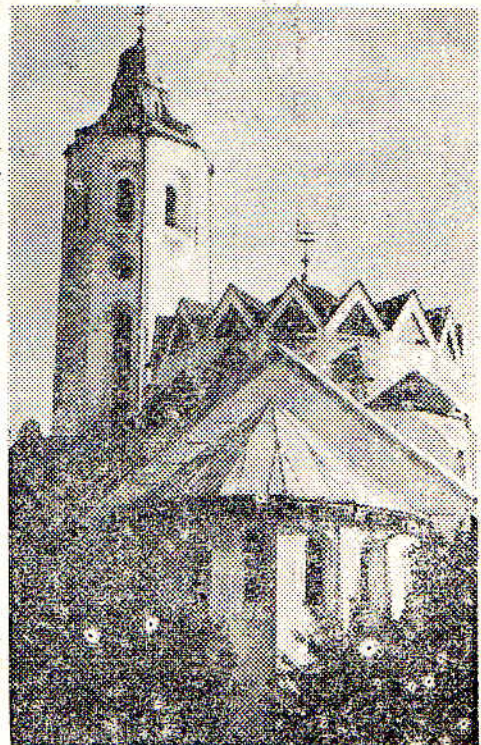
In addition to their formal canonical and administrative relationships within the Orthodox fold, both Moscow and the Phanar are now showing increasing interest in relations with other confessions. As lately as 1948 the Moscow Patriarchate had denounced the World Council of Churches; yet now it has entered fully into the Council's work. It sent two representatives, a priest and a layman, for two months of study at the World Council Headquarters in Geneva and then to attend as observers a meeting of the Central

Committee on Rhodes in August 1959. A staff delegation from Geneva was entertained for a fortnight in the Soviet Union the following December. A strong Anglican theological delegation headed by the Archbishop of York met in Moscow with a corresponding Russian Orthodox delegation in a conference lasting ten days in 1956. Many exchanges of theologians between the Russian Orthodox Church and the Evangelical Church of Western Germany have increased the feeling of mutual interest between Lutherans and Orthodox.

A basic question is the attitude of the Russian Orthodox Church toward the Vatican. The break between East and West which occurred in 1054 has never been healed. But the question of Christian unity is being much discussed at present because of the prospective "Ecumenical Council" announced by Pope John XXIII in 1959. Will the Orthodox be invited? Should they accept if invited? Both Moscow and the Phanar agree that the Orthodox must continue to reject papal claims to be the Vicar of Christ and the various heresies which they charge to Rome. The Phanar, however, feels that the time has nevertheless come to seek grounds for common action in the world by all the Christian Churches, and that a discussion of such matters with Rome will not harm Orthodoxy. Moscow is silent

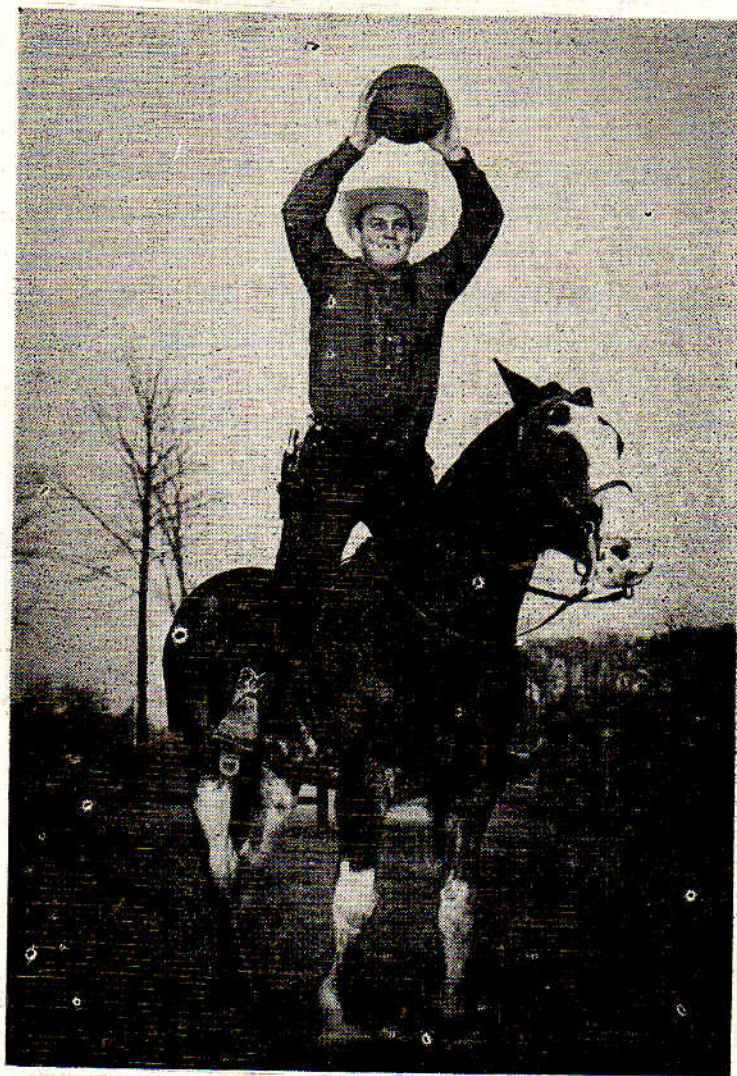
except for repeating historical grievances against Rome.

(Note: since this was written, the "Ecumenical Council" has been held in Rome and Orthodox religious leaders from the Soviet Union have been present there by invitation as observers. The Greek Orthodox, however, sent no observers. Their leaders believe that as a first step toward beginning talks about unity with the West, the Greek Catholic (Uniate) community should be abolished immediately. The continued attempts of the Catholic Church to win converts both from Greek Orthodoxy and Russian Orthodoxy, of course, lead to doubts about the sincerity of the Catholic Church's clamor about unity).



Lemko church in Yakubiany
Pryashevshchina.

What our youth are doing



John Porada, Jr.

LARGEST COLLEGIATE CAGER

John Porada wasn't the largest baby ever born in his county like the TV character he resembles in features and physique, but his 260-pound build makes him one of the largest collegiate basketball players in the nation. His Fairleigh Dickinson University teammates call the Knight captain "Hoss," because of his

striking resemblance to Hoss Cartwright, played by "Bonanza" co-star Dan Blocker. The 275-pound Blocker weighed 14 pounds at birth, a record in Bowie County, Texas.

Porada weighed in 21 years ago at 8 pounds, good sized but not extraordinary. However from that moment on, nothing was safe in the refrigerator at the Porada home in Lyndhurst, N. J.

By the time he entered high school, John had caught up to Blocker's growth rate and was one of those 200-pound freshman right out of a football coach's dreams.

Like Blocker, Porada was a stand out on the gridiron. John was an All-Passaic Valley Conference tackle in 1959. He also excelled in basketball and baseball for the Lyndhurst High Golden Bears.

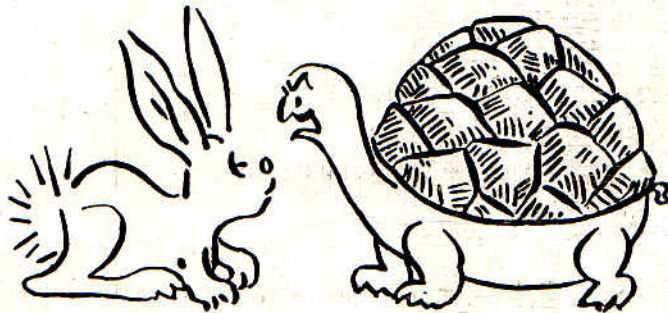
In basketball, Porada found his sport. "I like the moving," he says. "It's a quick game and more excit-

ing". Surprisingly fast for a man his size, Porada uses his agility to good advantage in the battle for rebounds. His play under the boards sparked the Knights to the Tri-State League championship and a berth in the N. C. A. A. college division Eastern Regionals at Boston last winter.

A versatile young man, John is the regular first baseman for the Knight baseball team in the spring. A senior student of business management at F. D. U.'s Rutherford campus, Porada also finds time to play the accordion in a polka band. He loves to fish and traveled to Maine for that purpose before the start of classes this year.

"The guys started tabbing me "Hoss" when I was a sophomore", John says. "Everybody calls me that, even girls".

You get the impression that he doesn't mind the tag when he tells you that he never misses the "Bonanza" show on a Sunday night.



THE IMBROGLIO

What was the good of trying to read or of listening to the radio? It didn't help. And yet, he thought he started at the stains on the ceiling, what could be more stupid than to lie in bed in a hotel room waiting fretfully for the contests, for his turn to come?

He sat up. With a look at the window he switched out the bedside lamp. It left the room in semi-darkness. Only a faint light penetrated the venetian blinds from outside.

He made an effort and got out of bed. He winced and swore. Sat down again, stretching his right leg.

Those damned boils. No, they'd stopped swelling. And they seemed to have stopped hurting too.

He remembered how badly he had slept all those nights. His inflamed thigh had ached. He could stand the pain. But the thoughts. How could he get rid of them?

Rotten luck, indeed. He'd exerted himself to the utmost. Worked for months without respite. And when there was only the last step to be taken — the only step, maybe, for after all there might never be another chance — all this imbroglio had started.

He had read the word imbroglio in some book when he was a child. And he had never forgotten it.

Since then, whenever he found himself in trouble, he said, "What an imbroglio."

He looked with loathing at the big purple swellings. The skin was inflamed with boils just where the most powerful muscles of the human body lay. He patted his leg carefully as if he was consoling a sick friend.

The weather seemed to be just as hot again as on that day when he had lain panting, bathed in sweat. It wasn't as bad for him as for the masseur. Red in the face, dishevelled, the poor fellow mopped his brow all the time with a towel. He groaned as he worked. Big drops of sweat fell on his patient's back.

It wasn't massage, it was torture. The day was a scorcher. About 50° Centigrade, it seemed.

That evening he hadn't paid much attention to the itch on his thigh. Just some irritation. All he did was to take another shower. That was the worst thing he could have done. Next morning the insignificant irritation had turned into these boils with their sickening, nagging pain.

What did the pain matter, he thought. He could stand a thousand pains like that, a thousand injections. The only thing that mattered

was to take part in the contest, and to win. . .

He stood up carefully. He dressed slowly, thinking about illness and feeling sorry for himself. He walked over to the window taking careful stock of his every movement. He heaved a sigh of relief. His leg was definitely better. His spirits rose. He tugged at the tangled cord; the blind rose with discordant creaks.

The blinding sunshine made him screw up his eyes. He smiled. His fingers groped for the window and pushed it open.

With the hot air the shrill, deafening din of the big city poured into the room. The trams, clanging and thundering by down below, made more noise than anything else. There was a set of points just there where the tracks parted and ran in different directions.

He went over to the table and picked up a magazine with a portrait of Ernest Hemingway on the cover. The bearded face looked at him kindly. There was suffering in the narrowed eyes. He looked into those eyes for a long time, recalling the hero of *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* who, like him, had fretted in forced idleness. He remembered other characters, episodes, whole books. Then he remembered other people, no longer from the pages of books.

Yes, if a man can sing his own song, his life is sure to be a success.

But what about me? Do I have

my own song to sing? My own work? My own enthusiasms? Perhaps I have found myself in sport. That's where I am, that's me. But surely sport isn't my only song!

Alarmed by these thoughts he slammed the door behind him abruptly.

Going down he glanced at the old lift man. What a splendid model for an artist, he thought. Amazing hands. Those dry nervous fingers. The way they rested against the black wall of the lift. And that expressive face.

The sky over the town wasn't blue at all, he noticed when he reached the street. That was only talk: blue skies, blue skies. The same in poetry and in pictures. But to the eye the sky looked colourless and covered with flickering grey spots.

He stopped uncertainly.

Where should he go? To the boys at the contest? No, that wouldn't do. Many of them had made their appearances and had nothing more to worry about. They could shout and worry themselves thin. He couldn't.

He decided to go and sit on the shore. The sea was quite near if you took the side streets.

How was his own team getting on? He couldn't help thinking about the athletics meet. Victor ought to win. He wasn't the sort to lose.

The noises of the city fell back gradually as he approached the sea and soon he found himself in quiet, broad streets where the houses lay

behind trees. Villas. Paths paved with shell rock. Iron railings. A world of flowers behind them. Here people were calm and self-confident. Everything was somehow muffled and muted. Even the rare motor-adapted themselves to the general atmosphere and glided by silently.

He lost his way wandered on looking for the road to the sea. He stood listening to some music for a long time near a large house. The broad windows were wide open. The sounds of a piano and of woman singing drifted along the old narrow street. Nearby stood a lorry. The driver, a stout man with blue, unshaven cheeks, was listening too. For some reason the driver looked into his eyes as he listened sitting on the running-board of his lorry. From time to time he was carried away by the melody and rocked to it rhythmically, his eyes shut.

The young man's leg gave him a painful quirk and he left the neighbourhood of the house reluctantly. He must have looked silly and absurd because he heard women's laughter and, looking up, saw that it was meant for him.

The little sea-side cafe under enormous canvas sunshade appealed to him. It was practically empty. He ordered a fruit juice, asking for it to be warmed up. "Just a little", said, pointing to the sun. The waiter understood and nodded.

The sea. You can gaze at it forever, he thought. You can never get tired of that.

Millions of twinging sparks trem-

bled in the sea. He felt an urge to rush towards it, to jump over the hedge berding the shore, to fling off his clothes and dash into the water. To swim, swim. But that was forbidden him.

He heard the clink of a glass and the waiter's quiet: *Prego, signore*, as he brought the fruit juice. He pad and picked up the glass. And again he turned thirstily to the sea.

Some people ran into the sea and were lost in the dancing patches of sunlight. Only their excited voices and the white foam flung up by their splashing betrayed their presence.

And suddenly he realized quite clearly how much his passion for sport was costing him. Onot only the beautiful nights, the music. No!

He held the glass like a blind man clutching h's staff. Yes, sport had robbed him of everything. All the time intended for other things, all the strength. He didn't yet know what those things were but he had no doubt that they existed or that they certainly would exist.

The juice tasted better than he had expected. He drank it and looked at the next table. The breeze was playing mischievously with the edge of the coloured canvas. The shade retreated. Tall glasses of red wine glowed with deep ruby fire. He too might have been drinking wine like that, raising the ruby-filled glass against the light. ...o. It wasn't allowed. Sport!

He asked for newspapers and read them from begining to end.

His nerves, overgrougth by his illness, grew calmer. The waiter stood indifferent near the wall. His indifference was professional, the result of years work. In fact he was interested in everything. Especially in this powerful-built, melancholy foreigner. What was he thinking about so intensely? If only one could look into his heart. But who could do that?

The stroll to the sea and the time spent in the cafe had not distracted me. At lunch time I walked back to

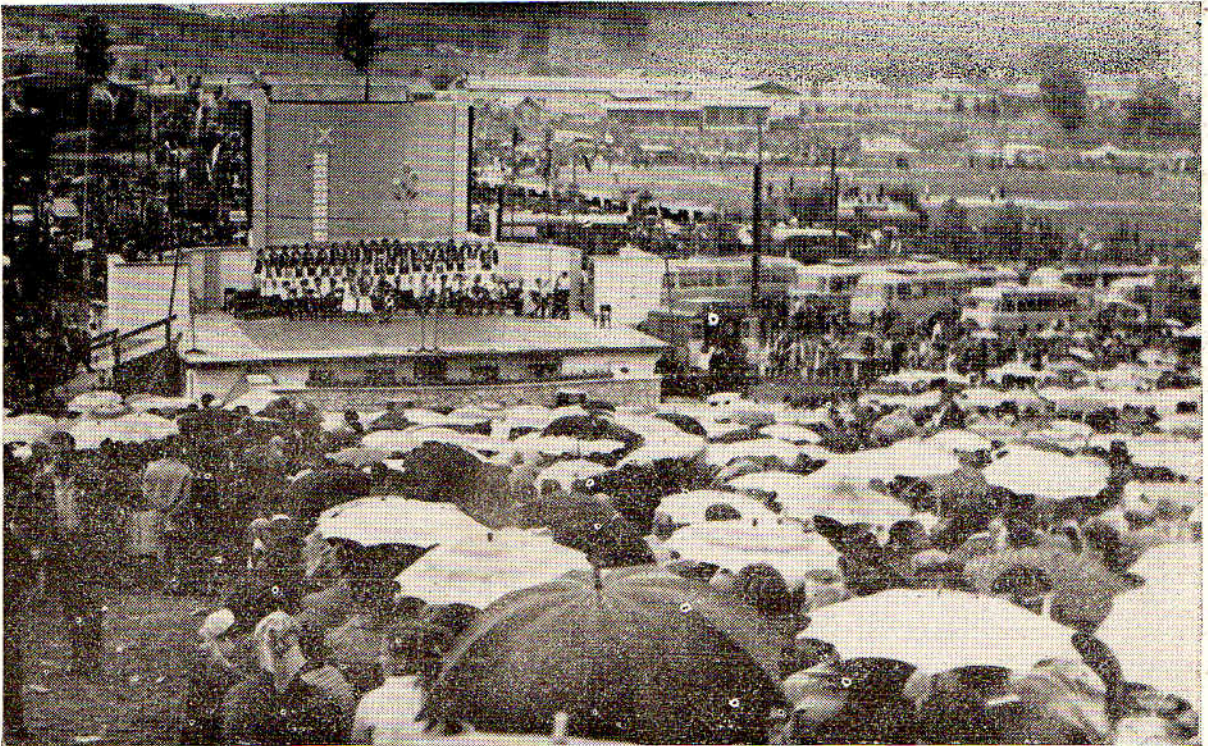
the hotel. The boys came to see me one by one, as though by agreement. They all told me how Victor had won. Victor came too. We met in the corridor. He was happy and hugged me hard. Then he asked:

"Well, how's the leg?"

"No had today."

"I'll root for you." My infected leg and h's victory seem somehow incompatible. Victor tried to be serious. "Let me come with you to the match this evening I'll help..."

to be continued



IX Festival of Lemko Song and Dance in Svidnic, 1963.

JOHN F. KENNEDY: HOW WILL HISTORY JUDGE HIM?

One may well ponder how and into Cuba, an attempt to change why a man of 46, who had been in the presidency barely 34 months, could unite almost the whole world in sorrow when he was slain, as did John F. Kennedy.

In part it was made possible by his having lived and died in the electronic age. This permitted participation in the events of the last tragic days not only by the entire American people but by countless peoples the world around. That, however, accounts only for the immediacy of the response — the sense of loss of someone all these individuals were finding they valued and admired.

This affection was due in part to Mr. Kennedy's exceptionally engaging personality. He was above all intelligent, a man who read swiftly and widely, remembered well, saw problems whole, understood his function as national and world leader, and measured up to it with diligence and courage.

But these qualities do not of themselves make him a man of history. And while it is too early to know just how historians will judge him, it is timely to count up the major elements in his brief term of office they will have to weigh.

Presumably first comes the confrontation with the Soviet Union over the introduction of missiles

the balance of power in the world against the United States and its allies. Looking back, the confrontation stands out as the most courageous and decisive single action by any world leader since World War II. It was enacted with both great effectiveness and great restraint — a use of power at its best. It shortened rather than lengthened the long road to peace.

Possibly second among the factors in President Kennedy's actions was his espousal of civil rights. This can be put second because Mr. Kennedy in doing so was reducing the chances of his reelection next year. He knew it. He chose his course notwithstanding. Mounting hostility from white Americans did not frighten him or slow him.

A third element in judging the late President is sure to be his concept of, and service to, peace. He had a super-sensitive awareness of the frailty of peace in the nuclear age, and knew that it could only be made secure by a combination of strength, forbearance and patience. He recognized the ultimate goal — a world without war based on enforceable law. He knew the goal of full disarmament was distant and had to be reached a step at a time. President Kennedy took the first step in promoting the nuclear test ban treaty. It was a

small step, but it was important above all because it was taken.

There are other factors in an appraisal of Mr. Kennedy. One surely is the steady flow of humane and compassionate proposals he sent to Congress in behalf of the unemployed, the elderly, the mentally ill, those needing medical care, and the rising generation with its right to education. John Kennedy was also the first President to make a

concrete proposal for the elimination of the national origins quota system, which has been part of American immigration law for more than 40 years.

Taken altogether, all these elements seem to promise to have the importance and character for which history can give a person the rank of true greatness, even to a young man struck down before his work was done.

—o—

WHO CONTROLS OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

Back in 1932 no one in the United States knew how many local governmental units there were in the country. That year it was decided to make a careful count. It was found that, in addition to the federal and state governments, there were these other units with some form of political authority and control — 3,000 county governments, 17,000 city governments, 14,000 special districts — to handle such necessities as irrigation, roads, fire control and similar matters — and no less than 128,000 school districts!

In other words, the thing the people wanted to keep the closest eye on was the education of their children. The hiring of teachers, conducting of classes, purchase of books and day to day running of the schools — all that the people

did not want to entrust even to a city government. It was controlled almost by each little neighborhood.

So, when the Supreme Court in faraway Washington prescribes rules for the operation of schools — as it did in May, 1954, by banning racial segregation in American public schools — it is indeed touching a subject very close to the people's hearts. Does this mean, then, that the people of the United States believe the federal government should do nothing about education? Have no control over it at all?

By no means. As the Supreme Court made clear in the 1954 decision, and in many others, every governmental unit, from the federal and state governments down to the smallest district, all must abide by the Constitution. As a matter

of fact, the federal government has always taken a large hand in the problems of education.

As early as 1785, only a year after winning independence from Britain, Congress reserved large tracts of public land for the maintenance of schools; and in the famous Northwest Ordinance of 1787 which prescribed how territories could become states, Congress then declared: "Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to the good of mankind, school and the means of government and the happiness of education shall forever be encouraged." And it wasn't long afterward that schooling became compulsory throughout the country.

In recent times the federal government has appropriated large sums to help states and localities build and maintain schools and colleges. On December 16, for instance President Johnson signed into law legislation setting up a \$1.2 billion program to help colleges build classrooms, laboratories and libraries. But the actual day to day control of the schools has always been left to local school districts.

Since 1932 when, as noted above, there were 128,000 school districts in the country, a lot of consolidation has taken place and the number

today is just over 50,000. Yet there are still many more school districts than any other governing units in the United States. The school districts are the closest thing remaining to direct democracy, and the people want it that way.

When the people had to give up direct control of the schools as the country grew and multiplied, they organized small districts which hold elections of their own. There are some local differences, but usually a School Board is elected, and if the School Director or Superintendent is not also elected, the Board appoints him. In any event, the Director must answer to the Board at frequent meetings about his hiring of teachers and principals and the day to day running of the schools.

But still the local citizens keep in very close touch. There are Parent-Teacher organizations in virtually every community, in which all the parents of all the children in the school can meet and talk directly with the teachers. Direct democracy is no longer possible in a crowded world, but the control of American public schools is, perhaps, one of the nearest things to it.



Lemko Recipes

By Eva Yurkovsky

A GOOD OLD FAVORITE FRIED EGGS

Heat in a heavy skillet 1 or 2 tablespoons fat. Break into a sauser one at a time and slip into skillet 2 eggs per serving. Reduce heat and cook slowly about 4 minutes or until desired stage of firmness. Frequently baste eggs with fat in skillet or instead of basting cover pan or with spatula turn eggs over once.

LEMON SAUCE SUBS FOR CAKE FROSTING

No need to frost a banana cake if you serve it soon after it comes from the oven. Treat it like a pudding, cut it in squares and pass it with lemon souce.

The pudding cake may be further embellished for company by adding an extra whipped cream or whipped soft cream cheese. A little finely grated lemon rind will look pretty sprinkled over the cream or cheese.

Since the existnce of our Lemko Youth Journal I have in my small way tried to help increase its circulation, mainly by getting friends and relatives to subscribe or by myself subscribing for them for the first year or two. Sometimes

when asking strangers to subscribe and even our members of the Lemko organization I have been criticezed that its late and so on. Well, the fact that it is late simply cannot be helped, however unfortunate it may be. Slowly, things will be improved. Anyone with a little knowledge of things in the office will know no one is to blame. However once or twice someone has hinted that my interest in the Journal may be purely financial. I want at this time therefore to state that I've never received any money for material I've sent in either to the Journal or to Karpatska Rus not even a five cent stamp. I'm happy that I'm able to help the organization, the Journal and Karpatska Rus. In my old age I've found a hobby. I've always wanted to do what I'm doing now.

Respectfully yours
Eva Danilo Yurkovsky.



EMKO LAUGHTERS



Teacher: Jimmy, if your father earned eighty dollars a week and gave your mother half what would she have?"

Jimmy: "Heart failure".

The young co-ed brought a friend home from college, an extremely attractive, courageous, honey blonde.

Introducing the friend to her grandfather, the girl added: "And just think, Beverly, he's in his nineties."

"Early nineties, that is," the old gent added.

Samson had the right idea about advertizing. He took two columns and brought down the house.

A boy may join the army to forget a girl, but he'll soon start looking for girls to forget the army

There once lived a lad who could think of nothing but girls, girls and more girls. However, he outgrew it. Now all he thinks of is women.

From the dark came the voice of the sentry, "Halt! Who's there?"

"An American," came the reply.

"It that so? Well advance and recite the second verse of the Star Spangled Banner."

"I don't know it."

"Proceed, American."

PUZZLE

Word **STOKEHOLD** (Stokehold. **STOKE** hold. A room containing a ship's boilers).

Average mark — 50 words.

At least 60 or more dictionary words of four or more letters can be found in "stokehold." Can you find as many or more?

Rules of the Game

1. Words must be of four or more letters.
2. Words which acquire four letters by the addition of "s" such as "bats," "cats," are not used.
3. Only one form of a word is used.
4. Proper names are not used.

(Answers on page 32).

П. ЛЕМ



ШТО ПИСАЛОСЯ О ЛЕМКАХ 100 РОКОВ ТОМУ НАЗАД

I.

Може в літературній практиці то буде перший раз, но для нас лемков не мало важно, коли рецензію на книжку пишуть по сто роках. Каждый хоче знати, хто и што писав сто років тому назад о руском племені лемков в Карпатах, яку оцінку дал нашим пред-

кам. чым заслужило лемковске племя літературного внімання.

При розборі и рецензії книжки мусиме памятати, же труд был написаний сто років назад, то єст ту економічну, політичну и культурну обстановку, в якій находилася

Лемковщина в составі Австро-Венгерской монархии, где безроздільно господствовала австрийска и польска шляхта, а лемковский народ под необузданным национальным и социальным гнетом в тяжких экономических и политических warunkах боролся за свое существование. Для дітей лемковского роду дорога до науки была закрыта и они не могли описати богатства культуры и великой души народа. Тоту велику и дуже важну для нас лемков задачу виконал наш брат с Москвы.

В научно-литературном альманахі "Московскія Университетскія Известія" № 7 за 1866-1867 год напечатанный труд ученого Московского Университета Нила А. Попова, "Русское население по восточному склону Карпат", котрый узнал о существованію русских племен в Карпатах, оставил роду Москву и приїхал в наши горы, ходил по нашим чудесным Карпатам, любовался природом и народом, записал обычаи и нравы. Як справился Ниль Попов с выполнаньом задуманой ціли, переконамесь с його теплых слов о наших предках, их культурі, патриотизмі, мужестві, честноті и стойкости народа.

В труді "Русское население по восточному склону Карпат" Ниль Попов пише о лемках, бойках и гуцулах, но мы оста-

новимесь на розділі Лемкы, хоц о Бойках и Гуцулах пише так само тепло и сердечно. Цілый труд поділений на чотыри розділы: 1) Загальны відомости о Карпатах; 2) Лемкы; 3) Бойкы; 4) Гуцулы, причом вещь, як половина труда зосвячена лемкам.

Больша часть труда Н. Попова не потребуе жадных комментариев, она написана правильно понятно, длятого постараемся передати полностью, абы не стратила научной и литературной цінности, постараемся пояснити лем тоты місця, котры потребно пояснити так, як были написаны сто роков назад. "Карпатами вообще — пише Ниль Попов, — называется цеп горь, берущая свое начало у левого берега реки Дуная под городом Пресбургом (Венгрия), идущая затем по направлению от запада к востоку, при чем она служит границей между Словацким и Польским населением, а дойдя до верхов Сана, завертат на юго-восток, отделяя Галичину от Венгрии и закончатся коло міста Оршавы, яке лежит на лівом берегу Дуная у самых границ Венгрии, Трансильвании и Сербии. Тот горный хребет прародиной Славян, які розселилися потом по восточной и середной Европі. И теперь ище сходятся этнографичны границы большинства славянских народов: на

дольном сіверо-западном конци сходятся поселения Чехов, Словаков и Поляков, на сіверо-востоці Словаков и Русских, к южной части Карпат протинают границі Сербского и Болгарского народа, отділеного от славян на полночы Румынами и Мадьярами. Карпаты заслоняют собом велику восточну равнину Европы, занята по большой части русским племенем и розділяют водны бассейны Вислы, Сана и Дністра от притоков Дуная и Тиссы. Ціла середня часть Карпатских гор занята только русскими племенами.

Носячи имя Карпат, тоты знамениты в славянской истории горы маюť декілька частных названий.

Перечисляючи деякы місцевы названия гор и их высоты, Ниль Попов далі пише: "Достигнувши под именем Бескидов русских поселений, Карпаты являются под своим собственным именем, котры не покидают их до самой полудневой части, але в народном говорі можно почути множество місцевых назв, як Чорный ліс, Черногора, Полонина, Покутскы горы и т. д. Рікы Сан, Дністр, Стрый, Быстриця, Білый и Чорный Черемош, якы вытікают с тых гор, орошают восточну Галичину. Всьо руске население, спускавщеся от тых гор к Дністровским долинам, носит обще название го-

ралов, то ест горцев, котры в свою очередь діляться на Лемков, Бойков и Гуцулов".

Ту треба пояснити, же за сто роков зашли дуже великы зміны, не лем в назві міст, але и в житью вшиткых славянских народов. На місце царской России маме велику Руску-Совітску державу, в границах котрой находится Закарпатска Русь и Галичина по ріку Сан.

Давно нема сліду от Австро-Венгерской монархии, кайзеровской Германии, гитлеровской Германии, котры поневоляли славянскы народы. Они розбиты русским народом в союзі с славянскими народами. Гнеска вшиткы славянскы народы суверенны и в тісном союзі с великим русским народом зробили великий крок в розвитку науки, культуры, техники, чому подивлять цілый світ. В тісном союзі и добром приязельстві живут со славянским народом Румыны и Мадьяре. Австрия натілько мала держава, же не може загрожувати не лем славянству, але самой малой славянской державі отдільно, опруч того Австрия — республика и проводит мирну, протилежну политику Австро-Венгерской монархии. Можно припустити, же слово "Гораль" Ниль Попов взял с польского "Гураль", с котрым встрітился на заход-

ной Лемковско-Польської етнографічної границі і в Галичині, где господствовали поляки, які називали жителів гор, гуралями. Далі Н. Попов дає загальну характеристику горцям, а потім переходить до різниці межі Бойками, Гуцулами і Лемками.

Характеризуючы руске племя, проживаюче по сіверним схилам Карпат, яке називат общим названієм "горали" Ниль Попов пише: "Горець сильний тілом і духом. Його тілосложение соотвіствує ґрунті, на котрій он живе, он крепкий і красивый, часто великого росту. Його руки незвичайно быстры, ловки, полны життя, на лиці в него щось-то истинно благородне. Он прямодушний, чистосердечный, чувствительный, тароват, гостеприимный, отважный до бесразсудства, терпеливый, пользуется крепким здоровьем і постоянно веселый. Обыкновенно он успіває майже во всіх міроприємтях, потому, што за все береться горячо, с усердіем, если йому потрібно куды нібудь їхати або йти, його не втримає ані вітер, ані непогода. Його откровенность і чистосердечность видно, як в діях, так і в бесіді. Каждому жичит лем добра. Но так, як добрі люди обыкновенно бывають довірчивы, то горець ні в ком не підозріває нічого дурного. Але кедь раз он

извідає зло, если при своих промыслах, вні своих родных горь, он буде там і сям обманутий или кто нібудь зло употребит його природне добродушие, то його природны якості змінюються і жажда мести закипає в його груді. Не рідко, коли не має можності отомстити тому чоловіку, котрий обманує його, або поступив с ним несправедливо, он мстить уже всім людям, ко всім має недовіря, всіх обманує. Вот почему многы путешественники приписуют горцу врожденную мстительность. Но то совершенно несправедливо: подобна мстительность зустрічається лем на юзі Європи, уроженці котрій різняться горячою кров'ю і не успокояться, поки не отомстят чоловіку навлекшену на себе их ненависть. Горні жителі поступають чистосердечно і откровенно со всяким, а тому мають полне право ожидать, аби с ними поступали также.

Сердце горця добре от природы, не создающей ничего дурного, возмущаются в виду поступков противоположных його собственным, і тогда все состояние його души міняється: он хоче вознаградити себе за то, што перетерпів. Межє тим ніт чоловіка, с котрим бы мож было примириться так легко, як з ним. Для того йому потрібно лем убідитися в чистосердечном роскаянні

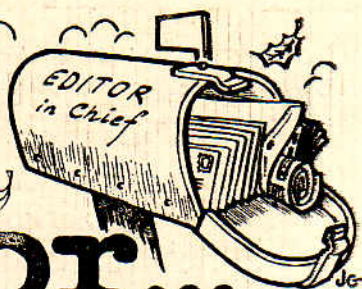
обідчика, який глядат примирення. Но то становится тым труднїйше, чым чаще горец подвергался обману. Набожность його легко объясняется тым, што, он живет высоко в горах, ближе других к небу и окруженный розличными чудесами природы, котра непрерывно напминат йому о всемогуществі Бога. Так як он постоянно видит новы природны явления, происхождение яких для него непонятно, то гоображение його воспламеняется и влече його дух в очарованный мир. То и діло носячися мысля в той совершенно чуждой йому сфері, он невольно склоняется к суевірію. Той мечтательности горца противодїйствуете нїсколько його постоянно неутомиме тру-

долюбие, порождающе в нем много добродітелей, які жителям долин може и не совсім чужы, но мало свойственны. Бесплодна почва не вознаграждает його за труд и нерідко несмотря на самую тяжку роботу, он подвергается величайшим лишениям. Воздїливаючи пашню, он должен освободиться от множества каміня и вагунов, добывати с далека ростительну землю, но и послї того почва родит йому лем картофель и немного овса. Ту скудную жатву доставлену почвом, котру он воздїливат с таким тяжким трудом и неутомимым усердием, нерідко завалит сніг, препятствующий собрати то, што у горца выросло лем в достаточном, по його расчету, количестві для пропитания в зимовы часы.

(Дальше буде).



Letters to the Editor...



Lemko Youth Journal
556 Yonkers Avenue
Yonkers, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is my check for 2.50 for one year subscription to Lemko Youth Journal, continuing with fore. I read with great interest your fore. I read with great interest your article in "Karpatska Rus" concerning another trip to Europe via Scand'navian Air Lines. I would very much like to go to Europe with the Lemko group but I would

enjoy taking a group tour to Russia, Germany and Austria for three weeks. I would like to go on such a trip in 1965. Perhaps if you advertised and arrangements could be made with S. A. S. for people to visit the different countries I'm sure the response would be good.

I would appreciate your notifying me if such a trip could be planned for 1965.

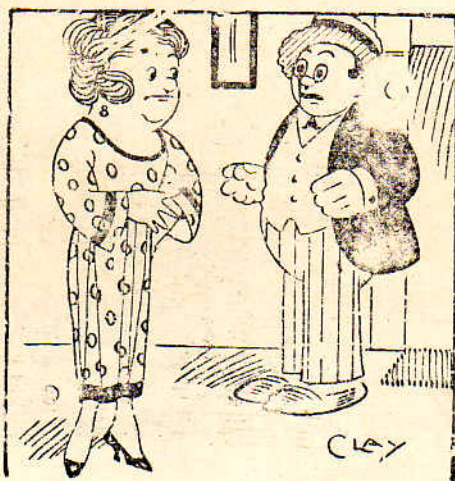
Thankng you in advance, I am

Sincerely yours,
Derothy Drevanik.
Stratford, Conn.

PUZZLE ANSWERS

(From page 26). ,

..Stokehold: Shote, shoeed, shoe, shoot, shed, shook, sled, sloe, slot, sloth, soot, sold, sole, soke, sooth, solo, sldo, sotol, stoke, stole, stool, stook, stolo, stood, those, thole, tosh, tool told, toed, took, tole, to-do, oldest, oleo, kohl, koel, ethos, held, holes, hood, hooked, host, hose, hotel, hoed, hostel, hoot, lest, looked, lost, loose, loot, lode, desk, dolt, dole does, dose, dote.





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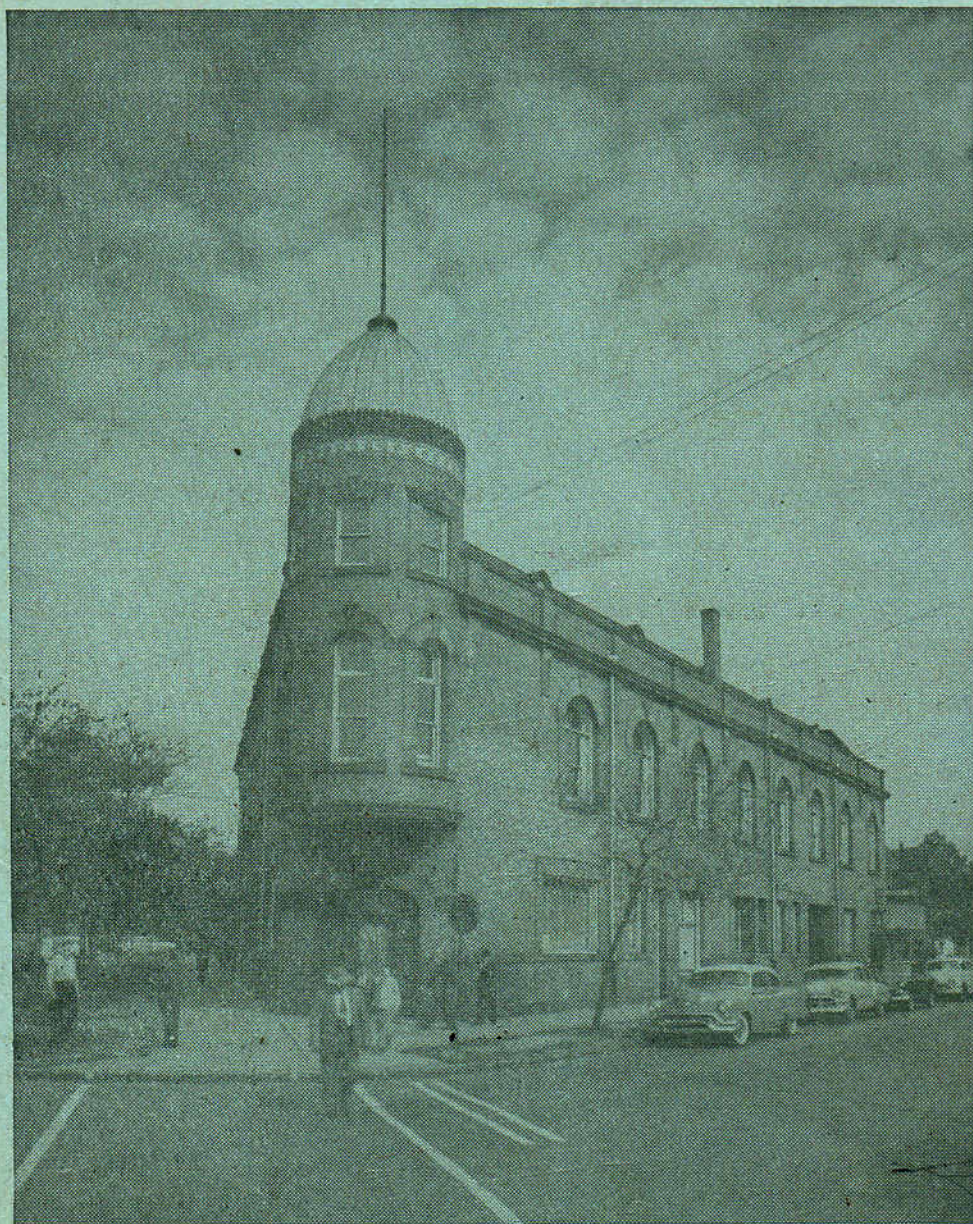
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