

Peter J. Potichnyj

MY JOURNEY

LITOPYS UPA

SERIES “EVENTS AND PEOPLE”

BOOK 4

ЛІТОПИС УКРАЇНСЬКОЇ ПОВСТАНСЬКОЇ АРМІЇ
Серія “Події і люди”
Книга 4

Петро Й. ПОТІЧНИЙ

МОЯ ДОРОГА

LITOPYS UPA
Series "Events and People"
Book 4

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MY JOURNEY

A short biographical memoir of Peter-Joseph Potichnyj from his birth to the time when as a young man, soldier of the UPA, he arrived in West Germany at the end of 1947.

Петро Й. Потічний, “Моя дорога”. Короткий біографічний спомин Петра-Йосифа Потічного охоплює період від народження до часу, коли він, як юнак, вояк УПА, прибув зі своїм відділом до Західної Німеччини під кінець 1947 р.

ВІДПОВІДАЛЬНИЙ РЕДАКТОР
Петро Й. ПОТІЧНИЙ

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MY FAMILY ORIGINS

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

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

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



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

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

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



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

GRANDFATHER JOSEPH

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

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

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

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

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

MY FATHER'S LAST ARREST BY THE POLES

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

THE JEWISH COMMUNITY

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

EARLY SCHOOL YEARS



My two cousins, both named Daria Fedak

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

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

THE WEHRMACHT WELCOME

Our school year ended at the end of June, and I went home to Pavlokoma for a one-month vacation in July. But in September 1939, when the Polish-German war broke out, I was stranded in the village. Poland collapsed after about three weeks, and I saw thousands of soldiers retreating in the direction of Hungary and Romania. The Ukrainians—including me—were extremely happy to see Poland defeated. In the forest next to the village the Polish army had abandoned thousands of rifles and other weapons, and anyone who wanted could easily pick them up. When the Germans arrived, they were greeted with flowers. They were extremely well behaved, very

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

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

"LIBERATION" BY THE SOVIETS

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

My father was appointed director of the Polish school in the village of Bartkowka, which was supplied with textbooks in Polish.

His deputy was a Soviet teacher, who actually exercised full control over the school.

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

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

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

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

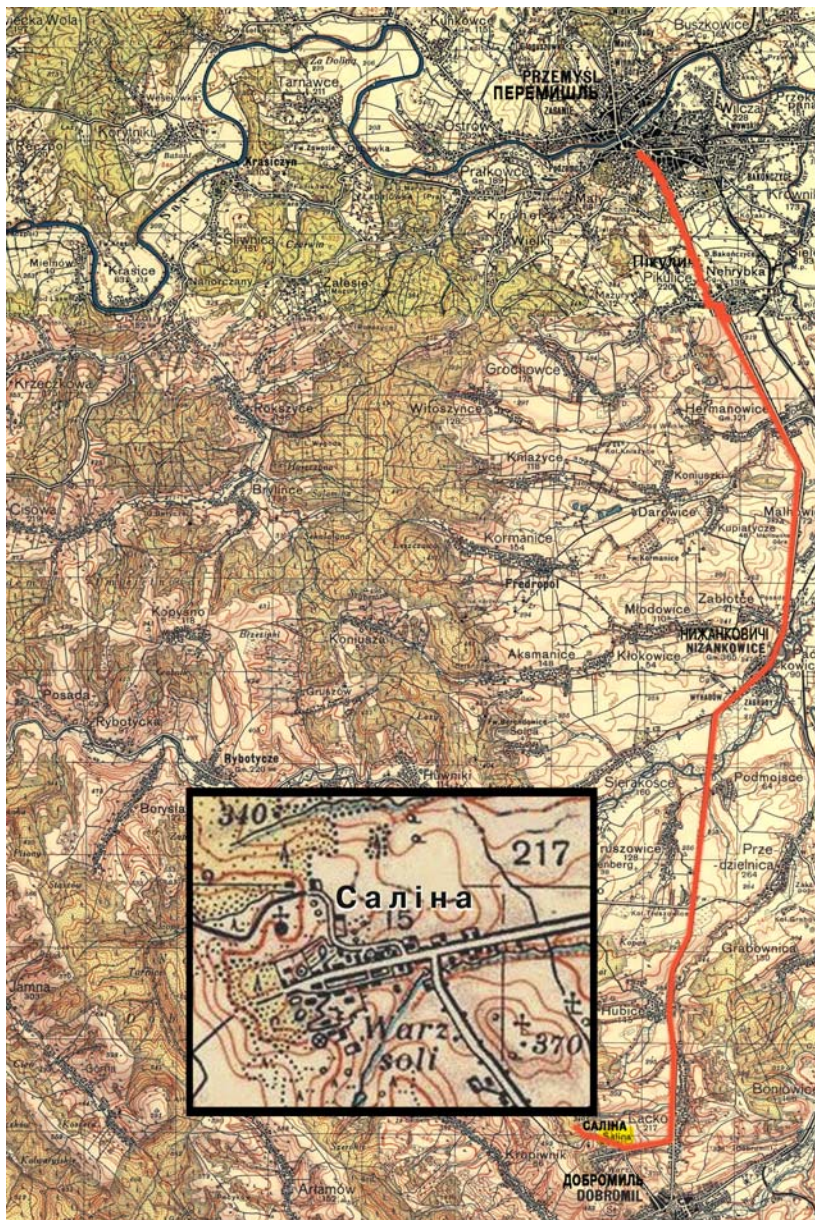
PEREMYSHL JAIL

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



Prison photo of my father
(1903-1941)

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



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

УТВЕРЖДАЮ
Начальник Бирчанского РО НКВД
(Начальник Бирчанского Отдела)
НКВД УНКВД
20. 8. 1942 г.

14.
ФОРМА № 1

ПОСТАНОВЛЕНИЕ

(о предъявлении обвинения)

Город Бирча октября 0 20 г. 20 дня. Я, оперуполномоченный
Бирчанского РО НКВД ЗВЕНКО И.Т.
(должность, отдел и орган)

(звание и фамилия)
рассмотрев следственный материал по делу № 50162 и приняв во внимание,
что ПОТНИЧНЫЙ Петр Иосифович
(фамилия, имя и отчество)

достаточно изобличен в том, что организует молодежь для посылки в
Германию для вступления в украинские войска сечевиков, среди
(перечислить все пункты обвинения)
населения ведет агитацию о не слаче оружия советской власти,
проповедывает скорую гибель советской власти и приход германских
войск, имеет спрятанный ручной пулемет, Поддерживает тесную связь
с бегавшим в Германию националистом Левичким через Дивина Яльана
и Шнака Владислава. Высказывает эмиграционные настроения, чем
совершил преступление предусмотренное ст.ст. 54-4, 54-10, 54-11
УК УССР.

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

ПОСТАНОВИЛ:

На основании ст. 126 и руководствуясь ст. 127 УПК УССР, привлечь _____

ПОТЫЧНОГО Петр Иосифовича

в качестве обвиняемого по ст. ~~54-4, 54-10, 54-11~~ УК УССР, о чем объявить обвиняемому под расписку в настоящем постановлении.

Копию постановления направить Прокурору.

Следователь - оперуполномоченный
Бирчанского РО НКВД

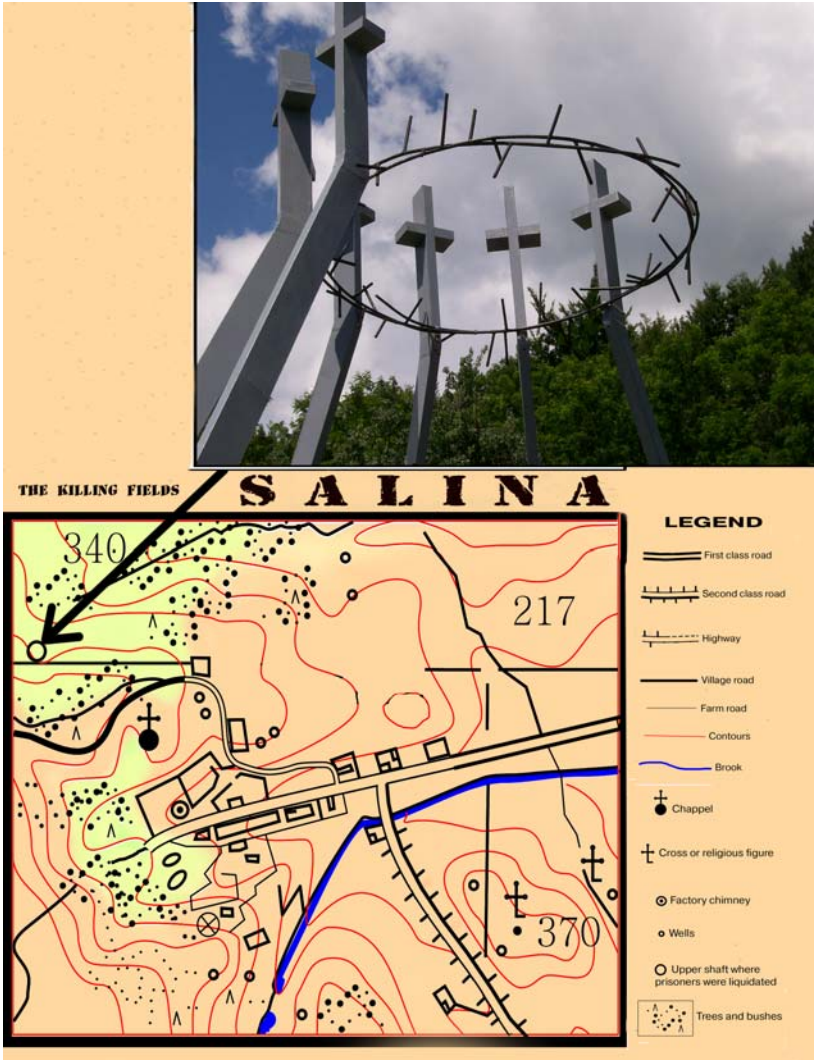
/Зубенко /

„СОГЛАСЕН“: Старший следователь

(Начальник _____ от-ния)

Настоящее постановление мне объявлено „23“ „10“ 194__ г.

Подпись обвиняемого Готфрид Гейд



Salina, where the Russians killed Ukrainian political prisoners



Monument in Salina

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

THE GERMAN ATTACK

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

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

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

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

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

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

СПРАВЕКА

По материалам 1 Спецотдела МВД СССР проходит:

Лотынский Центр Усисович

1903г. уроженцу с. Кавукована

~~Aporella erinoides~~ *apostolidae*
in all zone

Адресован: 24/к 401. УНУС

brovobakerei od

② 54-4, 54-10, 54-11 7/8

cul de sac n° 50162

По свободной постановке, в

Зона военных действий 22 VII 44

ввиду невозможности дальнейшего

3. overcome the social stigma

Определить: Акт осмотра и приговор

Начальник 1 отделения 1 спецотдела МВД УССР

капитан

Справку наводил Сед оперуполномоченный

лейтенант

194 Г.

г. Киев

негде находится в архиве

3a 1059748 11.0

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

2. कलकत्ता - बंगाल

Kamutan

Longman

Айменаси

1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl a) 1.000

25/1/42

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

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

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

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

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

BACK TO SCHOOL IN LVIV

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



Prosvita building: my school

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

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

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

I was enrolled in the Ukrainian-language gymnasium located on St. Sophia Square, far away from our home at 4 Bartosza Glowackiego (today the street is named after Holovatsky, the same name but a different person) and passed the entrance exams to the third grade of the eight-year curriculum. Right at the entrance I was met by a burly individual, who asked for a show of hands. He was examining the students’ hands (in the gymnasium we were no longer “pupils” but “students”) to see if they were clean. Later I discovered that he was the school janitor, or, as politically correct Americans would say, a “sanitation engineer,” and his main job was to see that the toilets were clean. His preoccupation with our hands evidently did not leave him much time for his primary function, with the result that the school toilets smelled to high heaven. One time I decided to test his resolve and dirtied my hands on purpose just to see what he would do. But the joke was on me because he was not inspecting us that day, and I ended up washing my hands in the smelly washrooms in the basement. The highly charged intellectual environment of the school did not leave us time to contemplate such earthy matters. Clearly, this



Lviv City Hall as seen from my school



St. George's Cathedral,
my parish church

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

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

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

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



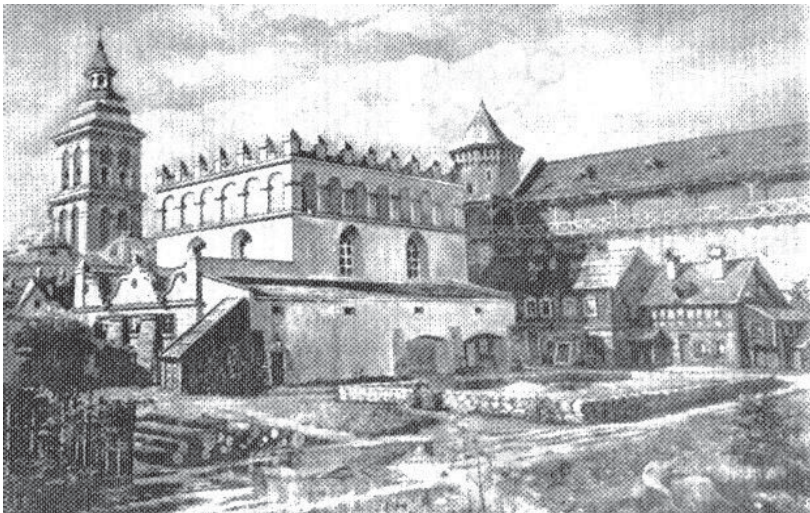
Transfiguration Church
(Preobrazhenka), our school's parish

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

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

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

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



Golden Rose Synagogue

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

GERMAN OPPRESSION

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

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

stand in front of the Gothic church of St. Elizabeth for one minute in memory of this unknown man and my father.

Other German policies caused great disgruntlement. Eastern Galicia was made part of the General Government, i.e., it was attached to conquered Poland; young people were being forcibly deported as slave labourers to Germany, literally grabbed off the streets; taxes in kind were unbelievably high; and the economic situation was visibly worsening. In Reichskommissariat Ukraine (the rest of German-occupied Ukraine), things were even worse. Ukrainians were being blocked from higher education because Supreme Gauleiter Erich Koch, who was in charge, felt that slaves needed no enlightenment as it might make them more dangerous.



St. Elizabeth Church

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

MY FIRST RESISTANCE ACTIVITY

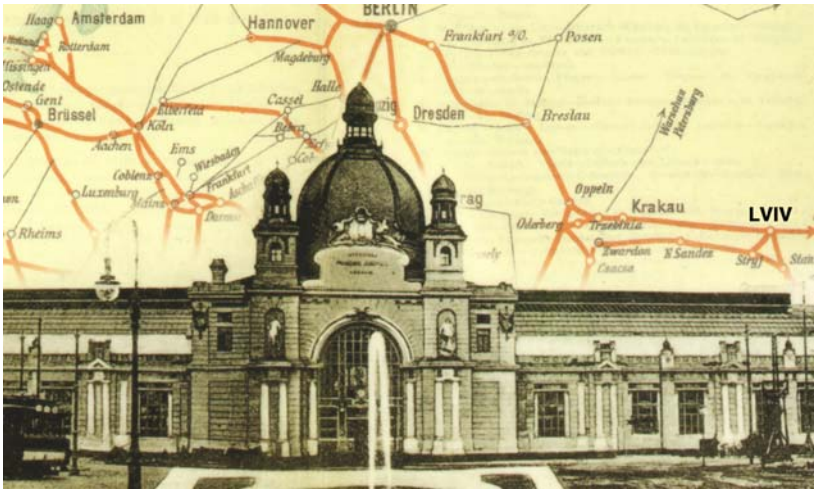
Soon, however, other activities slowly came into play. We were asked to steal weapons—just pistols—from the Germans and channel them to the Ukrainian underground. We did not know who had requested that children should take part in such an activity. Although such operations required a certain degree of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

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

TRAIN TRAVEL

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

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



Lviv Railway Station

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

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

MY TUTORING

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

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

HORSEBACK RIDING

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

The stallion was her foal. When I left for Lviv he was still a colt, but when I returned it was a beautiful, black, and very aggressive stallion.

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

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

THE POLISH UNDERGROUND

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

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

THE 1942-43 SCHOOL YEAR IN LVIV

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

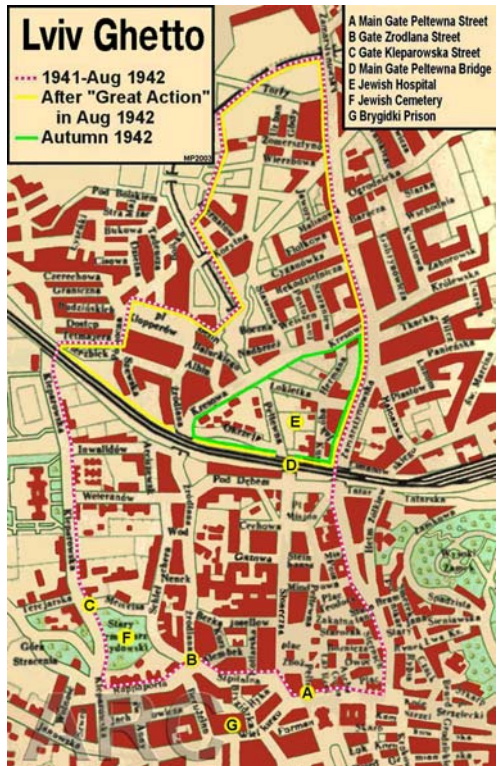
Another diversion was the loud farting during our Latin classes by a fat red-haired boy, who lived in the suburbs of Lviv. The result was predictable. He would be thrown out of the class to spend time in the corridor. I think he did it on purpose because when he would return an hour later, he would laughingly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

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

THE JEWISH GHETTO

Throughout 1942 we heard rumours about bad things going on in the Jewish ghetto. But it was only after my vacation ended that I overheard my aunt saying that Jews were either being killed or sent to

Map of the Lviv ghetto



Memorial to the Lviv Ghetto Victims

another camp located on Yanivska (Janowska) Street. They were no longer seen being escorted in the streets. I am not certain about the dates, but it seems to me that at the beginning of 1943, or a bit later, some kind of uprising had taken place and the Germans had suppressed it in a very savage manner.

POLICY TOWARD UKRAINIANS

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

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

At school, especially in the higher grades, a campaign to enrol boys and girls in the anti-aircraft artillery began. Some students volunteered for this outfit, which had its own uniform and, unlike the Galicia Division, even had a blue-and-yellow sash on the hat and shoulder. But most of us were not very enthusiastic and tried to sneak out of the hall whenever a meeting was announced to welcome the

“Yunaki” (Youths). I was stopped at the door and forced to stay while the group sang a few patriotic Ukrainian songs. They looked very smart in their uniforms, especially the girls, who were probably selected for their beauty. I do not know if anybody volunteered that day. In any case, I was too young to join.

LIFE IN LVIV

Life continued to be difficult. We lived in a typical Lviv cold-water flat, without hot water or heating, unlike New York City cold-water flats that actually had hot water. To heat the place, my aunt’s husband constructed a kind of drum that was fuelled by sawdust. It warmed up one room, usually in the evening when everybody was at home. Cooking was done mostly on a portable Primus petroleum stove. In order to save on our electricity bills, we used a tiny bulb that was not strong enough to read by. For reading, my cousin and I used a carbide lamp that lit up the table, but it smelled. I usually developed a headache. A shared toilet was located at the end of the rear balcony. It was extremely cold in winter and



Lviv Opera House

smelly in the summer, even though the tenants tried to keep it clean as best they could. There was running water in the apartment but not in the toilet, which had to be flushed with a pail of water. But water was not always available. We engaged in philosophical discussions of these issues and blamed everybody for the disaster, including the original water works, but mostly we blamed the Germans.

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

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

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

Lviv was now full of hospitals, soldiers, and brothels. Like all other German institutions, the brothels were highly organized. Walking to school along a side street two blocks from where I lived, I always saw two lines of German soldiers awaiting their short encounter with pleasure. The time allowed with a girl was very short, because the

soldiers would remove their belts and unbutton their uniforms while they were still on the street. On the balcony one storey up there was always a beautiful woman sitting in a lounge chair, sipping a drink and smoking, especially in nice, balmy weather. They were always dressed in silky, transparent robes and even though I did not have precise knowledge of what was going on inside the building (our school did not teach sex education) my imagination was quite active and fully engaged.

THE POLISH TERROR

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

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

PAVLOKOMA: SUMMER OF 1943

My stay at home that summer was pleasant as usual. I even managed to behave well. The only major, and somewhat costly, incident occurred when my two brothers and I were trying out a bicycle on the sly, and wrecked it. It was a beautiful bike, quite new and shiny, and it belonged to one of our neighbours. We didn't know that the braking

mechanism was located under the handle, and thought that all you had to do was back-pedal and the bicycle would stop. Since I had been bragging that I had already ridden a bicycle in Lviv (this was only half-true: on my one and only bike trip someone was pushing me from behind), I got on the bike and headed down the sloping road. As the bicycle sped up, and my back pedalling produced no results, I panicked and rammed it into the fence. The front tire came off and the wheels were bent out of shape. This was a major crisis, and to make it



Church in Pavlokoma

worse, my mother was not at home, so my grandmother became my judge and executioner. She forced me to lie down on the bench and proceeded to wallop me on the backside with a stick. I suspect that she did it to avoid a more serious encounter with our neighbour. It was more embarrassing than painful because it was done in the presence of the very irate bicycle owner, my brothers, and several neighbourhood kids, who enjoyed the spectacle very much. My brothers did not volunteer the fact that all three of us had pushed the bike up the road, and thus evaded punishment. When my mother came home, she took it all rather calmly and even put some alcohol on my scratches. After my father's death she was always trying to be kind and understanding to the three of us. She had to pay for the repairs, and the bicycle had to be taken to a repair shop in Dynow. I never got back on a bicycle until I was eighteen years old.

A great tragedy occurred that summer when one of my friends, Liubko (Liubomyr), who was my age, drowned in the Sian River. We had gone to the river to cool off, but he got into deep water and he drowned. I was the only witness, but I was helpless because I couldn't

swim and could only frantically summon help. The feeling that somehow I was responsible for his death never left me, although rationally I knew that it was just a horrible accident.

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

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

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

MY RETURN TO LVIV

When the time came for me to go back to school, I was unhappy at the thought of being separated from my family in such uncertain times.

But my mother insisted, and I went back to Lviv to start the fifth grade at the gymnasium. Once again I travelled in style in Mr. Mudryk's car. Perhaps because of this my mother could not be persuaded to leave me at home.

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

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

The events of late 1943 and early 1944 clearly intensified the Germans' reverses at Stalingrad. Lviv was flooded with wounded German soldiers, and the Red Cross trains were packed with severely injured troops being shipped back to Germany. Civilian transport

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

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

RETURN TO PAVLOKOMA: SPRING 1944

February was no better. There was no heat, and it was extremely trying to pay attention to the teachers or take notes while bundled up in layers of clothing, and exhaling vapour when answering questions. The situation on the Eastern Front was becoming dire, and the battles were coming closer to our city. When May rolled around I decided, with my aunt's permission, to go home. In their insanity the Germans continued

to insist on all kinds of travel formalities, but by then hardly anybody was paying any attention to the regulations. The trick was to get past the guards and jump onto the train without even bothering to buy a ticket. Only standing room was available, but because I was quite small I usually found a place on one of the shelves. After arriving in Perevorsk, I bought a ticket and late at night arrived in Dynow. From there I simply walked home, greatly surprising my family, which was overjoyed at my safe arrival.

THE SOVIET REOCCUPATION

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

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

As entertainment for the village the army showed us Soviet films extolling life in the "socialist Paradise." Nobody believed this malarkey because we were immune to their propaganda from our previous experiences, but the evening was nicely occupied and most

people attended. The films were usually in Russian, and most of the villagers did not understand everything that was happening on screen. Nor did they fully understand those soldiers who did not speak Ukrainian.

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

POLISH ATROCITIES

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

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

The first warning that it would be wise to consider moving came from the soldiers of the Soviet Signal Corps, who in late November were moving out of the school building as the front lines were shifting once again in a westerly direction. The soldiers bluntly told the villagers

that after they were gone, the Poles might get nasty. They were right. On the other hand, no Repatriation Authorities made their appearance, so the entire matter of resettlement remained in the realm of nasty rumour.

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

Not long after that Joseph Vydra (b. 1929) was hanged by his own belt in the forest by two Poles, Franek Kaszycki and Miecio Cymbalsty. But he survived by a stroke of luck. After he stopped breathing, the perpetrators, who fancied his belt, took him down, removed his belt, and left. After a while Vydra regained consciousness, went home, and told everybody what had happened. Such events became almost daily occurrences. There was absolutely no individual or institution to turn to for help. The *Gmina* administration in Dynow was completely disinterested in anything that pertained to Ukrainians. Moreover, it was heavily infiltrated by Polish nationalists who, like the communists, were interested in getting rid of the Ukrainian population. The sooner this happened, the better. It happened earlier than anybody expected.

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

To make matters worse, all of the surrounding Polish villages were full of AK soldiers, most of whom, under pressure from the Soviets,

had left the Lviv area and moved to places in the new Poland. Some remained, however, and helped the Soviets to combat the Ukrainian underground by joining the Istrebitelnye Bataliony (Extermination Battalions). The commander of one such unit from the Lviv area was Jozef Biss ("Waclaw"). It was he who oversaw the mass killings of Pavlokoma Ukrainians in March 1945.

Just before these tragic events, my mother decided that I should join a group of men who were supposed to break through the Polish encirclement. We were to seek help, or at least inform Ukrainian villages of the possible attack on Pavlokoma. I was the youngest and completely out of place on such a mission, but the men agreed to take me with them. The twelve men were armed with two rifles, the only weapons the village possessed. We walked through the forest the entire night in order to avoid Polish sentries, who were stationed around the village. In the morning, totally exhausted and wet because we had had to move through very deep snow and half-frozen creeks, we reached the Ukrainian village of Piatkova. There we learned that no possible help for Pavlokoma could be mounted as there were only small village self-defence forces that were not capable of launching such an action.

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

Years later, as I was writing the history of the village after a very laborious search of documents, I put together the following picture of the massacre. Of the 366 victims, 189 were men and 177 were women.



Monument to the Ukrainian villagers murdered in Pavlokoma

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

I JOIN THE RESISTANCE

With my mother's blessing I became a member of the SKV (Self-defence Unit) in the village of Huta-Poruby and almost immediately began intensive military training, mostly learning how to use rifles,

grenades, and machine guns. It was amazing to see how many weapons there were. Evidently, unlike Pavlokoma, these villages had never surrendered the weapons they had acquired during the Polish-German and the German-Soviet war. We were all extremely eager to learn, and the former non-commissioned Polish Army officer who was training us was quite pleased with our progress. My brothers were frightfully jealous to see me with a rifle on my shoulder. They had been accepted into a youth unit that trained with wooden rifles.

The training went on for a couple of months, and one of our duties was to carry out sentry duty around the village. If any outsiders approached, we were to notify the commander. If, however, they were too close, we had to raise the alarm by firing our rifles. The assigned two-hour guard duty was extremely boring. One afternoon I entertained myself by repeatedly loading and unloading my short Russian Mosin cavalry rifle. Quickly tiring of this, I forgot that there was a bullet in the chamber. I did not put the safety catch on and proceeded to do the shoulder arm in rapid succession. To my great shock, the rifle discharged and the alarm was on. I was severely reprimanded, and the commander forbade me ever to load the rifle while on guard duty. There was some other punishment, but I do not remember what it entailed.

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

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

the combined forces of Village Self-defence Units. The attack was successful and the Resettlement Mission was destroyed. This operation intensified the activities of the Polish militia (ORMO) and the Polish military (WP). The Village Self-defence Units were in no position to cope with this new threat. As a result, there was a need to create a more professional force.

At around this time the underground authorities in the Peremyshl region decided to create an UPA battalion for the territory, which consisted of four (at one time, five) companies of 150 people each. In the territory where I was based, the responsibility to create the UPA unit was placed on Commander "Hromenko." He was short with curly blond hair, and, as I later found out, he had a great deal of military experience acquired during his stint in the Nachtigall unit of the German army and later anti-German partisan activities in Volyn. Almost immediately some soldiers from the Village Self-defence Unit volunteered for the UPA. I was not even fifteen and could not join, but my hopes were high. The UPA unit in our area became quite active. Sometime in April or May it liquidated the Polish unit in Borownica. But it was only in September-October of that year that these UPA units, after considerable training in the field, came into their own and were able to win a battle against the Polish Army in the village of Kuzmyna. "Hromenko" was seriously wounded in this skirmish, and the command passed to "Bartel." I mention both of these people because my fate was closely linked with both of them.

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

On 3 October 1945 came the avenging action against the Polish villages of Dylagowa, Sielnica, Bartkowka, Lonchki, and the formerly Ukrainian village of Pavlokoma (now Pawlokoma) which was settled by

Poles after the massacre of its Ukrainian population in March. With the help of other UPA units these five villages were burned to the ground. I was still in the Village Self-defence Unit and could not participate in this action, although I very much wanted to and also to burn down my own house in Pawlokoma. The operation was successful with minimal loss of life. (The UPA lost six men and ten were slightly wounded. The Poles lost some forty men, ten of whom drowned in the Sian River while trying to escape). These and other activities soon persuaded the Polish AK that it would be best to arrange some sort of ceasefire. The result was that life in the large



The author as a soldier in the UPA, aged seventeen

territory stretching from Peremyshl to the Carpathian Mountains became more peaceful, and clashes became limited to the Polish militia, the Polish regular army, and the occasional bandits, who did not care very much whom they were attacking, Ukrainians or Poles.

I JOIN THE UPA

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

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

After a while we felt right at home. The safest time was usually during foul weather. Fires could then be made without fear of discovery, and any kind of freshly cut tree branches could provide a shelter, a roof, and a soft bed. In the winter a large, well-made fire would melt the snow and dry up the ground. Dried-up fir branches thickly laid provided nice, warm beds for every squad. Tucked away in one-man tents and, quite often, a deep layer of fresh snow, one could feel extremely comfortable. The only unpleasant time was during guard duty, which took place usually two times every twenty-four hours.

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

UPA TACTICS

I remember being totally disoriented during my first forest battle. After a few such encounters, you learned to recognize the sounds of shooting and the impact of bullets ricocheting off the trees, which allowed you to estimate the opponent's position and line of fire much more clearly than in an open field. You also learned that the most effective and judicious response was when the enemy was preoccupied with the chaotic discharging of its own weapons. Their fire was not very effective,

as we were the ones who usually chose the field of battle and were in a good position to meet the advancing troops. With careful observation, you could shoot with devastating effect. Our tactic was not necessarily to kill but to wound, because this always eliminated the wounded soldiers but also those troops who had to remove the casualties from the battlefield. Of course, the priority was to hit the commanding personnel and the machine gun nest. Both were easily identified. The noncoms and officers had to move their troops forward with screaming and cursing, and the Soviet-made Degtiarev machine gun made a very distinct dut-dut-dut sound. In 1945-1946 we were still armed with German weapons because ammunition for them was still plentiful, and our machine guns were the very effective LMG38 and MG42. They also made a very distinct sound, and we always knew where our line of defence was. Gradually, however, we had to switch to Soviet weapons.

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

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

Occasionally, large encounters with Polish forces took place. I remember a battle of some five hours with the KBW battalion in and around the village of Yavirnyk Rusky. It so happened that our three companies were also located in the area, and our command decided to try our luck with the Poles. My company was attacking across an open field, and we were under heavy fire from machine guns that had



UPA military decorations:

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

good positions at the edge of the forest. They kept us pinned down for a while, and we were only able to advance when one of our companies started attacking them from inside the forest, pushing the Poles into the field. Pinned down, the Polish units moved against us and a battle erupted, complete with grenades and hand-to-hand combat. Finally, some fourteen Polish soldiers right in front of us raised their hands in surrender. My squad was ordered to escort them to our rear. This created a hole in our line through which the other Polish units were able to escape. That day six of our men were killed and several were wounded. The Polish casualties (killed, wounded, and captured) were much higher. Later we were told that Lt. Col. Wygnanski, the commander of the Polish battalion, was heavily reprimanded for his inability to command properly. I have no idea if this was true.

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

THE UPA MEDICAL SERVICE

A few words about the medical service of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army are in order. It was run by the Ukrainian Red Cross (UChKh),



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



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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

After each such operation our units had to undergo a thorough search by our MPs (called Field Gendarmerie) to determine that no one was stealing anything while in action. I dreaded this moment because if it were discovered that I had acquired my boots through intimidation, I could be severely punished. There were cases where



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



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

soldiers were executed for such offences. This was done to maintain military discipline and prevent soldiers from engaging in activities that might be detrimental to military actions. Luckily for me, the MP that searched our squad was from another company, and he had no inkling about the state of my former footwear. Those of my friends who probably noticed the miraculous overnight appearance of my new boots remained diplomatically silent. I got off scot-free and was in seventh heaven. It was such a small event in my life, but to this day it still brings me a great deal of pleasure when I think about it.

TYPHOID

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

Typhoid fever is a very debilitating disease, and patients require a great deal of care. They have to be given a constant supply of liquids, and hygiene must be scrupulously maintained, i.e., clean beds and rooms. The afflicted person is not aware of what is happening around him, but with the return of consciousness the situation becomes almost unbearable. The patient is extremely emaciated, weak, and completely bald because of total hair loss. Intake of food must be measured, and no solids may be consumed. There is constant hunger. The patient has to relearn how to walk because the muscles have atrophied. The body is covered by excruciatingly painful boils that slowly come up to the surface. Of course, there was no medicine for this illness, and Dr. "Sian's" medical assistance was an occasional injection of God-knows-what and a lot of encouragement. Amazingly, my entire family pulled

through. My only compensation from this ordeal was that my new hair became curly. This helped me later because, for some strange reason, most of the girls that I met in Germany liked curly hair and they (and I) loved to run their fingers through my hair.

At the beginning of March I was ready to rejoin my unit, which was stationed nearby. I was assigned to the 1st Platoon as a courier and given an old mare to take care of. This was a boon because on marches I could hang all my gear on the saddle and, gripping the horse's tail, walk for miles. It was dangerous to ride in the saddle, especially in the forest, because if you fell asleep, the low branches could easily sweep you to the ground. The mare never failed to follow the marching line and kept the required distance of five meters from the soldier in front of her.

FOREST COMBAT

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

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

Poles were approaching from that direction, and it retreated in order to avoid them, but failing to pull me from my post.

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

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

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

In April 1947 the Deputy Defence Minister of Poland, Gen. Karol Swierczewski, was killed in an encounter with the UPA unit, commanded by Capt. "Khrin" (Stepan Stebelsky), during his inspection visit to the Carpathians. In response, all territories populated by Ukrainians were flooded with large numbers of Polish military personnel, and our life became extremely difficult. Under this pretext, the deportation of the Ukrainian population was immediately undertaken, and over 150,000 people were forcibly transferred to the formerly German territories of East Prussia and Silesia. Today we know that these preparations to disperse the Ukrainians had been planned for some time and that Swierczewski's death was simply a pretext for their implementation.

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

SOME UNITS ORDERED WEST

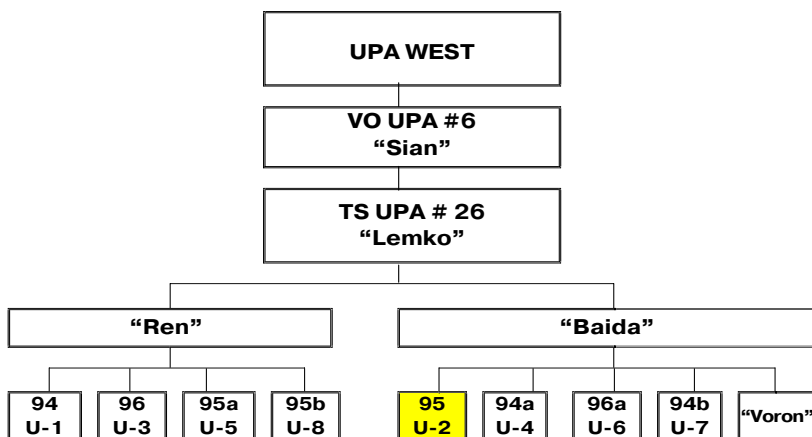
In June new orders came down. Some of our units were ordered to cross the border into Soviet Ukraine and continue resistance there, while others were ordered to leave for West Germany in order to show the Western world the resolve of the Ukrainian people in their struggle for freedom and independence. In short, this was to be a propaganda raid. Small, well-masked liaison units were to remain in place to provide lines of communication between the underground leadership in Ukraine and Ukrainian centres in Western Europe. The territory of Poland was considered a vital window for contacts with the West. In time, these liaison units were heavily penetrated by the Soviet and Polish security services, and hence completely unreliable as a safe conduit between the West and Ukraine. One contributing factor was the penetration of Soviet agents in the British and American intelligence services, such as Kim Philby. He and his associates, as well as other agents, informed Soviet security of every move made by Western intelligence agencies, which were starting to become interested in the Ukrainian liberation movement

and seeking to use it for their own purposes. We were completely unaware of this, and I learned about it only after reading such revealing studies as Dr. I. Halagida's *Prowokacja 'Zenona'* and documents that were recently released by the SBU, the Security Service of Ukraine, about Myron Matviieiko and the "radio plays" with the British and American intelligence services. My former company commander "Hromenko" was involved in this and paid for it with his life sometime in 1950.

THE STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL

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

ORGANIZATIONAL CHART OF THE TS 26



I remember one heart-rending episode: during a skirmish one of our soldiers, codenamed “Terka” (I don’t recall his name) had his knee shot out. His brother, “Nichny,” also served in our company, and after the Poles were repulsed, he was summoned to his brother’s side. Both of them realized that there was absolutely nothing they could do to remedy the situation. “Terka” asked his brother to shoot him. One by one, we all came to say goodbye to our wounded comrade, and a group of us dug a grave. Then we were asked to leave the immediate area while “Nichny” killed his brother with a shot to the head. A special squad buried him in the prepared grave. “Nichny” made it to Germany, but I do not know anything more about his subsequent fate.

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

Two days away from reaching Khryshchata Forest, we were encircled by Polish troops near the village of Reped. Fortunately, we were able to hunker down in excellent positions, and therefore able to defend ourselves rather well. The attacks began in the early afternoon, but even though we were outnumbered by the Poles, we were better armed. Also, for some strange reason, they were not able to bring reinforcements or even mortars to use against us. In short, one lightly armed infantry faced another. The only difference was that we had absolutely nothing to lose and everyone was prepared to die. The Poles came at us, and wave after wave was stopped and forced to retreat. While they were taking casualties, only a couple of our men were lightly grazed by bullets. At around 7 o’clock in the evening it began to rain so heavily that we could hardly see anything in front of us. The fields turned into mud, making the Polish attack that

much more difficult. I remember being so exhausted that I simply crawled into my tent and promptly fell asleep. When night fell and the Poles did not dare attack us anymore, we rose and proceeded to march in battle order in the direction of Khryshchata. To reach the forest we had to ford the Oslava River, which, like most mountain streams, had swelled considerably after the rainstorm. We also had to cross the main road and the railroad tracks just before the river. When we reached the railroad tracks, we were surprised by an armoured train that began spraying us with machine guns. We suffered serious casualties. Dr. "Sian," the German veterinarian who was our company's physician, was killed along with several others, while a few soldiers were slightly injured. But it was not possible to stop us. One platoon attacked the train and forced it to retreat. Finally, all of us made it to the other side of the river and entered Turynske, a village that had been emptied of all its Ukrainian inhabitants, who had been forcibly deported a few days earlier.

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

COMMANDER "HROMENKO" SAVES MY LIFE

That was when I discovered that I had absolutely no strength to walk. My bout with typhus and the exhausting, hungry march of the last two weeks had taken their toll, and I could only watch as the line of soldiers moved past me. Then commander "Hromenko" appeared in front of me and asked what was going on with me. I explained that I had

no power in my legs and could not walk. He went into his side leather satchel and pulled out a little bag of powdered sugar. He added this to some water and made me drink it. After a few minutes a miracle took place: I was able to walk. I am certain that if it weren't for him and his sugar I would be lying in a shallow grave somewhere near the village of Turynske. He also issued a very helpful order: he transferred me to company headquarters and relieved me of guard duty. From that point, until we reached Germany, and even after the company was divided into smaller groups, I remained near him, and while others were standing guard I was able to sleep and rest undisturbed. The girls in Germany, who later played with my curly hair, had no idea who was responsible for my survival. Thank you, my commander and saviour!

After reaching the top of the mountain, we relaxed a bit because we were not being pursued by the Polish troops. The command undertook to establish liaison with the UPA units operating in this region. We did not know that units of the "Ren" Battalion had been observing our march up the mountain, but they mistook us for Polish troops and retreated further into the forest. We also did not know that, owing to the adoption of new tactics, the Polish troops were establishing bases in the mountains and creating obstacles to our movements. Soon enough we ran into them and in the encounter lost several men, among them Dr. "Shuvar," our battalion physician, who was severely wounded and committed suicide. We were surprised in a clearing by the well organized enemy, and during our hasty retreat we were not even able to pick up our dead comrades for a proper burial, something that was always attempted even under the harshest conditions. I should add here that Battalion Chaplain Rev. "Kadylo" (Vasyl Shevchuk) was marching with us. He was a Ukrainian Catholic priest, and he always performed the Christian burial rites. He made it to Czechoslovakia, but because of ill health could go no further.



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



The march from Poland to Slovakia

He was left in one of the parishes, and later extradited to Poland and executed by the Poles in Rzeszow jail.

Contact with the other UPA units was important, especially with Maj. "Ren," the commander of the Tactical Sector, because he was the one with new orders for our company. Our original orders were to reach the Carpathians and report to him. Only then were we told that

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

WE ARE ORDERED TO CROSS INTO WEST GERMANY

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

PATH TO THE AMERICAN ZONE

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

THE LEMKOS

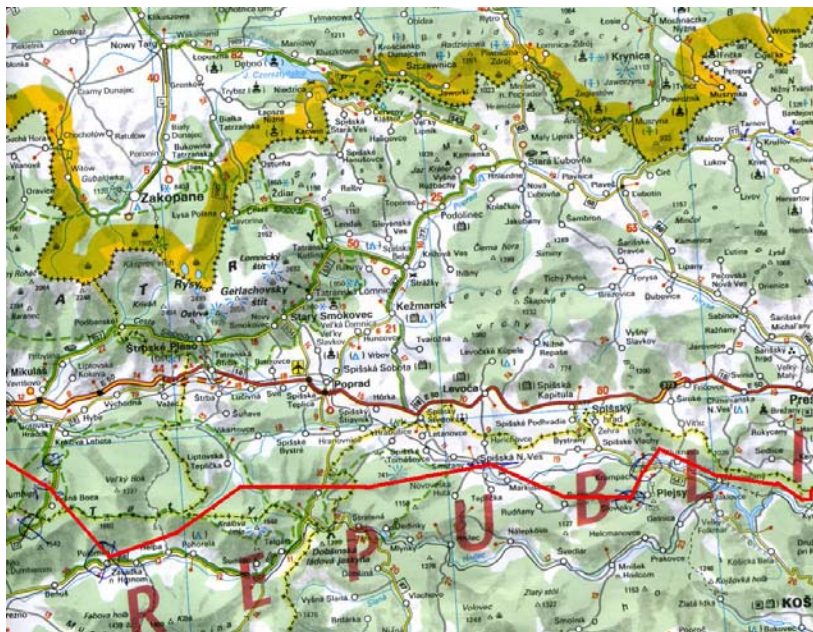
The next morning, already in Slovakia, we were instructed to behave properly, try to establish friendly relations with the population, and use arms only for defence. Our mission was to disseminate accurate information about life in the Soviet Union and Poland, the oppression

of the Ukrainians, and our struggle to free Ukraine from communist Russian occupation. Under no circumstances were we to use force to obtain food or clothing, and anybody who misbehaved would be shot. We were also told that when our units had visited Slovakia in 1945 and 1946, they had been extremely well received by the population, and their exemplary behaviour had created a great deal of good will towards the UPA. We were advised that most of the villages in Eastern Slovakia were populated by Lemkos, a Ukrainian mountain tribe. All encounters with the Czechoslovak police or army were to be avoided; the use of arms was to be the last resort.

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

SLOVAK POLICE

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



The march through Slovakia turned friendly. At this point we learned that they had known about our border crossing and were dispatched to reconnoitre the area and to arrest or, if necessary, kill the trespassers. This happened, I think, near the village of Nizna Jablonka.

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

The villagers, on the other hand, were quite happy to see us and took pains to supply us with food and good advice about where to

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

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

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

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

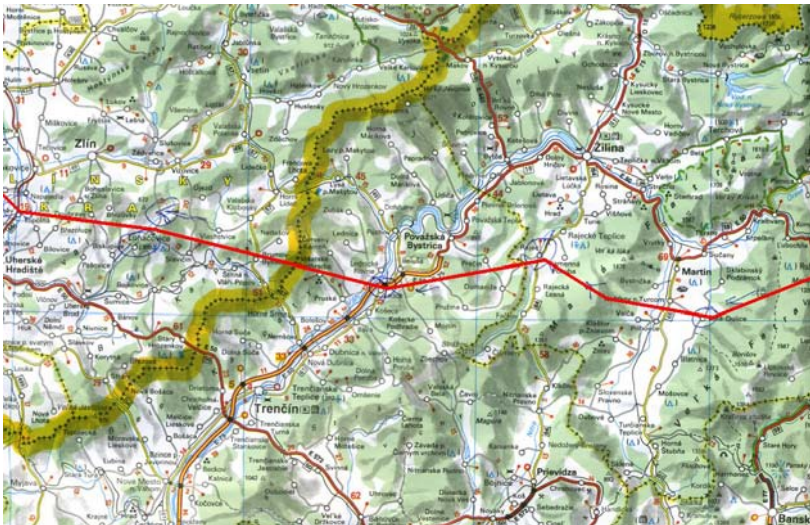


Rev. Vasyl Shevchuk ("Kadylo"),
Battalion Chaplain

Our unit of some fifty people was able to move quite rapidly. We had to remove ourselves from the territory overrun by enemy forces, and to do so we had to march almost day and night over extremely difficult mountainous terrain. It was only on the second day after the company was reorganized that we were assembled and told that our destination was the American Zone of Germany. I have no idea if the other unit was also informed about this destination, but a couple of stragglers from that unit (for example, Andrew Kurys-"Zhuk") arrived in Germany on their own.

THE CZECHS

We rapidly covered the distance between Rokytov and Turkovce, and it was there that we encountered some Czech tourists staying in a forester's house. To put them at ease, I was summoned to report to "Hromenko" in the presence of the frightened travellers. There were several women among them, and when I appeared they immediately ran to me and started to caress and lament over me as if I were a child. I must have looked a sight to cause such a commotion, but my appearance evidently convinced them that they had nothing to worry about, and the atmosphere improved considerably. I was given



The march from Slovakia to Moravia

something to eat and then, slightly embarrassed by all this attention, I asked “Hromenko” to withdraw. This meeting with the travellers was quite productive because our officers were able to obtain special maps that covered the terrain all the way to Moravia. We needed such documents desperately.

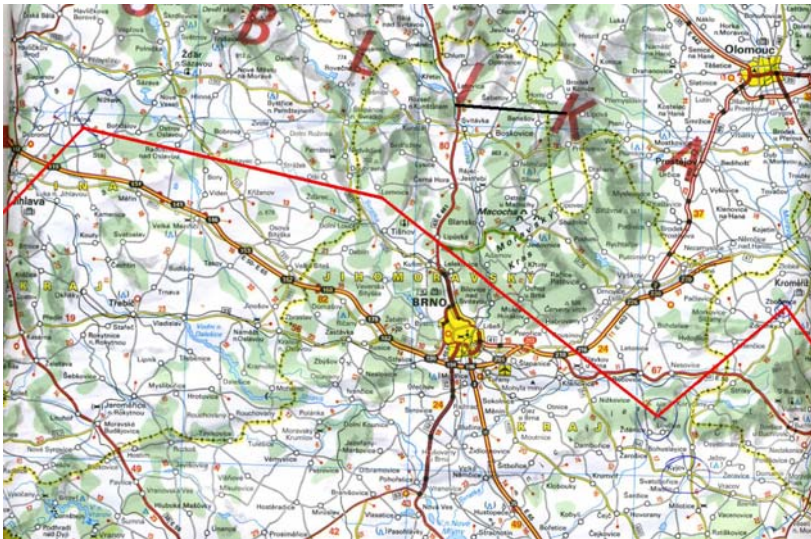
From there we moved across the Olyka River to Sitnica and Dapalovce. Then we crossed the Ondava River, near Zlata Bania, and the Topla River. Near the village of Zehna or Visna (south of Presov) we ran into an ambush blocking the Kosice-Presov highway. We were able to extricate ourselves without any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

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

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

We marched across the Hornad River, past Slovinky (south of Krompachy), and Teplicka (south of Spisska Nova Ves). On 16 July, approximately one month after entering Slovakia, we were ambushed near the village of Vernar (south of Poprad). We had to cross the highway and ran straight into Czech forces. This was a costly encounter. We lost three soldiers: "Yizhak," "Zaiats," and "Chornomorets." In addition, "Hromenko" was wounded in his right shoulder, while Executive Officer "Lahidny" (Lev Futala) was hit in the leg. "Hrusha" (Emil Kunyk) and "Bystry" were also lightly wounded. Fortunately, all of them were able to march, although we had to slow down our pace to accommodate them. For the next five days we avoided all civilians, and only from time to time sent a few soldiers to pick up some food from shepherds. Before the march, a unit had been sent to one of the neighbouring villages to collect food. The men brought back a large quantity of supplies, mostly bread, and each of us received one and a half loaves of bread as an "iron portion" to last us for a few days. The half-loaf of bread fit well into my belt bag, but the whole loaf, which was quite large and round, I fastened to my bag with straps. The night march was extremely difficult. We went up and down the mountains, and on one of those descents my loaf of bread fell off and rolled down the hill, never to be seen again. I was so upset that for almost the entire march I cried quietly. The loss meant that the half-loaf would have to last for at least five days. Later, I discovered that others were in a similar predicament.

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



The march through Bohemia

After that encounter we were exhausted, and because of our wounded men we spent two days in the forest near Liptovský Mikuláš. Food was obtained from shepherds, and I had an opportunity to acquire a pair of shoes; the boots that I had requisitioned in Dynow almost a year ago were completely tattered. The shepherd was not willing to take money and demanded my pistol in exchange for the shoes. Willy-nilly I agreed to this exchange, and the pistol that had accompanied me for almost two years passed to the shepherd. The shoes that I got from him appeared to be quite new, but as I found out later, they were poorly made. Somewhere in the middle of Czech territory the sole of my right shoe simply came unglued. Once again I was forced to wire my footwear together. I hope my pistol was more reliable. In any case, upon our arrival in Germany, both of my shoes looked as if they were gaping mouths, begging for food or complaining loudly.

From there we moved on to Demanovská Dolina and Bely Potok, and approached the town of Ruzomberok. Here we had to cross the highway linking Ruzomberok, Banská Bystrica, and the Revúca River. Purely by accident we ran into a man in the forest, who warned us that the highway was blocked by Czech troops both north and south of Ruzomberok. We had to cross at all costs, and “Hromenko” decided to fool the enemy and cross to the other side—through the city. Sometime before 1 a.m. we approached the town and, completely

unobserved, crossed the lighted street to the other side. On that side there was a high mountain with a few bushes, and we hid ourselves there because it was not possible to cover the distance to the larger forest in the dark. The next day we observed the town, which was full of soldiers, from a perch right next to it. We were quite happy because for a bit of time we were well hidden. The Czech forces would have no idea where to find us and would continue to wait for us in the vicinity of Ruzomberok.

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

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

Now our march took us to Tuchyna, Mikusovce, Krivoklat, and Bylnic (?) where we crossed a highway and the Vlara River. The date was 10 August 1947. Again we crossed the highway between Zlin and Luhacovice, forded the Scavnica River, and found ourselves near Stare Mesto, northwest of Uherske Hradiste. Here we crossed the Morava River. Thus, on 17 August, some two months after we entered Czechoslovakia, we were on Moravian land.

Moravia met us with wide fields and generally easier marching terrain. Our problem now was to move unobserved from one wooded patch to another. Sometimes we had to cover thirty or even forty km a night to find adequate shelter. One thing that was in abundance was food. By now all the orchards were filled with a bountiful assortment of fruit—pears, apples, and plums—and the fields could be dug for new potatoes. Sometimes we ran into fields of corn, which we picked. It was a huge mistake to try and enter any villages. But such a mistake

KP- 567/78

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Banda UPA „Chromenko“ - všeobecné informace

přílohy: 5

Praha, 8.9.1947

TAJNĚ 476

Praha dne 8. září 1947.

23

Ministerstvo vnitra,
Hlavní velitelství SNB.

P r a h a .

Věc: Banda UPA „CHROMENKO“ -
všeobecné informace.

Příloha: 1.

Zprávu SNB útvaru „SLOVENSKO“, č.j.lh-30/5 taj./47, ze dne 31.
 srpna 1947, předkládám na vědomí.
Praha dne 8. září 1947.

Velitel útvaru:
plk. Kratoch,
plk. Jirák,
plk. Jirák.

Přiděleno	Winkel	8.9.47
V protokolu	8.9.47	Winkel
Vypááno	8.9.47	Winkel
Odesláno	8.9.47	Winkel
Spis založen	8.9.47	Winkel
Spis zrušen	8.9.47	Winkel

odci. I.

Zastavení na vedoucí, krátkost Sa.
10.9.47. Kratoch.

Odci. I.

Opět jen na vedoucí.
14.9.47.

Stet. Jirák

1947
4

Czechoslovak document about "Hromenko's" unit

Útvar "S l o v e n s k o".

V Žilíně dne 31. srpna 1947.

Čís.jedn.: IIa- 30/3 taj./47.

Věc: Banda UPA "CHROMENKO" -
všeobecné informace.

TAJNÉ!

O b d r ž í : SNB-útvary podle rozdělovníku.

I./ Vznik sotně UPA "CHROMENKO":

Sotňa UPA "CHROMENKO" vznikla asi v měsíci květnu 1945 a byla safasena do kurínu /:praporu:/ "KONIK-BAJDA", ke kterému patřila též sotňa "BURLAK", "LASTIVKA" a "KRIVACZ". Kurín "KONIK-BAJDA" se sdružoval v prostoru Przemysla.

Sotňa UPA "CHROMENKO" operovala v prostoru mezi obcemi Pereby - Hata - Javorzik - Jasenov - Voloc - Dobrá a Byrba, vše západně Przemysla. Z tohoto prostoru odešla asi dne 26.5.1947 a postupovala jižním směrem. Dne 5.6.1947 byla v prostoru obce Tursanak při přechodu řeky Oslavica napadena polským vojákem. Při přestřelce byl jeden příslušník sotně zastřelen a více bylo raněno. Sotňa zůstala celá.

Dne 10.června 1947 sotňa UPA "CHROMENKO" překročila čal.-polské hranice v prostoru obce "BALNIGA" /výběžek Telepovce!.

II./ Organizace sotně UPA "CHROMENKO":

Velitel sotně /troty:/: "CHROMENKO", jeho zástupce "LANYINIJ".

Š t á b : Velitel PŽ /:požní četn.:/: KARLO-KURLIW, členové PŽ: ARKUS, BYSTRIJ, BURIJ, PERKO, JIŽ, KNEK, PAVLIK, SEWIZI a WANKO.

ZORIAN propaganda, ORLENKO ... sdravotní, WORUBCEIK aluha
SOKOLENKO . proviantní, ZIRKA sdravotní, Chromenka.

Velitel 1.čety: BARTYL, vel.rojů: KALINA, CZUMAK a LOZA,

Velitel 2.čety: ZELEBNIAK, vel.rojů: RUBACZ, SEWIRK a CZERNIYJ.

Členové tlupy:

Arsen,	Bruska,	Karmeluk,	Liska,	Smilij,	Wilcha,
Billyj,	Hryn,	Kasstan,	Makar,	Sark,	Wrobecs,
Bohdan,	Rusák,	Kincz,	Mohyla,	Solorij,	Wtik,
Bohym,	Honta,	Kluk,	Nestor,	Spaszenko,	Zajac,
Bis,	Chmar,	Kosak,	Niva,	Strila,	Zavrs,
Barda,	Ohrusoz,	Korin,	Osanyj,	Sulowij,	Zasula,
Csormenowicz,	Chytrij,	Krug,	Ostryj,	Szewjko,	Zurba,
Čmil,	Ihor,	Kruk,	Panas,	Szur,	
Čejujnyj,	Jarossenko,	Kuchar,	Pawuk,	Smich,	
Derkaos,	Jar,	Kryj,	Perica,	Smili,	
Dnipro,	Jawir,	Kryzlo,	Pitkova,	Štupák,	
Dimitrij,	Julo,	Koraj,	Prut,	Šuhaj,	
Dubok,	Kadila,	Krilyatyj,	Reos,	Tusaki,	
Hajron,	Kavka,	Lepa,	Ritka,	Tusko,	
Hrab,	Karyj,	Lowko,	Sliwka,	Weša,	

Czechoslovak intelligence document.
Description of "Hromenko's" Company.

a/ Káseň a mordálka:

Káseň příslušníků sotně UPA "CHROMENKO" je udržována terorem a přísny tresty jednotlivými veliteli. Každý přestupek je tvrdě a hrubě trestán. Trest smrti u sotně UPA "CHROMENKO" není zvláštností a provádí se před shromažďovací jednotkou, při čemž propagandista ŽERIAN předčítá rozsudek a přednáší mužstvu strašácké přednášky. Bylo zjištěno, že takto byli zastřeleni Kaštan, Buhaj, Krag a Koryn. Popravené pochovávají na místě, kde byli vyneseni rozsudek a místo krotu smaskují tak, aby se nelíšilo od okolí.

Mužstvo je značně sčernálováno a projevuje se u něho dezerční úmysl a to hlavně v části mužstva, které bylo v roce 1947 do sotně UPA násilně přibráno. Těžce ranění a nemocní na rozkas CHROMENKA odšťelují a pochovávají shora uvedeným způsobem.

b/ Zdravotní stav:

Mužstvo je od dlouhých pochodů, častých přepadů a špatného zásobování tělesně velmi vyčerpané a sešlápnuté, což má za následek časté choroby, jako choroby srdce a plícní. Nedostatečnou hygienou trpí mužstvo vyrážkami, je savlivé a sasvrabeno. Nedostatkem léků a nemožností odborného lékařského ošetření zhoršuje se zdravotní stav mužstva.

c/ Výstroj:

Příslušníci sotně UPA "CHROMENKO" jsou oblečeni v uniformách původu německého, polského a ruského a někteří chodí i v civilu. Výstroj je ve velmi špatném stavu a je značně opotřebovaná. Velitelé nosí vysoce jendevské boty, ostatní mají obuv většinou polského původu, která je značně opotřebovaná a někdy úplně roztrhána. Mnozí příslušníci sotně chodí bosí. Novou výstroj a obuv má příslušníci sotně opatřují většinou rabováním u civilního obyvatelstva. V Polsku byla hlavním zdrojem výstroje a obuvi trofej při akcích proti polskému vojsku.

d/ Výzbroj:

Sotňa UPA "CHROMENKO" měla 10 lehkých kulometů, ke každému asi 700 až 1000 nábojů, asi 20 samopalů ruského původu s 200 až 300 náboji, ostatní mají pušky většinou ruského původu s 70 až 100 náboji, po 1-3 granátůch a někteří mají /hlavně velitelé/ pistole. Těžké zbraně nemá.

e/ Sotňa UPA "CHROMENKO" obyčejně přes den odpočívá - táboří v lese. Okolo tábora má postavenou stráž. Mužstvo je rozděleno na několik skupinek po 6 až 10 lidíech. Každá skupinka má svůj hrnce, v kterém si vaří stravu. Po setmění přesune se bliže k některé obci, ve které se nenaschází vojsko, SNB aneb PS a která je od ostatních obcí odlehklá a těžko přístupná. CHROMENKO vysílá do obce 15 až 20 mužů UPA, kteří jsou u sotně již delší dobu a jsou spolehliví. Tito vyberou od občanů potraviny a šatstvo pro celou sotnu. Proviant a šatstvo rozdávají proviantní SOKOLENKO pro všechny členy sotně.

Po výdeji stravy asi kolem 24,00 hod. se sotňa přesunuje dále. Pochod trvá až do rozednění, je-li to v lese, pochoduje se i přes den. Sotňa urazí denně průměrně asi 10 km a kde se nemůže orientovat, vezmou násilím některého občana, kterému přamutí, aby je vedl a před oílem ho pak propustí. Na našem území se sotňa UPA CHROMENKO vyhýbá otevřenému boji, postupuje raději salesaným terénem a když je někde obkličena, vynutí si mohutnou palbou na jednom místě průchod a rychle se vzdáluje od místa průchodu, při čemž často mění směr a kličkuje.

III./ Pohyb sotně UPA "CHROMENKO" na území ČR:

- 1./ 10.6.47 přechod přes šsl.-polské hranice sev.obce Balnica,
- 2./ 17.6.47 Telepovec,
- 3./ 21.6.47 Humenecký Rakytov,
- 4./ 25.6.47 Vyš. a Niž.Ladičkovce,
- 5./ 30.6.47 Zlatník, vyrábění Zlaté Baní,
- 6./ 9.7.47 Ruské Peklany,
- 7./ 10.7.47 Poraž, j.s. koty 1014, 906 a 562, prostor Poraž, prostor vých.Vondryšel, Závadka-Bídní-Tepliška,
- 8./ 12.7.47 "Havrana Dolina", vých.obce Dědinky, kóta 1059,
- 9./ 15.7.47 jižně Hrabušice, kóta 550, 658 a 896,
- 10./ 16.7.47 Vernár a v prostoru koty 1134 a 796,
- 11./ 18.7.47 přes hřeben Králové Hory na Orlovu kóta 1841, Velká Vápenice kóta 1692, vých.Velký Bok trig.1356, s.v.Polenky kóta 780,
- 12./ 19.7.47 Vel.Vápenice trig.1692,
- 13./ 20.7.47 Píserka trig.1480. V prostoru vých. "Gertovica" odloučilo se od sotně CHROMENKO 9 mužů PŠ, takže v sotni CHROMENKO zůstalo celkem 41 mužů. Zpráva byla poslána vyvrácena a sotně CHROMENKO v počtu 49 mužů zůstává celá,
- 14./ 21.7.47 v prostoru "Píserka" trig.1480 odloučilo se od sotně asi 10 až 14 mužů, odešli do prostoru "Benuška" trig.1544, sev. obce Jarabí přešli na Dumbier, kde vyráběli turistickou chatu, svenou Štefanikova chatu,
- 15./ 23.7.47 v 03,00 hod. přešlo jádro sotně CHROMENKO v prostoru mezi obcemi Malužiná-Nižná Boca ve směru na kóta 1203 a v prostoru koty 886 "Horáren" se spojila se skupinkou, která rabovala v "Štefanické chatě", kde na severních svazích Dumbiera se zásobuje na "Dobalovském salaši" sýrem, solí a ovčím,
- 16./ 26.7.47 obsazuje obec Pavlišinu Lehetu, kde si doplňuje zásoby drobným proviantem, získává oděv a obuv,
- 17./ 27.7.47 v ranních hodinách přechází do prostoru "Simja" trig.1563,
- 18./ 28.7.47 v prostoru Nižná Malatina,
- 19./ 29.7.47 jižně Lipt.Štiavica,
- 20./ 30.7.47 u Váhu v blízkosti Lipt.Teplej,
- 21./ 6.8.47 v prostoru obce Mojtiň, asi 28 km s.v.Trenčína. Skupina UPA "CHROMENKO" bez členů PŠ a 15 pochodů neschopných mužů přešla nepokorovaně a bez boje s prostoru Lipt. Teplá a to pravděpodobně asi Chočákými horami sev.Váhu, přes Malou a Hl. Patru do osady Mojtiň,
- 22./ 8.8.47 v obci Krivoklát, asi 20 km s.s.vých.Trenčína,
- 23./ 9.8.47 u Sv.Sidonie, sev.-vých. Vlárského průmysku,
- 24./ podle posledních zpráv a výsledkem zajatec "DERKAGE" nachází se sotna UPA "CHROMENKO" v počtu asi 33 mužů v prostoru BŘHA na Moravě.

IV./ Během přechodu po území ÚBR uvažuje stráž UPA "CHROMENKO"
níže uvedené stráty:

a/ na rozkaz "CHROMENKA" byli zastřeleni:

Kasstan, Kozin, Kuznetsov, Kuznetsov, Kuznetsov

b/ v boji s jednotkami vojska a SNB byli zastreleni:

Ferko, Billyj, Bis, Hryn, Jawir, Kuchar a Kryl;

c/ jednotkami vojska a SNB byli zajati:

Ozernyj, Jil, Pavlik, Bystrij, Arkas, Arsen, Bohyun, Burda, Gornomawlow, Guszajnyj, Derkasz, Hrst, Hruszka, Husak, Chytrij, Julo, Kadila, Kawka, Kinos, Kosak, Kruk, Kyrilo, Lewko, Liszka, Makar, Mohyla, Niva, Ostrij, Pamas, Prut, Smilij, Sliwka, Spaczenko, Sulowij, Smili, Tusski, Wiloha a Zajao:

d/ po rozprášení v boji, případně na podkladě letákové akce
se dobrovolně přihlásili:

Bohdan, Dnipro, Dubok, Karyj, Lepa, Nestor, Pitkova, Strila,
Valko a Brobecz.

V./ Dosud se na území ČSR potulují:

CHROMENKO, Lohydnij, Bartel, Kalina, Czumak, Loza, Zelesniak, Rubacz, Swirak, Zorian, Sokolenko, Orlenko, Zirkas, Karlo-Kurliw, Buryj, Knek, Szamisi, Wanko, muzstro: Emil, Dmitrij, Hajron, Menta, Ohmar, Chruszes, Ihor, Jar, Farnelak, Klak, Krilatij, Osanyj, Pawuk, Perica, Ress, Rika, Solozryj, Swesjko, Szur, Sark, Smich, Stupak, Weša, Worubczik, Witk, Zawrs, Zuzula a Surba.

Vl./ Soňa UPA "CHROMENKO" při přechodu čes.-polských hranic
očítala celkem asi 120 až 140 mužů.

OHROMENKO je asi 35 roků starý, silnější postavy, 170 cm vysoký, střeškolák, má údajně hodnost nadporučíka, má tmavé vlasy, nosí vy. boty, jezd. kalhoty, polskou blůzu a čepici brigádyžku-roztku. Má ruský paraš. samopal, dalekohled, buzuolu, hodinky a pistoli. Distinkce nenosí, chodí čistě oblečen, hladce oholen a má u sebe všechny tolietní potřeby. U sebe má peníze polské, české a dolary. Údajně byl partysánek a je ukrajinské národnosti.

Velitel útvaru:
mjr. D U D A Miroslav.
zástupce mjr. Č e r n á k

page 1000

Rozdělovník:

Min.vnitřní MV-SNB Praha	1 kus,
SNB-útvár 9600, IIa odd.Praha .	1 kus,
SNB-útvár 9167, IIa odd. Brno .	1 kus,
Útvár "JAVON"	4 kusy,
Útvár "OSIKA"	5 kusů,
Útvár "DUB"	6 kusů,
Z á s o b a :	1 kus.

C o l k e n :18 kusú.

was unfortunately made. While resting in, as I recall, Zdanicky Forest (northwest of Kyjov and west of Korycany) near Brno, "Hromenko" was prevailed upon to send a squad to the village of Jestrabice to bring back bread, flour, and—most importantly—salt. In the forest we captured a civilian, who assured us that there were no soldiers in the village, and he volunteered to take us there. The command of the squad was entrusted to Platoon Commander "Zalizniak" (Mykhailo Ozymko). I was assigned to the squad as well.

We entered the village and at first things were calm. The people were somewhat unfriendly and, unlike the Slovaks, were not willing to part with large amounts of food. One woman took a knife, cut a thin slice of bread, and offered it to me but I refused. I asked for salt and at first she said that she had none. But then she changed her mind and poured a few grams of it directly into my hands. I was at a loss as to what to do with it and was about to ask for some paper to wrap it in, when all hell broke loose. Pistol and automatic rifle fire erupted from a few houses down the street. I emptied the salt into my pocket and ran outside. Some of our men were returning fire and "Zalizniak" ordered a retreat. We quickly left the village and rejoined our unit in the forest. That was when we discovered that we had lost one man, Private "Derkach," and that "Zalizniak" had been wounded in the leg. The expedition was a disaster. Stationed in the village was a unit of Czech security forces, and we had been led to them by the civilian, who obviously knew what he was doing. We not only failed to obtain supplies, but also lost our concealment. We knew then that we would be hunted again. Even worse, we had to move at a slower pace because of the wounded "Zalizniak." To spare us difficulties "Zalizniak" offered to shoot himself, but "Hromenko" categorically refused, insisting that he march with the help of a crutch made out of a tree branch. His fellow soldiers also offered their assistance, especially on very difficult terrain. Luckily, the painful wound began to heal slowly and he made it to Germany.

In order to avoid another trap and not endanger the whole group, "Hromenko" decided to reorganize the unit again. "Petia" (Volodymyr Yarish, known in the West as Mykola Sydor) was placed in charge of a ten-man group and ordered to head out on his own to Germany. As we found out later, we were able to reassemble again near Wegscheid in Bavaria. I am not certain if all the men from "Petia's" group reached their destination. Our group now consisted of thirty-seven men; thirty-six actually made it to Bavaria. One man, whose pseudonym I do not



From the Czechoslovak Republic to Austria

recall, was lost during our march through Austria. I no longer remember the exact circumstances of that event. We skirted Brno to the north because this area was forested, and we expected ambushes south of Brno in the direction of Austria. North of Jihlava we crossed the main Prague-Brno highway, forded the Jihlava River, and after crossing through forested areas near Nova Ves-Rostejn, Studena, Český Rudolec, and Landštejn, we moved southward into Austria. This was a very forced march.

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

INTO THE SOVIET ZONE OF AUSTRIA

Our escape to Austria was fraught with problems. We found ourselves in the Soviet Zone of Occupation, potentially face-to-face with our main enemy, the Soviets. We had to be extra careful not to disclose our whereabouts, and therefore religiously avoided entering any populated areas. The region was heavily forested, and we had no



The march through Austria into Germany

great difficulties finding cover or even making fires to bake potatoes, which by now had become our main staple. From time to time our cooks would prepare a potato soup, but in the absence of salt it was only good because it was hot. We were all dreaming of bread, butter, and meat, or at least something made out of flour. Our bellies were stretched from the potatoes but we were constantly hungry.

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

INTO THE AMERICAN ZONE

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

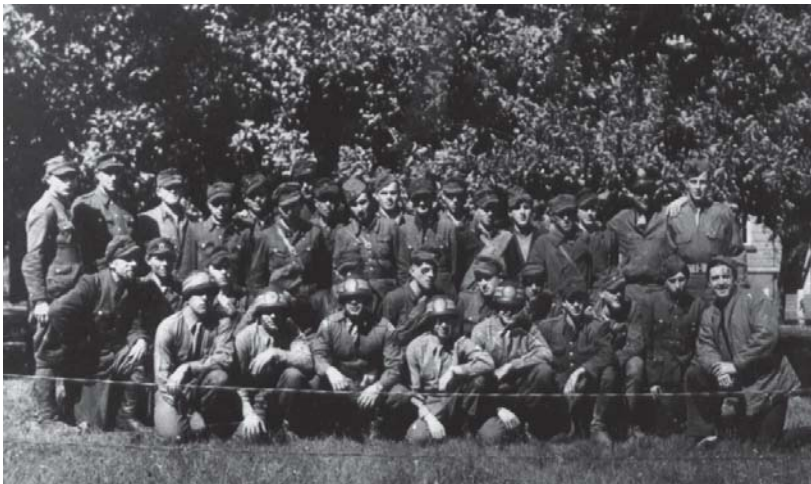
jacket, I looked quite presentable. My washing chore was also greatly reduced and it was easier to get rid of the awful parasites because I had fewer pieces of clothing. On that evening in Germany I made sure that the collar and the other remnants of the shirt were nicely washed and dried by the fire.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

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

CONTACTING THE AMERICANS

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

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



With the Americans in Passau after surrendering our weapons

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

“LOOTSKI STREEKEH” AND CHEWING GUM

We continued to stand in a dispersed formation as more American constabulary continued to arrive and the Germans were withdrawn. What surprised us was that their helmets were painted blue and yellow, and some of us jumped to the conclusion that maybe the unit was composed of Ukrainian Americans. I tried to talk to a soldier but he answered in English. This was the first time that I heard English spoken and it sounded very strange to me. Another curious thing about the Americans was that most of them were moving their mouths in an automatic fashion, as if they could not keep them still. Only later did we

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

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

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

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

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

On the fourth day after crossing the border I became ill with appendicitis and was taken to the US Military Hospital in Regensburg. I remember waking up on the operating table and seeing the masked

**APOCALYPTIE
UIT DE UKRAÏNE**

-Door een Ukraine correspondent)

Kijl 1947) verschenen de eerste
uitgave van het boek "De Apokalyp-
se" van de auteur M. S. G.

M. S. G.

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

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

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

MY BOOZE BUSINESS IN THE HOSPITAL

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

to drink, and we would be on the brink of being discovered. But my luck held out, and I dispensed booze almost to the last day of my stay in the hospital.

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

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

POLITICAL ASYLUM

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

The military commission was impressive. Composed of high-ranking officers dressed in fancy uniforms and sporting marvellous leather sword belts, the commission decided to interview me, among others, probably because I was the youngest. I entered and saluted, and was told to sit down. I was offered a cigarette, which I declined because I did not smoke. I was still dressed in my old uniform and my wired shoes. Of course, I now had clean underwear on. I also had my old German belt on me, with the slogan “Gott mit uns” (God is with us) on the buckle but the swastika had been rubbed out.

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

On 17 November 1947 we were called to assembly and notified that we had been granted political asylum. We were ordered to pack up our possessions, and in the middle of the night we were transported to a Ukrainian DP Camp in Landshut, where we were released. The next day, a fake attempt to find us was launched by the Americans in the vicinity of Deggendorf, Landshut, and Passau but we were never found. Rumour has it that Gen. Lucius Clay had informed the Soviets that we had escaped, and the search to capture us had failed. My attempts to confirm this have been fruitless, as was my search for evidence of our interrogation by the military commission. These documents, however, must be stored in some archive.

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

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

I would like to express my appreciation to Dr. Grey Hodnett for encouraging me to write this memoir. I would also like to thank my daughter Adriana and my grandchildren, Ariana and Alexander, for their assistance with the layout and graphics. Mr. Illya Labunka helped with translating the annotations to "Litopys UPA" volumes. To Ms. Marta Olynyk go my profound thanks for expertly editing the entire text.



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ABBREVIATIONS

AK – Polish Home Army
CEO – Chief Executive Officer
DDT – Dichloro-Diphenyl-Trichloroethane (pesticide)
DP – Displaced Persons
KBW – Polish Internal Security Corps
LMG38 – German light machine gun
MG42 – German machine gun
MP – UPA Field Gendarmerie
NKVD – People's Commissariat of Internal Affairs
ORMO – Polish Volunteer Reserves of Civil Militia
OUN – Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists
OUN(B) – Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists-Bandera Faction
RAF – Royal Air Force (Great Britain)
SBU – Security Service of Ukraine
SKV – Kushch Self-defence Unit
SNB – Czechoslovak State Security Forces
SS – German security units
UChKh – Ukrainian Red Cross
UNS – Ukrainian National Self-defence
UPA – Ukrainian Insurgent Army
USSR – Union of Soviet Socialist Republics
UVV – Ukrainian Free Army
Waffen-SS – German SS military units
WP – Polish Army
WWII – World War Two



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LITOPYS UPA – CHRONICLE OF THE UKRAINIAN INSURGENT ARMY

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Volume 4. "Chorny Lis" (Black Forest): An Underground Journal of the UPA's Stanislaviv Military District Command, 1947-1950. Book Two: 1947-1948. This volume, a sequel to volume 3, contains memoirs, biographical essays, sketches, and documents pertaining to the activities of UPA detachments in the Stanislaviv Military District (TV: Taktychnyi Vidtynok). Some of the materials consist of accounts, short stories, and poems. 2nd rev. ed., Toronto, 1989. Hardcover: 288 pp. Illustrations, maps, charts, and diagrams.

Volume 5. Volyn and Polissia: The German Occupation; Book Three: Personal Accounts of the Participants of the Underground Struggle. This volume contains memoirs, critical reviews, and additional underground material on UPA activities. The memoirs are complemented by an eyewitness account of the secret non-aggression pact that was signed by the UPA Supreme Command and the Hungarian Army. Toronto, 1983. Hardcover: 312 pp. Illustrations and maps.

Volume 6. The UPA in Light of German Documents, 1942-1945; Book One: 1942-July 1944. This publication contains analyses, memoranda, accounts, and reports as well as translations of Ukrainian

documents intended for political and military bodies, and police institutions. Toronto, 1983. Hardcover: 256 pp. Illustrations and maps.

Volume 7. The UPA in Light of German Documents, 1942-1945; Book Two: August 1944-1945 (sequel to Volume 6). Toronto, 1983. Hardcover: 272 pp. Illustrations and maps.

Volume 8. The Supreme Ukrainian Liberation Council; Documents, Official Publications, Materials; Book One: 1944-1945. This volume features the documents that were issued at the First Grand Assembly of the Supreme Ukrainian Liberation Council (UHVR), as well as a reprint of *Visnyk*, the press organ of the Presidium of the UHVR (no. 4 (7), August 1945) and articles and materials on the Ukrainian liberation movement, dated 1944-45. Toronto, 1980. Hardcover: 320 pp. Illustrations, maps, charts, and diagrams.

Volume 9. The Supreme Ukrainian Liberation Council; Book Two: 1946-1948. This book features the UHVR journal *Samostiinist* (Independence) and the UHVR bulletin *Information Bureau of the UHVR*, as well as other materials. Toronto, 1982. Hardcover: 520 pp. Illustrations, maps, charts, and diagrams.

Volume 10. The Supreme Ukrainian Liberation Council; Book Three: 1949-1952. This volume is a compendium of documents, official announcements, publications, and materials issued by the UHVR in Ukraine, including issues nos. 4-6 and 9 of the UHVR bulletin *Information Bureau of the UHVR*. Toronto, 1984. Hardcover: 424 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 11. The Ternopil Region: A List of Heroes of the Ukrainian Revolution Fallen in the Struggle against the Russian Bolshevik Occupying Power between March 13, 1944, and December 31, 1948. This underground publication consists of biographies of 725 individuals who were killed in the Ternopil region. Also included are new data on the deaths of approximately 100 unidentified insurgents who also perished here. Toronto, 1985. Hardcover: xxxii, 248 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 12. The UPA's 3rd Podillia Military Region "Lysonia." This volume includes brief descriptions of the "Lysonia" UPA detachment's skirmishes from November 1943 to August 1945, which were issued by the Military Group Command, as well as a collection of underground songs entitled *Povstanskyi Stiah* (The Insurgent Flag) published in 1947 on the UPA's fifth anniversary, and other documents and materials pertaining to this UPA unit. Toronto, 1989. Hardcover: 352 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 13. The Peremyshl Region—The Peremyshl Battalion; Book One: The Journal of the UPA Company Commanded by "Burlaka" (Second Lieutenant Volodymyr Shchyhelsky). This volume features the journal of this company ("Udarnyky" 4, code number 94a) which was kept by Warrant Officer "Burkun," and an epilogue by Bohdan Huk ("Skala"), encompassing the period from October 1946 to 24 October 1947. Also included are various documents pertaining to the company,

namely, a soldiers' register, inventory documents, etc. Toronto, 1986. Hardcover: 370 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 14. The Peremyshl Region—The Peremyshl Battalion; Book Two: Personal Journals and Documents. This volume contains the journals of Company Commander “Krylach” (Yaroslav Kotsiolok) covering the years 1944 and 1947, which were continued after his death by Company Commander “Burlaka” (Volodymyr Shchyhelsky) as well as the journal of “Krylach’s” company (kept by Warrant Officer “Orest”) and documents issued by both of these companies. Toronto, 1987. Hardcover: 262 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 15. Kostiantyn Himmelraikh. Memoirs of the Commander of the “UPA-East” Special Task Unit. The author, a native of Kyiv, recounts his experiences beginning with the outbreak of the war in 1941, continuing with his release from the UPA, and ending with the author’s preparations to depart for the West in 1945: his mobilization into the Red Army, German captivity, occupied Kyiv, the underground activity of the OUN(M), commander of an UPA unit (OUN-(M)) in the Carpathian Mountains, UPA officers’ school, activity in the Podillia region, and his stint as commander of the “UPA-East” Special Task Unit. Toronto, 1987. Hardcover: 266 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 16. Underground Journals from Ukraine beyond the Curzon Line, 1945-1947. This compilation includes reprints of the following underground periodicals: *Tyzhnevi Visti* (The Weekly News), *Lisovyyk* (The Forest Dweller), *Informatyyni Visti* (Information News), *Informator* (The Informer), and *Peremoha* (Victory). Every issue of these periodicals is supplemented by an English-language summary. The book also contains an article on the history of the underground’s publishing activity in Zakerzonnia, Ukrainian ethnic territory that was ceded to Poland as a result of the Yalta agreements. Also included are the official indictments against Olena Lebedovych. Toronto, 1987. Hardcover: 608 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 17. English-Language Publications of the Ukrainian Underground, 1946-1947. This volume contains reprints of various underground publications: *The New Lidice*, *The Displacement of Bishop Josaphat Kotsylovsky*, *Elections in the U.S.S.R.*, *The New Famine Catastrophe in Ukraine*, *The Spectre of Fascism*, *To the Brotherly Czech and Slovak Nations*. Toronto, 1988. Hardcover: 192 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 18. The UPA’s Carpathian Group “Hoverlia”; Book One: Documents, Reports of Operations and Official Publications. This volume includes a reprint of the underground publication *Shliakh peremohy* (Path of Victory) issued by the group command, UPA tactical sector command reports, and reports issued by commanders of UPA detachments and sub-units, as well as reports of the 24th UPA Tactical Sector “Makivka.” Toronto, 1990. Hardcover: 328 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 19. The UPA's Carpathian Group "Hoverlia"; Book Two: Memoirs, Articles and Publications of an Historical Nature. This volume is a collection of essays and memoirs published by the Ukrainian underground. Almost all of the memoirs were written by UPA officers and soldiers while still in Ukraine or immediately after their arrival in the West. Toronto, 1992. Hardcover: 357 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 20. An Index to Litopys UPA; Book One: Volumes 1-19. This volume features lists of pseudonyms, surnames, geographic names, institutions, alphabetical listings of authors, publications, and other data on the first 19 volumes of *Litopys UPA*. Toronto, 1994. Hardcover: 528 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 21. The UPA in Light of German Documents, 1941-1943; Book Three: June 1941-May 1943. This book includes reports, memoranda, and translations of Ukrainian-language documents intended for German political bodies and police agencies. Toronto, 1991. Hardcover: 271 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 22. The UPA in Light of Polish Documents; Book One: The Military Court of Operation Group "Wisla." This volume contains the verdicts, reports, and correspondence of the Military Court of the Operation Group "Wisla" between May and September 1947. Toronto, 1992. Hardcover: 627 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 23. UPA Medical Services: Documents, Materials and Memoirs. The majority of the materials in this volume consist of memoirs written by nurses, medical assistants, physicians, and other personnel of the UPA Medical Service and the Ukrainian Red Cross (UChKh). Also included are underground documents and biographies of Red Cross personnel. Toronto-Lviv, 1992. Hardcover: 480 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 24. Idea and Action: The Journal of the OUN Leadership, 1942-1946. This publication includes a reprint of *Ideia i chyn* (Idea and Deed), the leading political and informational journal of the OUN Leadership on Ukrainian territory from 1942 to 1946. The journal published important information on the UPA's struggle, German and Russian occupation policies, and the evolution of Ukrainian political thought. Toronto, 1995. Hardcover: 592 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 25. Songs of the UPA. A Collection of Songs Thematically Linked to the UPA Struggle. This is a compendium of songs that were sung by UPA soldiers, melodies that were later composed in prisons and concentration camps, as well as traditional arrangements and popular compositions. The volume contains the texts of songs and their variations, as well as data on each song, including its author(s) and information on the hero or event depicted in each composition. The collection features over 600 songs or variants thereof. Toronto-Lviv, 1997. Hardcover: xxiv, 556 pp. Notes.

Volume 26. The Supreme Ukrainian Liberation Council. Documents, Official Publications, Materials. Book Four: Documents and Personal Accounts. This volume includes the minutes of the First Grand Assembly of the UHVR, a speech delivered at this conclave, and various other documents, including excerpts from the correspondence of UHVR president Kyrylo Osmak, documents on the negotiations with the Polish underground, Hungary and Romania, investigative procedures carried out against Mykola and Petro Duzhy, and other materials. Also included are the reminiscences of UHVR members and other individuals, which focus on the creation and activities of the UHVR. Toronto-Lviv, 2001. Hardcover: 658 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 27. Roman Petrenko. For Ukraine, for Her Freedom: Memoirs. The author, a native of the Volyn region, describes his life from the outbreak of World War II in 1939 to his departure to the West in 1945. The author was a member of the OUN in the Sarny district (in the underground since January 1942) and eventually headed the economic section of the headquarters of the “Zahrava” UPA Military Okruha, which became known as the UPA General Headquarters from the summer of 1943 (later renamed the UPA-North Regional Military Command led by Commander Dmytro Kliachivsky). From the summer of 1944 he was an officer assigned to special tasks within the UHVR’s General Secretariat of Foreign Affairs headed by Mykola Lebed. Toronto-Lviv, 1997. Hardcover: 279 pp. Illustrations and maps.

Volume 28. Maria Savchyn. Thousands of Roads: Memoirs. The author describes her experiences beginning with the outbreak of the war (membership in the underground from 1944 to 1953) and ending with her immigration to the West in 1954. In 1945 the author married Vasyl Halasa, deputy head of the OUN in Zakerzonnia, who in 1947 became a member of the Main Centre of Propaganda in the Carpathian Mountains. In 1948 he was appointed OUN leader for North-Western Ukraine. The author was by her husband’s side wherever duty called, and accompanied him throughout Zakerzonnia, the Carpathians, and Volyn, and was with him in the KGB prison in Kyiv. Toronto-Lviv, 1995. Hardcover: 600 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 29. Ivan Harasymiv (“Palii”). From Youthful Dreams to the Ranks of the UPA. This publication highlights the author’s experiences in the non-commissioned officers’ training program at the UPA officers’ school in the Carpathian Mountains, as well as his stint as squadron leader of “Udarnyky 1” Company (code number 94). The volume also contains an account of the author’s combat activity in the Carpathians and the Lemko region from the fall of 1943 to the fall of 1947. These memoirs offer an interesting and vivid account of the daily lives of insurgents and their commanders, as well as the difficult conditions and challenges facing the Ukrainian population in these territories. Toronto-Lviv, 1999. Hardcover: 336 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 30. Stepan Khrin (Stepan Stebelsky). Through the Laughter of Iron: Memoirs. This publication contains two memoirs by Stepan Stebelsky (“Khrin”), commander of the UPA 24th Tactical Sector “Makivka,” namely, *Through the Laughter of Iron* (Kriz smikh zaliza) and *Winter in the Bunker* (Zymoiv v bunkri), as well as an account by Oleksa Konopadsky (“Ostroverkh”) entitled “The Memoir of Platoon Leader ‘Ostroverkh’” (*Spomyny Chotovoho “Ostroverkha”*). Both authors describe their UPA activities in the Lemko and Drohobych regions in 1944-1949. Toronto-Lviv, 2000. Hardcover: 552 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 31. The UPA in the Lviv and Yaroslav Regions. Memoirs and Documents of UPA Soldiers in Tactical Sector “Roztochchia” 1943-1947. This book features the memoirs of “Soia,” “Spartak,” “Zenon Semeniv,” and other members of the UPA company commanded by “Bryl.” Also included are the combat activity reports of “Bryl” and “Hamaliia” (commanders of the “Pereiaslav” Company I and “Pereiaslav” Company II, respectively) of the “Roztochchia” UPA Tactical Sector. Toronto-Lviv, 2000. Hardcover: 324 pp. Illustrations, charts, and diagrams.

Volume 32. UPA Medical Services: Documents, Materials and Memoirs. Book Two. The majority of the book features the memoirs of nurses, medical assistants, physicians, and other personnel of the UPA Medical Service and the Ukrainian Red Cross (UCHKh). Toronto-Lviv, 2001. Hardcover: 581 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 33. The UPA 26th Tactical Sector “Lemko”: The Lemkivshchyna and Peremyshl Regions (Documents and Materials). This publication features documents and materials on the history and activity of the UPA Tactical Sector “Lemko” for the years 1944-1947. These include combat activity reports, orders, directives, and instructions, information on UPA raids as well as documents of the Col. “Konyk” Non-Commissioned Officers’ School. Toronto-Lviv, 2001. Hardcover: 900 pp. Illustrations, maps, organizational charts, and diagrams.

Volume 34. The Lemkivshchyna and Peremyshl Regions—The “Kholodny Yar,” “Beskyd,” and “Verkhovyna” Nadraions: Political Reports. This volume reveals the organizational structure of the underground network in the Lemko and Peremyshl regions, the distribution of cadres in the underground network, as well as political and informational field reports for the years 1944-1947. Toronto-Lviv, 2001. Hardcover: 974 pp. Illustrations and organizational charts.

Volume 35. An Index to Litopys UPA; Book Two: Volumes 21-34, Volumes 1-3 (New Series), and Volumes 1-3 (“Library Series”). This volume contains pseudonyms, surnames, geographic names, institutions, alphabetical lists of authors, published materials, and other data on the volumes of the *Litopys UPA* Main and New Series, as well on the book edited by Yevhen Misylo, *Povstanski mohyly* (The Graves of Insurgents), Vol. 1, Toronto-Lviv, 2002. Hardcover: 870 pp.

Volume 36. The Book of the Fallen Members of the OUN and UPA of the Lviv Region. This volume contains short biographies, obtained from Soviet archives, of OUN and UPA members who perished in the line of duty in the Lviv region. Toronto-Lviv, 2002. Hardcover: 1,058 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 37. Ivan Lyko. On the Edge of a Dream and Reality: Memoirs of a Revolutionary, 1945-1955. This book features the memoirs of Ivan Lyko ("Skala," "Bohdan") entitled *At the Edge of a Dream and Reality* (Na hrani mrii i diisnosti), and the memoirs of Mykola Terefenko ("Medvid") entitled *At the Edge of Two Worlds* (Na hrani dvokh svitiv). Both authors describe their experiences in the underground in the Lemko region, as well as their incarceration in Polish prisons. Toronto-Lviv, 2002. Hardcover: 644 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 38. Peter J. Potichnyj. The Architecture of Resistance: Hideouts and Bunkers of the UPA in Soviet Documents. The publication includes diagrams and descriptions of various UPA hideouts and bunkers, as well as an overview of Soviet army units as well as units of the Interior Troops of the NKVD, which were engaged in the Soviet counter-insurgency struggle. These materials encompass the Archive of the Interior Troops of the Ukrainian Military District for the years 1944-1954, now stored in the Peter J. Potichnyj Collection on Insurgency and Counter-Insurgency in Ukraine at the University of Toronto. Toronto-Lviv, 2002. Hardcover: 430 pp. Illustrations and diagrams.

Volume 39. The UPA 28th Tactical Sector "Danyliv": The Kholm and Pidliashshia Regions (Documents and Materials). This volume features accounts, descriptions, and documents pertaining to UPA activity in the Kholm and Pidliashshia regions for the years 1945-1948. These include combat activity reports of the UPA Kholm Tactical Sector, journals of UPA companies, minutes of meetings between representatives of the UPA and the "WiN" (Freedom and Independence) Polish resistance, a report on a meeting with a British correspondent, etc. The majority of these documents are now part of the Peter J. Potichnyj Collection on Insurgency and Counter-Insurgency in Ukraine at the University of Toronto. Toronto-Lviv, 2003. Hardcover: 1,058 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 40. The UPA 27th Tactical Sector "Bastion": The Liubachiv, Yaroslav and Tomashiv Regions. (Documents and Materials). This book consists of accounts, descriptions, and documents pertaining to UPA activities in 1945-1948. These include the combat activity reports of the Tactical Sector's Command, journals of the sub-units of the UPA's "Mesnyky" Battalion, as well as reports, accounts, and descriptions issued by the leaders of the 2nd OUN Okruha "Baturyn," inventory reports, etc. The majority of these documents are now part of the Peter J. Potichnyj Collection on Insurgency and Counter-Insurgency in Ukraine at the University of Toronto. Toronto-Lviv, 2004. Hardcover: 600 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 41. Kyrylo Osmak—President of the Supreme Ukrainian Liberation Council (UHVR). This volume contains documents and materials about Kyrylo Osmak, president of the UHVR, including his life, academic activity, and death. Toronto-Lviv, 2004. Hardcover: 880 pp.

Volume 42. Peter J. Potichnyj. Litopys UPA—A History: Documents and Materials. The UPA soldiers who launched a raid into Western Europe in 1947-1949 considered it their duty to leave for posterity a lasting record of the Ukrainian liberation struggle during and after the Second World War. This came to fruition in 1974, when the Litopys UPA Publishing Company was founded. This volume features documents and materials on the day-to-day challenges faced by the Litopys UPA Publishing Company from the early years of its existence through its thirty-year-long history, including short biographies of the editorial board members, the company's administrative personnel, editors, authors, compilers, and sponsors. Toronto-Lviv, 2005. Hardcover: 658 pp. Illustrations.

Volumes 43-44. The Struggle against Agentura: Protocols of Interrogation of the OUN SB in the Ternopil Region. 1946-1948. These volumes contain interrogation reports of individuals suspected of collaborating with the Soviet state security organs, which are based on the activity of the OUN's Security Service (SB) in Ternopil oblast. The materials are taken from an underground archive that was discovered in 2004 in the village of Ozerna, Zboriv raion, Ternopil oblast, and buried in the yard of a house belonging to (now deceased) Sofron Kutny. At the very least, they are helpful for studying the organization, scope, and activities of the underground structure of one oblast in the years 1946-1948, when the pressure exerted by the Soviet state security organs on the Ukrainian underground was very intense. In addition, these reports clearly reflect the cruel, inhumane, and brutal manner in which the Soviet punitive agencies spun their imperialistic web of evil through terror and violence on the territory of Western Ukraine. Details of each volume follow:

Volume 43 (Book One): This volume contains 85 of 193 extant interrogation reports covering 13 raions of Ternopil oblast, namely: Berezhany, Bilobozhnytsia, Borshchiv, Buchach, Velyki Birky, Velyky Hlybochok, Velyki Dederkaly, Vyshnivets, Zalishchyky, Zalizhnyi, Zbarazh, and Zboriv. Toronto-Lviv, 2006. Hardcover: 1,332 pp. Illustrations and diagrams.

Volume 44 (Book Two): This volume, the sequel to Volume 43, contains the OUN Security Service's 108 subsequent interrogation reports covering the following raions: Zoloty Potik, Zolotnyky, Kozova, Kozliv, Koropets, Kremenets, Lanivtsi, Mykulyntsi, Nove Selo, Pidvolochysk, Pidhaitsi, Pochaiv, Probizhna, Skala Podilska, Skalat, Terebovlia, Tovste, Chortkiv, Shumsk, as well as the Rohatyn raion of Stanislaviv oblast. Also included are TOS Protocols, Protocols of Death, the Letter of Underground

Operatives to the Far East, a Report of One Event, a list of MVD and MGB functionaries, and a list of SB interrogators. An introduction to both books is included in vol. 43. Toronto-Lviv, 2006. Hardcover: 1,286 pp.

Volume 45. General Roman Shukhevych-“Taras Chuprynka,” Supreme Commander of the UPA. This book contains reminiscences about Gen. Roman Shukhevych-Taras Chuprynka, his life, underground activity, and death. Toronto-Lviv, 2006. Hardcover: 572 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 46. The Struggle against Agentura: Protocols of Interrogation of the OUN SB in the Ternopil Region, 1946-1948. Book Three. This publication is an important supplement and sequel to Volumes 43-44, and includes OUN SB interrogation reports covering five raions of Ternopil oblast, namely: Velyki Dederkaly, Vyshnivets, Zbarazh, Zolotnyky, and Kremenets. The featured materials consist of documents based on two underground archives that were unearthed in the vicinity of the villages of Plikhiv and Krasnopushcha in Berezhany raion, and the village of Petrykiv in Ternopil raion. Toronto-Lviv, 2007. Hardcover: 896 pp. Illustrations.

Forthcoming volumes of the Main Series:

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The following volumes of *Litopys UPA* are part of the “New,” or so-called “Kyiv Series,” which were published in cooperation with the Institute of Ukrainian Archeography of Ukraine’s National Academy of Sciences, the State Committee on Archives of Ukraine, and the Central State Archive of Civic Associations of Ukraine (TsDAHO Ukrainy).

Volume 1. Publications of the UPA Supreme Command. This volume features the following insurgent publications: *Do zbroi* (To Arms!), no. 16, 1943; *Povstanets* (The Insurgent), nos. 1-6, 1944-1945; *Ukrainskyi perets* (Ukrainian Pepper), nos. 1-3, 1943-1945; and *Boiovyi Pravylny Pikhoty* (Infantry Combat Manual). Kyiv-Toronto, 1995. Hardcover: 482 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 2. Volyn and Polissia: The UPA and Its Rear Line 1943-1944. Documents and Materials. This book contains documents issued by the UPA-North General Headquarters (subsequently known as the UPA-North Regional Military Command), as well as documents that were issued by the “Zahrava,” “Bohun,” “Turiv,” and “Tiutiunnyk” UPA Military Okruhas. Kyiv-Toronto, 1999. Hardcover: 724 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 3. The Struggle against the UPA and the Nationalist Underground: Instructional Documents of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Ukraine. 1943-1959. This volume is the most complete collection of documents issued by the Central Committee of

the CP(B)U, namely: resolutions of party congresses, Politburo plenums, and the party secretariat, all of which are supplemented by informational memoranda, communiqués, and reference notes. The volume also contains letters, stenograms of meetings, and public speeches of the members of the CC CP(B)U. Kyiv-Toronto, 2001. Hardcover: 652 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 4. The Struggle against the UPA and the Nationalist Underground: Informational Documents of the Central Committee of the Communist Party (Bolshevik) of Ukraine, Party Obkoms, NKVD-MVD, MGB-KGB (1943-1959). Book One: 1943-1945. This volume contains documents that trace the history of the Stalinist regime's struggle against the Ukrainian national-liberation movement in 1943-1945. These materials served an informational purpose and appear in the form of reports. Kyiv-Toronto, 2002. Hardcover: 597 pp.

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well as the “Zahrava,” “Bohun,” and “Tiutiunnyk” Military Okruhas (VOs), and the units “33” (PZK “Moskva”) and “44” (PSK “Odesa”). Kyiv-Toronto, 2006. Hardcover: 1,620 pp. Illustrations.

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Volume 10. The Life and Struggle of General “Taras Chuprynka” (1907-1950). Documents and Materials. This volume features documents and materials compiled between 1907 and 2005, which reflect the milestones in the life and activities of Gen. Roman Shukhevych (“Taras Chuprynka”), the leader of the Ukrainian revolutionary liberation movement in 1943-1950, and serve as a lasting tribute to his memory. In addition to documents stored at the Specialized State Archive of the Security Service of Ukraine, this volume also includes documents from the State Historical Archive of Ukraine in Lviv and, partially, the Central State Archive of the Highest Organs of Government and Administration of Ukraine (TsDAVO Ukrainy), as well as materials that have already appeared in the *Litopys UPA* series (Toronto) and other publications. Kyiv-Toronto, 2007. Hardcover: 832 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 11. The OUN(B) Network and the UPA Rear Line Services on the Territory of the Military Okruhas (VO) “Zahrava,” “Turiv,” “Bohun” (August 1942-December 1943). This volume contains 353 previously unpublished documents pertaining to various territorial OUN(B) cells and UPA Rear Line Services in Volyn and southern Polissia, dating from August 1942 to December 1943. These documents shed light on the activities of the Krai leadership of the OUN(B) in the okruhas and raions of the PZUZ (August 1942-September 1943), as well as of the UPA Rear Line Services in the okruhas, nadraions, raions, kushches, subraions, and stanytsias (villages or groups of villages) of the PZUZ (September-December 1943). Kyiv-Toronto, 2007. Hardcover: 848 pp. Illustrations.

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Okruha "Peremyshl," which was written by Chornii's fellow countryman Fedir Lopadchak. Lviv, 2003. Hardcover: 448 pp. Illustrations.

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Volume 8. Lesia Onyshko. "The Sun Was Smiling at Us through Rusty Bars." Kateryna Zarytska in the Ukrainian National-Liberation Movement. Based on archival documents and materials, this monograph traces the evolution of Kateryna Zarytska's national consciousness and worldview, her role in the development of the Ukrainian Red Cross, her activity in the OUN(B) propaganda network, and her duties as the courier of UPA Supreme Commander Roman Shukhevych. This volume also sheds light on her trek throughout various Soviet prisons and labour camps, and her eventual release. Lviv, 2007. Hardcover: 928 pp. Illustrations.

Volume 9. Halyna Kokhanska. With Ukraine in My Heart: Memoirs. This volume focuses on the history of the Ukrainian national-

liberation movement in the Volyn region in 1930-1950. Kokhanska's memoirs depict the harsh realities of the Polish occupational regime and communist repressions in 1939-1941. The book features detailed descriptions of her membership in the ranks of the OUN, her subsequent training, and her intelligence activity in the UPA's Kolkiv Republic. One chapter recounts the author's incarceration in Soviet labour camps. Lviv, 2008. Hardcover: 400 pp. Illustrations.

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In the Korean War he served with the United States Marine Corps.

In 2008 he was decorated by President Yushchenko of Ukraine with The Order of Merit III Class.



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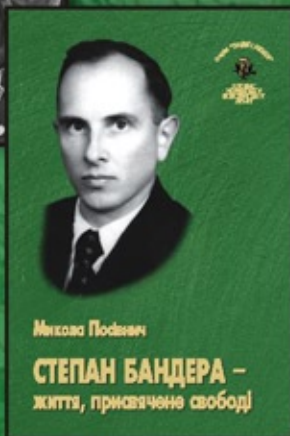
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My Journey