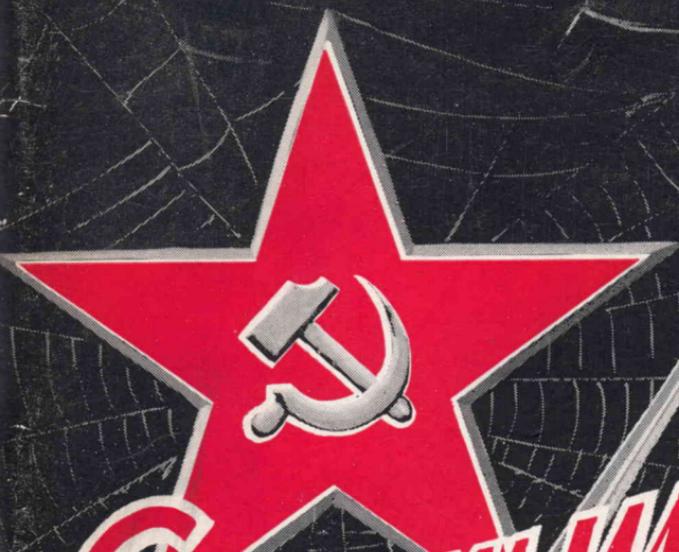


N. PRYCHODKO



*Communism  
in  
reality*

FOREWORD BY WILLSON WOODSIDE



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*Communism*  
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*reality*

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## FOREWORD

The main thing that people want to know about stories of Soviet Russia is: are they reliable?

It is now nearly a year since Nicholas Prychodko first came into my office with a bundle of manuscripts. In this time I have gained a deep respect for him, and complete confidence in his integrity. The reader will see for himself that he has the makings of a first-class journalist. Though I have aided in smoothing out his work, the ideas and the manner of expression are entirely his.

How much easier it would have been for him to keep quiet, to have remained "just another D.P." and not attract the hatred and smears of the Canadian Communists! But Prychodko has too deep a sense of his obligation to his own people and ours, to all society, merely to keep quiet. This high moral sense runs through all his writing.

This is not the story of his own experiences in a slave-labor camp in Siberia—though that is a fascinating account too. This is the story of what the Ukrainian nation has suffered under Bolshevik domination from Moscow. It could have tremendous importance to our policy-makers, confirmed as it is by many other accounts now becoming available, if it persuaded them to regard the Ukrainians not as just a slightly different kind of "Russians," but as a separate people with their own strong nationalist feelings and yearnings for independence.

Tens of thousands of Ukrainian partisans fought for the freedom of their nation against Hitler during the war and against Stalin when he sent his commissars and secret police back again in the wake of the Red Army, to restore the rule of Moscow.

Stalin knows perfectly well how the Ukrainians feel towards his regime. It is high time we did. This booklet will help convince many, I believe, that if we were fighting the cold war actively, as Stalin does, we would regard the Ukrainians as our chief ally behind the Iron Curtain, and give them every sort of aid and encouragement in winning their independence.

*Willson Woodriss*

Foreign Editor,  
"Saturday Night,"  
Toronto, Canada.

## LET US BE ON GUARD

Newspapers throughout the whole world recently carried the sensational news of an atomic explosion in the USSR. From pole to pole, in all languages, the air waves carried this alarming information of a new threat to the world. They recalled the almost forgotten event which shook not only Hiroshima, but the whole world.

However, as after the terrible Hiroshima incident, the moment of sensation passed, and the world is apparently at peace again, unless perhaps behind the scenes of world politics it is taken more seriously than we know. One way or another, there are visible symptoms of a total and ever-increasing threat from the Red Tamarlane of the east, like an ominous thunder-cloud before a stormy night. The western democracies must be more alert.

Before this happened the greatest experts in the West had claimed that the Soviets could not produce the atomic bomb in less than three to five years. It was known that Soviet spies had gained many atomic secrets; but this was still a far cry from having the actual bomb itself. So the fears of the people were allayed.

Moreover, the agents who had stolen the secrets for Moscow had managed to escape a too-stern punishment, if one takes into account the enormity of their treacherous act, which could result in annihilation of hundreds of thousands of people and whole cities.

This humane and tolerant attitude towards those who are working for a mass destruction of their own people, whatever their motives or delusions, does not help to check espionage. When one considers that Soviet bombs made from these secrets may later be delivered to America by submarine or plane, for the destruction of the cities of Canada and the U.S.A., it must surely seem more necessary to take a more stern and uncompromising attitude towards such traitors.

It may seem unbelievable to the western world that the Soviet government can have ambitions for world domination without men-

tioning them. As an example, the Soviet press made no mention of the fact that NKVD Commissar L. Beria was given four billion gold rubles to use in spying for atomic secrets. The Supreme Soviet (the Soviet "parliament") not only did not discuss the matter, but knew nothing of it.

Beria has no difficulty in operating his network of spies, and his agents feel quite at home in Canada and U.S.A. With huge sums of money ever ready to bail them out of trouble they work with smugness and self-assurance. Even in cases where their guilt has been proven, they are still allowed to go free on bail. It was in such circumstances that Gerherd Eisler, Moscow's "trustee" with the U.S. Communist Party, was able to jump bail, and go to the Soviet Zone of Germany, to carry on his destructive work.

Lately the twelve American communist leaders have been released on bail, undoubtedly to continue their activities. And now is not the most recent affair of Dr. Klaus Fuchs, who had been recommended by Einstein, and who gave the Soviet government the many secrets he knew of the atomic and hydrogen bombs, a sign of how indispensable is the need for greater vigilance against Soviet agents and sympathizers? These people, as shown in the case of Alger Hiss, an adviser to President Roosevelt at Yalta, can sometimes worm their way into the most responsible positions in the government to cause irreparable damage.

And strange indeed seems the unconcern of the western democracies towards the vast strikes which cripple whole industries and might even place the entire economy of the nation in jeopardy in a critical moment.

In the country of the "dictatorship of the proletariat," where workers are virtually beggars as compared to those in Canada or the U.S.A. no one would dare to even think of striking. Stalin once summed up this question very neatly in five words to Mr. Hopkins. In their discussion on Lend-Lease he was told that strikes in the U.S.A. were holding up delivery of certain items. "Strikes," he said in surprise, "DON'T YOU HAVE POLICE?" Under a law of 1939, a Soviet worker gets a one-year term at hard labor for being twenty minutes late for work.

I find that the demoncratic world feels too secure and is too irrelolute. Lately influential people have been advocating a world government as a means of assuring peace, thus reassuring the people, but forgetting that Stalin—Hitler's spiritual leader—will agree to a

world government only if he himself is at the head of it. No talk with President Truman or Premier Attlee will cure his mania for domination of the whole world.

Stalin may enter such a talk as Mr. Churchill lately proposed for the sole purpose of hoodwinking his partners. Sufficient proof of this is the announcement by President Truman that the Soviet Government has only kept one out of forty agreements made with the U.S.A. Mr. Churchill's confidence in being able to get Stalin to come to terms is surprising, to say the least.

There is also a mistaken belief in circulation that the USSR is on the verge of an internal upheaval. Those of us who have spent many years under the communist regime, where a person's every move is checked and controlled by the secret police and where one is afraid to utter the least criticism of the Kremlin policy not only to a friend but often even in his own home, know how naive such an idea is. Informing on friends and parents is portrayed as an heroic deed by the Soviet regime. It is cultivated in schools and in organizations of all kinds, and acclaimed in newspapers; decorations are even bestowed for it. Under these conditions all attempts at organization of an internal uprising, even the carefully planned one in the close circle of the military authorities by Tukhachevsky, suffered catastrophic defeat.

The potential forces of an internal upheaval, in a country where according to an announcement by President Truman there are sixteen million political prisoners, are admittedly immense, if you take into consideration the fact that each one of those prisoners has an average of four relatives or close friends who also suffer persecution of one form or another, on account of that prisoner. And to their cause of discontent may be added a whole string of other nationalist, economic and political causes which breed discontent among the masses of the USSR.

These malcontents and potential rebels, safeguard their existence by masking themselves with praises for the communist regime. They can conspire and act together against the communist tyranny only during an armed conflict of the USSR with outside forces, when the system of police control is partly disorganized as the experience of Ukrainian efforts during 1941-48 clearly shows.

Paradoxical, yet true, is the fact that the Soviet ideological position is much stronger outside of her boundaries than within, where people have already experienced communist dictatorship in operation.

Today, millions of people beyond the Soviet borders feel a warm sentiment towards communism because all they know of it is what comes to them through Soviet propaganda.

So far the western democracies have failed to adequately counteract this damaging propaganda. They have also failed to strengthen their own ideological position within Soviet territory, despite any success which the broadcasts of the "Voice of America" may have had. As it is, these broadcasts are feared more than the atomic bomb itself.

The uncertain conditions behind the iron curtain are proven by the continual purges which seem to be required. But neither can these be expected to bring on an internal conflict as some journalists are prone to think. Purges are a permanent feature of the Soviet system. They always end in mass deportations, but no one dares to defend or even speak favorably of the hundred of thousands, who are shipped year after year in barred trains to almost certain death in Siberia. These deportations take place in all countries where Russia sets foot, yet there are still those in the West who are skeptical of this fact.

When, for instance, the Czechs were told by refugees of life in the USSR they didn't believe their stories, but eagerly awaited their "Russian brothers" in 1945. A few of the more serious said, "It will be different here. We will run things our way." And what happened to those sincere friends of the "Russian brothers?" The best of them were shipped to slave labor in Siberia, allowing traitors and scum to rise to the top.

After first liquidating industrialists and landowners, and the more responsible government and military officials, the communist government in Czechoslovakia is now liquidating the so-called "kulaks," (the better farmers), calling them enemies of the people, repeating the process they had used in other occupied countries.

The Czechs are finally sobering up from their blind faith in the Russians, but it is too late, the Russians have already got them well-harnessed. Thousands of them, risking their lives, are fleeing westward. This awakening, though late, has come about in all the countries "liberated" by the "Slav brothers."

Only Tito has been able to dodge the Soviet noose, and that only because his country did not remain under Soviet occupation after the war. There can be no doubt that in time, Czechoslovakian, Hungarian, Romanian, Bulgarian, Chinese, and other communist

overlords of the "liberated" people, will follow their own victims to the same fate suffered by Dimitrov, Kostov, Rajik, Gomulka and others.

I remember how in 1937 in the Ukraine, the wife of an active party member, seeing off her arrested husband, pleaded with the NKVD: "My good people, what is this you are doing? Why, in 1930 he himself handcuffed kulaks and sent hem off to Siberia!" Thousands of other such "activists" have in their turn tasted their own medicine.

Yet just such "activists" here in Canada and in the U.S.A., many of them owners of good homes or farms and autos, and other "capitalist" property, eagerly await their "Russian brothers," as did the Czechs. They expect a paradise on earth and unheard-of prosperity. That is what is promised them by those in Moscow who scheme to seize the whole world, even as Hitler yearned to do in his day. They don't know, or won't believe, that in the Soviet "paradise" the production plan for 1950 provides just three socks and two-thirds of a yard of woollen goods for each person! The persistence of a permanent condition of poverty in the USSR has never prevented Soviet propaganda from promising paradise to those whose support it needed.

Profiting from the unlimited democratic freedom these Soviet sympathizers abroad are spreading the false delusion of a Soviet paradise. They are ready to hand over their country and their people into Stalin's keeping even today, so that tomorrow they may parade the streets, exhibiting the red star. Then they would have their opportunity of handcuffing those able and ambitious people who are really the well-spring of democratic prosperity and shipping them to the North-West Territories. Later, of course, they themselves would follow, and their places be quickly filled with Russian commissars.

To me and to others who actually know what life is in the USSR, the failure of Canadians and Americans, to take the communist menace seriously is profoundly disturbing. They underestimate its might, its criminal methods, and the inhuman acts it is capable of committing. Anyone who is concerned for his country's welfare should rouse himself to the menace of the communist fifth column in our midst. Under enticing slogans of freedom, prosperity and a brotherhood of nations, communism brings with it unrestricted police terror, poverty, and the domination of Moscow.

Today, like a sly fox, Stalin is flooding Canada and the U.S.A. with beautifully illustrated periodicals, calendars and albums, describing the blissful life in the Soviet Union. He sends special films made for foreign consumption, hundreds of thousands of phonograph records of songs of the joyous way of life on one-sixth of the earth's surface, knowing how a sweet song can lull people.

With his other hand well gloved, he directs his fifth column towards foul deeds of destruction in these countries, aimed at the eventual enslaving of the people. Right now he is preparing millions of Chinese for the conquest of all Asia.

**LET US BE ON GUARD!** In the midst of our free and unharassed life, let us not forget that in the interest of the country which has become our fatherland, in the interest of its people, we must combat those who would bring Soviet slavery to this continent.

We, who had the good fortune to break away from behind the **iron curtain**, are duty-bound to tell here in our new fatherland what we have seen with our own eyes, and what we lived through ourselves.

We have no right to keep silent about the genocide in USSR, about the graves in Vinnitza, Katyn, etc. We must tell the truth of what life is really like in the USSR, which calls itself the "fatherland of the working people of the world."

For twenty-four years I lived in the Ukraine under Moscow's occupation, and in this pamphlet I wish to tell at least a part of what I saw and what I lived through, because everywhere that the communists come they commit the same acts, according to the same program which they followed in the Ukraine.

## THE RED AND THE BROWN TYRANTS

This story is not "propaganda." I write out of a feeling of moral duty to the democracy of the country in which I have found a new home, and out of profound, sincere veneration and obligation to my enslaved countrymen, and particularly to the millions of Ukrainians who have been liquidated by the Soviet regime.

For over twenty years I lived in the Ukraine dominated by Communist Moscow. There I completed my education, acquired my scientific training and after four years of University teaching in Kiev, found myself, without having committed any crime, among those 15-16 million unfortunate slaves who fill to capacity the forced labor camps of Siberia. Later, I had to live through Hitler's brutal regime in the Ukraine and through the hardships of forced labor in Germany.

Thus I have become very well acquainted with both of these totalitarian systems. One of them has already been crushed, while the other, by crafty manoeuvres, is preparing itself for war to gain domination of the entire world. This preparation for war is conducted, not only on the territories of the USSR, but in every country, where Moscow's secret agents are carrying on subversive activities from within, with the aid of the local communists—as the Gouzenko case revealed in Canada.

Being familiar with the methods employed by Moscow in dealing with her political opponents, I am fully aware of the fact that my attempt to tell the truth about the Soviet regime in my homeland will bring their slander and denunciation against me. This will not deter me.

I maintain that Hitler was only a creation of Stalin. To those who know communism from theory or propaganda, this may seem paradoxical, but for me and millions like me, who have lived many years under a communistic dictatorship, it is very obvious that Hitler and Stalin took lessons from one another. This can be proved by many examples.

Hitler, after reaching the height of power by devious paths, des-

troysed Roehm and hundreds of his party friends who had helped him in his struggle. Stalin does the same. Stalin liquidated Bucharin, Zinoviev, Rykov, Tomsy, Tukhachevsky, Gumarnik and tens of thousands of others who had helped him to build the communist dictatorship.

Stalin destroyed these associates through fear that eventually, they would seize the power from him. He went further than Hitler however, in naming the prosecutor Vishinsky, who had sent so many of his old companions to their death, foreign minister of the USSR, to pound the table and pronounce his vetoes in the world assembly of the United Nations.

Hitler and Stalin also vied with each other in their brutality towards the Ukrainians. To force them into collective farms, which only brought hard labor and misery, Stalin organized a famine in 1932-1933 by taking the entire harvest from the peasants; from this seven million Ukrainians starved to death. I witnessed that tragedy, and will tell more about it later on. The statisticians who in the ensuing census in 1937 ventured to disclose the catastrophic fall in the Ukrainian population were shot or exiled to Siberia for "sabotage."

Hitler made a similar attempt to suppress the Ukrainians in 1942. His plan, as revealed in his writings, was to annihilate a large part of the native population, to provide "Lebensraum" for German settlers. He did not succeed, but only because our youth managed to seize sufficient arms during the changing of occupants in 1941, to avert another national disaster.

The red and the brown dictators also vied in exterminating luckless prisoners of war. Stalin put to death thousands of Polish officers in the Katyn forest, and sent a quarter of a million Polish soldiers to the slave camps in Siberia where I encountered thousands of them.

Hitler, however, outstripped his teacher in this grim competition. Hundreds of thousands of Red Army soldiers and officers who surrendered in the beginning of the war, because they felt they had nothing to fight for, were driven into ravines and wastelands fenced with barbed wire, and destroyed by starvation and exposure. Others were simply worked to death; still others burned in vast crematories.

A further similarity in their methods and morals showed in their occupation practices. In the Ukraine Hitler shot thousands of Ukrainians, Jews and other innocent people. But Stalin had done exactly the same. In 1943, in the town of Vinnitza, a number of

graves were opened up, bringing to light 9,432 corpses. These proved to be the bodies of peasants and workers, shot through the back of the head during one of the terror waves in the USSR in 1937-1938. This incredible and horrible scene I witnessed myself.

On the site of this burial-ground, the communists had erected a "Park of Culture and Rest," with facilities for dancing and merriment! Can any greater blasphemy against God and man be imagined? Similar graves were uncovered during the war in many places in the Ukraine and other republics. I saw many others in Siberia.

At the beginning of the German invasion, Stalin gave orders to destroy everything that might fall into enemy hands. His orders were promptly executed. On the first day of German occupation, in the city of L'viv, the citizens rushed to rescue their loved ones from the Soviet prisons—to discover only the mutilated remains of the nine thousand inmates. In the city of Drohobych the corpses of 380 prisoners who had been immured alive, were found in a cellar.

In Kharkov 5,000 people were burned alive in the prisons. When their relatives, hearing their agonizing cries, swept to their rescue, the NKVD drove them off with machine-gun fire. Similar incidents occurred in Kremenchug, on the Dneiper. In Nikopol, 800 men were found shot through the back of the heads, their hands tied with barbed wire behind their backs, and the bodies thrown into oil tanks. To conceal their fiendish deed, the Russians had intended to set the oil afire, but were a little late.

Such atrocities were committed by Stalin everywhere, in the larger and smaller cities of Ukraine against his "own" people before and during the war. If Hitler was prevented from duplicating them during his later retreat, it was mainly because of the harrying tactics of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army (U.P.A.) which is, even today, carrying on the struggle against the Moscovite occupant.

Upon capturing a new territory, Hitler filled his concentration camps with millions of innocent people, who had to slave at hard labor under the whip of the German guards. The weaker ones were cremated and their ashes used to fertilize the fields.

But in what way did Stalin differ here from Hitler? From the earliest day of his rule to the present, the shooting of thousands of innocent people has been a common daily procedure. Millions of others have been exiled to slave labor camps, where they are subjected to slow death, in the Siberian wastelands of the Arctic Ocean and in the arid deserts of the Kazakstan.

I know, for I was there. The camp I was sent to, called "Ivdelag, NKVD" was one of the smallest in Siberia, yet it contained about 350,000 slaves. The other camps, scattered throughout the vast territories of the Russian North, each had many times that number of inmates.

Who are these people, who in the majority of cases, found death in the cold and snows, and why are they there? With the beginning of the "Revolution" all the manufacturers, merchants, landlords and higher officials were shot, all through the USSR. Later on, in 1930, peasants who owned from 20 to 40 acres of land were liquidated as "enemies of the people" simply because they were successful.

Now these camps are filled with common peasants, laborers, tradesmen and intelligentsia—the latter, people who had received their education under the communist regime.

These people are dying from hard labor and neglect, without having committed any crime, so that strategic railroads can be built to China; so that lumber and marble may be acquired for the erection of government edifices and palaces for the Soviet bosses; so that gold and other treasures may be dug to pay for war in China, strikes in Italy, spying in Canada, in U.S.A. and trouble everywhere across the world.

Such is communism in practice. In theory and propaganda it appears altogether different! It is to prevent the world from observing its true face, that an impenetrable Iron Curtain has been drawn between the "workers' paradise" and the outside world.

## WHY STALIN NEEDS THE IRON CURTAIN

When the sound of guns and bombs died down in 1945, the world gave a sigh of relief. In churches, in factories, in schools, in the fields, in fact everywhere, young and old prayed and rejoiced, for at last they saw an end to Hitler's tyranny, and with it the hope of real peace.

They were soon to be disillusioned; but in that brief moment of excitement and merrymaking, few realized that another totalitarianism, differing very little from Hitler's, was threatening Europe from the east. Astonishingly few knew the true facts about the tyranny which had long since grown out of the Bolshevik Revolution.

The English-speaking world has in fact only now learned what the rulers in the Kremlin aim at. Unfortunately this realization has come very late; it is doubtful if the Red rulers of Russia will now halt the so-called "cold war" which may at any time break into a shooting war.

Yet still today there are people who believe Soviet propaganda. Some are firmly convinced that there is a real democracy, or at least "economic democracy" as Henry Wallace put it, in the USSR. If they could only see for themselves what sort of "democracy" that is!

Actually it is one of the prime concerns of the Soviet rulers to see that as little as possible of the true situation is known outside the Iron Curtain.

Tomorrow the whole of Europe may find itself under the Kremlin's heel, if the West does not show a firmer stand. In time, even this blessed continent, which has never felt the tramp of a modern invading army, may find itself in a mortal struggle with the Asiatic hordes. Just read the Soviet press and what does it say? It makes no bones about its belief that Stalin is the "father of all the peoples of the world."

Stalin is working constantly towards the realization of that dream. But to divert the world from his real intentions he talks about the "dangers" of **American** imperialism—following the old Leninist rule of always accusing the other fellow of what you are doing.

We are told by the agents of Moscow of the "supreme happiness" achieved by the inhabitants of Soviet Russia and her satellites. These agents are equipped with special literature for foreign consumption, which gives vivid pictures of what a wonderful life the Russian people lead. It tells of radios, of music, of theatres, of parks. It tells of happy children's faces, under the care of expert nurses, while their parents are busy working in factories or in fields.

But these agents take special care never to tell the **real truth** about Communist Russia. They never talk of the millions in concentration camps in Siberia, or of the dreaded secret police, the NKVD. They never explain why the Iron Curtain exists.

No, they are afraid to tell the world of their true intentions: the desire for world conquest. And anyone in the USSR, daring to say a word of truth, is automatically doomed to punishment or death. The revelation of secrets behind the Iron Curtain is a constant source of worry and concern to the Kremlin leaders.

At the Yalta conference Stalin demanded, without reservations, that all Soviet citizens should be sent "home" immediately after the war, whether they wanted to go or not. Why did he make such a demand? The reason was obvious: he knew that his former subjects would reveal too much of the truth about the "people's democracy" of the USSR.

He was aware that thousands, indeed hundreds of thousands, despite the privation and misery which they suffered as "displaced persons," would prefer to remain in freedom rather than return to slavery. There are over a million such D.P.'s in Europe today who will wholeheartedly confirm this statement.

This was undeniably proven later, when many D.P.'s resorted to suicide as soon as force was used to send them back to their former homeland. I saw, personally, how these helpless and wretched people were forcibly repatriated. And how did the Mongolian tyrants in the Kremlin explain such acts? They immediately dubbed all the D.P.'s who would not willingly return "home," as **collaborators**.

It is quite possible that the occasional one may have been a collaborator, (and did not Stalin and Molotov collaborate with Hitler?) but I know for a fact that many so-called "collaborators" fought against both occupants, the Nazis as well as the Bolsheviks. Many D.P.'s will bear me out in this.

Some displaced persons did consent to return to their homeland.

They found themselves at once behind barbed wire—in concentration camps. This fact is corroborated by those few who managed to flee to the West again, and also by the German prisoners-of-war who are now returning home from Russia.

These people were put out of the way to prevent them from informing their acquaintances that people beyond the borders of USSR did not live in chaos and misery which Communist propaganda had always depicted so grimly.

In accordance with this policy, thousands of soldiers and officers who had fought against Franco in Spain by the order of Stalin, were shot or exiled on their return. **I met and talked with many of them in Siberia.** They had been formally charged with espionage in favor of General Franco and Spain and under torture had been forced to sign such "confessions!" There are many such fabricated spies in Soviet prisons.

Similarly, there will not be found at liberty, a single former employee of the Chinese Eastern Railroad (which crosses Manchuria and sold to the Japs in 1934). Several thousands were brought back to Russia; but because they could tell of a better life outside, they were put in labor camps.

Then there are the foreign Communists, who left their own countries and took up citizenship in the "workers fatherland." Most of them "talked too much," and ended up in concentration camps.

If life is really so wonderful in the USSR, then why do people continually try to escape from there? **Surely hundreds of thousands** of D.P.'s can't be wrong! Of course, the very same agents who praise Soviet Russia would not care to live in there themselves, for most of them know that life is not too safe there. When they do go, they travel in groups as "delegates."

And what experts the Soviets are in receiving foreign delegations! They show them factories specially prepared for the occasion. I saw with my own eyes how the Kharkov tractor factory was thoroughly gone over for a week before the visit of the French statesman Herriott. On collective farms they make a display of peasant dances, in native costumes. They display "model" prisons without bars, with clean linen-covered tables in the mess-rooms. They take visitors to a section of the city, where store windows have been attractively dressed with a display of foodstuffs and other goods. And the prices! Why, everything could be bought for next to nothing. These absurdities I saw repeated over and over again in Kiev.

As a climax to these sight-seeing tours, the visitors are taken to view the magnificent Moscow subway, built on the bones of 10,000 political prisoners (though the visitors are never informed of this). And lastly, to a glorious opera in a resplendent Moscow theatre, with afterwards a sumptuous banquet with rare wines and caviar—all at the cost of rations taken away from the already undernourished Soviet people.

Rather naturally, many "delegates return home from these conducted tours of the USSR to talk of the wonderful life there. They do not know that the people they spoke to dared not tell the truth, for fear of the ubiquitous NKVD informers, always present in every gathering.

Even in the visitor's hotel room a Russian can never speak his mind freely, knowing that secret microphones have been installed in the rooms against just such a possibility.

The real truth, the whole truth about the Communist regime in the USSR will only be learned and proven when the red totalitarianism is smashed as completely as Nazism has been destroyed. Until that happens, it is the moral duty of those who have experienced its bitterness to explain to the world the real facts and meaning of the Soviet regime.

## BEGINNING OF SOVIET RULE IN THE UKRAINE

When, eventually, the Iron Curtain is torn asunder, many terrible volumes will portray the realities of the life it conceals, in one-sixth of the entire world.

Even today, in my discussions with Canadian Communists, their earnest defense of communism or praise for the life in Soviet Ukraine does not unduly surprise me. I remember only too well, the all-consuming passion of its new disciples, in the early years of the Revolution, the fanatical zeal of my older friends as they hopefully hailed the new order or even took up arms in its defence. Later, the reward of many of them was death in the torture chambers of the NKVD or hard labor in concentration camps of Siberia.

With the coming of the Revolution, well-trained emissaries of Lenin were dispatched unto the farthest corners of Czarist Russia, often disguised or using pseudonyms, depending upon their mission. Never at a loss for appealing and convincing slogans, with guileless sincerity they won the hearts of the skeptics.

The workers were promised that they would own the factories and industries; the peasants, that they would own the land, with the right to seize and divide the landed estates; the intelligentsia was promised freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom to call mass meetings; and the country as a whole, unbounded liberty and home rule for the various nationalities.

How could a mere mortal doubt that the millenium had really come? Is it any wonder that even those who already possessed worldly goods and happiness reached for this mirage of heaven? Dazzled as they were—except for a very few—they failed to realize that while singing sweet praises of freedom and welfare, the Bolsheviks in Moscow were quietly but methodically tightening their control of key positions in government and industry.

The clearest admission that they themselves realized that the country would soon understand and resist their true plans, was the establishment in these early days of the Cheka, the secret police later known as the GPU, the NKVD, and now the MVD.

Through all the regions of Russia, and especially in the Ukraine, (which containing almost 50 per cent of the industry and resources of the USSR, was indispensable to the Soviet plan) there gradually rose and rolled the first wave of terrorism, taking thousands of victims.

The Cheka first liquidated the factory owners, the land owners, army officers, opposing political leaders and the higher civil servants. To aid the Cheka, informers ferreted out those peasants, workers, or professionals, who had realized too late that Moscow's promises of freedom were false, and endeavored to rouse their people to the danger.

"Enemies of the Revolution," "Ukrainian Nationalists" they were branded in the Soviet press, and mercilessly extirpated, regardless of their former position in society. The Cheka, stained with the blood of millions of innocent victims, was lauded as "the loyal guardian of the Revolution."

Another important duty of the Cheka was accomplished with the aid of communist party members in every locality. Cleverly playing upon class divisions, they strove to breed suspicion and hatred between the different social groups, to preclude the possibility of a united resistance.

In the end, Moscow succeeded: the struggle for freedom and independence, which had begun in the Ukraine and other national regions, was nipped in the bud. How could it succeed, without a mutual aim to guide the people in revolt?

Those who worshipped the New System, betrayed or killed their own brothers; others, fearing for the safety of their own skins, stood meekly aside; while brave, idealistic souls who did rebel against the tyranny and oppression were defeated through disunity.

For a number of years, however, until 1924, resistance movements were a constant menace to Soviet control, mainly in the territory along the Dneiper valley held by courageous partisans. But they were too few and too weak, to regain their lost independence. Moscow, with the aid of her hungry but numerous legions, who in reality fought less for the cause than for the grain, iron, coal and magnesium of Ukraine, finally subdued these insurrections. The country was harnessed into servility and Russia holds the reigns even today.

The remorse of those who had welcomed the system, or the timid who had stood meekly by and watched events, was hopeless now.

Together with the brothers who had fought for liberty, they shared the same fate—the terror of the NKVD and the threat of the labor camps.

This and only this, could be the fate of our Canadian Communists, if, God forbid, their dream of totalitarianism were realized. It is truly unbelievable, how swiftly Moscow would whip them into submission, as she has done with her own people and a goodly part of Europe.

It would be almost unbelievable, too, how quickly they would learn to suppress their innermost thoughts and sing high praises to Stalin or some other tyrant, how grateful they would be for the privilege of earning a piece of black bread and dirty tatters for clothes, in sweat and fear.

During the years 1921 and 1922, when the Cheka terrorism had slightly abated and the hottest flame of rebellion had been suppressed the first Soviet famine was created, bringing death and privations to many, especially among the poorer peasant classes.

A dry year, according to the press, was the cause of the famine. True enough, it was a dry year, but the Ukraine, "the breadbasket of Europe" normally possessed a sufficient surplus of food to provide her people through one bad year. The irrefutable cause of the famine was Russia's appropriation of all the grain in the country, which was hauled away to the north in thousands of trainloads. The people there didn't die of starvation; only on the fertile plains of the Ukraine was there famine and death.

Mykola Kulish, a famous Ukrainian dramatist, wrote an immortal play, "97," genuinely portraying the life, the famine and the hopelessness of those years. No one could look upon that tragedy of suffering humanity without a bitter, burning pain in his heart. For this deeply moving drama and several others, "Mina Mazaylo," "Pathetic Sonata," which so faithfully and vividly described life under Soviet "freedom," Kulish was sentenced without trial to ten years in Siberia, and died there. He was far from the only one. Thousands who protested against the inhuman requisition of grain were shot or exiled to Siberia.

Finally, when this policy began to show catastrophic results, the Kremlin realized that such drastic measures would eventually lead to economic ruin. To avert this, the Bolsheviks decreed in 1924 an era of New Political Economy, known as the NEP period.

The new policy sanctioned the private ownership of land or any

other enterprise, permitted free trade, and on the whole encouraged every individual initiative conducive to national prosperity. This strategy was introduced as a temporary measure to prevent total economic bankruptcy.

Grateful for this blessed relief, the more ambitious workers and peasants (for the industrialists and land owners had long ago been shot or exiled) entered earnestly and hopefully into the spirit of building up the country's dying industries and agriculture.

Within two years Ukraine was transformed as if by magic. A rich and fertile country, it needed only common sense and free enterprise, instead of servile labor and oppression to assure normal progress. People were once more happy and contented with plenty to eat and clothes to wear; and at the same time, gradually forgot the treachery of Moscow. Very soon they were to be reminded painfully of it again.

In 1928, within a few nights, almost all Ukrainians who owned a private business, shop, store or land were arrested, and their wealth confiscated by the Soviet government. A proclamation advised all and sundry, that the NEP had been a temporary trial measure and that henceforth all rights to any enterprise belonged solely to the government. No one dared so much as think now of those beguiling promises of individual ownership of business and lands.

The ranks of the secret police were so powerfully strengthened and the possibility of any insurrection so thoroughly suppressed that it was now safe for the government to speak openly and wield the whip over any still insistent seekers for justice and the rights of free men.

During these same years, the Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church was desecrated and ruined in a most barbarous manner. Twenty seven archbishops and bishops, with the 75-year-old Metropolitan Lepkivsky at their head, were arrested and sentenced without a public hearing or trial to slave labor in the concentration camps of Northern Russia and Siberia, where they later died.

Their names are as follows: Metropolitans—Basil Lepkivsky, Mykola Boresky, Ivan Pawlowsky, O. Vzovenesky. Archbishops—George Savchenko, George Mychnovsky, Stephen Orlyk, Joachim Kalnyshesky, Peter Tarnavsky, Alexander Cherniivsky, Constantine Krotevich, Theodosy Ariyiv, Constantine Malunkevich, Ossyp Oksiuk, W. Dachivnyk-Dashivsky, Peter Romentaniv. Bishops—

Gregory Storonenko, Jacob Shulayevsky, Vladimir Michnovsky, Mark Hrushevsky, Kanon Bey, Basil Pshenechney, Anton Bronovsky, Maxym Zadvirniak, Mykola Karabinevich, Vladimir Samborsky.

Later, in 1946 and 1947 the Greek Catholic Church was almost totally annihilated in the whole of Western Ukraine.

Upon occupying the Western Ukraine (under Polish rule till World War II) Moscow immediately began her wantonly cruel liquidation of the Ukrainian Greek-Catholic Church, which numbered into millions of faithful followers, and was decidedly opposed to Moscow's irreligious policy, as well as national and social tyranny. Soon Metropolitan Andrei Sheptytsky — head of the Ukrainian Greek-Catholic Church and a man with a patrician spirit — died a mysterious death. Somewhat later it had been disclosed that he had died from poisoning. Following his death the Communists published a booklet in which they tried desperately to dishonor that great man and his religious work. Then followed arrests and deportations of the whole exarchate because it had refused to serve the false patriarch of Moscow, who was instituted to, first and foremost, spread communist propaganda and spy abroad.

Here are the names of those martyrs for the Christian Truth, and defenders of their people:

Metropolitan Joseph Sliepy.

Bishops: Hryhoriy Khomyshyn, Josaphat Kotsylovsky, Ivan Liatyshewsky, Hryhoriy Lakotta, Theodore Romzha.

Bishops' Assistants: Mykyta Budka, Petro Verhun, Augustyn Woloshyn, Nicolas Charnetsky.

According to latest information, most of them have already perished in Siberia. Their fate has been duplicated by hundreds of Catholic priests, and thousands upon thousands of devout followers.

After carrying through to the end this criminal act against the Church in the Western Ukraine, the Communists are now organizing there, under police pressure, a Church "Council" which "voluntarily" announces the union of the Ukrainian Greek-Catholic Church with the Moscow Church. When the clergy (those still in freedom) stood up against this decision, instructed by Moscow, they met with inevitable reprisals — mass arrests and deportations. Arrested also was the author of the protest the Very Reverend Abbot Clement Sheptytsky, of the Sudit Order and brother of Metropolitan Andrei Sheptytsky. All monasteries were closed and the monks arrested and exiled to Siberia and Central Asia.

Extirpation of church leaders and religious teachings is an integral principle of Russian policy. The recent arrest and trial of Cardinal Mindszenty and the suppression of the Protestant Church in Bulgaria, are vivid examples of Moscow's methods aimed at total destruction of all religion, except the religion of Marx-Lenin-Stalin!

After liquidation of the episcopate of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church, thousands of her clergy were shot, tortured, or sent to concentration camps in Siberia. All church properties were confiscated by the state.

In the country the churches were turned into granaries, theatres, clubs, or simply destroyed. In the cities this "reform" came somewhat later. Because the Church preaches Christian morals and love for fellow men and because it fights against communistic immorality and terrorism, it had to be uprooted and debased.

Then in 1929 and 1930, with the dissolution of the NEP came another tragic hour for the Ukrainian peasantry.

## LIQUIDATION OF PRIVATE LAND OWNERSHIP

The years 1929 and 1930 brought a vast new wave of Soviet terrorism in the Ukraine. Private ownership, which had gained such success and popularity throughout the country during the NEP period was suppressed for the second time, and more ruthlessly, because the police apparatus had grown much more powerful. The attack was directed mainly against the more competent and successful class of peasants.

The whole Soviet press, at the command of "Pravda" and "Izvestia" carried on a relentless denunciation of the individual farming system. That system, they argued, could never bring welfare to the country: the only possible solution to economic security was complete collectivization of the lands.

The papers were vehement against the wealthier landowners (kulaks) who were held wholly to blame for the hardships of the poorer peasants. Naturally, no mention was ever made of exploitation by Moscow of the country's resources, or of the endless trains of Ukrainian wheat rolling steadily Northward.

As a part of the press campaign, thousands of letters allegedly written by citizens from every part of the country were printed, in which they begged, nay, demanded, of the government the liquidation of all private ownership of lands and other enterprises.

Simultaneously with the press campaign Moscow had delegated to each locality her well-trained instigators, with secret orders to party leaders and the GPU to enforce by any means her mandate in the Ukraine.

To hasten the realization of the Kremlin's demands, the whole country was harassed for several nights by brigades especially schooled in terrorist tactics, aided by gangs of local riff-raff trained particularly in acts of violence and brutality. At midnight they would break fully armed, into homes of the wealthier citizens and forcibly eject every member of the family, clad in night clothes into the frost and snow.

All their possessions were confiscated, although most of the personal belongings were eagerly seized by the thugs themselves. In every village, from 50 to 200 "enemies" were thus "rendered harmless to the state." They were herded, children and adults, into barns to shiver until morning. Then they were driven under guard to the local GPU headquarters.

Heavily barred trains then carried these unhappy people to the forest of Siberia—a traffic in human misery which has never halted to this day. Their only "crime" was love for the land they tilled and a better knowledge of how to farm. The "kulaks" were thus irrevocably uprooted and doomed. No mercy was shown either to gray-haired grandparents or new-born babes; all shared the same fate.

Before they had even glimpsed Siberia, shut out from the world by her impenetrable forests, many of the unfortunates died on the way of cold and hunger. To those fitter ones who reached their destination, the GPU agents gave only a small allotment of food, a few axes and saws, and then left them under an open sky to the mercy of the elements and to their own resourcefulness. Orders were given to clear the forest and build settlements, "in remission for their sins and to prove their love for the beloved Father Stalin."

In one such colony of exiles, only 80 men and women survived until the next summer, out of 3,000. The rest were either buried in the everlasting snow or eaten by the wolves. To run away was impossible, as the impassable forest stretched for hundreds of miles about.

In a few years the prisoners had built a number of tiny settlements, making the houses almost exact replicas of their homes in Ukraine. Under threat of death, they were forbidden ever to leave these colonies.

I saw these habitations nearly ten years later, in 1939, on being transferred with a group of prisoners from one concentration camp to another. Upon seeing us the residents fled like frightened animals into their houses, and watched us furtively through the windows, because they were forbidden to see us. We were beyond doubt a much sorer lot than they.

"Voluntary collectivization" was stepped up with a quickened tempo through the remainder of 1929 and the better part of 1930. The boundaries between fields were plowed under, even between those fields which had been handed out after the Revolution. All

the horses, cattle, swine, and poultry were driven to the collective farms (kolhoz). Tools and all kinds of farm machinery were likewise requisitioned.

Then each and every peasant was ordered, without exception, to report to state labor. The whole regime was enforced in a most brutal, humiliating manner. Prayers and tears were of no avail to "the free citizens of a victorious socialistic country."

Then the foxy ruler issued a proclamation; the wise policies of the Soviet government had produced undreamed of results: people were convinced of the wisdom of the regime and had gladly, willingly, consented to work on the state farms. But many party workers had become so "dizzy from success" that they had even begun to collectivize chickens. Father Stalin, however, was a generous leader. So as a special concession the collective farm workers would be allowed to own a hen or two. Credulous people outside Russia took this proclamation to mean that collectivization had been attained quietly and voluntarily!

This speech gave the cue to the women to retrieve their chickens. In some instances they were successful. The farmers, too, demanded the return of their cattle and machinery, for hadn't Stalin asserted that collectivization was voluntary? But secret instructions from Kremlin forbade the return of anything but chickens.

Those "renegades" who, despite threats, did leave the collective farms, were forced by crushing taxes to sell their homes in payment, go to prison, or beg to be re-instated as laborers again.

I should like to ask if there are any Canadian farmers who would voluntarily drive their tractors, combines, cars, plows, harrows, etc. to collective farms, give up their cattle, sheep and poultry, relinquish all claims to their land and wealth? Would they willingly submit to being merely serfs, who begin and end their labors under the strictest supervision? And yet such would be the regime in Canada, were the Communists ever to rule. How the farmers would dance to the tune of Moscow's balalaika!

Here, in Canada, you enjoy freedom of speech, of religion, and of enterprise unheard of anywhere else in the world, yet many seem to appreciate it very little. Too many tens of thousands have their ears and hearts tuned to the slightest whisper of Communist agents and propagandists. And nearly all seem to disregard the warnings of these unfortunate brothers who bear on their very hides the mark of communism as it is actually practised in the USSR.

After the establishment of the collective farms the Ukrainian peasants, bereft of freedom, of initiative, and even of human dignity, no longer his own "boss," reverted virtually to the status of a serf. With every grown member of his family, he toils all day long under a boss, to eke out the barest existence.

In the division of the produce raised by his sweat and pain he has no say. This is the duty of party overseers, who do not work on the land, but merely drive the workers to their tasks and live off the fruits of their labors. Though even the overseers are bound strictly by orders from above in the division of the crops.

These orders emphatically state that not one kilogram of grain may be diverted, under any circumstances, before all government quotas are filled. These quotas comprise, to begin with, 25 per cent of all produce (grains, vegetables, fodder, etc.). Then comes the Iron Reserve, and the insurance tax, also under government control; then tax for the government machine and tractor stations; then sufficient seed must be reserved for planting the following spring.

Does the reader doubt these facts? One may easily find the truth by reading, in the Soviet papers, of the ten-year jail sentences imposed on those overseers who obligingly gave grain to hungry people, before the government quotas had been filled.

Only after all these "taxes" are deducted, is the remaining produce doled out among the workers, each man according to the number of work-days he has to his credit. The wages are sufficient for only the barest existence.

Throughout the Ukraine the people very aptly sum up these conditions in a little verse:

Fats and bread are but a dream,  
Under the Soviet regime.  
Cow or pig? None at all,  
Only Stalin on the wall.

These are the "undreamed-of successes" of collective farming in the Ukraine. The system perpetrated another tragedy upon the hapless people of that country—the great famine and death of 1932 and 1933.

## THE YEAR 1933 IN SOVIET UKRAINE

Ukrainian newspapers everywhere abroad have given full account of the tragic events of 1933—the most terrible year of starvation in the country's history. By far the best example was portrayed by Ulas Samchuk, a famous writer of the Western Ukraine, in his novel "Maria."

Unfortunately, it could not be printed in sufficient numbers for even the reading public of the Ukraine. The story was worthy of translation into many languages, for the world at large knew very little of the horrible tragedy of the Ukraine and her people.

A few years before, the novelist Siroshovsky had written a book "On the Depths of Suffering," of the lives of lepers. Reading this soul-stirring story, I felt it depicted the ultimate in human suffering and pain. So I thought, until 1933, when with my own eyes I witnessed the indescribable horrors of famine throughout the country and cities.

Unfortunately, few writers dared put on paper the stories of suffering and privations of that year. They could not, for even a mention of the famine brought swift retribution by murder from the NKVD or slave labor in Siberia.

**For officially there was no famine.** Stalin very graciously refused all offers of aid from foreign countries, assuring them that no famine existed in the Soviet Ukraine: the whole USSR lived in utmost contentment and abundance. Communist papers abroad, ever-willing slaves of Moscow, outdid each other in spreading this convincing reply throughout the world.

Yet in 1941 when the Germans entered the Ukraine, they were shown by members of the Academy of Science in Kiev, the true statistics of the crops harvested in 1932. These figures proved, statistically, that the yield was sufficient to feed the Ukrainian population for 2 years and 4 months. There was no natural cause of this famine; it was purposely created to break the resistance of the peasants to the collective farm system.

All the grain of 1932 was loaded into special trains as soon as it was threshed and immediately appropriated by the government. The bursting carloads rolled northward to feed the beurocrats of Moscow or to be exported to finance the plans for Communist revolution in China and other countries. The Ukrainian peasant received only the screenings from the threshing machines.

During the later part of 1932, the peasant women added potato peelings, seeds, anything to stretch the loaves of black bread. With the coming of 1933, even these meager additions were unavailable. People ground the bark of trees, scratched roots from the frozen ground, searched hopelessly for any sustenance which would keep body and soul together.

Helpless, despairing, they died by thousands, by tens of thousands, yes by millions. The statistical bureaus were ordered to register the deaths as resulting from prevalent "digestive ailments," not from starvation.

Peasants who could still stand on their feet, gathered their few belongings and flocked to the cities. Here a person could exchange an artistically embroidered shirt, his most highly-prized possession, for a single loaf of bread. Beautiful, priceless rugs, heirlooms through generations, could be bought for a few pounds of flour. The Russian elite covered their walls and floors with such treasures.

Through the streets of Kiev, Kharkov, Dniepropetrovsk, Odessa and other cities, the miserable hulks of humanity dragged themselves on swollen feet, begging for crusts of bread or searching for scraps in garbage heaps, frozen and filthy. Each morning wagons rolled along the streets, picking up the emaciated remains of the dead. Often even the undershirt had been stripped from the corpse, to be exchanged for a slice of bread.

Those who were lucky enough to reach Moscow had a better chance for survival. Here were more scraps of bread, made of Ukrainian wheat, on the dumps; here one could also buy a little food on the black market.

The difficulty was to get there. On the trains and in the stations, the GPU in their red and blue caps halted every traveller asking for his official passport. Those who could not produce them were arrested.

At this time my friend, S., worked as an assistant in the October Revolution Hospital. Having completed his medical studies in 1931, he now worked in the surgical division. One evening he invited me

to visit him in the hospital, promising me an unusual spectacle. When I arrived he took me to a large garage in the yard. A guard unlocked the door and we entered. S. switched on the light and I beheld an unforgettable picture of horror.

Piled like cord-wood against the walls, layer upon layer, were the frozen corpses of the victims picked off the streets that morning. Some of the bodies, I later learned, were used for vivisection and experiments in the laboratories. The rest were simply buried in pits, at midnight, in nearby ravines out of sight of the people.

"This, my friend," S. whispered softly, "is the fate of our villages."

I was too unnerved to utter a word. With unbelieving eyes I could only stare at the hundreds of outstretched frozen hands which still seemed to be begging for bread, begging for life.

S. turned out the lights and we departed without a word. The guard slammed the door and locked it behind us. Slowly we walked home, speechless and shaken, but with mutual understanding between us.

It seemed ages before I could rid myself of the horror in that garage, sixteen years after that fateful October Revolution for which the hospital was named. Even years later I once awoke in cold sweat from the nightmare of that ghoulish experience.

There is another unforgettable incident which I witnessed in that year of 1933. It happened in the spring, as I was riding on the train from Kiev to Uman. At the Monasteryische station 12 peasants came aboard, their faces bloated with starvation, tattered and dirty, all on their way to work on a state farm. With them was a young lad, about 14, his hand tightly pressed against his chest, inside the shirt.

Like a pack of wolves, the men gathered around the boy, their hungry eyes glued to the hand at his bosom. The lad tightened his grip upon his possession—a slice of black bread—and stared back with frightened eyes at the fierce, unshaven, swollen caricatures of human faces around him. To a man they were urging and pleading with him to share the bread with them. Tomorrow, they promised, there would be boiled potatoes at the farm, maybe even bread!

The hungry boy stoutly refused. His mother, he explained, had somehow procured that one slice for him and had admonished him to save it for tomorrow.

The tragic scene ended when the twelve men, as though electri-

fied by a command, fell upon the lad and tore away the bread, which crumbled and scattered over the floor. The starving, snarling, human beasts tore the crumbs out of each other's fingers, scratched them out of crevices, as though in a paroxysm of insanity. The hungry youngster sobbed bitterly, but for the men he had already ceased to exist.

By this means, 1933 brought death to the villages of the Ukraine. Many places which had formerly boasted of populations from 2,500 to 3,000, now counted some 200 to 300 inhabitants. Later the government transported whole colonies of Russians into these villages, where the families occupied the vacant homes and to this day plow and till the rich black loam of the Ukraine.

It is interesting to note that the tougher peasants, who survived the deadly famine and lived to see the following harvest, were sentenced to ten years of Siberian slave labor if they so much as picked a pocketful of wheat heads, to chew the half-ripened grains for nourishment. This crime was known as "the theft of socialistic property."

Over seven million Ukrainians died in that artificially created famine. If the statement seems farfetched, the reader need only look into "The Small Soviet Encyclopedia" of 1940 and, under the heading USSR note this fact: in the 1927 census, the Ukraine had a population of 32 million; in 1939 (12 years later), only 28 million. Where did the 4 million disappear and where was the natural increase in population, which should have numbered another 4 or 5 million people? What became of those 8 or 9 million Ukrainians? The only logical answer is: The famine of 1933 and Siberia.

Even so, the figures were unquestionably falsified by Moscow, for in 1937 a census was taken, which revealed a still greater deficit. The man responsible for these figures was the well-known member of the Academy of Science in Kiev, Ptucha. In 1938 during my imprisonment in Kiev he was sentenced to 25 years in jail for his "errors" in the census figures. His assistant, Professor Pustochod was sentenced to 15 years for the same crime. Ptucha received a "re-schooling" and the statistics were modified to suit requirements in 1939.

Ptucha, it appears, has since been pardoned, for he is an eminent expert, almost indispensable in the field of learning. He has, however, been thoroughly "reformed" and having learned his lesson will no doubt avoid such blunders in the future.

Unable to tolerate further the tragic plight of their people, two

of the Ukraine's outstanding Communists, Mykola Khwylowy and Mykola Skrypnyk, who had upheld the Revolution with heart and soul, committed suicide. They had realized too late the falsity, the duplicity, of the Communistic ideals which they had so earnestly believed in and preached.

Today, amidst the abundance of Canada, it seems incredible, impossible, that my enslaved countrymen actually lived and suffered through the ghastly tragedy of 1933.

## ECHOES OF THE FAMINE TRAGEDY OF 1933

In the latter part of 1933, a single shot reverberated through the length and breadth of the Ukraine. On October 28, a young member of the Ukrainian National Underground Organization, 18-year-old Mykola Lemyk, entered the Soviet consulate at Lwow, in the Western Ukraine (which was still free of Russian domination), ostensibly for a passport to visit the Soviet Ukraine.

When assured that he was actually in the presence of the man he sought, Lemyk pulled a revolver from his pocket and with these words, "For those millions of fellow-Ukrainians who died in the famine or were otherwise brutally murdered," he shot and killed the Soviet Consul, Mayorov.

During the ensuing trial, news of the famine in the Soviet Ukraine, which had been concealed behind the Iron Curtain, leaked into the world outside. By the courageous act of Lemyk and his exemplary stand at the trial, the Western Ukraine proudly demonstrated her sympathy for her enslaved brothers under the Soviets. Many Western Ukrainians paid bitterly for this when the Soviets took over their country too. All that they said was noted down; no name was overlooked on the blacklist.

Meantime, under the collective system, subdued by hunger, weary and dirty, the Ukrainian peasants plodded with bowed heads in their new serfdom. No more did the evenings ring with songs and laughter of happy youth in the villages. The little cottages, once shining white and pleasant, now stood grimy and drab from neglect. Even the thatched roofs were straggly, torn apart by their hungry owners, in search of the few unthreshed grains in the straw, during the famine.

In the heart of every village, like an ugly eye-sore stood the collective barns, plastered with red mud, housing hungry bellowing cattle. To one who had visited these pleasant villages in former days the transformation was painful and tragic.

At daybreak, the overseers with obscene curses which no one had

heard before the Revolution, drove the hungry workers to their labor. There could be no question of evading it, for tomorrow such a person might be branded "an enemy of collective progress" and sentenced to a journey with no hope of return.

So, cowed by famine and terrorism, the peasants bowed in submission to their oppressors, with black hatred in their hearts. This hatred spread throughout the cities, for only too well did the inhabitants remember the gruesome spectacle of the starving dying victims of the famine. Faith in the Communist myth of happiness died in 1933 for those who had nurtured in their hearts even a grain of belief in its justice and idealism.

Then gradually, not only among non-party people, but even in strong party circles, doubts and discontent began to be voiced against the Kremlin's policies, especially after the suicides of Khwylowy and Skrypnyk. Discontent was growing even in the Leningrad ranks, the very backbone of Communism, which had been in the vanguard of the Revolution and won distinction in the fight against the "Trotskyite opposition."

Perhaps it was not the death of millions of starved and banished victims which caused the uneasiness, but rather a gnawing conscience which asked "What did we make the Revolution for?"

Or perhaps the growing apprehension stemmed from a more practical reason: such a wanton disregard for an extermination of the peasants could only result in an alarming decrease of Ukrainian wheat!

The Kremlin felt the growing wave of resentment through its loyal ears and eyes—the secret agents of the G.P.U. It turned to the standard solution: blood-letting among the subversive elements.

In the latter part of 1934, Nikolayev (a former member of the Trotskyite opposition), killed the Communist leader of the Leningrad district, Sergei Kirov. That Nikolayev shot Kirov by the orders of the GPU was claimed at the subsequent trial of the GPU chief, Yagoda.

There were two important reasons which Stalin might have had for getting rid of Kirov. He had usurped power well beyond the limitations of his position as Leningrad District leader, to a point where he might have been a challenge to the Kremlin. And his murder could be used as an escape for another wave of terrorism to subdue the rising discontent.

I recall that on the day following the murder, in every factory

and government office in Kiev (and also throughout the Ukraine and the whole USSR) special meetings were called at which communist emissaries cried with crocodile tears, lamenting the death of "the beloved co-worker of Stalin—Sergei Myronovich Kirov." Torrents of threats and accusations were hurled against "the enemies and subverters" who were planning to overthrow the Soviet regime.

We who heard these orations (and all were compelled to listen), knew from experience what would follow. Nor were we mistaken, for shortly afterwards the newspapers in Kiev published the names of 28 Ukrainian writers and cultural leaders who had been shot "in reprisal for Kirov's murder."

Their names are as follows: Ivan Krushelnitsky, Tarras Krushelnitsky, Roman Skazynsky, Michael Lebenyts, Roman Shevchenko, Anatole Karabut, Peter Sydoriv, Gregory Skrypi-Kozlovsky, Dmytro Falkivsky, Gregory Kosynka, Michael Oxamyta, Alexander Shcherbyna, Ivan Tereshchenko, Constantine Bureviy, Alexei Vlyzko, Eugene Dymytriev, Adam Bohdanovich, Porfyr Butuzov, Ivan Butuzov, Vladimir Piatnycia, Jacob Blachenko, Dominic Poliev, Ivan Khoptiar, Peter Boretsky, Larni Lukianov-Svitozorov, Constantine Pivnenko, Sergei Miatash, Alexander Liashenko.

In the death sentences, imposed on them without a trial, they were branded as traitors who had tried to overthrow the government. It was clearly evident from the beginning that Moscow intended to use this murder mainly to suppress the discontented opposing factions in Ukraine who understood the reasons behind the suicides of Khwylowy and Skrypnyk.

What possible connections, one may ask, could the death of these Ukrainians have with the murder of Kirov in Leningrad? The answer is clear, when one remembers that among the 28 were such names as: H. Kosynka, D. Falkivsky, Burewy and Krushelnitsky (who came to "the free Ukraine" from the Western Ukraine, then under Polish rule), together with the brilliant deaf-mute poet and member of the Communist Youth Organization, Alexander Vlyzko.

Time was when Falkivsky had fought nigh to death for the Revolution. Later, upon beholding the fruits of the New System, he repented bitterly and employed his wit and talent in writing fiery denunciations of those who had betrayed his hopes. Along with other conscientious writers and poets, Falkivsky could not barter the uplifting ideals which burned in his soul for the treachery and suppression of Soviet doctrines. He was too honest to make a

"career of verses," as do the present day Korneichuks, Tychynas, Sosiuras and other Soviet bootlickers. This honesty was the "crime" which cost him his life, in company with other 28.

The purge, however, did not end with the death of the 28. Through Kiev and other cities rolled the ominous "Black Crows" during the night, carrying their loads of "enemies" shot through the back of the necks, for burial in nearby ravines. Over the railroads, more trains carried exiles to Siberia.

When this latest reign of terror had begun to ease somewhat the newspapers blatantly reported that the might of the Soviets had reached the point where it became feasible for the government to transfer the capital from Kharkov to Kiev. In their opinion the Ukraine should have been proud and happy over the transfer.

So in 1934, Kiev became the scene of a magnificent spectacle, the welcoming of a "Ukrainian" government from Kharkov. In honor of the occasion the workers were allotted a ration of "cans" (tiny herrings) and allowed to buy an extra kilogram of bread without ration tickets, though at a higher price.

The overseers and government officials were granted a somewhat wider assortment of "luxuries" in the so-called fixed-price stores, where the common workers were not allowed.

At every larger gathering or meeting, Stalin's envoy to Ukraine—Paul Petrovich Postyshev, was always present. To prove his regard for the people he ruled Posteshev made his appearances in a handsomely embroidered Ukrainian shirt, the artistic creation of the women of Hluchiw.

These women plied their trade solely for export now. Their masterpieces, with beautiful intricate designs, done for miserable pay, were sold in foreign countries. Moscow hoarded the profits, while boasting of the free trade of Ukrainian handicrafts.

It was in such "export" shirts that Postyshev made his appearance. His cronies and the newspapers hailed him as the greatest friend of the Ukraine and the guardian of her children. The public places of Kiev were covered with fine posters, portraying him amid groups of children, with the caption "Postyshev, the children's best friend."

Actually, Postyshev proved himself one of the bitterest enemies of Ukrainian culture. Obeying orders from Moscow he sanctioned the destruction of historical monuments erected during the days of the Ukraine's princes and hetmans, steeped as they were in tradition and folklore commemorating the grandeur of bygone days.

Officially it was explained that the sites in Kiev were required in the rebuilding of the city.

That same year, 1934, the beautiful, gold-roofed Monastery of St. Michael, built in 1060 and restored in the 18th century, was razed to the ground. The Desiatyna Church, erected by Vladimir the Great; the Cathedral of St. Nicholas, built by hetman Mazeppa; the famous cemetery Askold Tomb, where the princes Askold and Dyr were buried: these and many, many other memorials were demolished. On the site of the Askold tomb, the Green Theatre was erected, for dancing and pleasure.

One of the finest examples of Ukrainian craftsmanship, a cherished memorial of olden times, the Monastery of Mezhyhiria, was razed and on its site rose palatial villas for the party elite. Thousands of smaller churches all over the country were destroyed or turned into granaries or theatres.

But Postyshev forgot to remember the limitations of his powers and position. Too often had the papers lauded him as "the leader of Ukrainian people!" It is an unforgivable sin in the eyes of the "Father of the Nations of the World" to be too highly praised. So Postyshev was relieved of his duties in the Ukraine and sent off to be a local Party secretary in Saratov.

Those cronies who had danced attendance on him when he was in good favor understood instantly what the transfer meant. Not one so much as accompanied him to the station. Some time later Postyshev was reported to have died in a Kremlin hospital.

In his place, Moscow instated another "Ukrainian," also a "beloved of Stalin," Nikita Sergeivich Krushchev. Evidently he realized just how far the term "beloved" reaches, for till a year ago he sat on the throne of the Ukraine.

## THE "DEMOCRATIC" STALIN CONSTITUTION

The reign of terror launched after the murder of Sergei Kirov abated to a perceptible degree with the advent of 1935. This in no way implied that Stalin's new envoy was more human than his predecessor; for it is Kremlin alone which plans the beginning and end of any terror campaign. It simply meant that for the time being the stubborn elements of the population were judged to be in hand, while the concentration camps in Siberia and the Northern territories were filled to overflowing.

The GPU trod less heavily for awhile upon the toes of the miserable populace. Then sentences were less severe and their methods less barbarous.

As in the beginning of collectivization, Father Stalin spoke again to his people. From his benign words one could almost have believed that his only mission in life was to plan a happy life for the nation, and that he was totally ignorant of the atrocities it had suffered. Now he proclaimed a new constitution, truly worthy of his genius, the like of which had never been heard of in the world before.

After the reading of the Constitution, the thunderous applause of the members of the Supreme Soviet, extolling their ruler, "the wisest of the wise," came over the radio. (Throughout the country the people listened at public radios).

It is hard to say how many of the puppet members of the anything-but-supreme Soviet gave any credence to that pompous declaration. As for the general public, it accepted the edicts with no show of emotion or belief, being forced to sit glumly through endless, compulsory meetings and listen over and over again to the reading of the "great historical Charter of Stalin."

On collective farms, in factories and in government offices, groups were organized and party orators sweated over lectures, in their zeal to prove that nowhere in the world did anyone enjoy such a glorious constitution. How vehemently they asserted there was no country to compare with theirs, and how right they were! For in no

country in the world could the people tolerate such a perfidious regime and nowhere did people live in such black hatred, squalor and hunger, as in the USSR, **before and after** the Great Charter.

In High Schools and Universities, tedious courses were devised to implant in the students the magnanimity of the new Constitution. But why waste so much time and effort persuading the people that they were happier now, if they were indeed "contented."

This is but another facet of communist propaganda: repetition, repetition and more repetition, like the steady drip of water on a stone. Finally people might be made to believe that, well perhaps there was a country where people lived in greater oppression and misery than their own!

Perhaps the greatest hoax was perpetrated upon naive democratic peoples outside the Soviet Union. As soon as the constitution had been "ratified" richly embellished copies were produced in many languages. Moscow spared neither cost nor effort in distributing far and wide this "historical document" of the free and democratic life in the USSR.

Such are the tricks which communist agents play in every democracy, which unsuspectingly opens wide its doors to their false propaganda. How this privilege has been abused in Canada can be judged by the number of its deluded followers, the "fellow-travelers" even more than the Party members.

Do they realize that for merely explaining the Canadian Constitution in the USSR, let alone praising its virtues, one would immediately receive a shot through the back of the head or be sent to where his tongue could do not harm? That was the fate of thousands of fervent believers who gave up their own countries, and went to the Soviet Union to help build "paradise."

The new Constitution served first, to glamorize the face of Communist Russia and, secondly, as a club against the potential opposition, which showed its head again and again, despite all terror and torture. Strange, is it not, that the USSR should harbor so many counter-revolutionaries, that not even the politically-educated should believe its sugar-coated allegations? The ordinary life of a common citizen is the answer to this paradox, although until 1937 the persistent terror seemed to have subsided somewhat, even in Ukraine.

1937, however, brought to a head the historical "treason" case of Marshal Tukhachevsky. In its wake came the greatest wave of terrorism of all, known as "the reign of Yezhov" (1937-38). It

was at this time that I was thrown into prison, and there I met several former high officials of the party, who explained the "Great Purge" in this way.

It was meant to prepare the army and the people for the need of the coming "defensive" war with Finland, and the carefully planned coup of "liberating the brothers" in Poland, the Carpathian Ukraine and the Baltic States. All were positive that the conspiracy of Tukhachevsky really existed and had represented a threat to the Kremlin itself.

The facts as I could learn them seemed to be that on the day of Tukhachevsky's birthday a group of high army officers, all fellow-conspirators, gathered with him in a banquet hall at the Kremlin. They had planned to arrest all the members of the Politburo. At the same time, Petrovsky, (son of the leader of the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Ukraine), was to surround the Kremlin with his Moscow garrison troops, and seize all radio stations and strategic positions of the city.

Had the plan succeeded, it would truly have been a "bloodless revolution" in Russia, for only small groups of the NKVD troops, or a part of them, would have rallied to the defence of the hated government. The people and the regular army would have welcomed the overthrow of the regime with joy.

If this was the plan it failed; because a member of the group fearing for the safety of his own skin turned informer and betrayed his colleagues to the NKVD. The latter immediately arrested the leaders in the banquet hall. Another rumor asserts that the late President Benes of Czechoslovakia learned of the plot from a military attache in Prague and immediately warned Stalin. History will some day reveal the truth.

For whatever the reason, Tukhachevsky was shot, together with six other leading generals and no less than 80 per cent of the General Staff. In many divisions, especially in the Ukraine, the whole staff from general down to junior lieutenants were arrested and either shot or banished.

Later, while in Kiev prison, I had another, clumsier version from a former well-known officer of the NKVD, Gulakov, imprisoned with me. The German consulates in the Soviet Union were being closed up at the time, and the NKVD, he said, found many consular documents which had been "forgotten" by the departing

missions, yielding incriminating evidence against many high-ranking officers.

This had an air of an NKVD "plant," to cover the arrest of the officers and their confessions of espionage for Germany. Mass arrest of their relatives and friends followed, then the relatives and friends of the latter, till there was hardly a family anywhere, which escaped punishment for the conspiracy—if such existed.

The NKVD sweated feverishly in those days, wielding oaken chair legs upon the backs and heads of their "enemies" by night and day, thereby earning the highest praise and decorations for performing the "noblest duties of party and government."

Whether the Kremlin's plan was to uproot at one time all possible elements of opposition, whether military, Trotskyite or liberal, or whether the conspiracy of Tukhachevsky to overthrow the regime really existed, must be left to conjecture.

In any case, in the years 1937 and 1938, in "the happiest country under the sun" there unrolled such a campaign of terror as had never been seen before. Once again, this descended upon the luckless Ukraine. What possible roles of conspiracy could have been played by the hundreds of thousands, workers and intellectuals who rolled in barred and guarded trains to the desolation of Siberia or the Kolyma gold-fields.

This campaign was headed by Mykola Yezhov, a former personal secretary to Stalin himself. In 1937 he was made Commissar of the NKVD, and given virtually unlimited powers. The press hastened nervously to sing his praises, calling him "the beloved Stalin's commissar."

When finally this mass murder of millions ended, when the suspects were no longer tried, but simply sentenced on the recommendation of the NKVD, Yezhov himself vanished without a trace.

Again Stalin, who had given orders to Yezhov, offered an "explanation" of the terrorism. The government, it appeared had had no inkling of the suffering and atrocities. The whole affair had been planned and carried out by "foreign agents" who had cleverly wormed their way into the ranks of the NKVD.

It is interesting to note that even at the height of the terror, when thousands of citizens vanished or died in concentration camps without the shadow of a trial, the Soviet papers outdid each other in printing under imposing headlines: "Every citizen of the Soviet Union has the right to a public trial and a free defence."

Has the Canadian Communist, dazzled by the Soviet glitter, ever felt such a desecration and contempt for human rights and dignity? Those "public trials" were held, as a rule, behind the barred doors of the NKVD headquarters and the only "free defence" was a prayer to Mother Mary.

Even in these rare instances, when the NKVD, for purposes of domestic propaganda, did arrange public hearings for some political prisoners, the "free defence" was permitted to say only: "I fully agree with the verdict of the prosecutor, but I would beg the leniency of the court, and a lighter sentence for the accused."

Untrue? Let the skeptical person only read in the Soviet papers the accounts of those trials where foreign correspondents were excluded. At the big show trials which the foreign correspondents were allowed to witness, the trial farce is merely more methodically presented. Were a defence lawyer to attempt truly to defend an "enemy of the state," he himself would without question accompany the prisoner on his long journey.

## "EMANCIPATING THE BROTHERS" OF WESTERN UKRAINE

By the end of 1938 the "Yezhov terror" had begun to abate. Indeed, Stalin now claimed that Yezhov's excesses were the work of foreign agents, masquerading in the guise of the NKVD. How could anyone place the slightest credence in this version, remembering the hundreds of thousands of victims shot through the back of their necks, and the millions of others exiled in Siberia, who were not released after the terrible "mistake" had been discovered, to return home to their families. This justification of Stalin's was merely another of a series of cynical stratagems.

I, myself was caught in this maelstrom. Ostensibly, the charge was that I had participated in a Ukrainian underground organization—of whose very existence I was unaware at that time. I was sentenced to ten years in Siberia, and it was truly by a miracle that I regained my freedom in 1941. In my book, "On The Crossroads of Death," (published in Canada in Ukrainian and soon to be issued in English), I have faithfully described my life as a prisoner in jail and a Siberian labor camp, and the incredible events which led to my release.

For events in the Ukraine which occurred during my imprisonment, I rely upon the testimony of trustworthy eye-witnesses, as they were described to me after my return, and during the years in D.P. camps in Germany.

The event which overshadowed all others was the signing of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, unleashing the Second World War. The Ukrainian people were soon drawn into this maelstrom. One unforgettable day in September all Soviet radios and papers unexpectedly released the startling news of the governments decision to liberate the "blood brothers" in the Western Ukraine from the oppression of the Polish lords.

The Red Army received orders to march immediately to the West, to sweep aside any opposition of the enemy, and to spare neither blood nor effort in freeing the "oppressed."

Those in power knew only too well there would be no opposition to "sweep aside," since the Germans had virtually annihilated the Polish army by then. It was necessary, however, to present their move to join in the plunder as a "boon to the oppressed," in the eyes of the world.

So, within an hour of the announcement, "spontaneous" meetings were held on every state farm, in every factory and government office, to applaud and cheer Stalin's magnanimous decision.

That evening, all 55 members of the Ukrainian State Choir of Bandurists—the same troupe which has been touring Canada—were summoned to the Palace of Pioneers in Kiev and ordered to prepare for immediate departure. This was the most popular male choir in the Soviet Ukraine, who sang to the accompaniment of their banduras, a national instrument.

The director, Comrade Kahan, recounted grandiosely the benevolent plans of the government for liberating the "brothers," and told them they would leave at once on a tour of Western Ukraine, following a tank division. Twenty new limousines stood ready outside to transport the troupe, along with an escort, the NKVD. (At home, the Bandurists had never ridden in such style)!

Two days later, in Tarnopol, the troupe presented their first concert in the middle of the city square. The sentimental people, who had cherished the bandura since the days of Sahaydachny, (a popular hetman, born in the Western Ukraine, in the early 17th century), listened with tears in their eyes to the glorious singing of the men, and to the fiery orations of the eloquent speakers who promised boundless freedom and everlasting security.

How they all yearned for the coming of this "paradise on earth." (This is, unquestionably, the most impressive method of communist propaganda). The troupe followed the tank division, while behind them Moscow proceeded to strengthen her hold, firmly and surely, upon the occupied country.

The first step was to find adequate accommodations for the NKVD, party officials and government members. In Tarnopol, the government appropriated a large building to house the NKVD and confiscated all the private homes in the neighborhood, to bar anyone from witnessing the true "freedom" in operation.

An owner of one of the homes protested to the highest official against the confiscation of his property, basing his plea upon the Stalin Constitution, which guarantees "sanctity of habitation to

every citizen." "True enough," answered the official blandly, "But there is nothing in that constitution which says that your 'habitation' cannot be moved 5,000 miles to the east." The owner understood the threat.

Before embarking on their "liberating" march, the Red Army men had been summoned to meetings in their barracks, where pompous political commissars hammered into the soldiers and commanders explicit instructions on their conduct in the emancipated country.

To stress the importance of this mission, each and every man received 3 months pay in advance. On arrival in the Western Ukraine the soldiers loudly boasted, as they were instructed: "In the Soviet Union we lack nothing; we have everything better than here!"

But at the same time from general to private they crowded into shops and stores, buying up not only luxuries, but even second-hand and useless articles, in great quantities. The merchants were overjoyed with the boom in business which cleared their shelves of stock in a couple of days. Then they discovered that the Soviet rubles they had accepted were worthless, and that it was impossible to buy new stock.

Instead the "liberated" merchants were advised to become Soviet state traders, with the promise of being always well supplied with unlimited amounts of whiskey, matches and machorka (a cheap form of tobacco made entirely from the stalks of the tobacco plant). Whiskey is always an important commodity in Soviet lands, for its power to loosen men's tongues and so reveal any suppressed thought of "overthrowing the government." There was, of course, other merchandise in the stores; but for this it is necessary to wait in long queues, often for hours.

From the very day of occupation the Communists revealed their duplicity by mass arrests. The first to be taken were politicians and public leaders, followed by the families of those who had fled the country before the Soviet onslaught. Next came all who dared to protest against some totalitarian edict, and the idealists who still believed in freedom for man and country. Thousands of these "liberated brothers" were sent to Siberia or imprisoned and tortured.

The government confiscated all holdings of the richer farmers and divided these into small holdings, which were then given free to the "worthy" poor, along with plenty of cheap whiskey. These

"worthy ones," in many instances, showed their appreciation by betraying to the officials those of their neighbors who expressed dissatisfaction with the new Order.

Short-lived, however, was the joy of those who had received free land. For in the fall of 1940, just before the harvest, orders were issued for the introduction of "voluntary collectivization." The owners of these free grants were now compelled to deliver every stalk of the grain cut to the government threshing-machines and quietly await their share of the screenings. Woe to those who complained! Branded as enemies of the state, they were sentenced to exile.

Thousands of these people brought their stories to the same concentration camp in which I was imprisoned at this time in Siberia. They had been punished only because they had not learned to hold their tongue, like their Eastern brothers. They told countless instances of the deception and fraud which had been practiced on them, cursing their "liberators" with every breath of Siberian air.

It is important to note that while Moscow, with all the weight of her propaganda, was determined to create the impression in the Soviet Ukraine and elsewhere that she was truly liberating the Western Ukraine from the domination of Poland, NKVD Commissar Beria was negotiating with the imprisoned Polish general, Janyshaitus, over the possibility of organizing a strong Polish army.

"Such an army," he explained, "would be of utmost importance in the inevitable wars with your hereditary enemies—the Ukrainians!"

I can attest to this fact, for imprisoned in the same jail with Janushaitus were several West Ukrainian political leaders. Some of them were able to escape later and reveal this knowledge to the world.

It must be remembered that to keep her troops beyond her borders, is a risky proposition for Russia. This was proven again in the ensuing wars with Finland and Germany. It seriously demoralized the Red Army.

Before coming to Western Ukraine the soldiers had fully expected to find the country in the misery and chaos which had been pictured to them by the political commissars; hungry illiterate serfs harnessed to plows; earthen huts, instead of homes; and over it all a mighty lord, wielding a mighty whip! The same lord they were accustomed to see on posters and propagandistic literature portray-

ing capitalistic slavery.

Instead, the picture was quite the reverse; they found the people happy, well fed and clothed. They met no single starving person, with swollen feet, a common enough sight on the streets of their own country. That, in itself, made a profound impression on them.

It was with trepidation that they entered the home of an ordinary peasant or worker, clean, pleasant and nicely furnished, certain that this could only be the home of a hated bourgeois. Upon being convinced of the truth, many of them described to their incredulous listeners the conditions in the communistic heaven; others deserted, to join the West Ukrainian partisans in the woods.

I should like to describe here a typical episode told me by a peasant fellow-prisoner. A few days after the arrival of the Red Army in the West Ukraine, he had invited a group of Soviet soldiers to his home for dinner. They arrived with their commander and silently sat at the table. The commander was the only one who spoke at all. He picked up a slice of the white delicious, home-baked bread from a stack on the table, bit into it and said, "It is very good bread, but we have the same back home!"

"Da, we have the same!" repeated the soldiers, in a chorus and fell, like hungry wolves, to devouring the bread. After the meal, one of the soldiers, a Ukrainian, complained of a pain in his stomach and begged the commander for permission to remain in the house for a while. The commander was naturally reluctant to leave him alone, so he bade another soldier to remain with his friend.

To the curious questions of their hosts, both men replied that conditions in the USSR were "simply wonderful!" Soon, however, one of the soldiers went out with his host to see the horses in the barn. There he described the true conditions of life under the Soviet regime, while the other one told a similar story to the wife in the house.

In the winter of 1939, Russia opened a "defensive" war with Finland, which small country was supposed to constitute a dangerous threat to the USSR. Though the Kremlin was adamant in this assertion, the possibility of such a threat becomes ironic when one considers that Finland's population was  $3\frac{1}{2}$  million against Russia's 200 million. The truth is that Moscow, conscious of her increasing power, simply decided to subjugate the Finns, who had won their independence from the Tsarist Empire in 1917.

In addition, Finland was essential as a base for future attacks on

the Baltic Countries and Scandinavia.

Officially it was explained later that the war was conducted only by the armies of the Leningrad military district. In reality divisions were massed from the whole USSR and the Ukraine at the front. This had a two-fold advantage: more Ukrainians could thus be eliminated, while serving the purpose of subduing the defiant Finns. Yet, in spite of the numerical superiority of her armies and of the fact that on the Russian side, cannon stood beside cannon, tank beside tank, over three months were to pass before the giant USSR could break the resistance of free, heroic little Finland.

After the war ended, almost a hundred thousand, mostly Ukrainian, soldiers who had been taken prisoner by the Finns, were taken under heavy NKVD guard to the city of Petrozavodsk. Night and day they were tried by the so-called military "courts." Not more than 5 per cent were given their freedom; the rest were either mowed down by machine-guns in the forests at Petrozavodsk, or banished to Siberia for "betraying their country."

This was related to me by Simeon Bondarenko, a Red Army soldier, who was sentenced for life to a Siberian labor camp after his liberation as a prisoner-of-war in Finland.

## WAR WITH GERMANY AND REASONS OF HER DEFEAT IN THE EAST

After the signing of the secret pact with Hitler for the partition of Poland and the Baltic Countries, Kremlin abruptly reversed its hostile press propaganda towards Hitler's National Socialism. This happened (as it always does with Soviet papers) as though by the waving of a magic wand.

This magic wand, in 1939, was a front page picture appearing in both *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, the leading Moscow political organs. This picture showed to the country's amazement, Ribbentrop smiling pleasantly and shaking hands with a beaming Molotov. This cue to the new "line" sufficed for the well-trained Soviet editors. The very next day every paper in the country praised the new policy of Stalin, "the wisest of the wise." It mattered not that only yesterday they had spared no profanity and contempt in reviling Germany's fascism.

This new press policy was followed right up to the outbreak of the war with Hitler. And yet, for a month before the German invasion, a series of lectures was given by local party leaders in every city and village throughout the USSR, on the order of the Kremlin, informing the people that Germany was a potential enemy—though her military and economic strength were no menace to Russia whatever.

We, the listeners, realized with apprehension that war was coming. Later, we learned that in the Western Ukraine, White Russia and all along the frontier facing Germany, the Soviet Command was amassing thousands of tanks, cannons and aircraft. Many scores of divisions were moved to the West.

On June 22, 1941, Molotov announced over the radio the shocking news that the German Fascists had basely broken their pact of friendship, by unexpectedly attacking the USSR. He did not divulge the fact that Germany was only one jump ahead of Russia herself in this breach of faith.

A few days later, Father Stalin begged his people for loyalty and

sacrifice to win the war. He was so unnerved, it seems, that we could clearly hear the glass of mineral water rattle against his teeth, as we listened to the broadcast over loudspeakers in the city squares.

"Dear brothers and sisters," he appealed to the people (for the first time): those same people on whom he had inflicted the most atrocious tortures and privations. He appealed to one and all to defend the country, even with their lives, and to destroy all their possessions rather than let them fall into enemy hands.

But few of the listeners had the will to defend his regime. During the first seven months of the German onslaught 3,900,000 Red soldiers threw down their arms and surrendered to the Germans, according to the records tabled at the Nuremberg Trial. Even the NKVD commissars, thickly posted in the army ranks, were powerless to check this widespread dejection. The soldiers themselves often disposed of these henchmen of the hated regime.

This war for the interests of Stalin was fought mainly by the NKVD, in the rear of the armies. I have explained earlier how thousands of innocent "brothers and sisters" were killed in the prisons of the NKVD, lest they fall into the hands of the advancing Germans. Another section of the NKVD, known as the "anti-aircraft defence brigade," was entrusted with the task of blowing up thousands of buildings which had absolutely no strategic significance, such as the ordinary homes of the Chreschatyk in Kiev or the Uspenia Cathedral.

On the collective farms these brigades burned the farm machinery, and stacks of unthreshed grain, and poisoned thousands of tons of grain which had already been loaded into freight cars, rather than distribute it to the hungry workers.

The front, meanwhile, was rolling back ceaselessly, not because the Germans had such an overwhelming power, but because the Red Army, which was far stronger, had no will to fight for the life of hunger, of terrorism and of slave labor in concentration camps, which it had known.

Even to those of us who understood the reasons behind the panicky mass retreats, the spectacle appeared incredible. Where was the gigantic might and power of the Colossus, which it had been boasted endlessly, was superior to every other army in the world.

Within the first few days of the war, a blind panic spread contagiously through the "civilian" command, behind the front lines.

Party leaders, NKVD personnel and government experts piled their belongings into cars and fled stealthily, mostly by night, back to the protection of the "elder brother," Russia.

Wounded soldiers fled from the hospitals, sometimes even on crutches. Active soldiers of the Red Army columns, marching through the villages, would sneak into homes and beg for even a little potato. Or they would pull carrots and beets out of the gardens, for often as not they went a whole day or more without adequate food from the army kitchens.

Many times Canadians have asked me, "Then how do you explain that the Red Army defeated the Germans in the end, and marched into Berlin, if its soldiers were so dissatisfied with life in the Soviet Union?"

The answer lies in the simple fact that the German army was defeated mostly by Hitler and his Gestapo, who followed in the wake of the German army like a pack of wolves. At their orders, the millions of Red soldiers who had surrendered were driven into ravines or into barbed-wire enclosures to be mown down by Tommy-gun fire, or into German concentration camps, where many were starved to death, and burned in huge crematories. It was this German brutality which eventually checked every thought of surrender among the Red soldiers, as the news of it travelled back to them.

Then, later, the NKVD recruited the so-called "barrier guards" who were stationed immediately to the rear of each fighting group. These guards had orders to mow down with machine-guns any soldier who dared turn back from the field of battle. The Red soldier was thus caught in a hopeless situation: to surrender meant death; to retreat—the same. The only chance for survival lay in falling wounded in battle. So they fought on in blind desperation.

In any place which the Red Army recaptured from the Germans, the NKVD barrier guards ordered all the men of the place between the ages of 16 and 55, to report immediately under pain of death. These men were branded as "traitors to the Fatherland" for having remained under German occupation, an offense punishable by death. But Father Stalin would be merciful, they were told. He would grant them a reprieve. They would be allowed to expiate their crime by fighting the enemy.

After a few days' training such victims would be driven to the front under guard. Here they would be handed one gun between

two to five men—just as in the First World War—while those without arms would be told to seize them from the enemy. Being virtually defenceless, these men were driven by the thousands into the enemy fire, while behind them stood the barrier guards with machine-guns. Confirmation of this can be found in the book by Kosenkina, the Soviet school-teacher who jumped from the Consulate window in New York: "Leap to Freedom."

This was the acme of psychological warfare, when over mountains of dead and dying, came rank after rank of seemingly undaunted madmen. The enemy was often too stunned to repel these attacks. Only then would the field be taken over by the regular well-trained, well-armed regiments. This is vouched for by the "lucky" few who escaped alive from these "regiments of death."

Without a doubt, the German failure was due in great measure to the pursuit in Occupied Russia of the same ruthless policy which the communists had used before them. The hopes of the people, at the coming of the Germans, for national independence, for the liquidation of the collective farms and an end to mass terrorism, turned to bitter delusion. The inhabitants became hostile to the new conqueror and harried his flanks with armed, partisan warfare. This underground war continues to this day, only now turned against "red fascism."

The two great factors played a very important part leading to the defeat of Germany were, undeniably, the billions of lend-lease from the Allies to Russia, and their incessant bombing of German armament industry and communication lines to the East. Yet today the Kremlin ridicules the least possibility of aid from these sources in her victory over Germany's Armies.

But for these manifest reasons, which gave victory to the Red Army, the Eastern Colossus could have been overthrown. Internally, it is rotten and treacherous, a condition evolved through many years of suffering and privations of her people.

Even the gold epaulets and medals, in which the Army glories today, (and which had once been sliced off, together with the skin of the wearers: the Czarist officers) would have been powerless to compel discipline in the military forces. Nor could the propagandistic Church of the Moscow patriarch Alexei have exercised sufficient influence to keep loyal to "the Fatherland."

In peacetime, this huge conglomeration of Soviet peoples,

(embracing many subjugated nations) is held together only by the unceasing watchfulness of the most highly developed spy system in the world, and by a terrorism which absolutely precludes any possibility of internal revolt. And this despite the fact that not less than 80 per cent of the people are opposed to the Communist regime.

## POSITION OF THE WORKER IN THE USSR AND THE SOVIET DEMOCRACY

I repeat that 80 per cent of the population of the USSR is wholly opposed to the brutal reign of Communist totalitarianism. I repeat it, for having lived under the regime the best 24 years of my life, I am well acquainted with the situation behind the facade of propaganda.

In Stalin's most "democratic" constitution, it is written that in the USSR, the government is a dictatorship of the proletariat. Actually, of course, it is a dictatorship over the proletariat.

An ordinary working man in the Soviet Union earns from 250 to 400 rubles a month. With this money he can barely afford to buy the meager rations permitted on his card, and once a year, a second grade suit of clothes, a pair of shoes and one grey shirt—so popular in the USSR because they require no weekly washing.

A great majority of the workers do not own a second suit of clothes.

Very rarely, indeed, can one find an instance of a man able to support his family by his own labor. Generally, the father, mother and the older children must all work in order to earn enough for a bare living. Babies and little children must be carried to special creches before the mother goes to work, and brought home again in the evening. The life of the intellectuals is not very different, except that the pay is slightly higher.

It must be added that, besides taxes which are deducted at the source, one must "voluntarily" set aside a specified sum for a government loan every year. Taxes and loans rarely amount to less than 25 per cent of the total income. Hundreds of thousands of workers have but a single room for their family living quarters; countless others are compelled to share their single room with yet another family, dividing it into two units with an old curtain or cupboards.

The "dictatorship of the proletariat" has developed to the stage where for being 5 minutes late, and worker, teacher or official will

find his name written on a public blackboard, as an "enemy of the socialistic order." A 20-minute lateness (except for some unusual reason) as I mentioned earlier, carries a penalty of one year's hard labor in concentration camp, under a law passed in 1939. Is it any wonder that all the radio stations throughout Ukraine open with this "joyous" song:

With praises of Stalin  
We begin the day—  
The only songs  
That we sing away.

How can, say, a peasant, love the Soviet rule? Time was when as a free man he was master of his own property, however humble. Now he is merely an unwilling slave on the collective farm. Every day in the year, willingly or not, he must perform the menial tasks assigned him by the overseer. Only in case of sickness affirmed by a medical attendant's certificate, can he remain at home. But that means fewer "work-days" marked down for him in the books of the farm.

One work-day, averaging 10 hours labor on the farm constitutes the measure of pay for the peasant. The rate of pay varies somewhat in different collectives, depending upon the wealth of the soil, the amount of machinery available, the crop yield and other factors. On an average farm, the worker receives, for one work-day, 3 pounds of grain (mainly rye, barley or millet, since the Ukrainian wheat is mainly taken for communist rulers in Russia and for export), one or two pounds of potatoes and from 2 to 5 rubles in cash. It is easy to compute the yearly amount of the wages, for 310 to 320 days.

But one must also take into consideration the comparative value of the money: A blue serge suit of clothes (the best in USSR), costs from 700 to 800 rubles. Such a suit can only be seen in the cities, it is unattainable for the farm worker. An overseer or a member of the village council could afford a luxury, since by driving people to work they have 2 work-days marked in the books instead of one.

It is not surprising to find in the record books of the collectives that some man has from 450 to 600 work-days to his credit in a year. He is, no doubt, an overseer, a member of the council or a Stakhanovite. The latter is a term applied to any worker who succeeds in producing a larger amount of any commodity, getting a higher and higher piece-rate for all he produces over the normal. He may work 14 to 16 hours a day.

All the farm workers get paid but once a year—in the fall. Grain is used to pay the tax for the government machine and tractor stations, who supply machinery for the farm. Grain is set aside for the Iron Reserve and for insurance, also under government control. Then enough seed must be withheld for planting next spring. The remainder is then divided among the farm workers, each man according to his work-days.

No choice of labor or any say in the methods used is permitted to the worker on the land he tills. He may be allowed to own a small garden plot of not more than one half acre beside his hut, where he can plant potatoes, cabbages or onions.

No sooner has the worker brought home his treasure from the kolkhoz, than some member of the village council appears on the scene with the inevitable question: "How much 'surplus' grain, that you have beyond your needs, can you sell to the government?"

"Beyond my needs? Why, I do not know how I'll pull through on what I have until the next harvest!"

The conversation usually ends with the worker selling, "of his own accord" as much grain to the government as the council had already assigned to him, according to orders from above.

To anyone who dares to refuse to sell, the door is quickly opened to Siberia.

In the better organized collectives, prior to the war of 1941, there was one cow to every 4 or 5 homes. The worker who owned one was required to pay to the government, along with his other taxes, 18 pounds of meat and 150 quarts of milk a year. If he owned a pig, he paid the tax in meat, if a chicken, in eggs.

A cow or pig could not be butchered, except by a written permission from the overseer. A man was forced to barter grain, vegetables or eggs to pay his tax in meat, as it was nigh impossible to buy that amount for money. This was before the war. Conditions are much worse now, according to those who have been able to escape through cracks in the Iron Curtain.

Can there be any Canadian farmers who long for such a "paradise?" If so, I feel both anger and pity for them, for they are adults with childish notions and desires. I would in all sincerity, advise them just to try living there. But I feel confident the time is not too far distant, when the immensity of the Red hypocrisy will be more widely recognized.

Who should one believe about Russia, after all: those who have

borne the brunt of the regime, or the Sam Carrs and other spies and propagandists, who work under the protective wing of a credulous democracy for the overthrow of the very government which assures such freedom for the citizens of Canada?

Were the doctrines of the Sam Carrs to take effect, short indeed would be their journey to labor camps in the North-West Territories, branded as a "Kulak." The wealth they had worked hard to accumulate, would be confiscated by the state, their farms settled quickly with Russians, as they have done in the villages of Ukraine, depopulated by the famine of 1933; or as they are doing even now in other "liberated" countries of Eastern Europe and the Baltics.

To many Canadians these facts may appear strange and unbelievable, for their minds have been poisoned with the most cunning propaganda in the world.

It seemed strange and unbelievable to me also, to discover, upon arriving in this country, the overwhelming choice and supply of merchandise and clothing in the stores, no ration books, no queues, everything on sale for rich and poor. Even now, after two years' residence in Canada, I still feel bewildered at times by the wealth of her stores and her people. How often, though, do people fail to appreciate their blessings until they are deprived of them.

Many Canadians cannot understand how Communist dictatorship has remained in power for so many years, or why the people do not choose a new government during "elections." The Soviet Union is held together almost wholly by the terrorist grip of the NKVD, which uproots the least suspicion of opposition, punishes any word of criticism, and forces the people either to pray to Stalin or keep their mouths shut. And the people have learned, through pain and oppression, in order to preserve such miserable existence as they have.

In the USSR, close friends are afraid to reveal their thoughts to each other. As for the elections, they are merely a farce for propaganda purposes. How can the people have any choice, when the party executive has already carefully selected its candidates and when there is only a single list of names? It is called "the list of the Communist Block and Non-Party Candidates," that is, of the wolves and sheep!

Sometimes a non-party name does appear on the list, usually that of some "stakhanovite," such as Maria Demchenko, who with the aid of scores of workers and agriculturalists, raised 62 tons of beets

on about three acres of land; or Alexei Stakhanov himself who is supposed to have dug, single-handed, nearly a train-load of coal in 8 hours! But what rights do such "elected" representatives gain? They almost blister the palms of their hands, applauding speakers from the Politburo and "unanimously" accepting every proposition.

One fine day in 1938, the NKVD arrested over a hundred members of the Supreme Soviet and none of those remaining dared ask the reason for their arrest at the risk of incurring the same fate! In reality, the Soviet parliament has no power whatever to effect any changes in the political life of the country, since its duties are to carry out orders of the Politburo. And the Politburo is chosen, not by the people, but by the highest party officers, according to the list submitted by Stalin.

## STALIN AND HIS DESIRE FOR WORLD DOMINATION

Very often in discussions I have had in Canada, someone (who to say the least, is naive) will ask me: "Then why is Stalin elected year after year, or why doesn't someone murder him for the suffering and slavery he has imposed on the people?"

No one "elects" Stalin, but Stalin himself. As for killing him, well, despite the best-laid plans, this would be virtually impossible. Besides, it would probably make little difference in the internal situation of the USSR; for the check reins would only fall into the hands of Malenkov, or some other equally ruthless member of the Politburo. The only real difference would be in the appearance of a second embalmed "apostle" in the tomb on the Red Square in Moscow!

Stalin lives most of the time safely in the Kremlin, surrounded by a thick granite wall, with watchtowers on every corner. People are permitted to walk only as far as the center of the Red Square, to the mausoleum, where lies the body of Lenin.

Beyond the mausoleum, right up to the facing wall, is a no-man's-land, a strip of bare cobblestones on which no one is ever allowed to set foot. It is guarded day and night by scores of eyes and a secret system of electrical alarms. At night it is brightly illuminated.

Even a minister of the government is barred from visiting the Kremlin except by specific invitation or summons. When he does arrive, he is looked over thoroughly before being allowed into the presence of Stalin. Neither is he allowed to carry a briefcase, such as was once set under the table of Hitler.

Very often the Kremlin holds lavish banquets, to commemorate some special occasion or to honor famous visitors. Several of my acquaintances now in U.S.A. had the rare privilege of being invited to one of these affairs. They described how, upon entering the banquet room, each guest received a number and was then obliged to sit at the table on a chair with the same number. On either side of him, masquerading as guests, sat members of the NKVD. Every

move of the guest, even reaching into the pocket for a handkerchief, was closely watched.

Observe closely any picture of a May or October demonstration in Moscow, where the workers pass in columns in front of the mausoleum of Lenin in the Red Square. You may easily discern that between the rows of people and the reviewing stand is a space several yards wide. Within this space stand two or three rows of chosen NKVD agents.

Don't be led to believe that these precautions are taken to prevent any "infiltration" of foreign agents. A foreigner cannot possibly sneak into the columns of the demonstrators, for each organization or society must go as a group or unit, where all the participants are known to one another.

As an added precaution, since 1934, the inside rows of the columns, nearest the reviewing stand, are reserved exclusively for persons wearing on their sleeves the large letters R.F. (right flank). These badges are given out at the formation of the parade only to bona fide party workers and members of the Communist Youth Organization.

So, under the eagle eye of a badge-wearer, the ordinary citizen may not even reach for a hanky to wipe away the tear of joy, upon beholding from a distance the "Father of Nations" on the Red Square.

A few years ago, a famous Swedish doctor was summoned to the Kremlin to check up Stalin's health. Later, he explained in an interview how Kaganovich, Stalin's brother-in-law, led him into a room where he met six identical "Stalins." He was never to know which was the genuine dictator, since his services required only that he give his professional diagnosis to each of the six.

It is common knowledge that whenever Stalin leaves the Kremlin, six identical cars with a "Stalin" in each start out simultaneously in six different directions. When he is at his villa on the Black Sea, he is guarded by a powerful patrol of motor launches offshore, while hundreds of soldiers watch over the palace at Sochi.

By such methods is the "great Leader and Teacher" guarded, and thus will his successor be guarded. Hitler was also protected in a similar style. Why are not the rulers of democratic countries guarded like this? Simply because they have nothing to fear from their people.

Why is it that over 80,000 Red soldiers and officers fled to the

American Occupation Zone—as General Clay has stated, at the risk of their lives, during the two years following the war? Why hasn't a single English, Canadian or American soldier fled to the Soviet "heaven?" Why won't the Canadian Communists take these simple facts into consideration? To my mind, they dare not, for fear that their eyes would immediately open to the shameless hypocrisy of Moscow propaganda, which is being disseminated throughout Canada, by bigger or lesser Sam Carrs, on orders from Moscow.

Totalitarian Russia is today reaching with a grasping hand for domination of the world. It is her intent and purpose to establish a super-state on earth, in which every command of Stalin would be obeyed. Step by step, she is spreading her sphere of influence, toward that goal.

It seems both ludicrous and unbelievable, to read in some Canadian papers today, the reassuring assertions that China will repulse the Soviet system of government from her territories. Those who understand Russia's tactics, realize that such assertions are sheer folly and nonsense, because Communist China will continue to obey, without question, all orders of the Soviet, as do all other satellites.

Chinese Communist leaders were trained at Moscow, in the Institute for Eastern Nations, and today, throughout China, government and industry, army and police, have Soviet "advisers" posted in them. This system of Commissars is to be extended to Burma, Indo-China, India, Indonesia and other Asiatic lands, to the rest of Europe and then to the American continent, which still enjoys the blessings of freedom and normal life.

The Communists in any country have but one duty; to aid by any means, fair or foul, the spread of Moscow's power. As fifth columnists they strive incessantly, secretly, towards that end, almost without interference from the law, it would seem.

Many of them, such as Sam Carr and his ilk, are prompted by love of power or money, others are deluded by the mirage of some non-existent "paradise on earth." All, however, stand together in upholding the view that everything is better in Soviet Russia, and that the USSR is the most peace-loving nation on earth.

Such talk serves to lull people's minds with a sense of false security against the steadily encroaching danger in Europe and Asia. The honeyed propaganda is intended to mask Russia's true intentions; to impose the NKVD and Moscow-trained leaders of Comintern everywhere.

This has been the invariable practice in every country taken over so far. Dimitrov, former secretary-general of the Comintern, was placed in power in Bulgaria, Gotwald in Czechoslovakia, Kirchenstein in Latvia, Varys in Estonia, Paleskis in Lithuania, Ana Pauker in Roumania, Bierut in Poland, Browko in Moldavia, and so on. Each and every one of them is a graduate and a disciple of the Comintern.

Why is it that from all those countries, where life had formerly been more or less normal and secure, thousands of workers, peasants and intelligentsia now flee by night at the risk of their lives into neighboring countries? Only because the new "leaders," by orders from the Kremlin, impose collective farms, "Stakhanovism," informing, murder of the clergy and indiscriminate terrorism to induce servility, death to national independence and poverty.

It is the duty of those with a clear intelligence and a reasoning mind to guard against the possibility of such a calamity spreading any further, and coming even to Canada. Communist undercover methods of suppressing the will of an individual or a nation should be publicly revealed and warned against before it is too late.

The Eastern Colossus is terrifying only when opposition to him is undecided and cringing; terrifying, when his divisions are marching forward, as aggressors. But disorder and chaos ensue upon retreat, his ranks disperse like dry leaves in a storm, since they have no ideal to uphold them. At the same time domestic uprisings take place which under "normal" conditions would be smothered by terrorism. This was only too clearly demonstrated in the Ukraine during the first year of the war with Germany.

The USSR represents herself as the only family of freedom-loving nations in the world, who live in a mutual union similar to that of the U.S.A. This is the grossest sort of lie, for in the USSR rules the most brutal and absolute suppression of national independence and liberty.

It is understandable why the Ukrainians, Georgians, White Russians, Armenians, and other peoples, secretly call the USSR "the prison of nations."

Very often, in countries outside the Soviet rule, the whole USSR is called "Russia," and the inhabitants "Russians." This is far from being true. The USSR is a conglomeration of many subjugated nationalities, held together from Moscow by Soviet power as formerly by Tsarist power. These nations live in the hope that the time will

come when this totalitarian hegemony will be overthrown, the terms of the Atlantic Charter enforced and their independence guaranteed. Herein lies the assurance and source of great potential power, which under favorable conditions, will ruin the Moscow empire.

Russia is painfully conscious of this and for that reason stamps **out the faintest spark of desire** for independence, thoroughly and unmercifully.

Hand in hand, with the communistic organs, there are secret organizations of Russian emigres which uphold the same principle of Russian domination in the world, only not a Red, but a White Russia. When they hear, say, a Ukrainian speak of an independent Ukraine, they at once assume a hostile attitude toward the speaker, dubbing him a "nationalist" and a "subverter." That is quite understandable, considering that the Ukraine alone, with her 30 or 40 million people and rich natural resources, contains almost 50 per cent of all the potential wealth of the USSR.

So if either a Red or a White Moscow lost the Ukraine, and in addition the Caucasus, the Kuban, White Russia and other countries, her power of imperialist domination would be broken. The democratic nations should realize this.

The Western Allies defeated the tyranny of Hitler, but they committed a whole series of political mistakes which gave the victory to Stalin, the teacher of Hitler. There can be no hope of peace and security on earth while Stalin's tyranny exists, grasping for world supremacy.

But there is a ray of hope in this chaotic situation: the public leaders and prominent statesmen of Canada, America and England, have realized the threat and will not allow their countries to be throttled by the Red fist. And we, the citizens, will go a long way in performing our duty to our country, by aiding them in every way, in the coming fight for a democratic life and freedom.



