

LEMKO

YOUTH

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За Карпаторусску Народну Будову в Юнкерс, Н. Й., знае нині вся карпаторусска емиграция в США и в Канаді. Построена в 1938 року, тота Народна Будова за послідних 24 р. была місцем многих историчных собраний и торжеств нашої емиграции.

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Каждый карпаторосс должен быть членом Карпаторусского Американского Центра. Полный членский взнос на ціле житья есть 25 долларов.

Народна Будова К. А. Центра положена при Юнкерс и Мидланд евни, близко головной Кросс-Каунти Ровт, котра провадит из міста Нью Йорка и штата Нью Джерзи до штата Коннектикут.

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Lemko Youth Journal



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LEMKO ASSOCIATION PRESS FUND DRIVE

On December 1, 1962 the annual Press Fund Drive of the Lemko Association started. The purpose of this drive is to raise money so that the publications of the "Karpatska Rus" and the "Lemko Youth Journal" may be published without further cost to you, the reader.

Each year it becomes increasingly harder to bring the paper and the journal to our readers at the present subscription rate. The reason for this is very clear. The cost of paper, labor, and postal fees are constantly rising. Aside from this, new machinery must be bought and old machinery repaired.

To counteract the rising cost of the necessary materials the Press Fund Drive is held. The subscriptions are the only means of income that both the paper and the journal have to function on, besides the proceeds from the Press Fund.

The largest appeal that is made for the Press Fund is made through the branches of the Lemko Association. During the Press Fund Drive the branches sell subscriptions and take contributions for the drive. They also hold dances, banquets, dinners and various other affairs to raise money for the Press Fund. The Press Fund Drive is climaxed by a Concert and Dance held in Yonkers, New York every May.

The Lemko Youth Club of Lemko Park is putting on a big drive to raise money for the Press Fund. They are going to hold a Concert and Dance in Yonkers, N. Y. on Feb. 17, 1962.

To put out a publication such as ours takes money and lots of it. We depend upon our subscriptions and the Press Fund to keep our journal going. Right now we are running on a limited amount of money but with help we can expend our coverage in the journal. We shall be able to travel to different parts of the country where our people are holding affairs and report back to you on the events in all parts of the country.

So how about it? Send a donation, then, renew your subscription or get another subscriber. You will benefit in the long run because through the "Lemko Youth Journal" you will learn about the activities of your people and meet many of them.



**Lemko Mother with her daughter
in costume of Snanok district.**

The History of Carpatho-Russia

Beginning with the second half of the 17th century, Poland quickly inclines toward a collapse. She is shaken to her foundations by the warriors of Khmelnitsky. The military forces of Khmelnitsky penetrated beyond the San. The people in the mountains, benefitting from this, formed their own rebel forces and attacked the households of the nobles. Soon afterwards came Swedish soldiers and those of Rakotchy, while on the other side of the Carpathians there followed one after another bloody rebellions of the Hungarian magnates against the

Hapsburgs. The Carpathians find themselves under fire almost continuously.

In scarcely fifty years after Khmelnitsky's rebellion Poland had weakened to such an extent that Czar Peter I could do as he pleased there. Muscovite troops entered Poland and even reached our Carpathians, defending one Polish king from another. Inasmuch as a part of Spisha at that time still belonged to Poland, the Czarist troops found themselves in Spisha, making their quarters in Lubovna.

Just before the partitions of Po-



Lemko Diplomats of XIX century. (Photo from Lemko Museum in Sanok).

land, the Lemko villages in the Carpathians suffered much from confederates of the Polish lords. Fleeing from the Russian troops, they, in 1769, retreated to the mountains and encamped in our villages in Gorlitsky, Gribovsky, and Sandetsky counties. Groups of the Polish gentry stormed through the villages and plundered the people; those who resisted were brought to trial in courts of the nobles and were hanged. But soon Russian troops came into the mountains after them and scattered them in bloody engagements in Sandetsky and Yasersky counties.

But these were already the last convulsions of a collapsing Poland. In 1770 Austrian troops occupied Spisha and pushed farther along the Poprad valley as far as Novy Sanch. Coon after this occurred the first partition of Poland, in which Chervonnaya Rus came under Austrian rule.

And so, again, all of Karpatska Rus found itself within the boundaries of one power, under one government.

Only after a final union of Karpatska Rus with Austria did our people in the mountains, for the first time, find themselves under such a power in which there was some sort of legal order and a sure, positive state administration. In old Hungary and Poland there had been everlasting anarchy and wilfulness of the nobility, where for the plain people it was impossible even to think of improving their economic and cultural life.

The Vienna government, believing that the Polish Pans would strive to

rebuild their Poland, endeavored to find support against them in the simple, coerced people and among the nationalities and religious sects and churches oppressed by the Polish state. In the times of Maria Theresa and Josef II, one of the best Austrian emperors, there was carried out a series of reforms that lightened the conditions of the village folk. First of all, in the state administration, and the department-councils and the old, rural government officials of the nobility were eliminated, and in their place were established imperial officials subjects to Vienna. Appointed as officials were, for the most part, Germans and Germanized Czechs. The reforms of 1782 and 1786 demolished the personal dependence of villages upon landowner-nobles, that is, serfdom, bondage, was abolished. The villagers continued to work for the landowners (socage), but the dimensions of this panshchina were limited and regulated by the government.

Under the old Polish regime it was impossible even to think of any kind of education for the people. Now the Austrian government tries culturally to lift up the Russian nationality in order that, in case of need, to have in it reserves against the Poles. With especially a warm guardianship did the Viennese government surround the Russian Uniat clergy both in Galicia and Carpatho-Russia. The government closed the monasteries; the huge monasterial and church properties became possessions of the state. In place of all this there was established a special

fund for the financial security of the clergy. Alongside of the betterment of the economic situation of the Uniat clergy, the government was concerned about the raising of the level of its education and culture. In Vienna there was established a seminary for the Uniat priesthood, and soon afterwards in Lvov and Uzhgorod. There was established also at Lvov a university with a Russian Language Department. In the cities gymnasiums were opened.

(to be continued)

TWO IMPORTANT EVENTS

The 23rd R. B. O. Convention was recently held in Reading, Pa. It is difficult to remain silent and not share this past Convention experience with the R. B. O. membership. As a delegate to the 12 R. B. O. Conventions I have never written about the previous spirit of the proceedings since I would have been unable to offer favorable written comments. At previous Conventions the delegates that came from all parts of America usually displayed no harmony and departed for home with a feeling of dissatisfaction.

One proof that the intentions of this last Convention were in the best interests of the R. B. O. was that its deliberations were concluded in four (4) days instead of the usual five (5) or six (6) days. Furthermore, more was achieved during these four days than at previous Conventions which lasted five or six days.

The Supreme Treasurer of the R. B. O. must be credited with establishing the mood of this Convention by advocating harmony to the delegates prior to the opening session.

He also stated that the previous election of members to the Supreme Board was not properly distributed since five members were elected to serve on the Board from one district. Furthermore he urged that the Convention should move in a democratic atmosphere and not according to the manner of the last 30 years. Through his efforts the temperament of the Convention was democratic and brotherly in spirit. Also, representation on the new Supreme Board was equally apportioned. Area representation of the executive officers are the same; however, the balance of the Board is distributed as follows: one member was elected from the Scranton district, two from Upper New York, one from New Jersey, and three from the Pottsville area.

I assess the decisions of this last Convention to be beneficial to the R. B. O. due to the perpetuation of a good relationship with other brotherly organizations such as the Lemko Sojuz and others. Proof of this point was brought out when a great majority of the delegates voted that the next R. B. O. Convention be held in Lemko Park.

Now I want to comment about another important event—the Lemko Park annual meeting. In addition to the great number of share holders Mr. Peter Smey, Supreme Recording Secretary of the R. B. O., participated in this meeting. Most of the members expressed gratification in learning that the R. B. O. Convention is aiming to better the relationship with Lemko Sojuz, Lemko Park; that a director of Lemko Park was elected to the R. B. O. Supreme Board of officers and that the next R. B. O. Convention will be held at Lemko Park.

Our Supreme Recording Secretary, Peter Smey, was invited to speak. In his address he called for brotherly love and cooperation between the R. B. O., Lemko Sojuz and Lemko Park.

The younger members of the Lemko Park organization under the leadership of Vanio Benda and Andrew Cislak sincerely promised to organize an R. B. O. lodge in Lemko Park.

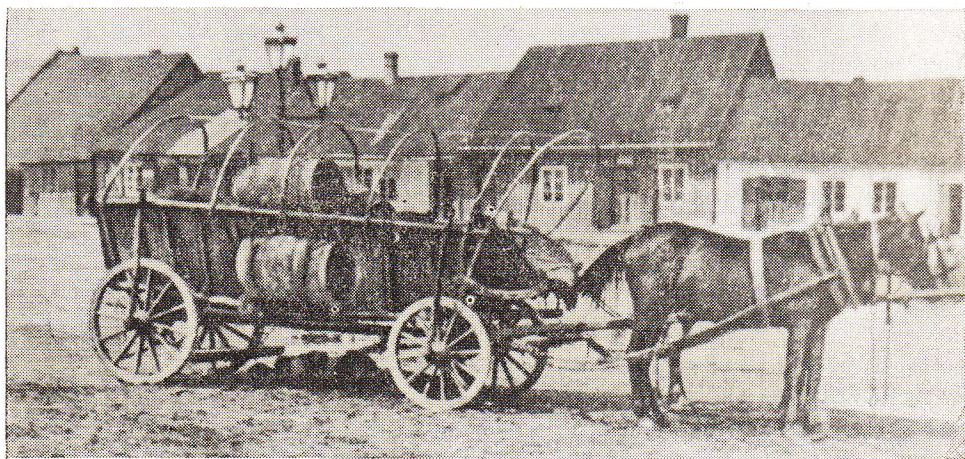
I have a firm conviction that these two young men will organize a good R. B. O. lodge. They are very energetic and active.

Dear members of R. B. O., Lemko Sojuz and Lemko Park let's sincerely begin to work for our mutual benefit. Members of the Lemko Sojuz and Lemko Park who do not belong to the R. B. O. should become members and R. B. O. members should join the Lemko Sojuz and if possible the Lemko Park Organization. There are not many Lemko Park shares available for sale; therefore, whoever wants to purchase shares must do so as soon as possible.

As brothers and sisters of the same blood let us remember that in unity and cooperation is our strength which will greatly benefit our brotherly organizations.

Benefit to organization and glory to us!

Newly elected Vice - President
Daniel Humecke.



In Losie village — the transportation.

VLADIMIR BARAN

IMPRESSIONS OF OUR TOUR TO EUROPE

INSTALLMENT II

After staying five days in Leningrad, our guide, Nina Starovoynova, took us to the airport for our trip to Moscow on July 27 at 11:00 A.M. We flew by large jet for about one hour and fifteen minutes before landing at Moscow. The jet was very large, accommodating over 100 passengers. It was our first experience in flying on large planes and we found it very enjoyable. The weather was cloudy and after the jet rose above the clouds, the effect was very beautiful. As we approached Moscow, the clouds dissappeared and we were able to enjoy a fine panoramic view of the city as we approached for a landing.

We were met at the ariport by a representative of Intourist, Vladimir Zhitomirsky, who accompanied us to the "Ukraina Hotel" where we were going to stay. This hotel is one of the largest in the U. S. C. R. it has 1026 comfortable, modern rooms and is 28 stories high. Our guide in Moscow was a young man in the third year of his university education. He spoke English very fluently. The following day he took us



Mr. and Mrs. Vladimir Baran on the main road between the town of Dukla and the village of Tylawa. Behind them is the mountain Dziurdzia.

around the city to view the buildings such as the Kremlin, Cathedral of Annunciation and Archangel, Church of Blessed Memory, Red Square, Museum of Lenin, Sverdlov Square, Bolshi Theatre, Gorky Street, Puskin Memorial, Conservatory of P. I. Chaykovsky, Library of Lenin, Tretyakov Gallery, Government University — M. V. Lomonosov, Stadium of Lenin, with a capacity of 100,000 spectators, Government Exposition, a fourteen-ton cannon, a 20-ton bell, Cathedral of Assumption, Palace of the Patriarch, Government Armory etc. The next day we visited the subway. This is 78 kilometers long and is expected to have three million passengers daily in the next seven years. It is said to be the most modern subway in the world. We also visited the Government University which has 22 thousand students, five hundred of whom are from 50 different countries. We also visited the Tretyakov Gallery which is a two story building with 51 exhibition halls on the first floor. This gallery is filled with paintings, both Russian and from elsewhere. Near Borovitz Gate we visited the Government Armory built in 1851. Here we saw many Army relics of bygone days, antique kitchenware, gold and silver chalices and communion sets, clothing and carriages of the Czars, thrones, vestments of the Patriarch and many other religious articles. Passing the crypt of Lenin and Stalin, we saw long lines of people which we joined. It took us one hour to reach the mausoleum. Here we went down a flight of steps to where we saw the two caskets containing the two bodies. They were easily identifiable as the remains of Lenin and Stalin. A Youth Congress was being held while we were in Moscow. There was a large parade put on by all the nationalities attending. About 8:00 P.M. we heard a loud noise and upon looking out the window saw a fireworks display which lasted for fifteen minutes. All over Moscow were banners welcoming the Youth Congress. On July 31 our guide asked if we would like to go to Kolomenskoye to see a church museum from the 16th century. This village is a short distance from Moscow. The church was closed that day, however. We were told that Ivan the Terrible organized his assault against the Kazanians in this village. In the beginning of the 18th century, Peter the First was also there to organize his attack on the Swedes. Here also in the 17th century was plotted the revolution against Peter the First led by Bogotnykov. Today our guide advised that we go to the Exhibition of Economic Achievements of the U. S. S. R. The exhibition grounds are covered with buildings belonging to the various branches of Agriculture. As a farmer, engaged in raising grapes for 36 years, I was particularly anxious to see the Russian vineyards. Our guide arranged for us to visit some. The manager of the grape section greeted us and showed us their outside exhibits and green houses with different kinds of grape vines such as American, French, Italian and Russian. We were allowed to taste the various varieties. About 10 people were employed on this project. When they found out we were



General view of Lemkovina.

Americans, they all came out and greeted us.

A woman engineer showed us their tractors and attachments. We were shown a helicopter had increased production from 35 to 100%. This was very interesting to me, as I was not aware of this approach to pollination. I thought after returning home, I would ask our professors if they knew of this method of increasing production.

The first of August we went on an excursion by boat on the Moscow River. People were swimming and sunbathing all along the river. We also visited Lenin's Museum, which is dedicated to his life and struggle for Communism. His papers and speeches are kept here, along with photographs pertaining to his life.

Here it was very interesting to stand by the hotel entrance and watch the people come and go. Colored people, white, yellow—all speaking their native tongues. There were interpreters for all these people. I even heard a Russian speaking Chinese. One day we counted 50 buses carrying tourists from all over Europe—England, France, Finland and the Republics of the Soviet Union. We wished to visit Tolstoy's home in Yasnaya Polyana and we asked our guide to arrange for the trip. The next day we took a taxi and in 3½ hours we arrived at his former home. We entered the town on the road that leads to Tolstoy's home and then walked up the road to the white house where the great writer of Russia spent most of his life and wrote his immortal works. We met a young man who took us inside and showed us the house. Everything in the home is left just as it was when

he left for the last time. Simplicity and modesty reign in this house. In one room was a library of 22,000 books on all known religions such as Buddhism, Confucianism, and so on. A Hebrew bible was conspicuously displayed. Tolstoy mastered Hebrew and Greek in his later years and was able to speak fifteen languages. We saw his writing room where such novels as War and Peace, Anna Karina and others were written. On a table we noticed an open volume of Karamazov Brothers by Dostoyevsky, obviously the book he read before leaving. Tolstoy is buried one kilometer from his home in the woods where he played as a small boy. During World War II the village was occupied by the Fascists for 45 days. They caused great damage to Tolstoy's home and property. Before retreating they set the house on fire but luckily the natives were able to extinguish it before too much damage was done. Seventy German soldiers are buried not far from Tolstoy's grave. Our time was limited so we were unable to visit it. The following day we visited Tolstoy's home in Moscow which is also a museum. This is where he lived from 1882 to 1901 during the winter months. His children's education compelled him to spend the winters in Moscow. Here, as in Yasnaya Polyana, the house and furnishings are simple and modest. In the room where he worked, lay the skin of a bear which nearly killed him on a hunt. He carried scars from the encounter with the bear to his grave, but, luckily, his hunting companion was able to kill it before Tolstoy was seriously injured. All furnishings were just as he left for the last time.

We also visited the museum of Dostoyevsky, who was condemned to death by the Czar's government order. Just five minutes before his execution, the sentence was commuted to nine years at hard labor. This man was T. Dostoyevsky.

While in Moscow we visited the museum of the great palace of Yousupov. It houses a collection of pictures and statues by Russian and European painters and sculptors. One painting cost as much as 500,000 rubles—twice as much as the whole palace. How much peasants' labor built all this for a small group of nobility? The museum is visited by thousands each day.

One day we stood by the hotel and saw two young girls about 16 years of age, radiantly happy, embracing and coming up the steps singing a song. They often stopped and whispered words to each other. One was white, the other, black. I remembered, then, Tolstoy's prediction that a critical time would come for mankind and nations would almost destroy years ago it seemed like the distant future but we are now living in this age of great danger. The example of these two girls reminds us that if all people would think of each other only as fellow men they could live in brotherhood. The stranger mentally and physically could help his less fortunate brother.

The next day our guide was unable to be with us, so we planned on visiting the American Embassy in Moscow. A member of the families living in the embassy is acquainted with one of my sons; both attended Cornell together. My son's friend is an attache in the embassy. His folks were very much surprised and pleased to have guests from the United States. They treated us to American food and drinks and told us they were having a banquet in the evening. I wished to go but my wife felt she would not be at ease so we didn't attend. We thanked them for their hospitality and returned to the hotel. In Moscow we spent a total of 11 days. On the 8th of August at 9:00 A. M. we took a plane for a 3 hour trip to Stalinograd. The weather was bright. From the plane we could see villages, towns and farms. We saw great fields surrounded by rows of trees to stop erosion. The grain was being harvested by combines; we saw straw in windrows on the ground. We saw orchards, forests, rivers, hills and valleys as far as the eye could see. It appeared to be a big land.

(to be continued)

There were more than 35,000,000 casualties in the Soviet Union in World War II. Of these, Walter Winchell reported not long ago, 20,000,000 have already died. Towns and villages to the number of 70,000 were destroyed; 30,000 factories were wrecked; 85,000 schools were destroyed. Tens of millions were made homeless. In one battle around Kharkov the Red Army suffered larger casualties than total American casualties in the war against Japan. Prof. A. Karol, an American authority on Soviet education, estimates that because of the war 24,000,000 Russians were not born. That is, very few babies were born during the years 1941—1945. Consequently, there is now an acute shortage of manpower in these age brackets.

Moscow: those syllables can start
A tumult in the Russian heart.

— Alexander Pushkin.

No one can love or understand the Russian
people who does not love orthodoxy.

— Dostoevsky.

Device Scrambles Sound To Help Teach Language

—The Frenchman says, “Eet ees verree eenteresting,” and the Swede, who probably says “yumping Yiminy,” wonders why the French never can pronounce a simple word like “t” properly.

The reason, says Professor Andre Rigault of McGill University, is that the Frenchman never hears “it.” He hears an Englishman say “eet,” just as a Swede hears an Englishman say, quite distinctly, “yump.”

There are national ways of hearing, Prof. Rigault told the Canadian Conference on Education during a forum on learning a second language.

Italy turns out so many good singers because Italians typically are sensitive to sounds in the frequency-range that all singers use. The Slavic people, and particularly the Russians, learn to speak other languages with hardly any accent or intonation because their ears are sensitive to an extraordinarily broad range of frequencies, a range so broad that it can take in almost any sound made in any language.

The Russian language uses practically every sound frequency possible to human speech.

Prof. Regault, head of the McGill Language Laboratory, described the university's experiments with a French-made machine dubbed the “electronic ear.”

lish word sounds as if it had a scramble sound, so that an English world sounds as if it had a Martian accent. Nevertheless, a foreign student attempting to re-

produce that sound winds up speaking flawless English.

McGill is the only university in North America using the machine.

The connection between hearing and speech has been long-established. It was first noted when children born deaf never learned to talk, although physically capable of it. From there, it was only a step to deduce that if you hear badly, you will speak badly.

Prof. Rigault said studies by Dr. Arfred Tomatis of Paris have established that the “national ear” can be charted. Italians, for example, can distinguish extremely well small differences in sounds, provided the sound waves run between 2,000 to 4,000 cycles a second. Above and below these frequencies, they do not easily distinguish differences unless trained.

The English are sensitive in the 2,000 to 10,000 cycles-a-second range; the Spanish in the low-frequency 500 to 800 cycles range; the French in two ranges: one around 250 cycles and the other in the 1,000 to 2,000 cycle bracket, and the Slavs, mainly Russians, in the 50 cycle to 10,000 cycle range.

Ear Not Attuned to Sound

An English word, then, may have a sound to which the French ear is not attuned because in the French language such a sound is never used. The French ear thus hears the sound not as it is pronounced, but as the closest sound in the range to which it is sensitive. The hearer, when he

talks, reproduces the incorrect sound he hears.

The electronic ear changes the frequency spectrum of the pronounced word so that to the foreign hearer it sounds the same as to the English speaker.

McGill has good results with it, but use has been limited by expense and time.

"We use it mainly for brilliant students on scholarships from other provinces who get only a few years in French training in high school," said Prof. Rigault. "If they fail French, they would lose their scholarships, and it would be a shame because they are top university-level material.

"Very often their French is not bad, but their accent and pronunciation are impossible. The machine is not the answer to everything, but it has helped. The change is not immediate, of course."

Prof. Rigault said the overwhelming evidence is that the ear's sensitivity is the most important factor in pronunciation.

Lies Within Everyone's Ability

"I have never met anyone who was, because of physiology, unable to make a sound, barring those with abnormalities of the speech organs.

"The speech organs are capable of rendering any sound a person can hear."

He said Dr. Tomatis once noted a change in the singing voice of Enrico Caruso, the great tenor, on a record made in the 1930s. By tracing Caruso's medical record, Dr. To-

mati's confirmed what he had suspected—that at the time Caruso was having trouble with his hearing.

More recently, it was discovered that men who work near jet engines start to develop odd pronunciations — because they constantly hear their voices distorted by the high-frequency scream of the engines.

An accent disappears after a person has been in another country a long time because, gradually, the ear becomes accustomed to picking up the difference between the syllable as accented and as pronounced.

When a person becomes conscious of his accent, it starts to disappear.

JOKES

Cowboy: "Aren't you putting your saddle on backwards, sir?"

Dude Rancher: "That's all you know about it, smarty. You don't even know which way I'm going."

—o—

The man sawed on his steak, and jabbed it, but still could not cut it. He called the waiter.

The waiter examined the steak, and said: "Sorry, sir, but I can't take it back. You've bent it."

—o—

Newsboy: "Extra, read all about two men swindled!"

Passerby: "Give me one—say, there is nothing about two men being swindled."

Newsboy: "Extra, Extra, three men swindled."



I REMEMBER

The day itself had always been peaceful, as I remember. Heaven always sent her soft, white, wet gift to us on the eve of this day. The land was full of love and happiness, for everyone was in a festive mood.

Christmas was a beautiful sight back home. The purple mountains, covered with the soft snow, shone in the full moon's heavenly light toward evening. The big oaks, leafless and brown, stood steady in the cold wind. The big pine, outside, was gaily trimmed with freshly popped corn and cookies. Mama always saw to it that the tree outside offered something to the animals. She believed that all God's creatures should take part in the celebration of the birth of Christ.

Our house was always in complete chaos at this time of year. All of us, twelve in number, ran, laughed, and made merry while Mama prepared the big meal. On the eve, Papa and the boys, eight in all, including me, made the annual trip to bring back the tree.

We would tug through the woods, the snow coming down, in search of a tree good enough for our house. Then we'd see it covered with snow, and just standing there. We had a special game we played to see who got to cut the tree, but I couldn't tell you because it's a secret. Then we'd all help to carry it back home.

It was a long trip home and Mama, all dressed up in her special red dress with a green apron, greeted us with a steaming pitcher of hot chocolate. Her long, black eyes and warm smile plainly showed her Russian lineage.

It was fun to watch Mama and Papa argue where the tree should go. Of course, Mama always won. Decorating the tree was a joy in itself. We'd string the popped corn all over the tree and place the holiday cookies on the branches. But most of them we ate. Then the big moment came. Mama would fetch her treasured glass ornaments, and we'd watch with excitement as she and Papa happily placed each little trinket on the branches.

Then we'd gather around the tree and sing the melodious Russian carols, and soon the church carolers would come to sing for us. Merry boys and girls were they, with their genial guide and leader, the choir master. They were all unusually red-faced and cold, so Mama always made some hot coffee for them, while Papa brought out his treasured Canadian whisky for the choir master.

After a while the carolers would leave, for they had to visit all of the

BOLSHOI BALLET -- 'GISELLE'

It would be hard to find a more enchanting, more appealing, more completely believable Giselle than Ekaterina Maximova, who danced the role last night. It was the young ballerina's first American appearance in the beloved old classic, which the Bolshoi Ballet was presenting for the second time during its current season at the Metropolitan Opera House. And a thrilling performance it was.

Miss Maximova is about 22, and looks 16. To her acting in the first act she brought a winning innocence which was utterly beguiling. She also danced like a dream, with an infectious youthful gaiety. Her mad scene was heart-rending in its touching simplicity.

If there are occasional moments when her characterization is reminiscent of that of her illustrious predecessor, Galina Ulanova, that is understandable, for it was Mme. Ulanova who coached her in the role. In the second act, as the ghost maiden, Miss Maximova had extraordinary lightness, speed, precision, delicacy—just about everything demanded by this role which is called the "Hamlet of the ballet." Perhaps with time she will add even greater perfection of detail, but hers is already a wonderful Giselle.

Last night there was also a new Prince Albert, Marius Liepa. Aristocratic in appearance, noble in

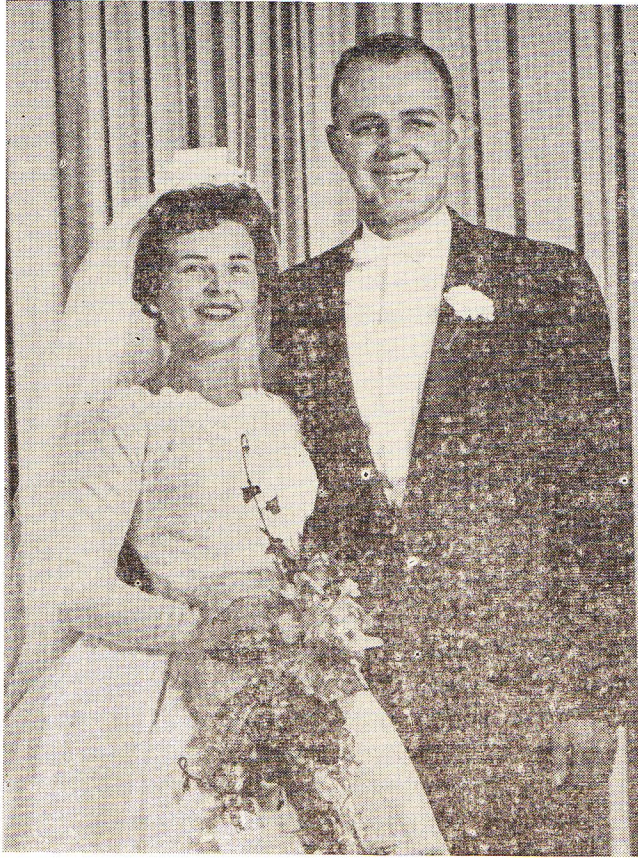
bearing, a polished classical dancer, he was most convincing in the section calling for elegance of action. His peasant's disguise would scarcely have fooled a gullible child for very long. Even the costume, with its puffed and shirred sleeves, was too princely, and his partnering, especially in the beautifully sustained passages of the second act, was first class.

Maya Samokhvalova, who danced the Queen of the Wilis, is strong and agile, but seemed stolid rather than sinister in expression. (Vladimir Nikonov in the first act *pas de deux*, with Miss Sorokina skimming easily and graciously through her lovely variations.) Mr. Nikonov is a decidedly uneven dancer, and his solos and awkward moments as well as one of unforgettable brilliance, when he finished a double turn in the air in a flawless arabesque.

It is always gratifying to see a small part done so well that it becomes important. Albert Lavrenyuk, as Prince Albert's friend, showed such genuine concern over the arrival of the royal party, with its attendant danger of discovery, that his role assumed a true function in the unfolding of the drama. Memorable, too, was the exquisite dancing of a miniature brunette Wili who looks like a future ballerina, even though at present she must be nameless.

LILLIAN MOORE

LEMKO WEDDING



Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Rotko, Jr.

Baskets of fall flowers banked the altar of St. Peter and St. Paul Greek Catholic Church, Ansonia, Sat. Nov. 3, 1962 for the wedding of Miss Patricia Helene Kuncik and Private First Class Andrew D. Rotko, Jr. U.S. Army. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kuncik of 33 Wakelee Ave. and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew D. Rotko, Sr., of 41 Cranston Avenue.

Rev. Theodore Boholnick, assistant pastor, officiated at the ceremony which was followed by a reception at the Podynesian, in Seymour.

Escorted to the altar by her father, the bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. John P. Tietjen, Jr., as matron of honor. Miss Harriet Morgan and Miss Judith Eades, both sorority sisters, and Miss Lucy A. LaCava, a classmate, were bridesmaids.

Glen M. Thomas acted as best man. Ushering were William Kozak, Leonard Tomasheski, cousin of the groom, and John P. Tietjen, Jr.

The Bride

For the 11 o'clock ceremony, the bride chose a chiffon velvet bridal gown, fashioned with a fitted bodice, scooped neckline of handclipped lace motifs embroidered with velvet cording, pearls and sequins, and long sleeves pointed at the wrists. A V-pointed center waist and dropped back, trimmed with matching velvet roses, accented the very full skirt of inverted pleats which terminated in a full circular train.

Her bouffant veil of French illusion with scalloped handrolled edge and scattered teardrop pearls fell from a queen's crown of lace and pearls accented with a large velvet rose. She carried a white fur muff marked with a large hybrid orchid, stephanotis and ivy.

The attendants were gowned similarly in emerald green velvet ballerina length gowns, designed with scooped necklines, bracelet length sleeves, fitted empire-effect waists and bell skirts with side inverted pleats. They also wore white fur pillboxes and carried matching muffs. . .

The honor attendants muff was marked with a green cymbidium orchid, stephanotis and ivy while the bridesmaid's muffs were appointed with champagne cymbidium orchids with ivy and stephanotis.

For her daughter's wedding Mrs. Kuncik chose a forest green over elf green lace and satin cocktail frock, cut with a lace over taffeta bodice, scooped neckline, short sleeves and bell-shaped ribbed faille satin skirt with a selfband and flowers. She completed her ensemble with a matching green hat and dark brown accessories.

The mother of the groom was dressed in a tangelo satapeau cocktail dress, made with a draped bodice and draped front skirt, scooped neckline, short sleeves and sheath-effect front skirt with a bell-type back skirt. She also wore matching accessories.

Wedding Trip

The couple left here Nov. 9 aboard the S. S. America for a wedding trip to Mannheim, Germany. After Nov. 17 the couple will make their home at Bahnhofstrasse, Edingen, Germany. For traveling the bride will wear a green wool suit with an autumn haze mink collar, matching autumn haze mink hat, brown accessories and a white orchid corsage.

The bride received her bachelor of science degree with honors from the University of Connecticut in June. She is a member of Pi Beta Phi, and Sigma Theta Tau, national honor society. The groom attended the New York Academy of Aeronautics and is serving in the U.S. Army with the military police.

The "Lemko Youth Journal" would like to extend its warmest congratulations to Andy and Pat for the success of their marriage and for happiness in the future.

JOHN ZAWOYSKY Jr.

John Zawoysky Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. John Zawoysky of Linden N. J. is completing Marine Corps basic training at Paris Island, South Carolina.

Johnny graduated from Linden High School last June. He played as a half-back on the Linden High soccer team. He was also active in the Spanish Club and the Junior and Senior Barn Dance Committies. When John finishes his four years in the Marine Corps, he plans to become a state trooper. John's main hobby is body building. He has been lifting weights for two and

one-half years and has a well proportioned build.

Johnny, whose father has recently been elected to the Board of Directors of Lemko Park, was a familiar sight at the Park. You usually would have found him either helping in the kitchen or working on the outside. He is also a member of the Lemko Youth Club. He was the Corresponding Secretary.

The editorial staff of the Youth Journal wishes to extend their congratulations to Johnny and wish him all the possible success in the coming years.

A STUDENT

The winter months are fast approaching and with them come changes in one's life. No longer can one go outdoors in cool, comfortable, cotton clothes, but rather one finds the necessity of wearing sweaters and cumbersome coats. Unless you are a winter bug, who loves the outdoors, your activities must be confined indoors. No longer can you spend relaxing hours in the natural setting of fields and parks.

However, like every other season, winter has its high lights. Winter has a beauty all of its own. It may not be enjoyable to view leafless trees and flowerless gardens, but when the wonders of nature take over and sprinkle the surroundings in white, a different pic-

ture is viewed—What other time, except in winter, can change a cold, hard-looking, emptiness into a soft, peaceful, quiet setting?

After that first snowfall those long, warm, lazy months can easily be forgotten.

The coming of winter also brings about a change in life for the student. No longer can he let his mind collect dust, but he must start filling it with knowledge. He has ahead of him weeks, months and in some cases even years of work.

These are filled with term reports, end of the year tests, and, of course, homework. Winter, though, realizes the difficult situation a student must face, so, therefore, cooperates and makes up for those long, drawn-out, lazy summer

months with cool, short, brisk days. It is amazing how the weather can get a person to be useful.

No matter what the weather, however, only a student can help himself. These few hours he spends either in the sun or in the snow will be replaced by many more in the future, but he will never be able to replace the know-

ledge he can attain by just sticking with that book a little longer.

So with the coming of winter, with its good and bad, many changes are also wrought. The most important, however, for the student, is the knowledge and experience he can gain by doing a good job in his school work. They will be with him always to aid him in future endeavors.

EVERY GIRL'S DREAM

I can clearly remember that when I was just a little girl, I used to play with guns, cars, and bows and arrows. After a few years, however, things started to change. I was going to dances, plays, and other school activities. I especially looked forward to the homecoming football games. Here I would stand, watch and dream to myself, "Oh, how I wish that could be me someday." To my great surprise my dream came true on Tuesday, September 25. I was chosen Springfield High's Homecoming Queen for 1963! This was a day that I shall never forget.

After the voting had taken place, I was stunned and shocked when Mrs. Gregg's finger, (along with everyone's eyes) pointed in my direction and she said, "Phyllis Wilsac is our Homecoming Queen." From that second on, I started planning what to wear and, most important of all, what the weather forecast for October 12 would be. Taking the good news to my fam-

ily, I had to convince them for 15 minutes that I was chosen queen, I went up to my bedroom in a daze, thinking of the night to come.

Finally, after 3 weeks of turmoil, the circled day on my calendar arrived. When I awoke, the first thing that I did was go to my window. My dreams were shattered! There were dark clouds up above, and the sun was just trying to get out from behind those clouds. I set out for school that morning, happy, but hoping the weather would break.

I really don't know how I paid any attention in my classes, for I was constantly looking out the windows for any trace of sunlight. The day finally ended, and my hopes were lifted as I got on the bus and a great sun ray burst out behind the grayness above.

As soon as I got home, I tried to eat and also get ready by 6:00. While scurrying around, I suddenly heard raindrops outside. I stood and watched the rain fall and held

my breath, hoping and praying that it would stop. It did.

At 6:00 we rode through East Springfield, paraded through Amsterdam and Bergholz, and arrived at the football field at approximately 7:30, feeling more nervous than ever.

It seemed like years before half-time arrived. Before I knew it, the band finished its half-time performance and was forming a crown. My nerves tightened when Larry started the car and proceeded to

the center of the field. While the band played, "I'll See You In My Dreams," John helped me out of the car and onto my throne, where my attendants and their escorts stood. The moment had come!! There, on my throne, John placed the crown on my head and officially sealed my homecoming reign of 1963. After 3 weeks of waiting, my wonderful dream came to a close. I was thrilled to have the privilege of being your Homecoming Queen of 1963.

—Phyllis Wilsac



History of our States

ARKANSAS

Motto: Let the People Rule

Capital: Little Rock

State Flower: Apple Blossom

State Bird: Mocking Bird

State Tree: Shortleaf Pine

25th State Admitted to Union—
June 15, 1836

Area: 53,104 square miles —
ranks 27th

Population: 1,786,200 (est.) —
ranks 31st

Arkansas originally was a part of the Louisiana Purchase made by the United States from France in 1803. It became an effective territory on July 4, 1819, and the 25th State on June 15, 1836. It seceded from the Union May 6, 1861, and

re-entered June 22, 1868.

Although it is an important agricultural state, manufacturing industries are rapidly increasing the economic growth. With over 20,000,000 acres of oak, pine, hickory, gum and cypress trees, lumber provides 51% of industrial employment and 41% of industrial income.

The value added by manufacture is \$591,750,000 with 89,000 industrial workers having an annual payroll of \$293,000,000. Retail sales are over \$1,680,000,000.

Arkansas produces 96% of top-grade domestic bauxite ore used for aluminum. Its total value of min-

eral products is about \$155,000,000 of which two-thirds is from petroleum, natural gas, and coal. Other valued mineral products are stone, sand and gravel. It has the only diamond field in the country which is a tourist attraction. Visitors may keep any diamond found that weighs up to five carats.

There are 95,000 farms totalling 16,475,000 acres with cash receipts from marketing of over \$379,000,000. The State ranks fourth in the nation in cotton production with an annual yield of 1,350,000 bales—48% of farm income.

Other important crops are all corn (11,250,00 bushels); wheat (4,420,000 vushels); oats (6,000,000 bushels); barley (510,000) bushels); hay (985,000 tons); and lesser yields in soybeans, rice, apples, grapes and peaches. The number of livestock on forms num-

bers 1,388,000 head of cattle and 416,00 swine. Egg production runs to about 890,000,000 annually.

Education is an important part of the growth and welfare of the State. At a cost of about \$243 per pupil, the enrollment in public schools is over 422,000, staffed by 15,000 teachers. In higher learning Arkansas has thirteen colleges and universities, one professional school, two teachers' colleges and many junior colleges.

Arkansas is a sportsman's Utopia for hunting and fishing and its tourist attractions are many. There are 16 State parks totalling over 19,000 acres and one national park of 19,400 acres. Hot Springs is noted the world over for its many thermal springs. Thousands from all parts of the nation visit annually for health and relaxation.

WASHINGTON

Motto: AL-KI (Bye and Bye)

Capital: Olympia

State Flower: Coast Rhododendron

State Bird: Western Hemlock

42nd State Admitted to Union —
November 11, 1889

Area: 68,192 square miles — ranks
20th

Population: 2,853,200 (est.) —
ranks 23rd

Earlier history of the area was made by intrepid explorers, such as Sir Francis Drake in 1579 and Juan de Fuca in 1582, who came by sea searching for the Northwest Passage. Many hardy men who pioneered the ensuing years contributed much to the area.

The boundary between Canada and the United States was fixed at 49° in 1846. In 1848 the Oregon Territory, which included present Washington, was created.

Five years later Washington Territory was established, with Isaac Stevens appointed as the first Territorial Governor. The Territory of Idaho was created in 1863 from Washington Territory. On October 1, 1889, the Constitution was adopted by the Convention and President Harrison proclaimed it a State on November 11.

The great Columbia River, 750 miles long — second largest in the nation — contains one third of the

potential water power in America.

Grand Coulee Dam is the largest masonry structure ever built by man (higher than a 46 story building), is 550 feet from bed to top and 4,173 feet long. Behind it the Franklin D. Roosevelt lake will eventually irrigate more than a million acres, the largest reclamation project in the world.

There are about 18,717,00 acres in farms with cash receipts from marketing of over \$575,000,000 annually. Wheat is the largest field crop, over 65,000,000 bushels, ranking fourth in the nation in winter wheat and sixth in spring wheat. It ranks fifth in barley, 23,500,000 bushels and rye, 1,800,000 bushels. Other crops are corn, 6,794,000 bushels; oats, 4,360,000 bushels.

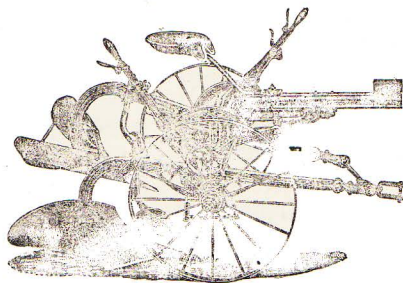
Washington, the leading apple-growing state, produces 25% of the nation's apples with a value close to \$50,000,000. Cattle and calves are valued at around \$90,000,000 and dairy products at \$80,000,000.

Twenty-four million acres of forests are one of the State's most valuable resources, from which is

produced about 3.2 billion board feet of lumber and over 1.665 billion square feet of plywood annually, ranking the State third in production. It is first in the nation in wood pulp with over 2,370,000 tons and is among the leaders in paper and paper products manufactured with 1,143,000 tons.

Industrial production has a value added by manufacture of \$2,166,600,000, employing 215,000 with a payroll of \$1,173,300,000 annually. Of vast importance to the nation is the installation at Hanford that manufactures atomic materials for the AEC — plutonium in particular. Other large industries are aircraft, aluminum, fisheries, shipping and food processing — the latter with an income of \$640,000,000.

For recreation, beautiful Washington is a paradise, with a wide diversification of unsurpassed scenery and facilities. Rainier and Olympus are the highest peaks, and a visit to Lake Chelan, 55 miles long and 1,419 feet deep with the bottom 340 feet below sea level, is unforgettable.





Zoo Displays Rare Bird Paintings

A unique collection of 20 rare American bird paintings, recognized as the smallest in the fine art field, is on display in the Staten Island Zoo.

Steve Kek, the Lemko artist, has enclosed his works in miniature metal frames to emphasize the rareness of the species. The originator of so-called "jewel size" painting, Kek has augmented his collection with a description of the actual state of each threatened subject.

The exhibit will run through Jan. 26, is sponsored by the Society to Save Rare American Wildlife, and will be shown at museums across the country.

Among Kek's works, which measure approximately two inches high and an inch wide, is the bald eagle, whose continued existence is in doubt because of the killing of the bird by hunters and airplanes.

The Carolina parakeets, according to Kek, are victims of their human-like habit of remaining with

one of their wounded. The artist notes that a hunter would shoot down one bird, thereby being assured of the entire flock.

The Everglades kite, which thrives on fresh water snails, is becoming extinct because of the dredging operations and widespread stream pollution, Kek explains.

The destruction of national forests and grasslands, and the use of insecticides are other reasons for the demise of their species, Kek says.

The great auk was the first North American bird to become extinct when whalers and fishermen carried large numbers of their ships, using them for fresh meat on long voyages.

Kek, who is also a film producer, is working on a documentary in which the paintings in this exhibit will be featured.

The display is part of the Zoo's educational program, under the direction of Dr. Patricia O'Connor, zoo veterinarian.



It was Prince Oleg who opened a new period in Russian history, that of the so-called Kievan state, or Kievan Russia. The plot of this song is borrowed from the chronicler's tale of the death of Oleg. "The comradely love of the old prince for his horse and solicitude for his fate is a trait of touching artlessness — yes, and the event in its simplicity, has much of the poetic," wrote Pushkin in 1825 in a letter to A. Bestuzhev.



ПЕСНЬ О ВЕЩЕМ ОЛЕГЕ

— А. С. ПУШКИН

Как ныне собирается вещий Олег
Отметить неразумным хозарам,
Их села и нивы за буйный набег
Обрек он мечам и пожарам;
С дружиной своей, в царегдаской броне,
Князь по полю едет на верном коне.

Из темного леса навстречу ему
Идет вдохновенный кудесник,
Покорный Перуну старик одному,
Заветов грядущего вестник,
В мольбах и гаданьях прошедший весь век.
И к мудрому старцу подъехал Олег.

“Скажи мне, кудесник, любимец богов,
Что сбудется в жизни со мною?
И скоро ль, на радость соседе-врагов,
Могильной засыплюсь землею?
Открой мне всю правду, не бойся меня:
В награду любого возьмешь ты коня”.

Волхвы не боятся могучих владык,
А княжеский дар им не нужен;
Правдив и свободен их вещий язык
И с волей небесною дружен.
Грядущие годы тается во мгле”
Но вижу твой жребий на светлом челе.

Запомни же ныне ты слово мое:
Воителю славы — отрада;
Победой прославлено имя твое;
Твой щит на вратах Цареграда:
И волны и суша покорны тебе;
Завидует недруг столь дивной судьбе.

И синего моря обманчивый вал
В часы роковой непогоды,
И пращ, и стрела, и лукавый кинжал
Щадят победителя годы...
Под грозной броней ты не ведаешь ран;
Незримый хранитель могущему дан.

THE LAY OF THE WISE OLEG

-- A. S. PUSHKIN

Wise Oleg to the war he hath bouned him again,
The Khozars have awaken'd his ire;
For rapine and raid, hamlet, city, and plain
He gives over to falchion and fire
In mail of Byzance, with his host in the rear,
The Prince pricks along on his faithful destrer.

From the darksome fir-forest, to meet that array,
Forth paces a grey-haired magician:
To none but Perun did that sorcerer pray,
Fulfilling the prophet's dread mission:
His life he had wasted in penance and pain: —
And beside that enchanter Oleg drew his rein.

"Now rede me, enchanter, beloved of Perun,
The good and the ill that's before me;
Shall my foes find a couse for rejoicing right soon
When the earth of the grave is piled o'er me?
Unfold all the truth; fear me not; and for meed,
Choose among them — I give thee my best battle-steed."

"Oh, enchanters they care not for prince or for peer,
And gifts are but needlessly given;
The wise tongue neer stumbleth for falsehood or fear,
'This the friend of the councils of Heaven!
The years of the future are clouded and dark,
Yet on thy fair forehead thy fate I can mark:

"Remember new firmly the words of my tongue:
The warrior delighteth in glory;
On the gate of Byzantium thy buckler is hung,
Thy conquests are famous in story;
Thou holdest dominion o'er land and o'er sea,
And the views with envy thy great destiny;

"Not the rage of the deep with its treacherous wave,
At the stroke of the hurricane — hour —
Not the knife of the coward, the sword of the brave,
To unto thee shall ever have power:
Within thy strong harness no wound shalt thou know,
A guardian attends thee where'er thou dost go.

Твой конь не боится опасных трудов;
Он, чуя господскую волю,
То смиренный стоит под стрелами врагов,
То мчится по бранному полю.
И холод и сеча ему ничего...
Но примешь ты смерть от коня своего”.

Олег усмехнулся — однако чело
И взор омрачили думой.
В молчаньи, рукой опершись на седло,
С коня он слезает, угрюмый;
И верного друга прощальной рукой
И гладит и треплет по шее крутой.

“Прощай, мой товарищ, мой верный слуга,
Расстаться настало нам время;
Теперь отдыхай! уж не ступит нога
В твоё позлащённое стремя.
Прощай, утешайся — да помни меня.
Вы, отроки — други, возьмите коня.

Покройте попоной, мохнатым ковром,
В мой луг под уздцы отведите;
Купайте; кормите отборным зерном;
Водой ключевою поите”.
И отроки тотчас с конем отошли,
А князю другого коня подвели.

Пирует с дружиною вещий Олег
При звоне веселом стакана.
И кудри их белы, как утренний снег
Над славной главою кургана...
Они поминают минувшие дни
И битвы, где вместе рубились они...

“А где мой товарищ? — промолвил Олег. —
Скажите, где конь мой ретивый?
Здоров ли? все так же ль легок его бег?
Все тот же ль он бурный, игривый?”
И внемлем ответу: на холме крутом
“Давно уж почил непробудным он конем.

"Thy steed fears not labor, nor danger, nor pain,
His lord's lightest accent he heareth,
Now still, though the arrows fall round him like rain,
Across the red field he careereth;
He fears not the winter, he fears not to bleed —
Yet thy death-wound shall come from thy good battle-steed!"

Oleg smiled a moment, but yet on his brow,
In his eye, thought and sorrow were blended;
In silence he leaned on his saddle and slow
The Prime from his courser descended;
And as though from a friend he were parting with pain,

"Farewell then, my comrade, fleet, faithful, and bold!
We must part — such is Destiny's power:
Now rest thee — I swear, in thy stirrup of gold
No foot shall be set, from this hour.
Farewell! we've been comrades from many a year —
My squires, now I prey ye, come take my destrer.

"The softest of carpets his horse-cloth shall be:

And lead him away to the meadow;

On the choicest of corn he shall feed daintily.

Me shall drink of the well in the shadow."

Then straightway departed the squires with the steed,
And to valiant Oleg a fresh courser they lead.

Oleg and his comrades are feasting, I trow;

The meal-cups are merrily clashing:

Their locks are as white as the glimmering snow

When the sun on the grave-mound is flashing:

They talk of old times, of the days of their pride,

And the frays where together they struck side by side.

"But where," quoth Oleg, "is my good battle-horse?

My mettlesome charger — how fares he?

Is he playful as ever, as fleet in the course?

His age and his freedom how bears he?"

They answer and say: on the hill by the stream

He has long slept the slumber that knows not a dream.

Могучий Олег голово поник

И думает: "Что же гаданье?

Кудесник, ты лживый, безумный старик!

Презреть бы твое предсказанье!

Мой конь и доныне носил бы меня".

И хочет увидеть он кости коня.

Вот едет могущий Олег со двора,

С ним Игорь и старые гости,

И видят — на холме, у берега Днепра,

Лежат благородные кости;

Их моют дожди, засыпает их пыль,

И ветер волнует над ними ковыль.

Князь тихо на череп коня наступил

И молвил: Спи, друг одинокой

Твой старый хозяин тебя пережил:

На тризне, уже недалекой,

Не ты под секирой ковыль обagriшь

И жаркою кровью мой прах напоишь!

Так вот где таилась погибель моя!

Мне смертию кость угрожала!

Из мертвой главы гробовая змея

Шипя между тем выползала;

Как черная лента, вокруг ног обвилась,

И вскрикнул внезапно ужасенный князь.

Ковши круговые, запенясь, шипят

На тризне плачевой Олега;

Князь Игорь и Ольга на холме сидят,

Дружина пирует у берега;

Бойцы поминают минувшие дни

И битвы, где вместе чубились они.



Oleg bent his head and in thought knit his brow:

“What hath all thy magic effected?

A false lying dotard, Enchanter, art thou:

Thy counsels I should have rejected.

My horse might have borne me till now, but for thee.”

Then the bonse of his charger Oleg wished to see.

Oleg rode with Igor the Prince at his side,

Behind him his spearmen were serried;

And there on a slope by the Dieper's swift tide

Lay the bones of his charger, unburied:

They are washed by the rain, the dust o'er then is cast,

And above them the feather-grass waves in the blast.

Then the Prince set his foot on the courser's white skull;

Saying: “Sleep, my old friend, in thy glory!

Thy lord hath outlived thee, his days are nigh full:

At his funeral feast, red and gory,

'Tis not thou 'neath the axe that shall redden the sod,

That my dust may be pleased to quall thy brave blood.

“And I am to find my destruction in this?

My death in a skeleton seeking?”

From the skull of the courser a snake, with a hiss,

Crept forth, as the hero was speaking:

Bound his legs, like a ribbon, it twined its black ring;

And the Prince shriek'd aloud as he felt the keen sting.

The mead-cups are foaming, they circle around;

At Oleg's mighty death-feast they're ringing;

Prince Igor and Olga they sit on the mound;

The warriors the death-song are singing;

And they talk of old time, of the days of their pride,

And the frays where together they struck side by side.

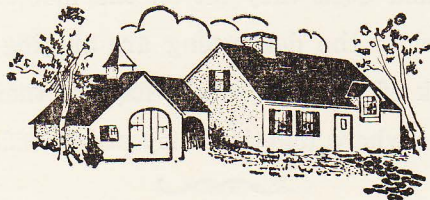


Amuser of the Senses

From the FORCE Santa Barbars High, comes this amuser of the senses. Just match your first name initial with the first column and your last initial with the second column.

awkward
bashful
conceited
dangerous
emaciated
foolish
glamorous
happly
icy
jilted
kissable
likeable
melancholy
naughty
odd
pathetic
quarrelsome
rare
silly
terrifying
useful
vicious
wicked
xerphilous
yellow
zealous

angel
beauty
crackpot
drip
egotist
ilirt
goon
horror
idiot
jerk
killer
lover
moron
nut
osculator
peddler
quack
repetition
savage
temptation
undertaker
vamp
wizard
x-ray
yoke
zany



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