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# Lemko Youth Journal



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## OPENING OF THE TALERHOFF MEMORIAL AUGUST 2, 1964 AT LEMKO PARK

Talerhoff Day Aug.. 2, 1964 was a very special Day at Lemko Park. The Talerhoff Memorial being built there was Dedicated. The following speech given by Mr. Nicholas Cislak explain what this monument actually means to us and to our people.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

I ask you to take notice of the event for which we have all gathered here today. It is a very important one. Fifty years ago in our native lands, the first World War was started.

On July 28, 1914 Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia and by the 11th of August, as if pulled by a chain of cords, one after another, the countries were declaring war that involved all nations, and brought heavy wounds to the entire world. In this war there were 10 million people killed, 20 million healthy young people were made cripples. The material losses and peoples' sufferings can not be appraised by any figure.

Together with the start of the war, there began a new inquest upon our Carpatho-Russian people. Arrests, slayings on the spot, and without any trial, tens of thousands of our people were driven into concentration camps of suffering and death in Austria, known as TALERHOFF. The brutality that was taking place over our people was not permitted to be written about or



even discussed. That is how our people fell under the mill of war wheels of the World politica.

The Assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo on June 28, 1914 by a Serbian anarchist gave the provocation for the war three years in advance. Since, it was later learned that the war was to begin in 1917, as Franz Ferdinand had been preparing for war against the wishes of his uncle King Franz Joseph, with technical production of war materials and warships, with plans to take over and change the boundaries of the world. He hoped to take away from England and France its colonies, and from Russian, the rich Ukrainian land.

The assassination had changed the plans, and brought the war 3 years earlier. If his plans worked out by 1917, he would have been successful in murdering our fathers and mothers, all our Carpatho-Russian people would have perished in concentration camps. If, this had taken place, there would have been none of us here today, because the German imperialism would have overtaken over our dead bodies, the Ukraine for themselves. But, we were in their way. To make it easier to take over the Ukraine, Austria-Hungary had already supporters among the learned Ukrainians, but when the war broke out unexpectedly, they became informers and hangmen of their Carpatho-Russian brothers. Their roll today would be more terrifying if they would look back to the year 1917.

Our small Carpatho-Russian generation of Galicians, Lemkos, Bukovinians, paid for this wrong by German Imperialism, the highest price. Except for those slain at the front lines of the war, about 30 thousand outstanding villagers and intelligent persons became martyrs and died, while others were placed in Talerhoff where they suffered without reason, except that they were found in the way of German imperialism while they were marching East.

The end of the horrible Talerhoff did not end in 1917 when the Austrian-Hungarian Empire fell, because all the hard life under the Polish regime and the German occupation of our native lands seemed to be an inheritance, because our



people again were forced to leave their native lands during the 2nd World War. Our Talerhoff was not ended, it only changed its form.

Today, the 2nd day of August 1964, we find ourselves on this spot, in the center of American Lemko Park, joined together, to give respect, in the Memory of those who suffered and perished at Talerhoff, and raise a Memorial for Eternal Memory to our future generations.

The memorial comprises the gifts of thousands of people, some of whom are present, for which we express unforgettable thanks. The Memorial-Church and Museum, as you see will be built in two part -- Lower and Upper. The lower part will contain the records and all information available about our Martyrs, and our peoples history, so that our generations shall be able to trace back the history of their people. The Upper part will house the Altar where services will be held in Memory of the tragedy of our forefathers. The Memorial will be topped with a Three-Bar Cross.

Possibly because of this Cross, some people may not have contributed to this Memorial. We do not blame anyone for this, because no one is forced to contribute to anything in America. Through this freedom America has come to its great power. Here none of you are forced to believe or accept anything that your mind does not want. But, outside of this, one must remember, that the Orthodox Cross has served as a mark or symbol of Unity for the one thousand years of the history of Russia. Russian people built Unity under this sign, which has been the emblem of Christians. Our emigrants know no other sign, except the three bar cross, and by this sign we will unite.

If some of our children have left us, and have been lost to us, there is always that hope, that when they become older, and realize the good and bad of life, they will find this Memorial. They will recognize it through the three bar cross. And, if they were unable to understand the gold soul of their parents during their youth, in their old age they will find it through the many photographs, writings, books and documents.





And, your names, dear contributors for this Memorial, will be written for Eternal Memory in the Journal that will be printed in Commemoration of this date 2nd of August 1964, the 50th Anniversary that we are witnessing today. The Journal is not completed, as is not the Memorial, but your gifts are still needed. Please do not forget to give your share, so that we can complete the building, and begin further work for happiness and peace on earth.

Credit is deserving our people of The Lemko Organization, who thought of the idea of a Memorial for our Martyrs, and helped to accomplish it.

Many thanks to the Shareholders of Lemko Park for granting a piece of their land in this beautiful health resort, for this Memorial.

In behalf of the Talerhoff Monument Building Committee, I thank all former as well as the future contributors for this Memorial, which will stand as a torch for our future generations.



# SUZDAL

By Ludmila Keidan

In the ninth century Suzdal, the city noted for its more than 50 masterpieces of architecture, was an obscure pagan settlement near the juncture of two small rivers, the Nerl and Kamenka. The names of its streets — Yarunava, Pinaikha, Oblupa and Kupula — hark back to the time when the remote forebears of the Suzdalites worshipped the gods Yarun, Pinai, Oblupa and Kupala.

The Kiev prince Vladimir (the most powerful of the princes of Rus at the time) began to convert the people of the Rostov-Suzdal region to Christianity in the year 990. Bishop Fyodor came to Suzdal on that mission and built a wooden church, The Delivery of the Virgin.

By 1125 Suzdal had grown into the capital of the principality, although the palace of the reigning prince Yuri Dolgoruky, with its surrounding wall, was some distance from the town — in Kideksha on the banks of the Nerl. The church of Boris and Gleb — a unique memorial of Suzdal architecture, built of white stone — has survived, though altered by later reconstruction.

In the center of today's Suzdal stands its eleventh century kremlin. This fortress, traditional for medieval Russian cities, could shelter the entire population of the

town, and at first consisted of earthworks and wooden walls surrounded by the Kamenka River on three sides and by a moat on the fourth.

As the city pushed out, the kremlin grew too small, and another line of fortifications, called the ostrog, was built in the thirteenth century. The Tatars took the city in 1238 despite the fortification. In 1262 Suzdal and other Russian towns rose against the Tatar Yoke. Rus, however, was torn by interne-cine strife, and the effort was in vain.

During the period of Tatar domination Suzdal gradually prepared itself for future battles. The Dmitriev (eleventh century), Rizopolozhensky and Kosmo-Damianovsky (end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries) Monasteries were reinforced by the Alexandrovsky (built by Alexander Nevsky in 1240), the Troitsky (built in the seventeies of the thirteenth century), and later by the Vvedensky and Vasilyevsky Monasteries. Like many other Suzdal churches and houses, these structures were made of wood.

It was in that period that the foundations of the architectural style later known as the Suzdal school were laid and developed. Unfortunately none of the original



structures have survived. War and fire, the eternal enemies of beauty, and time itself effaced the Suzdal of wood. The stone Suzdal we know was the culmination of the earlier discoveries of the ancient town's many gifted folk artists. Today's visitors to Suzdal are spellbound by this Russian city that seems to have sprung straight from fairyland.

The Cathedral of the Delivery of the Virgin dominates the kremlin and its fifteen battle towers, once considered an almost impregnable fortress. The story of the cathedral is interesting. The original wooden church that stood on this site had fallen into decay by the first quarter of the thirteenth century. It was razed, therefore, and rebuilt. The new cathedral, however, collapsed in the thirteenth century, and construction was begun anew. The building we see today is the product of the combined labors of many generations of Suzdal builders. Its lower stone section with a carved belt of decoration dates from the thirteenth century. The upper masonry of tufa and brick belongs to the sixteenth century. The roof acquired five cupolas by the beginning of the seventeenth century. The central cupola was faced with gold.

From the kremlin square the people streamed through the southern gates into the spacious cathedral with its enormous choirs. Its beauty may be guessed from the remnants of frescoes, carvings and

fragments of majolica flooring (thirteenth century). The exterior, influenced by urban architecture, was richly decorated as well. The carvings of the facades, the ornamentation and the feminine masks denoting that the monastery was dedicated to the Virgin are models of grace and refined taste.

The southern "Korsunskiye" gates of the cathedral, examples of the finest work of the artists of ancient Rus, are still standing. Formed of ornately linked copper plates engraved with scenes from the New Testament, they attest to inimitable artistic and technical mastery.

The Suzdal architects had a genius for creating lovely structural groupings, evident in the kremlin ensemble. The harmonious fusion of the Cathedral of the Delivery of the Virgin with the hip-roofed belfry, the chambers and churches of the bishops is a representation in stone of the joy of living, of the love of man and nature.

Also magnificent is the mighty Spaso-Yefimievsky Monastery with its 12 towers. The warriors of Prince Vasili Tyomny perished at its walls in combat with the Tatars. The national hero Prince Dmitri Pozsharsky was buried here.

The Pokrovsky Convent stands opposite the Spaso-Yefimievsky Monastery. There in captivity long ago languished the Grand Duchess Solomonina Saburova, the wife of Prince Vasili Tyomny; Kolotov-



skaya, the wife of Ivan the Terrible; and Yevdokia Lopukhina, the wife of Peter the Great.

The art of Suzdal, its belfries and cupolas, its carvings and stone

tracery, is filled with the history of ancient days. Across the centuries we feel the emotions of those who created that art, we see their visions.

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## SHAPES MELT IN SLAVIC PAINTINGS

By Jane H. Kay

Vasily Kandinsky preferred the term "concrete art" to "abstract art." He considered his special fairy tale a new kind of reality, a reality freed from irrelevant noises.

And so vast was the gulf between orthodox art and the art which he evolved, that his paintings created their own new vision of life and truth.

Kandinsky (1866-1944) was not only a painter's painter, but a kind of abstract artist's first abstract artist. In that budding movement of the early 20th century, Klee and other pioneer nonfigurative painters pointed to Kandinsky as their predecessor.

More than half a century after Kandinsky took the great leap into the unknown resources of his own imagination, his artistic legacy is still one to dazzle and astound our generation.

A traveling exhibition at the Worcester Art Museum, for the first time in New England through April 20, reveals the pictorial transition and reinforces the importance of this Russian artist's contribution, while leaving untouched

the essential mystery of the man and his original development.

The details of Kandinsky's biography throw much light on his art. He was a man so enmeshed in the Russian world as to ignore his early artistic impulses and continue in a brilliant career in law and economics. Only at the age of 30 did he come to Munich and decide to paint.

But even more remarkable is the sudden compulsion to forsake his exploration into various styles — such as the impressionistic and pointillist or fauvist investigations shown here from 1902 to 1908.

Kandinsky deliberately disowned his gift of a keen, photographic memory, as he thrust aside all memories of the literal scene.

From 1910 we see the object dissolve. There is the blue horse in a distraught field from the Blaue Reiter (Blue Rider) school which he helped to create with Franz Marc; then gradually there is less and less and finally nothing at all of the discernible as representational art.



But what was to take the place of the object in painting? The answer for many painters today seems unnecessary; abstract artists have gotten rid of this kind of intellectual defensiveness. To Kandinsky, a writer as well as artist, the right answer was essential, as he risked the shock and condemnation of his world.

In replacing the object, Kandinsky began to feel, there would be "a violent clash between different worlds, which, in and through their struggle with each other are destined to create the world, . . . to come into being as the cosmos did — out of catastrophe."

In the same way, from the chaotic loose style which this artist called "improvisations" in his early days — from first efforts that

were disorganized, scribbled lines and shapes — came the moving circles and shapes, the ordered objects in orbit, the solid focal points of the 1920's.

During these years the artist became known for his combinations of solid geometric shapes and transparent objects in vibrant colors. Gradually such patterns of shape became surrealistic, partial representations like the sphinxlike watercolor "Soft Yellow."

The original impulse which led Kandinsky to the unexplored areas of the irrational is as unexplainable as the creative process itself.

"The creation of a work is the creation of a world," the artist once wrote.

With Kandinsky this was mysteriously and magnificently true.

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## SLEEPING BEAUTIES

The recent discovery near Rome of Fanciulla, a nine-year-old girl in a good state of preservation 1,800 years after her death, was the talk of the world. But only a few people know that similar finds have been made in Moscow.

On the grounds of the Kremlin there used to be the Voznesensky (Ascension) Convent, the burial place of the czarians. In November 1571 the famous "czar's bride" Marfa Sobakina was buried there. Hers was a mysterious and tragic fate. Ivan the Terrible had picked a third wife from among 2,000 candi-

dates brought to his residence at Alexandrovskaya Sloboda from all over the country. The czar was married to Marfa Sobakina on Oct. 28, 1571, in a magnificent ceremony. But that very day she became ill, and several days later she passed away. No description or portrait of the czar's bride remained.

When the Kremlin underwent some renovation in 1928, the Voznesensky Convent finally was torn down; the tombs of the czarinas were opened and their remains transferred to the Arkhangelsky Cathedral.



In the other tombs only the bones were left, but when Marfa Sobakina's tomb was opened, it seemed to everyone present that a miracle had taken place: a charming girl, deathly pale but seemingly alive, was lying in the coffin. But this lasted only a minute. The body disintegrated immediately. All this was so unexpected that the scientists who opened up the tomb did not even have a camera with them to record the phenomenon. And so there is no imprint of the image of the famous "czar's bride" left for posterity.

There was a similar case at the beginning of the century. A corner of the Georgievsky Monastery in Moscow sank into the ground — a burial vault was the cause. In the vault was a beautiful girl in the modest garb of a servant; the inscription on the slab identified her as one of Czarina Marina Mnisek's maidservants.

How is it that time and the elements have been so merciful to these bodies? Why have they escaped the general fate of all flesh? To this day the riddle remains unsolved.

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## THERE'S STILL HOPE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

It seems to me that a nation is only as good as its young people, and the promise of a new generation seems badly lacking. I realize in my time we weren't perfect. But when I look at my children and their friends, I sense a demanding attitude that I don't believe we had too much of a discipline problem with them, but they're given almost everything they want. Occasionally, when I do ask my children to do something difficult, dull or distasteful, they do it, but resentfully and angrily.

Everywhere today one hears discussions of American family life. The younger generation is described as wild, spoiled and delinquent.

There's no denying problems in

American family life, and our young people are not perfect. But before entering the ranks of the alarmists, we might take time to learn from the opinions of past generations that our problems are not new.

By pointing out that these problems existed in the past, I don't mean to deny the critical nature of many of the current trends. But I am neither gloomy nor depressed over the younger generation.

One reason I am optimistic about the future is because we have human nature on our side. Children want love and respect and given encouragement, will work to win them.



By Michael Drory

## NEVER - SAY NEVER

Few people set out deliberately to miss the wonder and richness of living, but it is treacherously easy to do. A postponement here, a side-stepping there, a retreat elsewhere—and behold, a life dried up behind a wall of negatives: “I can’t”; “I won’t”; “It could never happen.”

Out of curiosity, I kept for a week a list of all the “nevers” and similar denials I heard myself and others say. It was much too long to repeat here, but some of them were these: I would never be a working mother; I’ll never marry outside my religion; I can never balance my check book — I’m not good at figures; I never do volunteer work; I never wear pink; I won’t have a dishwasher in the house; I won’t color my hair; I never go to big parties; I’ll never marry a career woman; I’ll never speak to him again; I can’t stand jazz.

I know a brilliant, famous woman who has led a fascinating and rewarding life — so far, as she likes to remind me — and once I asked her if she could select from her variegated years a single most important lesson learned — so far. She was silent a moment and then said, “Yes. That all the things you think can never happen, will happen. And all the things you think you’ll never do, you will probably do.”

She did not mean, of course, that one has to rob a bank to prove he is alive, nor that we should not make choices, pro and con. The world is wide, and complicated. Without preferences and rejections, there would be no personality. Without some boundaries to give pattern to life, every minor decision would become a major crisis: whether to come or go; whether to act or wait; whether to speak or keep still.

But never?

Never to venture beyond the boundaries and try ourselves against experience which is the first law of growth? Never to read a book we are not predisposed to like? Never to ride in planes because people get killed in them? Many thousands more people lose their lives in cars, and some in their own homes.

“Never” is a cunning thief that impoverishes the spirit. We are all born to unspecified possibilities. They are ahead of us, waiting. What starts out as a simple recognition of fact too often digs in as a practice and a principle, and the possibilities narrow and stop. To say, “I have never been to Europe,” is harmless if regrettable, but the moment it becomes, “I never go to Europe” and “I never will go,” we are being robbed under our very noses.



Plainly, some negatives are suitable and necessary. At a certain age, one can rightly say, "I never wear make-up" — or high heels, or mink coats. In certain circumstances, it makes sense to say, "I cannot spend more than ten dollars for this." Under some conditions, it is the better part of wisdom to trample on protocol and conventionalities. But any position, no matter how wise and rustproof at the time, may be outgrown, for life by definition is that which flows, moves, evolves, changes. The child who says, "Grown-ups never have any fun; I'm never going to grow up," one day perceives that he not only must grow up but desires to — or else becomes a monster. Much of our learning is like that.

Life is a process of finding out who we are and what we may become. Our self-knowledge is always limited because we are in the process; we have not yet become all the self of which we are capable. Habitual denial and negation is suspicious distrust of life on the terms given. It is of the dig-a-hole-and-crawl-in school, the don't-look-and-it-will-go-away approach. Thank heaven it won't — quite. But it can be flattened out and made infertile. In the clinical sense, total renunciation of experience is a pathological condition, a form of withdrawal just short of suicide. We have to try ourselves and all our fears and hopes against the sharp edges of reality or we become less than human.

There is a subtler form of negative, more treacherous than rejecting physical events because it has to do with feelings, and because it often looks both wise and brave. It is the voice that whispers, "I can never forgive him"; "I'll never love again"; "I don't have time." This kind of thing is sometimes said in anger, sometimes in grief, sometimes in what poses as reasoned judgment.

But never?

During World War II, I knew a young girl whose husband disappeared in the holocaust of Corregidor. For four years it was not known whether he was alive or dead. She held on to her courage and love, until, not six months before the war ended, she said quietly to some friends, "I don't want you to be shocked, but my marriage is over. Whether Tom comes back or not, it has died and cannot be restored. One person cannot do it alone. I know that now."

Many of us were keeping vigils of our own, and we understood. When she added, not in bitterness, but almost in exhaustion, that she would never love again, we understood that too, and approved it.

She was beautiful girl with a zest for life, and though she had admirers, love did not touch her again for seven years. Then it happened, and she was radiant. "I told him I would not love again," she said, "and I believed it, but fortunately, he didn't. I love him differently — I'm not twenty any more — but



In 1920 he moved to Newark, New Jersey where he lived with his sister and brother-in-law Mr. and Mrs. George Shwetz. A few months later he moved to Yonkers, New York where he was to spend the rest of his life.

In Yonkers he met and married Miss Barbara Mikulak, who had

recently arrived in the United States from Hanchowa, a village neighboring his home town. They gave birth to one son, Samuel, who graduated from N. Y. U. and now runs his fathers' grocery store.

In Yonkers Mr. Malutich once again took up the fight for his people. He joined the Russian Bro-



**Mr. Malutich accepts plaque in recognition of his work from Mr. Korba, President of C. A. R. center in Yonkers, at testimonial Dinner**





Another plague is accepted by Mr. Malutich at the Dinner from Mr. Rudawsky, President of the Lemko Association

therhood Organization where he become an officer of his local branch. He also took an active part in the Holy Trinity Russian Orthodox Church in Yonkers where he sang in the choir and here too, he also become an officer of the parish.

When the movement for a central organization of the Lemko

people in the United States and Canada took place Mr. Malutich was among those who pioneered and developed the movement.

He was one of the leaders who built the Carpatho Rus. Am. Center, Lemko Hall, in Yonkers. His active part, advise, and financial assistance were of great significance in bringing about the dream of a home for the Lemko people.



Once again Mr. Malutich was among the most active people when the dream of a resort for the Lemko people become a reality. Again Mr. Malutich lent his advice and helped pick the present site of Lemko Park.

Mr. Malutich served as an officer of Lemko Hall in Yonkers as well as an officer of the Lemko Association. He served as Treasurer of the Lemko Relief Committee which is dedicated to supporting our people who still remain in the beloved homeland of our people, Lemkavina.

In recognition of his devotion to the betterment of the Lemko people

the Carpatho Russian Center along with the Lemko Association gave a testimonial dinner in his honor on March 8, 1964. In testimony to his many good deeds over the years over three hundred people come to honor him at this dinner.

On May 19 1964 Mr. Malutich had died. With him passes a great era of the Lemko people. An era of building and growing of which he is so much a part of. Now it is for us, the youth of the Lemko Association, to keep for ourselves and the Lemko people what Mr. Malutich and others like him have so unselfishly given us.





## From Paul Chacho from the Soviet Union

Paul Chacho of Yonkers, N. Y. recently took a tour through Russia. Here in some of his letters to his parents are found the insight into what he saw.

### MOSCOW

July 1, 1964.

Dear Mom and Dad,

Arrived in Moscow Airport at 6:20 P. M. Russian time (12:20 P. M. New York time). We are staying in the Aeroflot Hotel in Moscow. Today we went to Red Square and saw Lenin's Tomb, St. Basil's Cathedral, the Kremlin and where Ivan the Terrible built a church inside the Kremlin. I also saw a church inside the Kremlin that has a gold roof on it. We were in time to see the changing of the guard at Lenin's tomb. I took some pictures.

We will be leaving Moscow either tonight or tomorrow for Kiev. I will write to you when I get there.

The weather here has been beautiful! It is sunny and the temperature is in the 80's.

I have been drinking a lot of soda because all they have here is mineral water. When I asked for soda the first time they gave me bicarbonate of soda, since then I have learned to say soda in Russian.

That's about all for now, I will be writing to you from Kiev.

Your son,

Paul.

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### KIEV

July 6, 1964.

Dear Mom and Dad,

We arrived safely in Kiev from Moscow by train on July 4, 1964. We were met by a delegation from Volks, (the group that asked us to come to Kiev) and we had a meeting with the woman who is the head of this group. She gave us a plan of what she thought we should see after we finish our dancing lessons in Kiev, but she also said we can change these plans if we wanted to. Some of the cities she wants us to visit are Yalta, the Crimea, Lvov and a pioneer camp where the youth from all over the world are trained.

Today we went by "rocket" (a boat) to Kanyev (Kahel) and placed a wreath of flowers at the grave and monument of Taras Shevchenko. We also met



the Mayor of Kanyev, whose name is also Taras Shevchenko. He took us on a tour of the town and showed us the Museum in which all the works of Shevchenko are on display.

So far we don't know exactly where we will go and how long we will be there after we leave Kiev. The only thing we do know is that we shall be in Kiev until July 20th. You will find an address at the end of this letter where you can write to me in case there is anything else you want me to do when I get to Czechoslovakia.

I was starting to pick up a little Russian while in Moscow but since we came to Kiev I am starting to get the Russian and Ukrainian languages all mixed up, so please don't expect me to speak very good Russian when I come home.

At this hotel they have a very good band that plays every night, the only thing wrong is that they don't know any of the Russian dances that we dance in Yonkers. They never heard of an Oberek and they play a Polka so fast that you have to run instead of dance to keep up with the tempo. I borrowed a saxophone from one of the band and played two polkas but even after that they went back to their own speed. They played a lot of jazz, fox trots, and twists which are very good.

I haven't telephoned Dad's brother to come to see me yet because I want to know exactly when I will be able to see him and spend as much time with him as possible. I understand that tomorrow I will get this information.

The tape recorder and the tape with Dad's voice on it are in very good condition and I shall play it for Dad's brother when I meet him and also tape his voice, so you don't have to worry about that.

I have been eating very good and I think I'll be about ten pounds heavier when I get home. The food at this hotel is delicious and they give you a lot of it.

I guess that's all for now. Hopping this letter finds you in the best of health.

Your son

Paul.

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Kiev, July 19, 1964.

Dear Mom and Dad,

I'm sorry I haven't written to you sooner but the way our day is planned, we have very little time to ourselves. I'll give you an example of the type of day I have. I wake up at 7:30 eat breakfast at 8:00. Dance at the Palace of Culture from 9:00 to 1:00. I sweat more at dancing practice than if I had dug two deep graves. We have lunch at 2:00, then we go either to a University,



Museum or meet with Composers and Writers of the Ukraine. We get back to the hotel about 6:30, change clothes and go either to see an opera, concert or folk dancers. We have supper at 11:00 and I get to sleep about 1:00. This is the kind of day I have.

The first dance group I saw was a young dance group made up of children ranging in age 4 to 18. They had a boy about 5 years of age that did a wonderful dance. He danced so well that I wanted to send my dancing boots home and forget about dancing altogether! He made me feel as if I had 3 left feet.

I had supper with the top singer of the Ukraine, Nachuk, who comes from the Carpathian Mountains. I had a great time talking with him.

Last night our group had a party. We invited our dancing instructor, actors of the Soviet Union and our guides Nachuk asked me to play the sax, so for half an hour I had the band and played the sax.

Our group has been treated very good. Anywhere we go we always have the best seats, meet the best actors and see the best plays, operas or concerts. We have been given the V. I. P. (very important person) treatment.

After we leave Kiev we fly to Lugansk near Donetsk until

July 22, then fly to Yalta until the 26th. From Yalta we will fly to Lvov until July 28, then fly back to Kiev until July 29th, then by train to Moscow until July 31.

I sent a telegram to Dad's brother but it came back. They told me there is no person under that name living there. I told them that we send mail from America with that name and address on it and it gets to him, but they said they could not help me. I sent a letter to him, with the address I have, to him because I thought that if he gets our letters from America he would get mail sent to him from Russia even with an old address on it. I've tried to do everything I possibly could to contact him. I can only hope he gets my letter. If he does he should be here July 19 or 20. When he does get here I'll send you a telegram. (Later came the telegram from Paul saying that he met his uncle in Kiev).

I have been given a lot of books and I'm wondering if I'll have room for them in my suitcase. Whenever we go to a meeting with singers or composers I always ask for music. I was given a music book with Carpatho-Russian songs in it.

So many things are happening to me that it would take up a book.

We are going to see the



Siberian Folk Dances tonight so I'll have to end my letter. I hope you had a nice vacation and that this letter finds you in happiness and health.

Your Son,

Paul.

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Yalta, July 26, 1964.  
(Letter No. 4.)

Dear Mom and Dad,

How are you? Fine I hope. I am now in Yalta on the "Golden Beach." The water is wonderful. Three days ago the temperature was 110° but it didn't feel like it. I've been getting a good tan but we have to leave tomorrow for Lvov and my tan will probably disappear.

Wherever we go we have a correspondent from a newspaper that follows us. The other day he brought his tape recorder to my room and interviewed me. He asked me about how I liked the Soviet Union, what was the thing that impressed me most.

I told him that I was happy to visit the Soviet Union and that the people were very friendly and made me feel at home wherever I went. I told him the thing that impressed me most was the young people I have met. When they find out you are an American they want to know all about America.

They ask such questions as what do I do? How much do I make? What is the cost of an apartment? And a lot of other questions.

I've talked to a few students who are over here studying. I met two from Canada, United States and other parts of the world. They all seem to be enjoying their stay here.

Last night we went to the theater and saw the Soviet Army Chorus and Dance Group. They sang a lot of beautiful songs and did dances from all the republics of Soviet Union. They also had dances from Poland, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria. We had an enjoyable evening.

Well we have only six more days in the Soviet Union. The time seems to have gone by very fast. There is so much to see and very little time to see it all. Most of the group are going straight home from here. I found out that I wouldn't be able to stop off at Berlin because I didn't have a visa. So it looks like I'll just be able to visit Paris and London after I leave Czechoslovakia. I still have hopes of visiting Copenhagen.

Well I guess that's about all for now.

Your son,

Paul.



## FROM PAUL CHACHO FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA

The following letter was written by Paul to Mr. Cisuak, editor of the "Karpatska Rus" for publication.

Becherov, Czecsolvakia.

August, 6, 1964.

Mr. Cislak,

As you know I have been in the U. S. S. R. for the past month studying Russian dances and touring the Ukraine with a delegation of American Ukrainians. The delegation consisted of a group of people from Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, New York and New Jersey. I was the only Lemko in the Group.

The main purpose of our trip to the Soviet Union was to learn Russian Folk dancing. For sixteen days we studied in Kiev under one of Kiev's best instructors. Every day for fourteen days we danced for four hours. The last two days we danced for a total of fourteen hours.

I met a lot of young people while in Kiev and they came up to me and asked many questions about America. They wanted to know if I went to school, for how many years, what type of work I do, how much I make, how much is food and clothing, how much rent is and many other questions. I tried to answer all questions honestly and frankly. I too wanted to learn as much about the Soviet Union as possible and I asked them a few questions.

They told me all education in the Soviet Union is free including higher education. Not only is edu-

cation free but the student also receives a stipend (money) from the government for going to school. The better the students grades the more money he receives. I met a student from the United States in Kiev and he told me that he has been studying in Kiev University now for two years, all for free. He put in an application to the University to study journalism and he was accepted. He told me that the instructors were very good.

I went to see a railroad in Kiev that is run entirely by boys and girls ranging in age twelve to nineteen. This railroad was only 3 kilometers long but it serves as a training center for young people who eventually wish to work on the railroad. Everyone learns how to operate an engine, inspect the case and anything else that is connected with the railroad.

I also visited a coal refining factory in Lugansk and talked with the workers there. They told me that a worker earns between 140-150 rubles a month depending upon his ability. This might not seem like a lot of money but when you take into consideration that an apartment cost only 6 rubles a month with gas and electricity, all medical care is free, subway and bus fare is 5 kopecks, 140-150 rubles is good money. The biggest expense they have is clothing and food.



The workers have a 7 hour day for 5 days and they work 5 hours on Saturday for a total of 40 hours a week. The factory is closed every-day for two hours and all the machinery is checked as a precautionary measure. The factory has three shifts and refines 900 tons of coal an hour. What really interested me most was that about half of the 300 workers there are boys and girls of my age. They have schools in the factory so that when they finish work they attend classes and further their education as well as increase their skill at whatever type of machinery they are working at. The youngest person working at the factory is eighteen years of age.

All of the workers get one month paid vacation. They can go to a sanitarium where they can go swimming, play tennis, soccer, volleyball and they have a fully equipped gym at their disposal. For all of these facilities the worker pays only 20 to 25% of the cost while the Trade Unions pay the rest. I saw three of these sanitariums while in the Soviet Union.

I also met a dance group from a collective farm. They told me that they practice 3 days a week and 4 hours at each rehearsal. They also have their own work to do on the farm. They asked us if we had such dance groups as theirs in America. I tried to explain to them that in America we have to either buy or make our own costumes, pay for an instructor and musician, pay

for a hall to practice in and the hardest thing for us to do is finding young people who are interested in learning to dance and getting them together. In Russia they don't have to worry about all of this, it is all free and the children want to learn the dances.

The group that I was with is of Ukrainian origin and their dance group has been in existence 30 years. It doesn't matter that I or somebody else never heard of them before, the thing that is important is that they are interested in learning the dances, history, culture and language of their parents and grandparents.

Members of this dance group often asked me does the Lemko Association have a dance group and all I could tell them was that at one time we did have one of which I was a member, but because of lack of young people who were interested it fell apart.

The Ukrainians have a dance group that is invited to the Soviet Union to learn even more dances, almost all of them in the group know the Ukrainian language, their organization had a school where the children were taught their language. Does the Lemko Association have something like this to keep the young people together? The answer is NO!

True we do have Lemko Park, Lemko Youth Club and the Lemko Association. The only thing we have that is holding the Lemko youth together, as I see it, is the



Youth Club at Lemko Park and unless we begin to help them by either forming a dance group, Russian school or some other activities in which the young people can become interested in, the Youth Club will disappear and the Lemko organization will have no one to carry on its work. Whether we like it or not that is what is going to happen unless something is done.

The most important thing, I think, is to educate the youth as to their heritage and culture. That is, where their people came from, what type of work they did, their songs and dances, costumes they wore and anything else that pertains to their heritage. This job does not belong entirely to the Lemko Association, but also to the parents.

If the parents told their children

about their heritage and culture, as my parents told me, then I am sure that their children would want to know more about the Lemko Association and what it stands for. That is if the Association had more to offer than promises.

This job cannot be done by one person, it must have the full support, not only in words but in deeds too, of the whole organization.

These are a few of the things I have seen and learned. Whatever I have said in the last few paragraphs was in the way of helpful and honest criticism of the Lemko Organization because it is a part of my life and blood and I want to see the work that it has been doing continued.

**Paul Chacho**

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## **From the President of the A. Lemko Park**

Through the efforts of Mr. George Chowanec and Mr. Kenneth Williams the Brook House was painted. A new roof was put on the Cottage by Mr. John Zawojski. John started to paint the Cottage and received a helping hand from John Porada, Theodore Rudawsky and Nick Harayda.

The Lemko Park is lucky to have such people who give their

time in helping to make the Park a nicer and more pleasant place.

—o—

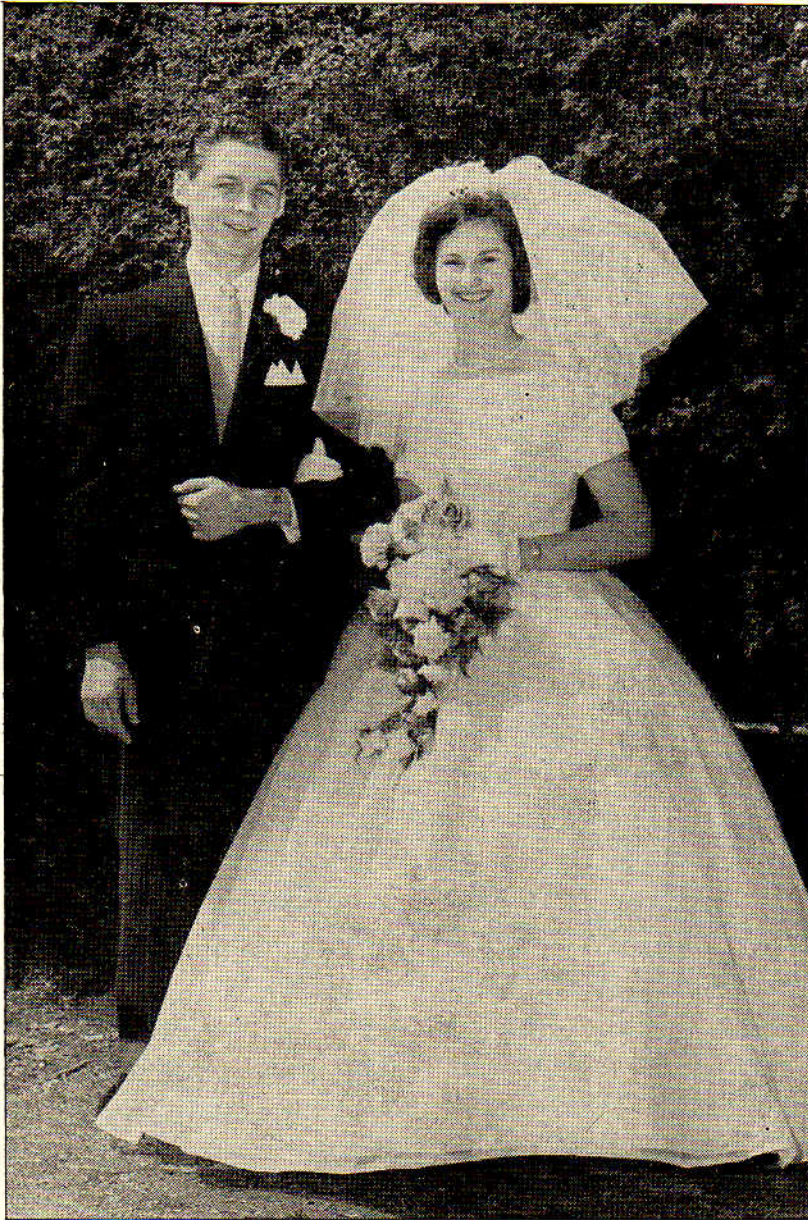
If any shareholders of the American Lemko Park have any questions regarding the Park a nicer and more pleasant quires to the Board of Directors, American Lemko Park, Box 567, Monroe, New York.

Guests making reservations should write or phone the Manager.

**Paul Dubitsky,  
President.**



## **Lemko Wedding**



**Mitro and Sylvia-Helen Michalsky of Montreal  
Que. Canada. Their wedding bell rang on May  
9, 1964.**



## LEMKO KITCHEN

### BUTTERMILK PIE

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 tablespoon cornstarch
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 cups buttermilk
- 1/4 cup oil or margarine melted
- 1 unbaked 8 inch pastry shell (chilled)
- 2 eggs (slightly beaten)
- 1/8 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Stir together the sugar, cornstarch and salt gradually stir in buttermilk, keeping smooth, stir in margarine, vanilla, lemon rind and nutmeg. Stir in eggs. Pour into pastry shell. Bake in hot 425 degrees oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate 350 degrees and bake until silver knife inserted in center comes out clean about 40 minutes. Serve warm. Filling will not stay puffed up.

### PECAN WAFFLES

- 2 cups sifted all purpose flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 3/4 cup chopped pecans
- 6 tablespoons shortening melted
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs separated
- 1 1/2 cups of milk.

Sift together dry ingredients and add pecans. Beat egg yolks until light, combine with milk and melted shortening and add to dry ingredients, mixing just until smooth. Beat egg whites until stiff and

fold into butter. Bake in hot waffle iron Yields 6-8 waffles.

### FIVE MINUTE GOULASH

To serve form to six, have 2 pounds of steak cut 1/2 inch thick and then cut into pieces 1/2 inch wide and 1 inch long. In 2 tablespoons lard or cooking fat brown until pale golden and slightly soft 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, 1/2 teaspoon marjoram 1 tablespoon sweet paprika and 1/2 cup dry cherry wine, if you desire. Bring to a boil and cook just 2 minutes. The goulash is ready to serve.

### PINEAPPLE WINE JELLY

1 pkh (3 ozs), orange, pineapple flavored gelatin

1 cup boiling water

1 cup sauterne wine

1 can 8 to 9 ozs pineapple tidbits (well drained).

In a mixing bowl stir together the gelatin and boiling water until gelatin is completely dissolved stir in sauterne. Transfer to 4 to 6 individual molds or custard cups, add pineapple tidbits to each. Fruit will sink to bottom and be at top when desert is unmolded. Chill until set, turn out. Make 4 to 6 servings.



By George Oppenheimer

## ON STAGE

### "THREE SISTERS" HAS POVER AND REALITY

NEW YORK — Once in a long while there comes a production that inspires such mixed feelings that you fervently wish that you could sleep on it and have all next day to consider your review. Unfortunately there is that old devil deadline. So, in order to meet the devil, herewith my jumbled reactions to the Actors' Studio Theater's revival of Chekhov's "The Three Sisters," which opened at the Morosco last night.

Let's take the considerable credits, which include some of the fine acting of the season, an almost flawless third act, a handsome production, an intelligent new English version by Randal Jarell, and scenes of power and reality throughout, under the dedicated direction of Lee Strasberg. On the debit side there is uneven acting in some parts, an almost complete humorlessness and a compulsive emphasis on gloom, spread too thickly by the same Lee Strasberg, until that third act when the fog lifts, and all is luminously clear.

#### The Sisters Three

As the three sisters, who long to escape from their narrow lives to Moscow at the turn of the century, there are Shirley Knight,

Geraldine Page and Kim Stanley. Miss Knight as the youngest of the three is making her first appearance on Broadway. This is difficult to believe, for she already has a star quality with her lovely face and figure, her gentleness and charm, and her dramatic skill, especially in the difficult transition from a carefree young girl to a tragic woman. Miss Page, in the smaller role of the spinster schoolteacher, is infinitely touching and wonderfully deft. On the other hand, that superior actress, Miss Stanley as Masha, in the first two acts, did not suggest either physically (she has become overly shout), or emotionally (with excess mannerisms), a woman who could win the love of the attractive Officer Vershinin.

In the latter role Kevin McCarthy seems nearer the Middle West than a provincial town in Russia, but more than compensates by his honest and intelligent acting. Outstanding, too, are Albert Paulsen as Masha's loving but cuckolded husband; Gerald Hiken as the reckless brother of the three sisters; Tamara Daykarhanova as the elderly maid. Robert Loggia as the imperious Solyony, and James Olson as the lovesick Baron were first-rate in some scenes, and like the play, not so good in others.



### **The Two Best**

However, for my mixed taste, the two best performances were given by Barbara Baxley as the virago wife of the brother, and Luther Adler as the understanding doctor with a weakness for drink. Miss Baxley has, to my knowledge, never given a bad performance, but here she is at the top of her graceful form, changing subtly and insidiously from the shy and common young peasant, who has enticed the unworldly brother, into a shrewish and dominating wife. As for Mr. Adler he is, as always, dependable as the stars in their course, and brings to Chekhov's play the wit and the humanity that Mr. Strasberg has largely neglected in favor of gloom.

### **That Third Act**

To return to that third act, (and I wish I could in place of the other two), there is a farewell scene between Miss Stanley and Mr. McCarthy where the former, as of old, breaks your heart with the valiant aid of the latter, while Miss Page, the spinster and Mr. Paulsen, the tortured husband, look on helplessly, that is one of the finer moments of the theater, thanks not only to Chekhov and to the actors, but also to Mr. Strasberg. And this is done against an exterior setting by Will Steven Armstrong, with lighting by Feder that creates sunshine and mood and beauty. If only Mr. Strasberg had allowed some of this light to permeate the rest of the play.

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## **Lemko Youth Day Dinner**

Sponsored by the

**LEMKO YOUTH CLUB**

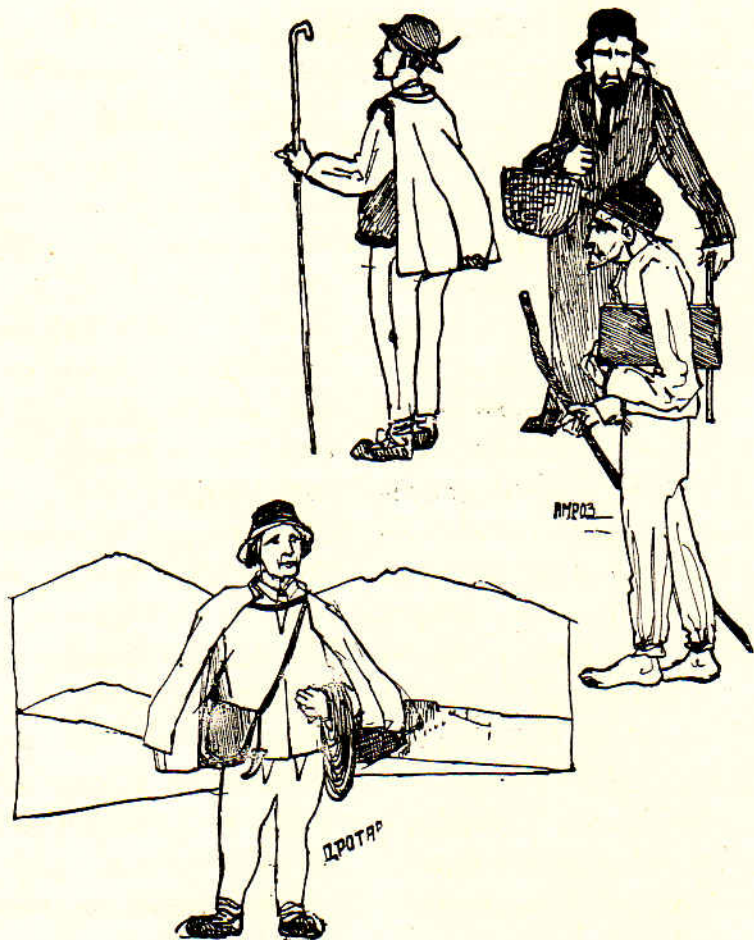
A Complete Chicken Dinner

Sunday, August 23, 1964

at Lemko Park, Monroe, N. Y.

Donation \$1.75      Time: 1:00 p. m.





## ШТО ПИСАЛОСЯ О ЛЕМКАХ 100 РОКОВ ТОМУ НАЗАД

V

Як уж было сказано Н. Поповым, приведенны свадебны обычаи не всяды еднаковы для всіх горцов, и зато и не всі моменты характерны для Лемковщины, еднако вцілом, прекрасны и красочинны обычаи, говорящы о высокой культурі наших предков. Як и другим празденствам, свадьбі придавалася особенна торжественность.

Особенно трогательны и благородны, то благодарение матери и отца и получение от них благословения перед уходом под вінец. Троекратный поклон родителям выражают сердечну благодарность молодой и молодого за воспитание и недоспаны дни и ночи, за их родительску к ним любовь. Дуже важна также необходимость получения блгослове-



ния на новый путь житья, без котрого нова жизнь для молодых немислима. Слезы матери и дочери, то не часть ритуала, то искренны слезы матери, котра благословит любиму дочь, дуже дорожит ей судьбом и желат ей самого прекрасного, с другой стороны дочь, вступаючи в самостоятельную жизнь неизвѣстну, волнующе переживают, таж мати всегда была рядом с нѣм, а сейчас ей пристоит нова, самостоятельна жизнь. Весь свадебный обряд с начала до конца интересный, народный, веселый, отражающий жизнь и нравы горцов. Крім того, в свадебном обряді жителей Карпат очень много общеславянских черт.

Переходячи к обычаям похоронов, Ниль Попов пише: При похоронах замѣчательно только слѣдующе: послі того, як священник благословит покойника в могилі каждый з родственников и запрошенных гостей бросает на гроб горсть земли. То основлюется на древнеславянском обычаю накладывать на могилы дорогих покойников холмы (могилы або курганы). Розумієся, што так же, як и у других славян у горцов при похоронах, як при свадьбі и крестинах, необходима водка, горілка.

Хоц о похоронах Ниль Попов сказал и не много, но отмітил едну, сильно характерну черту свойственну древне-

славянскому обычаю, то ест насыпувати на могилы курганы. Тот обычай мы встрічае на Украині во время козачества, котры на могилы заслуженых и отважных козаков шапками насыпували громады курганы. В послѣдне время тот древнеславянский обычай сохранился у нас только символически. На могилу насыпуют груды земли не для того, штобы насыпати курган, а лем послѣдний раз проститися с покойником. И тут мы видиме живучость древнеславянских обычаев в нашем народі, што ище больше убѣждают нас в том, што именно Карпаты были прародином славянства.

Так Ниль Попов закончуе первый розділ, в котром дае общу характеристику обычаев для всіх жителей Карпат, то ест лемков, бойков и гуцулов. Если же конкретизовати описаны гденекотры обычаи, як свадебны и другы, то они больше характерны для Лемковско-Бойковского пограничья, або центральной части Карпат.

Затым Ниль Попов останавлиюєся на обычаях характерных Бойкам. Тут он описує одежду, постройки и способы жизни.

Гуцулов Ниль Попов изображат дуже сильными, веселыми и радостными. Описує характерны особенности поживы, род занятий особенно-



А. Попов — нада сказати, што они народ добрый, сохранивший чистоту нравов, народ, котрый, живущи в хижинкѣ далеко от житейских бурь и страстей, придерживуеся своей віры, любит свой обряд, красиво строит и украшает свои храмы. Религиозный дух лемка ограничуеся в його ежедневной жизни и обычаях. Живое религиозное чувство, сильна віра иміют благовліятельне влияние на жизнь нравственную.

Потому понятно, от чого у лемков мало преступлений. Злодійов даже совсім ніт. Лемко в состояннии красти лишь щепочку соли або ремень, и то если находится в крайной нужді, о больше крупном воровствѣ между лемками не слышать”.

Мы гордимеся тым, же як пише Н. Попов меже нашими предками не было преступений, люде сохраняли чистоту нравов, чому може позавидовати нееден народ.

Дальше Н. Попов пише: С такою же любовью привязанный Лемко к землі, котру обраблят, на котрой жие. Только крайна нужда, неурожай, або недостаток приюта могут побудити його оставить родину и підти в чужу сторону за заробками. Освященный хліб в своей хаті, для него смачнійший, чым пшеничный на чужбині. Много приміров было,

што Лемки имівшие на чужбині хороше состояние, проживши там много літ и привыкшы, собравшы некоторое количество денег (гроша) возвращались домов, и считали себе счастливыми, што могли істи на отеческом столі тот хліб, котрым мати когда то их кормила.

И дійствительно, хотя земля неплодородна, народ бідный, еднako природа прекрасна, люди добры, прямодушны, сердцем откровенны.

Як видно с повысшого, мы вправі гордиться нашими предками, нашим племенем, котре, живучи в надзвычайно трудных обставинах впытало в себе так дуже прекрасных черт. Правда, честность, чело-вічність были спутниками наших предков. Тоты чудесны черты позостали в нашем народі до днеска, и нерідко были выкорыстаны чужыми народами.

Хоц минуло сто літ, але любовь до нашей землиці не зменьшилася. Мы любиме свои горы, мы гордимеся ними и ни за што во світі не змініме их. Длятого Лемко, где бы он не жил за всяку ціну старатся отвидіти любу Лемковщину и поклонитися праху предков. Недармо співаме: “Горы наши Карпаты, никто не зна кельо вы у нас вартате”.

(Дальше буде).



сти свадебных обрядов, одежды и другие характерны черты присущи лем гуцулам. И наконец, Ниль Попов, самым большим розділом переходит к Лемкам, або сіверным горцам, як он их называют.

Их имя, пише Ниль Попов, не произошло ни от містности, ни от племенных свойств, но от слова ними употребляемого: "лем", в значении "лишь". Такое пояснение може показаться странным, но тым не мень-

ше оно справедливо. Слово "лем" не ест русские, а славянские, и кромі лемков ни еден русский його не употребяе. Оно должно было поражати слух других русских, котры и теперь сміются над тым словом и дают от того слова и само прозвище цілому племени. Сами лемкы никогда не называли себе тым именем, а просто Русскими, и даже не всі знают о том. як зовут их другие. Гдеколи их называют



по их верхней одежі — чуганцями або куртками. Точно так же и Бойкы зовут себе Русскими, уважаючи прозвище данне им другими, обидным для себе.

Тут треба отмітити, што за сто літ зашли зміны, бо хоц лемкы, як и сто літ тому назад называют себе русскими або руснаками, то на ровні с тым и назву "Лемко" днеска кажый с гордостью бесідуе, кедь иде річь о нашом народі або о особі. В літературі уживае "История Лемковщины", "Лемковска матеріальна и ду-

ховна культура", "Лемковска бесіда", "Лемковска література" и так дале. Так само, кедь другие пишут о нас, то тыж употребляют слово "Лемкы, Лемковщина або Лемковина. Так што хоц лемкы, як и сто літ, называют себе русскими и тым именем дуже высоко дорожат, за што, як в Першу так и в Другу Світову войны понесли великы жертвы, то слово "Лемко" твердо употребяе для обозначения себе, народа и территории, с котрой походиме.

Вообще о лемках далі пише



By Yuri Kazeyev

## A REMEDY FOR ANEMIA

### No Way Out?

Professor Nasyr Ismailov bent over an elderly man with a face white as a sheet.

The patient ate and slept little and was hardly able to move. He had developed an acute form of anemia. Special diet and health resorts had proved of no use for the bone marrow would not produce haemoglobin. His was a case where medicine had tried all remedies — and failed.

The blood count showed 27 per cent haemoglobin. The last spark of life was just smouldering. The patient seemed to be aware of this: his pleading look had given way to that of silent reproach.

Involuntarily Ismailov lowered his eyes. Then he thought: "What if I try B-12?"

B-12 was a vitamin stimulating blood production. It had been extracted from the liver. Unfortunately, a ton of liver could only yield 20 milligrams of the precious crystals. The preparation, though selling at a skyrocketing price, was almost impossible to get in Tashkent. True, it was claimed that 200 or 300 grams of raw liver could be just as good a remedy. However, even a healthy person would find it too much. Was there any other way out?

### Life-saving Ampoules

Another day passed. The haemoglobin content remained low. On his

morning round the Professor stopped at the patient's bed for a moment and left the ward without a word. Trying to forget the hard case at least for a moment, he was about to enter the ward next door when an idea flashed through his mind: "Azizov! Manon Azizov may help!"

Soon a short, quick man with a big baldish head appeared at the clinic.

"How's your preparation?" The question seemed to come almost by itself.

"I've tried it out on animals. But — but the Health Ministry has not cleared it for use yet," Azizov finished hesitantly.

"Would it be safe to use? All the same, we have nothing else to do."

"We'll run no risk."

"Yet, what if..." Ismailov began.

"Try it on me then!" Azizov broke in.

The Professor made up his mind. He took a phial of a pink liquid from the inventor, and in a few minutes Azizov was seated with his sleeve rolled up. Using a hypodermic, the Professor made the injection.

"Feel any dizziness or nausea? How is your heart?" Ismailov kept the volunteer in the hospital till night. Back at home, neither of them slept a wink. The next morning  
(to be continued)



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