**Under the Roofs of Mount Babia**

**Theme:**

The quest is a presentation of Babia Góra highlanders’ architecture, items and appliances of daily use, *symbols*, rituals and customs. Explorers will be taken on a tour by Wawrzyniec Szkolnik – tourist guide in the Babia Góra region, folk teacher, researcher of the Babia Góra area and storyteller.

**Where it is:**

The Markowa hamlet is located in the southern part of Zawoja, at the foot of Mount Babia, on Stream Marków.

**Expedition start line:**

Parking lot in Zawoja Markowa, next to the entrance to the green trail leading into the Babia Góra National Park. Look for a wooden signpost nailed to piling, reading *“SKANSEN”*. GPS co-ordinates: 49.60813N 19.51773E

**Quest trail length:** 0.6 km

**Walking time:** 60 min

Hey Traveller, welcome to Zawoja, it’s exploring time!
I’m Wawrzyniec Szkolnik, and that’s my tale in rhyme.

You’re standing near the entrance to the wondrous National Park.

Mount Babia is not far, our miracle landmark.

You’ll get to see it today, alongside other attractions.

I was the first around here to take tourist guiding action!

Nearby there’s an open-air museum named after Józef Żak,

at finding treasure among centenarian houses take a crack!

Before setting out, take a good look around:

In countless trails you may here be drowned.

Three white signposts can on wooden piling be seen,

and they come in three colours: yellow, **RED** and green. **(D-6)**

That’s the right direction, so now off we go!

I’m right there on my bench. That just goes to show

that you can sit down, and rest next to me.

You will not be bored, that’s a solemn plea.

You can take a selfie to invite others here

to Zawoja, or converse with the bird, to my heart he is dear.

The symbol of wisdom, an owl on the **STUMP**! **(S-7)**

The panel close by holds knowledge! Be pumped

and rest assured: you won’t leave empty-handed.

Note our rosettes – ornaments by tradition demanded.

Three green boards near the owl should be marked.

The top one says: you’re in the **BABIOGÓRSKI** **PARK** Narodowy.\* **(B-1, A-13, B-15, A-8)**

\* Babia Góra National Park

Examine the entrance to the open-air museum. Look ahead:

Mount Babia in the background, it can definitely be said

it’s majestic. There’s a magical linden, its greenery a balm.

In the shade you’ll find silence, shelter and calm.

An effigy of a saint nestles below the tree’s crown:

a stone **STATUE** of Mary, **BLUE**-coloured her gown. **(A-18) (B-12)**

Brought here by the faithful, their veneration telling.

Turn around and look for a chimney-less dwelling.

Painted in white stripes, the door is ajar,

but on the other side! Go to discover features bizarre.

The hut is called *kurna*, *kurlok* its furnace,
both words from *kurzyć:* *to smoke*, though they wouldn’t turn us

black with soot. Entering through the largest door,

mind your head and the tall threshold. Look at the floor.

*“Praised (be Jesus Christ)”* would people say when meeting.

Rarely used today, a forgotten greeting.

The front hallway divides the cottage in two.

Hay was kept in the attic, straw perhaps too.

The family would live in the rooms to the right,

the stable on the left a shelter for the night

for assorted animals. Household tools in the hall:

washboard, quern, horse collar to the left, and all

fascinating. A **LADDER** with five steps on the other side,  **(A-16)**

to the attic above a trustworthy guide.

Children would work also, morning till night.

And when evening came, the day losing its light,

The family would go to sleep in the *“black room”* in the back,

the furnace lit as protection against an attack

of cold, the place also a kitchen, permeated with smoke.

It’s chimney-less. Yet not to let anyone choke,

a hole was punched in the ceiling, in the shape of a square,

letting smoke waft outside, into the air.

Food would be stored in a room in the back.

It’s quite small, but at entering you can take a crack.

People would huddle, it was crowded alright –

the whole family sleeping in the *“black room”* at night.

The old hearth on the right – one I hope you can see –

would hold holy fire, burning well-nigh constantly.

*Watra* was the Mount Babia highlanders’ phrase

for the fire, set carefully on feast days.

The *“white room”*, near the entrance, untouched by smoke,

was opened for guests, or when feast days broke.

The table by the window, pretty, ornamental,

would be set for feast dinners, solemn and gentle.

Saints in old pictures will meet your gaze here,

having heard praises and shy requests for years.

Easter palms, blessed candles, herbs behind the frames,

sometimes a little money earned by work and claimed.

A straw and paper spider hangs from the ceiling,

to mark different holidays fashioned for healing,

for luck and prosperity, and well-being too,

it would make dreams (also secret ones) come true.

In the corner: the **SIX**-armed Star of Bethlehem,  **(I-4)**

For Christmas carollers each December a gem.

This cottage is the oldest one; on its other side

was a stable. And animals! This will be a ride!

Cows and horses lived here, and a ram would bleat.

Geese and ducks… a rooster each day would greet.

They’re no longer here… did they run and hide?

Maybe we can find them on the holy pictures side?

The walls here are all with images adorned.

Look and try to find an ox with its horns,

dragging a plough through soil, rich and thick.

In the background – a monastery: huge, made of brick.

The ox is across from the entrance on the wall.

**SECOND** print from the left, the image quite small.  **(N-10)**

These chromolithographs came at a really high price,

three cows for a glass pane – people would think twice.

Leaving the old cottage, look: in the distance ahead,

this granary used to hold grain to make bread.

Has the cloistered house your interest piqued?

It’s Franciszek Kudzia’s cottage! Here you can seek

knowledge of local shepherding, a trove of real wealth

in information how to preserve a shepherd’s health

of the body and soul. Check the wooden trunk in green

for chalk, blessed herbs and candles, important to the scene!

Another appliance is here, complete with its yarn.

It’s a **SPINNING WHEEL**! People used to darn,  **(N-5, I-9, E-2)**

but also use this true technological miracle.

Now let’s proceed to a place much less lyrical,

a small smithy – from the exit immediately to the right,

a **HORSESHOE** over the doorway. Found it? Alright! **(H-3, R-14)**

The hinges have been forged by the furnace and bellows.

Hard work, though today it might please some fellows.

Blacksmiths were respected – they dealt in holy fire.

Saint Barbara, their patroness, was looked to in dire

circumstances. As locksmiths blacksmiths would double

in more recent times, solving key and lock troubles.

Gancarczyk's abode is your final station.

A beautiful porch will point you to your destination.

The wondrous stone foundation will also catch your eye.

No architecture lover can simply pass by!

Before entering, you can read all about the building,

note the old hygiene, lavatory outbuilding.

Once inside, you’ll find information about Józef Żak,

and a number of other quite important plaques.

Find the one about me, right there on the wall.

A folk teacher I was, following the call

of sharing knowledge. Younger than the oldest one,

I was older than the cottage complex, when all’s said and done.

I didn’t get to see this one – check out the dates right here –

though its age today exceeds a solid hundred years.

Through the first door on the left, then seek the binding joist

with a **ROSETTE** and date, the latter history’s voice.  **(R-17, T-11)**

There are three pictures on the wall at the room’s far end.

You know the patroness, follow her, my friend!

If you found the treasure – a reward is justly due.

Congratulations! From the start line I have believed in you!

If you liked Zawoja – we hope you stay a while,

I’m sure you’ll find peace and calm, and leave us with a smile.

In the centre of the village another quest awaits.

May an Explorer’s curiosity be your usual state!

Password: **BEHIND SAINT BARBARA**