

Peter J. Potichnyj

MY JOURNEY

Петро Й. ПОТІЧНИЙ

МОЯ ДОРОГА

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Ancaster

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A short biographical memoir of Peter-Joseph Potichnyj describing his life in Ukraine, Germany, USA and Canada, his service in the Ukrainian Insurgent Army and the United States Marine Corps and his scholarly interests as a Professor of McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario.

Петро Й. Потічний

МОЯ ДОРОГА

Короткі спогади Петра-Йосифа Потічного про життя в Україні, Німеччині, США і Канаді. А також про його службу в Українській Повстанській Армії, Морській Піхоті США, та про наукові зацікавлення як професора МакМастерського університету в Гамільтоні, Онтаріо.

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Pawlokoma

PART I



My family
Mother, Andrew, Walter, the author, father

MY FAMILY ORIGINS

I came into this world in triplicate, so to speak. I was the first of a set of triplets born on 1 June 1930 in the village of Pavlokoma, the site of the infamous slaughter of its Ukrainian inhabitants in 1945 by a unit of the Polish Home Army (the nationalist Armia Krajowa).

The recording officials, who are the same the world over and cannot stand any irregularity, even in the slightest detail, instantly made me a day younger in order to harmonize my birth date with that of my brothers. Nonetheless, the fact that I was able to breathe fresh air somewhat longer than my brothers probably allowed my body to grow much faster, and I was always a bit taller, which stood me in good stead later on, when they used to gang up on me from time to time.

My family background was diverse. It originated somewhere in the Peremyshl (now Przemysl) region, when that territory was part of the Galician-Volhynian Kingdom and fought over by the Hungarian and Polish rulers. My ancestors evidently chose the wrong side, so in the thirteenth century they had to leave along with the retreating Hungarians, eventually ending up in the Trenčín area of Slovakia, which had been part of Magyarország (Hungary) for many centuries. Some branches of the family became very rich and played an influential role in Hungarian politics. My branch, which was greatly impoverished, decided in the eighteenth century to move again, this time to the northern side of the Carpathians, where they settled in Pavlokoma, a village whose written history begins in 1441 but which was founded much earlier. By then, aside from an impressive family crest, there was little to remind anyone of my family's former glories,



My family: Mother and father Andrew, Walter, the author

including the Crusades. In time my family became Polonized, which did not require great effort since the male line of the family had always been Roman Catholic. The female line, however, at least since the seventeenth century, was always Greek Catholic (now Ukrainian Catholic), i.e., it belonged to a church that, in union with Rome, had its own Eastern rite and liturgy, and was not based on Latin but Church Slavonic. In those days, and even later, in independent Poland, religious affiliation continued to define one's nationality.

Thus, when my Roman Catholic father wanted to marry my Ukrainian Catholic mother, and decided to transfer his baptismal certificate from the Polish Roman Catholic church to the Ukrainian Catholic church (at her insistence, I am certain), overnight he became a "traitor" to the Polish cause. Following the traditional pattern, my brothers and I were then baptized in the Ukrainian church. The repercussions of this change in church affiliation were painful for my family. The Polish administration began harassing my father, and the police became frequent guests in our home. My father was arrested several times, even though he was a loyal citizen of Poland and as an officer in the reserves every year he served the obligatory few weeks in the army. The unjust treatment meted out to our father made us aware from an early age that, as Ukrainians, we had better search for our own independent destiny. Thus, from a very early age I was bitten by the bug of nationalism, which implanted in me the will and need to resist.



Pre-schoolers
From left: Andrew,
Walter, and the author

GRANDFATHER JOSEPH

Nevertheless, the pattern of our family life was not greatly disrupted. The family consisted of my grandparents Joseph and Kateryna, my father Peter (Petro), my mother Oleksandra, me Peter-Joseph (Petro-Yosyf), my two brothers Andrew (Andrii) and Walter (Volodymyr), and two female servants, Sophia and Maria, whom we called Zosia and Marysia.

My grandfather was an enlightened individual, who was also extremely handy with all kinds of tools. He designed and built a windmill that was his pride and joy. This structure can still be found on maps of the WWII period. The mill was destroyed in 1945, along with the village. Grandfather Joseph's greatest achievement was the founding of a Prosvita (Enlightenment) Reading Room, which had its own building and a village store that was communally owned and operated. The library was well stocked with books and newspapers. It was here that I was first introduced to the classics of Ukrainian and Polish literature.

My grandfather taught me how to read when I was about four years old. For that purpose, he constructed the Polish and Ukrainian alphabets on blocks of wood, and in no time at all I was able to read to him newspaper items in both languages while he corrected me between puffs on his pipe, which he smoked incessantly (even at night) to my grandmother's great displeasure. Sometimes she would hide his tobacco pouch with the result that there were complaints from my grandfather, accompanied by the loud banging of doors. She always gave up rather quickly. Smoking undermined his frail health, and to my great distress he died of a heart attack in 1936. He also saw to it that my father was given a proper education, insisting that he complete the classical *gymnasium* (high school) in Peremyshl.

While he was still alive, he sometimes took me to services in the Roman Catholic church in Dylągowa, where he was a parishioner. I found these visits rather strange and told him so. The Latin liturgy and the organ music were, at best, jarring. In Ukrainian churches the liturgy is sung by the priest and the faithful in an understandable language, and you can participate to your heart's content. It was in church that I learned how to harmonize, as Ukrainians always sing in four voices; musical instruments are not allowed. My grandfather simply admonished me to be tolerant, and I suspect that the form of

worship was not that important to him. On the other hand, he rarely went to the Ukrainian church. The family celebrated according to both rites, so we always had two Christmases, two Easters (except once every five years, when Easter was celebrated at the same time) and some other major holidays. When he died, however, my grandfather was buried according to the Ukrainian rites, but to do so my father had to obtain special permission from the Polish parish priest in Dylągowa. Because of my grandfather's involvement in the cultural-educational affairs of the village, his funeral was attended by hundreds of people, not only from Pavlokoma but from surrounding areas. This gave the Polish authorities another pretext to hound my father.

MY FATHER'S LAST ARREST BY THE POLES

The last time my father was arrested was in 1939, right before Germany and the Soviet Union attacked Poland. He was imprisoned in the notorious concentration camp Bereza Kartuzka, but when the war broke out he was transferred to Dynów, not far from Pavlokoma. There, on the recommendation of the city council (composed mostly of Jews) he was finally released. He was never charged with any crimes.

THE JEWISH COMMUNITY

The Jews in the surrounding towns and villages (there were seven Jews in Pavlokoma) were Hassidim. They were always dressed in long black kaftans (coats), had beards and *payos* (side-curls) and they wore two hats: a yarmulke covered by a big, black, wide-brimmed hat. To my mind, Jews who did not look like this were simply not Jews. I remember how surprised I was when, upon my arrival in Philadelphia in 1950, a fellow who looked the same as me introduced himself as being Jewish. I should not have been surprised because I had seen hundreds of them being herded by the Germans and the Jewish police in the city of Lviv, and not a single one of them was dressed as a Hassid. But I associated this with the German policy of persecuting the Jews and imagined that, once it was over, they would all revert to their traditional style of dress. It was only after visiting Brooklyn sometime later and seeing Hassidim that I was finally convinced that there were also Jews in America. This was simply a silly but lasting childhood impression.

EARLY SCHOOL YEARS

I completed first grade in Pavlokoma and then a decision was made to send me to Lviv. My aunt and uncle lived there and I was to lodge with them. I hated Lviv with all my heart. Everything appeared restrictive. You had to be on your best behaviour all the time, and worst of all, I could not play and roam the fields with my best friends Burko



My two cousins, both named Daria Fedak

and Lyska, a pair of mongrel dogs. I was extremely jealous of my brothers, who continued to enjoy themselves in Pavlokoma, and I looked forward to going home on school breaks. The worst thing about my school in Lviv was that classes were held from Monday to noon on Saturday, and on Sundays you had to attend Mass, a duty that could not be evaded. I learned a bit more in that school than if I had stayed in the village, but at the time it was an unpleasant burden for me. Once or twice I tried to show off my superior knowledge to my brothers, but they only laughed and beat me up.

THE WEHRMACHT WELCOME

Our school year ended at the end of June, and I went home to Pavlokoma for a one-month vacation in July. But in September 1939, when the Polish-German war broke out, I was stranded in the village. Poland collapsed after about three weeks, and I saw thousands of soldiers retreating in the direction of Hungary and Romania. The Ukrainians—including me—were extremely happy to see Poland defeated. In the forest next to the village the Polish army had abandoned thousands of rifles and other weapons, and anyone who wanted could easily pick them up. When the Germans arrived, they were greeted with flowers. They were extremely well behaved, very clean and well polished, and most importantly, did not steal

or confiscate anything from the villagers. The older folk, who still remembered Austrian times (Galicia was at one time a province of the Austro-Hungarian Empire) were convinced that peace and order would now triumph. Blue-and-yellow Ukrainian flags made their appearance, and an especially large one was hung on the front of the Reading Room building. But the euphoria did not last long.

The Germans withdrew beyond the Sian River, just a couple of kilometres from the village, and were soon replaced by the Soviet Army. The contrast between the Germans and the *Moskali* (Muscovites), could not be greater. The Soviet troops were an awful sight: badly dressed, with torn shoes and boots, dirty, and smelly. Later we learned that the smell came from some kind of tar-based powder that was sprinkled on the soldiers' uniforms to prevent lice infestation. The Soviet soldiers were poorly equipped, and they immediately started begging for food and drink. If anybody objected, they took what they wanted anyway. Anything with an alcohol base was consumed. The few bottles of perfume that were in the village store were immediately drunk by the soldiers. The only mediating fact was that all the Soviet soldiers, except for the officers, spoke Ukrainian. It turned out that the army that had been sent into Western Ukraine was composed mostly of Ukrainians. This too did not last long because with the onset of the Finnish-Soviet War all these units were sent to "liberate" Finland.

"LIBERATION" BY THE SOVIETS

At the beginning of the Soviet "liberation" things looked quite hopeful. The language of instruction in school became Ukrainian. Textbooks were in Ukrainian but their contents, especially in history textbooks, were very different from what we had learned or read earlier. Everything Russian was portrayed as being superior and in need of emulation. The new books were full of Soviet leaders' portraits, and our classroom walls were covered with huge posters of Stalin and a variety of Soviet slogans. All the pupils were forced to repeat a grade, so everyone, including my brothers, was held back one year. I was the only one in the entire school who was promoted to the next grade, where all the pupils were at least one year older than me.

My father was appointed director of the Polish school in the village of Bartkówka, which was supplied with textbooks in Polish. His deputy was a Soviet teacher, who actually exercised full control over the school.

Most of the teachers in our school were Soviet Ukrainians, except for a couple of Russians in supervisory positions. The level of teaching was much higher than in the former Polish schools and approached the quality that I had experienced in Lviv. But not all subjects were taught well. I remember my math teacher whose name I have forgotten. She was boring and extremely authoritarian, but quite good-looking. In any case, I did not get a good grounding in mathematics in her class.

Soon, we began to feel pressure to join the Young Pioneers, a Soviet organization. Because I was a reasonably good student I was being forced to join. On the advice of my parents, I refused. I was not alone, and in the two years prior to the war with the Germans the teachers never succeeded in organizing a branch of the Young Pioneers in our school. Nor were the Soviets able to launch a collective farm in the village, although they confiscated former church lands and tried to use them as the nucleus of such an enterprise. The peasants resisted mightily. This was not surprising since they had been freed from the control of the landowner class barely a century earlier, in 1848. They were not about to give up their private property without a fight.

Other changes were taking place. Since our village was situated on the border, there were many border troops located in the area. The houses of Polish colonists (they had settled on a former plantation in the village in the 1920s; Ukrainians were not allowed to purchase these lands) closest to the border were razed, and the population was exiled somewhere to the east. The library collection of the Reading Room was ransacked and replaced by Soviet books. A portion of the former library was saved by villagers, who brought some of the books to their homes for safekeeping. But the most ominous development was the activities of the NKVD (People's Commissariat of Internal Affairs). People were being arrested and interrogated. Most of them were released, but probably only after promising to secretly report on others. The village store had no goods to sell, except for alcoholic beverages, which were available in great quantity and variety. Younger people—especially men—began to drink with abandon, which was unusual for this formerly rather sober society. The church remained open, but the priest could only perform a limited number of religious functions and could not exert any influence on the population.

There must have been all kinds of pressures placed on my father because he was coming home from work looking

increasingly troubled. I do not recall everything that my parents told each other, but I do remember one time it was mentioned in conversation that perhaps the family should try and escape across the border to the German side. This required some thought and preparation because our grandmother refused to go. She was of the opinion that, being old, nothing would happen to her. Our two servant girls, who had continued to live in our house, would stay with her. The escape was planned for the fall of 1940. Then tragedy struck. Father was summoned to the district centre in Bircha on the pretext of a teachers' conference and was promptly arrested. We never saw him again. I was ten years old.

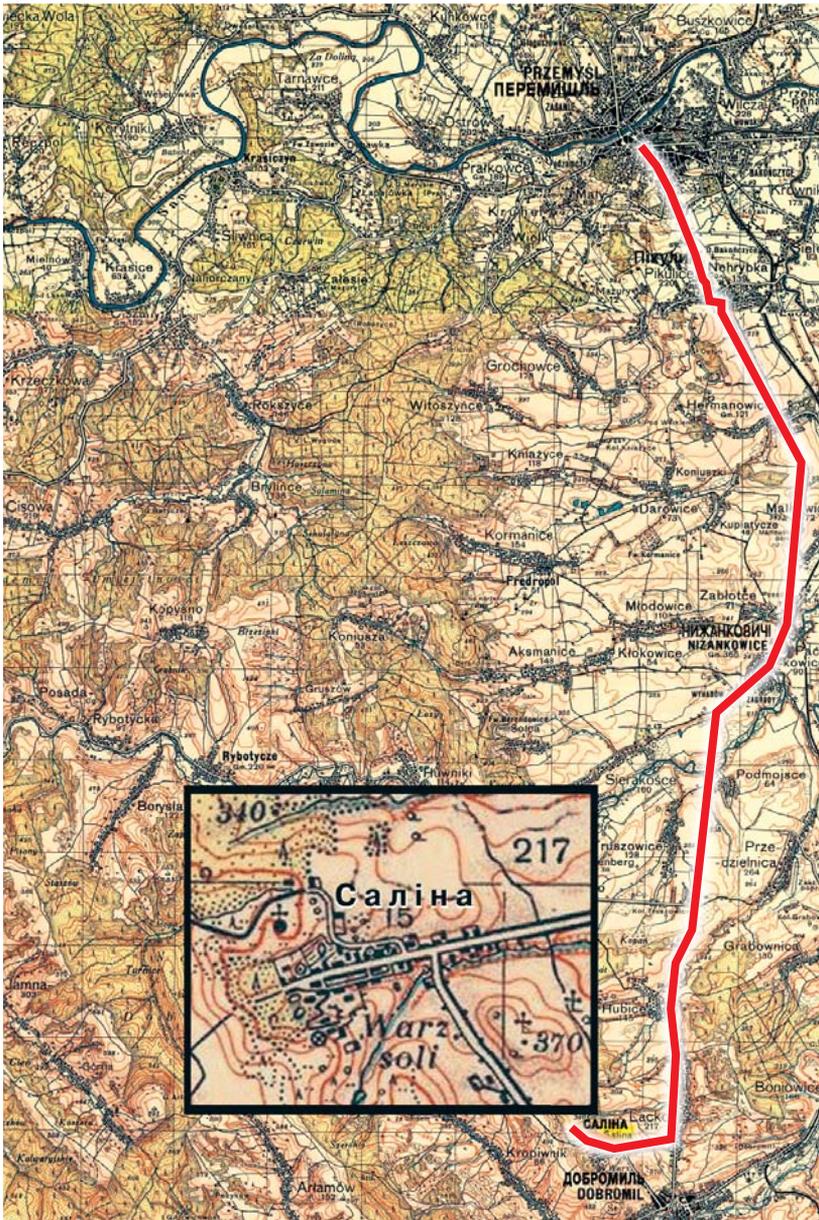
PEREMYSHL JAIL



Prison photo of my father
(1903-1941)

Transferred to the Peremyshl jail, our father was held in isolation, constantly interrogated but never charged. It was only after the collapse of the USSR that I was able to get his file (P-1927) and found out that he had been accused of treasonous activities and of being a dangerous Ukrainian nationalist. These accusations were never proven. My mother started getting advice from an old communist named Vasyl Mudryk, who as a young man had worked in the USA, where he joined the Communist Party. (When he

lost his eyesight, he returned to the village to die. He even had a coffin ready for himself, but he never had a chance to be buried in it because he was killed by the Poles in 1945 and dumped into a mass grave.) He immediately started a petition in support of my father. The petition, which he drafted himself, included references to the Constitution of Soviet Ukraine. It was signed by almost all the villagers, except for the Poles, and sent to Nikita Khrushchev. This caused quite a stir, and on several occasions Ziubenko, the raion NKVD chief, put pressure on my mother (one time he even slapped her across the face) and Mudryk to withdraw the petition. But they refused. There is no telling whether the petition ever reached Khrushchev, and no reply was ever forwarded.



The road to my father's death: Peremyshl-Salina

УТВЕРЖДАЮ
Начальник С. С. [Signature] РО НКВД
(Начальник [Signature] Отдела)
НКВД УНКВД
20 8 1940 г.

14.
ФОРМА № 3

ПОСТАНОВЛЕНИЕ

(о предъявлении обвинения)

Город Бирча октября 1940 г. 20 дня. Я, оперуполномоченный

Бирчанского РО НКВД ЗЮБЕНКО И.Т.

(должность, отдел и орган)

(звание и фамилия)

рассмотрев следственный материал по делу № 50162 и приняв во внимание,

что ПОТНЧНЫЙ Петр Иосифович

(фамилия, имя и отчество)

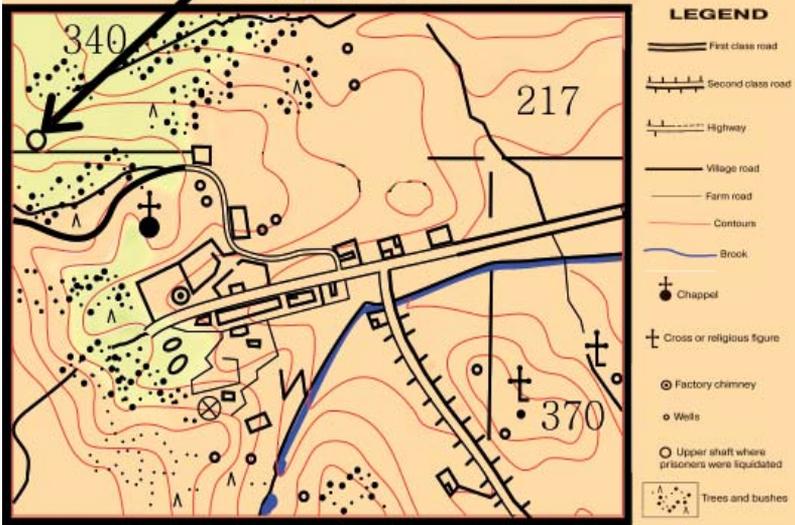
достаточно изобличен в том, что организует молодежь для посылки в
Германию для вступления в украинские войска сечевиков, среди
населения ведет агитацию о не сдаче оружия советской власти,
проповедывает скорую гибель советской власти и приход германских
войск, имеет спрятанный ручной пулемет, Поддерживает тесную связь
с бежавшим в Германию националистом Левидким через Дивика Эдьяна
и Шнака Владислава. Высказывает эмиграционное настроение, чем
совершил преступление предусмотренное ст.ст. 54-4, 54-10, 54-11
УК УССР.

Trumped-up criminal charges against my father (front page)



THE KILLING FIELDS

SALINA



Salina, where the Russians killed Ukrainian political prisoners

Monument in Salina



Half a year later, in June 1941, the war between the Nazis and the Bolsheviks, our former “dear friends”, began, but the Soviets had enough time to evacuate the prison in Peremyshl and all those who were jailed there. A total of 818 prisoners were escorted to Salina, a suburb of Dobromyl, where they were executed, their bodies dumped into salt spring caves. (More than 2,000 prisoners from other regional jails were also executed there.) No bodies were ever recovered. I was eleven years old.

THE GERMAN ATTACK

The German attack on the Soviet Union came suddenly on 22 June 1941. The Soviets withdrew in panic. The border guards simply disappeared, without evacuating their equipment. That was when people began to examine the fortifications that the Soviets had built near the village: two solid bunkers and a command post near the forest. This border security was something to behold. There were

three rows of barbed wire fencing. The ground in between was neatly ploughed, harrowed, and studded with all kinds of noisemakers and light signals. Almost immediately people started dismantling and dragging everything home, especially the posts and the wire. The concrete bunkers could not be destroyed. Later, in 1945, one of them was filled with the bodies of Ukrainians who were massacred by a unit of the Polish Home Army (AK), which overran the village.

This time around, the Germans were welcomed even more enthusiastically than in 1939. The despised communist regime was no more, and reason to celebrate was at hand. When the Germans entered our village, they were welcomed with flowers. Arriving with the Germans was a Ukrainian battalion that had been organized by the Wehrmacht and which was known in German as *Nachtigall*. (One soldier from this unit, Volodymyr Shpak, even made a brief visit to his home in Pavlokoma. Later he became a member of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army (UPA) and was killed.)

Another reason to celebrate was the proclamation of Ukrainian independence on 30 June 1941 in Lviv. Although the news that the Germans were opposed to this act and had arrested the OUN (B) leaders who issued the proclamation considerably dampened people's spirits, everyone expected that this was a temporary misunderstanding that would soon be ironed out. The prevalent view was that the Germans would not be foolish enough to reject the help of the Ukrainian people in their fight against the Russians. Later we all learned the proper meaning of the German words *Uebermenschen*, *Untermenschen*, *Lebensraum*, and *Drang nach Osten*.

The first order to be issued by the Germans was that all arms were to be immediately surrendered on pain of death. Surprisingly, a large number of rifles and grenades were piled up in front of the village Reading Room. Evidently, not all arms had been surrendered to the Soviets, and new ones must have been acquired since their disorderly retreat. In retrospect, this proved to be a mistake, as the village was left with no arms to defend itself in 1945.

Other orders followed in quick succession because, as the Germans put it, "Ordnung muss sein" (Orderliness must exist). All hand mills had to be destroyed, all livestock had to be counted, registered, and tagged with a special numbered ear ring, all taxes had to be paid immediately, mostly in the form of grain, eggs, and poultry, and no alcohol (moonshine) was to be produced. People almost immediately found ways to bypass these regulations, which

СЕКРЕТНО

СПРАВКА

По материалам 1 Спецотдела МВД УССР проходит:

Потыкний Генри Коцифович
 1903, уроженец с Явновского
 братовичейской противави-
 тачной
 арестован 24/IX 40, УМНС
 братовичейской сел.
 обитавший по с/д 54-4; 54-10; 54-11. Ж.
 с/д 54-12
 По сведениям постановлением в
 зоне военных действий 22/III 42
 ввиду невозможности дальнейшего
 эвакуации расстрелян
 (сведения нет официального приговора
 1. Стату № 10000 братовичейской сел.)

Начальник 1-го отделения 1-го Спецотдела МВД УССР
 ()
 жандарм ()
 Справку вводит: Сен оперуполномоченный
 ()
 лейтенант ()
 194 г.
 г. Киев

Confirmation of Execution
 of my father
 (front and back pages)

судено находиться в архиве
 Стату № 10000 с/д № 10000
 за № 059448

Кашка: отгнис
 Камитан Сен
 Менушенто

Пондранн.
 Минненакт Сен

20/IV 42

also put a considerable damper on their relationship with the new occupiers.

In the cultural sphere the situation became stabilized. The church began to function normally, and the Reading Room was reopened after the many books that had been saved from confiscation by the Soviets were returned to the shelves. This was a great boon to me, and I began to read voraciously again. This time I discovered many world classics in Polish and Ukrainian translations—such as Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, Hašek's *The Good Soldier Schweik*, and even some works by Shakespeare. In Ukrainian he was known as Shekspir and in Polish, as Szekspir. A few years later, after I got to Germany, I had some difficulty recognizing this famous name in its correct English spelling, which I had completely distorted by trying to pronounce it phonetically.

Soon preparations were made to reopen the school, and the Ukrainian Central Committee, which had been created by the Germans and had oversight of Ukrainian schools, sent teachers. But my fortunes changed once again.

The entire family was in deep shock after my father was brutally killed by the Russians. My mother, who was then 37 years old, had to cope with the needs of our household, which consisted of my grandmother, aged 69; our two servants Marysia and Zosia; and her three sons. To this day I marvel at how she was able to raise her children and take care of the farm, which was relatively large and required constant attention. Most of the work around the farm had to be done by hired help, and the means to pay them had to be found.

BACK TO SCHOOL IN LVIV

After a family council it was decided that I was to go back to Lviv, and this time enrol in the classical gymnasium. In preparation for this, during the months of July and August I was to take private German lessons from a former retired teacher named Mykola Levytsky, who had escaped from the Soviets and returned to our village when the war began. He was an extremely demanding individual and, to compound my problems, he used a German textbook written in Gothic script. The daily lessons with him were pure hell, and although I made progress, I couldn't understand why the gender of "sun" is feminine, "mirror", masculine, and "girl", neuter. I also hated German sentences in which the verb is usually placed at the end. Sometimes



Prosvita building: my school

I tried to make him angry in order to be dismissed sooner. He would become enraged on occasion, but he never let me go without spending the allotted time with me, and sometimes he prolonged the lesson. When I feigned illness, he would simply place his hand on my forehead and proclaim me completely fit and healthy. Sometimes he asked me to drink a glass of cold water. On those rare occasions when I performed to his satisfaction, he would give me a jar of honey from his own apiary. When the time came for me to go to Lviv, I was almost happy. Little did I suspect what drudgery awaited me!

The trip to Lviv was long and uneventful. To get there, I had to take the narrow-gauge train from Dynów to Przeworsk (Perevorsk) and then switch to the regular train from Peremyshl to Lviv, some 160 km away. Gone were the days when I could travel the same route in a car with my uncle John. He was mobilized during the Polish-German war and never returned. (Soon after the arrival of the Soviets the car was “liberated”.) I was met at the train station and taken home by my aunt Sophia and my cousin Daria, who was two years my senior and becoming quite shapely. They were happy to see me, not least because I had brought several bags of flour and a pail of melted butter—items that were expensive and hard to come by



Uncle John with car



With my cousin Daria Karpa and my brothers

in the city. My mother knew what was needed, and from time to time she would supply us with crucial foods as life in the city progressively worsened. In the winter of 1941-42 we were often reduced to eating potato peels and half-rotten cabbage, the only foods that could be bought at the local market. I am almost certain that my growth must have been stunted by this diet. I fancy that, under normal conditions, I could have reached a height of at least six feet. Nevertheless, the development of my mind was about to take “a great leap forward”, to use the Chinese expression.

I was enrolled in the Ukrainian-language gymnasium located on St. Sophia Square, far away from our home at 4 Bartosza Głowackiego (today the street is named after Holovatsky, the same name but a different person) and passed the entrance exams to the third grade of the eight-year curriculum. Right at the entrance I was met by a burly individual, who asked for a show of hands. He was examining the students' hands (in the gymnasium we were no longer “pupils” but “students”) to see if they were clean. Later I discovered that he was the school janitor, or, as politically correct Americans would say, a “sanitation engineer”, and his main job was to see that the toilets were clean. His preoccupation

with our hands evidently did not leave him much time for his primary function, with the result that the school toilets smelled to high heaven. One time I decided to test his resolve and dirtied my hands on purpose just to see what he would do. But the joke was on me because he was not inspecting us that day, and I ended up washing my hands in the smelly washrooms in the basement. The highly charged intellectual environment of the school did not leave us time to contemplate such earthy matters. Clearly, this pre-



Lviv City Hall as seen from my school



St. George's Cathedral,
my parish church

occupation with supreme intellectual endeavours is still the vogue in Ukraine, and Eastern Europe as a whole, because to this day the toilets there have not been properly dealt with.

The school curriculum was quite heavy. In addition to Ukrainian and German, we had to study Latin and Church Slavonic. In the higher grades classical Greek was also required, but I never reached that level. The other compulsory subjects were Ukrainian literature, German literature, geography of Ukraine, world geography, Ukrainian and world history, mathematics (in my grade we were studying algebra), biology, physics, religion, and sports (we did mostly gymnastics in my grade). Chemistry and introductory

philosophy were taught in the higher grades. The teachers, almost all of whom had Ph.D.s and had written their own textbooks, were dead serious when it came to teaching us their subjects.

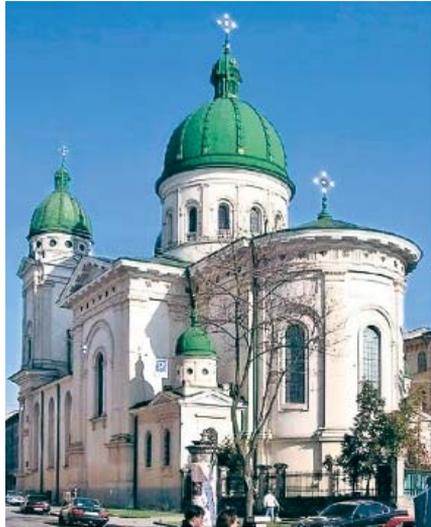
I had no difficulties with most of the subjects, but mathematics and Church Slavonic were getting on my nerves. I had no aptitude for mathematics to speak of, and to this day I am eternally grateful to the inventor of the calculator. Church Slavonic was not a problem, except that our teacher, in his enthusiasm for the subject, decided to kill two birds with one stone by teaching us the language in both the Cyrillic and Glagolitic alphabets. I decided on principle not to learn the Glagolitic alphabet. So, when the time came to read a text in class, I recited the well known Gospel according to John (1:1) "V nachali bi Slovo, i Slovo bi ko Bogu, i Bog bi Slovo" (In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God). It so

happened that I knew the whole passage by heart. At first the teacher looked impressed, but then he became suspicious and gave me a different text to read. The end result was that I learned the Glagolitic alphabet, but lost the trust of that man forever. Actually, the study of Church Slavonic helped me a great deal later on, when I began to learn the South Slavic languages.

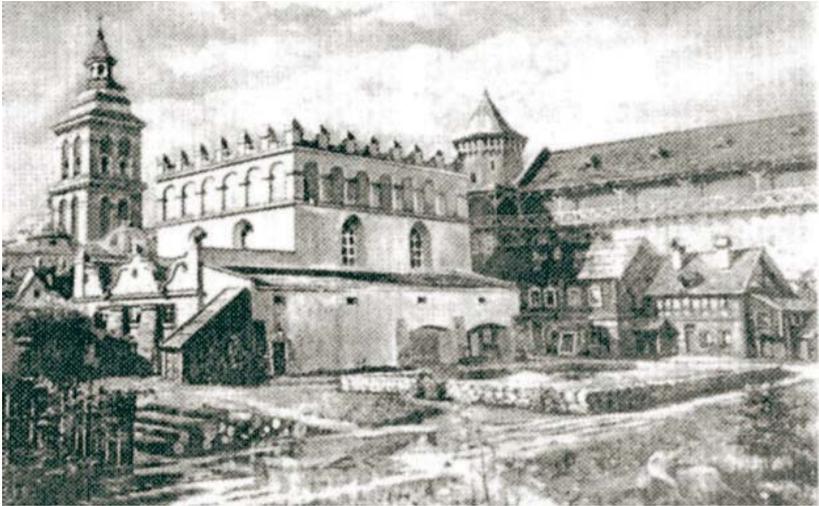
Our Latin teacher was a man of small stature with a squeaky voice, who probably imagined himself as an orator in the Roman Senate rather than among a bunch of adolescents, and he showered us with long passages that nobody could understand.

Dr. Mykola Andrusiak made the biggest impression on me. He taught us the history of Ukraine, and as an author and specialist of the Cossack era and the Hetman state, he was able to command everyone's attention. Listening to him was like riding on a wild horse in the immense Ukrainian steppe, battling against the Turks, Tatars, Russians, and Poles. I loved this subject because when I was still at home I used to read everything I could find on the Cossack wars and the struggle for Ukraine's freedom. In addition to simple historical texts I was acquainted with *Taras Bulba* by Mykola Hohol (Nikolai Gogol), Bohdan Lepky's Mazepa trilogy, and numerous short stories by Andrii Chaikovsky and various other Ukrainian and Polish writers.

Religion (Bible study and church ritual) was taught by Rev.-Dr. Petro Khomyn. He was very strict, and completely bald. In private we called him "OKO", or "otets kolino" (Father Knee). He usually taught us on Saturday mornings, and on Sundays he made sure that we were all present for Mass at the Transfiguration Church (Preobrazhenska), where he was the parish priest. I met him again in Toronto in the late 1980s, when he was a very old man, and told him about our nickname for him. We had a great laugh.



Transfiguration Church
(Preobrazhenka), our school's parish



Golden Rose Synagogue

Soon, however, the German authorities decided to convert our school into yet another military hospital, of which there were many scattered throughout the city. We were moved to Striletska Ploshcha, but soon that building was also commandeered and the school was subdivided again. My grade was located in the School for Deaf-Mutes in the city's Lychakiv district. At the end of 1943 it was moved to the Prosvita house located in the city centre, right next to Lviv's famous City Hall, where Ukrainian independence had been proclaimed on 30 June 1941. This location was most convenient for me because I could get to school by simply taking a half-hour walk past the magnificent St. George's Cathedral, down through the Jesuit Gardens, past the University (during Austro-Hungarian rule it housed the provincial parliament), the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the Jesuit College where Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky had once been a student, and ending up at the main city square. On the return trip I sometimes took the route that went past the Armenian Cathedral, the ornate building of the Lviv Opera, and the infamous Brygidki prison where the Soviets had massacred thousands of prisoners, and then up Horodetska Street to my home. Not far from our school, east of the central square, stood a beautiful synagogue, which the Germans decided to raze to the ground. Today, one wall of the synagogue still stands as a reminder of those awful times and may be rightly called Lviv's "Wailing Wall".

GERMAN OPPRESSION

Already by the end of 1941 the Germans were beginning to get on everyone's nerves. Food rationing was introduced, which meant that the limited number of foodstuffs could be purchased only with a *Lebensmittelkarte*. The main form of public transportation—electric street cars—were always overcrowded, not least because one and a half of the two cars were labelled “Nur fuer Deutsche” (Reserved for Germans) and they were usually empty. For those who did not know what the sign meant, the consequences were serious. Once I saw an old peasant woman being ejected from the car by two young German soldiers while the tram was moving. The only benefit that I saw in this arrangement was that once inside the car, you did not have to worry about paying. The conductor could never get to you to collect the fare. I never had money anyway. Besides, even if she caught me, the best she could do was to eject me at the next stop. But riding the tram took as much effort as walking, or more, so I usually walked even though I was always tired and hungry.

Being labelled an *Untermensch* was, of course, unpleasant, but there were classes of people who were regarded as barely human. The Jews were in this category. Identified by arm bands marked with a Star of David and the word “Jude”, they were herded by the hundreds in the streets of Lviv. They were escorted to work to a place away from the ghetto that had been set up just west of the Lviv open-air market known as “Krakiedany”. This sight was always painful for me. A group of approximately 100 men were forced to march, surrounded by tall, athletic young men armed with long clubs, the “Jewish police”, and on the outskirts, by fewer men in German uniforms but armed with rifles. One day I decided to jump on the tram that went downtown along Leon Sapieha Street and down Copernicus Street. A group of escorted Jews marched past me. Suddenly, one of them bolted down the street. The German escort knelt down and shot him dead. This happened right in front of my eyes, and I was shocked to the depths of my soul. This was my first encounter with such a violent and unpredictable end. In my state of shock, knowing the circumstances of my father's death at the hands of the Russians, I imagined that it was he who had just been killed. Needless to say, I did not make it to school that day. Every time I visit Lviv today I always go to that street, which has been renamed in honour of the Ukrainian nationalist leader Stepan Bandera, and I stand in front of the Gothic church of St. Elizabeth for one minute in memory of this unknown man and my father.



St. Elizabeth Church

Other German policies caused great disgruntlement. Eastern Galicia was made part of the General Government, i.e., it was attached to conquered Poland; young people were being forcibly deported as slave labourers to Germany, literally grabbed off the streets; taxes in kind were unbelievably high; and the economic situation was visibly worsening. In Reichskommissariat Ukraine (the rest of German-occupied Ukraine), things were even worse. Ukrainians were being blocked from higher education because Supreme

Gauleiter Erich Koch, who was in charge, felt that slaves needed no enlightenment as it might make them more dangerous.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, resistance began to intensify. Anti-German leaflets signed by the Ukrainian nationalists began to appear in schools. The Polish underground also began to act more openly. I remember how excited we all were whenever a new leaflet made its appearance. We never knew, and never asked, who brought them to school. A leaflet always began with the request that it be distributed “Z khaty do khaty, z ruk do ruk” (From house to house, from hand to hand), and all of us tried to distribute them as widely as possible—and with a great deal of enthusiasm, I might add. There was almost no risk to us from this activity. Most of us were small, undernourished kids and the authorities paid us no heed.

MY FIRST RESISTANCE ACTIVITY

Soon, however, other activities slowly came into play. We were asked to steal weapons—just pistols—from the Germans and channel them to the Ukrainian underground. We did not know who had requested that children should take part in such an activity. Although such operations required a certain degree of planning, they were not terribly difficult to carry out. Only officers and senior non-coms

generally carried pistols, usually the Parabellum, a neat and very sought-after weapon. The trick was for a noisy group of kids to surround someone and in the process of pushing and shoving to pull the pistol from its holster and pass it to those who instantly concealed it and disappeared into the street crowds. The most effective group for such operations was a crowd of girls, who probably had no clue of what was going on, interspersed with boys who specialized in stealing pistols. The easiest place to do this was near streetcars, whose entrance and exit doors were always terribly crowded. Germans moving through the crowd of swirling kids didn't stand a chance. I participated in two such operations, and even though I was quite excited, I was scared out of my wits. The second time, an irate German who had been divested of his weapon smacked my face, but I was quite small and genuinely frightened, so he let me go after cursing me roundly. Later, such activities were discontinued, probably because the Germans were beginning to wise up, and the children were exposed to real danger. I was then twelve years old.

TRAIN TRAVEL

At the end of June the school closed for vacation, and with much anticipation I got myself ready for an easier life in the village. This time, my cousin Daria was supposed to come with me because life in the city was becoming quite difficult. It was even hard to obtain train tickets.

There were two steps to this process. A traveller needed both a *platzkarte* (seat reservation), and a ticket; and each had to be obtained in a different place. You could not buy a train ticket without a *platzkarte*. To purchase a seat reservation you had to stand in line for ten or twelve hours. It was inexpensive but totally useless for travel purposes. The trains were always frightfully overcrowded, and it was next to impossible to find a seat, especially for a young person. You had to stand all the way or sit on your luggage. The Germans probably introduced the *platzkarte* to exercise some control, but the cards were useless. Once they were obtained (sometimes purchased from black marketeers, who were probably in cahoots with the authorities) you had to spend several more hours in line to buy a ticket. After this, you had to pass a control check at the railroad station and wait for the train to arrive, which was not always on time. Finally, you had to fight to board the train and find a space. The blue *platzkarte* was not even useful for toilet purposes—it was too small and too hard. Besides, using the toilets



Lviv Railway Station

on the train was out of the question anyway, as they were always full of passengers. The men managed much better: they simply urinated from the windows in full view of the other passengers, after warning the people in the neighbouring down-wind compartments to close the windows temporarily so as not to be splashed in the process. But for women it was extremely difficult. So, before they set out, all kinds of preparations had to be made, the most important being to abstain from drinking and to visit a dirty, smelly toilet just before boarding. When my cousin and I finally reached Perevorsk, she left her luggage with me and made a beeline with other women to an open field just behind the building. The whole experience was totally dehumanizing.

The narrow-gauge train from Perevorsk to Dynów was not overcrowded. When we arrived, we were met by a horse-drawn cart sent by my mother, who had been notified by post about our arrival. Everyone sighed with relief. Ahead of us we had two months of relatively decent living in the village. The operative word here was “relatively” because I had to go back to Mr. Levytsky and his German tutoring.

MY TUTORING

The tutoring was not as intensive as in the past because Mr. Levytsky was often absent. Rumour had it that he had a lover in Nozdrzec, a Polish woman by the name of Pocalun. This was common knowledge, and everybody talked about it and felt sorry for

his wife, who had problems walking and was almost a prisoner in the imposing house that had been built by the former teacher after he retired. As irony would have it, his wife was also Polish but completely Ukrainized—probably under his influence. They had two children, a boy who died in childhood, and a girl, who had extremely active in Ukrainian affairs but also succumbed to tuberculosis. She died when I was a child, and I never even saw her. Needless to say, his amorous activities were completely to my liking. I could spend time enjoying myself with other boys or roaming the woods with my two canine companions Burko and Lyska. This time around, probably under Cupid’s influence, Mr. Levytsky asked me to read the songs of Goethe and Heine. They were small books and Heine’s was called *Buch der Lieder*. I don’t remember the name of Goethe’s book, nor do I even recall the titles of the poems. But I distinctly remember how enthralled the old man was on hearing my rendition of them. That summer I also read Henryk Sienkiewicz’s *Quo Vadis* and his fantastic trilogy on the Khmelnytsky uprising of 1648 and the Polish-Cossack wars. The first was a novel about the early Christians in Rome, but the second was a popular history novel full of anti-Ukrainian barbs. Although it made me fume, I read it from cover to cover. A few years ago one part of Sienkiewicz’s novel *Ogniem i mieczem* (With Fire and Sword) was made into a very popular film by the Polish director Jerzy Hoffman.

HORSEBACK RIDING

What I liked best of all was riding horses. We had three: an old and wise mare, an ordinary castrated horse, and a stallion. There were no saddles because they had been looted by the Soviet troops, and my mother, quite understandably, never went to the trouble of buying new ones. We rode bareback, without a saddle or stirrups. I usually rode the mare, if she let me. The problem was how to get on her back, because she would dance and prance away from the stool or a ridge that I used to mount her. If she was in a good mood, she would simply lower her head and I would jump on her neck; and when she lifted her head, I would slide down her back. Then I would simply turn around and be ready to ride. She hated to run, preferring a dignified walk. When she grew tired of my nudging her to pick up speed, she would simply throw me off, sometimes pulling me down by grabbing my leg. Then she would amble off to her stable. We were not allowed to use bits, and the rope around her neck was not enough to restrain her.

The stallion was her foal. When I left for Lviv he was still a colt, but when I returned it was a beautiful, black, and very aggressive stallion. No one tried to ride him, and my brother Andrew managed to mount him only in the summer of 1942—but only for a minute. Startled, the horse took off at high speed and deposited my brother on a very high thatched fence over which he jumped. Luckily, my brother suffered only a good dose of fright and scratches over many parts of his body. Nobody was brave enough to repeat the experience. I think my mother sold the stallion later, but only after I left for Lviv.

Fortunately, my cousin Daria and I did not have to go back by train. Andrew Mudryk, the CEO of the Maslosoiuz dairy cooperative in Lviv, was from Pavlokoma, and after a visit to his family he took us back in his car. This was a real luxury. We were able to fill our bags with all kinds of foods, without fear of confiscation by the Germans, who were becoming nastier with every passing day, as were the Poles.

THE POLISH UNDERGROUND

By late 1941 the Polish underground began to institute repressive actions against the Ukrainian rural intelligentsia—priests and teachers—for allegedly cooperating with the Germans. It is true that churches, and especially schools, on the ethnic Ukrainian territory functioned in Ukrainian, and this situation differed from the one that had existed under the former Polish republic. But it hardly constituted collaboration. The German administration was seldom attacked so as not to provoke repressions. On the other hand, the Germans were not overly concerned by what was going on between the Poles and Ukrainians. Perhaps they even welcomed it.

For a while the Poles had the upper hand, but starting in 1943 the Ukrainians—now quite well organized—began to strike back with considerable force. Northwestern Ukraine (Volyn and Polissia) became a battleground where some 60,000 Poles (Ukrainian sources put this figure at 34,000 and Polish ones, at 250,000) and 30,000 Ukrainians were killed, many of them innocent villagers. Later, massacres perpetrated by the Polish and Ukrainian nationalist undergrounds spread to neighbouring Galicia. The Polish communist underground and Soviet partisans were also involved. This Polish-Ukrainian war, which in later years involved the Polish communist regime, lasted well into 1947, and the final act was the operation known as *Akcja Wisła*,

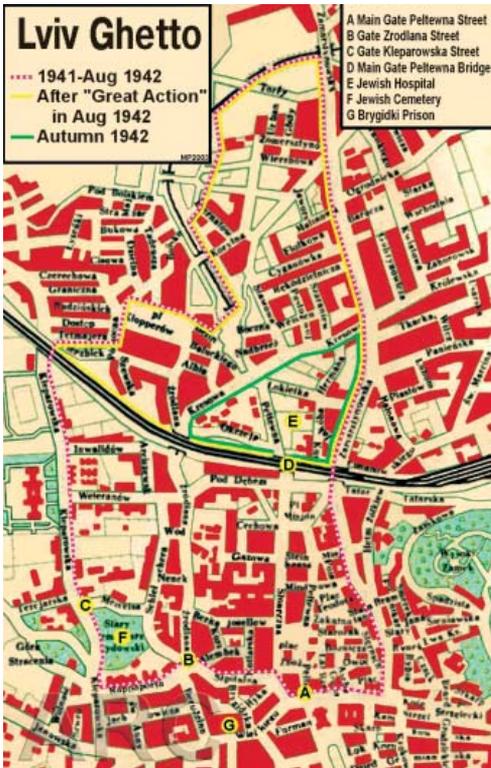
which resulted in the forcible evacuation of the remaining Polish Ukrainians to East Prussia, former German territory that now belonged to Poland. But I am getting ahead of myself.

THE 1942-43 SCHOOL YEAR IN LVIV

The 1942-43 school year began in the old Prosvita building in central Lviv. All subjects were taught in the same classroom, whose windows faced the magistrates' building with its big tower; only the teachers circulated from room to room. I remember watching two black crows having a good time sitting on the hands of the big clock and sliding off when the hands moved. Then they returned to their perch, especially when the big hand was at fifteen minutes past the hour. It was quite a show and most of us quite enjoyed it, especially when the lessons became too tedious and boring. The teachers never appeared to notice.

Another diversion was the loud farting during our Latin classes by a fat red-haired boy, who lived in the suburbs of Lviv. The result was predictable. He would be thrown out of the class to spend time in the corridor. I think he did it on purpose because when he would return an hour later, he would laughingly chide all of us and "the old idiot", as he called the teacher, for sitting in a smelly classroom while he was enjoying some fresh air. We hated him for his antics, especially since his bag was always full of food while the rest of us went hungry. I think that we beat him up once or twice, but it didn't make much difference.

The end of 1942 was grim for all of us, not just for the Germans whose Blitzkrieg in November got bogged down at Stalingrad, the furthest German penetration eastward. Lviv was full of wounded German soldiers. The ones we saw had minor wounds. Italians became more visible, and it was rumoured that they were willing to sell their weapons for a pittance. One did not have to steal from them, but I was no longer involved in such operations. At around this time I got my first glimpse of a black man, which had a lasting impact on me. To this day I can describe his features. This was a kind of preparation for encountering black US soldiers (when I reached Germany in late 1947), who were still serving in completely black units. To my complete amazement they were playing catch with oranges. Whenever the orange became soft, they would toss it to the spectators, who would immediately suck the juice from the fruit.



Map of the Lviv ghetto



Memorial to the Lviv Ghetto Victims

THE JEWISH GHETTO

Throughout 1942 we heard rumours about bad things going on in the Jewish ghetto. But it was only after my vacation ended that I overheard my aunt saying that Jews were either being killed or sent to another camp located on Yanivska (Janowska) Street. They were no longer seen being escorted in the streets. I am not certain about the dates, but it seems to me that at the beginning of 1943, or a bit later, some kind of uprising had taken place and the Germans had suppressed it in a very savage manner.

POLICY TOWARD UKRAINIANS

The Germans had two Ukrainian policies: the total suppression of any anti-German activities and playing up to Ukrainian national pride. I think it was in 1943 that special proclamations were issued about the start of Martial Law, which sanctioned the immediate execution of people suspected of anti-German activities. No courts were necessary to hear such cases. I remember walls covered with big posters (*Bekantmachungen*) in German, Ukrainian, and Polish, listing various individuals who had been executed either for *Judenbeguenstigung* (support for Jews), *Bandenbeguenstigung* (support for bandits), *OUN-Organizationszugehoerigkeit* (membership in the OUN), or *UPA-Organizationszugehoerigkeit* (membership in the UPA). A large majority of these individuals were Ukrainians, and the effect on the population was opposite to what the Germans expected.

More effective was the Germans' policy of creating a special division in the Waffen-SS, which was composed entirely of Ukrainians. The word "Ukrainian" was not allowed, and it was known as the *Division Galizien* (Galicia Division). Some 50,000 people volunteered, but perhaps only 13,000 were finally inducted into this formation. After the debacle at Stalingrad, the Germans evidently began to think that the *Untermenschen* could provide them with the necessary cannon fodder. Ukrainians, on the other hand, felt that without some military unit trained in modern warfare their desire to achieve independence was not in the cards. The Ukrainian underground was at first fiercely opposed to this formation, but later on it utilized the division for training its own officers and men, who were sorely needed.

At school, especially in the higher grades, a campaign to enrol boys and girls in the anti-aircraft artillery began. Some students

volunteered for this outfit, which had its own uniform and, unlike the Galicia Division, even had a blue-and-yellow sash on the hat and shoulder. But most of us were not very enthusiastic and tried to sneak out of the hall whenever a meeting was announced to welcome the “Yunaki” (Youths). I was stopped at the door and forced to stay while the group sang a few patriotic Ukrainian songs. They looked very smart in their uniforms, especially the girls, who were probably selected for their beauty. I do not know if anybody volunteered that day. In any case, I was too young to join.

LIFE IN LVIV

Life continued to be difficult. We lived in a typical Lviv cold-water flat, without hot water or heating, unlike New York City cold-water flats that actually had hot water. To heat the place, my aunt’s husband constructed a kind of drum that was fuelled by sawdust. It warmed up one room, usually in the evening when everybody was at home. Cooking was done mostly on a portable Primus petroleum stove. In order to save on our electricity bills, we used a tiny bulb that was not strong enough to



Lviv Opera House

read by. For reading, my cousin and I used a carbide lamp that lit up the table, but it smelled. I usually developed a headache. A shared toilet was located at the end of the rear balcony. It was extremely cold in winter and smelly in the summer, even though the tenants tried to keep it clean as best they could. There was running water in the apartment but not in the toilet, which had to be flushed with a pail of water. But water was not always available. We engaged in philosophical discussions of these issues and blamed everybody for the disaster, including the original water works, but mostly we blamed the Germans.

From time to time masses of captured Red Army soldiers were marched through the city. It was forbidden to give them anything, but people tossed them bread and cigarettes from the open windows of their houses. They looked awful. They were dirty, unshaven, and hungry and, as we found out later, hundreds of thousands of them did not survive the POW camps. Unlike the Western allies, Soviet soldiers were not covered by the Geneva Convention and could be murdered at will. Women from the Ukrainian Red Cross Society (later outlawed) tried to help but with meagre success. In order to survive, some of the prisoners had to volunteer for all kinds of German guard units, some of which were employed in various concentration camps to control other condemned people, such as Jews or political prisoners.

I may be mistaken, but I seem to recall that the first Soviet attempt to bomb Lviv was in 1943. It happened in the evening and I think one bomb was dropped, but with little effect. People who were attending the theatre did not even budge from their seats, and the performance continued as if nothing had happened. But it was an important sign that the course of the war was changing and that the German occupation would eventually end. Of course, remembering the Soviets' atrocious, criminal behaviour, nobody was looking forward to the "new liberation".

Our school was functioning normally, and once or twice we were taken to see a matinee performance at the Opera Theatre. I remember only one. It was called *Hist iz Zaporizhia* (The Guest from Zaporizhia), one of those historical sagas in which Cossacks come to the rescue of their countrymen. The plot has faded from my memory, but I recall the actors' beautiful costumes and their convincing performances. I loved history and ate it up. Such rare occasions brightened up our dreary existence.

Lviv was now full of hospitals, soldiers, and brothels. Like all other German institutions, the brothels were highly organized.

Walking to school along a side street two blocks from where I lived, I always saw two lines of German soldiers awaiting their short encounter with pleasure. The time allowed with a girl was very short, because the soldiers would remove their belts and unbutton their uniforms while they were still on the street. On the balcony one storey up there was always a beautiful woman sitting in a lounge chair, sipping a drink and smoking, especially in nice, balmy weather. They were always dressed in silky, transparent robes and even though I did not have precise knowledge of what was going on inside the building (our school did not teach sex education) my imagination was quite active and fully engaged.

THE POLISH TERROR

Before the end of school I learned from my mother that my German teacher in Pavlokoma, Mykola Levytsky, had been assassinated by a hit squad of the Polish Armia Krajowa. They attacked him at home. When he opened the door, he was shot several times with pistols fitted with silencers. No one heard anything, and it was not until the next morning that his wife managed to crawl onto the balcony and call the neighbours. In 2002, when I was researching the history of my village, I came across some documents that revealed the perpetrators of this crime. All of them were residents of Pavlokoma and their names are listed in my book. Some of them were picked up in early 1945 by an unidentified unit and simply disappeared. The Polish inhabitants were convinced that this was the work of an UPA unit. But this is unlikely because at the time the UPA was not active in this territory. To this day no one knows for certain who carried out the capture of these people, and all my efforts to shed light on this matter have been unsuccessful. In my opinion, however, it could have been a Soviet police unit or some Polish communists. In any case, this hijacking led to a horrendous tragedy: in March 1945, 366 people—mostly old people and children—were murdered by the Poles.

My homecoming, therefore, was tense, but I arrived in the village safe and sound. I was thirteen years old.

PAVLOKOMA: SUMMER OF 1943

My stay at home that summer was pleasant as usual. I even managed to behave well. The only major, and somewhat costly,

incident occurred when my two brothers and I were trying out a bicycle on the sly, and wrecked it. It was a beautiful bike, quite new and shiny, and it belonged to one of our neighbours. We didn't know that the braking mechanism was located under the handle, and thought that all you had to do was back-pedal and the bicycle would stop. Since I had been bragging that I had already ridden a bicycle in Lviv (this was only half-true: on my one and only bike trip someone was pushing me from behind), I got on



Church in Pavlokoma

the bike and headed down the sloping road. As the bicycle sped up, and my back pedalling produced no results, I panicked and rammed it into the fence. The front tire came off and the wheels were bent out of shape. This was a major crisis, and to make it worse, my mother was not at home, so my grandmother became my judge and executioner. She forced me to lie down on the bench and proceeded to wallop me on the backside with a stick. I suspect that she did it to avoid a more serious encounter with our neighbour. It was more embarrassing than painful because it was done in the presence of the very irate bicycle owner, my brothers, and several neighbourhood kids, who enjoyed the spectacle very much. My brothers did not volunteer the fact that all three of us had pushed the bike up the road, and thus evaded punishment. When my mother came home, she took it all rather calmly and even put some alcohol on my scratches. After my father's death she was always trying to be kind and understanding to the three of us. She had to pay for the repairs, and the bicycle had to be taken to a repair shop in Dynów. I never got back on a bicycle until I was eighteen years old.

A great tragedy occurred that summer when one of my friends, Liubko (Liubomyr), who was my age, drowned in the Sian River. We had gone to the river to cool off, but he got into deep water and he drowned. I was the only witness, but I was helpless because I couldn't swim and could only frantically summon help. The feeling that somehow I was responsible for his death never left me, although rationally I knew that it was just a horrible accident.

In addition to Mr. Levytsky, my German teacher, who was gunned down in late 1942, another man was killed by the Polish underground. Ivan Karpa, who worked as an accountant in Dynów, was killed in 1943 on his way home from work. He left a wife and three sons aged one, four, and nine. Two years later, in March 1945, they were massacred by the Poles, perhaps even by the same individuals who had killed their husband and father.

Throughout the summer and into the fall all kinds of wild rumours were circulating in the village about the Polish-Ukrainian conflict in Volyn and the attacks on Polish villages, which were carried out by Taras Bulba (one of the Ukrainian leaders). Initially, Polish refugees began to appear in Dynów with stories of unimaginable brutalities meted out to the Poles by Bulba's men. Nobody really knew what was happening there, and it was not Bulba but the UPA and local peasants who were carrying out the attacks. But the relations between the Poles and Ukrainians became even more strained. Finally, the Ukrainian church hierarchy got involved, and the head of the Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church, Archbishop Metropolitan Andrei Sheptytsky, issued a pastoral letter entitled "Ne ubyi" (Thou Shalt Not Kill) which served not only as moral guidance for Ukrainians in the conflict with the Poles but also as a warning not to participate in German atrocities against the Jews. The letter was read from the pulpits of every Ukrainian church. Unfortunately, no such letter was issued by the Polish church hierarchy. The conflict continued and later encompassed Galicia. As we know today, both the Germans and the Soviets were doing their utmost to fan this conflict.

The year 1943 also saw the appearance of the UPA in Galicia. Although underground forces had existed there since the fall of 1941, they went by the name of Ukrainian National Self-defence (UNS). In our area near Dynów no Ukrainian underground units could even be imagined because it was under the control of the Polish underground, which the British air force, the RAF, supplied by air almost every week.

MY RETURN TO LVIV

When the time came for me to go back to school, I was unhappy at the thought of being separated from my family in such uncertain times. But my mother insisted, and I went back to Lviv to start the fifth grade at the gymnasium. Once again I travelled in style in Mr. Mudryk's car. Perhaps because of this my mother could not be persuaded to leave me at home.

Lviv had perceptibly changed for the worse. The streets were full of soldiers and all kinds of military hardware. For the first time I saw German units composed of Tatars and people from the Caucasus, as well as Cossacks. The latter were recognizable by their special hats called "Kubankas" and the fact that most of them were organized into cavalry detachments. There were even a few odd groups with blue-and-yellow patches and the mark UVV (Ukrainske Vilne Viisko/Ukrainian Free Army). Volunteers to the Galician Division were also seen marching in the city, but all of them still wore civilian clothing. German repressions against Ukrainian nationalists were intensifying and public executions, especially in neighbouring cities, such as Drohobych, were taking place. Whenever a German was killed, men were arrested, lined up, and "decimated": every tenth person was shot, regardless of guilt.

My school was functioning normally, but in comparison with previous years there was much less enthusiasm for teaching or learning. Some teachers, such as the history enthusiast Dr. Andrusiak, were no longer with us. Algebraic equations made less and less sense to me. Even our sports activities in Stryisky Park were reduced to just sitting in the sun, with the usually energetic Mr. Haiduchok not paying much attention to what we were doing. It was obvious to everyone that Germany was losing the war. Sometimes I wondered what I was doing in Lviv. The only memorable moments were occasional theatre performances, especially the so-called "Veselyi Lviv" (Merry Lviv), a kind of variety show that was always full of vigour, comedy, and memorable songs. Even my reading selections were not up to par. They consisted mostly of pre-war Polish magazines called *Plomiki* (Little Flames) which were packed with items designed for a general, not highly discriminating, public. I borrowed them from a neighbour in our building; I think he was the janitor. The only story that I vaguely remember had to do with a man who found himself in a movie and was convinced that he was among ghosts or something to that effect.

The events of late 1943 and early 1944 clearly intensified the Germans' reverses at Stalingrad. Lviv was flooded with wounded German soldiers, and the Red Cross trains were packed with severely injured troops being shipped back to Germany. Civilian transport was even more limited than before, and it was a miracle that my mother was able to come for a visit in mid- December. No less surprising was the fact that she was able to bring a large bag of flour, some homemade sausage, and a large jar of honey. Carrying these items was always fraught with danger, as the Germans periodically searched trains and travellers at railway stations, confiscating everything they could lay their hands on. The same fate awaited my mother when she arrived in Lviv, but she managed to pay off some local railroad employee, who took her around the blocked exit. We had a feast. Then we made a concerted effort to send her back to the village. What was absolutely incomprehensible to us was the fact that all those documents, like *platzkarte* and other papers, were required only for those leaving the city, but not for those arriving. This regulation may also have been in effect in other large cities, but certainly not in Peremyshl (where my mother boarded the train to Lviv), which had about 30,000 inhabitants. She used some other form of transportation to get there from Pavlokoma, a distance of some 30 km.

Our school did not function normally during December and January. There was Roman Catholic Christmas in December, preceded by the feast of St. Nicholas on 19 December, then New Year's Eve, and then our Ukrainian Christmas on 6-9 January and the old calendar New Year's Eve celebrations on 13-14 January, followed by the Feast of the Jordan (Epiphany) on 19 January. If anything, Ukrainians are masters at creating occasions for religious celebrations. Accordingly, they have convinced themselves that any gainful employment during such holy periods will land them deep in the bowels of hell. Later, under Soviet rule, the motivation may have changed but the practice remained, no doubt contributing in some measure to making that country, as some put it, an "economic midget with a mighty military arm". A cynic would observe that "the proletarians" of one-sixth of the Earth had "united" to do as little as possible.

RETURN TO PAVLOKOMA: SPRING 1944

February was no better. There was no heat, and it was extremely trying to pay attention to the teachers or take notes while bundled up

in layers of clothing, and exhaling vapour when answering questions. The situation on the Eastern Front was becoming dire, and the battles were coming closer to our city. When May rolled around I decided, with my aunt's permission, to go home. In their insanity the Germans continued to insist on all kinds of travel formalities, but by then hardly anybody was paying any attention to the regulations. The trick was to get past the guards and jump onto the train without even bothering to buy a ticket. Only standing room was available, but because I was quite small I usually found a place on one of the shelves. After arriving in Perevorsk, I bought a ticket and late at night arrived in Dynów. From there I simply walked home, greatly surprising my family, which was overjoyed at my safe arrival.

THE SOVIET REOCCUPATION

Twice I called the school office from a telephone in Dynów to find out if final examinations would be held. The conversation consisted of loud shouting on both ends of the crackling line. Nobody could answer my question about the exams. So I did not go back and officially lost the fifth year. It was just as well. Sometime in July 1944 the Soviets overran Lviv, and I think that by August they had marched into Pavlokoma. The front stabilized in the western Carpathians, where big battles took place for Duklia Pass. We were still in front-line territory under military administration, but we almost never saw the dreaded Soviet secret police. The village school was now being used for training army radio and telegraph operators. Almost half of the soldiers were Ukrainian. Life proceeded at its own pace.

The one thing that I remember from those times was the method the Soviets used for fishing in the Sian River. They would position us kids downstream in the shallow part of the river and toss live grenades into the water. The explosions would stun the fish: they would stick their heads above the surface, and we would simply pick them up as they floated by. It was surprising how many big fish were in that river. Occasionally big catfish were also flushed out, to the soldiers' great delight. Since grenades did not discriminate among the various-sized fish, this practice resulted in the destruction of most of the river's fish stocks. The soldiers did not care and, frankly, neither did we. The villagers were happy because if the soldiers ate fish, they did not shoot chickens or pigs. The Red Army was notorious for pillaging the land.

As entertainment for the village the army showed us Soviet films extolling life in the “socialist Paradise”. Nobody believed this malarkey because we were immune to their propaganda from our previous experiences, but the evening was nicely occupied and most people attended. The films were usually in Russian, and most of the villagers did not understand everything that was happening on screen. Nor did they fully understand those soldiers who did not speak Ukrainian.

The inability to communicate in each other’s language led to all kinds of conjectures, which were widely commented upon in the village. The Russian word “spichka” (match), or even the Ukrainian word “pichka” (little oven) was misunderstood for the local word “pichka”, meaning “vagina”. A woman approached by a soldier for a “spichka” would blush and reply that she was married, and that Mr. Comrade (a curious form of address) should not be demanding such things of her. This in turn would confuse the soldier, who would think the woman was off her rocker. Another combination of Russian words, such as “kachestvo” (quality) and “kolichestvo” (quantity), pronounced “kalichestvo”, would be understood as, first, a gaggle of ducks (from the Ukrainian “kachka”), and second, as being crippled or seriously maimed (from the Ukrainian “kalika”). If anything, it proved that the “fraternal languages” were not that close—especially on the village level, which had its own vernacular.

POLISH ATROCITIES

Soon, however, unpleasant things began to happen. The village was flooded with posters of portraits of the Polish National Committee of Liberation, which later became the Provisional Government of Poland. Even worse, we were informed that our territory had been transferred to Poland. According to the agreement struck between the Polish Committee and the Soviet Ukrainian government (whose existence was news to us) in September 1944, there would be a population exchange between the two countries.

Of course, like everything else under communist rule, this was to be a “voluntary” effort by well informed and committed people. Nobody could imagine what form this “persuasion” would take. But there were no volunteers willing to leave the land that had been settled by Ukrainians and their ancestors since at least the tenth century, or perhaps even earlier.

The first warning that it would be wise to consider moving came from the soldiers of the Soviet Signal Corps, who in late November were moving out of the school building as the front lines were shifting once again in a westerly direction. The soldiers bluntly told the villagers that after they were gone, the Poles might get nasty. They were right. On the other hand, no Repatriation Authorities made their appearance, so the entire matter of resettlement remained in the realm of nasty rumour.

No sooner did the Soviet soldiers leave than the Poles began to harass the village. The first victim was Andrii Aftanas, who was killed by a Pole while visiting a neighbour. His wife and five sons were left to fend for themselves. Maria, Andrii's wife, and her eldest son Ivan (aged twelve) were killed in March 1945. The other children survived somehow and ended up in the USSR.

Not long after that Joseph Vydra (b. 1929) was hanged by his own belt in the forest by two Poles, Franek Kaszycki and Miecio Cymbalysty. But he survived by a stroke of luck. After he stopped breathing, the perpetrators, who fancied his belt, took him down, removed his belt, and left. After a while Vydra regained consciousness, went home,



The bell tower in Pavlokoma



The refurbished bell tower

and told everybody what had happened. Such events became almost daily occurrences. There was absolutely no individual or institution to turn to for help. The *Gmina* administration in Dynów was completely disinterested in anything that pertained to Ukrainians. Moreover, it was heavily infiltrated by Polish nationalists who, like the communists, were interested in getting rid of the Ukrainian population. The sooner this happened, the better. It happened earlier than anybody expected.

In late January and early February 1945, a military unit of some 60 men dressed in Soviet uniforms came to the village and took away seven Poles and one Ukrainian woman, who were never heard from again. The Poles immediately accused the Ukrainians of this action, pointing an accusing finger at the UPA. When I was writing my book about Pavlokoma, I tried to the best of my ability to identify this unit, but failed utterly. One thing is certain: it could not have been the UPA because at the time the UPA did not exist in our area. It is unlikely that it was some other unit of the Ukrainian underground, owing to its size and excellent military equipment. It could have been a Soviet unit or a Polish one that was squaring its accounts with its rivals. Most of those who were whisked away were members of the AK. The Polish administration in Dynów ordered the villagers to return the kidnapped individuals, as if they could have done this. If the villagers refused, the administration threatened them with serious reprisals.

To make matters worse, all of the surrounding Polish villages were full of AK soldiers, most of whom, under pressure from the Soviets, had left the Lviv area and moved to places in the new Poland. Some remained, however, and helped the Soviets to combat the Ukrainian underground by joining the *Istrebitelnye Bataliony* (Extermination Battalions). The commander of one such unit from the Lviv area was Jozef Biss ("Waclaw"). It was he who oversaw the mass killings of Pavlokoma Ukrainians in March 1945.

Just before these tragic events, my mother decided that I should join a group of men who were supposed to break through the Polish encirclement. We were to seek help, or at least inform Ukrainian villages of the possible attack on Pavlokoma. I was the youngest and completely out of place on such a mission, but the men agreed to take me with them. The twelve men were armed with two rifles, the only weapons the village possessed. We walked through the forest the entire night in order to avoid Polish sentries, who were stationed around the village. In the morning, totally exhausted and wet because we had had to move through very deep



Monument to the Ukrainian villagers murdered in Pavlokoma

snow and half-frozen creeks, we reached the Ukrainian village of Piątkowa. There we learned that no possible help for Pavlokoma could be mounted as there were only small village self-defence forces that were not capable of launching such an action.

A few days later we learned that on 2-3 March the population of Pavlokoma had been massacred by the Poles. Slowly, small groups of survivors began to appear with horrific tales of the slaughter. I was extremely anxious for my family and sorry that I had not stayed with them. The prospect of living alone did not appear very promising to me. Then I found out that my mother, both of my brothers, and Marysia and Zosia had survived and made it to the village of Poruby, some ten km from Piątkowa. I immediately went to see them and found out that they had been helped by a local Pole named Stanislaw Bielec, whose mother was Ukrainian and whose sister was married to a Ukrainian. He and his father helped several Ukrainian families like mine, but, as fate would have it, they could not prevent the killing of Bielec's mother, his sister, her husband, and their little girl Maria, all of whom had been baptized in the Ukrainian church. My 73-year-old grandmother Kateryna was beaten to death near our home. Our relatives, Ignac and his five sons, the youngest of whom was eleven years old, also suffered horrible deaths. My two other cousins and their father Pawel were also murdered.

Years later, as I was writing the history of the village after a very laborious search of documents, I put together the following picture of the massacre. Of the 366 victims, 189 were men and 177 were women. There were 153 victims aged 45 years or older (among them 86 people over 60). Sixty-five people were between the ages of 35 and 44. Thirty-nine were between 25 and 34; and 49 were between 15 and 24. Fifty-two were between five and fourteen, and seven were younger than four years of age. Jozef Biss, who perpetrated this atrocity, was never punished for it. Today, the Polish community of Rzeszow is preparing to erect a memorial in his honour. Dozens of Ukrainian villages, especially those that, like Pavlokoma, were isolated from other Ukrainian settlements, suffered similar fates, with thousands of victims. It is absolutely incredible to realize how many Ukrainians were able to escape this murderous rampage. It was from these survivors that the UPA drew most of its members. Besides me, forty-one people from Pavlokoma also joined the underground. Thus, the Poles' terrorist activities contributed directly to the growth and strength of the various village self-defence units and, eventually, to the growth of the UPA.

I JOIN THE RESISTANCE

With my mother's blessing I became a member of the SKV (Self-defence Unit) in the village of Huta-Poruby and almost immediately began intensive military training, mostly learning how to use rifles, grenades, and machine guns. It was amazing to see how many weapons there were. Evidently, unlike Pavlokoma, these villages had never surrendered the weapons they had acquired during the Polish-German and the German-Soviet war. We were all extremely eager to learn, and the former non-commissioned Polish Army officer who was training us was quite pleased with our progress. My brothers were frightfully jealous to see me with a rifle on my shoulder. They had been accepted into a youth unit that trained with wooden rifles.

The training went on for a couple of months, and one of our duties was to carry out sentry duty around the village. If any outsiders approached, we were to notify the commander. If, however, they were too close, we had to raise the alarm by firing our rifles. The assigned two-hour guard duty was extremely boring. One afternoon I entertained myself by repeatedly loading and unloading my short Russian Mosin cavalry rifle. Quickly tiring of this, I forgot that there was a bullet in the chamber. I did not put the safety catch on and proceeded to do

the shoulder arm in rapid succession. To my great shock, the rifle discharged and the alarm was on. I was severely reprimanded, and the commander forbade me ever to load the rifle while on guard duty. There was some other punishment, but I do not remember what it entailed.

During all that time there was relative peace and quiet, and there were no Polish attacks on the village. Neither the Soviet army and the Polish regular army, nor even the Polish militia were to be seen. I was then fourteen and a half.

In May 1945 my initial military training ended. At the same time, two important events took place in our region. The resettlement of the population to Ukraine picked up pace. In the village of Zhahotyn was a Resettlement Mission, which had started making forays into the surrounding villages. With the help of threats and intimidation they began persuading people to leave for the east. At first there was no immediate reaction to the resettlement from the Ukrainian underground, and, as a result, quite a few people loaded their horse-drawn carts with their meagre possessions and set out for the Polish-Ukrainian border. Soon, however, news started to filter in that the Soviets' promises to resettle these people in decent houses were nothing but lies. Some even tried unsuccessfully to return. As a result, there was almost an immediate escalation of resistance among the remaining population. The Ukrainian underground also came to the conclusion that the resettlement should be resisted. The first direct action was to attack the Resettlement Mission in Zhahotyn. This was carried out by the combined forces of Village Self-defence Units. The attack was successful and the Resettlement Mission was destroyed. This operation intensified the activities of the Polish militia (ORMO) and the Polish military (WP). The Village Self-defence Units were in no position to cope with this new threat. As a result, there was a need to create a more professional force.

At around this time the underground authorities in the Peremyshl region decided to create an UPA battalion for the territory, which consisted of four (at one time, five) companies of 150 people each. In the territory where I was based, the responsibility to create the UPA unit was placed on Commander "Hromenko". He was short with curly blond hair, and, as I later found out, he had a great deal of military experience acquired during his stint in the Nachtigall unit of the German army and later anti-German partisan activities in Volyn. Almost immediately some soldiers from the Village Self-defence Unit volunteered for the UPA. I was not even fifteen and could not join, but



The author as a soldier in the UPA, aged seventeen

my hopes were high. The UPA unit in our area became quite active. Sometime in April or May it liquidated the Polish unit in Borownica. But it was only in September-October of that year that these UPA units, after considerable training in the field, came into their own and were able to win a battle against the Polish Army in the village of Kuzmyna. "Hromenko" was seriously wounded in this skirmish, and the command passed to "Bartel". I mention both of these people because my fate was closely linked with both of them.

Joining the UPA had a profoundly salutary effect on my psyche. Not only was I proud to be serving in the

Ukrainian armed force, membership in the UPA also contributed to my intellectual and moral strength, especially after I swore the oath of duty to serve Ukraine and to fight for its people. Until that time, in a sort of childish way, I hated all of our occupiers: the Poles, the Germans, and the Russians. This hatred must have resulted from the inability to oppose them effectively and being forced to submit to their will. My membership in the UPA changed all this. I had a rifle now and could defend myself, and I received good training to do this effectively. Yes, they continued to be my enemies and had to be fought, but I had no need to hate any one person, not even an enemy soldier. I saw our enemies in a different light. I think this transformation made me a much more dangerous opponent than before.

On 3 October 1945 came the avenging action against the Polish villages of Dylągowa, Sielnica, Bartkówka, Lonchki, and the formerly Ukrainian village of Pavlokoma (now Pawlokoma) which was settled by Poles after the massacre of its Ukrainian population in March. With the help of other UPA units these five villages were burned to the ground. I was still in the Village Self-defence Unit and could not participate in this

action, although I very much wanted to and also to burn down my own house in Pawlokoma. The operation was successful with minimal loss of life. (The UPA lost six men and ten were slightly wounded. The Poles lost some forty men, ten of whom drowned in the Sian River while trying to escape). These and other activities soon persuaded the Polish AK that it would be best to arrange some sort of ceasefire. The result was that life in the large territory stretching from Peremyshl to the Carpathian Mountains became more peaceful, and clashes became limited to the Polish militia, the Polish regular army, and the occasional bandits, who did not care very much whom they were attacking, Ukrainians or Poles.

I JOIN THE UPA

By the end of the year I was allowed to join the UPA unit (Udarnyk 2) which, because "Hromenko" had been wounded, was now commanded by "Orsky", another highly capable soldier. I was assigned to the platoon commanded by "Bartel" as a *zviazkovyi*, responsible for maintaining contact with other squads and platoons and, on specific orders, to act as a courier. I was in this unit until the summer of 1947, when during the trek to West Germany the company was reorganized and I was transferred to a smaller unit commanded directly by "Hromenko". This was to be the state of affairs until our arrival in West Germany and subsequent internment by the US occupation forces. But I am jumping ahead of my story.

Unlike the SKV units, regular UPA units had to undergo very rigorous field training exercises. Even though the educational level of the troops was not very high, everybody had to learn how to assemble and disassemble weapons, rifles, machine guns, and automatic rifles. We also had to undergo terrain orientation and were trained in the use of compasses and maps. Of course, we always joked about this because the platoon was always short of compasses and maps. A more useful skill was terrain orientation in forests, where we learned how to use all kinds of vegetation or the stars on a clear night for navigation. But the most important thing for us was to acquire a sense of familiarity in such surroundings.

After a while we felt right at home. The safest time was usually during foul weather. Fires could then be made without fear of discovery, and any kind of freshly cut tree branches could provide a shelter, a roof, and a soft bed. In the winter a large, well-made fire would melt the snow and dry up the ground. Dried-up fir branches thickly laid provided nice,

warm beds for every squad. Tucked away in one-man tents and, quite often, a deep layer of fresh snow, one could feel extremely comfortable. The only unpleasant time was during guard duty, which took place usually two times every twenty-four hours.

The enemy almost never ventured into the forest in such weather. But even if they did, it was easy to fight them. Our rear guard would simply discharge a few salvos in their direction, and the enemy troops would be forced to form a firing line. They would then advance in a skirmish for a few hundred meters. After a while the enemy would repeat this process again and again. In the meantime, we would be retreating in a single line along a path in the snow made by the first platoon; when it was tired, it could be replaced by another. A few hours of such marching, and the enemy troops would be physically and psychologically exhausted. We, on the other hand, were ready for a real battle.

UPA TACTICS

I remember being totally disoriented during my first forest battle. After a few such encounters, you learned to recognize the sounds of shooting and the impact of bullets ricocheting off the trees, which allowed you to estimate the opponent's position and line of fire much more clearly than in an open field. You also learned that the most effective and judicious response was when the enemy was preoccupied with the chaotic discharging of its own weapons. Their fire was not very effective, as we were the ones who usually chose the field of battle and were in a good position to meet the advancing troops. With careful observation, you could shoot with devastating effect. Our tactic was not necessarily to kill but to wound, because this always eliminated the wounded soldiers but also those troops who had to remove the casualties from the battlefield. Of course, the priority was to hit the commanding personnel and the machine gun nest. Both were easily identified. The noncoms and officers had to move their troops forward with screaming and cursing, and the Soviet-made Degtiarev machine gun made a very distinct dut-dut-dut sound. In 1945-1946 we were still armed with German weapons because ammunition for them was still plentiful, and our machine guns were the very effective LMG38 and MG42. They also made a very distinct sound, and we always knew where our line of defence was. Gradually, however, we had to switch to Soviet weapons.



UPA military decorations:

1. Medal For the Struggle in Especially Difficult Conditions.
2. Gold Cross for Battle Merit First Class (The highest UPA decoration).
3. Gold Cross for Battle Merit Second Class.
4. Silver Cross for Battle Merit First Class.
5. Silver Cross for Battle Merit Second Class.
6. Bronze Cross for Battle Merit.
7. Gold Cross for Merit.
8. Silver Cross for Merit.
9. Bronze Cross for Merit.
10. Insignia of UPA Soldiers

Our forest encounters were not always stationary. When a large enemy unit was moving through the forest in a firing line, we would retreat almost to the edge of the tree line, concentrate our fire power in one position (sometimes eight machine guns and many automatic rifles) and hit the enemy with great force at the very time when they were beginning to relax upon seeing the edge of the forest. The result was almost predictable. The enemy troops would be thrown into chaos and, in their confusion, would carry on the battle among themselves long after we had gone.

The ambush was another very effective tactic because you could control the time and choose the terrain for the attack. The bag of tricks that you could use in such situations was almost inexhaustible. We would locate a major force on one side of the road but send a couple of machine guns to the other. When the enemy troops arrived in military trucks or any other kind of transportation, the machine guns on the opposite side of the road would open fire, thereby sending the troops to the side of the road where our fire was most concentrated. The result was quite predictable. In such encounters, our casualties were always small but keenly felt. It was not easy to replace our wounded or fallen soldiers with fresh, well trained troops. The life of each UPA soldier was precious.

Occasionally, large encounters with Polish forces took place. I remember a battle of some five hours with the KBW battalion in and around the village of Yavirnyk Rusky. It so happened that our three companies were also located in the area, and our command decided to try our luck with the Poles. My company was attacking across an open field, and we were under heavy fire from machine guns that had good positions at the edge of the forest. They kept us pinned down for a while, and we were only able to advance when one of our companies started attacking them from inside the forest, pushing the Poles into the field. Pinned down, the Polish units moved against us and a battle erupted, complete with grenades and hand-to-hand combat. Finally, some fourteen Polish soldiers right in front of us raised their hands in surrender. My squad was ordered to escort them to our rear. This created a hole in our line through which the other Polish units were able to escape. That day six of our men were killed and several were wounded. The Polish casualties (killed, wounded, and captured) were much higher. Later we were told that Lt. Col. Wygnanski, the commander of the Polish battalion, was heavily reprimanded for his inability to command properly. I have no idea if this was true.

Our attacks on well established and defended garrisons in villages and towns yielded different results. We usually suffered many casualties, but such attacks were necessary to keep the roaming enemy troops concentrated in their secure camps. I remember our attack on the town of Bircha (Pol.: Bircza) on Ukrainian Christmas in January 1946. It was only after we reached West Germany in late 1947 that we learned that the Polish side had known about our preparations for the attack from an agent who was ensconced in our command headquarters. They reinforced their troops, and when our Peremyshl Battalion attacked the town we were repulsed, suffering casualties numbering almost forty soldiers, who were killed or wounded. Our battalion commander, Lt. Col. "Konyk" (Mykhailo Halio) and Company Commander Capt. "Orsky" (Karvansky) were also killed. The battalion commander who replaced him was Maj. "Baida" (official name: Petro Mykolenko; real name: Mykola Savchenko) who hailed from Poltava and was a former Soviet army officer. He made it to the West, where he worked as an engineer for Ford and later died in Detroit (Michigan). Just as an aside, his brother was also an officer in the Soviet Army and had reached the rank of general officer. The company was later taken over by Capt. "Hromenko" (Mykhailo Duda) after his release from hospital. He led us to the American Zone of Germany, but in 1950 he returned to Ukraine, where he died in a battle with Soviet interior troops.

THE UPA MEDICAL SERVICE

A few words about the medical service of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army are in order. It was run by the Ukrainian Red Cross (UChKh), mostly by dedicated women, who nursed our soldiers back to health. Insurgents with minor injuries were treated in the villages, but more seriously wounded soldiers were sent to underground bunkers specifically constructed for such purposes. There was always a critical shortage of doctors and surgeons, not to mention drugs. During the German occupation, quite a few Jewish doctors performed this service. After the arrival of the Soviets many of these doctors left the Ukrainian underground, legalized themselves, and/or migrated to the West or to Israel. Some hardy souls remained and continued to serve in the UPA. In the western Carpathian region, Dr. "Kum" was killed in 1946, when his hospital-bunker was discovered by Polish troops.

Each company tried to have at least one physician on staff, and every platoon was serviced by medics, who often had only a



Maj. Vasyl-Martyn Mizernyi
("Ren"), Commander of the UPA
Tactical Sector 26 - "Lemko" -
and Battalion Commander



Maj. Petro Mykolenko ("Baida"),
Commander of the Peremyshl
Battalion

rudimentary knowledge of first aid. The doctor in our company was a German veterinarian, who was released from the POW camp near Peremyshl when the “Burlaka” company attacked it in 1946. (Most prisoners had no place to go and stayed where they were, but a couple of adventurous souls joined the underground and served in the UPA). The battalion’s medical officer was “Shuvar”, who committed suicide in the Carpathians when he was badly wounded and could no longer walk. A German doctor in our company, codenamed “Sian”, was killed during a skirmish with a Polish armoured train when we were crossing the Oslava River in 1947. I remember him well because he took care of me when I was sick with typhoid fever in 1946. He was known as a good diagnostician—and no wonder: his patients, unlike the animals before them, could at least communicate with him. It is regrettable that he did not make it back home.

In 1946 several interesting events took place in my life. Our platoon was assigned to march to the Beskydy (Pol.: Bieszczady) Mountains to pick up badly needed ammunition for our German weapons, which was running low. The journey took one week, as we had to travel in a circuitous way in order to avoid heavily garrisoned towns and villages. We spent about a week there loading up on ammunition and grenades, and returned to our area without incident.

I had never been in high mountains before, and the miles and miles of large forested hills made a very big impression on me. I was also shocked to discover how poor the local inhabitants were. But even more impressive was their cheerful willingness to share what little they had with us. The women were especially kind to me, and almost at every turn they plied me with extra food and maternal embraces, probably because I was the youngest and the smallest in our platoon.

While there, purely by accident, we ran into the Commander of the 26th UPA Tactical Sector, Maj. “Ren”, to whom our battalion was also subordinated. He was an imposing, authoritative man. But the most interesting person on his staff was “Bokser”, a former heavyweight boxing champion of Poland, who towered over all the men in his company, was capable of consuming piles of food, and was known for telling good jokes. In 1958, or thereabouts, I met him again in New Haven, Connecticut, where he lived with his wife whom he had met in Germany, and his family. His name was Joseph Choma, and he ended up by dying in a freak accident in New Haven Hospital, when an elevator crushed his body while he was being moved to a hospital room after his appendectomy.



Maj. Myroslav Onyshkevych
("Orest") Commander of the UPA
Military Okruha 6 "Sian"



Officers of the Peremyshl Battalion and representatives of the underground administration. Sitting from left: Nadraion SB "Staryi", physician "Sian", Company comm. "Hromenko". Standing from left: Rai. "Vernyvolia", Batt. physician "Shuvar", Warrant Off. "Sokolenko", Batt. comm. "Baida", Batt. dentist "Zubchenko", Political Off. "Ievhen". Sitting on tree trunk from left: Batt. chaplain Rev. "Kadylo", Okruha SB "Potap", Warrant Off. "Burkun", "Lahidnyi", Nadraion UChKh "Skala", Company comm. "Krylach", Courier "Motria", Company comm. "Lastivka", "Lisovyk". Standing on tree trunk "Bilyi" and medic "Kyvai". Photo was taken by Company comm. "Burlaka" on April 19, 1947.

The worst thing about this march was that my shoes were completely worn out, and I returned to our territory with my feet covered with scraps of leather tied together with pieces of string and wire. The situation was remedied dramatically and unexpectedly when our battalion was ordered to expropriate the pharmacy in the town of Dynów. The operation was carried out with minimal casualties. I think we lost two or three men and a couple of wounded, but we managed to grab much needed supplies of drugs and medical equipment.

The Polish population showed no fear of repercussions and proceeded, with gusto, to rob all the stores in the town centre. We were ordered not to interfere but were also forbidden, on pain of severe punishment, to take anything besides medical supplies. While standing outside one such store, I noticed a smartly dressed young man, who was wearing a pair of fine new boots. I called him over and asked politely if he would exchange his footwear with me. He looked at my feet and shook his head. I was not sure what to do next but slowly removed my rifle from my shoulder. That was enough to convince him that an exchange would be appropriate, and to my tremendous relief it quickly took place. He disappeared, and I was now the happy owner of comfortable boots that were to serve me for nearly ten more months. They fell to pieces in the Slovakian Tatras, on our way to Germany, and I had to pay a shepherd for a pair of shoes by surrendering my pistol as tender.

After each such operation our units had to undergo a thorough search by our MPs (called Field Gendarmerie) to determine that no one was stealing anything while in action. I dreaded this moment because if it were discovered that I had acquired my boots through intimidation, I could be severely punished. There were cases where soldiers were executed for such offences. This was done to maintain military discipline and prevent soldiers from engaging in activities that might be detrimental to military actions. Luckily for me, the MP that searched our squad was from another company, and he had no inkling about the state of my former footwear. Those of my friends who probably noticed the miraculous overnight appearance of my new boots remained diplomatically silent. I got off scot-free and was in seventh heaven. It was such a small event in my life, but to this day it still brings me a great deal of pleasure when I think about it.



Staff Sergeant Dmytro Bilio
("Bartel"), Platoon Commander

From left to right:
Dr. Borys Yavorskyi ("Yakym")
and
Lt. Joseph Choma ("Bokser")



TYPHOID

Soon after, things took a turn for the worse for me personally. Throughout 1946 the population of the area in which we were operating was stricken by an epidemic of typhoid fever. There were several cases of typhoid fever in our company, but I managed to avoid getting sick until late 1946. One day, while I was on guard duty, my head began to spin and I lost consciousness. I came to in the former school in the village of Poruby. My mother, two brothers, and Marysia, our former servant, who had continued to live with them, were by my side. After I had fainted, I was transported to the village and placed in my mother's care. The result was that all of them, with the exception of Marysia, also contracted the disease and suffered greatly. All of my military paraphernalia came with me and was hidden in the straw-bed on which I lay. I found out later that Polish troops entered the village (on several occasions) but stayed away from the houses marked with the sign "Tyfus", so we were relatively safe.

Typhoid fever is a very debilitating disease, and patients require a great deal of care. They have to be given a constant supply of liquids, and hygiene must be scrupulously maintained, i.e., clean beds and rooms. The afflicted person is not aware of what is happening around him, but with the return of consciousness the situation becomes almost unbearable. The patient is extremely emaciated, weak, and completely bald because of total hair loss. Intake of food must be measured, and no solids may be consumed. There is constant hunger. The patient has to relearn how to walk because the muscles have atrophied. The body is covered by excruciatingly painful boils that slowly come up to the surface. Of course, there was no medicine for this illness, and Dr. "Sian's" medical assistance was an occasional injection of God-knows-what and a lot of encouragement. Amazingly, my entire family pulled through. My only compensation from this ordeal was that my new hair became curly. This helped me later because, for some strange reason, most of the girls that I met in Germany liked curly hair and they (and I) loved to run their fingers through my hair.

At the beginning of March I was ready to rejoin my unit, which was stationed nearby. I was assigned to the 1st Platoon as a courier and given an old mare to take care of. This was a boon because on marches I could hang all my gear on the saddle and, gripping the horse's tail, walk for miles. It was dangerous to ride in the saddle, especially in the forest, because if you fell asleep, the low branches

could easily sweep you to the ground. The mare never failed to follow the marching line and kept the required distance of five meters from the soldier in front of her.

FOREST COMBAT

Sometime at the beginning of April 1947 this idyllic existence came to an abrupt end. Our field of operations was overrun by the Polish Army and the Polish Internal Security Corps (KBW) and we were almost entirely confined to forested areas. I was told to get rid of the horse, so I left it with a Ukrainian farmer in a nearby village. Skirmishes with Polish troops became almost daily occurrences, and although we had no serious casualties this constant annoyance was fraying our nerves. Our food supplies dwindled, and even the preparation of food was not reliable because we could not make fires. We were constantly on the move. These were the circumstances surrounding one of the oddest and most frightening experiences of my insurgent life.

Our company had taken a circular defence position in the forest beyond the village of Huta, and I was sent to an outlook post at the edge of the forest. While observing the movement of enemy troops in the village, I failed to notice that Polish troops were also skirting the edge of the woods behind me. When I finally noticed them, they were quite near. They, of course, noticed me as well but were not certain who I was. It was possible that in the slight fog that had settled on the ground they took me for a lookout of the same Polish unit that was in the village. They shouted to me, "Swoji! Swoji!" meaning, "We are Poles!" but I took off and tried to reach my unit in the forest. I was dressed in a Polish uniform and luckily for me they did not shoot. My company was not there. Instead, from the depths of the forest came another line of Polish troops. Evidently, our sentries had alerted the company that the Poles were approaching from that direction, and it retreated in order to avoid them, but failing to pull me from my post.

My situation was deteriorating rapidly, and my only salvation was to climb a thick fir tree, which I did only minutes before the soldiers appeared among the trees. Unfortunately, my escape was not as clean as I had hoped because, as I was climbing, my hat fell to the ground and there was no time to retrieve it. I was absolutely certain that my life was at an end. So, according to orders, I loaded my short cavalry rifle and placed it under my chin with my finger on the trigger, ready to pull it when they discovered me. We were taught not to surrender,

because capture might lead not only to torture but to a worse fate: the disclosure of military secrets useful to the enemy.

At the very last moment the thought occurred to me that I did not have to kill myself because, if discovered, I would be killed in the tree by the Poles anyhow. So I turned the rifle around and watched as a Polish soldier began approaching my tree. The Polish troops were in a completely relaxed mood. They were carrying their weapons on their shoulders, holding them by the muzzles, and talking loudly. Fields were visible through the trees, and they were certain that they would not encounter the enemy. One soldier, however, went up to my hat, stopped, and looked up at the tree. To this day I can see his blue eyes looking upward. I have no idea if he saw me. He looked at the hat again and then at the tree, and then slowly, without saying a word, moved on with his automatic rifle still on his shoulder. I followed him with my rifle, thinking that after a few paces he would turn around and bring me down, but he simply kept walking, not giving any alert. After the troops moved out of the forest, I fell down from the tree and, my heart racing wildly, picked up my hat and took off in the opposite direction. In about an hour I joined my unit at the predetermined assembly area designated as an emergency meeting place for that particular day.

I reported this event to my platoon commander and, later, at his request, to “Hromenko”, the company commander, who praised me for keeping a cool head. The whole business had a strange effect on me. Until that time I was afraid of death, but not so much afterwards. I also came to realize that you should not rush into death, but let it take care of you in its own way. From then on, in very dire situations—and there were a few, some of which took place during the Korean War—rather than panicking I became extremely cool, observant, and calculating. Today, at the age of 79, I am not worried at all by such matters because I know that, in the end, you cannot beat the odds anyway.

In April 1947 the Deputy Defence Minister of Poland, Gen. Karol Swierczewski, was killed in an encounter with the UPA unit, commanded by Capt. “Khrin” (Stepan Stebelsky), during his inspection visit to the Carpathians. In response, all territories populated by Ukrainians were flooded with large numbers of Polish military personnel, and our life became extremely difficult. Under this pretext, the deportation of the Ukrainian population was immediately undertaken, and over 150,000 people were forcibly transferred to the formerly German territories

of East Prussia and Silesia. Today we know that these preparations to disperse the Ukrainians had been planned for some time and that Swierczewski's death was simply a pretext for their implementation.

We were not in any immediate danger of being liquidated because our secret storage bunkers and hideouts were full of supplies, but it was becoming clear that some reorganization would have to take place if the underground units were to survive. We knew our terrain quite well, much better than the Polish troops, and we felt at home in the forests and mountains, but with the removal of the Ukrainian population one vital resource had disappeared. Our intelligence was now limited to exclusively military intelligence, and this was clearly not enough. Without popular support any underground activity must, of necessity, be limited and quite weak.

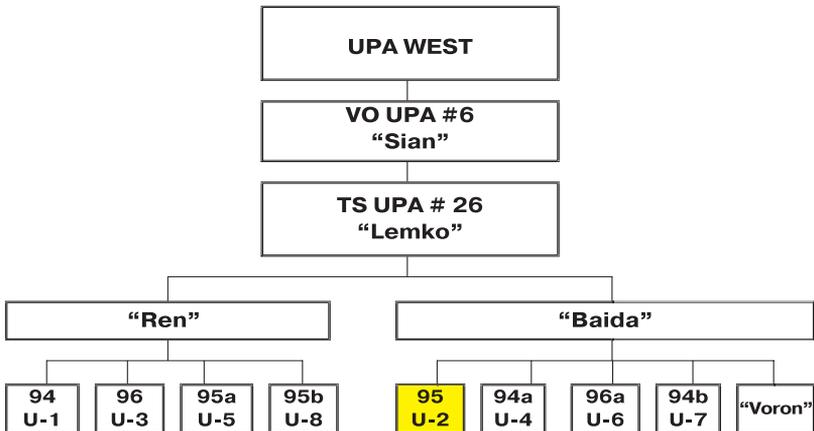
SOME UNITS ORDERED WEST

In June new orders came down. Some of our units were ordered to cross the border into Soviet Ukraine and continue resistance there, while others were ordered to leave for West Germany in order to show the Western world the resolve of the Ukrainian people in their struggle for freedom and independence. In short, this was to be a propaganda raid. Small, well-masked liaison units were to remain in place to provide lines of communication between the underground leadership in Ukraine and Ukrainian centres in Western Europe. The territory of Poland was considered a vital window for contacts with the West. In time, these liaison units were heavily penetrated by the Soviet and Polish security services, and hence completely unreliable as a safe conduit between the West and Ukraine. One contributing factor was the penetration of Soviet agents in the British and American intelligence services, such as Kim Philby. He and his associates, as well as other agents, informed Soviet security of every move made by Western intelligence agencies, which were starting to become interested in the Ukrainian liberation movement and seeking to use it for their own purposes. We were completely unaware of this, and I learned about it only after reading such revealing studies as Dr. I. Halagida's *Prowokacja 'Zenona'* and documents that were recently released by the SBU, the Security Service of Ukraine, about Myron Matviieiko and the "radio plays" with the British and American intelligence services. My former company commander "Hromenko" was involved in this and paid for it with his life sometime in 1950.

THE STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL

To this day I cannot explain why our Peremyshl Battalion, which was part of Tactical Sector 26, as well as selected units from Tactical Sectors 27 (Yaroslav region) and 28 (Kholm region) were chosen for the raid to the West over the battalion that was deployed in the Carpathians, close to the Czechoslovak border. But orders were orders, and we started to move out to the mountains. This was an extremely difficult undertaking. All our hidden food supplies were left behind, and we had to cover a distance of some 60 km to reach the Czechoslovak border. The area was crawling with Polish troops, and not a single day passed without some skirmish or encounter with the enemy. Moreover, thanks to military reconnaissance, they were in a position to know our location, while we, having left our territory, found ourselves completely at the mercy of fate. Not surprisingly, we suffered casualties, and those who were badly wounded usually committed suicide in order to avoid falling into enemy hands.

ORGANIZATIONAL CHART OF THE TS 26



"Hromenko's" company shown in yellow

I remember one heart-rending episode: during a skirmish one of our soldiers, codenamed "Terka" (I don't recall his name) had his knee shot out. His brother, "Nichny", also served in our company, and after the Poles were repulsed, he was summoned to his brother's side. Both of them realized that there was absolutely nothing they could do

to remedy the situation. "Terka" asked his brother to shoot him. One by one, we all came to say goodbye to our wounded comrade, and a group of us dug a grave. Then we were asked to leave the immediate area while "Nichny" killed his brother with a shot to the head. A special squad buried him in the prepared grave. "Nichny" made it to Germany, but I do not know anything more about his subsequent fate.

Hunger was also our great enemy. Without our supplies and access to garrisoned villages, we were starving. Sometimes we did not eat anything for three or four days. On some days we were lucky enough to find mushrooms that were beginning to sprout in the forest, and on two occasions we were able to steal a cow grazing in the field, but this was not enough to feed a company of men engaged in a forced march that was interrupted by almost incessant exchanges of fire with the enemy. Whenever we could we foraged in the fields. We ate wild sorrel, and whenever an opportunity presented itself, we made fires and collected pigweed, which our cooks boiled in buckets that were carried by each squad. After a while, our looks began to change visibly because our bodies were starting to swell from malnutrition. We were close to our goal of reaching "Ren's" Carpathian stronghold, but our strength was running out.

Two days away from reaching Khryshchata Forest, we were encircled by Polish troops near the village of Reped. Fortunately, we were able to hunker down in excellent positions, and therefore able to defend ourselves rather well. The attacks began in the early afternoon, but even though we were outnumbered by the Poles, we were better armed. Also, for some strange reason, they were not able to bring reinforcements or even mortars to use against us. In short, one lightly armed infantry faced another. The only difference was that we had absolutely nothing to lose and everyone was prepared to die. The Poles came at us, and wave after wave was stopped and forced to retreat. While they were taking casualties, only a couple of our men were lightly grazed by bullets. At around 7 o'clock in the evening it began to rain so heavily that we could hardly see anything in front of us. The fields turned into mud, making the Polish attack that much more difficult. I remember being so exhausted that I simply crawled into my tent and promptly fell asleep. When night fell and the Poles did not dare attack us anymore, we rose and proceeded to march in battle order in the direction of Khryshchata. To reach the forest we had to ford the Oslava River, which, like most mountain streams, had swelled considerably after the rainstorm. We also had to cross the main road and the railroad tracks just before the river. When

we reached the railroad tracks, we were surprised by an armoured train that began spraying us with machine guns. We suffered serious casualties. Dr. "Sian", the German veterinarian who was our company's physician, was killed along with several others, while a few soldiers were slightly injured. But it was not possible to stop us. One platoon attacked the train and forced it to retreat. Finally, all of us made it to the other side of the river and entered Turynske, a village that had been emptied of all its Ukrainian inhabitants, who had been forcibly deported a few days earlier.

On the other side of the village was the beginning of Khryshchata Forest, which could be reached by climbing a large hill. But we were utterly unable to accomplish this task. Hungry and exhausted, several groups were ordered to search the village for any food that could be scrounged. We only had a couple of hours before daylight and no time to waste, knowing full well that the Polish army would launch a speedy pursuit. We found some potatoes as well as sauerkraut in various barrels that the peasants had been forced to leave behind. We had several casualties here because some men, despite being warned, ate the uncooked sauerkraut on empty stomachs and immediately died in excruciating agonies. The cooks were ordered to start fires in the ravine beyond the village and to cook the potatoes and sauerkraut. We were also given a portion of boiled water before we were allowed to eat anything solid. Each of us received a portion of raw potatoes and raw sourkraut as an "iron portion", and when day was breaking, we began to move up the mountain.

COMMANDER "HROMENKO" SAVES MY LIFE

That was when I discovered that I had absolutely no strength to walk. My bout with typhus and the exhausting, hungry march of the last two weeks had taken their toll, and I could only watch as the line of soldiers moved past me. Then commander "Hromenko" appeared in front of me and asked what was going on with me. I explained that I had no power in my legs and could not walk. He went into his side leather satchel and pulled out a little bag of powdered sugar. He added this to some water and made me drink it. After a few minutes a miracle took place: I was able to walk. I am certain that if it weren't for him and his sugar I would be lying in a shallow grave somewhere near the village of Turynske. He also issued a very helpful order: he transferred me to company headquarters and relieved me of guard duty. From that point, until we reached Germany, and even after the



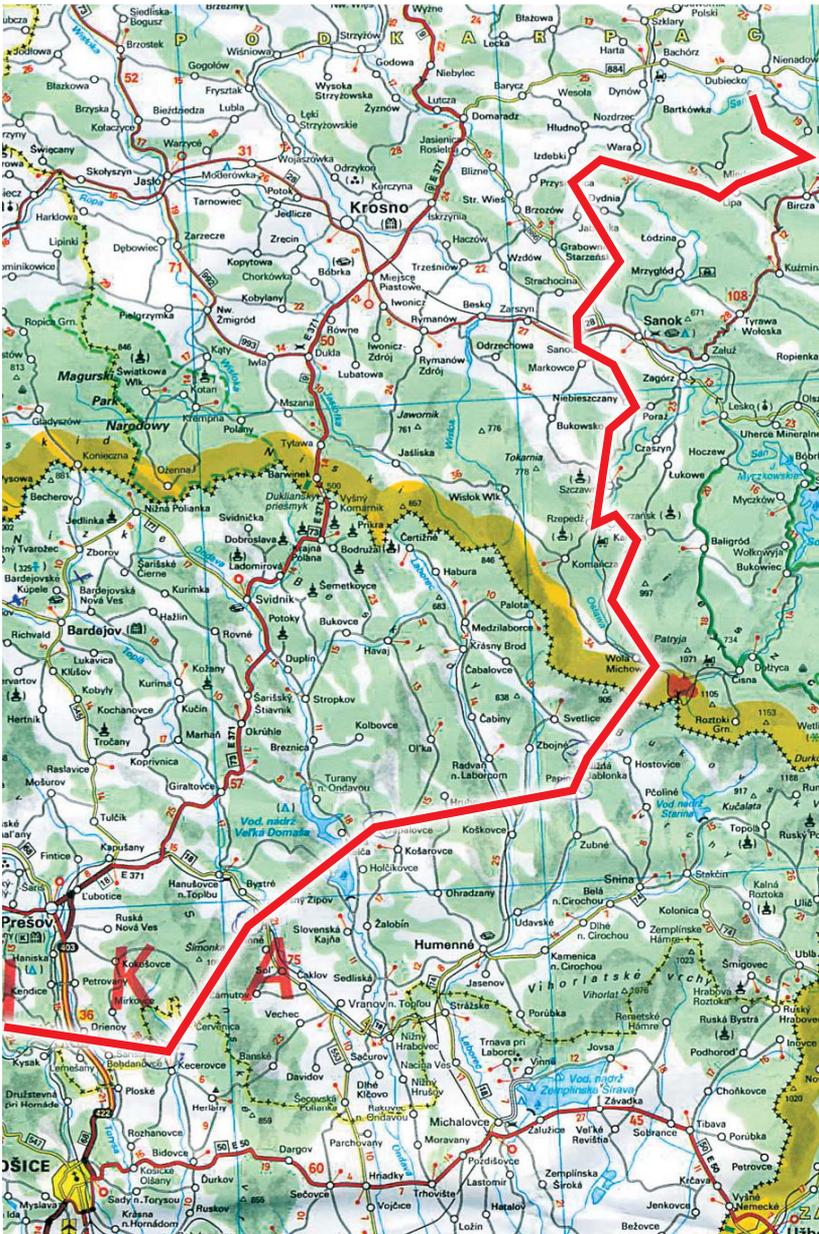
Capt. Mykhailo Duda
("Hromenko"),
Company Commander

company was divided into smaller groups, I remained near him, and while others were standing guard I was able to sleep and rest undisturbed. The girls in Germany, who later played with my curly hair, had no idea who was responsible for my survival. Thank you, my commander and saviour!

After reaching the top of the mountain, we relaxed a bit because we were not being pursued by the Polish troops. The command undertook to establish liaison with the UPA units operating in this region. We did not know that units of the "Ren" Battalion had been observing our march up the mountain, but they mistook us for Polish troops and retreated further into the forest. We also did not

know that, owing to the adoption of new tactics, the Polish troops were establishing bases in the mountains and creating obstacles to our movements. Soon enough we ran into them and in the encounter lost several men, among them Dr. "Shuvar", our battalion physician, who was severely wounded and committed suicide. We were surprised in a clearing by the well organized enemy, and during our hasty retreat we were not even able to pick up our dead comrades for a proper burial, something that was always attempted even under the harshest conditions. I should add here that Battalion Chaplain Rev. "Kadylo" (Vasyl Shevchuk) was marching with us. He was a Ukrainian Catholic priest, and he always performed the Christian burial rites. He made it to Czechoslovakia, but because of ill health could go no further. He was left in one of the parishes, and later extradited to Poland and executed by the Poles in Rzeszow jail.

Contact with the other UPA units was important, especially with Maj. "Ren", the commander of the Tactical Sector, because he was the one with new orders for our company. Our original orders were to reach the Carpathians and report to him. Only then were we told that we would be undertaking a raid to West Germany. After two days, courier contact was established with him, and we moved



The march from Poland to Slovakia

to the village of Balnytsia near the Slovak border in preparation for our further march. Polish troops were stationed in the lower part of the village while we were in the upper part. We were trying to crush oats and quickly bake bread for the next day or two, so that we did not have to gather food in a Slovak village near the border. But our luck ran out. A Polish patrol moved in, a battle ensued, and we had to flee. In the process we lost two men, one of whom was killed and the other was captured. I met him in Poland in 1995. Surprisingly, he had not been executed and after many years in jail was finally released.

WE ARE ORDERED TO CROSS INTO WEST GERMANY

The night of 16 June 1947, was extremely difficult for all of us. We were instructed to cross the border and, in keeping with the orders issued by “Ren”, to march to Germany. Commander “Hromenko” ordered an assembly. After a short prayer recited by Rev. “Kadylo”, the company faced in the direction of Ukraine and said goodbye to the land for which we had all fought. Most of us were crying. Facing us were new challenges, this time in a foreign land. No one could imagine that out of some 150 men of our company only 36 would make it to Bavaria. I was one of them, and I had just turned seventeen.

PATH TO THE AMERICAN ZONE

Crossing into Czechoslovakia meant that most of us were leaving the Ukrainian lands for at least an extended period of time. For security reasons, we were not told right away that we would be marching to the American Occupation Zone of Germany. The UPA had carried out similar propaganda raids into Czechoslovakia in 1945 and 1946, and were judged by the underground leadership to have been very successful. But we also knew that we could not return to our former bases of operation.

THE LEMKOS

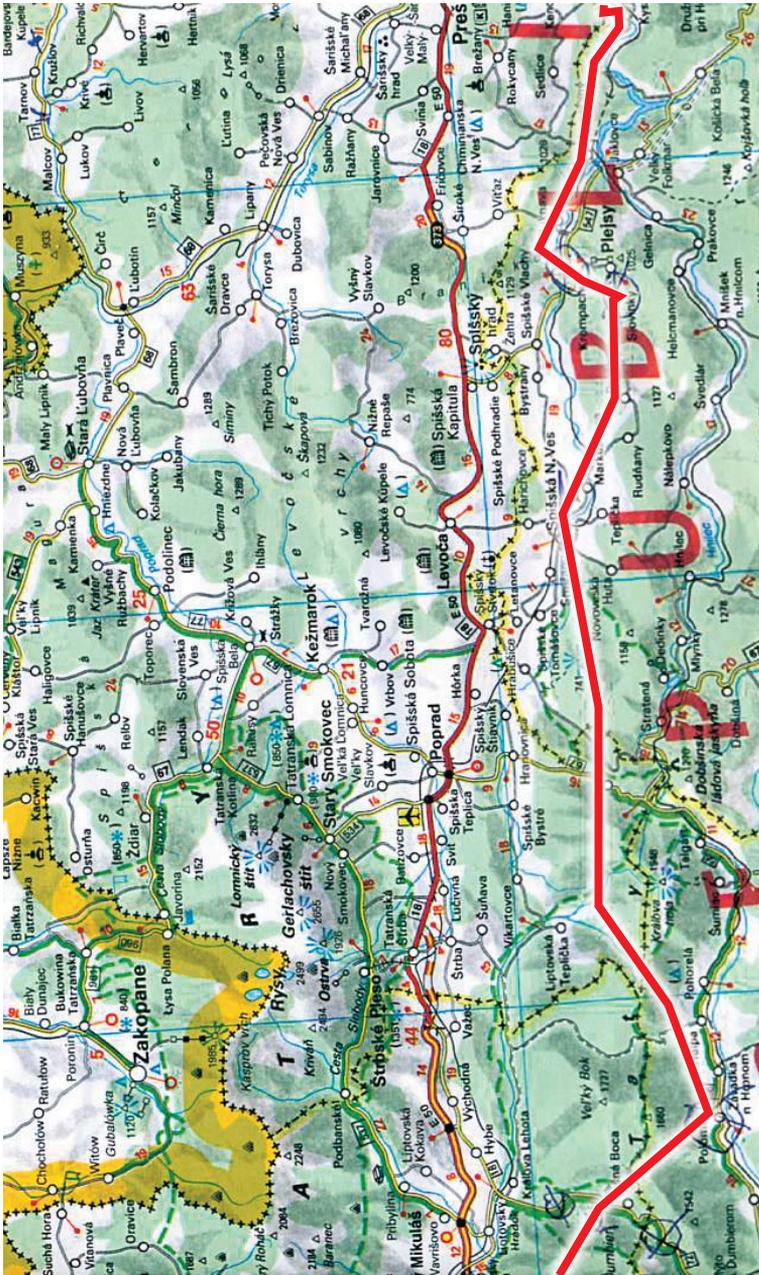
The next morning, already in Slovakia, we were instructed to behave properly, try to establish friendly relations with the population, and use arms only for defence. Our mission was to disseminate accurate information about life in the Soviet Union and Poland, the oppression of the Ukrainians, and our struggle to free Ukraine from communist Russian occupation. Under no circumstances were we to

use force to obtain food or clothing, and anybody who misbehaved would be shot. We were also told that when our units had visited Slovakia in 1945 and 1946, they had been extremely well received by the population, and their exemplary behaviour had created a great deal of good will towards the UPA. We were advised that most of the villages in Eastern Slovakia were populated by Lemkos, a Ukrainian mountain tribe. All encounters with the Czechoslovak police or army were to be avoided; the use of arms was to be the last resort.

Almost immediately a well scrubbed platoon was sent into the village to obtain food. It returned with bread, sugar, flour, and some meat, which was immediately distributed among the hungry soldiers. The flour and potatoes were used to prepare a soup, and for the first time in about three weeks we were able to have a hot meal. Our spirits improved considerably. Shortly after the meal we were ordered to march further away from the border in case the Polish army tried to go after us. At the time we did not know (at least the soldiers did not) that the USSR, Poland, and Czechoslovakia had concluded a pact against us. Of course, we were fully aware that the USSR exerted tremendous influence on Poland, and probably also on Czechoslovakia, but we hoped that our situation was not all that dire.

SLOVAK POLICE

The first encounter with a Slovak police unit happened on our second night in Slovakia. Our forward patrol warned us that an armed group was approaching, and we simply took encircling combat positions, allowing them to enter in between us. They did not exercise any precautions and were simply a disorganized group. The night was extremely dark. "Hromenko", our company commander, stood on the path and asked them to identify themselves. They were somewhat surprised, but replied that they were a police unit and asked who was talking to them. When they learned that they were talking to the UPA, they immediately rushed forward and tried to disarm "Hromenko". He calmly advised them not to do this because it would create a dangerous situation for them. Some of the Slovaks began laughing, and that was when "Hromenko" ordered us to rise from the ground. When the Slovaks saw that they were surrounded, their attitude underwent an immediate transformation and the conversation turned friendly. At this point we learned that they had known about our border



The march through Slovakia

crossing and were dispatched to reconnoitre the area and to arrest or, if necessary, kill the trespassers. This happened, I think, near the village of Nižná Jablonka.

From there we marched about four km. and camped near the village of Papin. We sustained our first casualty near this village when “Ferko”, a private, was killed. We discovered many soldiers in the vicinity and learned that Gen. Ludvik Svoboda, the Czechoslovak Minister of Defence, had received orders to intercept and destroy our units as they crossed into Czechoslovakia. We learned this from a second Slovak unit that we had captured earlier. They were extremely unhappy about the situation. They were not willing to fight us and blamed the Czechs, especially the communists, for forcing them into this situation. We later discovered that this attitude prevailed in all Slovak units. In any case, it was now perfectly clear that our stay in that country was unwelcome and that we had to be prepared for armed encounters.

The villagers, on the other hand, were quite happy to see us and took pains to supply us with food and good advice about where to avoid ambushes by Czech units, especially the interior SNB troops (State Security forces). The entire area was populated by Ukrainians, who called themselves either Lemkos or Rusnacy, and they were especially friendly to us. On several occasions young boys and girls came out to the forest simply to meet us and see who we were. Some were even hoping to join us, but were always very politely turned down. It was explained to them that we were not in their country to foment any conflict, but simply to inform them about our own goals in fighting for an independent Ukraine. It was surprising to learn that before crossing into Czechoslovakia, our unit had been supplied with leaflets explaining our mission in the Czech and Slovak languages. These leaflets were distributed in all the villages that we entered. Evidently, this was done when our officers met with “Ren”, the commander of the Tactical Sector, on the Ukrainian side of the Carpathians. They were also given koruna (Czechoslovak currency) and US dollars to purchase food or other items. The Slovaks usually politely refused any payment for food, and only purchases of salt, cigarettes, matches, and general maps in village stores had to be covered by our funds. Some storekeepers also refused money and told us not to worry about paying. They would simply report that we had confiscated supplies by force. How much they benefited from this approach is difficult to know.

III./ Pohyb setně UPA "CHROMENKO" na území ČSR:

- 1./ 10.6.47 přechod přes čsl.-polacké hranice sev.obce Balnica,
- 2./ 17.6.47 Telepovce,
- 3./ 21.6.47 Rumenský Bakytov,
- 4./ 25.6.47 Vyš. a Niž.Ladičkovce,
- 5./ 30.6.47 Zlatník, vyrábění Elaté Bani.,
- 6./ 9.7.47 Ruské Peklany,
- 7./ 10.7.47 Poraž, j.s. koty 1014, 906 a 562, prostor Poraž, prostor vých.Vondryšel, Lávačka-Bídná-Teplička,
- 8./ 12.7.47 "Havrancia Dolina", vých.obce Děšinky, kota 1059,
- 9./ 15.7.47 jižně Hrabušice, kota 550, 658 a 896,
- 10./ 16.7.47 Vernár a v prostoru koty 1134 a 796,
- 11./ 18.7.47 přes hřeben Králové Hory na Orlavu kota 1841, Velká Vápenice kota 1692, vých.Velký Bok trig.1536, s.v.Polensky kota 780,
- 12./ 19.7.47 Veř.Vápenice trig.1692,
- 13./ 20.7.47 Fíšerka trig.1480. V prostoru vých. "Čertovica" odloučilo se od setně CHROMENKO 9 mužů PŠ, takže v setni CHROMENKO zůstalo celkem 41 mužů.Zpráva byla posděžt vyvrácena a setně CHROMENKO v počtu 49 mužů sčítává celá,
- 14./ 21.7.47 v prostoru "Fíšerka" trig.1480 odloučilo se od setně asi 10 až 14 mužů, odešli do prostoru "Benuška" trig.1344,sev.obce Jarabá přešli na Dumbier, kde vyráběli turistickou chatu,svanou Štefaniková chatu,
- 15./ 23.7.47 v 03,00 hod. přešlo jádro setně CHROMENKO v prostoru mezi obcemi Malužiná-Nižná Boca ve směru na kotu 1203 a v prostoru koty 886 "Horáreň" se spojila se skupinkou, která rabovala v "Štefaniké chatě", kde na severních svazích Dumbiera se zásobuje na "Dovalovské salaši" sýrem, solí a ovčemi,
- 16./ 26.7.47 obsazuje obec Pavlišinu Lehotu, kde si doplňuje zásoby drobným proviantem, získává oděv a obuv,
- 17./ 27.7.47 v ranních hodinách přechází do prostoru "Simja" trig.1563,
- 18./ 28.7.47 v prostoru Nižná Malatina,
- 19./ 29.7.47 jižně Lipt.Štiavnica,
- 20./ 30.7.47 u Váhu v blízkosti Lipt.Teplěj,
- 21./ 6.8.47 v prostoru obce Mojtin, asi 28 km s.v.Trenčína. Skupina UPA "CHROMENKO" bez členů PŠ a 15 pochoďu neschopných mužů přešla neponorovaně a bez boje s prostoru Lipt. Teplá a to pravděpodobně asi Chočákými horami sev.Váhu, přes Malou a Hl. Patru do osady Mojtin,
- 22./ 8.8.47 v oboi Krivoklát, asi 20 km s.s.vých.Trenčína,
- 23./ 9.8.47 u Sv.Sidonie, sev.-vých. Vlárského průsmyku,
- 24./ podle posledních správ a výlesem zajatce "BERKACE" nachází se setna UPA "CHROMENKO" v počtu asi 35 mužů v prostoru BERA na Moravě.

The march of "Hromenko's" company
in the Czechoslovak intelligence report

In some villages, all the residents would come out of their houses to greet us when we entered. One time a small girl came up to me, took me by the hand, and led me down the middle of the street in front of all the people. This gesture was so moving that to this day I remember it vividly, even though I cannot recall in which village this happened or what, if anything, she said to me on that occasion.

But soon the villages were blocked by military and police forces, and we were isolated once again in the mountains. Our unit was still much too large, and it was difficult to manoeuvre or feed ourselves. Something had to be done. "Hromenko" decided to split the company into two groups. The first, composed mostly of healthier soldiers who were able to move more quickly, would be under his command. The other group was composed of sick or weak soldiers, who were unable to manoeuvre rapidly. They were to remain in the general area and take care of themselves as best they could. The parting was sorrowful because we all knew that the comrades who were being left behind had very little chance of surviving. This happened in the vicinity of Rokytyov, in a forest called Krive.

Our chaplain, Rev. "Kadylo" (Vasyl Shevchuk) remained with the group that stayed behind. Later, he was captured, extradited to Poland, and executed in Rzeszow jail. It was he who advised me to stay with him in the hopes that he would be able to establish contact with local priests and thus be able to survive in Czechoslovakia, at least for a time. "Hromenko", however, decided that I should go with his group, and I could not disobey his orders. This was the second time that his personal intervention changed my life. Had I remained with "Kadylo", I would probably have died with him in the Polish jail, as many of our friends did who were left behind.

Our unit of some fifty people was able to move quite rapidly. We had to remove ourselves from the territory overrun by enemy forces, and to do so we had to march almost day and night over



Rev. Vasyl Shevchuk ("Kadylo"),
Battalion Chaplain

extremely difficult mountainous terrain. It was only on the second day after the company was reorganized that we were assembled and told that our destination was the American Zone of Germany. I have no idea if the other unit was also informed about this destination, but a couple of stragglers from that unit (for example, Andrew Kurys-“Zhuk”) arrived in Germany on their own.

THE CZECHS

We rapidly covered the distance between Rokytov and Turkovce, and it was there that we encountered some Czech tourists staying in a forester’s house. To put them at ease, I was summoned to report to “Hromenko” in the presence of the frightened travellers. There were several women among them, and when I appeared they immediately ran to me and started to caress and lament over me as if I were a child. I must have looked a sight to cause such a commotion, but my appearance evidently convinced them that they had nothing to worry about, and the atmosphere improved considerably. I was given something to eat and then, slightly embarrassed by all this attention, I asked “Hromenko” to withdraw. This meeting with the travellers was quite productive because our officers were able to obtain special maps that covered the terrain all the way to Moravia. We needed such documents desperately.

From there we moved across the Olyka River to Sitnica and Dapalovce. Then we crossed the Ondava River, near Zlatá Baňa, and the Topla River. Near the village of Zehna or Visna (south of Presov) we ran into an ambush blocking the Košice-Prešov highway. We were able to extricate ourselves without any casualties. This was a bad sign because until then we had thought we would be able to escape enemy encirclement. From that point, we had to stay away from villages in order to avoid encountering the enemy. The situation was serious but not hopeless. By that time the Slovak shepherds had driven their flocks into the mountains and were making “budz”, a soft cheese made from sheep’s milk. From now on we had to rely on this as a source of food.

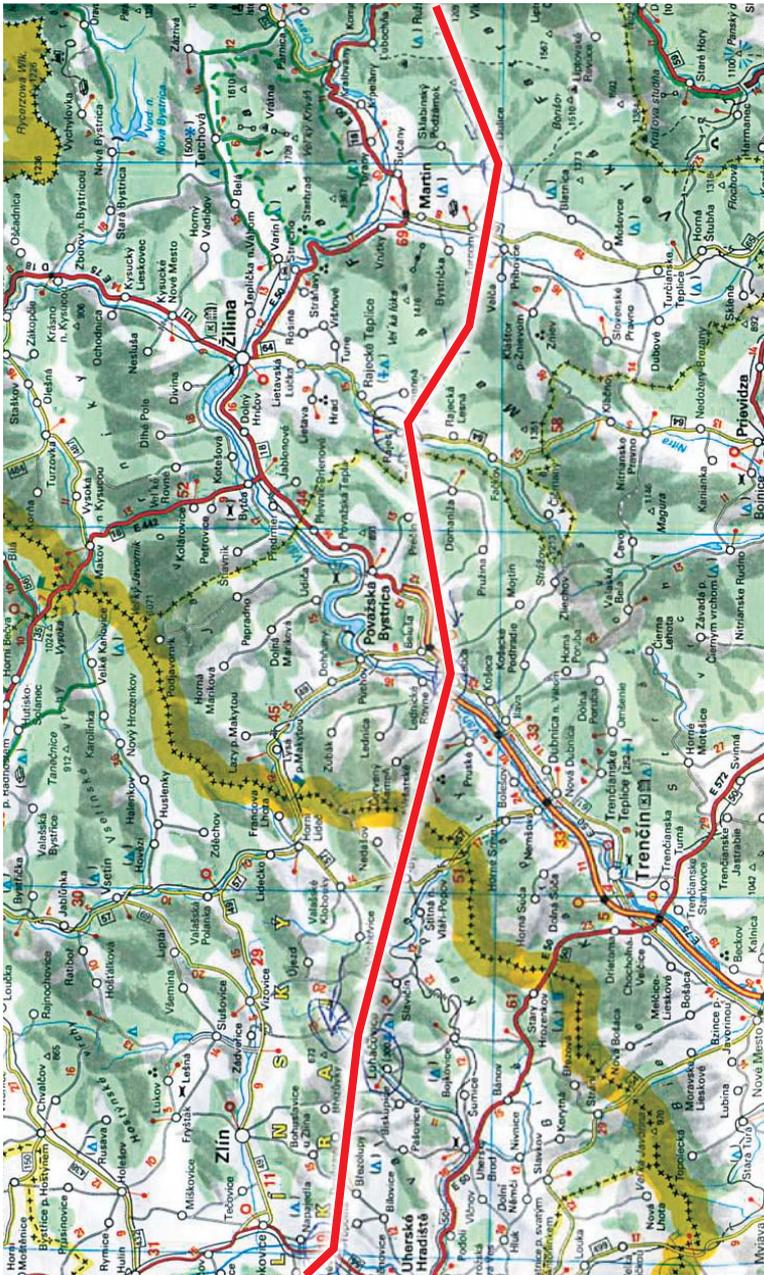
This cheese was quite satisfying but, unexpectedly for us, not without consequences. When we were still on the Ukrainian side of the Carpathians we all suffered from diarrhoea, but here we were all badly constipated. This condition seriously interfered with our march. Not only were all of us bloated and almost sick, it took a long time to relieve ourselves. The result was that the unit could only



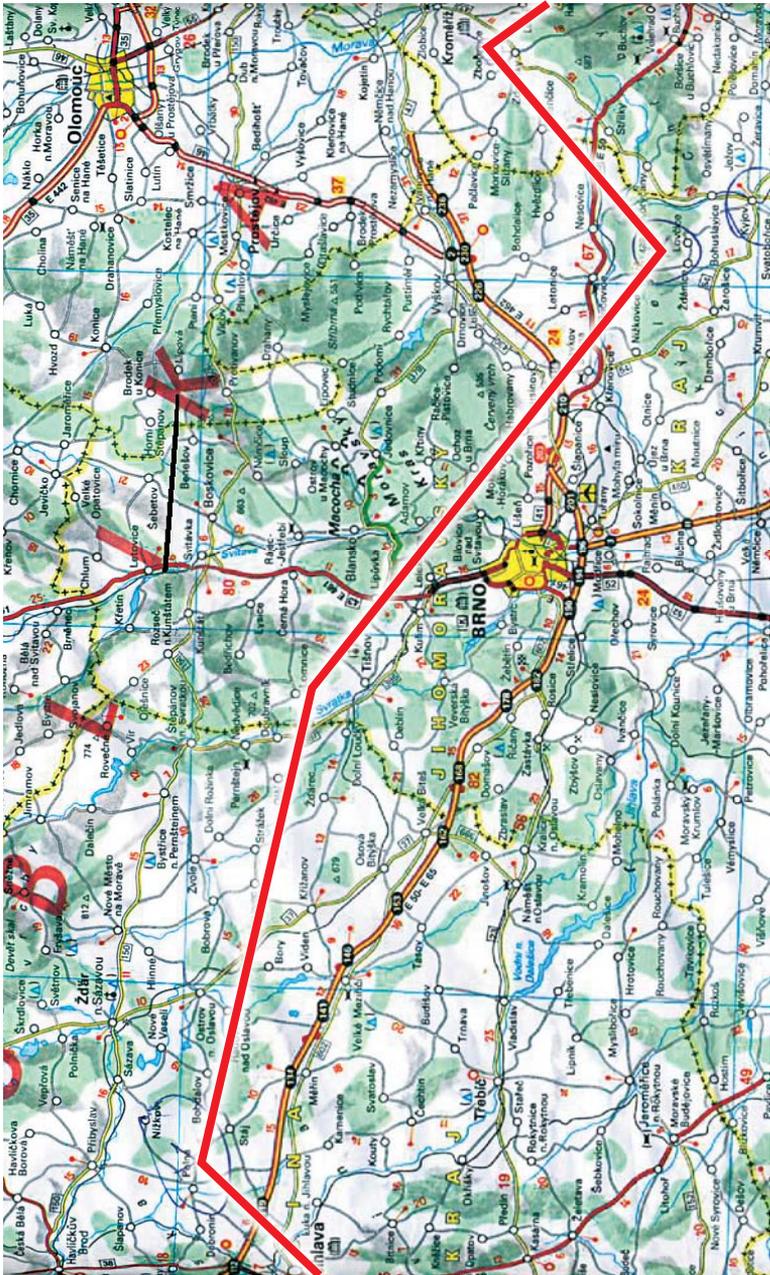
View on Brno from Spilberk Castle

move as fast as individual soldiers could pull up their trousers, and there was constantly somebody grunting in the bushes with their pants down. The only medical personnel with us were a dentist, Dr. Huzar (“Zubchenko”), and a couple of medics, but they had no remedies to offer us. Finally, somebody proposed that we drink a lot of water and resume eating wild sorrel, which was difficult to find, and all kinds of forest berries. In the end, the medics purchased some lotion or maybe some liquid fat from the shepherds. Life returned more or less to normal; a state of semi-diarrhoea.

We marched across the Hornad River, past Slovinky (south of Krompachy), and Teplička (south of Spišská Nová Ves). On 16 July, approximately one month after entering Slovakia, we were ambushed near the village of Vernar (south of Poprad). We had to cross the highway and ran straight into Czech forces. This was a costly encounter. We lost three soldiers: “Yizhak”, “Zaiats”, and “Chornomoretz”. In addition, “Hromenko” was wounded in his right shoulder, while Executive Officer “Lahidny” (Lev Futala) was hit in the leg. “Hrusha” (Emil Kunyk) and “Bystry” were also lightly wounded. Fortunately, all of them were able to march, although we had to slow down our pace to accommodate them. For the next five days we avoided all civilians, and only from time to time sent a few soldiers to pick up some food from shepherds. Before the march, a unit had been sent to one of the neighbouring villages to collect food. The men brought back a large quantity of supplies, mostly bread, and



The march from Slovakia to Moravia



The march through Bohemia

each of us received one and a half loaves of bread as an “iron portion” to last us for a few days. The half-loaf of bread fit well into my belt bag, but the whole loaf, which was quite large and round, I fastened to my bag with straps. The night march was extremely difficult. We went up and down the mountains, and on one of those descents my loaf of bread fell off and rolled down the hill, never to be seen again. I was so upset that for almost the entire march I cried quietly. The loss meant that the half-loaf would have to last for at least five days. Later, I discovered that others were in a similar predicament.

We then moved on to Polomka (east of Brezno) and entered the Lower Tatra Mountains between Vyšná Boca and Nižná Boca (south of Liptovský Hrádok). Here, on the highway between Boca and Liptovský Mikuláš, we ran into another ambush. “Hrim”, one of our soldiers, was seriously wounded in the stomach. He blew himself up with a grenade so as not to burden his unit. In any case, we were in no position to help him, and he clearly did not wish to be captured alive.

After that encounter we were exhausted, and because of our wounded men we spent two days in the forest near Liptovský Mikuláš. Food was obtained from shepherds, and I had an opportunity to acquire a pair of shoes; the boots that I had requisitioned in Dynów almost a year ago were completely tattered. The shepherd was not willing to take money and demanded my pistol in exchange for the shoes. Willy-nilly I agreed to this



Jestrabice

exchange, and the pistol that had accompanied me for almost two years passed to the shepherd. The shoes that I got from him appeared to be quite new, but as I found out later, they were poorly made. Somewhere in the middle of Czech territory the sole of my right shoe simply came unglued. Once again I was forced to wire my footwear together. I hope my pistol was more reliable. In any case, upon our arrival in Germany, both of my shoes looked as if they were gaping mouths, begging for food or complaining loudly.

From there we moved on to Demänovská Dolina and Biely Potok, and approached the town of Ružomberok. Here we had to cross the highway linking Ružomberok, Banská Bystrica, and the Revuca River. Purely by accident we ran into a man in the forest, who warned us that the highway was blocked by Czech troops both north and south of Ružomberok. We had to cross at all costs, and “Hromenko” decided to fool the enemy and cross to the other side—through the city. Sometime before 1 a.m. we approached the town and, completely unobserved, crossed the lighted street to the other side. On that side there was a high mountain with a few bushes, and we hid ourselves there because it was not possible to cover the distance to the larger forest in the dark. The next day we observed the town, which was full of soldiers, from a perch right next to it. We were quite happy because for a bit of time we were well hidden. The Czech forces would have no idea where to find us and would continue to wait for us in the vicinity of Ružomberok.

Our march then took us to Belá-Dulice (south of Martin) and Turčianské Jaseno, and on 5 August we found ourselves near Rajec (west of Martin). Here we ran into several student tourists and were able to purchase detailed tourist maps of Moravia, Bohemia, and part of Austria. This was a godsend because our maps did not cover this territory. Moreover, Moravia is not very forested, so it was crucial for us to know how to plan our movements from one forest to another.

On 6 August we were able to cross the canal on the Vah River by a bridge near the electrical station. Farther along the river, near Ladce, we used a small boat. This was where an amusing accident left the first group of nine people, including squad leader “Rubach”, swimming to the other bank when the boat capsized. Our larger group had to march along the river bank until we found another, smaller, boat. The assembly point was communicated to the first group, and after several hours, in the early hours of the morning, we were reunited in a nearby forest. We were lucky that nobody had observed our movements.

Now our march took us to Tuchyňa, Mikusovce, Krivoklat, and Bynice where we crossed a highway and the Vlára River. The date was 10 August 1947. Again we crossed the highway between Zlín and Luhačovice, forded the Ščavnice River, and found ourselves near Stare Mesto, northwest of Uherské Hradiště. Here we crossed the Morava River. Thus, on 17 August, some two months after we entered Czechoslovakia, we were on Moravian land.

Moravia met us with wide fields and generally easier marching terrain. Our problem now was to move unobserved from one wooded patch to another. Sometimes we had to cover thirty or even forty km a night to find adequate shelter. One thing that was in abundance was food. By now all the orchards were filled with a bountiful assortment of fruit—pears, apples, and plums—and the fields could be dug for new potatoes. Sometimes we ran into fields of corn, which we picked. It was a huge mistake to try and enter any villages. But such a mistake was unfortunately made. While resting in, as I recall, Žďánický Forest (northwest of Kyjov and west of Koryčany) near Brno, “Hromenko” was prevailed upon to send a squad to the village of Jestrabice to bring back bread, flour, and—most importantly—salt. In the forest we captured a civilian, who assured us that there were no soldiers in the village, and he volunteered to take us there. The command of the squad was entrusted to Platoon Commander “Zalizniak” (Mykhailo Ozymko). I was assigned to the squad as well.

We entered the village and at first things were calm. The people were somewhat unfriendly and, unlike the Slovaks, were not willing to part with large amounts of food. One woman took a knife, cut a thin slice of bread, and offered it to me but I refused. I asked for salt and at first she said that she had none. But then she changed her mind and poured a few grams of it directly into my hands. I was at a loss as to what to do with it and was about to ask for some paper to wrap it in, when all hell broke loose. Pistol and automatic rifle fire erupted from a few houses down the street. I emptied the salt into my pocket and ran outside. Some of our men were returning fire and “Zalizniak” ordered a retreat. We quickly left the village and rejoined our unit in the forest. That was when we discovered that we had lost one man, Private “Derkach”, and that “Zalizniak” had been wounded in the leg. The expedition was a disaster. Stationed in the village was a unit of Czech security forces, and we had been led to them by the civilian, who obviously knew what he was doing. We not only failed to obtain supplies, but also lost our concealment. We knew then that

we would be hunted again. Even worse, we had to move at a slower pace because of the wounded “Zalizniak”. To spare us difficulties “Zalizniak” offered to shoot himself, but “Hromenko” categorically refused, insisting that he march with the help of a crutch made out of a tree branch. His fellow soldiers also offered their assistance, especially on very difficult terrain. Luckily, the painful wound began to heal slowly and he made it to Germany.

In order to avoid another trap and not endanger the whole group, “Hromenko” decided to reorganize the unit again. “Petia” (Volodymyr Yarish, known in the West as Mykola Sydor) was placed in charge of a ten-man group and ordered to head out on his own to Germany. As we found out later, we were able to reassemble again near Wegscheid in Bavaria. I am not certain if all the men from “Petia’s” group reached their destination. Our group now consisted of thirty-seven men; thirty-six actually made it to Bavaria. One man, whose pseudonym I do not recall, was lost during our march through Austria. I no longer remember the exact circumstances of that event. We skirted Brno to the north because this area was forested, and we expected ambushes south of Brno in the direction of Austria. North of Jihlava we crossed the main Prague-Brno highway, forded the Jihlava River, and after crossing through forested areas near Nova Ves-Rostejn, Studena, Český Rudolec, and Landštejn, we moved southward into Austria. This was a very forced march.

A week later, after we passed Jestrabice on 24 August, we crossed near Grametten into Austria, near the village of Artolec, in the vicinity of Nova Bystrice. The reason for this decision was twofold. Our disastrous visit to Jestrabice may have provoked the Czechs into setting ambushes on our trek to Bavaria, and secondly, the terrain in the northwesterly direction was marshy and difficult to traverse.

INTO THE SOVIET ZONE OF AUSTRIA

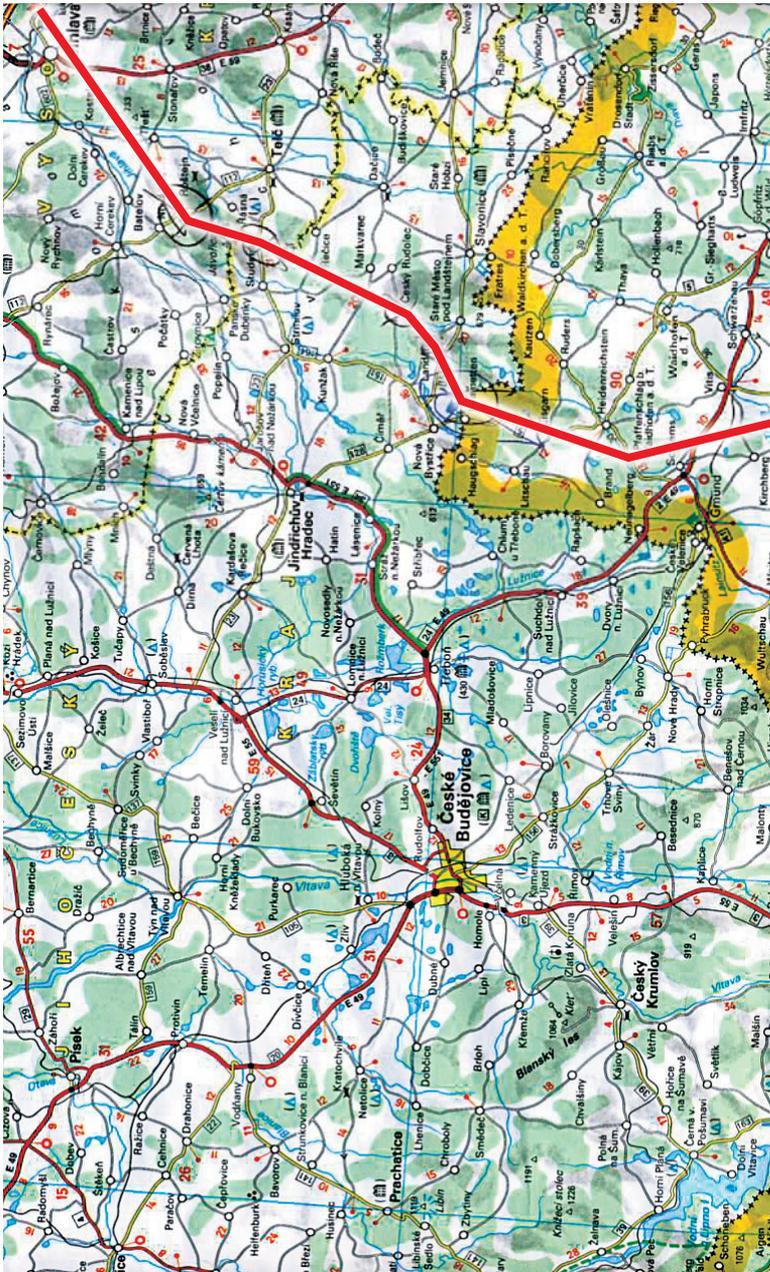
Our escape to Austria was fraught with problems. We found ourselves in the Soviet Zone of Occupation, potentially face-to-face with our main enemy, the Soviets. We had to be extra careful not to disclose our whereabouts, and therefore religiously avoided entering any populated areas. The region was heavily forested, and we had no great difficulties finding cover or even making fires to bake potatoes, which by now had become our main staple. From



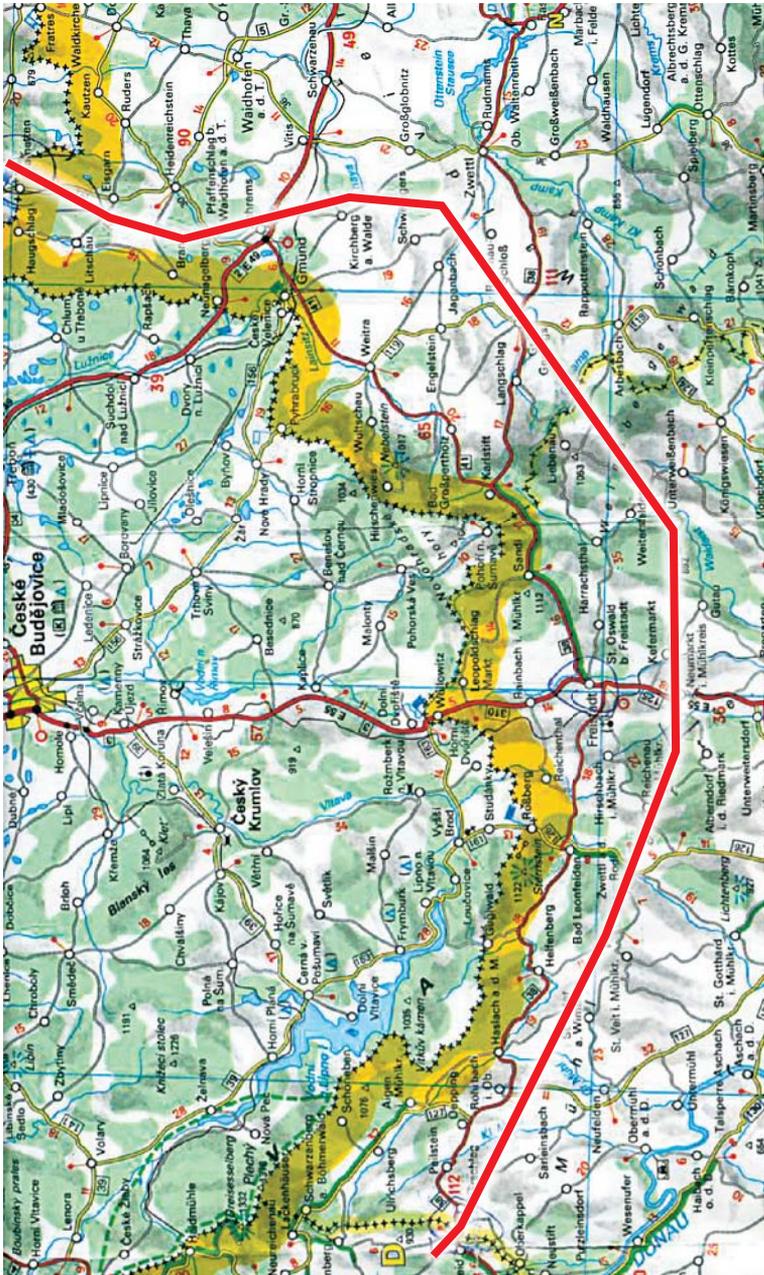
Grametten

time to time our cooks would prepare a potato soup, but in the absence of salt it was only good because it was hot. We were all dreaming of bread, butter, and meat, or at least something made out of flour. Our bellies were stretched from the potatoes but we were constantly hungry.

By 5 September we made it to the vicinity of Freistadt. Three days later, on 8 September, we were near Rohrbach, this side of the Austrian-Bavarian border. We needed information in order to avoid being surprised by the Soviets at the border, so we decided to make contact with the local inhabitants. While the unit rested, a group of three soldiers who spoke German entered a house near the forest and to their surprise were graciously welcomed by the Austrians, who were quite well informed about the UPA's presence in Czechoslovakia. From them we learned that the press was full of accounts of skirmishes between our forces and Czechoslovak units, and had reported that some 5,000 UPA soldiers were in Czechoslovakia. They were also quite surprised to see our men because the media had reported that all our units had been scattered and destroyed. But, most importantly, they warned us that the Soviet forces were in some stage of readiness and in full force in the immediate vicinity of Freistadt and Rohrbach. The Austrians were not shy about verbalizing their dislike for the Soviets, which was music to our ears.



From the Czechoslovak Republic to Austria



The march through Austria into Germany

INTO THE AMERICAN ZONE

However, there was also some good news. A young Austrian, who knew the terrain well and had crossed the border, often illegally, agreed to lead us across at a safe place. As a result, on the evening of 9 September we crossed the border and found ourselves in Bavaria, the American Zone of Occupation. The Austrian would not accept any payment for his help, and I seem to recall that he was presented with a pistol and some ammunition as a token of our appreciation.

After we travelled a certain distance from the border, "Hromenko" gathered us together. He announced that on 10 September he would try to establish contact with the Americans, and that we would probably be interned. He expressed the hope that the American authorities would understand our struggle for freedom, and that no attempt would be made to hand us over to the Soviets. He pointed out that should they attempt to turn us over, we needed no further instructions; no one should be taken alive. He then declared that we had honourably discharged our duty. In accordance with the orders of our High Command, we had come to the West to inform the Western Europeans that Ukraine was continuing its struggle for independence.

"Hromenko" then ordered a group of five soldiers who spoke or understood German to reconnoitre the area and buy some flour so that a hot porridge could be prepared for supper. The rest of us were supposed to begin tidying ourselves up. Everybody had to shave (I was the only one without facial hair), if possible, repair torn clothing, rid ourselves of lice the best we could, and clean our weapons. We pitched camp near a small brook, posted four guards around the camp, started a fire, and began a general cleaning operation.

This was nothing new. During our long march we were ordered to bathe and to clean our weapons almost every week. However, while half of us were washing, the other half was on constant guard in case we had unfriendly visitors. The result was that at least every second week half of the soldiers had to shave and cut their hair. The cleaning of weapons was usually done squad by squad once a week, and in very bad weather even more often than that. Undergarments had to be washed periodically, although in the absence of soap the washing was usually done with mud and a lot of scrubbing. After being dried in front of a fire, white undergarments turned brown and were usually badly torn. Only one thing was certain: there were no parasites, at least for a while.

Lice were a true affliction. Almost every day while resting from the march, we would preoccupy ourselves with the “hunt”. We would remove our jackets and carefully pick out and kill the lice, which were able to multiply in large numbers very quickly. But this was not enough. You also had to locate the eggs, which were always nicely attached to clothing, usually in the seams. Whenever fires could be lit, we tried to use them to get rid of the parasites. The trick was to hold the garment over the fire to catch as much heat as possible and then quickly fold it up, trapping the heat inside. It was a great pleasure to hear the sounds of popping, as the parasites and their eggs exploded.

This operation always brought a modicum of relief from the blood-sucking plague, but its results did not last very long. Moreover, our clothing wore out quickly, and in places entire patches of material would simply fall out. My first shirt and underpants lasted me for about one and a half months; I wore my second shirt for maybe a month, and my underwear—perhaps two weeks longer. Afterwards I had no shirt at all; that is, I had the collar and the front part with buttons, because it was made of double pieces of material sewn together, and the cuffs. The rest of the shirt, including the sleeves, was missing. But dressed in these



Our Unit (95-U2) in Germany before surrendering to the American Forces.
I am standing in the third row, second from right, within the oval

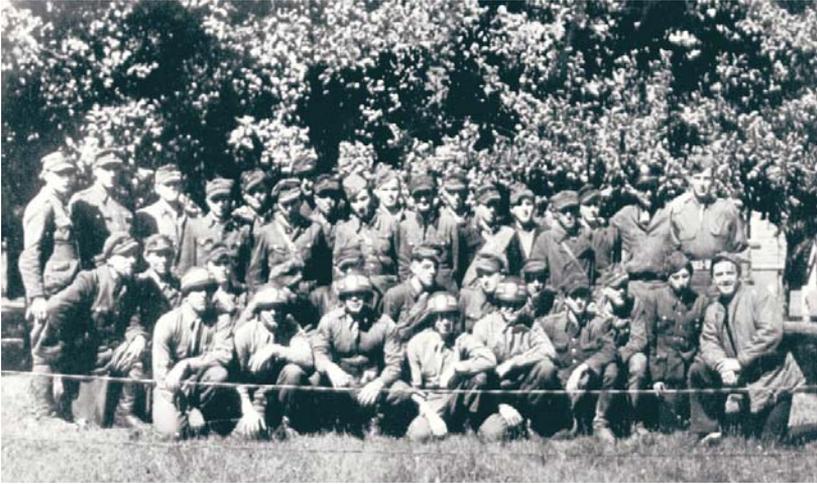
essential parts and wearing a jacket, I looked quite presentable. My washing chore was also greatly reduced and it was easier to get rid of the awful parasites because I had fewer pieces of clothing. On that evening in Germany I made sure that the collar and the other remnants of the shirt were nicely washed and dried by the fire. I also rewired my gaping shoes so that they looked presentable.

Soon our men returned with a large sack of flour and salt, which they had obtained from a German miller. There was a large mill in the area, and the owner would not take any money for the flour. But as soon as our group left, he called the German border police and informed them about our appearance in the area. Thus, unbeknownst to us, the alarm was raised, and the Germans and Americans were beginning to search for us. Meanwhile, we enjoyed our cooked porridge, and then we were called to assembly and the evening prayer. For the first time in about six months we sang the religious hymn, “Bozhe velykyi, Tvorche vsesylnyi” (Great God, All-powerful Creator) in full voice and went to sleep.

CONTACTING THE AMERICANS

Early in the morning we continued cleaning our weapons while “Hromenko”, “Lahidny”, and “Zalizniak” went out to the main road to contact the US military. Chief Warrant Officer “Sokolenko” was left in charge of the unit and oversaw our cleaning efforts. We later learned that “Hromenko” and the others were met by an American patrol, and the major in charge asked them to surrender their weapons. They did so but pointed out through an interpreter (a Ukrainian American) that, as officers, they should not be disarmed separately from their soldiers. The major then returned their weapons and together they drove up to our camp in their jeeps.

“Hromenko” ordered us to come out to the road. We obeyed, but after so many years in the underground we stood cautiously dispersed around the road, ready for any eventuality. In short, a number of military vehicles discharged a large group of German border guards, who immediately started an encircling manoeuvre. We instinctively took cover and were it not for the American major’s presence of mind, shooting might have broken out. He yelled something at the Germans, and they returned to their trucks with their weapons shouldered. “Hromenko” ordered us to come out from behind the trees and a jittery calm returned.



With the Americans in Passau after surrendering our weapons

Soon a truck came and started dispensing coffee, cookies, and cigarettes. Each one of us received a pack of Lucky Strike cigarettes (which we pronounced LOOTSKI STREEKEH) and some immediately started puffing away on them. I did not smoke and gave my pack away. At this point a rather comical event occurred. The men who had been dying for a smoke were not used to strong American cigarettes, and their heads began to spin. Most of them instantly decided that this was an attempt to drug us and tossed their smokes on the ground. Again, the major came to the rescue. Taking a pack from one of our men, he pulled out a cigarette and lit up. With the help of the interpreter, the major convinced us that it was all right to smoke.

“LOOTSKI STREEKEH” AND CHEWING GUM

We continued to stand in a dispersed formation as more American constabulary continued to arrive and the Germans were withdrawn. What surprised us was that their helmets were painted blue and yellow, and some of us jumped to the conclusion that maybe the unit was composed of Ukrainian Americans. I tried to talk to a soldier but he answered in English. This was the first time that I heard English spoken and it sounded very strange to me. Another curious thing about the Americans was that most of them were moving their

mouths in an automatic fashion, as if they could not keep them still. Only later did we learn that they were chewing gum, something that we could not imagine in our wildest imagination. Soon the soldiers came up to us and gave each of us a neat pack of what we imagined to be some kind of chocolate. I opened it up, bit on the chocolate, and swallowed it. The whole pack of gum quickly disappeared into my belly. Thank God, the makers of the gum probably anticipated such occurrences and I suffered no lasting ill effects.

“Hromenko” then called us into formation, received a report from Executive Officer “Lahidny”, and formally reported to the American major about our arrival and our readiness to surrender. The major received the report, inspected our unit, and asked “Hromenko” to dismiss us from the formation. Then a picture was taken of our unit, we were loaded onto military trucks, one squad per vehicle, and we were taken, still fully armed, to military barracks in Passau. Our officers rode separately in jeeps.

The Americans’ sensible behaviour calmed us down considerably, but we were still uncertain about our future. A secret order was given to hide some weapons, such as pistols and grenades, in case we had to resist extradition to the Soviets, who were only a few kilometres away beyond the Danube River. We were completely unaware of the Truman Doctrine, which had been proclaimed in the spring of 1947. If we had known about it, we would have been less anxious.

However, the Americans did not force us to surrender our weapons, and the first order of barrack life was to wash and get rid of the parasites. We were taken in groups to warm, luxurious showers while our clothing was sprayed with delousing powder containing DDT. We also got haircuts; only officers were spared. Finally, we were free of the ever-present parasites. The next day we were asked to surrender our arms. Then we were loaded into army trucks and taken to the American army barracks in Deggendorf, slightly further away from the border.

There we were issued field cots, pillows, and blankets, and settled down to a quiet life behind a fence. Already on the first night some of our men were sent surreptitiously into town with the task of establishing contact with the Ukrainian political leadership in Germany. They were quite successful, and from then on a steady stream of visitors came to see us in Deggendorf.

On the fourth day after crossing the border I became ill with appendicitis and was taken to the US Military Hospital in

Regensburg. I remember waking up on the operating table and seeing the masked face of a nurse, who had very big eyes. I was thirsty and asked for a drink of water, first in Ukrainian and then in German. She put her finger on her lips to quiet me down and then dabbed my mouth with a wet napkin. Then I drifted off again.

The next day I was forced out of my bed and ordered to walk. My protests were completely ignored, but clearly they knew what they were doing, and in three days or so I was moving around the hospital without any supervision. The huge hospital was divided into several wards. We, in the surgical ward, were all dressed in black bathrobes, but the floor above us was the ward of red bathrobes. One day, while I was roaming the corridor, a man indicated that he wanted to exchange bathrobes and I readily agreed. He promptly disappeared and I tried to return to my ward. This created quite a commotion. I was stopped by the hospital police, and after they determined that I belonged in the surgical ward I was told that all those wearing red bathrobes had venereal disease. I was advised not to exchange bathrobes ever again.

My interpreters were German nurses, who were employed by the hospital under the Americans' supervision. Several of them had served on the Eastern Front and even knew a bit of Russian. For me this was a fantastic discovery, and soon I parlayed my contacts with them into a profitable business. For some strange reason I was kept in the hospital for almost a month, although I could have been discharged one week after the operation. This interlude allowed me the possibility to hatch a plan.

MY BOOZE BUSINESS IN THE HOSPITAL

The food in the hospital was wonderful and I especially liked the ice cream. Between meals patients could have unlimited quantities of cookies, Coca Cola, cigarettes, and coffee. The hospital, however, was dry and no alcohol was permitted on the premises. This made a lot of soldiers quite unhappy. But this regulation also gave me an idea, and with the help of the German nurses I became a booze smuggler. The nurses were afraid to deal with the Americans directly, so I would get the orders and later undertook the distribution. I do not recall how much I charged for each bottle, but half of the proceeds always went to the German nurses who brought in the alcohol and half of the money went to me. There

were hardly any preferences: any alcohol would do. Soon I had piles of red occupation dollars and the soldiers on my ward were extremely happy. Once or twice somebody would have too much to drink, and we would be on the brink of being discovered. But my luck held out, and I dispensed booze almost to the last day of my stay in the hospital.

However, every story, no matter how beautiful, comes to an end. There was a young American, maybe a year or two older than me, who had been in a car accident, and his face was wired after surgery. He liked to engage me in fake boxing. One time I failed to pull my punch, and as a result he had to be sent back to surgery for rewiring. This immediately brought me back to the attention of the hospital administration, and the very next day I was on my way to Deggendorf.

By now the camp was full of our men. During my stay in the hospital approximately 250 more of UPA soldiers from various companies made it to Germany and were interned in Deggendorf.

POLITICAL ASYLUM

Soon after my return a big military commission arrived in the camp to interrogate us. Earlier, we had all been examined by a group of medical doctors, who were especially curious to see if we had any tattoos on our arms. At first we were flabbergasted by this procedure, but then somebody came to the conclusion that we were being screened in case some of us were members of the German SS. This made sense because the Soviets were spreading lies about us, and even called us “Ukrainian-German nationalists”. This farce caught up with me again in the late 1990s, when the US scholar Jeffrey Burds, who was writing about the Ukrainian underground, came to the conclusion that the “Ukrainian-German nationalists” were groups of fighters composed of both nationalities. I tried to change his mind, but my attempt to convince him that this was not so failed completely. Evidently, as an objective scholar he could not take the word of a former member of the UPA.

The military commission was impressive. Composed of high-ranking officers dressed in fancy uniforms and sporting marvellous leather sword belts, the commission decided to interview me, among others, probably because I was the youngest. I entered and saluted, and was told to sit down. I was offered a

cigarette, which I declined because I did not smoke. I was still dressed in my old uniform and my wired shoes. Of course, I now had clean underwear on. I also had my old German belt on me, with the slogan "Gott mit uns" (God is with us) on the buckle but the swastika had been rubbed out.

I was immediately annoyed because the interpreter was a Czech. He understood Polish but did not speak the language. He would put a question to me in Czech, I would reply in Polish, and he would translate into English. I objected, saying that the Poles and Czechs had fought against us, so it was strange that we did not have a Ukrainian translator, even though several were available. How do I know that my statements will not be distorted? I asked. After I voiced my concerns, a Polish-speaking officer assured me that everything would be OK. I was then asked to trace our route from Peremyshl to Wegscheid on a large map and had to answer various questions about our goals, our leadership, etc. Then I was shown several pictures of men and asked to identify Stepan Bandera. I could not tell Bandera from Adam, but this did not faze me one bit, and I flippanly "identified" Bandera on one of the pictures. The officer who was interrogating me evidently did not like my attitude and decided to put me in my place. He rose from his seat; he was a very tall man. He leaned across the table, pointed to the buckle on my belt, and in a very harsh voice asked me what it meant. I replied "Gott mit uns", adding that this was a nice statement, and it repeated it in Polish translation. He then asked who had given it to me, adding that maybe I had gotten it from the Germans. I replied that most of what I had on me was of foreign make. My jacket and trousers were Polish, my shoes were Slovak, my weapon was Soviet, and my belt was German. I added that if we had fought against the Americans, I probably would be in possession of a belt just like his, which I liked very much. He got extremely red in the face; I thought he would explode. But he controlled his temper and dismissed me. As I was leaving, the officer who had spoken to me in Polish gave me a wink. I knew then that I had scored some points.

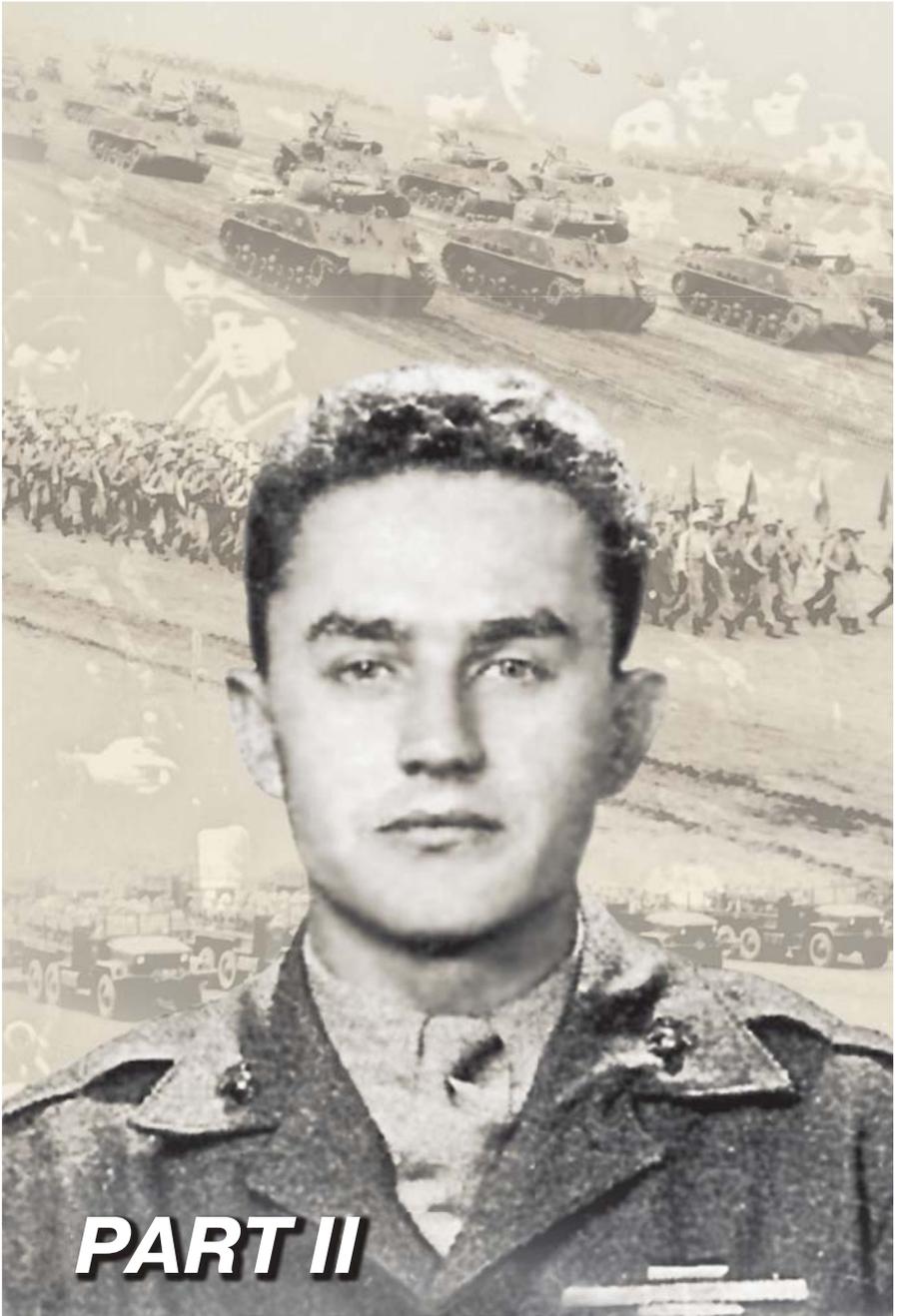
On 17 November 1947 we were called to assembly and notified that we had been granted political asylum. We were ordered to pack up our possessions, and in the middle of the night we were transported to a Ukrainian DP Camp in Landshut, where we were released. The next day, a fake attempt to find us was launched by the Americans in the vicinity of Deggendorf, Landshut, and Passau

but we were never found. Rumour has it that Gen. Lucius Clay had informed the Soviets that we had escaped, and the search to capture us had failed. My attempts to confirm this have been fruitless, as was my search for evidence of our interrogation by the military commission. These documents, however, must be stored in some archive.

This is how my participation in the armed struggle for Ukraine's liberation came to an end. Afterwards I decided to forego direct involvement in revolutionary politics and went back to school. Although I never again bore arms in the fight for Ukrainian freedom, my service to the motherland continues to this day. The pen, and more recently, the computer are formidable weapons in this war.

My life continued in the United States, where my military service to Ukraine was put to use in the Marine Corps, but this is a tale for another time.





PART II

DP IN MUNICH

Immediately after release from the Camp in Deggendorf, and a short sojourn in DP Camp in Landshut, I arrived in the SS Kaserne (later Warner Kaserne) that served as a huge multinational DP Camp, one of several in the Munich area of Bavaria.



With friends at Warner Kaserne in 1949

The camp had its own administration composed of various nationalities that inhabited it, the police, various churches, schools and even the clinic. Everybody lived peacefully side by side and the only unhappiness that was openly and loudly expressed by some mothers was when the Ukrainians, as is their custom, continued singing well past 11 P.M. o'clock and that interfered with the children's sleep.

Germany at that period was a very interesting country undergoing basic political and economic transformations. Totally ruined as evidenced by destroyed buildings in Munich, and overrun by hordes of foreign Displaced Persons and the American military, it was nevertheless still a highly disciplined country. The city transportation was moving rather well, the schools were open and the theater and opera, the latter one with borrowed help from among the DP artists, were also functioning rather well.

The life of Ukrainian refugees was very rich. Hundreds of organizations, newspapers, publishing houses, musical groups, artists, choirs, schools of all levels including two universities and the churches came into being. Political life was also very vibrant and highly competitive. It was almost as if after a long and depressing slumber under Soviet occupation all the energies of the people were awakened to a new and exciting existence.

Not all of this activity was to my liking. Some groups were denying the armed struggle in Ukraine, or even the existence of the UPA (The Ukrainian Insurgent Army) of which I was a soldier. Still others were trying to take advantage politically from our presence in Germany, claiming that it was they who were in charge. But on the whole the legacy of those years in the Ukrainian Diaspora can be judged only in a positive light. The people were learning how to practice democracy.

The strongest competition was between the two factions of the OUN, the OUN (M) and the OUN (B). Both were claiming the leadership of the liberation struggle in Ukraine. The activities of the OUN (M) in Ukraine were, however, quite negligible, and therefore, most of us who had come to Germany in the UPA propaganda raid were inclined to support the OUN (B). Soon, however, we learned that very serious differences were beginning to manifest themselves in the leadership of that organization between those like Stepan Bandera and Yaroslav Stetsko who survived the war in the German concentration camp and those who were sent abroad by the underground leadership in Ukraine at the end of the war. Slowly this brought about the split in the ranks of the UPA soldiers who like myself came abroad at the end of 1947. Disgusted by all of this infighting I decided not to get involved, paid attention to my schooling but was inclined, from a distance, to support the ZP UHVR (the Foreign Representation of the Supreme Ukrainian Liberation Council), led by Mr. Mykola Lebed, Rev. Dr. Ivan Hryniokh and Dr. Myroslav Prokop.

I remember two powerful political demonstrations organized by Ukrainians in Munich. One was a commemoration of the Holodomor-Genocide of 1932-33 in Ukraine and the second was organized by the OUN (B) under the auspices of the ABN (Antibolshevik Bloc of Nations). I did participate in the second one, was nearly overrun by an American military transport, and for a couple of days afterward was washing my eyes from the tear gas which was used to control a rather boisterous crowd. Evidently I had

developed some nasty kind of a reaction to this tear gas. The second time this happened to me was during the “gas attack” training in the United States Marines. Probably I should remember not to expose myself to tear gas even in the defense of a good and worthwhile cause. This activity was for me interesting and exciting and so unlike anything that I have experienced in my life up to then.

My immediate task, of course, was to obtain legal status as a Displaced Person. This was a rather involved process because the IRO authorities would want to be certain that no political criminal find refuge there. When I arrived in the camp it was already under the administrative control of the IRO (The International Refugee Organization, established in 1946 by the United Nations to take over part of the duties of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration). Temporarily I was assigned a small room on the fifth floor of Block “C”. It was a blessing to live by myself and undisturbed by anybody else. Later on two more men were assigned to this room, both of whom served with the Germans in the “Galicia Division”, were taken as prisoners of war to Rimini, Italy, later evacuated to England and in 1948 released and returned to Germany.

Because I decided to go back to school in the middle of the 1947-48 school year and knew quite well that my past revolutionary activities deprived me of the required academic knowledge I persuaded several people to provide me with a good tutor. Mr Vasyl (?) Riznyk, former Gymnasium professor took me on and saw to it that my knowledge of algebra and trigonometry was brought to a higher level. I studied with him for a good three months before enrolling in the local Gymnasium. He was also trying to oversee my studies in chemistry, which mainly meant that he supplied me with the textbooks and required me to learn by rote various chemical formulae. History, geography, literature and German I was trying to learn by reading as much as I could. On the whole this was an extremely boring exercise.

Life in the camp had its diversions. There were three Latvian prostitutes, or as we call them now, sex workers, who lived in the neighboring room divided from my own by a thin wall with several knot holes. Some knots fell out giving me a number of holes for observations and others I learned to remove at convenient locations (they were easily replaceable) so that the entire room, or at worse, the two partitions close to the wall could be easily spied on.

The girls were beautiful, young and very active but after a while I lost all interest. But from time to time some confrontations would

occur between the girls and their clients which would perk up my interest. The fights were usually about the money and the arguments were always in German because the clientele was international. One time a prominent, elderly Ukrainian got into a verbal conflict, demanding the money back. He was known in the camp as a “diplomat” The girls ganged up on him and threw him out into the corridor without his pants. Thus he lost not only his argument but also his pants. I kept silent about this event and his reputation as a “diplomat” was preserved.

Thus in addition to algebra and other academic subjects I gained some insight into the daily travail of the practitioners of the oldest profession and a generally solid, theoretical grounding in sex education.

“REVOLUTIONARY” ACTIVITIES

The year 1948 was also marked by furious attempts by the OUN (B) and the ZP UHVR to establish contacts with the liberation forces in Ukraine. Thus on several occasions I too was asked to volunteer as a courier to Ukraine but I always refused. I learned later that one such emissary was Zbigniew Kaminski (“Don”) who later went to Poland and became ensnared in the activities of Leon Lapinski (“Zenon”) who was running, without “Don’s” knowledge, the OUN underground in Poland for the Polish and Soviet Security Services. He was arrested, spent many years in jail and exposed a number of innocent Ukrainian patriots to unnecessary persecution. However, such activities did not leave me unscathed. In preparation for departure to Ukraine, some individuals from my former UPA fighters were trying to prepare for themselves various aliases and false documents. Eventually, I decided to do the same.

Even though I was legally registered as a DP under my own name, the idea of assuming various aliases somehow appealed to me. To obtain additional false documents was quite easy, especially since I did not have to pay for them. Thus, one beautiful day I went to Neu Markt near Regensburg and there, in one week, five new documents were prepared for me, all with different names. Most of them were made on the old Kennkarte (identity papers) blanks which were issued for Poles or Ukrainians by the former Nazi administration. Satisfied, I put them all in one bunch, together with my DP card, stuck them in my inside pocket and returned to Munich.

At the Hauptbahnhof , quite unexpectedly, I was met by two German policemen who asked for some identity. I tried to shake at least one document from the bunch in my pocket to satisfy them but without much success and eventually, at their insistence, I had to produce all six identity papers. Their eyes turned round and, after some calls to headquarters, they transported me to the other side of the Isar River to the Galilei Platz 2, where the American CIC (Counter Intelligence Corps) was located.

The CIC officer placed all my documents on the table, asked me to confirm that my picture was on all of them, slowly wrote down all the names and asked which of the documents were genuine. I confirmed that my DP card was the only proper document and he put it aside. Then he asked me about my residence at the DP camp and from his questions it was clear that he knew all about me. He then told me that only imbeciles travel with so many different documents, returned them all to me, told me to use only my legal papers and, to my utter amazement, dismissed me. This was a good lesson for me and upon my return to the camp I immediately destroyed all of the false documents and concentrated on more immediate and important personal concerns.

REESTABLISHING FAMILY TIES

One other problem that preoccupied me at that time was to find the whereabouts of my mother and two brothers who in “Akcja Wisla” had been forcibly resettled to former German territories, now a part of Poland, with the goal of the total assimilation of some 150,000 Ukrainians who suffered this unjust deportation. After some time I learned that they were safe and sound, living in village Lisów, gmina Paslęk, pow. Elbląg, wojewodstwo Olsztyn. Soon I even succeeded in establishing contact with them. They were quite relieved to learn that I survived the long UPA raid to Bavaria in 1947.

School was an important matter and I gave it most of my attention, but it did not supply me with any cash. I tried selling American cigarettes one at a time, mostly Camels and Lucky Strike but this brought only very meager returns. Finally, I found a job at the Ukrainian Coop that was located in the basement of Block A. The front served as a restaurant-bar and in the back was a sausage making enterprise. I was to help part time with making sausages.

MAKING SAUSAGES

The fellow in charge (his name now escapes me) was a genuine Meister Wurstmacher (patented butcher) whose products were extremely well made, always fresh, tasty and highly sought after. In addition to being paid I could indulge myself, to my hearts content, in all kinds of sausages. In addition, there was always fresh bread and cool bottles of delicious Coca Cola. For a growing boy this situation was heaven sent.

Soon I made enough money to be able to order a tailored suit, a tie and good shoes. This apparel and my status as a former UPA soldier immediately opened some real possibilities among the patriotic Ukrainian girls in the camp.

What I did not know, of course, was that the meat for the sausages had to be legally purchased while, actually, the live stock was obtained by some kind of barter and had to be slaughtered in a shed that was located in the rear of the block C. On one occasion, a huge pig had to be dealt with and four of us were asked to kill it. We were extremely inept at the task with the result that the animal escaped and started running across an open field in the direction of the town of Schleissheim with us in hot pursuit. We caught up with it and brought it back to its doom in the shed but we had to listen to many unpleasant words afterward from the Master Butcher. It was then that I learned that we were in danger of being discovered by the German authorities, which could have had very unpleasant consequences for each one of us and for the enterprise as a whole.

TEACHER'S SEMINARY

By the end of January 1948 my preparation for the exam for the admission to the 7th grade of the Gymnazium was completed and I passed it although not without some trepidation. However I changed my mind and decided to switch to the Teacher's Seminary (Lehrerbildungsanstalt), which offered a two-year program of studies. I was accepted and completed my course of studies without further interruptions. In this tortured manner I obtained the equivalent of a high-school education. In retrospect, studying to be a teacher had proved a useful step, even though at that time I did not expect to pursue a teaching career on a full time basis.

The other interesting sideline of my educational efforts was that with the help of IRO I was offered a four year scholarship to Columbia College in New York. There was absolutely no one I could turn to for advice. My circle of friends and teachers had no idea about this American institution and rather than pressing me to accept the offer most of them advised me not to emigrate and live “among those cowboys”. I did not listen to the IRO officials who urged me to accept. It was only after I finally arrived in the USA that I realized how stupid it was to reject an offer to study at the Ivy League school. But by then it was too late. As some of my friends would be apt to say in Yiddish – “Oi wei is mir!!!” One person who could have advised me properly, Prof. Lew Shankowsky, was by then in Philadelphia. He was a prominent teacher in the Munich Gymnazium but with long involvement in Ukrainian revolutionary activities. I met him when I was moved to the DP camp in Munich. He and his wife Marta in the end sent me an affidavit that allowed me to join them in the “City of Brotherly Love”.

MEETING MY FUTURE WIFE

There were also some pleasant things that happened to me at the time that were of huge consequence for my future life. It was in the Munich DP camp that I met Tamara Sydoryk, merely 13 years



My first meeting with my future wife Tamara in Munich, Germany, in 1949

old, who almost nine years later would become my wife. At that time all we did was to talk, but somehow I never forgot her. When I was already in USA and returned from my stint with USMC to Philadelphia I discovered her in a private Ukrainian Catholic School; and it was, as one might say, love at second sight.

Approximately at that time I also met Halia and Lilia. Both were much older than Tamara. Lilia exchanged passionate letters with me but because she lived in the DP camp in the city of Regensburg, quite some distance, we had limited encounters. But whenever we met, which was not often, we would always fight. This continued even in the USA after her family settled in Philadelphia. Halia migrated to Cleveland, Ohio, joined the Baptists there and, on one occasion when we met, she tried unsuccessfully to convert me to her faith. While I was in the Marines, Lilia married a tall Ukrainian scout and lived happily ever after. But I am rushing ahead with the story.

MOVING TO THE USA

Soon I realized, that given the circumstances, life among those awful “cowboys” was not so bad after all, especially since several of my friends and acquaintances were already quite comfortably surviving there. They even managed to supply me with some sporty outfits for everyday wear. I wrote to some of them and soon I had on my hands an affidavit that allowed me to begin the long bureaucratic process for immigration to the USA. Some of the interviews were long and involved (police and intelligence clearances and the like) but I passed them with flying colors. I was then transferred to Funk Kasserne in Munich, which served as a half-way house and after two weeks or so transported to Bremen Haffen. There I was loaded along with hundreds of other DPs on the USNS General Hershey, which took us to Boston via Halifax in Canada. From there I took the overnight train to Philadelphia.

The Atlantic passage was not pleasant. As soon as we left the English Channel we hit stormy seas. We were segregated by sex and stuffed into hanging hammocks spread out in huge halls throughout the ship. Women and small children were placed in the forward section of the ship. The men were lodged amidships and to the rear. The crew lived in the cabins on the upper deck. This arrangement required close supervision. So immediately upon embarkation many young men, me included, were organized into a unit, given MP bands and asked to keep control of the segregation.



On the train from Funk Kasserne to Bremen

Every 8 hours, day or night we, the “MPs”, were called to stand a two hour guard at the entrance to the women’s section and not to allow any unauthorized visits. The place was not hell but more like a Catholic purgatory where three times a day, at meal times, some souls were allowed to enter the mess halls for sustenance and the fresher air. Most didn’t bother to even show up. Amid the perpetual din, children’s screams, chaos and vomit simply waited for good souls to bring them some fruit or drink.

The weather was foul and the ship was tossed by the waves like a box of matches. Worse, the bow would lift and then fall with such force that even the strongest stomachs were inclined to part with their meager contents. I was among the lucky few who did not get sea sick, but I could neither stand nor sit and most of my guard duty was carried out by lying on the bench next to the women quarters. Some men fared much better by being housed amidships and at the stern and they did not hear children’s moans and cries. However, the events caught up with me as well.

The food on board was good and plentiful with generous portions of fresh fruit such as apples, oranges and bananas. There was no need to overeat at main meals because some food could be obtained between meals. But at one time a passenger, who apparently could



Me, on the right, with the crew of the U.S.N.S. General Hershey

not satisfy his hunger with a single portion and asked for more. That day we were served spaghetti with meatballs and this glutton at our table was stuffing a third serving into his mouth. He suddenly paused, and with a surprised look on his face, unloaded all he ate on the table right in front of us. We all know how people react when someone yawns. Well, such collective reaction seems to apply to vomit as well. In a few minutes a well scrubbed mess hall became simply a mess. My relief came on my way on the stairs up to the upper deck. This was the only time in my life that I was seriously and visibly sea sick. But life takes its course and in a couple of days things returned to normal. Even the weather improved considerably and rudiments of social life, even flirtation, made its appearance once again. That's when I met a Serbian girl whose name I cannot recall. She was going to Canada and disembarked with her family in Halifax.

It took us another night to sail to Boston. There we disembarked, went through immigration procedure and the custom check, everyone received \$5 each for expenses and the train ticket. By evening we were ready to travel to our destinations. The only unfortunate thing that happened to me in Boston was that during the inspection somebody inadvertently stepped on my suitcase which looked solid but was actually made of carton. They punched a huge hole in it. With this gaping suitcase and totally exhausted, next morning I appeared in

Philadelphia. I didn't sleep a wink. Two things contributed to my staying awake, the clutter of the train and the fact that the interior of the wagon in which I was traveling was long and open. In Europe one was used to little cabins which provided some privacy and one did not feel so exposed.

ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA

I was met by Prof. Shankowsky and his son Ihor who was either my age or one year younger. By way of some busses and an elevated train we arrived at Stiles Street in Frankford, West Philadelphia. Prof. Shankowsky had his rented house here. Two streets down and dominating the entire area was a huge chemical factory. Some three blocks in the opposite direction were open fields where day and night the garbage was being burned. The streets were full of litter and the area was covered in acrid smoke. The local temperature was high and humid and I had difficulty breathing. My first thought was that I was perhaps a bit hasty in having chosen the USA. But the deed was done and besides with only \$2 remaining in my pocket and the smiling faces of my friends, I decided to put up a brave front and enjoy the welcome.

After dinner I was ushered into my room, washed up, put on a fresh shirt and in the window opposite, not further than about 6 feet, I saw two beautiful girls who were blabbering something to me. I understood not a small word. I soon found out that these two neighborly adolescents known then as bobby-sockers were trying to make conversation. Their smiling faces and their friendly mien lifted my spirits considerably, but also showed me that my English, of which I was so proud in Germany, needed quick and considerable improvement.

GAINFUL EMPLOYMENT

My immediate task was to find a job. Even though I was told repeatedly not to rush, I persisted and purely by luck got in touch with a roofer named Tantala. Mr. Tantala was of Polish origin and understood my Polish. Next morning I appeared at the indicated address and was told to go on the roof and to start removing the old tar shingles. It was a small bungalow and I felt quite secure on the roof. Unfortunately, some 15 minutes into my job I stumbled on something and promptly landed on the grass right at Mr. Tantala's

feet. He looked at me very carefully, asked how I was, handed me the \$20 and with full authority said in Polish - "zwijaj" (Scramm !!!). My first job in the United States was over and even though I was \$20 richer, I did not feel very proud.

My second employment involved painting ceilings with horrible, golden paint while lying on my back on high boards. The paint was all over me including my hair, shoes and clothing. No special overalls were provided and payment was miserable. I lasted two days and having calculated the costs, decided that I could not afford it.

Finally, at the Ukrainian Catholic church, that provided a weekly gathering of job seekers and worshippers, I was told to apply at the F.P. Woll and Co. which was located in my neighborhood and employed a number of Ukrainians and Poles.

On Monday I walked to the factory and was overpowered by the stench that permanently hung over the place. Inside I was told that they are producing rubberized pads out of swine hair for seats, mattresses and the like and that I could be employed at the cutting table where the job was light and clean. The starting wage was 45c. an hour and because this was a unionized shop I had to consent to be a union member. I was lucky, indeed, for finding myself among the "elite". Most of the newly arrived DPs worked in the processing plant, where the swine hair was unloaded, boiled, cleaned and curled. They were sweating with their faces covered by masks and wearing all kinds of rubber clothing. Their section of the factory produced the awful smell for the surrounding community. Later I found out that the hair we were working on was contributed by pigs as far away as the Soviet Union. According to the American article of faith, trade breaks all barriers and contributes to the spread of democracy. Thus, we were working for the brighter future of all peoples in Eastern Europe and Eurasia.

My co-workers were simple folk, either of Polish or Irish extraction, who accepted me without reservation. Our conversation had to do mostly with playing the daily numbers, baseball and pointers on how to slow down the work in order not to overproduce. Overproducing meant being laid off. To go through the motion of working but not doing much at all was the hardest thing for me. By the end of the day I was so tired that I could not even read the numerous Ukrainian newspapers that Prof. Shankowsky subscribed to. My English was also not progressing significantly because of the conversation in pidgin Polish (my co-workers knew only rudimentary Polish) in the factory. On weekends, as well as at home, I reverted to Ukrainian.



Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral of Immaculate Conception in Philadelphia

THE UKRAINIAN COMMUNITY

The Ukrainian community in Philadelphia was well organized. There were numerous churches, clubs, schools, and scholarly, choral and dancing societies, two newspapers, and a high school and a two year college for the girls. I joined the male choir under the direction of Ivan Zadorozhnyi. Later this choir was transformed into a mixed choir directed by Anton Rudnytsky, a professional musician who at one time was the conductor of Kharkiv opera. He molded us into a decent amateur ensemble that was capable of performing even Handel's Messiah on quite a high level. But mostly we sang Ukrainian repertoire. Naturally I joined the Former Members of the UPA, an organization of the former UPA soldiers who migrated to the U.S. Also on Franklin Street, the Ukrainian Club, held weekly dances that gave the young people the chance to mix and get acquainted.

DANCING

These dances were frequented by both newly arrived immigrants and native born Americans who were of various ethnic origins, but mostly Ukrainian. Newly arrived girls were a rarity at these gatherings but the American born girls were in the majority as were the men from Europe. The two groups got along tremendously. The American girls liked especially all kind of rituals and the mannerisms that the boys



Cutting a rug in Philadelphia

brought with them from Europe. One had to ask the girl to dance with a bow and after the dance they had to be escorted back to their seats and thanked with a bow. If a lass had an escort, his permission to dance had to be obtained and it was taboo to leave her in the middle of the floor either during the dance or immediately after. Two girls dancing together were considered bizarre by the Europeans and there was always a rush by men to separate the girls by dancing with them. The girls caught on rather quickly and in order not to be left sitting unengaged they would go on the floor in pairs. The American boys were not used to these niceties and were usually the losers. However, they excelled at jitterbugging and this permitted them to regain some stature. All my attempts to imitate them at that vigorous dance failed miserably. Other Europeans were in the same boat. As a result, from

time to time, some flare ups among the groups of boys did occur but the girls always managed to restore order. It was during these gatherings that quite a few permanent relationships were established. Among the girls that I met there were Helen, Elaine and Dorothy known as “cookie”, but these were merely temporary distractions, because I was mostly involved with Lilia. On Sundays, weather permitting, we went to Fairmount Park for walks (she lived close by), which was a long trip for me from West Philadelphia. We almost always ended in a new argument, but somehow the relationship continued.

To make things worse I was neglecting my study of English and because I was unable to see any way of changing my lifestyle I was slowly becoming more and more desperate. Ignorant of higher culture and better things in the American way of life, I put all my efforts into the study of Ukrainian politics. I could not even contemplate my return to school at that time. With food, rent and clothing as a priority, my educational goals were put on the back burner.

BREAD AND CLIMATE

The weather in Philadelphia also did not help. The combination of temperature and humidity made one perspire actively. One could sit perfectly still and continue to sweat. The worst of it was at night when sleeping was simply out of the question. One way to cool off was to go to the movies. These places had rudimentary air-conditioners and also some powerful fans. I liked it also because they were inexpensive. Admission was 25 cents and for another 10 cents one could have a Hershey bar and a cup of cold soda. Another American invention was that movies (sometimes the same movie) were shown seriatim and without stopping. One entry ticket was enough. I saw or slept through hundreds of them.

One other bad thing was that there was no decent bread to be had in Philadelphia. The soft bread which all new immigrants called “cotton bread” could not satisfy our craving for the good, old, solid European staple to which we were all accustomed. On the other hand, one could have as much sugar as one’s heart desired because all eating places were overflowing with this sweet stuff. A cup of coffee half filled with sugar gave one lots of energy.

It took a long time to become acclimatized and only then I progressed to using deodorant. Slowly, to borrow the phrase of comrade Stalin “life became better, life became merrier”.

SELF-EDUCATION

I soon settled down and had little to do because there was no television. I soon dove into collections of books in Shankowsky's library. During WWII he played a very important role in the Ukrainian underground and continued to be involved in Ukrainian liberation activities abroad. Moreover, he was never a member of the OUN (Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists) and subscribed to democratic ideals that came to the fore in the Ukrainian national movement in 1943 when it was struggling against the German Nazis. He was instrumental in organizing the Ukrainian Supreme Liberation Council in 1944 and continued to be active in support of this underground government which from late 1944 was fighting the Communist USSR for the liberation of Ukraine. As a former member of the UPA I was fully in agreement with these goals. He was a kind and wise advisor to me. His wife Marta (nee Mohylnycky) was brought up in Imperial Vienna in a family of a professional military officer, was educated at Sacra Coeur and she simply considered Russians as coarse barbarians although she knew their music and literary works. When we moved to North Warnock Street, a Jewish section of Philadelphia, she instantly became a big hit with the older inhabitants there. For me this was a blessing because after work I found myself in intellectual surroundings. In addition they tolerated all my foibles.

JOINING THE RESERVES

The war in Korea was also on our minds. Some even speculated that it would lead to a larger conflagration involving the Soviet Union. It was partially with this in mind that I decided to join the US Army Reserves. The other thought was that it would bring me closer to the American way of thinking and life. Up to that time I had been totally immersed in the Ukrainian community.

The unit that I joined was the 325th Military Intelligence Battalion, United States Army Reserves, located at the Schuylkill Arsenal in South Philadelphia, an area populated mostly by Italians. This required me to attend the training meetings usually twice a week in the evenings and forced me to start learning the English language more intensively. I was being trained as an interrogator. An additional benefit was that I rediscovered decent bread that the Italian community baked for themselves and which, for unknown reasons, was not distributed

beyond its boundaries. This, however, did not last long and 6 months into the training the local Selective Service Board # 128 decided that I should be brought into active duty. I was honorably discharged from the army and inducted into the United States Marine Corps.

MOBILIZATION AND BOOT CAMP

My joining the Marines was a big surprise to me. It was done without my consent. I was simply informed that I am being assigned to the Corps and was to undergo basic training in San Diego, California, not as a volunteer, but as an USMC-SS (Selective Service). Evidently the Marine Corps was undergoing expansion and was willing to accept draftees. The Boot camp at Paris Island, South Carolina was quarantined because of dysentery so the Philadelphia component was flown to San Diego, California. Most of the men were volunteers and were quite cocky. Their mood quickly changed when we arrived at the training camp because we were met by gruff sergeants and corporals who immediately imposed their total control on the group.

We were sheared, issued two pairs of dungarees, underclothing and boots and sorted into platoons and squads. All civilian clothing and all our possessions were to be stored and only shaving gear and

On leave in Philly with
my friend Kowalski



tooth brushes were to be retained. All cigarettes were confiscated and no smoking was allowed until “the smoking lamp was lit”. It was “lit” only at the pleasure of the Drill Instructor to whom these restrictions did not apply. The cookies were “donated to the Red Cross” (i.e. to Drill Instructors), and those who were reluctant “to donate” had to eat the entire lot on the spot and wash it down with warm water and were not permitted to share them with others. The results of such forced feedings were truly gruesome. But the boys learned their first lesson well and immediately wrote home asking that food should not be sent to them.

I did not smoke and had no cookies but I knew that we were being taught discipline and were being molded into one solid unit. Any punishment for violating an order, even by a single individual, was meted out to the unit as a whole. Any individual caught smoking without permission (some managed to hide a few cigarettes) was placed under the bucket, wrapped up in a wool blanket, given a big cigarette rolled out of newspaper and asked to smoke. He never lasted very long and usually passed out for the lack of oxygen. Then all men in the unit would be issued a cigarette each and asked to smoke by inhaling and exhaling only on command of the Drill Instructor. The time between inhaling and exhaling commands was quite long and soon everybody would be gasping for breath. The end result was that almost everyman in the entire unit would soon be vomiting.

It was also necessary to teach the men proper military nomenclature. Most of the new recruits out of sheer habit referred to the M1 rifles that were issued to us as the gun. To change this habit a transgressing individual would be forced to stand in front of the platoon with his pants down holding a rifle in one hand and a string tied to his penis in the other. Periodically he would raise the rifle or pull on the string and holler at the top of his lungs “This is my rifle and this is my gun. This is for shooting and this is for fun”. This was a barbaric and humiliating punishment and I hated it with all my heart.

If the nightly inspection uncovered anybody with dirty underpants (“skivvies”), the whole platoon would not be allowed to sleep; instead they would be forced to clean (sometimes several times in the row) the Quonset hut in which we were housed, or wash all our garments irrespective of whether they were clean or not.

If the “spit shined” boots were not to the liking of the DI the individual in question would be made to hold his boots in his mouth by their strings and forced to sing: “I’m the shit bird till I die, But I’d

rather be the shit bird than a fucked up DI". The rest of the time we were doing close order drill, learning to assemble our weapons and studying our Marine Corps Manual.

PLATOON GUIDE

I was beginning to settle in nicely but cautiously into this routine when after first week the unexpected happened. I was made the Platoon Guide. On its face the responsibilities were simple. I had to march at the head of the platoon, from time to time drill the platoon, to be in constant touch with the DI and convey his orders to the platoon. But my English was not yet good, I spoke with an accent and was not yet fully in tune with my fellow Marines, some of whom, those from the South, I did not even understand well. When we were not being drilled and most guys were resting I had to answer the calls and report to the DI hut which was located in the middle of the camp.

The calls were frequent and most of them spurious. Thus when the sentries (each Quonset hut had a sentry) in the entire camp started calling "Platoon guide 296 Drill Instructor hut", I had to run as fast as possible and once there, go through a prescribed routine. One had to stand with one's body touching the door of the hut and scream:



Air-ground combat review at Camp Pendleton, California

“Platoon guide 296 reporting sir”. If the DI was in a good mood he would simply reply: “Get in here you shit bird”. After entering one had to take four steps, execute face right, take one step forward and with one’s eyes on the painted dot on the wall, salute and scream again “Platoon guide 296 reporting sir”. Upon receiving the order one had to repeat it and ask for permission to withdraw. Upon being dismissed one had to scream “Ay, ay, sir”, salute and leave. But such a smooth procedure was an exception rather than the rule.

The DI could open the door into one’s face with a great deal of force and then once inside proceed to berate you in the foulest language possible. In the end he would command “Grab your ankles” and wallop your behind with an oar that was hanging on the wall just for this purpose. This was thoroughly humiliating and I could not explain it by any requirements of military discipline. There was absolutely nobody one could complain to about this behavior. From time to time I could see in the distance a Duty Officer, usually a Second Lieutenant just out of school, who was totally disinterested in goings on in the camp. I was probably not the only one to receive this stupid treatment but I decided that I had enough.

DEMOTION

My opportunity came in the fifth week of our training. One weekend when most of the DIs went out drinking in the city, the one on duty decided to have some fun with the entire camp. He would inspect every hut, find something not to his liking, and then would order general cleaning. The hut had to be emptied, the sand and water brought in and the scrubbing would begin. After the scrubbing everything would be moved inside, beds made up and after a prescribed time, inspected again. I do not remember now how many times we had to repeat this procedure, but we spent the entire Saturday afternoon and night doing this. On Sunday morning the DI came to inspect again. Prim and proper with the swagger stick under his arm he entered the hut and after I screamed “Attention!!!”, he started with me. He looked me over, said “Ok”, hit me with the swagger stick over my head and turned to inspect the fellow opposite. I simply lost my cool and without thinking pulled the bayonet out of the scabbard which was hanging on my knapsack attached to the bunk with full intention of sticking it into the DI’s back. The guy opposite intervened and grabbed me by the hand. The DI turned around, white

in the face but thoroughly composed and said calmly “I’ll throw the book at you, you shit bird” and then left the hut. The inspection ended and we returned to our normal routine.

Near the evening I was called to the DI hut and upon entering requested that I be replaced as the Platoon Guide. I was informed in a rather civil fashion that this would be done and I returned to my platoon. What was even more surprising was that absolutely nothing was done to punish me for threatening the DI. Perhaps the Drill Instructors decided that their colleague went slightly overboard and were not willing to reopen the case. From then on I was simply one of the guys except for the group of Italians who started haranguing me with all kinds of epithets. But I had on my side two Polish fellows, Kowalski from Philadelphia and huge Majewski from Chicago, and soon the calm returned. In addition to Close Order Drill we had to learn much useful, theoretical stuff about the USMC, war, POWs and how to handle them, our rights and the like. A lot of this information came from the Marine Corps Manual, a book I found very useful, indeed.

SHARP SHOOTER

Not long after that we were sent to the shooting range, but not a single DI from San Diego came with us. Probably it was a precautionary move by the command. Accidents there were not completely out of



Rifle practice on the firing range

the question. I am not sure now whether it was then or perhaps later that I earned the Sharp Shooter Badge. I did even better with the 45 caliber pistol but this came when I was already located in Camp Pendleton at Ocean Side also in California. I was assigned to the Reconnaissance Company of the Fleet Marine Force. While still in the boot camp I had to undergo an IQ test and simply by guessing the answers to multiple choice questions I did quite well. After graduating from boot camp we were given a short leave of absence, I returned to Philadelphia for a week or so, then I went straight to Camp Pendleton. We were there for infantry and reconnaissance training which meant that we were either running in the “boondocks” or rubber boating in the big waves of the Pacific Ocean.

RECONNAISSANCE COMPANY

The training was intense but here we were treated respectfully. I am not certain why I was assigned to reconnaissance. Maybe it had to do with my short stint with the army intelligence in Philadelphia. The work to get the ten man rubber boat through the heavy surf was extremely hard and very often we were dumped into the ocean and



Me with my friends at Camp Pendleton

Celebrating my birthday



had to make it to shore on our own. Not too far away from us, on Coronado Island, was the training ground for Navy Seals and the Underwater Demolition Teams. We were put through similar paces.

The purpose of this training was to make us good military scouts. We were learning how to collect any pertinent intelligence of military importance and how to observe, identify and report enemy activities, either by way of amphibious or ground reconnaissance. Thus training was nothing similar to what I was trained to do in the Army Reserves.

The most invigorating exercise was on the water, when we were learning how to be fished out from the ocean by a speed boat with the rubber boat attached to its side. All one had to do was to hook one's arm through the rubber loop held by a man on the boat and – swoosh – one was out of water in a second. Later on we were taken to Walker Lake in Nevada where landing in rubber boats was made from a PBY (the flying boat) and the pick up in the simulated combat conditions was attempted with the use of a helicopter rather than the rubber boat. The helicopter pick up of a string of men at a single run from the water did not work properly. After hooking up one's arm in the rubber coil attached to the hanging leather one was jerked out



Writing home

of the water and it required superhuman strength to get up to the helicopter. The climber as well as the helicopter itself would be too exposed to the enemy fire. A pick up of a single man was of course possible. We were not long enough in Nevada to visit Las Vegas. But at that time I did not know of its existence.

HAWAII

Shortly thereafter we were packed on board a ship and ended up at Kaneohe Bay in Hawaii. This was the Marine Corps Air Base but we were located there for further water training. The most unnerving time for me was when I had to swim among hundreds of hammer head sharks that were constantly milling around. They were all young, about one foot long, and like all children they were extremely curious. No mamas were around, or I never saw one, and we had a chap with the stick at the end of which was a charge to discourage the big ones from making us their dinner. But I never felt comfortable swimming in Kaneohe Bay.

Waikiki Beach was something altogether different. At that time there was only one small hotel there, the pink Royal Hawaiian, and the beach was open for all to enjoy. During my stay in Hawaii, which was about two or three months I visited various Hawaiian tourist spots but the only place that I remember was the Brown Derby bar where once or twice an evening the orchestra pretended exhaustion and played their hot jazz piece by lying down. Everybody loved it. For me it was much too theatrical and too obvious but the drinks in that bar were good. The band singer was a slim, beautiful black girl who missed her lyrics most of the time but nobody really cared. The bar was the watering hole for all branches of the military and was carefully watched by the MPs and SPs. It was also the hub of prostitution.

The only other landmark that made any impression on me was Pearl Harbor, the tomb of the US Pacific Fleet- monument to national carelessness and self-satisfied isolation. It was from there that we embarked for the Far East and ended in the camp near Yokohama.

The passage was quite long and boring with the exception of the tsunami wave that forced us all to be locked inside the ship. But this lasted only a few hours and we didn't even notice the passing of the huge wave for which the captain of the ship and the crew were fully prepared. The crossing of the International Dateline was marked



The Royal Hawaiian, Waikiki, Honolulu



Waikiki Beach, Hawaii. Present day view

by a silly ceremony involving King Neptune and his court and all of us received some kind of a royal edict certifying this fact. Actually I passed through this ceremony twice. The second time was upon my return to the United States in 1954.

LANGUAGE APPRECIATION

My major problem was and still is the English language. But at that time the problem was worse than it is now. One of the American writers who came to my rescue was Mickey Spillane. His early books were fascinating reading, full of action and unforgettable characters. Detective Mike Hammer, the business like harlots, unexpected developments, corruption, screwy solutions that pushed one to search for more of his stories filled all of my free time. His characters spoke the everyday language of my fellow marines and not some convoluted phrases from dictionaries. I learned a lot from Mr. Spillane, but later on when I reentered civilian life I no longer read him (shame, shame) and of necessity was forced to pay attention to more accepted literary figures that populated the halls of academia. They were much less exciting.

On the way to Japan we were all issued small English-Japanese phrase books and I started studying it. My problem, however, was that

I could not read the information on how to pronounce the words which were contained in the brackets and decided that Japanese should be pronounced as written by English alphabet in phonetic manner. Later, when I was already in Japan, I discovered that my approach was about 80% correct, but it didn't matter, most of the Japanese with whom one met knew a little bit of English so we could get along or, as it usually happens in such cases, used very inventive sign language. On very rare occasions I met some individuals who spoke German or Russian but this did not happen very often.

NIGHT SOIL AND “HONEY BUCKETS”

One of the early instructions upon our arrival at Yokohama was not to buy fresh fruits or vegetables in the open markets. It was explained to us that fields and gardens are fertilized by “night soil” which are full of worms. We had no understanding of either the term itself or the practice of collecting it. But soon enough at the entrance to each household we saw individuals exchanging the empty “honey” buckets (usually made up of wood) for the full ones and carrying or carting them away to a collecting spot. These buckets were not filled with honey but something completely different, but the name stuck.



My luxury liner from Hawaii to the Orient



Oiran, the highest order of prostitutes in Japan

In overpopulated and largely agricultural Japan and in the absence of the appropriate infrastructure, this method of collecting feces for use as fertilizer was a rational solution to an ever present human problem.

I was later exposed to this practice in full measure during our nightly exercises. I and another marine had a task to reconnoiter the area near the sea and proceeded to move cautiously on our bellies in the indicated direction. Suddenly, as we crawled over a big square collection hole, the dry crest broke and we began to sink. I was close to the side and was able to pull myself out. But my colleague had nothing to grab on to and was slowly sinking. This was our first such experience but in an instance we knew where we were. I extended my rifle and slowly pulled him out. Then, completely disregarding the orders to move stealthily to our objective, we ran into the nearby ocean, undressed to the skin and washed ourselves and our equipment over and over. Lieutenant Price who commanded the exercise that night examined the hole and then sat on the beach observing us thrashing around in the ocean. He was probably grateful that he did not lose two marines in the Japanese “honey” but was also probably thinking how to put the best face on the report about his failed night training exercises. I have no idea how deep this collecting

hole was and frankly was never too interested to find out. Thus, so to say, I started learning about Japan from the very bottom. And yes, while there, I did not buy fresh fruits and vegetables on the market.

SEX RESEARCH

Wherever there is a gathering of a large group of young people, as in the armed forces, the role of sex hormones seems very pronounced, especially in men's lives. The hormones seem especially active in an environment where one is away from home, the family, a social or religious setting, friends, etc.; as if sex hormones preferred anonymity. They are also contemptuous of morals although in a majority of cases, the rules of so called "proper behavior" are not totally discarded. The prevalence of opportunity also has a great deal to do with it. And there was plenty of opportunity in those years in Japan!

I quickly found out that Japan always had a highly organized, stratified and segregated sex industry. This was quite evident to any American GI as soon as he stepped on to Japanese soil. At first, there was some confusion in nomenclature and most of the "working girls" were referred to by us simply as geishas. Later we were all very surprised to discover that the geishas were masters of intellectual conversations, traditional tea ceremonies, dance, song and music.



Rest & Recreation – the girlie show in Tokyo



Kabuki theatre in Japan

Most marines, however, were not much inclined in that direction; our conversations were very much down to earth and besides bona fide geishas simply did not travel in our circles.

The second tier below the geishas were the “Oiran”, very much the professionals who looked like geishas, dressed traditionally, and were interested only in very brief verbal exchanges. Once a year they would hold a street parade with a great pomp and large retinue composed of girl servants. These parades were very popular and were always well attended by hundreds of people. What caught my attention at the parade that I casually attended was their manner of walking. They would wear the high, black, platform shoes and would move like the haute couture models, by placing one foot directly in front of the other with the result that their bottoms would go into a mild wiggle. This evoked a great deal of comment and appreciative smiles from the festive crowd. I did not research this matter further and, therefore, cannot claim that our high fashion models took special lessons from the “Oiran” on how to walk. But in our age, intercultural exchanges and borrowing happen all the time!

Further down on the service ladder were the girls who worked from houses with a madam in charge. The madam was popularly referred to as the “mamasan” which was an incorrect attachment of the Japanese honorific “san” to the word mama. These houses were registered and usually had visible warnings to soldiers from US military authorities to be careful of venereal disease. Many of them were populated by the Korean women probably brought in by the Japanese imperial authorities. Their presence in Japan may have softened somewhat the culture shock for the GIs who were brought in on R&R (Rest and Recreation) from Korea. But that is a cynical thought.

At the bottom of the scale were various street walkers probably controlled by crime syndicates or the pan-pan girls who were basically amateur teenage prostitutes who hailed from surrounding villages. Whenever they saw a marine they would call quite loud “Jaireen shakuhachi”. Jaireen was their name for the marines and shakuhachi was the name of the Japanese bamboo flute. One had to be completely dense, of course, to mistake their calls as an invitation to a musical performance. Besides they definitely did not look like itinerant musicians and I never saw any of them with a musical instrument.

The inventiveness of the prostitution enterprises was quite amazing. For example, some Americans were reluctant to have sex



One of the many festivals in Japan

outside of marriage, so a bogus ceremony was invented complete with marriage and divorce certificates to ease their conscience. One got married in the evening and divorced in the morning and everybody was happy.

The Americans who were married at home and found themselves posted in Asia were facing great moral dilemmas. I had one friend who after he succumbed to the revolt of his hormones, was completely devastated by having broken his marriage vows. Since he was not a catholic, he was reduced to confessing to me. I tried to console him the best I could and found it most distressing when the man actually cried. He later heavily engaged in helping orphans; perhaps he was trying to compensate for his sin by good works.

THE CLASH OF CULTURES

Japan, even the defeated Japan, of course, had a huge impact on the occupation forces. Its long history and mighty civilization was present every step one took in that country. Most importantly, we gradually erased the huge load of the anti-Japanese stereotypes that were embedded in our minds from WWII. We came to see them as the people not unlike us who were trying to make a living in a very



Waiting for lunch. I am on the left looking up

Being suited for underwater
reconnaissance



complicated situation. They were always extremely polite and always ready to help. We did not know that the Japanese abhor any negative expression and go to great lengths to avoid saying no directly. I, myself, took it at first as an expression of deviousness. It was only later when I started to travel in the country and met various Japanese in different places and circumstances that I discovered how wrong I was.

The impact of the American occupation forces on Japanese society was also enormous and not always salutary. One outcome of the occupation was large numbers of illegitimate children and especially the children whose fathers were not known.

I was confronted with this problem by a lady from the United Service Organization (USO). She was seeking American males who would agree to give their names to “fatherless” children, in many cases the offspring of Japanese mothers and non-Japanese fathers. It was explained to me that this was simply a formality that did not carry any further obligation on my part. Evidently the racially mixed children were facing discrimination (all such children were considered the result of prostitution) and those who lacked acknowledged fathers faced even greater social opprobrium as bastards. Being an orphan myself I was open to such suggestions. Besides, I was also intrigued by the prospect of somebody running around Japan carrying my name. Decades later



Fujiyama from our barracks



After the descent from Fujiyama. I am third from the right in the back row



it was explained to me that these children were probably registered under the mother's family name. The ceremony was quite formal. I had to sign papers in front of two ladies dressed in kimonos and an official with a top hat who represented some government department. No mothers or children were present. I do not remember how many children were involved. In January 2008 one Japanese journalist asked me to relate this story to Mr. Motoi Osakada, the editor of Yomiuri Shimbun in Osaka, Japan. I did so but never heard from him again.

The central Honshu Island that makes up Japan is dominated by the Fujiyama (Mount Fuji). The name always brings a smile to my face because "yama" in Ukrainian means a hole in the ground. The mountain is worshipped by the Japanese and it is considered almost an article of faith to climb the mountain at least once in a lifetime. A Japanese saying declares that one is a fool for not climbing the Fujiyama. There is another one which states that if you climbed it twice than you are twice the fool. I was on top of that mountain three times and not because I particularly liked it. The first time Lt. Price, our platoon leader, decided that we should go there as tourists but in an organized fashion and not individually. The other two times we were trying to beat the record time of climbing and descending that was established by some other Marine Corps unit that actually ran up and down the mountain. We failed miserably and ended up with

a couple of sprained ankles. The first climb permitted a leisurely rest and a cup of superb green “Ocha” (tea) on the mountain, the taste and fragrance of which continues to haunt me all those years. The other two had earned us, fair and square, the title of double and triple fools.

A LINK TO THE MOTHERLAND

Going to Tokyo by train for me was always interesting and relatively inexpensive. The exchange rate was about 160 Japanese yen to a dollar. This paid for the ticket from Yokohama to Tokyo and left some money for a modest lunch. By Japanese standards of those days I was rather well off and could afford these sight-seeing and food trips to the capital.

Tokyo had many European style restaurants and I liked to sample their offerings whenever I could. Completely by chance, I discovered a restaurant called “Troika” which featured Caucasian shish-kebab dishes and the Ukrainian borshcht and varenyky. It was



On one of the streets
in Yokohama

called the Russian restaurant but with the exception of pelmeni it had no Russian dishes at all. The food was well prepared and not very expensive. Not a single manager or waiter knew any Russian, but it was in that place that I learned that some Japanese were converted to Russian Orthodoxy before WWI and a small community of these people still existed in Tokyo.

By chance, I also saw a church whose architecture was quite familiar to me and out of place in Japan. I got off the train somewhere in the vicinity of the Shimbashi station and proceeded on foot to find it. Eventually I came upon it, rang and the priest in a white orthodox cassock opened the gate for me. I was in uniform, spoke in English and asked if it is possible to see the church and to take some pictures. In halting English the priest agreed, let me in and before escorting me into the church asked if I would like some tea. He introduced himself as the bishop (I do not recall his name) and volunteered that before coming to Tokyo he was in charge of a parish in Chicago. He informed me that the church belonged to the Moscow Patriarchate.

His living quarters were in the building on church grounds and as we entered the living room I saw an old woman who was either knitting or sewing. She may have been his mother. When I greeted her she nodded to me and, with a big smile on her face, said in Russian: "What does this stupid American want here"? I was astonished and for the first time in my life I actually felt like an American. I was young, furious and at first I felt like kicking the bishop's behind but collected myself and instead replied in Russian: "This stupid American does not want anything, he is leaving". Now it was their turn to be embarrassed and the woman, by way of apology for her gauche remark, said: "But I did not know that you understand Russian" while the bishop was trying to grab my hand. I stepped back, said rather loudly still in Russian: "Pashli vy k chortu" (May both of you go to the devil), turned around and left. The only thing that I regretted from that episode was that I never saw the inside of the church which, as I later learned, was quite beautifully and stylishly painted. To mollify my wounded pride I proceeded to the neighborhood bar and had several shots of warm sake.

THE WAR, TRAINING AND ACCIDENTS

We were stationed in Japan but we continued to be a part of the war effort in Korea. Our training continued unabated. We were running, swimming, rubber-boating, knife throwing and practicing



Preparing to launch rubber boats. I am first on the left



In Yokosuka Naval Hospital after the ANC

hand-to-hand combat with real knives. To this day I have scars on my hands from these friendly encounters. Then we were introduced to the submarine. Selected teams were put on the sub to practice potential entry into enemy territory. Because the frontlines stabilized, it usually meant doing reconnaissance behind the lines of the Chinese forces.

The Korean peninsula, once largely green, was now denuded of its forests and the mountains stood covered only in grasses as monuments to human folly. The country of Goryeo or Korea had an ancient origin and was populated by Siberian tribes who overtime developed a high culture and civilization. Occupied by Japan in 1910 it was ruled in a despotic manner until 1945. The disagreements between the USA and the USSR resulted in two different spheres of influence which eventually lead to the war in 1950 and the establishment of two countries. When I found myself in Korea it was completely devastated with millions of refugees moving North or South depending on the fortunes of war. There was not much to see beyond appalling human misery. Most of the time, when I was there on brief occasions, I tried to avoid any contact with the people.

On one such reconnaissance mission I ran into an accident with the result that I received a “hole” in my penis just beyond the head. I ended up in the Yokosuka Naval Hospital where in order to do



Learning how to throw knives

the proper repairs the prepiece had to be removed. But this was just the beginning of my troubles. I was in bed trying to focus on higher matters when in came a nurse, Captain Davis, who proceeded to fix my pillow. Her décolletage was rather pronounced and revealed two well- formed, unrestrained breasts. My body reacted in a predictable way and I had to be taken to surgery once again, this time to replace a stitch that probably was not properly handled by a surgeon in the first place. The pain was great, but in the aftermath, I became rather famous in the hospital for the event that was completely involuntary and beyond my control. To make things worse, I developed tremendous, although happily, only a temporary fear of all girls who began to appear on my ward at all times of day and night. Finally to keep me sane I was given a can of a freezing agent that I used as a spray continuously to the end of my stay in the hospital. The end result was rather satisfactory and I was discharged from the hospital to join millions upon millions of happy men with a similar condition. The only difference is that whenever I am asked by doctors to describe my various surgeries I call this one, in their manner, ANC, or the Accidental Non-ritual Circumcision. This abbreviation always surprises them.

The training in rubber boats continued. One time a small typhoon hit Japan, but the Major who commanded our company decided that it



Gas mask training



Helicopter training



My first descent out of a helicopter

was just the right time to play on the ocean. We took off from the shore and were hit with great force by the incoming waves. All our boats were scattered and overturned throwing us into the churning sea. The shore was about 500 yards away. The boats were forced to the shore by the sea but all of us had to swim this distance on our own.

We all had rubber belts that could be inflated. But to do so in this situation was not very wise because while they could keep one on the surface they also prevented fast, needed moves against the waves that were capable of enveloping and pushing one rather deep into the ocean. To avoid this one had to dive into the oncoming wave and come up on the other side. There were three of us in a close proximity to each other when the sergeant whose name escapes me now started screaming that he was drowning. The first rule of military life is that one never abandons a soldier in need. Two of us swam to him and tried to calm him but instead he grabbed the belt of the other man, pulled it off and when the next wave hit promptly lost it. I found a floating paddle next to me, and gave one end of it to the panicked man. But rather than holding on to it, he started to pull me over in order to grab me. The situation was becoming desperate and I asked the third fellow to get to the shore and try to bring some help while I continued to keep the sergeant at a safe distance. The fellow swam away and reached the shore, but no help was arriving. Slowly, painfully we made some progress to the shore being pushed by huge waves. Finally, when we were about fifty yards or so, from the shore four swimmers came out to pull us in. During this rescue I drank more sea water than ever before or since. Nobody was lost and the ill-planned training was nicely shelved. For a few days we had peace and quiet. I was then called to the Major's office and was told "well done" for keeping company of the frightened sergeant. The sergeant was transferred from our unit.

Such goings on fell into the category of "hazardous duty" and we were rewarded by a slightly higher pay than what was due our grade. I used this extra money for travels throughout Japan.

GETTING TO KNOW JAPAN

The Japanese were always polite and no enmity of any sort was ever shown to the occupational troops. However, they hated being an occupied country. I knew this from various encounters with them. In preparation for my travels, therefore, I bought a civilian suit from a good Japanese tailor and decided to pretend that I was a German

visitor to Japan. My German at that time was still quite fluent, but very few Japanese knew it, so our conversation was mostly in English. Nobody ever asked me for any identification. At first I, wanted to present myself as a Ukrainian but discovered that I was being confused with the Russians and that was not a very healthy proposition. The Russians were hated even more than the Americans. Transportation, accommo-dation and food were rather inexpensive and in a dire situation I could always enter any US military establishment and be provided with food and shelter simply on the fact that I was a Marine.

I got to know various places in Tokyo because, most of the time, that is where I went. I visited various museums and that gave me a good appreciation of Japanese history and civilization, especially the samurai tradition, their life, clothing, weapons. Somewhat more difficult was getting to know Japanese culture. I went to Kabuki performances but found them difficult to comprehend; besides, the helpers on the stage who all dressed in black and were “invisible” to the Japanese, were simply too distracting for me. For some strange reason I found the Noh theatre more appealing, perhaps because it used masks in performances that represented gods, men, women, madmen and



Himeji-Castle in Japan



The Great Buddha of Kamakura

devils, etc and not simply painted faces like in Kabuki. There were also performances in which various characters were represented by rather large (3 feet?) puppets, which were being manipulated on the stage by “invisible” men dressed in black. An additional challenge was not understanding the language and the lack of proper literature in English made things even worse. After these heavy performances I usually rewarded myself with the girly shows and cabaret revues in western style. There were plenty of these in Tokyo and the language was completely irrelevant as they were catering to all kinds of tastes.

Japanese literature was simply out of my reach and there were hardly any translations readily available and, to be honest, I did not seek them out. I know that they were available because Ihor Shankowsky, a budding Ukrainian poet, who unexpectedly appeared in Tokyo in a US Army uniform, actually provided a rendering of some verses of Haiku poetry in Ukrainian from an English translation. The three lines of Haiku create a feeling which describes a poet’s emotions. Haikus can be written about anything, nature, daily life, love etc. Evidently to write a Haiku one must be in a state of relaxation. I believe it. Ihor was in a state of euphoria and relaxation most of the time. His Haiku translations were published by a reputable publishing house. They must have been good.

Ihor had great fun in Tokyo and on several occasions we met at the Rocker Four Club where he usually came with his girl friend Nuriya who happened to be the daughter of the Turkish ambassador to Japan. It was rumored that both of them cost the ambassador two factories of woolen blankets. She was a very pleasant girl, totally in love with him and completely under his influence. He was a good but wild dancer and on one occasion he tossed his dancing partner into the pool which was in the center of the dancing floor.

At that time that I met Elisabeth Blaederbusch (Japanese who do not use sound “L” called her Braederbusch), a nice Dutch girl slightly on the heavy side and extremely well endowed in the chest area. In Japan that was a definite asset. She invited me to her quarters and soon the matters progressed to an interesting point. But I was not allowed to move beyond her chest region and ended up massaging her sumptuous breasts. On the second visit the same thing happened and I pointed out to her, with as much diplomacy as I could muster, that breasts for me were simply an appetizer of sorts and that the whole relationship needed some balance. She agreed and to be fair to her, offered to massage my chest in return. We parted amiably enough and she gave me an origami in a form of a flopping bird to remember her by. She said that it was her own creation. Regrettably I lost it on the way back to the barracks.



Merrymaking in Tokyo with
Nuriya the Turkish Ambassador's Daughter and Ihor Shankowsky

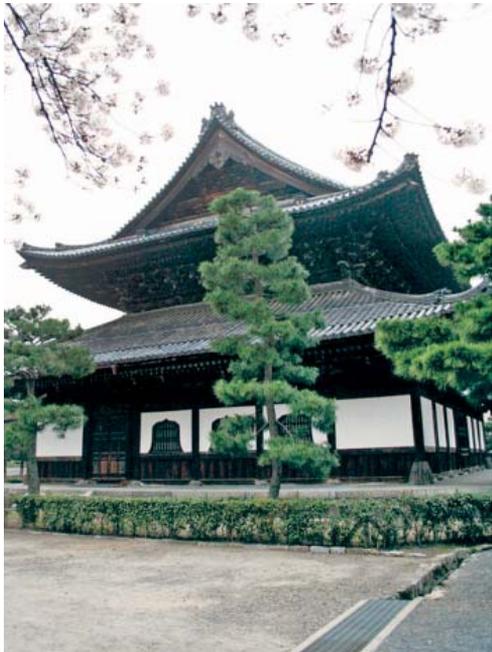


Tofoguji Temple



The Orthodox Cathedral in Tokyo

Kenninji Temple – the oldest
Zen temple in Japan



Not very far from Yokohama, further to the south, was the city of Kamakura that long ago served as the capital of the country. Now it was a small town famous for its large statue of Buddha. I went to visit and was completely enthralled not only by the Amida Buddha but by other sites in the town, as well. I visited two Zen temples, Kenchoji and Enkakuji, the Tsurugaoka Hachiman Shrine and the Hase Kannon Temple. But most interesting to me was the Tokeiji, a nunnery that was a refuge for women who wanted to divorce their husbands. Like most nunneries anywhere in the world it has an excellent location, beautiful gardens, memorials and the museum. Not a bad place to flee to from a bad husband. Besides after three years there the divorce was final.

I never went north of Tokyo but decided to visit the southern portion of Honshu Island which historically was the center of the Japanese empire. The cities of Kyoto and Nara I found totally fascinating. Kyoto is Japan's ancient capital, and was the seat of power for the Emperor for over a thousand years. It remains the city of tradition, full of Buddhist monks and temples and shrines dedicated to the many gods of Shinto. In order to get inside of some of the sights I had to revert to being a marine (in my bag I carried my uniform for just such a case), for the

lines Japanese visitors were extremely long and reservations were necessary unless, of course, one was an American soldier. To visit a city which served as the seat of an emperor for a thousand years is indeed an experience. It was here among the temples and shrines that I cast aside my last negative stereotypes of the Japanese. In Nara I saw the house that was built in the 8th century. It was here in the very traditional Japan that I was smitten with a fascination for Asian culture that later was reinforced even further by my confrontation with the magnificent Chinese civilization.

From Nara I traveled to Osaka, Kobe and finally to Hiroshima. The site where the atomic bomb hit was extremely depressing. Not much had been done to change the place when I was there. Even though I was persuaded that the deed had to be done to shorten the war and prevent large American casualties, I had difficulties looking into Japanese eyes. So many innocent people had to die and the decision seemed so cold and calculating. At first I planned to visit Nagasaki as well but after Hiroshima I had no will to undertake that journey and besides the city was located on Kyushu one of the smaller Japanese islands. So slowly through Osaka and Nagoya I returned to Tokyo. I will travel this route again when the time comes for me to return to civilian life. From Kobe we were shipped to San Francisco.

It was on this trip, as a German tourist, that I had an opportunity to meet several Japanese and to find out their thoughts on the last war and the occupation. They admitted that it was a big mistake to hit Pearl Harbor and force the Americans into war with Japan although they were convinced that the conflict could not have been avoided. They defended their imperial ambitions on the Asian continent by the necessities of the economy and were willing to admit the atrocities committed by Japanese army in China. They hated Americans for the atomic bombs and were extremely unhappy about the occupation. They spoke about the USSR very negatively and were furious for having lost Sakhalin and the Kurile Islands. Any fraternization on the part of Japanese women with the Americans they called prostitution. I was asked about the situation in Germany and replied that the Marshall Plan and the introduction of the new currency improved the life of the people but we never got into any details. I had the impression that, at least, the people that I had conversations with were not fully informed about the Nazi regime in Germany or its policies. Not once was I asked about the mass killings of Jews or Slavs, but on several occasions I heard regrets that the Germans did not defeat the Russians.

Much more importantly I was invited to visit two homes, one of them in Kyoto, and had the privilege of participating in an elaborate, traditional dinner full of ceremony. On one occasion I took a family bath, where one washes oneself first and then soaks in a hot tube. I had too much sake that evening and before departing had to ask for a place to rest until my head cleared.

It is a mystery to me why the American occupation authorities did not use the presence of a large number of troops in Japan to teach them about the country, its people, and its culture. There certainly was no prohibition on learning and my case was the best example. Not taking this opportunity meant that most American soldiers returned home with a large dose of the same prejudices and stereotypes that they brought with them to Asia.

RETURN TO USA

Upon return to the USA we were all asked to re-enlist and some did. I decided that I had enough of military life. Three years in the UPA and now another three years in the Marines gave me both a lot of heartache but also some wisdom. The Korean War allowed me to see Asia and to get acquainted with the ancient Japanese culture and civilization. Even more importantly I shed a great many stereotypes and prejudices that were with me since my childhood. No more "Yellow Peril" for me and the blacks, Polynesians, Chinese, and Koreans were simply people that I was sharing my life with.

We were brought back to the USA and disembarked on Treasure Island in San Francisco which had a huge naval base. In the 1930s this island was built in the middle of San Francisco Bay and could conveniently serve as the place of reentrance and reeducation for the American soldiers coming from the Pacific area of operations. There, I spent close to two months awaiting my discharge from the Marine Corps. I used this time to visit San Francisco on many occasions and was simply enthralled by the city. Unlike most US cities San Francisco had an ambience of a European town and I felt very much at home there.

When the time of discharge came I was invited by my friend Karo Kostan (Kostanian) to visit his family in Los Angeles. He was of Armenian descent and his extended family had rug and jewelry businesses on various continents. I was received very warmly and his grandmother took charge of me and fed me dolma, shish-kebab,



San Francisko

something called quinces (made out of fruit of that name) and a lot of madzoon (a yogurt). I spent a week there and every day something new would appear on the table. A lot of Armenian wine and cognac was also available but I did not touch the cognac. Soon the time to depart was upon me and I took the train for a long trip via Chicago to Philadelphia.

GI BILL AND EDUCATION

Now that I had Uncle Sam's backing it was time to start thinking about furthering my education. I applied for admission to the University of Pennsylvania and to Temple University and submitted my papers for evaluation. Both replied positively but suggested that I have my graduation certificate from Germany certified by the Comparative Education Division of International Education, Department of Health Education and Welfare in Washington. But these letters and documents alone was not sufficient and I had to travel to Washington for an interview. I was received by an elderly, very pleasant lady and, as was my custom, I kissed her hand. She immediately dissolved into a caring motherly figure, who served me coffee, some cookies and without much questioning she not only



The choir "Dumka" in Philadelphia

certified all my papers but decided that my education was equivalent to two years of college. I returned home very happy, indeed, and immediately started the university registration process. The GI Bill covered 4 years of education and the amount although sufficient to cover university expenses, was somewhat limited to cover living expenses. After comparing costs, I decided that University of Pennsylvania was too expensive and settled on Temple University. I also decided on the four year course of study because of my spotty past education that was full of interruptions. The academic year began in September thus I had to find a new job because I did not want to return to making mattresses at F.P. Voll & Co. although as a veteran I could have done so.

I was hired by the owners of the smoke house near the center of Philadelphia, that prepared smoked hams for the market. The meat would come to the shop from Chicago and our job was to turn them into tasty- looking hams. My job was to revive the shriveled pieces of meat with the help of some kind of a chemical solution. I was dressed almost like a surgeon and as the hams came to me on the belt line I would jab them full of chemicals and then dress them into a sock and hang them up on an iron tree for trip to the smoke house. After a month of this, the owner decided that the line was moving to slowly and cranked up the speed with the result that about every third ham ended up on the floor unprocessed. He complained, I tried to reason with him but to no avail. In the end he started shouting at me and I simply turned the pump on him, sprayed him from head to foot and went home. On the third day he came to my home, brought me my

wages and asked me to return. Evidently, I was one of the better workers that he had. I refused. This experience taught me to be very careful when it came to eating ham. To this day I do not know what goes inside those hams but I wouldn't be surprised if it turned out that the solution was harmful to human health.

From there I went to a tannery but I lasted there only a week. Finally I landed a job making candles. The manufacture was not mechanized and was labor intensive. One had to prepare a frame with strings of wick treaded in, fill the frame with hot, liquid paraffin and after it cooled off and solidified, cut the wicks under the frame, and place the candles into boxes. In the middle of the factory floor there stood a huge cauldron of boiling paraffin and one had to take it out with the bucket. The workers there were mostly new immigrants, the European DPs or Puerto Ricans. One of the Puerto Ricans was especially annoying, constantly screaming, cursing and making himself disliked. He was especially nasty to the Europeans and was constantly urging others to treat them badly as well. Three of us decided to teach him some manners. I, another Ukrainian and the Pole grabbed him near the cauldron, lifted him over the boiling paraffin, held him there for a moment and let him down. He was completely white in the face and when he got his wits about him he left the factory never to return. This was, indeed, a stupid dangerous game. If the poor fellow fell into the paraffin we would have been charged with manslaughter. But as a result of this episode the inter-ethnic relations in the factory did improve markedly. I worked there until I left for the University.

UNIVERSITY ENVIRONMENT

It was not easy to start on a serious educational effort. I committed myself, however, to study history and political science but at the same time not to overlook the subjects that I was not strong in. Thus, in the first year I took not only a survey course in history, but also biology (cutting up frogs), a survey course in math, English composition and German. I did best in English and worst in German, probably because I thought that my German was good.

In the second year, in addition to two courses in English literature and two courses in German literature, I took courses in Economics, Sociology, American history, and two courses in Political Science – US National Government and Governments of Europe. I did well in all my



Mitten Hall Temple University

courses. True, the various diagrams in economics would not stick in my head, so I had to prepare cheating slips for the final exam.

I also began to realize that I was not getting any younger and that I had better speed my education somewhat. I decided, therefore, to complete my undergraduate studies in the academic year 1956-57. To do so I had to take 14 courses of study, some of them in Summer School. This required taking 5 political science courses, 3 history courses, 3 economic courses, and 3 sociology courses.

I had the most fun in two courses dealing with the history of Eastern Europe, but in reality, the history of Russia. Professor Wagner read from yellowed notes that probably were not revised since he finished his graduate school. Moreover, he presented the Russian Imperial view of history which was not to my liking. I decided to fight him. At first I asked him leading questions and then when I discovered that he could't defend his views, I started to make very long corrections to his statements. This did require some guts on my part but also a lot of very hard work. I spent more time on the history books than anything else. Finally, the professor called me to his office and asked me not to contradict him all the time. It was then that I discovered that he was cribbing from Vernadsky's "History of Russia" but doing it completely uncritically and sometimes even incorrectly.

This course opened my eyes to the unintentional brainwashing that American students experienced in various courses on Russia that stemmed from the textbooks written by Russian scholars that were widely used in American universities. I did moderate my criticism somewhat but forced the professor to bring new material into his lectures. In both courses that I took from him I received an A grade.

The political science and sociology courses were a breeze and I did very well in them. In sociology I studied class and caste (the professor was a Trotskyist), minorities and the use of statistics in the social sciences – all were very useful in my future graduate studies. I also spent a solid year on the study of political theory and political philosophy. All in all, I did get very good basic education at Temple and graduated in February 1958 with AB cum laude.

THE UKRAINIAN CLUB

In addition to my studies, I also wanted to inform my fellow students about Ukraine and its history and culture. With this in mind, I decided to organize a Ukrainian Club. My problem was that there



Patricia Boyle, Irish member of the Ukrainian Club at Temple

were not many Ukrainian students at Temple. This, however, did not create problems for me, because I conceived it not as a club for Ukrainians but a club where one could be exposed to things Ukrainian. I was already a member of the German Club, International Club, Delta Phi Alpha (Deutsche Ehrenverbindung), Phi Alpha Theta (Honorary History Fraternity) and it was not very difficult to recruit members for the Ukrainian Club. The largest group were the Indians and Prabhu Dutt Vasudeva from Bombay (now



Members of the Ukrainian Club at Temple. Second from the right is my Vice-President, Prabhu Dutt Vasudeva

Mumbai), a Brahman, was helping me to recruit them. He became the Vice-President. The other group that joined the club was the Irish-Americans. Pat Boyle was especially active in the club. I even approached William Chamberlain (Wilt the Stilt), the famous black basketball player but he politely declined because he had no time in his very busy schedule. (Later on it became known that the ladies were his other major preoccupation). This was too bad, because it would have placed us firmly on the map.

The club met regularly over coffee and donuts and we discussed various aspects of Ukrainian history and politics. The Indians who came from that multi-ethnic and religiously diversified country were especially interested in the situation of the Ukrainians in the USSR. The Irish were fascinated by the Ukrainian struggle for freedom from Russia. Once a year all the clubs would establish a collective bazaar each with its own kiosk. Marko Zubar painted the shield for our club, the Ukrainian women from Philadelphia provided all kinds of artifacts and informational material, and two dark haired, blue eyed Irish girls (one of them Pat Boyle) in embroidered blouses provided genuine Ukrainian charm. The first year we were awarded the second place in the club competition. The club continued its existence even after my graduation.

SUMMER EMPLOYMENT

The GI Bill covered my expenses but I had no money for occasional enjoyment. To remedy the situation I joined a crew of Ukrainian house builders who were willing to help me. They would subcontract framing and finishing new houses, including siding and roofing jobs.

My first job was to nail the one by eight roof boards. The job was extremely hard and on the first day I had to be helped down from the roof. The evening was spent in a hot bath so that I could straighten up. Slowly I got used to it. From there I graduated to being a siding specialist. The money was quite good. For finishing the siding on one house in one day the pay was \$125. Of course, the houses were quite large and 3 persons had to work from dawn to dusk. I did this work for two summers and was very grateful to Walter Sawczyn, a Ukrainian man from Philadelphia, for bringing me into his professional team. We did some of the work in New Brunswick area of New Jersey and to this day as I travel on the New Jersey Turnpike I marvel that these houses still stand. While this work was always a very healthy exercise for my body, for the first month of the academic year I could not write properly. It was easier to use the hammer rather than the pen.

REAQUAINTANCE WITH TAMARA



Tamara on our trip
to Washington, D.C.

In Fox Chase, a Philadelphia suburb, was located a monastery of the Basilian Sisters, an educational order of Ukrainian Catholic nuns. They were running the high school and the college for girls. The place was of great interest to young males and I was no exception. The nuns also organized all kinds of festivities for the community that provided an opportunity for all interested to go there.

On one such visit, to my great surprise and delight I saw Tamara Sydoryk whom I had met several years back in Munich as a very young girl. Now she was nineteen and quite shapely and my interest in her rapidly revived.

She remembered me as well and to use the modified old phrase – love blossomed at the second glance. But it was not easy to penetrate the stiff rules and restrictions that prevailed in the school. To overcome them I decided to endear myself to Sister Olga, the nun in charge of the high school. I started with the hand kiss and it worked like a charm. Slowly, I was the only male allowed to remain on the school grounds even in the evening. Tamara and the other girls were quite happy with this turn of events and quite often we spent an evening in



The happiest day of my life

conversation while they were also doing their assignments. Many of them were practicing typewriting or shorthand and this gave me an idea of turning it at least partly to my advantage.

I suggested first to the nun and later to the girls that they could type my papers as part of their assignments. They all agreed and from then on I was one of the few Temple students who had his term papers neatly typed and proof-read. This was done pro bono and everybody was happy and I, most of all.

I completed my course work in December of 1957 but to officially graduate I had to wait until the Mid-Year Commencement in February 1958. Or as the Temple anthem suggests: Wisdom, Truth and Virtue Build our Temple great; Perseverance conquers; Higher to create. I took these words close to heart and immediately started to prepare for my marriage to Tamara. She also graduated from the college in the summer of 1957 and luckily for me she agreed to share our life together. We tied the knot on 23d November 1957 in the Ukrainian Catholic Church in New Haven, Connecticut, Rev. Anthony Kuchma



My graduation photo from Temple University

married man but in a couple of months moved to New Haven to be together with Tamara.

officiating. Our witnesses were Roman Lazor, Silver Cross holder from Korea and his future wife Christine Telepko, Tamara's friend from Fox Chase. The wedding reception was held in the home of my in-laws. The group was small, consisting only of family members. From my side only Prof. Lew Shankowsky came to the wedding and delivered a short but sweet speech. We spent our wedding night in a cheap, dumpy hotel in New Haven because it was Yale Homecoming and all decent hotels were booked well in advance and we had no money for a honeymoon. I returned to Philadelphia a

LIFE IN NEW HAVEN



The crest of the Sydoryk family

I moved in with my wife who, of course, lived with her parents. My in-laws proved to be extra fine, marvelous people who accepted me with open hearts.

My father-in-law Eugene Pantaleimon Sydoryk was a banker in the old country, and a very big shot in the DP Camp in Germany. During WWI he served as an officer in the Kievan Sich Riflemen that was organized by Col. E. Konovalts' (assassinated by a Soviet agent in Rotterdam on May 23, 1938), one of the best disciplined units of the Ukrainian Army. With this unit he participated in the overthrow of the Hetman Pavlo Skoropadsky's government, later became a prisoner of war and returned

to Lviv only after the city was captured by the Poles. His lineage was very old and his family crest hints that his ancestors may have come to Ukraine from Czech lands. Since he was of advanced age he could not find a decent job he worked as the elevator operator in

one of the commercial buildings. He never complained, had an excellent sense of humor, liked good food, drink, clothing, was a good conversationalist and his only fault was that he smoked incessantly. He knew how to handle money and in a few years was able to purchase a three story house on West Chapple Street in a good section of New Haven where he lived until his death. The ability to handle finances was passed on to Tamara and she became the treasurer in our new family.

My mother-in-law Sofia, nee Dudkevych, also came from an old family of landed gentry. Her father served as an officer in the Austrian Imperial Army and later lived on his estate in Rudno near Lviv. Like my wife she attended the Gymnazium that was run by the Basilian Sisters in Lviv and later became a devoted house wife with outstanding culinary skills. She was especially fond of baking superb tortes and various deserts. She lavished her attention on all of us but especially on me and in no time at all I began to look like a very pregnant person. She passed all her skills in cooking and baking to Tamara. She was also a very patient person and this trait, thank God, was also inherited by

my wife. All of the stories about mothers-in-law simply did not apply to her. She was my second mother and for the first time since 1945 I felt happily at home.

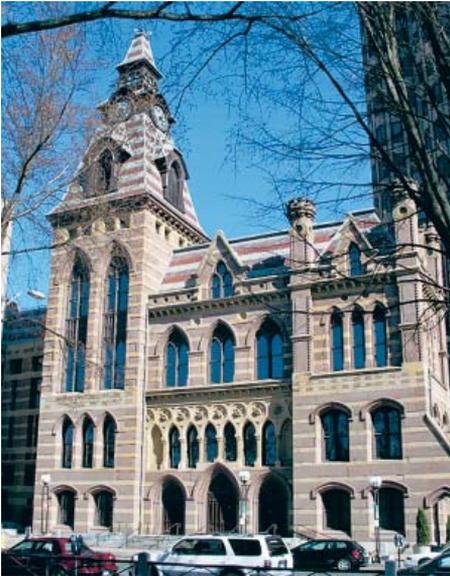


Tamara with her father,
Eugene P. Sydoryk



Tamara at her family home
in New Haven, Connecticut

DEPARTMENT OF WELFARE



New Haven City Hall

With the AB under my belt I felt rather cocky and thought that all kinds of employment opportunities would open for me. The reality, however, was slightly different. The only firm offer came from the Good Humor Ice Cream Company that was willing to put me on the three wheeled cart with loud bells, in a snappy uniform to spread the good cheer among the kids of New Haven. I declined the offer as politely as I could but inside I was fuming. It was then that the idea was born to continue my studies on the graduate level. Luckily for me, the City Department of

Welfare was looking for a male social worker and I was hired.

My case load was some 250 persons, single men and women, mostly sick, alcoholics, drug users and prostitutes. The majority of them were blacks who were natives of the city but many were migrants from the southern states. This last category was usually sent back to their place of domicile with a bus ticket and a few dollars for food. Quite often they made their appearance again and again but it was cheaper for the city to send them back rather than to keep them on welfare rolls.

The requirement of the job was to keep control of the “clients” as they were called by doling out miserly monthly funds for food and lodging. Some of the people could not handle money at all and they were given food vouchers to local eateries. The cost of accommodation was uniformly high because slum lords who rented the rooms had a lot of influence in the city administration and nobody was willing to challenge them. Those among the “clients” that needed medical attention were usually sent to a State run hospital in Hartford.

An important task was to make regular visits with those on the welfare to determine their needs. To my surprise I discovered that the woman who was my predecessor was afraid to make visits to dangerous neighborhoods and it was probably for that reason that I was hired in her place. Unlike her, I made the rounds and almost immediately all kinds of problems surfaced.

There were quite a few persons who were receiving welfare under false pretenses. A couple of men (one of them insisted that he was a woman) were servicing Yale students and faculty as male prostitutes. They lived in a well equipped apartment, with telephones and a beautiful big dog that they walked each morning. I explained to them that they really should not be on welfare but in the meantime, while I looked into the situation further, they could at least help the city by cutting the grass on the City Green. We had a long conversation over coffee and they declined to cut the grass because they felt that this might be harmful to their complexion. I cut them off from welfare but there were no hard feelings at all and they always greeted me with friendly smiles whenever we met on the street.

There were other and sometimes ridiculous situations, as when one client met me completely naked, asked me to sit down and we carried on the interview as if nothing was odd. In my report I called her "Godiva without hair", because her hairdo was very short. She remained on welfare because there was absolutely nothing I could do, and she fully qualified for support. On one occasion I encountered group sex in the early morning that had been probably going on right through the night. I was so surprised that I actually asked if so and so is here to which I had the reply, "Man, you're in the wrong place" from the guy who wasn't missing a beat. I scrambled out of there, and because we were obliged to report strange things to the police, I did so but only several hours later in the hope that by then the party was over. When I asked the client about his address he confirmed that he lived there, but I did not see him at the party. Maybe he was subletting his room for a few bucks for entertainment purposes. He remained on the rolls because he was sick and there was nothing I could do with him.

There were many who were completely honest and tried very hard to get off welfare but very few actually ever succeeded. They created all kinds of problems for me. At first they would report that they had a job and would ask to close their case. This meant that all kinds of reports had to be completed, money payment stopped etc. Usually a week or two later they would be back and I would have

to start a rather long and complicated procedure to reinstate them again. Later on I simply waited for a while, kept the money-cheque on file and proceeded as if nothing has happened.

The slumlords were the worst to deal with. They charged very high rents for the furnished accommodations but usually provided only a dilapidated and often rat infested room with a dirty mattress on the floor. I asked them to change their ways but with no results. Then I stopped the payment of rent and immediately was called to the mayors' office to explain myself. I was well prepared and the mayor was forced to investigate. Changes did occur and the rooms were cleaned up and old furniture was put in. The rents rose as well. So be it. The fall of 1959 was approaching and I decided to move on. I was replaced by another university graduate, this time a black man. He read some of my reports but never asked any questions. He probably did a good job as a social worker.

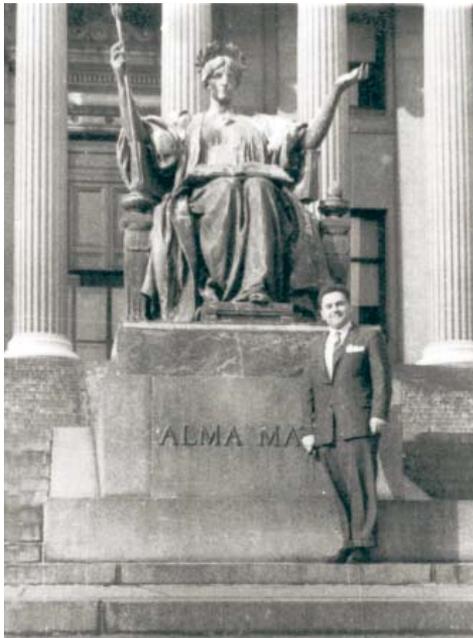
MOVING TO NEW YORK

I started preparing seriously for graduate school and decided to specialize in Soviet and East European Studies. There were



Tamara at Columbia University

two universities in close proximity that fitted my needs, Columbia and Harvard. Columbia had the Russian Institute and was offering the Diploma of a Soviet Specialist as well as the MA degree after two years of study and I decided to try my luck there. My application was accepted by Columbia; I obtained a stipend from the New Haven Foundation and another one from the Ukrainian Institute of America in New York, made arrangements for payments through the GI Bill, and discovered that this was enough for one year of studies. A family council was called, the plan was duly approved and with the blessing of my wife and the in-laws I took off for New York City.



Me at Columbia University

My first apartment was on the first floor a cold-water flat on 6th Street East near the Cooper Union and the St. George Ukrainian Catholic Church in the center of the Ukrainian Village. The street was overrun by street people and almost every day one of these fellows would come into the corridor and for some strange reason always urinate on the door to my apartment. One time I saw a stream coming through the crack in the door and I quickly opened it and screamed at the top of my voice: "Stop it this minute". The guy who was either drunk or drugged was so surprised that he sprayed the walls of the corridor and himself as he was retreating to the street but he could not stop. I put up a big sign "No urinating here" and later replaced it with a more understandable "Do not piss here". It did not help much. Evidently these guys were not readers. I took the Broadway Street subway to Columbia University which was located in upper Manhattan.

Finally, my patience was exhausted and I decided to move to the Upper East Side. This time my apartment was on 107th Street just east



My in-laws,
Tamara and Eugene
after my graduation
from Columbia
University

of Madison Ave on the 5th floor, no fear of unwelcome dispensers of urine. My neighbors on the 4th floor were what could be described as “The Fighting Irish”. They had drunken brawls both day and night and only on Sundays they collectively and peacefully marched to the church. The gate keeper, an old woman was always sitting at the open door. Whenever I went up or down the stairs the same question would come from inside “who was coming” and the reply would come rather loudly: “that fucking scholar from upstairs”. I was always extremely polite with her.

Then one day she was absent and a girl toddler in the corridor appeared (maybe 2 or 3 years) with a wad of money in her hands which she promptly gave to me. I patted her head and told her to get her mommy. She went inside and out came the old woman. I explained what had happened and returned the money. From that time on I was always greeted warmly and heard no more saucy epithets directed at me. But I would not put it past her that in her mind she thought of me now as “that fucking idiot from upstairs”. She never verbalized this sentiment aloud.

This location was quite convenient as I could simply walk to Columbia by way of Central Park, Cathedral Parkway and the Morningside drive. Only once was I stalked by two blacks in Central Park and had good exercise by outrunning them. I am unable to claim any records but I moved rather fast that day. The area was adjacent to Harlem but I never experienced any aggression there even when

I came from New Haven late at night and, not willing to go to the Grand Central Station, I had to get off the train at the 125th street, in the center of the black community.

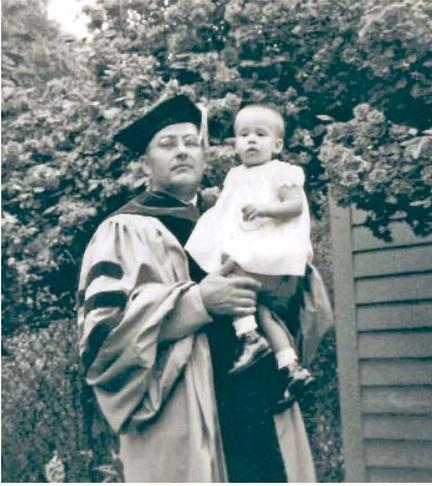
GRADUATE STUDIES

Studying at Columbia was hard work. Whole shelves of books had to be read, the papers typed (this was done by my wife) and exams written. One had to be registered in one of the academic departments and in the Russian Institute. This meant a double course load. I registered in the Department of Government and in three years (1958-1961) took 23 various courses in history, economics, politics, political theory, public law, sociology, Russian literature and language, and some, like Marxism, with Professor Herbert Marcuse that were not even on the calendar. He knew his Marx well but with his heavy German accent and boring presentation one wonders how he managed to become the guru of the “flower children” of the time. His lectures were in the evening and were always well attended. I studied with him for the entire year because he made relevant, cogent, critical comparisons between Marx and Lenin and I needed that knowledge.

My two areas of concentration were Russian and Soviet politics and American politics. The American political process was taught by David B. Truman . He was a warm, caring individual but totally uncompromising when it came to the new terminology that he introduced in his books and lectures. His approach was a departure from the traditional emphasis on institutions of government. In addition, I took courses on Congress in politics, American political ideas and institutions, and two courses in constitutional law (American Constitutional System-Federalism



My graduation at
Columbia University



With my daughter Adriana

and *The Growth and Function of Constitutional Law*), both with Allan Westin. He taught me how to “sheppardise the cases”, a skill in constitutional law research that I never used. Later on he nearly flunked me at the PhD orals because I could not remember one of the more obscure cases in US constitutional law. I had to take private orals with him on that subject in order to pass.

Russian and Soviet Studies were taught by several very well known professors such as G.T. Robinson, head

of the OSS (Office of Strategic Services, precursor of the CIA) during the war and the first director of the Russian Institute, J.N. Hazard and S. Bialer (Soviet Politics, Soviet Jurisprudence, and Soviet Constitutional Law), Alexander Dallin, Henry L. Roberts, and, of course, Zbigniew Brzezinski. Brzezinski taught the Dynamics of Soviet Politics. His lectures were superb, full of insights, well delivered, relevant. He did not like any contradiction and anybody who queried his comments was simply hammered into the ground. I tried it once or twice and as a result felt that I was twisting in the wind. He was a hard, but fair, marker and during office hours he was always very pleasant. He knew that I was Ukrainian and treated me well. Not so A. Dallin – he didn’t like Ukrainians and was always very polite but hostile. Samuel Huntington also taught one course, he was then an Associate Professor of Politics and in 1962 he returned to Harvard. There were also a number of visiting scholars from Great Britain and the Continent and I took two courses they taught in European Political Institutions and Politics and Social Order in the Context of European Institutions. These courses focused on UK and Germany. I needed them for a minor in European politics. There was also an interesting course on Diplomatic History of Eastern Europe Since 1918 and one course on modern China and Japan. Every week a seminar was held for scholars and graduate students. The intellectual life was, indeed, very robust, thriving and educational.

The opportunity to meet students from different corners of the world was another advantage. It was at Columbia that I met Grey Hodnett, Harris Coulter, George Feifer and several Ukrainians who, like me, were studying in the Russian Institute. We became friends for life. Among the students were also Madeleine Albright, the future Secretary of State of the USA and the General of the KGB, Oleg Kalugin, a Fulbright Scholar in the School of Journalism. I never met him.

In February 1961 I completed the requirements for the MA and the Diploma from the Russian Institute (The thesis was: The Recent Changes in Soviet Trade Unions) and put in an application for doctoral studies. I passed an interview (the so called 45 point interview), passed the exams in political theory, and in international relations, and proved that my knowledge of two foreign languages (German and Russian) was satisfactory. In another month I submitted the dissertation proposal (The Soviet Agricultural Trade Unions), John N. Hazard was approved as my supervisor, the Supervisory Committee was set up and I was ready to do my research and prepare for the Ph.D. Orals, a step before the dissertation defense. Now I had to do all the readings for the orals and research for dissertation. I could do this at home by using the Yale Library.

In the summer of 1961 in order to make some money I taught two courses at Uppsala College in South Orange, New Jersey. One course was on New Jersey State Government, a subject I learned while I was actually teaching my students. They probably knew much more than me but were polite and left me alone. It brought to mind my behavior with Prof. Wagner at Temple although, unlike me, he was a seasoned lecturer and simply unwilling to get out of the rut he was stuck in.

PROBLEMS WITH RUSSIANS

While still at Columbia, whenever I could, I tried to make a bit of money. The GI Bill was exhausted and I was now on the veteran's low interest loan. Tamara was working at Macy's in New Haven but even with the help of her parents (she lived with them free of rent) we were short of money. I got a small stipend from the Russian Institute but had to do small chores like marking papers, carrying out small research studies for professors for their lectures, etc. Then I got a part time job as a searcher in the Library's Slavic Acquisitions. It required

searching the library for books offered in various catalogues so that duplicates could be avoided.

The director of Slavic Acquisition was a decent fellow but always absent. The other searchers were Shatov, a Russian, Sciechka, a Belorussian, and Steiner, a Hungarian Jew. During WWII, Mr. Shatov served as junior officer in Vlasov's Army (ROA); he was lazy, opinionated, bossy and generally unpleasant to all three of us. Mr. Sciechka always spoke Russian to Shatov, Belorussian to me and English to Steiner. I spoke only Ukrainian to both Shatov and Sciechka and Steiner used only English except at times when Shatov got on his nerves – then he used Hungarian which nobody understood.

Needless to say my relations with that Russian sloth were not friendly. He was unable to boss me around, because I immediately started goose stepping in the office to remind him that he was a Nazi collaborator. This would make him furious and I would simply add the Marine Corps hymn to my marching and carry on. To get rid of me, he started writing denunciations to my teachers and to library administrators. It did not work. The teachers were disinterested and the administrators knew that I was doing a very good job and had no reason to fire me. When I had two more weeks of work left the new director was appointed. He was Czech and in no time at all he started hounding me probably at Mr. Shatov's instigation. I left in disgust. Mr. Steiner later told me that Shatov also did not remain very long. The Czech demanded that he do his share of work. Years later, I met the Czech again at a conference and he apologized to me for past misunderstandings.

My work as a searcher was not a lost time. It allowed me to get acquainted with the library system and stood me in good stead in my research and later on in landing me a similar job at Yale.

PROLOGUE

A few blocks down from Columbia, also on the Upper West Side, was located a very important institution that was dedicated to the cause of Ukrainian liberation struggle. It was only much later that I discovered that this organization was sponsored by the CIA. They opposed Russian rule in Ukraine and that was enough for me. Moreover, they were doing it on a very sophisticated level. The Head of the organization was Rev. Dr. I. Hryniokh, one of the Vice-Chairmen of the UHVR, the Ukraine's revolutionary government to which, in 1945-1947, as the soldier of the UPA, I was subordinated. Mr. Mykola Lebed, as



Rev. Dr. Ivan Hryniokh



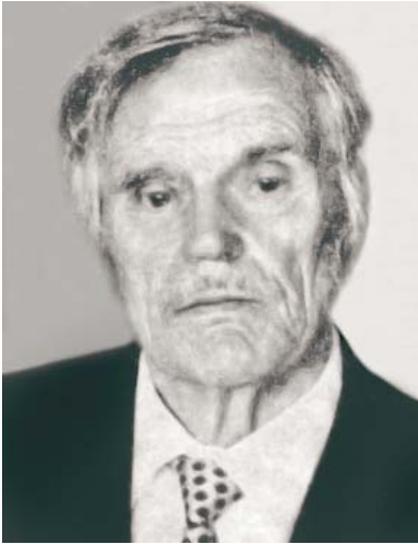
Mykola Lebed



Dr. Myroslav Prokop



Yurii Lopatynskyi ("Kalyna")



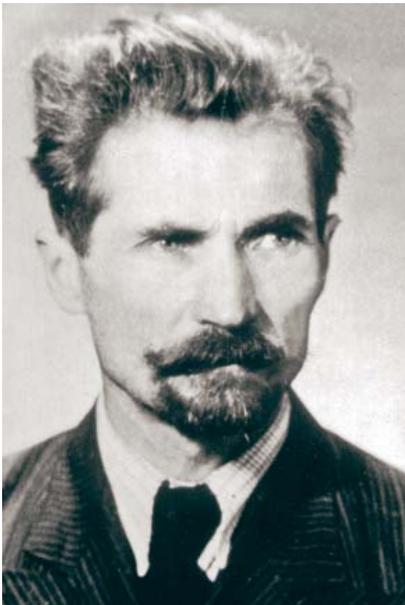
Ivan Majstrenko



Kost Kononenko

the General Secretary of the Foreign Affairs of the UHVR, and the erstwhile leader of the OUN' struggle against the Germans in Ukraine, was also there, as were Dr. Myroslav Prokop, Prof. Shankowsky and the UPA Colonel Yurii Lopatynskyi ("Kalyna"). Associated with them were a group of individuals of various ideological persuasions, even former Marxists (Kost Kononenko, Ivan Majstrenko), socialists (V. Potishko), professors (George Shevelov), journalists (Dr. Roman Oliinyk, Dr. A. Kaminsky), poets (V. Barka, B. Kravtsiv), and scores of other interesting people such as Dr. Lubomyr Ortynskyj, the first Ukrainian immigrant accredited as journalist to the United Nations. They were producing all kinds of publications, books, pamphlets, a newspaper, and a journal ("Suchasnist") devoted to politics and culture, and even clandestine radio broadcasts to Ukraine. They were also publishing the Digest of the Soviet Ukrainian Press in English that more than supplemented the Current Digest of the Soviet Press that covered the Russian language press of the entire Soviet Union.

One of the key people was Mykola Lebed. He was extremely demanding of himself but also of others, highly disciplined, conspiratorial and authoritarian. I came to know him better later on when he became a member of the Litopys UPA Publishing Committee. He was accustomed to his views always being the last word, and quite



Vasyl Potishko



Prof. Lew Shankowsky



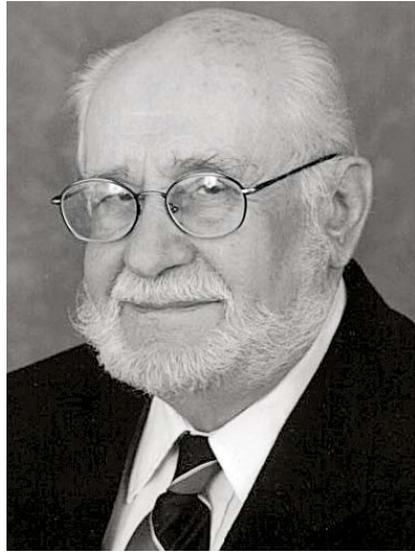
Vasyl Barka



Bohdan Kravtsiv



Prof. George Shevelov



Dr. Anatol Kaminsky



Dr. Roman Oliinyk
(Rakhmanny)



Dr. Lubomyr Ortynskyi



Ukrainian Institute of America

often exploded at the editorial sessions with the tendency of striking the table with his hand for emphasis. We respected him for his former underground activities, smiled at his antics and almost never agreed with his opinions. For example, he was strongly opposed to publishing the memoirs of Maria Savchyn (“Marichka”) because in his opinion they were written by the KGB. The memoirs were published.

The true intellectual of the group, in addition to Prof L. Shankowsky was Dr. Myroslav Prokop. He was always extremely polite, but also very careful, secretive and diplomatic. His enemies considered him Machiavellian but he resembled the Italian philosopher only in his ability for theoretical thinking. He was especially well versed in the field of Ukrainian-Russian relations and produced a number of important works in this area.

The real clown in the group was the highly decorated UPA Colonel Yurii Lopatynskyy. A superb conversationalist with a comic tinge, he was also a polyglot, and an able intelligence and liaison man. His heart was always on his sleeve, and he was willing to help in any situation, but he never betrayed any secrets. He was for many years the Head of the UPA veterans group (the OKV UPA) of which I was a member.

We all liked him very much. He died of a heart attack in the Hunter area of upstate New York.

It would be tempting to provide detailed characteristics of many more individuals who worked in Prologue but space does not permit this.

I was also attracted to that place because Prologue subscribed to all the Soviet Ukrainian publications that they could lay their hands on. It was one of the better places to do research on Soviet trade unions but also to be kept informed about Ukrainian politics. As a former UPA member I was welcome there and in gratitude I offered, from time to time, to sort the newspapers and journals and to help organize the library. They had a Xerox machine and the articles that I needed were simply copied, with a great saving of my time. I offered my help pro bono but was able to benefit by being allowed to copy and access to materials and information. I considered them at that time and now as a very important, well informed, sophisticated group of people whose work brought Ukraine's independence that much closer to reality.

CIA

It was approximately at that time that I was approached by Mr. Mykola Lebed and asked if I would like to go to Washington D.C. He was quite mysterious about this proposal. I wanted to go to Washington, and so I did not press him for answers too much. He said that we would travel together. We flew to Washington and then eventually ended up in some motel in the suburbs in Virginia. There we were met by two tall young men. Mr. Lebed embarrassed me by pushing \$20 on me in front of them; he said that they would like to have a conversation with me and left.

The two gentlemen ordered coffee and sandwiches and started asking me all kinds of biographical questions. I noticed that they were quite informed about my past and finally asked them what it was all about. They said that since I was studying the Soviet Union, they would like to consider me for a position with a US agency, but avoided saying what agency they had in mind. There was no need to do so. By then I had an idea with whom I was dealing and started thinking how to get out of this predicament. I had absolutely nothing against the CIA because I thought that each sovereign state has an intelligence agency. My problem was that I did not want to be parachuted into the Soviet Union and this is what I saw myself doing.

As a second step, they put me through all kinds of tests and finally hooked me up to the “truth machine”, as they called the lie detector apparatus. At first the questions were quite simple but after a while they started probing deeply and I was beginning to resist. It was around the question of my education, which to me was sacred, that I finally rebelled. The question was put to me – had I ever cheated on exams? Heatedly I denied it but then remembered my economics exam. They would not buy it. Finally under pressure, I admitted that yes I did cheat once or twice. But this forced admission so enraged and disgusted me that I wanted to get away from them as soon as possible. Nothing more was said, I emphasized that education was very important to me and went back to New York and told Mr. Lebed that I am not a candidate for the position with the CIA. He did not press me in any way and the matter was forgotten, at least temporarily.

BALTIMORE CONFERENCES

While at Columbia I was asked to present a few papers at the annual student conferences in Baltimore, Maryland that were organized by O. Zinkevych. It brought together a number of young students and aspiring scholars irrespective of their political orientations and provided an opportunity to learn, in wide ranging discussions, about various aspects of the Ukrainian question. Dr. K. Savchuk, Dr. Yaroslav Bilinsky, Dr. Anna Protsyk come to mind in this context. It was also there that I presented my short study on “Ukrainians in WWII Military Formations” that was later translated into various languages.

It was in Baltimore that I met Mr. S. Chemych, although he was a graduate student at Columbia. He was instrumental in establishing Ukrainian studies at Harvard and I succumbed to his persuasive ways to help in this enterprise. On one occasion I traveled with him to various Ukrainian communities in upstate New York to collect money for the



Stepan Chemych
and his wife

Harvard project. We were trailed by the FBI agents who thought that we were some dangerous anti-American group. Finally, in Utica, we showed them our pamphlets with portraits of President Eisenhower and they left us in peace. It was a good effort and the Harvard Ukrainian Research Institute and the three endowed Chairs (History, Literature and Linguistics) came into being. The first Director of the institute was Prof. Omelian Pritsak a scholar of world fame.

JEWISH-UKRAINIAN RELATIONS

One other thing that raised my interest at that time was the perennial discussion of Jewish-Ukrainian relations. It was going on again, this time in New York City. Participating from the Ukrainian side was W. Dushnyk, L. Shankowsky, A. Margolin, M. Stakhiv, Y. Bilinsky and from Jewish side P. Friedman, and S. Goldelman. In 1959 The Annals of the Ukrainian Arts and Sciences published some articles on this theme and later on in 1966 (by then I was in Canada), a Symposium was held. Around 1959-61 Mr. Yevhen (Eugene) Stakhiv organized a Round Table Group with a goal of discussing various issues. He got in touch with Dr. J. L. Lichten from B'nai Brith and they decided to put on the agenda the topic of Jewish-Ukrainian relations. I was approached to speak at one of the gatherings, and not only agreed but recruited my Jewish friend at Columbia, Mr. Kramer, as well. We were advised to approach the topic gently. We didn't pay much heed to this "walking on eggs" approach. How can you discuss anything if you are afraid to discuss it in the first place? Our presentation was well attended and well received. It was at one of these meetings that I met Dr. J. L. Lichten and he made a very lasting impression on me as a wise and pleasant man. He was a former diplomat, made his mark in inter-religious relations, and was highly regarded in Vatican circles.

Other Ukrainians who participated at various times in these discussions were Dr. I. Lysiak-Rudnytsky, Dr. V. Holubnychy, Dr. Y. Pelenski, Mr. Eugene Stachiv and others.

MY WORK AT YALE

At the end of the 1950s, the USSR beat the USA in the space race. At first only a dog was sent into orbit and later on, Yuri



Yale University library

Gagarin. This was sufficient to scare the United States into action. The American space program was immediately accelerated but, in addition, funding of various studies of the USSR was also improved. Columbia University and also Yale University were granted substantial funds for broadening the area of Soviet studies. Russian and Slavic studies at Yale had their beginning in the 1920s when Prof. George Vernardsky was teaching there and when Prof. M. Rostovtsev developed library holdings in the Russian field. Later on professors Firuz Kazemzadeh, Frederick Barghoorn and Leon Lipson also contributed to the enrichment of the library holdings.

The Yale University Library decided in the winter or spring 1962 to hire as the Head of its Department of Acquisitions Dr. Joseph Danko, a native of the Transcarpathian Ukraine. He was well qualified, educated in Prague and in Germany; he knew all the Slavic languages plus Hungarian, had extensive experience in library work at Columbia University and was a scholar to boot. In addition he was an exceptionally pleasant man and a good administrator. Yale was lucky to get him and I was even luckier that it did.

In the summer of 1962, when I met him in New Haven and expressed an interest in a job at Yale library, he offered me advice

on how to apply and gave his recommendation to hire me. My application was successful and I was hired. For me this was a God sent because I had passed my PhD orals, was doing research for my dissertation and could live at home. Moreover, Yale had all of the International Labor Organization publications, many of which dealt with the early period of the Soviet trade unions. The Library also subscribed to many Soviet books and journals because Prof. Frederick Barghoorn, the Soviet specialist, whom President John F. Kennedy sprang out of Soviet jail, was teaching political science and needed these publications. He was also willing to help with occasional advice. I worked at Yale for two years and wrote parts of my dissertation there.

My co-workers were splendid people. Sylvia Duggan was Canadian and studying German, her husband Ray was doing his dissertation in French literature, and Dr. Knut Dorn, was there to tighten the relations between his family's well known German publishing firm Otto Harassowitz and Yale. It was Ray and Sylvia who planted in my head the seed that led to my eventual move to Canada. They are a splendid couple who later on, while teaching at the University of Waterloo, had lived through a horrendous family tragedy when two of their young sons died in a mud slide in Muskoka.

Sometime in September of 1962, we gave the start to my son because he was born on 17 May 1963. It always amuses me to hear how modern husbands are eager to assist their wives in the birth of their children. My presence in the labor room was neither very useful nor exemplary. Every time Tamara made a noise I would jump up and ask a silly and repetitious question - is everything all right? To make things worse, the day was quite warm; I was perspiring heavily and was wearing sneakers that were rather smelly. Evidently, women in labor are extremely sensitive to noises and smells. Finally she had enough of me and told me to remove myself out of there. Apprehensive and relieved at the same time, I went home. After several hours, Eugene came into this world as a healthy baby. Mommy did all the work but I took much pride in the event as if it was I who gave him birth.

The other memorable event of that autumn (November 22, 1963) was the assassination of J.F. Kennedy, my favorite President. The entire university community was in a state of shock. This was an additional reason why I started thinking of moving to Canada. Besides there, unlike in the United States, I would not be required

to explain ad nauseam and almost at every step who Ukrainians are. My two previous visits there left me with an impression of the country that it was half way between Europe and America, and I liked that ambiance.

JOB SEARCH

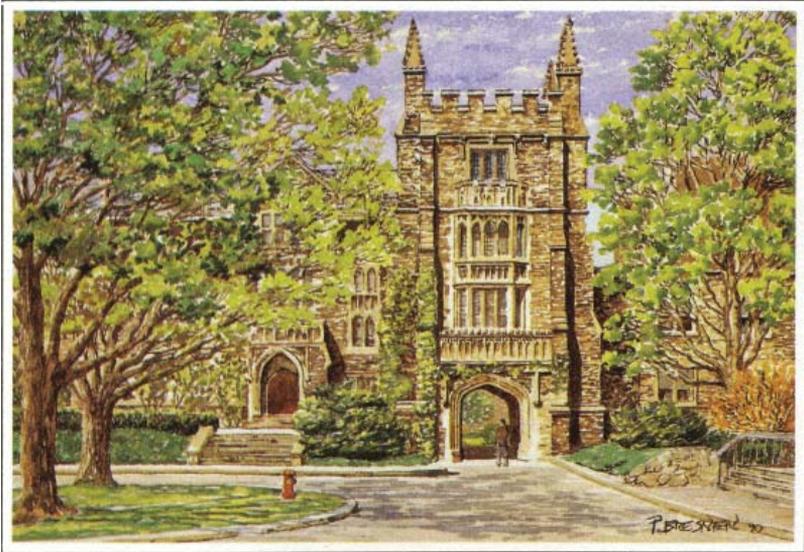
With the coming of our first child, I started looking for a job for which I was preparing myself. The work in the library was satisfactory as long as I was doing research but I wanted a teaching position at the college or university level. Thus I started writing applications to various institutions and sending out my resume. It soon became clear that I had started somewhat late for 1963. The academic year was in progress and I was getting back all kinds of non-committal responses. I decided then to focus on the research and start with the job search in the spring of 1964.



Me at McMaster University

In the New Year I started again, but this time, as a test I sent my application also to two Canadian universities, McMaster University in Hamilton, and Queen's University in Kingston, both in Ontario. To my surprise both answered with an indication of interest. At the same time, I received a response also from the US Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland and from Canisius College in Buffalo, New York. The Naval Academy did not appeal to me at all. My visit to Canisius College convinced me that I might have problems with the Jesuits who were running that institution. Queens University was somewhat out of the way from a geographical point of view and I had no appreciation of its close relations with the power that is in Ottawa. Therefore, I settled on an exploratory visit to McMaster.

The trip by train took an entire night and my impression of Hamilton the next morning was not great. Approaching it from the east, one was overwhelmed by the smoke and stench of steel mills. The Connaught Hotel where I arrived did not impress me very much either.



McMaster University
University Hall

The situation changed when I arrived at the university. I was given a very friendly reception and Dr. Craig McIvor (PhD from University of Chicago) put me at ease over coffee and donuts. He was then the Chairman of the Department of Political Economy, which was composed of three sections, economics, politics and commerce. The first interview was conducted by three economists, McIvor, Jack Graham and Bob Thompson and went well. Later, I was handed over to the political scientists, Derry Novak, Jack Kersell and David Hoffman who asked questions about my preparation and interest in the field of public law and government. My impression from this conversation was that they represented very traditional, mostly institutional perspectives of political studies. This did not bother me at all as long as I would be able to develop my area of interest which was the politics of the USSR and Eastern Europe. As a concession, I offered to teach one course on US government but only for a year or two. They appeared inclined to agree and we talked about the university and the future plans for the department. To my surprise and delight I learned that the Canadian academic year was shorter, and that only full year courses were offered that allowed for a full exploration of the material presented. Even better, I learned

that the classes were very small, with 5 to 10 students each, which allowed for a seminar setting and that the full teaching load was two courses. My visit to the library did not impress me very much. The holdings in Soviet and East European field were meager, to put it mildly, but I was told that it is up to each scholar to develop holdings in his field and that for newly approved courses no money will be spared on the purchase of books and journals.

The university at that time was composed of two Colleges and next I was to visit Dr. E. T. Salmon, the prominent ancient historian who was the Principal of University College. To my delight and surprise he received me with a smile and a string of Latin sayings most of which I actually understood and was able to respond to in English. He then asked me about my background and religious affiliation (the religion question evoked strong disapproval from D. Novak when later I told him about it, who was an atheist and considered himself a Kropotkin anarchist), and volunteered that his wife was of Rumanian origin and of orthodox religious confession. We had a great conversation and he urged me to consider McMaster seriously. After that I went to visit Dr. H. Duckworth, a famous physicist and the Dean of Graduate studies, but this was simply a formality. In the evening I was hosted in a restaurant with both the economists and political scientists present and next morning departed home to await the official offer, but still not certain that I would like to come to Hamilton. I was greatly impressed by the McMaster leaders and started to view the university in a very positive light.

In about two weeks the offer came and now I had to make up my mind. The family was somewhat ambivalent about our moving to Canada. Eugene was about one year old and was a joy for his grandparents who doted on him. A distance of about 1200 miles that would separate us was not easy to overcome and that meant only occasional visits over time. On the other hand, everybody recognized that the opportunity of being employed at the university and of pursuing the field of interest for which I was prepared was not easy to come by. The prospect of permanent employment (tenure) was also easier to obtain in Canada than in the United States where one was a slave until promoted to an Associate Professor. Thus, slowly we began to view the McMaster's offer more and more positively. Sylvia and Ray Duggans also urged me to accept the offer and their clinching argument was that the universities in Canada were entering very rapid growth and, therefore, provided an opportunity for the

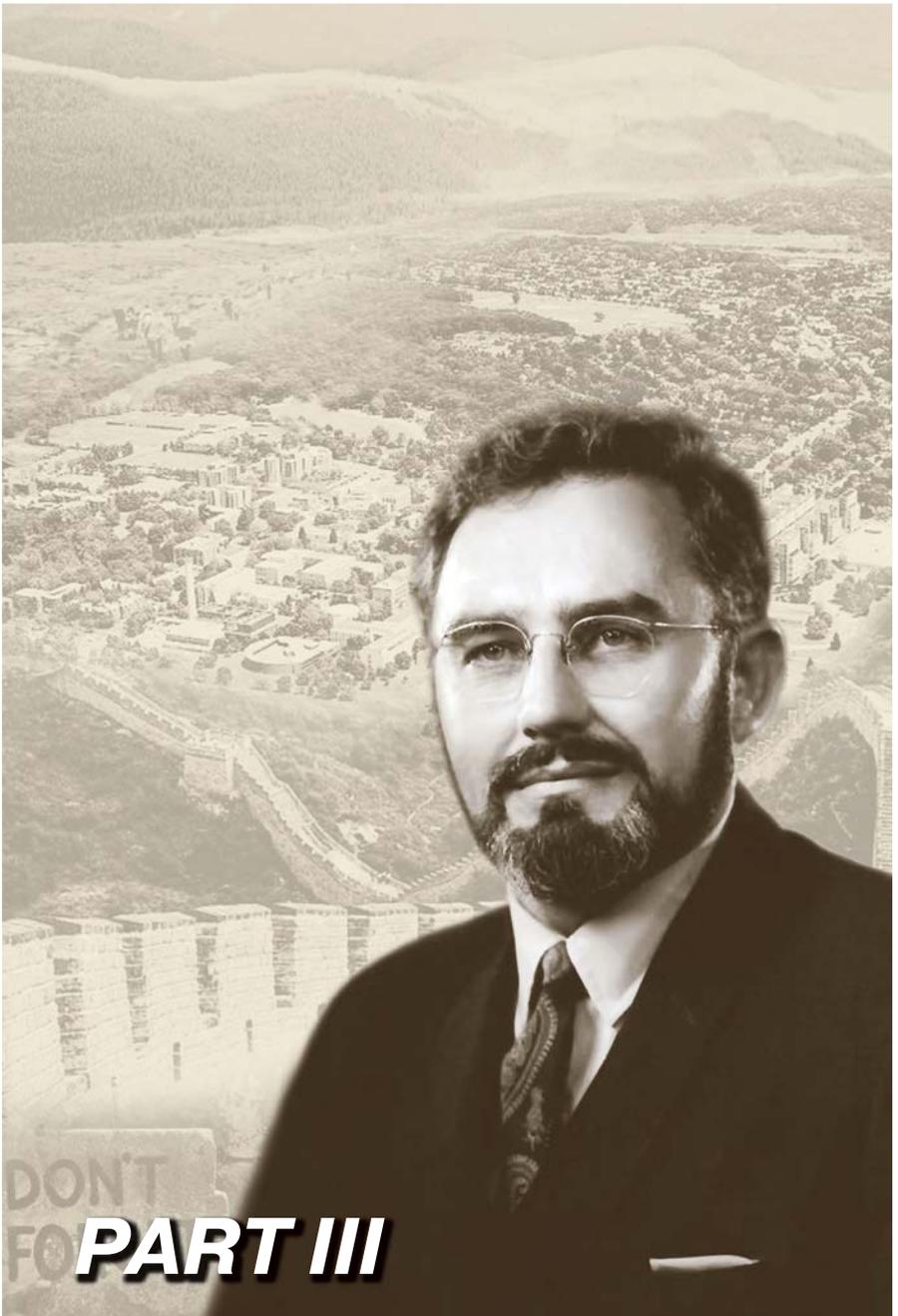
personal growth as well. I, therefore, accepted the offer and started bureaucratic procedures to obtain entry into Canada. Soon this was done and on June 24, 1964, after 14 years in the United States, and the 34th year of my life, I entered Canada as a Landed Immigrant.

This time I drove an old Buick and Tamara's aunt, who lived in Toronto before moving to New Haven, came with me to look for an appropriate apartment. My in-laws were not about to trust my judgment on this matter especially as the future of their daughter and grandson was hanging in the balance. With her help an apartment was found and we returned to the States to buy the furniture and kitchen utensils because, again, all the things had to get family approval. Finally with a lot of tears and unending advice for Tamara and I we departed for our new life in Canada.

As soon as I settled in Hamilton I started working on my dissertation almost full time. My good friend from Columbia Dr. Grey Hodnett helped me to bring it up to scratch. He polished it and in 1965 I sent it to my Supervisor for submission to the Ph.D. Examination Committee. In early 1966, the draft was accepted with only minor comments, I passed the defense, with recommendation that the dissertation should be published and that year I was not only promoted to the rank of Assistant Professor but also granted tenure. Some might be inclined to put it as "only in Canada, eh"? This was a big load off my mind, especially since in 1965 we had a newcomer into our family my daughter Adriana.

There were still many challenges ahead but after some 45 years in Canada I never regretted my move. This is my country now and I feel at home here. Emotionally, of course, Ukraine could not be forgotten and my academic efforts would be fully devoted to and focused on my native country as the next part of my story will clearly show.



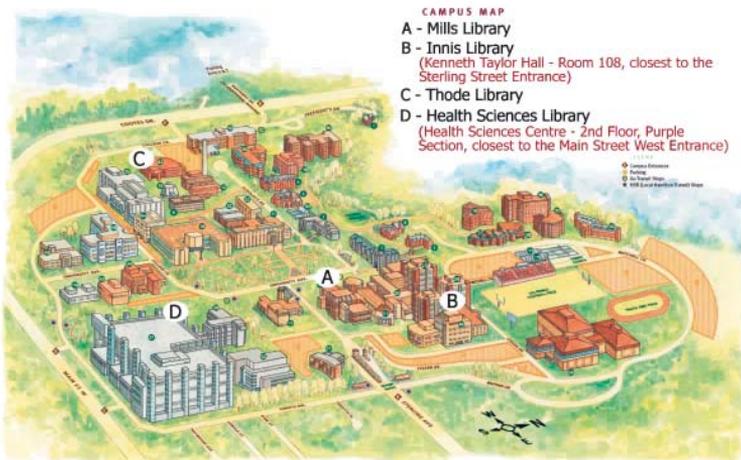


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PART III

MCMASTER UNIVERSITY

When I came to McMaster University in 1964 it was in a state of very rapid expansion. The University was incorporated in 1887 and had its beginnings as early as 1830 as an outgrowth of educational work by the Baptists. Unlike many other educational establishments, it was generously endowed by Senator William McMaster (1811-1887), hence its name, and at first was situated in Toronto before relocating to Hamilton in 1930. In 1957, the University became a non-denominational private institution. However, the McMaster Divinity College, a theological school, continued to maintain its connection with the Baptists. The present day structure is the result of reorganizations in 1968-69 and 1974. It was then that the Faculties of Business, Engineering, Health Sciences, Humanities, Science and Social Sciences were created, each under the leadership of a dean.



Campus map of McMaster University. Present view

The reorganization also affected the Department of Political Economy which I had joined in 1964. It was divided into three departments, namely, Politics (later Political Science), Economics and Commerce, which began to expand rapidly. When I joined the department, it had consisted of three faculty members – D. Novak, J. E. Kersell and J. D. Hoffman. The last-named left in 1965 but was replaced in the same year by T. A. Smith who had

arrived from the United States. In 1966, six new faculty members were added – G. R. Davy, D. J. Grady, W. E. Lyons, J. Melling (the first year on temporary basis), K. H. Pringsheim, and T. C. Truman. In 1967, eight new faculty members were hired. These included, G. B. Breckenridge, R. B. Cunningham, H. J. Jacek, Jr. C. Lumsden, H. Massey, T. M. Mongar and G. R. Winham. Massey and Lumsden were hired as visiting faculty. In 1968, five new members joined the department, namely, W. M. Chandler, H. H. Lentner, T. J. Lewis, R. R. March, J. M. Silverman. In 1969, an additional five faculty members were added, among them, R. E. Agger, S. J. Frankel, M. N. Goldstein, W. D. K. Kernaghan as visiting faculty, and M. M. Smith Lenglet.



Henry G. Thode.
President 1961-1972

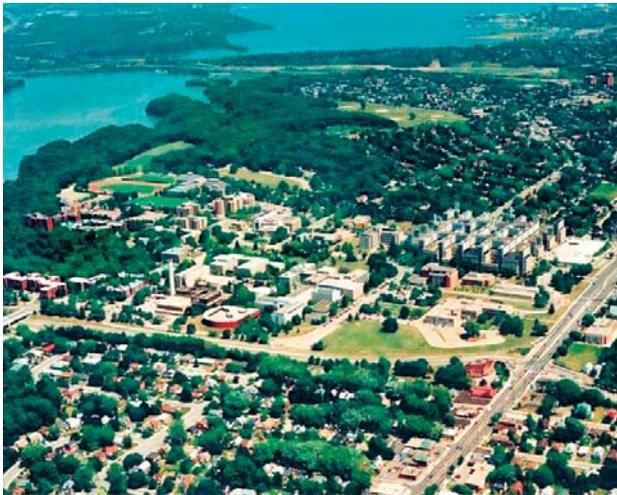


Arthur N. Bourns.
President 1972-1980

As an additional “calming element” the philosopher G. P. Grant was also brought into the department as an Associate member. In 1970, W. D. G. Gagne, E. M. Koehler and P. C. Newman were hired, with the latter two on a temporary basis only. In 1971, H. Aster, J. E. Burke, F. P. Gingras and J. H. Nichols were hired but the last-named stayed with us only one year. In 1972, only J. W. Seaman was hired. In 1973, A. Bromke and N. Sidoruk joined the department, the latter on a temporary basis but who, however, remained with us for five years. In 1974, two individuals were hired – Dr. Stefania Szlek-Miller and G. Szablowski. Szlek-Miller served in a temporary capacity for five years, eventually receiving a permanent appointment, while Szablowski was a visitor for only one year. A further cohort of new

members was appointed in 1977: M. M. Atkinson, W. D. Coleman, S. McInnes, K. R. Nossal and M. Stein. In 1981, H. M. Brotz came on board as an Associate member. After that date the hiring frenzy slowed down. M. Sproule-Jones arrived in 1983, and B. A. Carroll in 1985, with R. E. Howard joining the department as an Associate member that same year. C. A. B. Yates was hired in 1987, and 1988 saw the arrival of G. R. Underhill (who left after four years). In 1989, R. Adams and J. J. Rice joined as Associate members, while D. M. Wells arrived as a regular member of the department. In 1990, R. W. Stubbs was hired, followed by T. Porter in 1992 and J. Ajzenstat in 1993. J. O'Connor also arrived in 1993 as an Associate member.

I am indebted for the above listing to Prof. Byron Spencer of the Economics Department, because the Administration of McMaster University, for their own reasons, refused to release this public information. What is even more surprising, the Political Science Department had no available information of its own history.

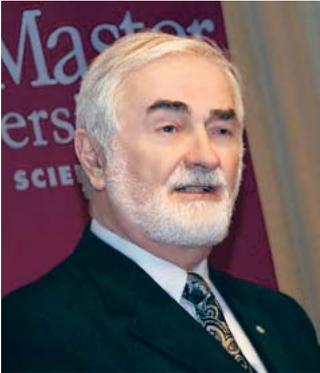


McMaster University in West Hamilton

The majority of the new faculty members in my new department were, with few exceptions, mostly young people from US institutions, a considerable amount of which could be categorized as “ABD” (All But Doctorates). Some of these individuals, as it soon turned out, were quite difficult, unreliable and aggressive. It soon became evident, therefore, that conflicts were inevitable.



Alvin A. Lee.
President 1980-1990



Peter J. George.
President 1995-2010

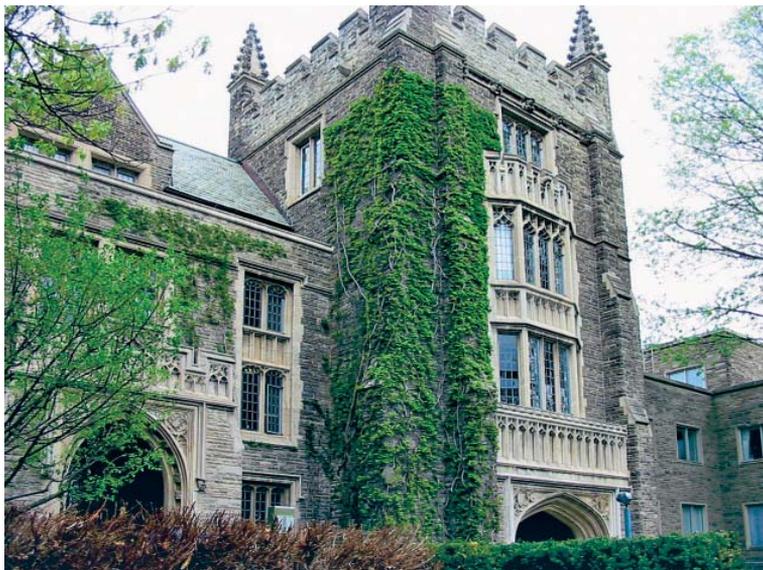


Patrick Deane.
President 2010-present

The initial disagreement began over attempts to draw a silly distinction between political science and political studies. All of the Americans insisted on using the term political science, with an emphasis on statistical data. The older members of the department felt that the term political studies was more appropriate. I, who went through David Truman classes at Columbia University, was somewhere in between. My view was that it did not matter what you call yourself, but rather what you do. Being interested in the Soviet Union, all I wanted to do was to approach my studies from the broad historical-cultural perspective (so-called area studies); I felt that although narrow statistical data can enlighten scholarship, it is incapable of offering important insights into the complex political system. Besides, I wanted to protect my right to approach my studies as I saw fit. We finally agreed unanimously to call ourselves the Department of Political Science, but the conflict persisted. I suspect, therefore, that other considerations rather than the name were underlying the conflict.

In 1965, Dr. Grant Davy was imported from the University of Alberta as the first chairman of the department. He lasted a few months and then, probably concluding that this churner is not going to produce much butter, promptly resigned and returned to Alberta. But before leaving, he found a replacement in Australia in the person of Dr. Tom Truman (1966-67). Whereas Dr. Davy was unwilling to crack the whip, Dr. Truman was

completely unable to control and bring order to departmental affairs. To put it mildly, he was not a leader. Moreover, he sided with the American graduate students who were bent on total control of the department. Soon our undergraduate students were brought into this fracas and life became almost unbearable.



University Hall

Conflict within a university is often vicious and quite personal because it is fought by highly educated and able people, some of whom can easily rationalize putting aside any moral principles. It was no different in this case.

The leaders of this “movement” were T. Mongar and D. Grady, who also happened to enjoy the chairman’s blessing. Although Mr. Mongar was a “prickly” personality, he had some scholarly potential and was interested in “pure” Marxism as opposed to Bolshevism. On the other hand, Mr. Grady’s claims of having obtained a Ph.D. from Princeton University were unsubstantiated. The chairman of the department, unfortunately, never bothered to check this claim and Mr. Grady was able to pass himself off as one of Princeton’s shining stars. He was married to a beautiful, smart Chinese woman by the name of Lolan, who was also pursuing a Ph. D. degree and was quite embarrassed by her husband’s antics.

Lolan Grady was a serious scholar and even though she disappeared from our horizon, I am certain that she achieved her goal.

Especially annoying was the inaction of the university's higher administration who, with the chairman's advice, was hoping that the conflict would blow over without their involvement. At the same time, new personnel were being appointed by the chairman with the hope of overwhelming the opposition by numbers. The young, inexperienced, new appointees were not necessarily strong candidates in every case. This only made the aggressors bolder. All kinds of leaflets were produced and character assassinations of the "opposition" became the norm. On one occasion, in order to intimidate me, a knife was wedged into the door of my office. Because of my background this rather amused me, but it also convinced me that neutrality didn't work and I joined the opposition.

I received tenure after completing my doctorate and was promoted to the rank of Assistant Professor in 1966. Thus I did not have to worry about my own position at the university. My dissertation was on the development and functioning of Soviet Agricultural Trade Unions. To me the topic was important because I could engage in research that I hoped would lead to a clearer understanding of the policies of the Communist Party with respect to the peasantry. Although the facts of the horrible famine-genocide of 1932-33 in Ukraine were familiar to me, I did not delve into this matter at all. The dissertation was approved, successfully defended and recommended for publication. In 1972, the University of Toronto Press published it under the title "**The Soviet Agricultural Trade Unions 1917-70**". It was the only book on this topic in the Western world – very original and quite boring. In fact, I do not tire of repeating to all and sundry that, in addition to history and politics, it has also made an important contribution to medical science as a non-addictive remedy for insomnia.

The fracas in the department, however, began to seriously interfere with my work. Thus I approached the Chairman of the History Department, Dr. Ezio Cappadocia, and requested an office in his department so that I could at least have peace in preparing my lectures. He agreed and from that time on I had an additional office, away from my own department where I could work happily. This little scheme was kept secret and, except for a few historians, was known only by a couple of people in the Economics Department such as Dr. Craig McIvor and Prof. Jack Graham.



Main library and Student centre

Things went from bad to worse and in the summer of 1967, our department shared the front page of *The Globe and Mail* with the Six Day War in the Middle East. The Israelis were able to contend with the combined Arab armies in a much shorter time than it took the McMaster administration to deal with its Political Science Department. At McMaster, this became known as “The Grady Affair”. But slowly the mills of rationality began to grind and as a first step, Prof. Truman was prevailed to resign the chairmanship and John Melling, the Dean of the Extension Department, became Acting Chairman for a year (1967-68). Shortly thereafter, Prof. T. Mongar left and Mr. Grady transferred to the University of Guelph, probably with a glowing recommendation from McMaster. His tenure at Guelph was brief.

The new Chairman, Prof. H. H. Lentner, was also imported from the United States (1968-73). In addition, an attempt was made to recruit more senior members for the department and in 1969 three full professors joined our faculty. They were R. E. Agger, M. N. Goldstein and S. J. Frankel. The first two individuals were Americans and the third individual was a Canadian who came on board as the Dean of Social Science.

Prof. Derry Novak took over as Acting Chairman in 1973 for a year. He did this reluctantly and was happy to make room for Prof.

Adam Bromke in 1974, who came from Carleton University. He served in this capacity for 6 years and in 1980 was replaced by Prof. Michael Stein who served for three years, until 1983. The next Chairman was Prof. Henry Jacek (1983-86), who was succeeded by Dr. Michael Atkinson for a term of six years (1986-1992). Because I retired in 1995, my last Chairman was Kim Richard Nossal (1992-96), a rather insecure individual and therefore, quite aggressive. I was especially happy to say goodbye to him. He probably had similar feelings about me. Other chairmen usually left me alone as my scholarly activities were judged to be good, my involvement in departmental duties were on the whole satisfactory and my teaching quite acceptable.



A picture of me distributed by the university's students

The undergraduate student evaluations usually resulted in a grade of B+ or A-. Although the graduate students were sometimes unhappy, they only complained quietly behind my back. One year I forced them to study in detail the upper echelons of the CPSU, the Politburo, the Central Committee and the Revision Committee. Each student had to write a paper on a special grouping of persons, their nationality, background and the bureaucratic experience, and especially on their role and potential influence in the system of power. This required substantial readings in various biographical handbooks, photocopying and pasting of biographies, etc. The students issued a leaflet with a

sign, "You want to know what is going on in the Kremlin? Bring your own scissors!" On another occasion, they hung up my smiling portrait with a sign: "Why is this man smiling? Is he amused by the workings of the Anglo-Saxon mind?" This was in reference to my giving them a very hard time about their unwillingness or inability to interpret the Soviet ideological twists and turns, and once or twice in some desperation I blamed it on the Anglo-Saxon mind as all my graduate students that year, with one exception, were from England. I never

paid much attention to these oblique criticisms, because I felt that if they were unhappy with what I was doing they could go elsewhere with my full blessings. No one ever did.

My approaches to both undergraduate and graduate seminars were somewhat unorthodox. For the first three weeks (some 9 hours) of a yearly seminar I would make presentations to the class indicating what was expected, and invited serious criticisms of my performance from the students. No one could decline this procedure, and any attempt to curry favor by praising my performance was strongly and verbally discouraged and good, serious criticism was praised. At first, the students found this extremely difficult but slowly got used to it. When the time came for student presentations, the designated presenter would be critically appraised by all members of the seminar, and if the report stimulated a good discussion it received a high mark. All questions and remarks were considered as serious and required good answers or good rebuttals. The students were asked to grade the report as well, by passing their marks to me privately without identifying themselves. Their appraisal of the report was almost always much more critical than my own.



McMaster Stadium

It is interesting that when a group of students is forced to a) learn concrete information, b) compare, contrast and analyze new data and c) evaluate other presentations – either oral or written – they develop a “critical intelligence” and stand out above the “herd”. Thus, already in the third year of their studies certain students could be predicted to do well in graduate school or in any profession they decided to choose upon graduation. Some students were especially good and some like Sheila Batchelor and Stefania Szlek were a good case for this view.

As part of the graduate seminar agenda, one member was asked to prepare the minutes of the seminar and the presentations were always written and distributed prior to the next seminar. This provided the students with additional notes that could be used to pursue the matter further on their own. The seminars were always very interesting, and debates, although involved, were always friendly. The graduate seminar was quite often held in my house and was accompanied by a good meal with wine. My wife Tamara was famous for excellent cooking and especially for good Ukrainian pastry dubbed by students as “Viennese”.

Although a good number of students enrolled in my courses, only four decided to write their M. A. thesis under my supervision, namely Stefania Szlek-Miller, Jian Hua Cui, George Hanas and Vladimir Bilandzic. Stefania Szlek-Miller completed her doctoral studies at the University of Toronto and Vladimir Bilandzic at the University of Belgrade. Others opted for the so-called “Course Option” which did not require writing the thesis. For those who planned to continue onto a Ph. D. level, I always recommended a “Thesis Option”. I also supervised a number of Ph. D. students at the Ukrainian Free University in Munich, Germany, where I was also a professor. One student, Wayne Petrozzi, who received his M. A. at McMaster, and whose doctoral supervisor at the University of Toronto died unexpectedly, had to modify his Ph. D. dissertation considerably in order to defend it at the UFU. Other members of his committee included Dr. Bohdan Osadczuk-Korab, Free University of Berlin, and Dr. Howard Aster from McMaster University.

Beginning in 1974, or after 8 years of upheaval, the situation in the department had stabilized considerably although the remnants of the conflict were not completely eradicated. The situation was calm enough, however, to allow for normal scholarly work to proceed without hindrance.

MY SPECIALIZATION

I was hired by McMaster as a specialist in Soviet affairs and I took this obligation seriously. There were three urgent tasks to attend to. The first was to develop courses in this field in the Department of Political Economy and later in Political Science. The second was to supplement the library's resources. And the third task was to survey the faculty and courses in other departments of the university, for their contents in the field of East European studies. To my delight it proved quite easy to accomplish all three tasks. In the first two years, I taught two courses on the Politics of the USSR, a lecture course in the 2nd year and the seminar in the 4th year. After I completed my



On Red Square in Moscow

doctoral studies and was appointed with tenure also to the Graduate School, I began to offer a seminar for graduate students.

Dr. William Ready, who arrived as the Head Librarian, was especially happy to support the acquisition of new materials for the university's collection, which he aimed to develop into a good research library in the shortest possible time. As the lack of money was not a problem, I devoted a great deal of my time and effort selecting books and journals focused not only on the study of the Soviet Union but Eastern Europe as a whole, which was defined not geographically but politically. My priority was to cover the field by materials in English, but soon I came to the conclusion that many of the reference sources I needed could be obtained only in the original languages. I did not hesitate to recommend them for purchase even though my students could not easily use them.

Some four years into this practice, I was criticized by my colleagues in the department for this approach, but by then subscriptions to various journals were on the books, various



The Kremlin's Big Gun which could not shoot



The Kremlin's Big Bell
that did not toll



At the Mausoleum.
Making certain that Lenin is safely
under lock and key

references on the shelves and any attempt to discontinue their purchase was much easier to oppose than to begin subscriptions anew. But even then, the lack of attention on the part of my colleagues with respect to buying books, resulted each year in a surplus of unspent funds allotted for book purchasing. This allowed me the pleasure, at the end of each fiscal year, to spend these funds. Besides, Dr. Ready was in my corner on this issue and I was able to use the unspent money not only of my department, but of other departments as well.

The third task also proved quite easy. To my sheer delight, I discovered that newly appointed faculty in the departments of history, geography, sociology, as well as those existing in the departments of Russian, and political economy and commerce, were interested in some degree of cooperation.

THE INTERDEPARTMENTAL COMMITTEE ON COMMUNIST AND EAST EUROPEAN AFFAIRS

The year 1967 – the anniversary of the 1917 Russian Revolution – became a very convenient starting point and without too much difficulty, I was able to organize a seminar on that topic with invited outside speakers. The seminar was quite successful and as a consequence, faculty members from various departments were ready to organize an Interdepartmental Committee on Communist and East European Affairs. From the beginning, it was agreed that no attempt would be made to establish an institute on its basis and that our activity would be limited to annual conferences with the aim of publishing the conference papers. I was elected chairman of the committee, and



Polish-Ukrainian conference.
Also seen are J. Pelenski and
B. Osadczuk

with a great deal of enthusiasm started to organize funding and speakers for future conferences.

Over the years, some 25 faculty members participated in the activities of the ICCEEA. The work of the committee was noted and highly regarded in the scholarly community at large and eventually 15 volumes of conference proceedings were published. It was even more gratifying, to me, that I was able to organize 5 conferences devoted directly to Ukraine (The Contemporary Ukraine, 1974; Poland and Ukraine: Past and Present, 1977; Ukraine and Russia in their Historical Encounter, 1981; Jewish-Ukrainian Relations in Historical Perspective, 1983; and The Culture of Kievan Rus', 1987). In addition, Ukrainian economic, cultural and language affairs, as well as political dissent, were all analyzed in a comparative framework, and these proceedings were also published. A brochure compiled and edited by Howard Aster under the title "**The Interdepartmental Committee on Communist and East European Affairs: A Twenty-Five Year History**", provides an ample description of the committee's academic activities.

Though my ambition was to cover Ukraine's relations with all of its neighbors, there were other topics that deserved attention and were supported by the resources of the ICCEEA. My additional



With Elena Bonner at one of the conferences

interest led to an article on the struggle of the Crimean Tartars for their return to Crimea, their homeland ("*The Struggle of the Crimean Tatars*"– published also in Turkish in **EMEL**, No.99, 1977), in which I expressed my view that Ukrainians were obliged to help these people in all possible ways. I helped the Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies (CIUS, University of Alberta) to organize the conference on German-Ukrainian

Relations in Historical Perspective in Garmisch-Partenkirchen (also contributing to it an article on “*The Ukrainian Insurgent Army (UPA) and German Authorities*”). Furthermore, I co-authored a book with Grey Hodnett on Ukraine and Czechoslovakia (“**The Ukraine and the Czechoslovak Crisis**”), and together with Eugene Shtendera I co-edited the book titled “**Political Thought of the Ukrainian Underground 1943-1951**”. Belarus, Romania, Hungary, Turkey, the Balkans (with the exception of Yugoslavia) and the Caucasian nations (although one conference was partially devoted to this topic) I simply had no time and no expertise to cover.



Russian-Ukrainian conference at McMaster

Beginning in 1974, I also began a cumulative guide to officials and notables in the USSR called “**Current Soviet Leaders/Les Leaders Sovietiques Contemporains**”. The original text was prepared in German by Dr. Borys Lewytkyj of Munich, Germany and translated into English at first by Mr. Don Smith and later by Prof. C. G. Chapple of the German Department at McMaster. Other members of the Editorial Board were Prof. Grey Hodnett of York University, Prof. Bohdan Harasymiw of the University of Calgary, and from 1977 Prof. Sidney Aster of the University of Toronto. Prof. Howard Aster was not only a member of the Editorial Board from the beginning, but also as the owner of the Mosaic Press of

Oakville, Ontario, a publisher of the guide. Very able assistants also included the late Inger Gunby and Marlene Moore.



At the Ukrainian – German conference
in Garmisch-Partenkirchen.
S. Horak, M. Lupul, J. Armstrong

The guide covered the period of January 1974 to December 1978 and was published semi-annually in February and July. It was partially supported by the Canada Council and by subscriptions. The work on the guide provided me with detailed information on the Soviet leadership and thus equipped me to be a better teacher in my field of expertise. Although the guide was well received by the scholarly community, it required resources that we did not have and regretfully after four years we had to discontinue its publication.

YUGOSLAVIA

Of all the countries of Eastern Europe only Yugoslavia succeeded in retaining a semblance of sovereignty from the Soviet Union. Josef Broz Tito was not the paragon of a democratic leader, but as a ruler in charge of a fractious Balkan country dependent on economic and political relations with the West, he understood that his rule had to differ from that which was imposed on most of his neighbors. His anti-German guerilla war, which was fought quite effectively also against his internal foes and largely without support from the USSR, also gave him a strong position in the country. Moreover, his main ideologue, Milovan Djilas, articulated a doctrine which some scholars dubbed as national Communism. This topic was of special interest to me, because I was working on the Ukrainian National Communist volume by S. Mazlakh and V. Shakhrai “**Do Khvyli**”, which was published in Saratov in 1919, with devastating but witty criticism of Lenin’s policies in Ukraine.

The book was eventually translated and published by me in English in 1970 by the University of Michigan Press under the title “**On the Current Situation in the Ukraine**”.

By pure chance, I met the Yugoslav Consul General in Toronto, Mr. Cholovski, and he prevailed upon me to invite him to give a talk on Yugoslavia at McMaster. His lecture was quite interesting and afterwards I learned that he was of Macedonian origin and also a Macedonian nationalist. When Mr. Cholovski learned from me that we also had a visit by the Bulgarian ambassador who hinted broadly that McMaster would do well to start a Bulgarian language program, he began urging me to prevent this from happening. It was, of course, no secret to me that the Bulgarians claimed that the Macedonians were simply misguided Bulgarians and that no separate Macedonian nation or language existed. There was no danger whatsoever that Bulgarian would be taught at McMaster, but I did not tell this to Mr. Cholovski. Besides, I really did not like the Bulgarian ambassador, who in his dark glasses evoked the image of a fat Mafioso. During the seminar, one of my students asked him about the Marxist notion of the “withering of the state” and how it applied to Bulgaria. The ambassador remained silent for some time and then in a very thick accent replied: “Oh yes, our state is dying every day”. The result of all this was that when the time came, Mr. Cholovski did all he could to facilitate my contacts in Yugoslavia.



Ljubljana Castle

With the arrival to McMaster of Robert Agger, who had personal contacts in Slovenia, the idea arose that it might be useful for interested students to spend some time in that country. Since I had reasonable facility in South Slavic languages, I agreed to lead the Summer School. Following negotiations with the Extension Department at McMaster, we agreed to choose Visoka Sola za Politicne Vede (School of Political Science), a Communist party school in Ljubljana, Slovenia as our base of operations in Yugoslavia.

The choice of the party school was fortunate, because it gave us a great deal of freedom in our activities. We pursued our own curriculum, organized our trips around Yugoslavia with the help of the school administration and were not interfered with in any fashion whatsoever. In addition, I had unofficial access to all kinds of secret public surveys carried out for the Communist Party of Yugoslavia by the scholars of the school. We were watched rather carefully, however, and on some occasions, especially when the lectures were held outside, we noticed the presence of “auditors” behind bushes. Once, I decided to flush them out and to their great embarrassment, simply appeared in their midst when they least expected it. Afterwards, they were more careful and less visible but continued to observe us.

There were also some tense moments, as when one of the young Croatian nationalists (Mr. Sladojevic-Sola), who came with



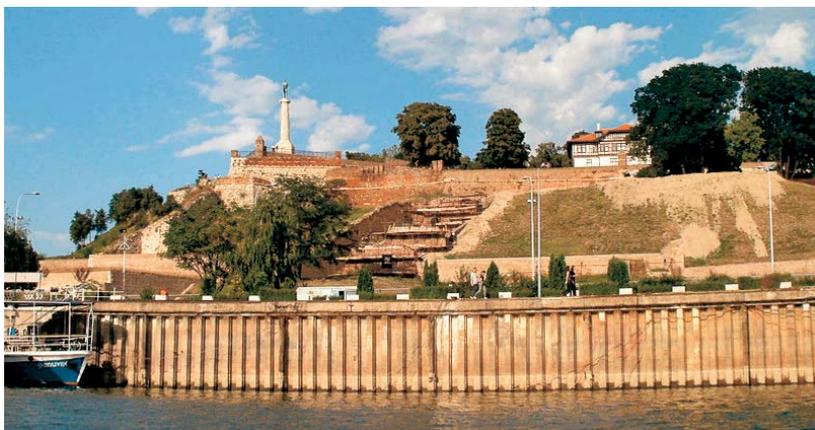
Dusan Bilandzic

our group to Yugoslavia and probably under the influence of alcohol and deep Croatian patriotism, delivered himself of a fiery speech against Tito and his wife Jovanka from the balcony of the university. This created an uproar among the Slovenian students and I immediately sent him out of the country, so that when the authorities came to investigate, he was no longer available for their probing. To make certain that Mr. Sladojevic-Sola

made it across the frontier to Trieste, I sent Mr. Mike Hacimovic, another of our students, to accompany him. Their quick departure put an end to the story and all sides were happy with the outcome.

Our students, both graduate and undergraduate (we had two sections), were extremely well behaved and studious, and some of them achieved important academic careers in their own countries. For example, Dr. Joachim Kersten, who received his M. A. degree at McMaster, is now a well known specialist who teaches at the Hochschule der Polizei in Germany.

For me, the travels around the country provided huge opportunities to learn not only about the life of the people, but also to learn first hand about the political structure of the ruling elite. Most of the academics were members of the party and were quite willing to enlighten me on the workings of the regime. The system was quite authoritarian, but in comparison with the Soviet regime, it was quite enlightened and liberal.



Kalamegdan fortress in Belgrade

Finally, in Belgrade I was able to meet a rather highly placed member of the Savez Komunista Jugoslavije (The Communist Party of Yugoslavia), Dr. Dusan Bilandzic, who also held the rank of Colonel in the Yugoslav armed forces. He was Croatian by nationality, married to a Serbian and worked in the Presidium of the Communist Party in Belgrade. As a young student, Dr. Bilandzic belonged to the Croatian Party of Frankovce, which at the conclusion of WW II decided to join Tito.



On Avala in Belgrade

Dr. Dusan Bilandzic was very bright, but also had an open mind on all the issues facing his country and also the future geopolitical changes facing Europe and the world. We spent many hours discussing the eventual fall of the USSR, as well as the rise of independent countries on its ruins and in the surrounding areas including Yugoslavia. As a loyal subject, he was convinced that nothing would happen until the Soviet Union was no more. Any attempt to do it prematurely he considered as very dangerous, and knowing my former underground activities he advised me to be patient. I supplied Dr. Bilandzic with various Ukrainian underground publications and he reciprocated

with some very interesting party policy materials. I should add that I shared this material only with Dr. Borys Lewytzkyj and nobody else. But these discussions and readings helped me to better understand the Communist systems, and I can only hope that this knowledge was conveyed through me to my students.

Another aspect of this relationship was that Dr. Bilandzic's son Vladimir came to McMaster to pursue an M. A. in Political Science and, as I indicated earlier, wrote for me an excellent M. A. thesis on the Yugoslav federal system. He later completed his Ph. D. at the University of Belgrade and continues to pursue his academic career in Europe. Dr. Vladimir Bilandzic's M. A. thesis inspired me to produce a monograph of my own, titled "**Rozvytok iugoslavs'koho federalizmu**" (The Development of Yugoslav Federalism). It was written in Ukrainian in the hope that some of the Yugoslav institutions and political practices would become better known in Ukraine and the USSR. As an aside, the federal system of the USSR was of great interest to me as well. As a result, I produced a lengthy study dealing with the Union Republics' representation in Moscow

(*“Permanent Representation of Union Republics in Moscow”*) that appeared in the **“Encyclopedia of Soviet Law”**, which was edited by F. J. M. Felbrugge in the Netherlands. There was an amusing episode when I presented the first draft of this article for discussion at the American Political Science Association in Washington, D. C. The discussion was quite involved, lengthy and took place during lunch hour. Hungry and bored to tears, I suggested that “the longer we talk the less we eat”; my comment caused the chairman of the panel to explode in anger, but it was rather well received by the large gathering of scholars present at the session. Shortly thereafter, we all went to lunch.



Dubrovnik, Croatia

These journeys into Yugoslavia and all of its component parts were especially useful as builders of patriotism, especially in our Canadian students. I was visibly impressed by how their appreciation of their own country evolved after visiting Yugoslavia.

My last foray into former Yugoslavia took place during the armed conflict which occurred in Bosnia and Herzegovina between April 1992 and December 1995.

I was asked by Ms. Sofia Skoric, who at that time was in charge of the Petro Jacyk Centre at the University of Toronto, if I would be willing to visit Serbia and Republika Srpska as an independent observer. She must have acted on the request of



Ukrainian Church in Prnjavor, Bosnia

Serbian authorities, because Prof. R. P. Magocsi from the University of Toronto was also invited. I agreed to Ms. Skoric's request and all the necessary entrance requirements were cleared with Belgrade. From Belgrade the observer group was taken to Bijelina, where it was impressed upon us that the military force was composed of Bosnian Serbs and had nothing to do with the Yugoslavia that Serbia proper and Montenegro were known as, at that time.

Anybody who had more than elementary knowledge of the country and its people, and knew the language, had no difficulty recognizing the true facts on the ground.

Republika Srpska, although largely populated by Serbs, was simply an attempt, with the help of the Yugoslav army, to unite that piece of territory to Serbia proper and put an end to the multi-ethnic Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina in which Muslim Bosnians – with 44 percent of the population – were the dominant force. Serbs and Croats made up 31 and 17 percent of the population, respectively. Croats also attempted to secure some real estate for themselves, and eventually turned on the Bosnians as well.

Afterwards, we were flown to Prishtina in Kosovo and also visited Peć, the "Serbian Jerusalem", populated by a large number of Serbian Orthodox monasteries. It was here that the patriotic monks tried to enlighten us about the just Serbian cause. The wine that they served was of superb quality and made it very easy to listen to their quite often jaundiced arguments.

Upon our return to Belgrade, we were shown the so-called "Museum of Croatian Atrocities" which was a gruesome photographic display of mutilated bodies consisting of the God fearing Orthodox Serbs.



Mostar Bridge before destruction

The original villain was, of course, the Pope of Rome and his portrait was prominently displayed at the entrance. It was here that I started asking uncomfortable questions and intimated that in this conflict probably all sides were to blame. For my argument, I pointed to the photograph of the ruined church which was obviously not Orthodox in structure, location or geographical orientation. The woman in charge admitted that it was a Roman Catholic Church, but added that it was used to fire on the Serbian forces and therefore had to be destroyed. I retorted that in that case this image would probably be better suited for a similar museum on the Croatian side. This enraged the woman, who immediately reported me to the authorities as an enemy of the Serbs.

A very nice, beautiful, intelligent and highly educated girl was dispatched to talk to me about this matter. I told her that the manner in which the museum was organized and managed was not terribly persuasive, especially to objective observers. The end result of our conversation was that without saying that I was right she nevertheless apologized for the pushy woman at the museum. Upon my return to Toronto, I mentioned this to Sofia Skoric. I was never approached on this matter again and never asked to offer my opinion to anyone.



Icon in Serbian monastery of Peć,
Kosovo

From Belgrade we were taken to Novi Sad to showcase for us the support that various minority cultures received in Serbia. We visited the Hungarian and the Ukrainian-Rusyn clubs where small, but interesting programs were presented to us. Just prior to entering the Ukrainian-Rusyn club, an amusing conversation took place between me and Prof. R. P. Magocsi. He insisted that no Ukrainians, and only Rusyns, were to be found in the region and that I was simply mistaken. We were, of course, welcomed by the chair who was Ukrainian. Later on, Prof. R. P. Magocsi apologized to me for his exaggerated Rusyn nationalism.

Regretfully, that was my last visit to Serbia and its neighbors; I hold regrets because I was, and still am, completely enthralled by the beauty of these countries and the generosity of their people.

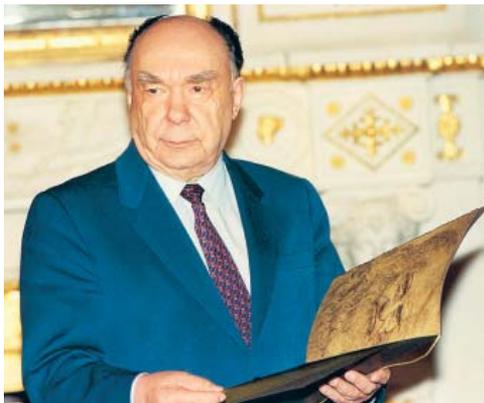
OTHER EAST EUROPEAN DIPLOMATS

To expose our students to various political points of view, I also invited other East European ambassadors to McMaster. Two such diplomats, namely the Polish ambassador, who visited us twice, and Mr. Yakovlev, the Soviet ambassador, proved the most interesting.

The Polish ambassador, who had a small physique but was extremely energetic and argumentative, presented himself rather well. He was accompanied by the First Secretary, who had an ironic expression which was augmented by thick eye glasses. As the ambassador began to leave the university president's office, he found himself, to his surprise, in the wall closet. I had mistakenly opened the closet door thinking that this was the proper exit.

Dr. Harry Thode, McMaster's President, was mortified. The First Secretary made a supreme effort not to laugh, and I had to offer profuse apologies. Soon after that meeting on campus, the First Secretary, probably in gratitude, sent me a huge box of numerous, assorted Polish alcoholic drinks.

The visit by Alexander Yakovlev, who for a decade served as Soviet ambassador to Canada, was also very interesting. However, the substantial nature of the man himself was not revealed during his visit to our university. It was said about Mr. Yakovlev that, because of his political views, he was destined for Siberia but the closest place resembling it was Canada, hence his appointment as ambassador to this country. I knew about Alexander Yakovlev from Columbia University, where I preceded him by several years.



Alexander N. Yakovlev,
Soviet Ambassador to Canada

Ambassador Yakovlev was rather demure in his behavior and conversations. He walked slowly with the help of a cane (having sustained a severe wound during the German siege of Leningrad), ate very little and abstained from alcohol. No substantial topic of conversation was raised.

The fellow who accompanied Mr. Yakovlev, however, spoke continuously, loudly and annoyingly, and most of this prattle concentrated on the ambassador's wartime exploits. As the meat dish was being served, this flatterer began to reenact Mr. Yakovlev's skilled machine gun proficiency against the Germans, – sounds and all – reporting that many enemies were bloodily dispatched. No one, especially the ladies who were present, touched their food at this point, and polite conversation at the table almost ceased completely. The only person who enjoyed the dinner was the story teller himself. It was indeed surprising that the ambassador did not interrupt this coxer. I respected Mr. Yakovlev for his views

in the field of human rights, but my impression of the man on that particular occasion was rather negative. This was the Soviet ambassador's first and last visit to McMaster.

CHINA

I was bitten by an Asian bug already while serving in the USMC during the Korean conflict. While at Columbia University, I audited a few courses on China and East Asia, but never had an opportunity to seriously study the countries of the region. China was of most interest to me not only for its ancient culture and civilization, but also because at that time it was the Soviet Union's principal antagonist. Needless to say, anybody who was opposed to the Kremlin masters was, by definition, my friend.



With Borys Lewytzkyj at Mao's Mausoleum

I was not alone in this thinking. Quite a few of my friends in the Ukrainian community had similar views. Dr. Borys Lewytzkyj of Munich, Dr. Vsevolod Holubnychy of New York and his wife Lydia, Roman Paladijchuk of Toronto, and scores of others thought as I did. They organized a group to promote Ukrainian-Chinese contacts and even published a newspaper (in Canada,

the Ukrainian Society for the Study of Asian Problems published *"The Bulletin"*, Nr. 1, 1971, in connection with the establishment of diplomatic relations between China and Canada) which began to propagate these ideas. Although not a member of the group, I was keenly interested in their ideas, not to mention the fact that I knew them all personally.

By the end of the 1970s, the internal changes in China began to show some promise. Having gone through its so-called "Cultural Revolution", the country was slowly coming out of political isolation and opening up to foreign, and especially western, ideas. It was at this time that I was approached by people in contact with the Chinese Embassy in Ottawa, to see if I would be inclined towards accepting a Chinese student into our graduate program who was willing to work in the field of Sino-Soviet relations. As it turned out, the prospective student in question was one of the junior Chinese diplomats in Ottawa, namely Mr. Jian Hua Cui. I readily agreed to this historic arrangement, as Mr. Cui was one of the first Chinese diplomats to study in one of our Canadian universities. Mr. Cui turned out to be an outstanding student who wrote for me an M. A. thesis on the Sino-Soviet clash over the islands situated at the confluence of the Amur and Ussuri rivers. The thesis was immediately published and received positive reviews in various scholarly journals.

Upon graduation, Mr. Jian Hua Cui returned to China as a member of the Soviet and East European Institute of the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences in Beijing, thus establishing a personal link between scholars in China and other scholars who, like me, were interested in the USSR. He was also a native of Heilongjiang, the Manchurian province, where in the Provincial University in Harbin, Russian studies had a long history. At one time, the city of Harbin had a sizeable group of immigrants from Russia with a strong contingent of Ukrainians who led a very well organized life in their own community organizations such as the Ukrainian People



Roman Paladijchuk

Home, their own Ukrainian Orthodox Church and a number of newspapers. During the Japanese occupation, in the vassal state of Manchukuo, the first **Japanese – Ukrainian Dictionary** was published here.



Zheng Shupu and Cui Jian Hua at the CUAF in Toronto



A former Ukrainian Church
now serving as the Chinese
Orthodox Church in Harbin

When I visited there in 1979, and in later years, the Ukrainian People Home was serving as a high school and the church, the only Orthodox Church in Harbin, was functioning as the Chinese Orthodox Church (the huge Russian Orthodox cathedral, the largest Orthodox Church in Asia, was razed to the ground). Of the large colony of Ukrainians, only four elderly members remained – one man, Mr. Shandor, who lived separately, and three women in the home for the aged. One of these elderly individuals smoked incessantly and used rather salty expletives.

It was also at Heilongjiang University that on January 20, 1985, I was presented with the Diploma of Advisory Professor. This recognition, as well as the association with the Academy of Social Sciences, provided me with various benefits pertaining to travel and accommodation in various parts of China. It was also at Heilongjiang University that on my strong recommendation, Dr. A. Lee, the then President of McMaster, received Honorary Professorship in 1989. As an aside, it was during this trip to Heilongjiang that an elderly passenger passed away on the plane. Dr. Lee arrived quite healthy and delivered a good talk, stressing the need for greater contacts between various world universities. This fact helped facilitate the influx of various Chinese scholars to Canada, some of whom studied Ukrainian subjects.



Former Ukrainian Home now a high school in Harbin

It was through the efforts of this Ukrainian group, mentioned above, and Mr. Jian Hua Cui that a group visit to China was arranged. The individuals selected included, Dr. Bohdan Bociurkiw from Carleton University, me from McMaster and Dr. Borys Lewytzkyj from Munich, Germany, or two Canadians and one German. In reality, we were three Ukrainians who, as students of the Soviet Union, were invited to give the Chinese some notion of what was going on in this field in western scholarship.

We visited Beijing (The Academy of Social Sciences), Harbin (University of Heilongjiang), Shanghai (Fudan University), Nanjing (Nanjing University), Wusi and Hangchow, the latter two for recreational purposes.



With Master paper-cutter –
Potichnyj, Bociurkiw, Lewytzkyj

Our lectures and seminars with the Soviet specialists were interspersed with visits to various cultural and historical places, such as the Great Wall, Ming Tombs, Beijing Opera, etc. The Chinese spoke little; they were mostly interested in our views and how the Soviet Union was understood in the West. But in private discussions their critical appraisal of the USSR was quite clear.

As always, some humorous incidents occurred during our excursions. On one visit to a school, just when the children were coming out, Mrs. Vera Bociurkiw, who accompanied her husband to China and was full of motherly feelings, opened her arms and started moving towards the children in order to give some of them a hug. But for the kids, a white woman, with red hair, and richly made up, gave them a huge scare and they took off in the opposite direction in a cloud of dust. The embarrassed Chinese had to herd them back and Mrs. Bociurkiw finally hugged a kid who, by all appearances, was not terribly happy with her affection.

I also had an interesting encounter with Chinese children, mostly girls, in Nanjing. They were singing and dancing for me outside on the university grounds, when I approached one of them and, pointing to her nose, asked what it was. She replied “hsiao pitze” (small nose). I then pointed to my nose, and to the embarrassed amusement of the surrounding adults she replied “ta pitze” (big or

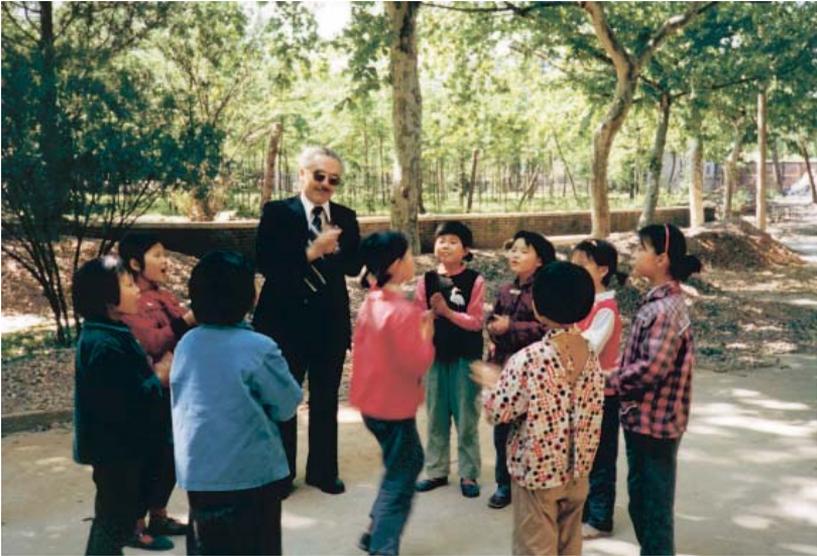


With Bao Suhong, a student of Ukrainian

long nose). The Europeans in China are known as “long noses”. Later during lunch, I asked one of the Chinese colleagues what is the stereotypical name for the Russians. He replied that the Chinese referred to them as “apes or monkeys” (yuan hou, or hou). When I asked why, he explained that it probably had to do with the abundance of hair on Russians’ lower arms. I then pointed out that my arms are also covered with hair, but he assured me that I was the “long nose” after all. Was this a bit of open stereotyping on his part? Of course, but it made my day.

In private conversations, I discovered that Chinese scholars were quite interested in the nationalities question in the USSR and especially in Ukrainians. They were especially unhappy that they had no opportunity to study Ukrainian history, language and culture, and asked for my advice on how to remedy the situation. My answer was simple – go to universities in western countries where such opportunities were readily available. Slowly, with the help of Mr. Jian Hua Cui, we concluded that Canada may be one such country, and I agreed to look into a possibility of sponsoring some of their scholars to visit McMaster University.

The Chinese were also very interested in Canadian universities in general, and wanted to send their students for education to our country. I suggested to them that one way of doing so would be

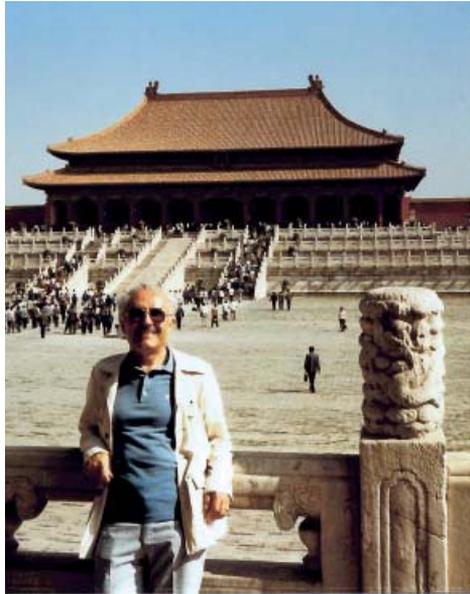


With girls at Nanjing University



In Beijing with the former First Secretary of the Chinese Embassy in Canada

to establish university to university contacts and, as a first step, to invite high university administrators for that purpose. They readily accepted my suggestion and, as was already mentioned, in 1985 the President of McMaster University, Dr. Alvin A. Lee, travelled to Heilongjiang and was made Honorary Professor of the University. Three years later, Advisory Professorship was conferred on Dr. Les King, our Vice-President, by the East China Normal University in Shanghai. This by no means was a novel idea and quite a few of our universities developed such contacts.



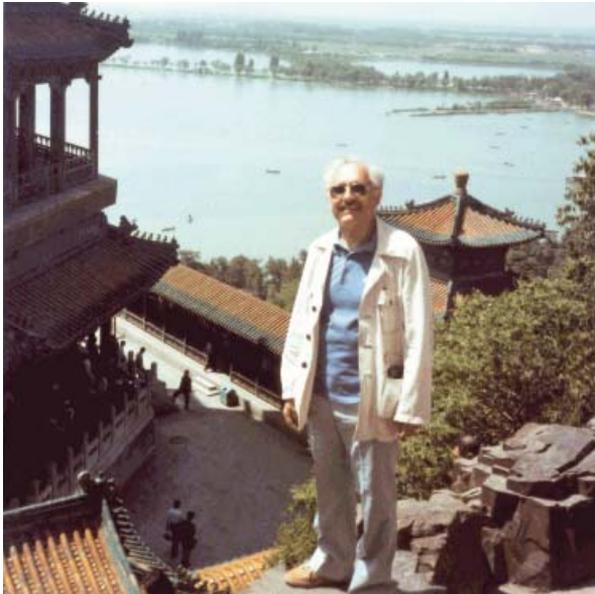
Within the Imperial Palace in Beijing

Shortly thereafter, and as a result of my additional visits to China, I was able to bring to McMaster or to Canada a number of scholars and students who were interested in Ukrainian studies. The first person was Prof. Shen Yun (she chose not to return to China), soon followed by Prof. Zheng Shupu, and Prof. Jiang Chang Bin, all from Heilongjiang University (the latter eventually transferred to the Party School in Beijing). They were subsequently followed by Prof. Lu Dong, from Wuhan, the student Xiong Ching (who also remained in Canada), and later by Prof. Zhao Yunzhong and Zu Din from East China University in Shanghai.

These visits, which lasted approximately one year, each proved extremely beneficial. Soon afterwards, Prof. Zheng Shupu published the first ever “**Ukrainian-Chinese Dictionary**”, followed by the “**Short Chinese-Ukrainian and Ukrainian-Chinese Dictionary**”. The latter was produced in cooperation with the Ukrainian Language Institute at the National Academy of Sciences in Kyiv, when Ukraine became independent. Prof. Lu Dong published the



I and Xiong Ching in Chiang Kai Shek uniforms with Prof. He Rungchang in Wuhan



At the Summer Residence in Beijing

“Ukrainian-Chinese Conversationalist”.

Prof. Jiang Chang Bin organized and became the Head of the Committee for Ukrainian Studies in Beijing, and Prof. Zhao Yunzhong published the first history of Ukraine in China (**“Ukraine: Difficult Steps in History”**). He started working on a biography of the Hetman Ivan Mazepa but unfortunately because of death he did not complete it.

At the same time, I was visiting China almost every year and had an opportunity to see all parts of the country, except for Tibet. I was not allowed to go there, because it was explained to me that due to the high plateau my heart would be in danger. In my opinion, it was the political situation in Tibet, rather than my heart, that prevented me from visiting that region. All the other areas of the country were open to me and I travelled the land East, West, North and South, and all at the expense of the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences. At first I had an escort or two, but evidently the expenses were quite hefty, and since I was deemed a friendly, open scholar, eventually I was simply placed on a plane in one location and picked up by some designated person in another.

As I travelled around the country my circle of friends increased. Slowly, I discovered that there were individuals



With Prof. Lu Dong



Terra cotta soldiers of Xian



At the “Dragon head” in Wusi

in the country who were interested, and even well acquainted, with Ukrainian culture. Most of these people acquired this knowledge on their own or through their studies of the English, German or Russian languages. In Beijing, I visited Ke Pao Chuan, who translated the writings of Taras Shevchenko and was genuinely pleased to meet a Canadian who was interested in his work. In other places, I discovered translations of Lesia Ukrainka, Ivan Franko, and a number of individuals who pumped

me on the history of the Cossack revolutions of the 16th and 17th centuries in Ukraine.

As my circle of friends became larger, I learned that even the recent events in the USSR, as pertaining to Ukraine, were also receiving attention in China. On one occasion, I was presented with two books in Chinese translation. One such book, “**Our Soviet Ukraine**”, was written by the First Secretary of the Communist Party of Ukraine, Petro Shelest. It was deemed “nationalistic” and condemned by the leaders in Moscow. The other publication was Ivan Dziuba’s “**Internationalism or Russification**” which, as the Chinese source explained to me, unmasked Moscow’s leaders as the new Russian Tsars. Eventually, more articles dealing with Ukrainian or nationality problems were disclosed to me, as having appeared in various specialist journals and publications that were not available for public consumption. (Eventually even my articles on Ukraine appeared there in Chinese translation). This was music to my ears as I was trying, as much as I could, to present similar ideas in my lectures.



The Caves of the Thousand Buddhas in Bazaklik, Xinjiang



Reception for me at Turfan

My lectures were usually delivered either in English or in Russian (once in Polish), and on one occasion, I had to struggle in my kitchen German. But sometimes nothing worked. In Urumqi (Urumchi) in the Xinjiang (Sinkiang) – Uighur Autonomous Region, I was to talk to the scholars of Soviet Central Asia. Not a single one of them knew English or Russian, and I had no knowledge of any of the Central Asian languages. The director of the institute spoke some Russian, and we managed to communicate, but he was not up to translating my lecture. We looked at each other for a while and then went to an amazingly tasty dinner. Afterwards, I was turned loose – at first in Urumqi, and later I was taken to the Turfan Oasis, located in the huge desert below sea level, in the Turfan Depression.

Thus, I could fulfill my second task, namely to observe the treatment of the minority nationalities in China. In the Turfan Oasis, few women were to be seen anywhere but I remember hordes of naked kids in the local water hole that I envied beyond belief, but my displaced sense of dignity prevented me from joining them. The heat was unbearable and the trip to Turfan and back was nothing short of travelling through hell. Goodbye Turfan and may you forever flourish in peace and prosperity.



Urumqi Bazaar

Another memorable visit was to the Urumqi Museum. The ethnographic section had a very interesting exhibition of all ethnic populations of the region and the so-called Ili section (the region of the Ili River) had a number of items that were quite familiar to me. It consisted of various embroidered male and female shirts, towels and leather coats that were labeled as Russian. This was patently false and I immediately pointed out this fact to the curator, saying that they are misleading the museum's visitors. He was astonished at my criticism, and with the help of the Soviet Encyclopedia, which luckily they had on the premises, I was able to prove to him that the items in question belonged to the migrants from the Poltava region in Ukraine. He promised to make corrections. I hope he did.



With the directors of the Institute in Urumqi

The evening's entertainment consisted of an opera depicting the existence and functioning of the famous Silk Road. The only Chinese character was some passing merchant, who was on the stage for maybe a couple of minutes. The rest of the performance emphasized the beauty and wealth of the local Uighur people. The theatre was packed with Chinese soldiers, and when I asked the director who they were, he replied under his breath: "Organy, organy – vse organy" or to put it properly, the Chinese internal police forces. The city, and not only the theatre, was indeed saturated with the "organy". There was also a huge number of



Muslim cleric

sheep travelling in all directions on the city streets. While going to the local bazaar, I got caught in one such parade, but the sheep, bless them, were more interested in the leading ram and simply purposely flowed around me to their destination.

I also visited the local university and its two libraries, one Chinese and one Uighur, and a beautiful, newly built local mosque, where I was respectfully received by the leading cleric wearing a turban, with a long, white beard and flowing kaftan. He tried to convey to me that Uighurs were very happy in China, but did so rather unconvincingly. It is entirely possible that the translation is what left me with such an impression, but I rather

doubt it. However, not knowing the local language or culture, I was at a very great disadvantage.

In the neighborhood of the city, but some distance from it, I also visited a cave full of desecrated images of Buddha. This was the visible impact of the so-called "Cultural Revolution" which left its mark even here in Xinjiang (Sinkiang).

Later on I spoke to a number of Huiveibins, as the young people who took part in this movement, were known. They regretted their wanton destruction of the ancient cultural heritage, but praised the movement as a vehicle for young people to travel freely and an opportunity to know their country better.

But, as it usually happens to me, I was not spared some funny, if not somewhat embarrassing, moments. The hotel usually stopped functioning immediately after the evening meal. Not even water was available in the washroom, let alone hot water. However, a large hot water thermos bottle for tea was available. Thus, with nothing to do, I settled in to watch the World Cup Soccer



The Mosque in Urumqi



Uighur family in Turfan

Tournament which was being telecast on the small TV set in my room. In the morning I was to return to Beijing. Almost as soon as I fell asleep, a real boisterous party started in the adjoining room. Clearly, a lot of drinking was taking place and the people were shouting, singing and laughing at the top of their lungs. Moslems were not supposed to be drinking, but then again I was in China, and in Sinkiang region, no less. Sleeping was out of the question.

I should have joined them, had a couple of drinks, calmed them by my presence, and gone to sleep. Instead, I decided to communicate my displeasure to my neighbors more vigorously, but chose a rather inappropriate method. Because pajamas always bother me, I usually sleep completely naked. I got up and slammed the door to the bathroom with as much force as I was able to muster. The walls shook, but this didn't have any effect on the partying crowd. Since the bathroom door would open towards the direction of the room, I thought that the second slam would be more effective if I closed the door from inside the bathroom. Without bothering to put the light on, I pulled the door shut with tremendous force. There was no impact on my neighbors, but to my surprise and horror, I could not open the door from inside the bathroom. The door hinge that controlled the locking mechanism was located on the outside, and when I smashed the door closed, it fell out. Locked naked in the cold bathroom in desperation, I started feeling my way around and, luckily for me, I found a piece of iron tube under the bath tub (try to do this in the Western world). Using this crude implement, I started hitting the walls, pipes and the floor while also shouting for help. After a while, the partying subsided and there was a rush into the corridor. Soon the door to my room was open, and after the light was switched on, the door was opening and a sea of faces looked curiously into the bathroom. There, although fuming inside, but with a broad smile on my face and modestly covering my private parts with my hands, I was bowing and thanking my rescuers in both Chinese and Uighur - hsie and rakhman, rakhman.

No further problems in Urumqi, but when I came back to Beijing, I decided to relate the story in detail to the leadership of the Academy. They knew about it already, of course, but I felt it best to bring the whole event out into the open. We had a nice, polite, typically Chinese laugh about it. My closing remark to my hosts was that, in all circumstances, one should at all costs avoid being angry with the subjects of Allah.



One of many mangled translations into English



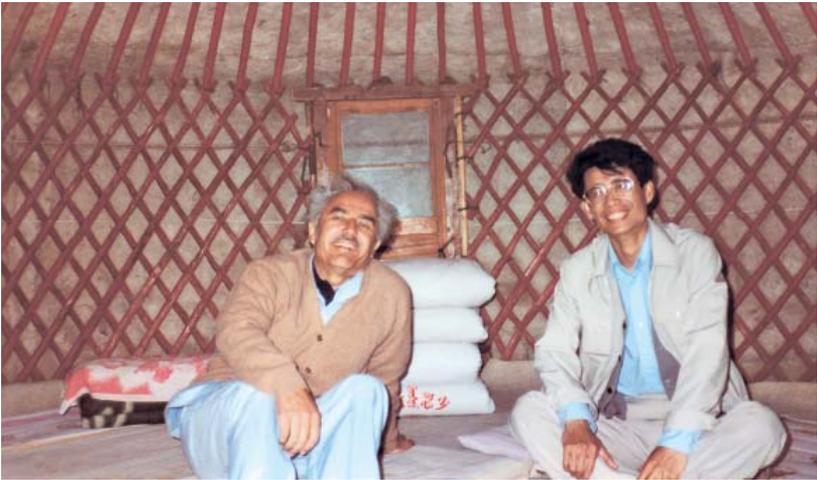
With Prof. Jiang Chang Bin and his wife Guo Haoye



On a camel in Inner Mongolia

The other two locations in China to which I travelled in order to observe the national minorities were, Hohhot in the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region, and the most beautiful part of China, Guilin and the Li River cruise in the Kwangsi-Chuang Autonomous Region. In Hohhot, I was told that their local Social Academy of Science was studying various small peoples of Siberia and the Far East; here I was shown a number of so-called "Internal" (closed) Journals devoted to such studies. I was accompanied to both of these regions by Mr. Cui Jian Hua, my former student. He was extremely helpful and tried and succeeded in making my visits very pleasant.

Inner Mongolia, not unlike Sinkiang, was full of bilingual signs in Mongolian and Chinese.



With Jian Hua Cui in the yurt



On a horse

The visit to the unplowed steppe, the ride on the small, sturdy horses and camels, and the sleep in the yurt all made a great impression on me. In my honor, a pot-belly pig was slaughtered. The pig probably anticipated its unhappy end because it tried to escape into the field. But to no avail, it was caught and slaughtered in the foulest fashion, with a short knife to its heart. The meal, however, was quite good and the sordid business of killing was conveniently relegated to the back of the mind.

I also visited an old Mongolian woman, in a little hut on the steppe, who treated me to some very good tea and a drink of kumis (mare's milk); she praised the wonderful life that she led in modern China. Then I strolled over to a large mound and, to my complete astonishment, found a swastika at the religious monument located there.



Sacrificial pig



Golden Swastika in Inner Mongolia

I was very familiar with this symbol from WWII, except that the one in Inner Mongolia was not black but gold. Afterwards, in a discussion that followed, I was told that there were actually two swastikas, the male and the female, and that to do any good, both had to be represented at the same time. But at the monument, I only saw a single male swastika – the aggressive Nazi version, yet of a golden color.

I was told that Inner Mongolia is represented on the Chinese flag as one of the stars, rather than by a riding horseman. It was also explained to me that a horseman and his mount should be facing west rather than east, as sometimes happens by mistake. When I thought about how, at one time, the Mongols conquered China, I felt that the rider and his horse should rather be facing south, but kept the thought to myself.

In the center of Hohhot, there is a huge mound over the grave of a Chinese princess who married a Mongol ruler of that region. This marriage is carefully pointed out as a significant, historical tie of the land to China. It now serves as one of the high elevations from which to see the city. As is usually my fate, here again I misspoke myself into a slight political incorrectness. Standing on the mound, I asked in which direction was China. The scholar-guide who accompanied us jumped up, and in a very determined tone emphasized that we were in China. I rephrased my question by inquiring “in which direction is Beijing?”

I was told not to wander the city after dark, but I disobeyed and went to the local Opera House to see a play. What surprised me was how the audience was making a running commentary on the stage action. I could not understand what the interpretations were all about, but saw various heated arguments breaking out in the audience. No such display of commentary occurred either in Beijing or Shanghai, where I also attended several opera

performances. The people were very friendly and offered me a local delicacy to nibble on.



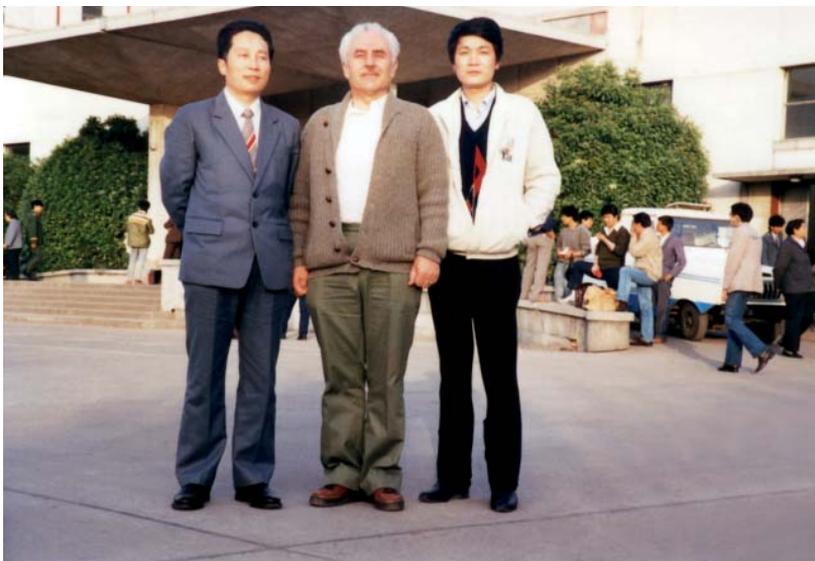
Burial mound of imported Chinese wife near Hohhot

In Guilin, on the other hand, where I was not asked to perform or lecture, there were no visible signs that it was a national minority area. The Yao people could only be recognized by their colorful clothing, and I had no opportunity to talk to any of them. The trip down the Li River was extremely interesting and relaxing. It is the land of mysterious mountains so often represented in traditional Chinese paintings. The people are mostly Buddhist by religion and, as in other regions of China, very friendly to foreigners. All over the river there were numerous bamboo rafts full of cormorants that were catching fish.

Among the more remarkable experiences in China was my lecture at the Military Academy in Nanjing. In 1988, I travelled there from Shanghai, where I was made Honorary Professor of East China Normal University. After my seminar in Shanghai ended, Vice Rector Zhao Yunzhong gave a small speech, presented me with the diploma, the gathering of the professors politely applauded, we all drank some liquor and I was ready to meet the military.



Prof. Zhao Yunzhong, Vice Rector of East China University in Shanghai, presents me with the Diploma of Honorary Professor



With Major Tang and Captain Fong

In Nanjing, I was met by two officers, a Major Tang and Captain Fong, who delivered me to the hotel. It was from there that I was brought to the Academy two days in a row to deliver my lectures on recent developments in the Soviet Union.

One lecture was in English and the other, on the second day, in Russian. No translation was required, as all cadets spoke either one or the other language. It was hinted to me that the cadets were preparing for either diplomatic work or liaison functions with foreign military forces, and probably also for various intelligence tasks.



With teachers at the International Relations University of the PLA

It was particularly interesting that they were fully informed about my service in the Ukrainian Insurgent Army (UPA) and were plying me with questions about our guerilla tactics, and – being a Ukrainian patriot – when did I intend to return to Ukraine. When I replied that I have settled in Canada and became a Canadian citizen, at least one of the cadets questioned my Ukrainian patriotism. I replied that I do not see any conflict in being a patriot of both Ukraine and Canada.

It was only during my lunch with the commanding officer of the academy and his political officer – also a general – that my involvement in the Korean War came to the surface. Both of these military personnel were colonels during the hostilities and the



Lecturing at the International Relations University of the PLA



With the generals at the International Relations University of the PLA

political commissar was wounded in the head. We had a friendly conversation and I mentioned amidst the overall laughter, that maybe it was me who shot him. I then asked the general why was the wave attack tactic employed by the Chinese forces, which must have cost them unusually large casualties. To this the general replied curtly that it was necessary to do so.

In their spare time, the two officers who were assigned to me took me to the magnificent Memorial for Sun Yatsen. The blue and white memorial made a fantastic impression on me. Only emperors, while still alive, usually built such memorials for themselves. A comparison to Mao's mausoleum in Beijing definitely did not favor the Great Helmsman. Furthermore, he lies in state covered by a red flag and the reflection from the glass makes his face red as if he were slightly ashamed by it all. I said so to some of my Chinese friends and they wholeheartedly agreed with me. They felt that keeping the corpse on public display was definitely not in harmony with Chinese traditions or in good taste.

Most of my visits to China were duly reported by me to the Canadian ambassador in Beijing, who always received me with a great deal of interest and respect. Virtually on every occasion, I was conveyed to the embassy in his official car.

The events in Ukraine were of great interest to the Chinese. However, unlike in Moscow, they had no knowledge of the country and, moreover, had no contacts with the newly established government of Ukraine. In various conversations with me, Prof. Jiang Chang Bin asked me if I had some contacts in Kyiv, and if I would be willing to help. I replied in affirmative, especially since the Ambassador-Designate to Ukraine was Mr. Zhang Zhen, his close friend and one of the Secretaries in the Chinese Embassy in Moscow.

On one occasion upon my stop in Kyiv, on the return trip home from Beijing, I stopped by the very small office of Ukraine's Foreign Affairs Ministry (it was not yet housed in the huge former headquarters of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Ukraine) and spoke to Mr. Bugayevsky, whom I had previously met in Canada. I told him that the Chinese are extremely interested in establishing an embassy in Kyiv, and discovered from him that Ukraine is willing to reciprocate in a positive fashion. I never again spoke to anyone at the Ukrainian Foreign Office, and do not know what ensued on the diplomatic level between the two countries; I do not think my involvement was very important to that process. Soon,

however, in 1992 to be precise, Mr. Zhang Zhen became the Chinese Ambassador in Kyiv and established his offices in the Hotel Rus'.

Whenever I was in Kyiv at that time – sometimes I was there several times a year – I kept in touch with Mr. Zhang. He felt quite isolated and kept asking for contacts. I suggested to him that he should start making friends within the scholarly community, especially since government officials seem to be friendly but aloof. I provided Ambassador Zhang with several names and helped him to organize several dinner parties. The guests were not aware that I suggested their names to the ambassador, and were pleasantly astonished that they were important enough for a good dinner party with the Chinese. I always tried to select interesting persons of various views, carefully avoiding “sovki” and especially ukrainophobes.

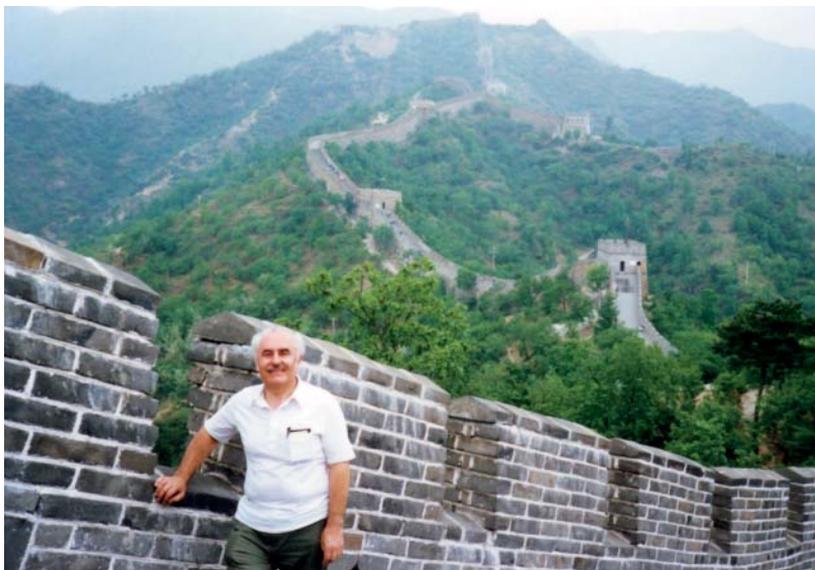


With late Zhao Yunzhong and wife Zu Din

At meetings with the ambassador, I also pushed the idea that one way of learning about each other would be through conferences. Soon this came to fruition, and the first conference on “Ukraine – China: The Paths of Cooperation” was organized in Kyiv in 1993, and the second conference on “China – Ukraine: The Paths to Cooperation” was organized in 1995, in Beijing. The materials of both proceedings were subsequently published. I participated

in both conferences, and gave a presentation in Ukrainian during the second conference. The topic of my talk was “Is a Democratic Ukraine Possible?” My presentation was translated into Chinese by Ms. Bao Suhong, who had spent several years studying in Kyiv on the stipend that I was able to secure for her and for Ms. Jiangyu Feng through Mr. Ivan Dziuba, who was then the Minister of Culture, and from our group in Canada. Ms. Bao’s Ukrainian was exceptionally good.

Prior to the conference, I had a very long talk with the Ukrainian Ambassador to China, Mr. Mykhailo B. Reznik. He was very happy that the conference was taking place but, not knowing Chinese, he proposed to deliver his speech in Russian. I pointed out to him that this might be misunderstood, especially as the Chinese ambassador at the first conference in Kyiv delivered his speech in Chinese. The ambassador spoke in Ukrainian. Everything went according to protocol, but then when his turn came to speak, Dr. Mykola Zhulynskyi, an important member of the Ukrainian delegation, delivered his remarks in Russian. I was thoroughly disgusted, as Dr. Zhulynskyi’s use of Russian lowered the tone of the discussions; and I told him so to his face. I was especially



On the Great Wall

displeased, because by trying to develop Chinese interest in Ukraine, it was necessary to alert them to the fact that it would be to everybody's benefit to learn the Ukrainian language. Dr. Zhulynskyi mumbled something in his own defense, but I was too livid to listen.

Another embarrassing moment came when, as is the Chinese custom, they took all the members of the delegation to a souvenir shop to purchase for them all kinds of trinkets by way



With Mr. Reznik,
Ukraine's Ambassador to China

of gifts. The behavior of these people was very poor – they were arguing with the Chinese store personnel and practically fighting with each other for more desirable items. One person who stood aside from all this was Dr. Liubomyr Pyrih. The Chinese leader supervising the delegation ventured into the gift shop, approached me and said, “He is a European

isn't he?” “Yes”, I said, “but who are the others in your opinion?” “They are Soviets”, he replied.

This description was underscored when we all went to the Great Wall. One member of the delegation, a woman economist, got separated from the group, which compelled us to wait for her on the bus. Finally, two Chinese men appeared with a hysterical female who was making loud noises, and whose face was smeared with tears and mascara; once the men had delivered her to us, they quickly departed. She immediately launched into accusations that we left her there alone on purpose, and that she was in danger of being lost forever. Everybody was trying to calm her down, but she would have none of it. Finally, I had had enough of her tantrum. I told her that she stood out in the crowd like a sore thumb, that she could not become lost even if she wanted to, and that her behavior was simply childish. This calmed her down, but I must have incurred her total hatred. This scenario reminded me about how Soviet visitors

to the West, wherever they went, were always herded like a bunch of sheep. We always explained this behavior by the KGB's need to control the group, but now I knew better – they were kept together also to provide a badly lacking sense of security and self-respect.



With Chinese Ambassador to Ukraine Zhang Zhen

When they were ready to depart, I had to escort the delegation of Ukrainian scholars to the airport. The President of the Chinese Association of Ukrainianists had to attend another function and I, as the Honorary President of the CAU, was charged with officially saying goodbye to the Ukrainian delegation, a rather amusing turn of events.

The Chinese tour of Ukraine was quite different. Their delegation was composed of two persons, Prof. Jiang Chang Bin and Ms. Bao Suhong. I was asked by the Ukrainian government to accompany them throughout Ukraine. The tour was placed under the auspices of the “Ukraina Society”, and this organization was responsible for all accommodations, transportation and any incidental expenses. We visited Kharkiv, Poltava, Kremenchuk, Kyiv, Simferopil, Yalta, Alushta and Sevastopol in Crimea, Ternopil and Lviv. We usually flew in a military plane and landed in military airports, with the exception of Kyiv, Lviv and Simferopil. The Chinese asked very few questions, but it appeared to me that nothing important escaped their attention. In Kharkiv they were

interested in Ukrainian tanks, although we never visited any factory, and spent most of our time at a local wedding that was taking place in the hotel (a rather poor one) in which we stayed.



With faculty at Wuhan. On the left Lu Dong and He Runchang

I remember the issue with the tanks quite well, because some years later, after he was no longer ambassador, Mr. Zhang Zhen and Ms. Bao Suhong attended the World Congress of Ukrainianists, which took place in Kharkiv. But rather than spending time with scholars, they went on a tour of military factories. Prof. Yaroslav Isayevych, who was then the Congress Chairman, complained to me bitterly about this, especially since the Organizing Committee was responsible for the expenses of the Chinese “participants”. I advised him not to pay them a cent. I am not aware of what actually took place, but back in Kyiv, Mr. Zhang was very satisfied with his visit to Kharkiv, and we celebrated his excursion to the World Congress with a splendid dinner composed of some twenty exclusive Chinese dishes and a huge selection of drinks. I did not mention the tanks to him. Not my type of business.

My association with China naturally evoked a lot of interest in the intelligence community both in Canada and the USA. I was visited on several occasions by members of the RCMP intelligence

division. These conversations were always very friendly and I always fully related my experiences in China. There was no need to hide anything, and besides, I made it a point of visiting our Canadian Embassy in Beijing, (usually the car from the embassy would pick me up) by having lunch there with the ambassador or taking a walk in the municipal rose garden for a thorough debriefing by him. The Chinese also probably used me to transmit their side of the story, because on several occasions, I would be seated at lunch adjacent to an invited guest from the Council of State, who would fill my ear with all appropriate news and items.



With students at Wuhan University

The Americans were also highly interested, and I was finally invited to give a lecture at the CIA building in Langley, Virginia. By then, my good friend Dr. Grey Hodnett, who at one time was professor at York University in Toronto, and with whom I had collaborated on various scholarly projects in the past, was an analyst at the CIA. It was he who officially invited me to give a presentation. I agreed. Later on I found out that, because I was a Canadian citizen, the invitation was cleared with the RCMP, unbeknownst to me.

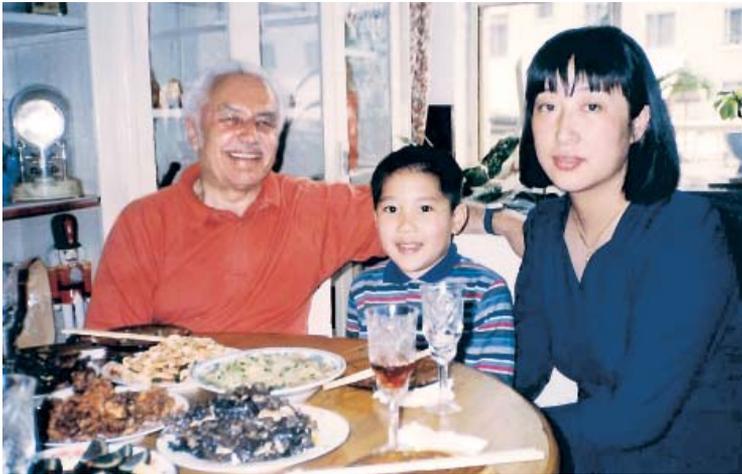
Afterwards, I was taken to the EOB (Executive Office Building) to speak to Prof. Michel Oksenberg, who was then an academic adviser



Appointed by Jiang Chang Bin,
the Honorary Chairman of the Chinese
Association of Ukrainians

on China at the National Security Council. He was extremely tired and was yawning often and loudly. A very short conversation with him impressed me that I was talking to the man whose ideas about China were similar to mine. We both agreed that it was important to establish good relations with China and not only as a counterweight to the Soviet Union although, naturally, I was favoring

that idea. He did not pump me for any details and, in all honesty, I am not certain, to this day, why he wanted to talk to me. Perhaps simply for him to confirm that others saw China as he did. The conversation lasted maybe fifteen – twenty minutes, and afterwards I departed to enjoy a good meal with my friends.



With Jiangyu Feng,
a student of Ukrainian and her son Jiangyu Mao (Mao Mao)

The last time I visited China was in 1995. I knew that I would probably not return, since I was retiring from my active academic life, and personally had no means to travel without the support of academia. I said so to my Chinese friends, and this resulted in heart rendering goodbyes. It was indeed a sad day for me. I continue to correspond with some of my Chinese colleagues, but slowly our once-close relations are cooling off. There remains one exception, Mr. Jian Hua Cui and his wife Ying Way Yeung. I guess this is as it should be.

China and the Chinese made a huge impression on me. I wish them all a good, prosperous future. Chinese democracy, however, is altogether a different story.

LITOPYS UPA

At present, the Litopys UPA already consists of four series and nearly 100 volumes of published documents and materials on the Ukrainian liberation struggle of WWII and after. More volumes are being prepared and what is more important, a considerable amount of the editing work is being done by younger researchers and scholars, many of whom live in Ukraine. The “Litopys UPA” Publishing House was and is, however, a Canadian institution, although it also maintains an office in the city of Lviv in Ukraine.

With Deputy
Prime Minister for
Humanitarian Policy
Dr. M. Zhulynskyi
during a meeting to
discuss the
“Litopys UPA”.
From left, Mykola
Kulyk, Administrator,
Ivan Lyko, Secretary,
M. Zhulynskyi,
P. J. Potichnyj,
Editor-in-Chief



The initiative for collecting and publishing documents belongs to the veterans of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army (UPA) who, as a result of their raids to Western Europe in 1947-48 and as couriers later on, brought with them a large number of relevant documents from Ukraine. These documents were deposited in the Archive of the Foreign Representation of the Ukrainian Supreme Liberation Council in New York and were later made available for our project. The Archive of the Misiia UPA in Munich, Germany was also donated to the Litopys UPA by Dr. Daria Rebet.



With Dutch generals who were freed by the UPA
from the Germans at a celebration in Kyiv

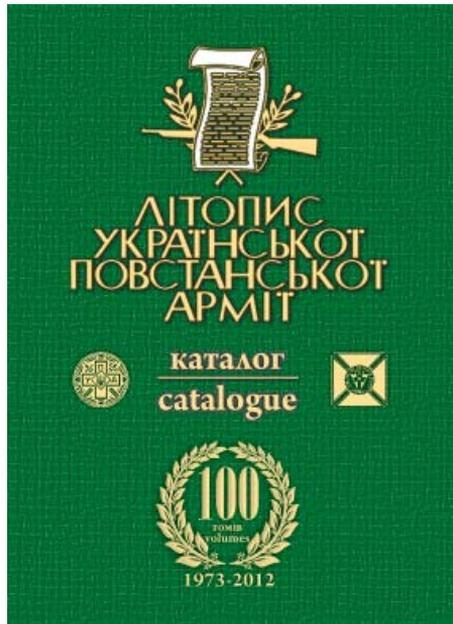
At a meeting on September 2, 1973 near Detroit, a decision was made to start the publication, and I was one of the four members of the Editorial Board who, together with Dr. M. Ripeckyj, M. Fedak and D. Mirshuk, was charged with the task of finding an editor and to secure funds for the publication. In 1975, Mr. Ievhen Shtendera, who was employed by the National Library in Ottawa, agreed to be the Responsible Editor and I accepted the position of Co-Editor. When he left in 1998, I became the sole editor of the publication. (The history of the Publishing House, in much greater detail, is described in vol. 42 (Basic series) of the Litopys UPA. See: Petro J. Potichnyj, **Litopys UPA – Istoriia: Dokumenty i materialy**. 2005).

The project, overall, happened to be good and was generally accepted at first by Ukrainians and eventually by the scholarly community as a whole. The Ukrainian diaspora community came to our aid by way of subscribing to our publications, but also as individual benefactors, such as Mr. Roman Dubyniak from the United Kingdom (UK), Messrs. Volodymyr Makar, Teodor Besz from Canada, and Borys Halahan from the USA, who contributed generously to this project. We were also extremely fortunate to attract to this enterprise highly dedicated individuals, such as: Mr. Mykola Kulyk,

who, by devoting all of his waking time to the project, was able to collect enough funds over the years to ensure the continuing appearance of every new volume; Dr. Modest Ripeckyj, who directed the Publishing House for many years, and Dr. Ihor Homziak, who eventually took charge of our office in Lviv, Ukraine.

It must be added, that no one in the leading positions of the Publishing House is financially compensated for their work. Everything is being done *pro bono* and only our workers in the Lviv office are paid modest wages. Of course, the technical work and printing also must be paid for. For me, the work is extremely onerous, but also satisfying, because it allows me a continuing in-depth study of the movement to which I once belonged. Furthermore, rather than gather dust in some archive, various materials and documents that are being published here, benefit scholarship.

We have also succeeded, quite well, in distributing our publications not only in Ukraine, but also in the world at large. For example, an entire set of the “Litopys UPA” was presented by Ukrainian students to Pope John-Paul II during one of his public



100 volumes of the Litopys UPA

audiences in the Vatican. My son Eugene was especially pleased for having been photographed with the Pontiff during the presentation. The Pope graciously accepted the massive gift, and knowing the Ukrainian language, he even spent some time looking through some of the volumes. His stewards, who had the task of carrying the books to the library, were probably less satisfied with this unusual gift.



Pope John-Paul II accepts the Litopys UPA from Eugene Potichnyj

Not everybody is satisfied with our efforts. Some feel that we should provide special analysis of historical events such as, the Polish-Ukrainian conflict in Volyn and Galicia, or the relationship of the Ukrainian underground vis-a-vis the Jewish questions during WWII. Some have even accused us of hiding documents that may shed a bad light on Ukrainians in such situations. These are spurious accusations. We publish all documents pertaining to a particular region that come from underground sources, whether or not they place the Ukrainian Liberation Struggle in a favorable light. Also, the Soviet, German, Czechoslovak, and Polish Communist sources of that

period are provided without alteration. It is up to historians to interpret the data. On the other hand, we cannot be blamed for the paucity of underground documents on the theme “The UPA and the Jews”. Many documents that we have published do mention Jews in friendly but also conflictive situations with the Ukrainian underground.

The Publishing House “Litopys UPA” also undertook to establish an archive at the University of Toronto. All of the materials and documents which are obtained are deposited there and are accessible to researchers. The archive contains the microfilm of the entire archive of the Internal Forces of the Ukrainian Okruha, which encompasses some 150,000 pages of documents for the period 1944-1954, which I had the good fortune to obtain immediately after Ukraine gained its independence in 1991. The other part of the archive consists of paper documents and materials, primarily from the Ukrainian underground but also of Soviet, Polish, German and Czechoslovak provenance. The entire archive is titled “The Peter J. Potichnyj



The Litopys UPA presented to the Chinese Association of Ukrainianists

Collection on Insurgency and Counter-Insurgency in Ukraine”, and is visited even by researchers from Ukraine and other European countries.

The original archive of the Internal Forces was relocated to Moscow, but eventually, at the insistence of the Ukrainian government, a microfilm copy (probably edited) was returned to Kyiv. It was at that time that I was able to purchase a copy and with the help of Mr. Francois A. Mathys, the Canadian ambassador, to transfer it to the University of Toronto. As a result, the archive of the Soviet Internal Forces in Ukraine is now located in Moscow, Kyiv and Toronto.

Even before Ukraine's independence was proclaimed, we at the Litopys UPA made various preparations to extend our activities to that country, especially by way of distributing our publications, but also, more importantly, to gain access to the former Soviet archives and to find institutions and scholars with whom we could cooperate.

We were quite fortunate to establish relations with the Institute of Ukrainian Archeography of the National Academy of Sciences of Ukraine, and slowly also with various state archives, including the Archive of State Security, in which the largest number of the liberation movement documents was deposited. As a result, we were able to initiate a "New Series" of publications that was based primarily on Soviet sources or underground documents that were deposited in the formerly Soviet archives.



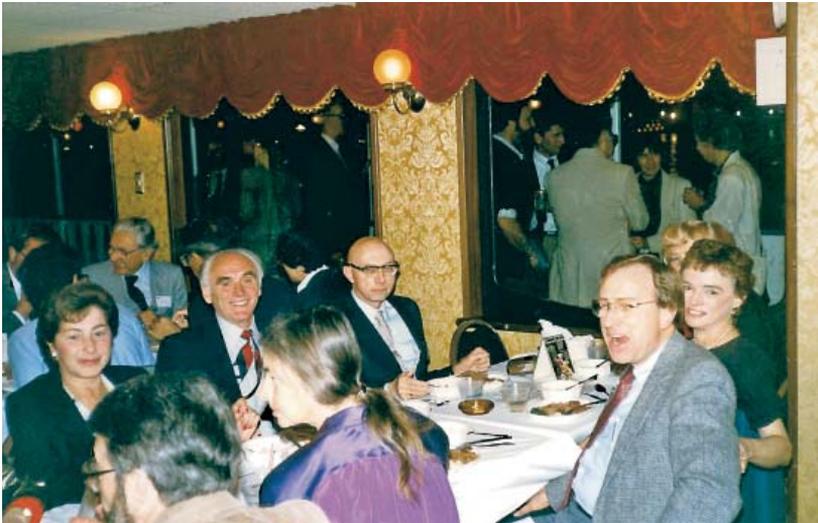
With Pavlo Sokhan in Kyiv

Two persons in Kyiv were especially interested in our collaboration. They included Prof. Pavlo S. Sokhan, Director of the Institute of Archeography and Dr. Hennadii Boriak, second in command. However, subsequently, such archivist-scholars as Volodymyr Lozytskyi and the late Anatolii Kentii, both from the TsDAHOU archive, also joined us in discovering and publishing Soviet documents dealing with counter-insurgency and the Ukrainian Liberation Movement. By the year 2012, some 18 volumes of documents had been published in the "New Series" which was established exclusively for this purpose.

Now an entire group of younger scholars has joined us in our enterprise and most of the publications (but not only) in the “Library Series” and the “People and Events” series have appeared because of their effort and dedication.

SCHOLARLY ASSOCIATIONS

Academic life in North America entails not only research and teaching at the university, but also membership in various scholarly associations that provide opportunities at their annual meetings for the presentation of written papers, discussions and the general exchange of views. I belonged to a number of such associations, including: American Political Science Association, Canadian Political Science Association, Academy of Political Science, Academy of Political and Social Science, Canadian Association of Slavists, American Association for the Advancement of Slavic Studies, Shevchenko Scientific Society, International Committee for Soviet and East European Studies, Chinese Association of Ukrainianists, International Association of Ukrainianists, Deutsche Gesellschaft für Osteuropakunde, Polish Institute of America, Ukrainian Free Academy of Arts and Sciences and others.



At the AAASS in New Orleans. John Reshetar in center

The Canadian Association of Slavists (CAS) had a substantial number of scholars interested in Ukrainian studies, primarily in cultural fields, but also in history, economics and politics. I served this organization in the capacity of Secretary Treasurer (and the editor of the **CAS Bulletin**), but also as Vice President and eventually as President. This automatically made me an *ex officio* representative to the Canada Council, and later the Humanities and Social Science Council of Canada – the agencies responsible for financial support of various scholarly associations in the field of humanities and social sciences. These responsibilities were interesting, as they allowed me to closely follow the development of Ukrainian and East European studies not only in Canada, North America, but also in Western Europe. I was also terribly overworked. At one time, to the surprise of many, I flew to Ottawa for a meeting that took place one week earlier.



Part of the Ukrainian contingent at AAASS in Honolulu

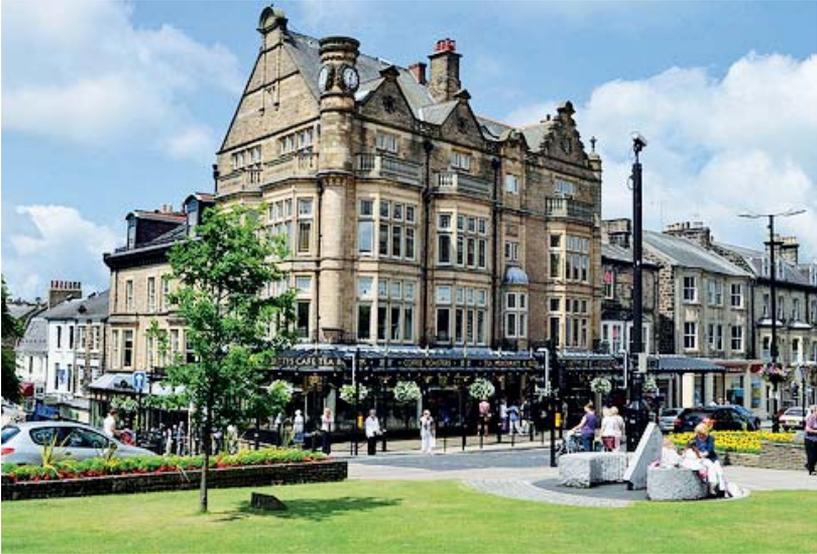
At the beginning of the 1970s, various scholarly associations in Western countries created the International Committee for Soviet and East European Studies (ICSEES). Officially it was established in Banff in 1974. The ICSEES was to serve as a coordinating

center, and one of its tasks was to organize conferences. The first president was the late Prof. Adam Bromke from Carleton University and, from 1974, also from McMaster. I became the secretary of the preparatory committee for ICSEES and was intimately involved in organizing and running some of the international conferences. The First International Slavic Conference, "Banff 74", was held in Canada. Six years later, in 1980, the Second World Congress for Soviet and East European Studies was held in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany, and the Third Congress took place in 1985, in Washington, D. C., followed by the Fourth Congress at Harrogate in England. The organization continues to exist and its Eighth Congress was held in Stockholm, Sweden in 2010.

Naturally, I was fully engaged in organizing and overseeing the First Conference, because it was held at the Banff Centre in Canada. This was also the first time that a Soviet group of scholars under the leadership of Academician Narochnikskii came to the conference. Our side was extremely nervous about their presence, and went out of its way to accommodate the Soviet scholars. I remember that when the late Andrii Bandera organized an exhibit on Soviet Concentration Camps, which was located together with all of the other exhibits, the Committee members removed it, at night, without even mentioning it to me. But in their haste, they placed it right next to the entrance of the dining hall, thus making the exhibit even more visible. Luckily, there was no attempt to destroy it or we would have had a serious confrontation with Mr. Andrii Bandera and his people, especially as there were plenty of eager Ukrainians in nearby Calgary and Edmonton.

To make certain that no attempt to disrupt the conference would be made by Mr. Bandera – due to the relocation of the exhibit – I went to talk to him. He assured me that he was thoroughly satisfied, since now more people would be able to see it. Mr. Bandera only wanted to know who made the change; I did not tell him that it was a bunch of scholars on the Organizing Committee itself who were huffing and puffing for half the night, but rather explained it by the need for additional space to display books, which was a patent lie. He only laughed.

The hopes that somehow the Soviets and, along with them, East Europeans would join the organization, did not materialize. They even boycotted the Second Congress, and at the Forth Congress in England the participants were largely former dissidents from the USSR. It did not matter; by then the USSR was on its last legs.



Betty's Tea House, Harrogate, UK

The other less serious incident involved the Bulgarian participants. By mistake, their leader was located in a room that was reserved for somebody else, and without wasting any time, he moved in with his shapely companion, supposedly a secretary known better as “*secretute*”. Not knowing about it, I brought the rightful guest to the room and upon opening the door, all four of us were quite surprised. The Bulgarian and his secretary were in the process of duly “comparing” their conference presentations in bed. I apologized profusely, gave him the correct room number, and asked him to move there within a reasonable period of time. I avoided him after that for the entire conference.

The most amusing event took place when Prof. A. Bromke, three other members of the Committee and I went for an outing to Lake Louise in a rented car. We enjoyed ourselves, had a good lunch with plenty of wine and took a slow walk along the edge of the lake. On such occasions, time flies rapidly and it was soon time to return for an important session. It was then, as the designated driver, that I discovered the car keys were missing. Everybody was stunned, and A. Bromke, thoroughly irritated, turned to me and loudly commanded: “Go through your pockets systematically!!!”, even though I did it about five times without his command. We called for

another car and the situation was saved. I was actually quite happy that somebody else was driving. We all had too much to drink.



With Professors Sochor and Tokes in Washington, D. C.

Additional tasks in connection with the conferences included making sure that the conference papers were published. I was roped in with Jane Shapiro-Zacek into editing two volumes from the Banff conference ("**Change and Adaptation in Soviet and East European Politics**" and "**From the Cold War to Détente**", Praeger, 1976), a volume from the Garmisch-Partenkirchen conference ("**Politics and Participation under Communist Rule**", Praeger, 1983), and one volume from the Washington, D. C. conference, edited by me ("**The Soviet Union Party and Society**". Cambridge University Press, 1988).

The Fourth Congress was held at Harrogate in the U.K., where I acted as a session chair, but by then I was not interested in doing the onerous job of editing. Moreover, by 1989-90, I was at the Bundesinstitut für Osteuropäische und Internationale Studien in Koeln, Germany, and was preoccupied with the fall of the Berlin wall and reunification of Germany, as well as the upheavals in Poland, and the changes in the USSR which eventually resulted in Ukrainian independence.

My last Congress was in Warsaw in August of 1995. The subsequent Congresses in Tampere, Berlin and Stockholm I simply did not attend. In 1995, I retired from McMaster, but continued my association for one more year with the Ukrainian Free University in Munich. After that I only attended those academic conferences which offered some interesting discussions, such as Ukrainian-Slovak relations, in Slovakia (2010), the Jewish-Ukrainian Encounter, in Jerusalem (2010), and in 2011 at Potsdam near Berlin, and the American Association for the Advancement of Slavic Studies, which was held in Los Angeles, California. Also as Vice President of the Danyliw Foundation, I make an effort to attend the annual Danyliw Seminar at the University of Ottawa under the direction of Prof. Dominique Arel.

One of the conferences that I really enjoyed was held in Slovakia in 2009. I spoke on the march of my UPA unit through Czechoslovakia in 1947, to the gathering of Slovak scholars interested in Ukrainian affairs under the auspices of the Slovak Academy of Sciences, at its magnificent location in the Tatras.

In addition, Dr. Michal Smigel from the University of Mateja Bela in Banska Bystrica, was kind enough to take me to Ružomberok and Vernar. Vernar was one location where we had a bloody encounter with Czechoslovak troops.



In Ružomberok with Dr. Michal Smigel on the right

The last conference on Jewish-Ukrainian relations was organized jointly with the Konrad Adenauer Stiftung, and the participants were located at the Hotel Adlon in Berlin and the Cecilienhof (where Churchill, Stalin and Truman met) in Potsdam. In connection with the conference, on June 29, 2011, a Commemoration Ceremony was held to mark the 70th anniversary of the invasion of the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941. This date is deeply imbedded in my mind, as it was on June 22, 1941, that fleeing Russians murdered my father in Salina near Dobromyl.



In Vernar. The place of bloody battle

Dr. Norbert Lammert, President of the German Bundestag, gave the Keynote Address, and Ms. Maryna Stavniichuk, Advisor to the President of Ukraine, also spoke. She even mentioned favorably the UPA in her talk. Later on, at the wine table, I profoundly thanked her for the speech and noted that the sentiments that she expressed should also be presented to President Yanukovich, as he seems to be following an opposite line. With a pleasant smile she told me that I was probably mistaken. We had a good conversation and it was nice that the Ukrainian government did not overlook this important conference, which dealt with various drastic questions that touched the lives of both Jews and Ukrainians during WWII.

The UJE conference was extremely well organized by Ms. Alti Rodal and her husband Barel. But thanks should go, first of all, to Mr. James C. Temerty of Toronto, who undertook to finance this endeavor. I was displeased only by the presentation of Prof. J. P. Himka, who maintained, quite incorrectly, in my opinion, that the UPA “systematically” killed Jews in 1943 and 1944. One should not exclude the possibility that in the underground especially in war conditions illegal actions could have taken place and some Jews were killed. But such actions were not sanctioned by the UPA High Command or the UHVR. Most likely the victims were killed as members of the Soviet partisans, or as functionaries of the Soviet government, or its agents, but not as Jews. Furthermore, Ukrainians or other nationalities in the same categories were also not spared, nor was there any mercy shown towards the members of the Ukrainian underground who fell into Soviet hands.



With Patriarch Filaret at the UPA cemetery in Oakville, Ontario

The UJE initiative resulted in the historic visit in April, 2012 of leaders of the Ukrainian Council of Churches and Religious Organizations (UCCRO) to Canada. The goal was to promote mutual understanding between the Ukrainian and Jewish people. In this

connection another historic event took place. His Holiness Filaret, Primate of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church of Kyiv Patriarchate, Patriarch of Kyiv and All Rus-Ukraine on April 21, consecrated the UPA monument at the St. Volodymyr Cemetery in Oakville and led prayers on the graves of former insurgents.

The last two conferences were much less pleasant. In Los Angeles, I had to comment on papers by Professors Hunczak, Shapoval and Wrobel that dealt with Polish-Ukrainian relations. What struck me was that not much progress was made in this field from the time of the conference at McMaster some years earlier.

The Danyliw Seminar in Ottawa was also a disappointment to me, because several participants attempted to equate the Ukrainian Liberation Movement of World War II with German collaboration. Moreover, most of these individuals did not refer to the rich source material accumulated in the volumes of the Litopys UPA.

FAMILY REUNIFICATION

The murder of my father by the Russians in 1941, the destruction of the village Pawlokoma by the Poles in 1945, the murder of my grandmother, the deportation of Ukrainians in Akcja Wisla in 1947, and my march to the West, all contributed to the dispersal of our family. My mother and two brothers found themselves in the formerly German lands of East Prussia now known as “the recovered lands” of Poland.

I knew of their whereabouts already at the end of 1947, but the political situation of the Cold War did not permit our meeting, let alone reunification. In addition, I was either in Korea or studying at the university, and even if it had been possible, I could not afford to do anything along those lines. They were in no better situation. Having been trapped on a State Farm, they were all consigned to heavy manual labor.

After having served their stint in the Polish army, my brothers married and started to raise their families. In time, Andrii had three children, Zenon, and two girls, Alexandra (Lesia) and Iryna (Irka). Volodymyr had four kids, namely two boys, Iurii and Petro, and two girls, Katherine (Katrusia) and Daria (Darka). My mother lived with Volodymyr and his family. The two servant girls went their own way. Sofia (Zosia) was repatriated to Ukraine (from the village of Kotiv), and Maria (Marysia) was deported to East Prussia, but soon married a Belarusan fellow and separated from our family.



With my mother, my brothers and wives

Thus, it was only when I obtained my position at McMaster University that I could seriously contemplate the reunification of the family. Luckily by that time, the political situation in the Soviet sphere of interests also underwent significant modification. It all started with N. S. Khrushchev's famous "Secret Speech" which condemned Stalin and Stalinism. The situation in Poland also changed when power was transferred to W. Gomołka. He was replaced by E. Gierek in 1967, and I jumped at this opportunity to start the process of inviting my mother for a visit in Canada.

My mother came for a visit in 1968. She stayed with us for a few months and then decided to return to Poland to inform my brothers about the life on this side of the Atlantic. Evidently, as result of her report and recommendation, in 1972 my brother Andrii arrived for a visit. At first he stayed with us, but later moved to Toronto where he found temporary work with Mr. Paladjichuk. Upon returning to Poland, he decided that it would be wise to move his family to Canada. By then, his family consisted of his wife Antonina and three children, Zenon and two girls, Alexandra and Iryna. Bringing them over was not an easy task, as the Canadian immigration authorities were not very open to admitting immigrants from Eastern Europe.

But after 3 years of bureaucratic struggles, on November 5, 1975, my brother and his family found themselves in Canada. At first in Hamilton and later in Toronto, where he and his wife found jobs and the kids entered school.



Annual celebration of the triple birthday. From right Volodymyr and Andrii

Somewhat later, on March 27, 1976, my mother came over and settled with my brother's family in Toronto. After further battles with bureaucracy, in 1977-78 my brother Volodymyr, his wife Anastazia, and four kids, namely two boys Iurii and Petro, and two girls Katherine and Daria, also arrived in Canada and settled in Toronto.

Thus after 30 years of separation the family reconstituted itself in Canada. This was a good move. The children all completed higher education and are now productive members of Canadian society. In addition, they all began their own families. Thus, the Potichnyj clan has grown considerably and at the time of this writing, the children and grand children taken together, consists of some 42 persons.

But one task remained unfinished. It was the story of the arrest and murder of my father as a "Ukrainian nationalist" by the Soviet NKVD in Salina on June 22, 1941. I considered documenting this fact for my family as an important undertaking that could not be avoided. As soon as the Soviet Union began to fall apart in 1989, and I received permission to travel to Ukraine, I immediately undertook to obtain any or all documents pertaining to the criminal case of my father. With the help of many people, such as Mr. Ievhen Hryniv of the Lviv "Memorial", Mr. Volodymyr Kmetyk, the Director of the

Lviv Oblast TV-Radio Company, Mr. Ruslan Pyrih, the “Minister” for archives in Kyiv, and others, I was able to locate File Nr. 059778, which contained most of the documents pertaining to my father that were located in the Oblast KGB archive in Lviv, and stored under *Fond P-1927* in the building of former prison known locally as the Loncki jail. Mr. Kmetyk was also kind enough to personally take me to Salina, the location where my father was executed by the Russians.

Although I was glad to discover the documents, it was very difficult for me to comprehend that when my father was executed, most of the papers of the case were evacuated to Russia before the German invasion, and were later returned to Western Ukraine.

The case was opened against two individuals, my father and Mr. Ivan Dzivik, and both were accused of the same crime, anti-Soviet activities. But on June 22, 1941, Mr. I. Dzivik was released from jail while my father was executed. The materials of the case show that he was a secret informant for the Polish police in the years leading to WWII, and prior to his release by the Soviets he was probably recruited as their informant. It appears that just before the outbreak of the German-Soviet War, Mr. Dzivik denounced some 25 individuals, including his two brothers, to the Soviets. All of them were arrested and incarcerated in Nyzhankovychi, from which all escaped when the war began. He continued his nefarious activities under the Germans as well. Mr. Dzivik denounced the same 25 people, including his two brothers, for anti-German activities and probably to hide his cooperation with the Soviets. When they were incarcerated in Rzeszow jail, he was placed in the cell with them, probably to obtain further incriminating information. It was there that he was attacked and severely beaten and died shortly thereafter. All those denounced by him were released from jail by the Germans.

It should be added that on April 3, 1957, my father was officially “rehabilitated” by the Soviets as an individual who was accused and executed on the basis of insufficient evidence.

Thus, it was some 70 years after his execution, 54 years after his rehabilitation by the Soviets, and 22 years after I started my search, that I was able to obtain the documents and to publish the book under the title “**Sprava bat’ka**” (My Father’s Case), Ancaster-Lviv, 2011.

This publication of some 224 pages, containing most of the recovered documents, was published with the financial support of our entire family in Canada and the Taras Shevchenko Foundation of Canada. With all the personal and bureaucratic difficulties aside,

this publication served as a type of memorial for an individual who was not only proven innocent, but was also denied a decent burial. I hope that the book provides a proper closing of this case.



Family in Canada in 2009



Family in Canada in 2010

Thus far, the book has received a great deal of praise for its novel approach of allowing the documents to tell the story, with only explanatory interventions by the author. I should add here that I am extremely thankful to Dr. Ihor Homziak in Lviv for overseeing all stages of its publication. My only hope is that this “case study” will be emulated by others, so that the history of Russian Communist atrocities in Ukraine will receive its proper place and not be forgotten.

PAVLOKOMA

The murder of the Ukrainian inhabitants of my village by the Polish Armia Krajowa in March 1945 continued to haunt me all through my life. When, after the fall of the Soviet Union, the opportunity presented itself, I travelled to the village to pay my respect to the 366 innocent people that were massacred there by the Polish chauvinists.

I discovered that the cemetery in which most of the victims



One of the three mass graves in Pavlokoma

were buried in three mass graves, (many were buried individually or in groups in other parts of the village) had become a refuse dump for the village. Only some of the grave monuments from the period before the massacre were still standing, but even they were on the verge of disappearing due to neglect. There was no fence and the neighboring cows were grazing among the few remaining tombstones.

The beautiful Ukrainian Catholic Church was razed in 1965, and the brick from the church was used to build a village drinking hall. The remnants of the church bell tower remained as the last visible witness,

but it was also slowly giving in to the elements. Something had to be done, and several of us who hailed from Pavlokoma banded together to preserve the memory of our ancestors.

In Canada, we established The Pavlokoma Foundation whose purpose was to undertake the preservation of the cemetery. Mr. Zenon Potichnyj, my nephew, became the head of the foundation, while Mrs. Stefania Kohut, my cousin Mr. Bohdan Fedak and I became members of the executive. In Poland, Mr. Ivan Fedak (no relation) began gathering information from various levels of government on how to proceed with the restoration of the cemetery. To help with this effort, I published a book about Pavlokoma under the title "**Pavlokoma 1441-1945: History of the Village**". This helped to cement the former Pavlokoma inhabitants scattered throughout the world, and their children, into a unified community. As a result, we raised some funds for the restoration efforts and placed further pressure on Polish and Ukrainian authorities.

I have particularly fond recollections of the Pavlokoma book presentation in Lviv. Mr. Vasyl Kuibida, the then mayor of the city, provided the facilities and also spoke at the gathering. The presentation was well attended by, among others, a large contingent of former Pavlokoma inhabitants now residing in Ukraine. All of them were presented with a copy of the book. For me it was a very moving experience.

In Ukraine, another of our cousins, Mr. Volodymyr Fedak, (and also his brother Omelian) did all he could to organize the remnants of the former Pavlokoma dwellers and made efforts to acquire support for the restoration of the Pavlokoma cemetery by the Lviv Oblast and the National Government in Kyiv.

The resistance to our efforts in Poland was fierce. All kinds of obstacles were thrown in our path, especially on the village and local administrative level. But we persisted and with Poland aspiring to be a member of the European Union, the authorities could not operate in opposition to the practices prevailing in this field in the West and we were successful.

Slowly we were able to fence the cemetery, clean it up and install three iron crosses there in commemoration of the three mass graves. Mr. Dionizy Radon, a local Pole, who as a child witnessed the massacre, undertook to keep the cemetery in order. Finally, on May 13, 2006, the presidents of Ukraine (Viktor Yushchenko), and the Republic of Poland (Lech Kaczynski), attended the ceremony of

unveiling a memorial inscribed with the names of the 366 victims. At the ceremony, I was not allowed to say a few words from the survivors of the killing. But my short statement in both Polish and Ukrainian was widely publicized in the Polish and Ukrainian media, thus achieving its purpose. I was permitted, however, to present my book on Pavlokoma to both presidents. Today the cemetery is listed as a tourist attraction.

Moreover, quite recently, the bell-tower of the church was also refurbished and now proudly marks the location where Pavlokoma's church once stood. A commemorative plaque is being contemplated for the ruined church.

Despite my difficult memories of Poland and some Poles, I do not hold any grudges against the Polish people at large, and especially not against the intellectual elite. Of all the nations under Soviet control, the Poles, more than any other Eastern Europeans, were able to successfully hold their own in historical studies, and in literature and culture. There were of course plenty of "yes men" who supported the party line, but they were not able to completely overwhelm the independent thinkers and activists.



With Adam Michnik and Stefania Szlek-Miller

One such activist was Adam Michnik. I met him briefly for the first time in 1976-77, in Paris, at one of the conferences on dissent in Eastern Europe, and was immediately impressed by his intellect and

drive. As soon as I was able to, in November 1989, I invited him to speak at the conference organized by me and George Danyliw for the Ukrainian People's Home in Toronto. Later on, when Adam Michnik became the Editor-in-Chief and publisher of **Gazeta Wyborcza**, I went to see him in Warsaw and had very insightful conversations with him. Mr. Michnik was also kind enough to arrange for my visit with Jacek Kuron, his old friend and another of my favorite individuals. Both of them were uniquely talented people who would stand out in any society. Adam Michnik later played an important role in the so-called "Orange Revolution" in Ukraine. As an aside, we were all so taken in by the events of that time, that the color "Orange" was prominently displayed everywhere. This affected even the smallest kids who associated this color with the leading man of that time. I remember my little granddaughter Alexa, who insisted that she would eat the cucumber salad, which she called "momo", only if it was sprinkled with French orange sauce which she called "Yushchenko". Mr. Yushchenko, however, did not live up to this reputation.

One year prior to Ukraine's independence, a meeting was held in Warsaw and the Jablonna castle nearby on May 3-6, 1990, between Polish and Ukrainian parliamentarians. I was then in Warsaw and was included in this gathering. This was perhaps the first time since WWI that Ukrainians and Poles talked to each other on that level. The discussions were very open and extended to visiting various ministries in small groups, where the Polish side informed the Ukrainians what actions it had undertaken, up to that time, to bring Poland out from under the Soviet cloud. Later on in Jablonna, the activities consisted mostly of drinking and, as is the Ukrainian and Polish custom, a lot of loud singing late into the night. Those were, indeed, heady times.

Then, and much later, I also went to see Dr. Ryszard Torzecki, the author of several books on Polish-Ukrainian-German affairs. He and his wife were very kind to receive and host me in their apartment. I did not realize that he was quite ill and that his presence among us was destined to be short.

The other persons who made an impression on me were, Dr. Andrzej Paczkowski, who supplied me free of charge with the newly acquired Moscow archive documents from the "Papka Stalina", and Dr. Grzegorz Motyka, a specialist on the Ukrainian underground. Among the others, I would like to mention, namely, Ievhen Misylo (Eugeniusz Misilo), who has done an important, very

critical and lasting work on various aspects of Polish-Ukrainian relations, as well as Petro Tyma and Iza Chruslinska.



Petro Tyma



Iza Chruslinska

Among the various publications which they produced, two were very close to my heart, especially as I was interviewed for both of them. One such work, **“Wiele Twarzy Ukrainy” (Many Faces of Ukraine)**, dealt with the Polish-Ukrainian relations, and the second publication, **“Dialoghy porozuminnia” (Dialogues of Understanding)**, focused on various aspects of Jewish-Ukrainian relations.

I should also state that, despite my very critical review of past Polish-Ukrainian relations, Ms. Jadwiga Nowakowska, a Polish television journalist, requested an interview with me in 2006, just prior to the opening of the Pavlokoma memorial by the two presidents. Later on, it was televised in prime time under the title “Przeżyli, żeby powiedzieć prawdę” (They Lived to Tell the Truth). Ms. Nowakowska’s polished exterior and pleasant behavior could not hide, however, her extremely high intelligence and her critical but objective view of life. The interview was set in a small forest near Warsaw, where I was taken by her team which, in jest, I dubbed the “Polish Taliban”.

Somewhat later, I had an interview with Agnieszka Arnold, famous for her reports of the Jedwabne massacre of Jews (“Sąsiedzi”), who came to see me in Canada. I think she was preparing a report on the Ukrainian underground. She was especially enthusiastic about her meeting with Danylo Shumuk, a famous dissident and a member of the UPA, who was by then living out his last days in Ukraine.



Jadwiga Nowakowska



Agnieszka Arnold



Interview with Dr. M. Smigel

Ms. Arnold thought, however, that her conversations with Gen. Vasyl Kuk, the last Commander of the UPA, were totally worthless because, according to her, “he was lying”. She and I spent an entire day in an intense conversation. The film that Ms. Arnold made was evidently shown on Polish TV, but I never saw it and do not know its contents.

The Czech TV decided to produce a film about the UPA. They gave it a rather popular title “Banderovci”. Among others, they decided to interview me as well, and sent Dr. Michal Smigel to Hamilton to talk to me. He also went to Toronto to talk with other former UPA soldiers. The film is not perfect in some historical details but, on the whole, is quite interesting and objective.

VIDNOVA

The first issue of the journal “Vidnova” was launched in 1984, after a great deal of preparation that took nearly two years. It was devoted to culture, society and politics in Ukraine and the Ukrainian diaspora communities. It was conceived as a competitor to “Suchasnist”, which was predominantly a literary journal.

The *spiritus movens* behind this project, and eventually the Editor-in-Chief, was Prof. Jaroslaw Pelenski from the University of Iowa. The co-editors were Prof. Yaroslav Bilinsky from the University of Delaware, Prof. Bohdan Osadczuk-Korab from the Free University of Berlin and me. The Editorial Board was originally composed of 11 individuals (later this number expanded), mostly from various academic institutions but also others. These included three women (Prof. Martha Bohachevsky-Chomiak, former dissident Ms. Raisa Moroz, and Ms. Roksolana Saiuk), two Poles (Jakub Karpinski and Wlodzimierz Odojewski), Prof. Roman Szporluk from the University of Michigan, Prof. Dmytro Zlepko, from the Ukrainian Free University, Prof. Teofil Kis from the University of Ottawa, and Messrs. Borys Shneider, Ievhen Zyblykevych and Vasyl’ Hryshko.

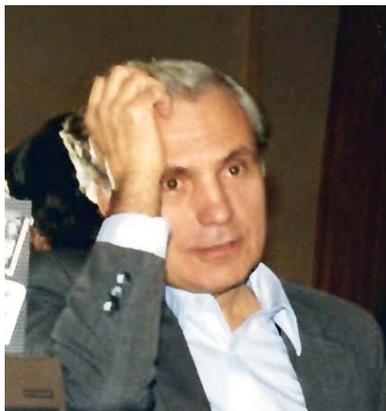
The funds to launch the journal were derived from a special CIA fund, the source of financial support, at that time, for most of the important publications on Eastern Europe and the USSR, such as the Polish “Kultura” in Paris, several Russian (“Kontinent”) and other journals and books. The journal was published in Germany and Prof. Osadczuk-Korab, as a German citizen, became the official publisher.

In order to obtain financial support, an organization had to be created with letters patent, an official location, bank account, etc. The Director of the Committee became Dr. Jaroslaw Pelenski. I agreed to become a member of the Executive. The location of the organization was in Philadelphia at the Lypynsky Institute, which was headed by Prof. Pelenski. Soon, however, it transpired that as a Canadian citizen, I was not eligible to be on the Executive and had to resign. Thus, I was not and could not be privy to financial arrangements in connection with the project. But my association with the journal "Vidnova" continued until its demise in 1987, when the last issue of the journal was published. Over the years, I contributed several articles on China, Russia and several book reviews. My work was entirely *pro bono* and I think that only Prof. Pelenski, his wife and the technical work on the journal were being compensated. This was definitely the case when he took a two-year leave of absence from the University of Iowa to oversee publication of the journal. But because I never dealt with this side of the matter, I cannot really say.

The journal was an important source of information on Ukraine, the USSR and Eastern Europe in general, and was quite well received. The issue of Polish-Ukrainian relations was central as far as editorial policy was concerned. This was not surprising as both Prof. J. Pelenski and Prof. B. Osadczuk-Korab were fully devoted to this theme. My own interests also focused on Ukraine and Poland. Other aspects, such as Russian-Ukrainian relations, religious matters, especially the status of the Ukrainian Greek-Catholic



Jaroslaw Pelenski



Roman Szporluk



Bohdan Osadczyk



The last issue of Vidnova

Church, transformations in China, and the question of feminism in Ukrainian society, were also discussed and analyzed.

In my opinion, the biggest obstacle to the journal's continued existence was Prof. Pelenski's health. A dominant, ambitious but also a very cautious figure, Prof. Pelenski came down with serious heart problems and could not devote the necessary time to the journal. As a result, there was nobody else ready or willing to replace him. Cohesiveness among the editorial team was also lacking. In June 2011, when I visited Prof. B. Osadczyk-Korab in Berlin, he told me that in his opinion, the fall of the journal was entirely the fault of Prof. Pelenski, whom he described as highly self-centered and, in addition, totally dominated by his late wife Christina. I should add here that a similar opinion was expressed by Prof. Pelenski, but he attributed the demise of the journal to the negative attitude of, above all, Prof. Osadczyk-Korab. In his opinion, however, the end of the journal was mainly the lack of money.

Thus, precisely at the time when the Soviet Union was breaking up into its component parts, and when these events required serious attention and analysis, the journal went out of existence. Luckily, the journal "Suchasnist," which was viewed

by our editorial board as a competitor, continued to appear. It survived the fall of the Soviet Union and later was published in an independent Ukraine. I contributed to its pages as well.

As an aside, I should mention that during my visit, we discussed with Prof. Osadczuk-Korab not only the conference which I was attending, but also a variety of other matters, among them, Ukrainian-Polish relations, which both of us found highly interesting.

One of the topics included the contemporary political leadership in Ukraine under the helm of President Yanukovych. Both of us assessed his activities rather critically. Then, at the break of serious conversation, my friend mentioned Ms. Hanna Herman, a close collaborator of Yanukovych, who, he said, impressed him as an intelligent “woman with large teats”. I was speechless and looked somewhat surprised because, probably for emphasis, he added “absolutely humongous teats”. We both roared with laughter, but he was seated in a flimsy plastic chair and when he also moved his rather corpulent body, the chair broke to pieces and he landed on the floor. His immediate comment was, “see how nicely I landed? It’s years of skiing that helped me here”.

Unfortunately, Prof. Osadczuk-Korab no longer had full use of his legs and it took me at least fifteen minutes to put him back into another chair. My parting shot to him was “do not talk about Hanna Herman while sitting in a lousy chair”. He asked me for my memoirs and, upon returning to the hotel, I dispatched them to him by courier. Prof. Osadczuk informed me that he is dictating his memoirs as well, but was not able to say when they will be published. His impressive library (some 30,000 volumes) has been promised to the Ukrainian Free University. Professor Osadczuk passed away at age 91, near Kraków, on October 19, 2011, during his visit to Poland and his death was commented



Yaroslav Bilinsky

upon at length in most of the Polish media. His contribution to Polish-Ukrainian understanding was momentous, for which he was decorated with the Commander Cross of the Order of Merit, and subsequently with the highest Polish decoration – the Order of the White Eagle. Ukraine decorated Prof. Osadczuk with the Order of Yaroslav the Wise. He will be missed.

UKRAINIAN FREE UNIVERSITY



Crest of the Ukrainian Free University

The Ukrainian Free University (UFU) was established in Vienna January 17, 1921. It was organized by Ukrainian academicians, some of whom had held chairs at universities in the Russian and Austro-Hungarian Empires. The university was transferred in the fall of 1921 to Prague, Czechoslovakia, where it was granted full academic accreditation and financial support.

After the Second World War, the university moved to Munich, Germany, and on September 16, 1950, the Ministerial decree of the Free State of Bavaria guaranteed degree granting privileges. The university became a recognized Western European scholarly centre, specializing in the study of Ukraine within the USSR and of Ukrainians in the Diaspora. It is now a highly specialized, European Union graduate school that grants M. A. and Ph. D. degrees. The three faculties, namely, the Faculty of Ukrainian Studies, the Faculty of Philosophy, and the Faculty of Government and Political Economy, continue to focus on Ukraine. The university functions primarily in Ukrainian but English, German and other languages also have their place in the curriculum. Most of the faculty members simultaneously hold permanent academic positions at European Union, American, Canadian and Ukrainian institutions of higher learning.

I was associated with the university from late 1970s (the rector at that time was Dr. Wolodymyr Janiw, a survivor of a German concentration camp) which association was officially recognized by McMaster University, and I periodically offered various courses, usually during the summer semester. When I retired from McMaster

in 1995, I was offered the deanship of its Faculty of Government and Political Economy, a position which I reluctantly accepted. I served in this capacity for one academic year, 1995-96.



Dr. Honoris Causa for President Kuchma of Ukraine



With Profs. T. Ciuciura and Z. Sokoluk

It was not one of my best choices. The administrative tasks were quite onerous and the students, especially those from Ukraine or other East European countries, were quite undisciplined; their stay in Germany was viewed by many as some kind of relaxed vacation and they needed very close supervision. The dean of the Faculty of Philosophy was Dr. Jaroslav Rozumnyj from the University of Manitoba who, not unlike me, was there for a year. We worked together rather well.



Holy Mount Andex Monastery where its “miraculous” beers cured my kidney stones

The rector was Dr. Myroslav Labunka, formerly a history professor at La Salle University in Philadelphia. He held a high opinion of himself, but was not a very good administrator. He also faced great pressure from the German Federal and Bavarian authorities who insisted that, because Ukraine had gained its independence, financial support from the German source should be either substantially cut or discontinued. Despite my and Prof. Rozumnyj’s advice to be as accommodating as possible with the German authorities in order to gain time, Prof. Labunka proceeded in a rather aggressive manner, which in the long run led to the complete withdrawal of both Federal and Bavarian support for the university.



As Dean at UFU. At left, Prof. B. Osadczyk, Pro-Rector,
and Prof. W. Janiw, Rector, center

The university survives on the funds provided by its US Foundation as well as sources allocated from student tuitions. I hope that the university will be able to continue its good work and that the government of Ukraine will eventually provide assistance for its future development.

GENEVA AND KOELN

In 1976, I took my sabbatical leave and decided to engage in research on labor problems in the USSR at the ILO library in Geneva. The library was a depository for labor publications from around the world, including the Soviet Union. Moreover, it was completely automatized and before any serious search was to be undertaken, one had only to ask for a printout of the library holdings in any number of fields. My first week was spent collecting detailed bibliographies pertaining to all aspects of the Soviet labor force. What I discovered, to my amazement, was that the earlier Soviet history was much better covered in various ILO publications than the latter history. The more recent period was full of propagandistic literature, quite boring and unreliable. This was disappointing,



Jet d'Eau in Geneva

because I had covered most of the early materials while doing research on my Ph. D. dissertation at the Yale University Library. Nevertheless, the multiple bibliographies, even if somewhat repetitious, were useful as a guide to what I needed to see.

There were two aspects of my stay in Geneva worth mentioning. The first, a pleasant one, was that the ILO and the library were staffed by a large contingent of Asians, mostly Indians, who were friendly and extremely accommodating. One had a feeling that they had very little to do, and therefore all of my requests provided some relief from boredom. I made a number of friendly acquaintances among the Asians, and we attended all kinds

of free lunches or “happy hour” gatherings which were provided by various delegations to the ILO. Moreover, although most of them were vegetarians, the Asians did not abstain from alcohol. This is entirely proper, in my opinion, as the drinks, after all, were not concocted out of meat.

The second aspect of my visit was much less pleasant. The apartment that was assigned to me was overrun by hordes of small, red ants that were extremely aggressive and hostile. The first night I hardly slept and to keep them in check, I flooded the floor of the apartment every morning and night and placed the legs of the bed into containers full of water. This cut down on the number of ants that managed to crawl into my bed, but it did not stop their persistence entirely. Because of their color and nasty habits, I called them “Bolsheviks” which upset my newly acquired Indian friends. They were all rather pro-Russian.

After some three weeks of this struggle, I decided to take a vacation and went to Munich for a visit with Dr. Borys Lewytkyj. It was there that I received the news from my wife Tamara that her mother, my mother-in-law, had died. I immediately returned to Geneva and flew back home. My sabbatical at the ILO ended on that sad note.

In Koeln, I worked for a year at the Federal Institute for East-European and International Studies. It was a thoroughly pleasant experience. I travelled there in 1989 on the recommendation of Prof. Gerhard Simon, whom I met at Harvard. Germany was undergoing profound changes and the Federal Republic was getting ready to absorb the GDR. I marveled and was thoroughly impressed at the efficiency with which the West German society was being readied for this historic reunification.

My duties at the institute were to observe and study the situation in the USSR, and especially in Ukraine. There was a weekly seminar that one could attend if an interesting topic was discussed. But the most appealing aspect of the institute was its library, which was supervised by Mr. W. Mardak, a Ukrainian from Bukovyna. It was there that I produced a number of studies on Ukraine that are mentioned elsewhere in this book.



Inside the Koeln Cathedral

No less important was the generosity of the institute's leadership to provide additional financial resources for travel to Ukraine, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, and on one occasion, to Italy. The final trip, in a rented car, was with my wife Tamara.

On our return journey, we ended up in the Beskidy Mountains, in Southeastern Poland, where we visited the village of Drevnyk. My wife, after a short stay there, had emigrated from Drevnyk, formerly a Ukrainian village, with her parents. The village is now totally destroyed. I was interested in the general area as well, because on our path to Western Europe in 1947, my UPA unit fought several hard battles here with Polish Communist troops. From there we travelled to Kraków, where I gave a lecture at the Jagellonian University, and to Częstochowa, to visit the icon of the Black Madonna, which found itself there after a long and tortuous journey from ancient Ukraine, and is now considered the Holy Protectress of Poland.

It is with great pleasure that I remember the hospitality of Nadia and Gerhard Simons. Nadia spoke good Ukrainian, Russian and Finnish, and was interested in Finland, Russia and Ukraine. They were superb hosts. It was in their house that I had a humorous encounter with an important Russian visitor, who could not comprehend why I thought that the Soviet Union was on its last legs. We consumed quite a bit of alcohol that evening, yet it was not the liquor that clouded his mind but rather the lack of critical thinking. My arguments were interspersed with his boisterous laughter. He must have sobered up shortly thereafter, but I never had an opportunity to meet him again

PRAGMATICS OF DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY

Canada recognized Ukraine's independence in December 1991, established diplomatic relations in January 1992 and opened its embassy in Kyiv in April 1992. Very shortly thereafter, Prof. Howard Aster, The Hon. John Roberts, P. C., and I made contact with our Department of External Relations and proposed that a teaching seminar for Ukrainian legislators be organized in Kyiv to acquaint them with the electoral laws and practices of Canada. We named our project "Pragmatics of Democratic Society". Our proposal was accepted, funded and we started preparatory work on organizing the seminar.

Eventually this project was planned in five parts: 1. The Campaigns and Elections – Campaign College; 2. The Verkhovna Rada's delegation to Canada to observe the Canadian federal elections; 3. The third part was to be a seminar on the media, elections,

journalism & democracy; 4. The fourth part consisted of the short term placement of a Canadian legal expert in Ukraine; 5. And finally, we wanted to mount a television production titled “Election Night in Ukraine”. The fifth project was not executed due to objections from Ottawa. The first four parts were successfully organized.

With Canadian
Ambassador
F. Mathys

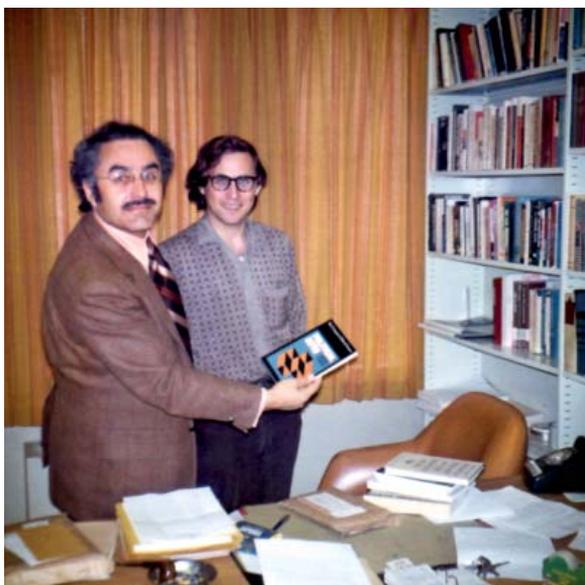


The preparatory work in Canada was relatively easy, in spite of some bureaucratic twists and turns, and negotiations with other institutions interested in our project – e. g. The Niagara Institute proceeded smoothly. Negotiations with Ukrainian organizations, however, were difficult, and complicated. There were many problems to resolve and these required several visits and an extensive round of correspondence and telephone calls.

After several visits to Ukraine, including one together with Prof. Howard Aster and Mr. Edgar Cowan from the Niagara Institute, we were able to negotiate a reasonable agreement. I had to travel to Kyiv to carry on the negotiations with Mr. Oleksander Yemets', (now deceased), of the Reforms and Order Party, Mr. Volodymyr Kampo (now a Constitutional Court judge), Mr. Vasyl Durdynets', the then Vice-Speaker of the Verkhovna Rada of Ukraine, Mr. Oleksander Moroz, the leader of the Socialist Party, and numerous other individuals, to persuade them to support our initiative. Each of them was amenable to our project but, as is usually the case in Ukraine, they were not willing to put much effort into the enterprise.

An amusing episode occurred during our visit to Mr. Moroz. He seated me and Prof. Aster facing the window while remaining in

the shadows, and proceeded to interrogate us about the project. I was somewhat put off by such treatment, and knowing that he was elected from the Korets region in Volyn, I asked him point blank why doesn't he do something about the sorry state of the huge Jewish cemetery in his electoral district, which became the site for the collection of garbage and a pasture for local cows. It so happened, that Prof. Aster's father hailed from Korets and we visited the locality prior to our meeting with Mr. Moroz. He mumbled something that the problem will be solved. Eventually, the problem was remedied by the Jewish diaspora. We also met and had discussions with Dr. Mykola Zhulynskiy , who in 1992-94 was the Vice-Premier for Humanitarian Policy.

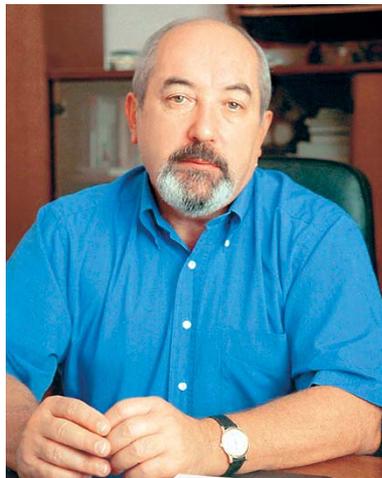


With Howard
Aster at McMaster

At the last moment, some circles, who were opposed to our project and as a step to limit participation, managed to organize a separate conference. But this did not stop us. Most importantly, however, without the work on our behalf of Mr. Volodymyr Kmetyk, who was then the director of The Halychyna Film Studio in Lviv, we probably would not have succeeded. He had close relations with Mr. Zynovii Kulyk, the First Vice-President of Derzhteleradio Ukrainy (Ukraine State Radio and Television) who was well connected

with people in power, and it was he who was able to ensure the success of our undertaking.

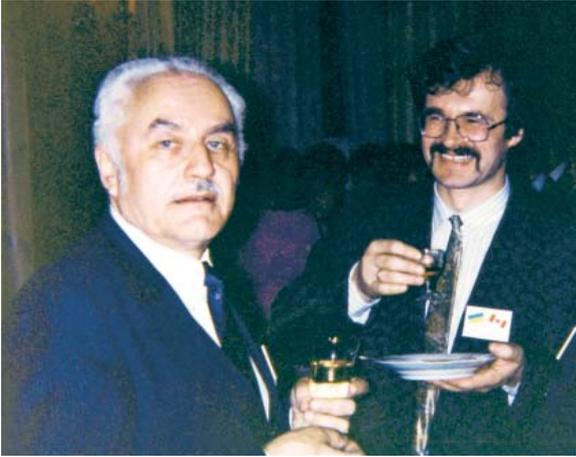
At the same time, we started organizing a Canadian contingent comprised of members from various political parties, as well as the Chief Electoral Officer – “Elections Canada”, Mr. Jean-Pierre Kingsley; Mr. Ron Gould, Assistant Chief Electoral Officer – “Elections Canada;” Messrs. Allan Holman, CBC Radio News; Gerald Caplan (NDP); Marcel Côté (PC); and Martin Goldfarb (Liberals); The Hon. John Roberts, James Coutts, John Laschinger, and Mark Starowicz. Howard Aster, The Hon. John Roberts and I provided insights not only on the national campaigns, strategic research, the platform and the basic issues, but also the position and strategy of each party, the role of the leaders, campaign research, polling, communications, etc. The Ukrainian lecturers were: Nebozhenko, Lavrynovych, Bilous, Vydrin, Pashkov and Tomenko.



Zynovii Kulyk



Some of the seminar participants



With Volodymyr
Kmetyk

The first seminar (which took place on November 30 – December 1, 1992) was a huge success in its own right, and the Ukrainian participants from almost all existing parties expressed their gratitude to us, and indirectly to our political leadership in Canada as well. In addition, the seminar also bolstered the activities of the newly established embassy and its ambassador, Mr. Francois Mathys, who was fully cooperative and supportive of our effort. Mr. Volodymyr Kmetyk, who provided logistics for the seminar from the Ukrainian side, did a remarkable job. Without his input and his organizational skills, the goals of the seminar would have been that much more difficult to achieve.

The second part of the endeavor, a visit by Ukrainian party representatives on a Study Tour of Canada, which was organized for October 21-30, 1993, was also very successful. Four members of the Verkhovna Rada arrived at the time when federal elections were being held in Canada. As a result, these parliamentarians had the opportunity to visit electoral districts, converse with election officials and observe the electoral process at the polling booth. In addition, they received information, briefings, campaign materials and election law materials from all of the major parties. This was a lead-up to the Parliamentary elections in Ukraine, which were scheduled for March 1994. The visitors were: Mr. Ivan Mussiyenko, Socialist Party, Mr. Anatoly Tolstoukhov, Ukrainian Labor Congress Party, Mr. Oleksander Piskun, RUKH, and Mr. Oleksander Vorobyov, Party of the Democratic Rebirth of Ukraine.



Reception at the Canadian Embassy

The third part of the initiative focused on the media as a catalyst for democratization. The seminar “Media, Elections, Journalism and Democracy” was held in Kyiv January 26 – January 31, 1994. It was composed mostly of speakers from Canada. The Canadian participants were of high caliber. Mr. Arnold Amber combined election night expertise and journalistic experience. Mr. Edward Ayers, Q. C. and a well known expert on election law and broadcasting law also agreed to come. And finally, Ms. Gloria Bishop of CBC Radio, and Mr. Gordon Barthos of *The Toronto Star* also joined the team.

Mr. V. Kmetyk and Mr. Z. Kulyk were principal participants on the Ukrainian side, and they provided a wide range of services, accommodation and facilities at no cost to the project.

As always, we could not avoid some humorous misunderstandings. The Q. C. initials following Mr. Ayers’ name meant to Ukrainians that he was a very close adviser to the Queen and they treated him almost as royalty. His hotel accommodation was very spacious and he was moved from place to place in a special car. His wife was given special tours in Kyiv and her every little whim was immediately satisfied. On one occasion, while returning from an evening theatre performance in a street bus (everybody wanted to feel close to the people), Mrs. Ayers was accosted by a drunkard who grabbed her hand and wanted to kiss her. We were all somewhat concerned but she simply laughed it off.



Luncheon at the Embassy

The fourth and fifth aspects of the project were not mounted because some Ottawa politicians felt that these initiatives would represent too much concentration of such efforts in the hands of the same people. The result was that other projects, those that were organized in Western Canada, replaced our efforts.

UKRAINE

It is probably clear to everyone that my biggest passion in life (aside from my wife and family) was Ukraine. I am unabashedly a Ukrainian nationalist. To put it in proper perspective, I am also a strong Canadian patriot, and supporter of Israel and future Kurdistan. Quite naturally, I would prefer that Ukraine, Kurdistan and Israel be like Canada, but this is hard to imagine if one accounts for their neighborhood. Ukraine's past, present and future were always foremost in my mind. So, when the opportunity arose to visit Ukraine in 1989, I embraced it with enthusiasm. In the 20-plus years since then, I have never missed the opportunity to go there, sometimes two or three times per year.

As a result of these visits to Ukraine and the contacts that they provide with the people at all levels of society, I am quite well informed about the problems that this new country faces in the world.



Welcomed in Ukraine, in 1989



With Rev. Dr. Petro Khomyn in Toronto

One of the difficult challenges that must be overcome is the lack of a properly educated and fully dedicated political elite, for whom the national interest and genuine desire to improve the lot of the people would be the foremost goal. As it stands at present the elite is provincial at best; it lacks proper vision and is corrupt to the core. The society at large is not much better – a result of centuries' long, tyrannical and corrupt Imperial and Soviet Russian rule. It will take several generations to change and improve the attitude of the people – including their vision – as well as the regime and its view of the world.

I arrived in Ukraine in 1989, 42 years after I left it, and exactly ten years following my first visit to China. The occasion was a group trip for a number of Canadian-Ukrainians. We were able to visit Kyiv, Lviv, Pereiaslav and Kaniv, where the grave of poet Taras Shevchenko is located.

I was asked to give a lecture at the University of Lviv on "Methodology of Comparative Politics" and I did so with the help of overhead projections.



In the office of Prof. Yukhnovsky prior to the lecture

The university auditorium was packed with faculty and students and my lecture was extremely well received. However, our western approaches to the study of politics were then still completely unknown in the USSR, and the ensuing questions and discussions from the audience, not surprisingly, were all couched in the words of the Soviet version of Marxist ideology. I had great fun and was especially pleased to be able to classify graphically and show, despite their ideological differences, how close the Bolsheviks and the Nazis were in their organizational structure and politics, especially in the area of human rights and individual freedoms. Surprisingly, on this I was not challenged.



Lecture at Lviv University

The most emotional visit for me took place in 1990, when the World Congress of Ukrainianists met in Kyiv. I travelled there from Koeln, where I was spending a year at the Bundesinstitut für Osteuropäische und Internationale Studien. The meetings were satisfactory, but for me nothing could top the performance of the Ukrainian National Anthem in the Kyiv Opera. The song was not heard – in fact was forbidden – for at least 70 years. The crowd went wild and I had to make an effort to stem the tears that were welling up in my eyes.



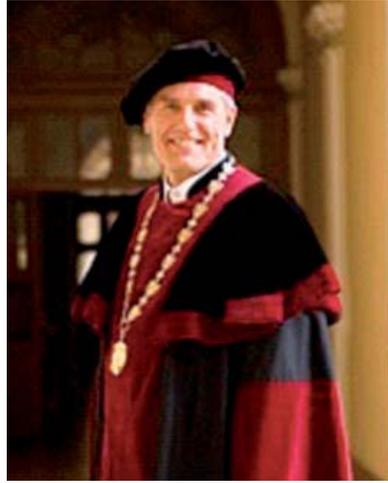
At Mr. Iwasykiw's reception in Kyiv. From left, Mr. Iwasykiw, Gen. Muliava, Ms. Bao Suhong and Prof. Jiang Chang Bin

Three years after I was made an Honorary Professor in China, in April 2001 a similar honor was granted to me in Ukraine. The Lviv Polytechnic National University bestowed on me the same distinction in Lviv, the city where I went to school and where, still as a teenager, for a short period of time, I participated in anti-German activities. The same university, on my recommendation, conferred the title of Doctor Honoris Causa to Peter J. George, President of McMaster University. This led to several academic exchanges with students and faculty visiting McMaster. Two of the rectors, the late Dr. Yuri Rudavskiy and Dr. Yuri Bobalo, also visited our university. I certainly hope that such exchanges continue into the future.

In the ensuing years I was able to meet a large number of very interesting people in society at large, and in the government circles, especially when Ukraine became a sovereign state. I had a standing pass for the sessions of the Verkhovna Rada (the Parliament) and attended it whenever I could. I even visited the home of President Yushchenko, brought with me several volumes of the "Litopys UPA", enjoyed a very pleasant lunch with his wife Kateryna Chumachenko, and even played with their lovely children. Mr. Viktor Yushchenko was not at home, and therefore I had no opportunity to ask him a number of questions pertaining to his various policies or lack of them. I



I was awarded Honorary Professor.
From left: Yuri Rudavskiy,
Rector of the Lviv Polytechnic and
Peter George, President of
McMaster University



Yuri Bobalo, Rector of the Lviv
Polytechnic National University



The Order of Merit III Class

was joined at lunch by Mr. Oleh Rybachuk, a close adviser to the President, who regaled me with various initiatives that he was about to launch to bring Ukraine closer to Europe. He was responsible for European integration in Yushchenko's cabinet. Nothing or very little came of his plans. What struck me as very unusual was that Mr. Rybachuk insisted that we converse in English.

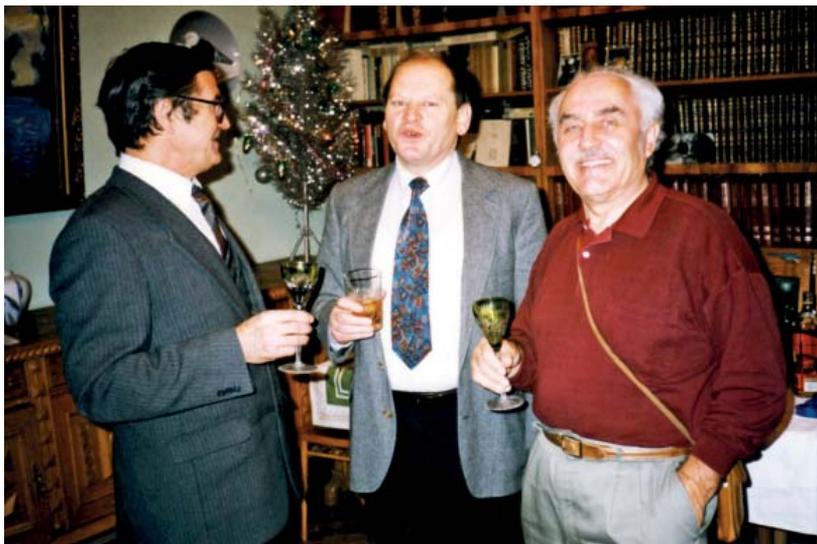
I met President Yushchenko in Toronto, when in the beautiful surroundings of the Old Mill Restaurant he bestowed on me the Order of Merit III class. In response, I told him that the Publishing House "Litopys UPA" was willing to donate a complete set of all of our publications which had appeared to date, to the Presidential Library in Kyiv. He not only graciously accepted our gift, but ordered the embassy personnel to pack it for him for the plane on which he returned home. By this gesture, President Yushchenko modified a decision of his bureaucrats in Kyiv, who, when on one occasion we presented them with a set of our publications, refused it by dubbing it a "provocation".



The Order of Merit III Class is presented to me by President Yushchenko

The biggest impression on me in Kyiv, however, was made by two individuals. One was Mr. Ivan Dziuba, the author of "Internationalism or Russification", and Ms. Solomiia Pavlychko, who was the leading intellectual light. (She died shortly thereafter).

In fact, the most interesting discussion of all time in Kyiv, took place in Ms. Pavlychko's apartment, in the presence of Ivan Dziuba, Mykola Zhulynskyi, Roman Szporluk, and maybe one or two other individuals that I do not recall. We were talking about the future of Ukraine and were rather skeptically sober about the rapid transformation of the country into a fully democratic state. Sadly, as the next two decades have shown, we were not too far from predicting the true path of development.



With Ivan Dziuba and Mykola Zhulynskyi

It was during my visits to Ukraine that I discovered the location of my father's "criminal" record and later, after years of insistent requests to various authorities, I was able to obtain most of the documents from his file and started preparing them for publication. The book "Sprava bat'ka" was published in Ukrainian in 2011. As I mentioned earlier my father was arrested in 1940, charged with anti-Soviet activities, – the accusations of which were never proven – and was one of the thousands who were summarily executed by the NKVD in June 1941, at the beginning of German-Soviet war. He was rehabilitated in 1957. It was this kind of regular, atrocious, regime behavior that gave rise to a cynical joke, which states that Christians in the West, after death, can expect their rewards in heaven, but in the Russian controlled world, they can only hope for a posthumous rehabilitation.

END REMARKS

I was destined to live during the most difficult and most remarkable part of the 20th century, when the world experienced various wars and genocides, but also glory and technological progress the likes of which humanity probably never saw before. Here and there I briefly touched on some of these events, but only to the extent that they involved me personally. This story, therefore, is of value mostly to me and my immediate family, and a few of my friends. I tried not to preach and only described those events of my life, both important and trivial, that I vividly remembered, because at the outset, I decided not to consult any materials or documentary sources that might otherwise embellish the narrative.

Most of my life I was preoccupied with, and participated in, the Ukrainian liberation struggle and proud of it. This never caused me to disrespect any other peoples, unless it was clear to me that they oppressed and exploited others. But even then, I usually blamed the political and cultural elites and not the ordinary individuals. Ukraine has a long way to go to become a mature and proud member of the democratic world, but I have no doubt that this destiny will be achieved for the benefit not only of its people, but humanity as a whole.



Pastries, wine and conversation. From left, Prof. Gerhard Teuscher, German, Prof. John Weaver, History, Prof. Douglas Davidson, Biology, Prof. Peter J. Potichnyj, Politics

I am now in my 82nd year, reasonably healthy and very satisfied with my family and my life. Could I have accomplished more? Probably, but it is too late to cry over spilt wine. Besides, there is not much time left to start new undertakings or to harbor big plans. Thus, in the remaining years, I shall be satisfied with observing the growth and development of my grandchildren. They are an organic part of Canada, but thanks to my children, my grandchildren are also familiar with the Ukrainian language and traditions. My hope is that in their life they will serve as an important and useful link between Canada and Ukraine.

I wish to express my appreciation to Dr. Grey Hodnett for encouraging me to write this memoir. I would also like to thank all who helped me with the editorial work on this book- my daughter Adriana and my grandchildren, Ariana and Alexander, Marta Olynyk, Dr. Osyp Danko, Dr. Ihor Homziak, Ania Ladyk, but especially Professors Douglas Davidson and Byron Spencer. My wife Tamara is an exceedingly patient person who relieved me of all household chores, and to her go my profoundest thanks.



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ABBREVIATIONS

- AAASS** – American Association for the Advancement of Slavic Studies
- ABD** – All But Doctorates
- ABN** – Antibolshevik Bloc of Nations
- AK** – Polish Home Army
- ANC** – Accidental Non-ritual Circumcision
- CAS** – Canadian Association of Slavists
- CAU** – Chinese Association of Ukrainianists
- CBC** – Canadian Broadcasting Corporation
- CEO** – Chief Executive Officer
- CIA** – Central Intelligence Agency (USA)
- CIC** – Counter Intelligence Corps
- CIUS** – Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies
- CPSU** – Communist Party of the Soviet Union
- CUAF** – Canadian Ukrainian Art Foundation
- D.C.** – District of Columbia
- DDT** – Dichloro-Diphenyl-Trichloroethane (pesticide)
- DI** – Drill Instructor
- DP** – Displaced Person
- Dr.** – Doctor
- e.g.** – *exempli gratia* (for example)
- EOB** – Executive Office Building
- etc.** – *et cetera* (and other things)
- FBI** – Federal Bureau of Investigation
- GDR** – German Democratic Republic
- Gen.** – General
- GIs** – Government Issue (pertaining to American servicemen)
- ICCEEA** – Interdepartmental Committee on Communist and East European Affairs
- ICSEES** – International Committee for Soviet and East European Studies
- ILO** – International Labour Organization
- IRO** – International Refugee Organization
- KBW** – Polish Internal Security Corps
- KGB** – Komitet Gosudarstvennoi Bezopasnosti (Committee for State Security of the USSR)
- LMG38** – German light machine gun
- M1** – semi-automatic US rifle
- M.A.** – Master of Arts
- Messrs.** – Messieurs
- MG42** – German machine gun
- MP** – Military Police (UPA Field Gendarmerie)
- Mr.** – Mister
- Mrs.** – Missis
- Ms.** – Miss
- NDP** – New Democratic Party of Canada
- NKVD** – Narodnyi Komisariat Vnutrennikh Del (The People's Commissariat for Internal Affairs of the USSR)

OKV UPA – Association of the former UPA soldiers

ORMO – Polish Volunteer Reserves of Civil Militia

OSS – Office of Strategic Services

OUN – Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists

OUN(B) – Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (Bandera Faction)

OUN(M) – Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (Melnyk)

P.C. – Parliament of Canada

PBY – Patrol Bomber “Y” (American flying boat)

Ph.D. – Doctor of Philosophy

PLA – People’s Liberation Army (China)

POW – Prisoner of War

Pow. – District in Poland

Prof. – Professor

Q.C. – Queen’s Counsel

RAF – Royal Air Force (Great Britain)

RCMP – Royal Canadian Mounted Police

ROA – Russian Liberation Army

RR – Rest & Recreation

SBU – Security Service of Ukraine

SKV – Kushch Self-defence Unit

SNB – Czechoslovak State Security Forces

SP – Shore Patrol

SS – German security units

TsDAHOU – Tsentral’nyi Derzhavnyi Arkhiv Hromads’kykh Obiednan’ Ukrainy (Central State Archives of Public Organizations of Ukraine)

TV – television

U.S.N.S. – United States Navy Ship

UCCRO – Ukrainian Council of Churches and Religious Organizations

UChKh – Ukrainian Red Cross

UFU – Ukrainian Free University

UHVR – Ukrain’ska Holovna Vyzvol’na Rada (Ukrainian Supreme Liberation Council)

UJE – Ukrainian Jewish Encounter

UK(U.K.) – United Kingdom

UN – United Nations

UNS – Ukrainian National Self-defence

UPA – Ukrain’ska Povstans’ka Armiia (The Ukrainian Insurgent Army)

USA – United States of America

USMC – United States Marine Corps

USMC-SS – United States Marine Corps – Selective Service

USO – United Service Organization

USSR – Union of Soviet Socialist Republics

UVV – Ukrainian Free Army

Waffen-SS – German SS military units

WP – Polish Army

WWI – World War, First

WWII – World War, Second

ZP UHVR – Foreign Representation of the Supreme Ukrainian Liberation Council

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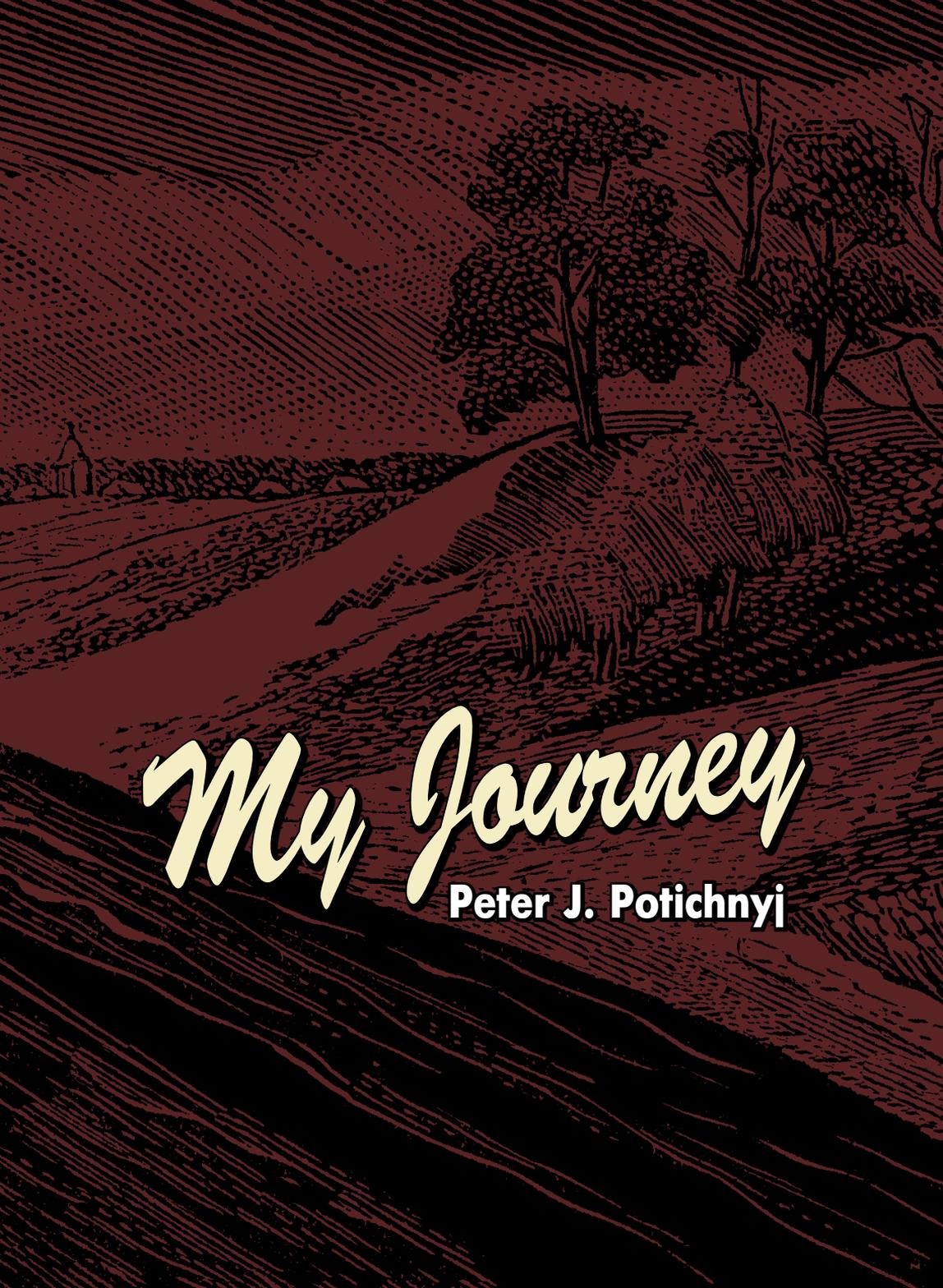




Peter J. Potichnyj completed his education in the United States with a BA from Temple University, and an MA, a Certificate in Russian Studies, and a PhD from Columbia University. He is Professor Emeritus of McMaster University in Canada, Senior Fellow, CERES, University of Toronto and Honorary Professor of East China University in Shanghai, China and National University "Lviv Polytechnic" in Lviv, Ukraine.

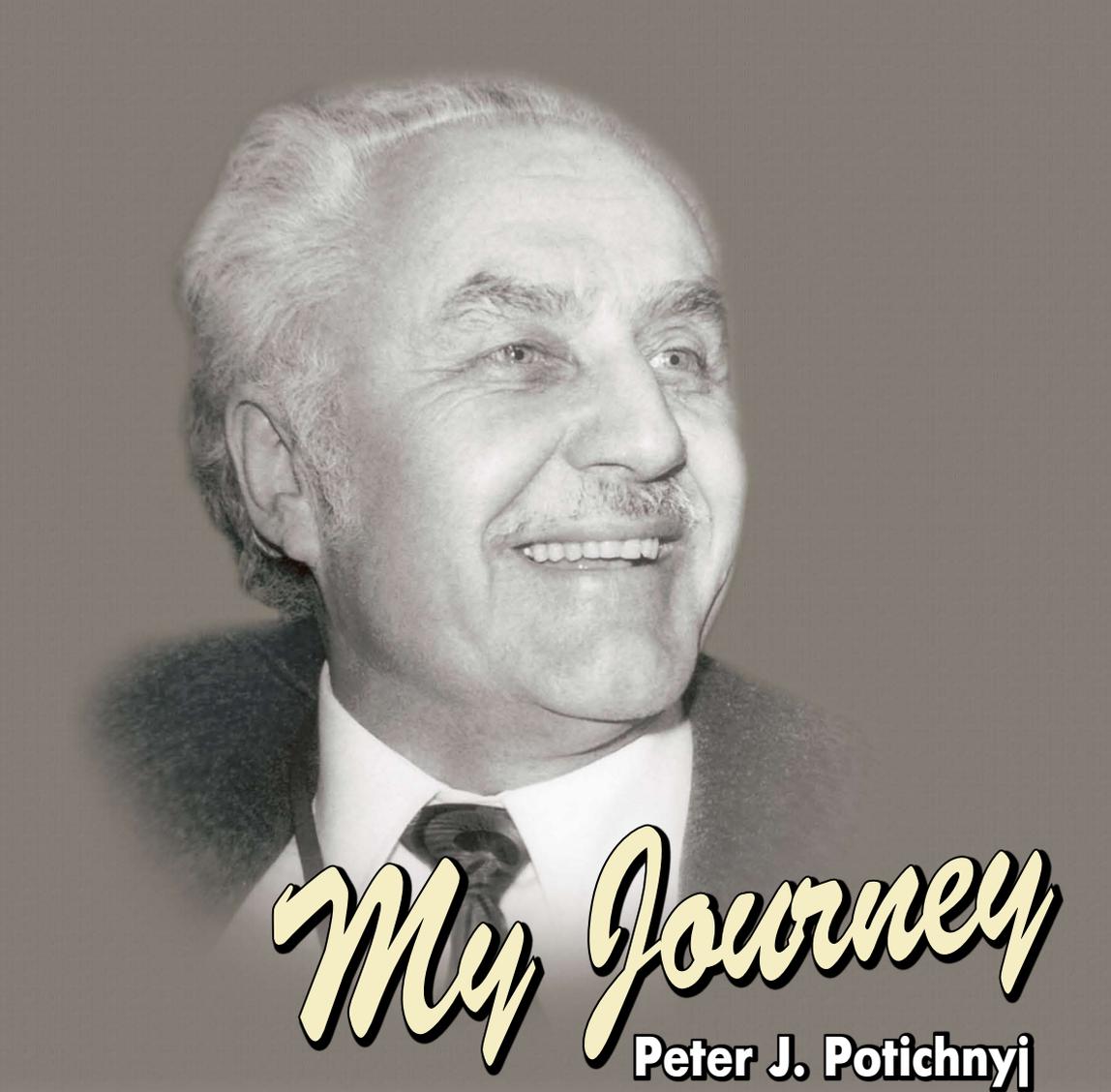
In the Korean War he served with the United States Marine Corps.

In 2008 he was decorated by President Yushchen-ko of Ukraine with The Order of Merit III Class.



My Journey

Peter J. Potichnyi



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